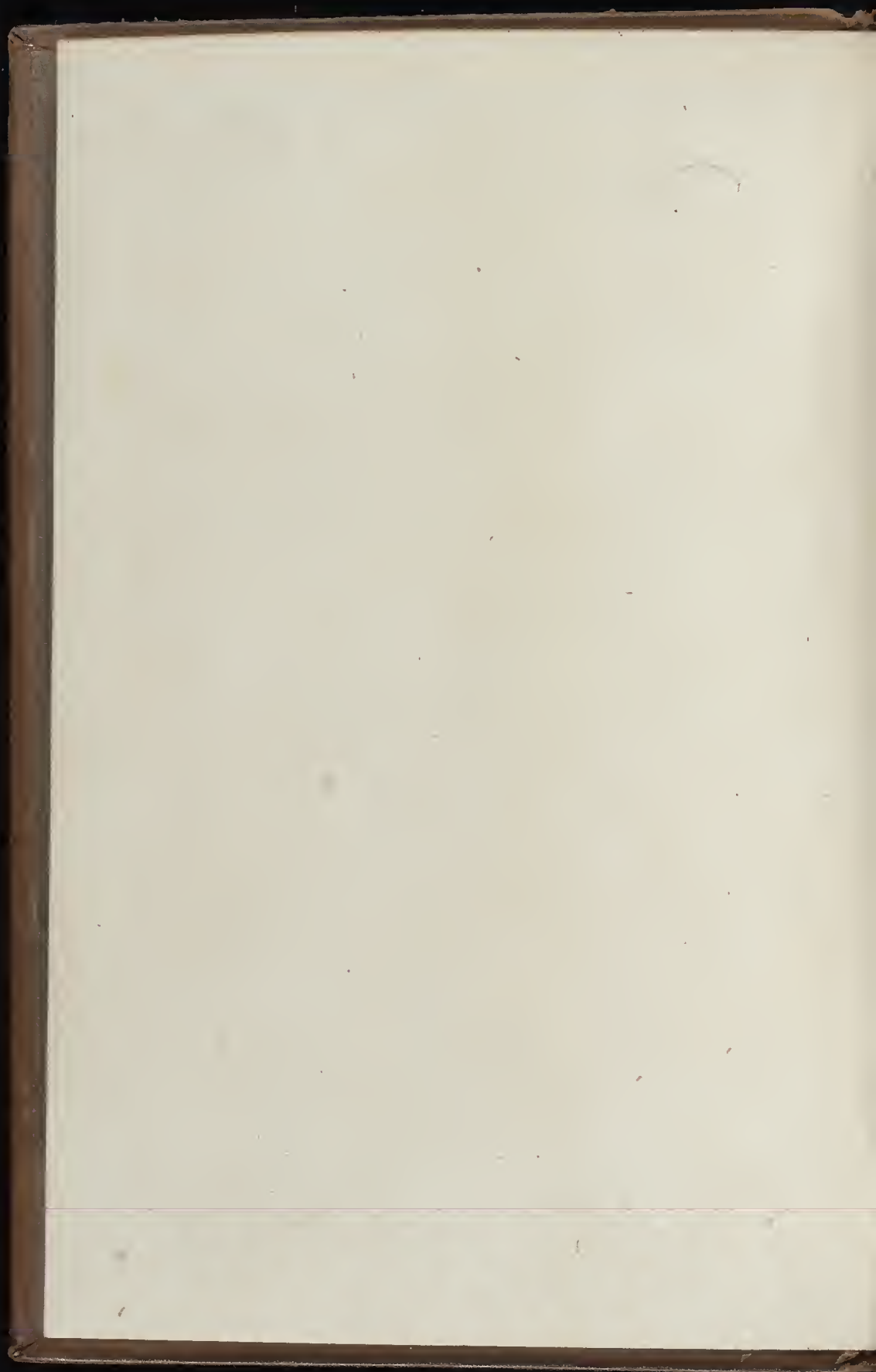
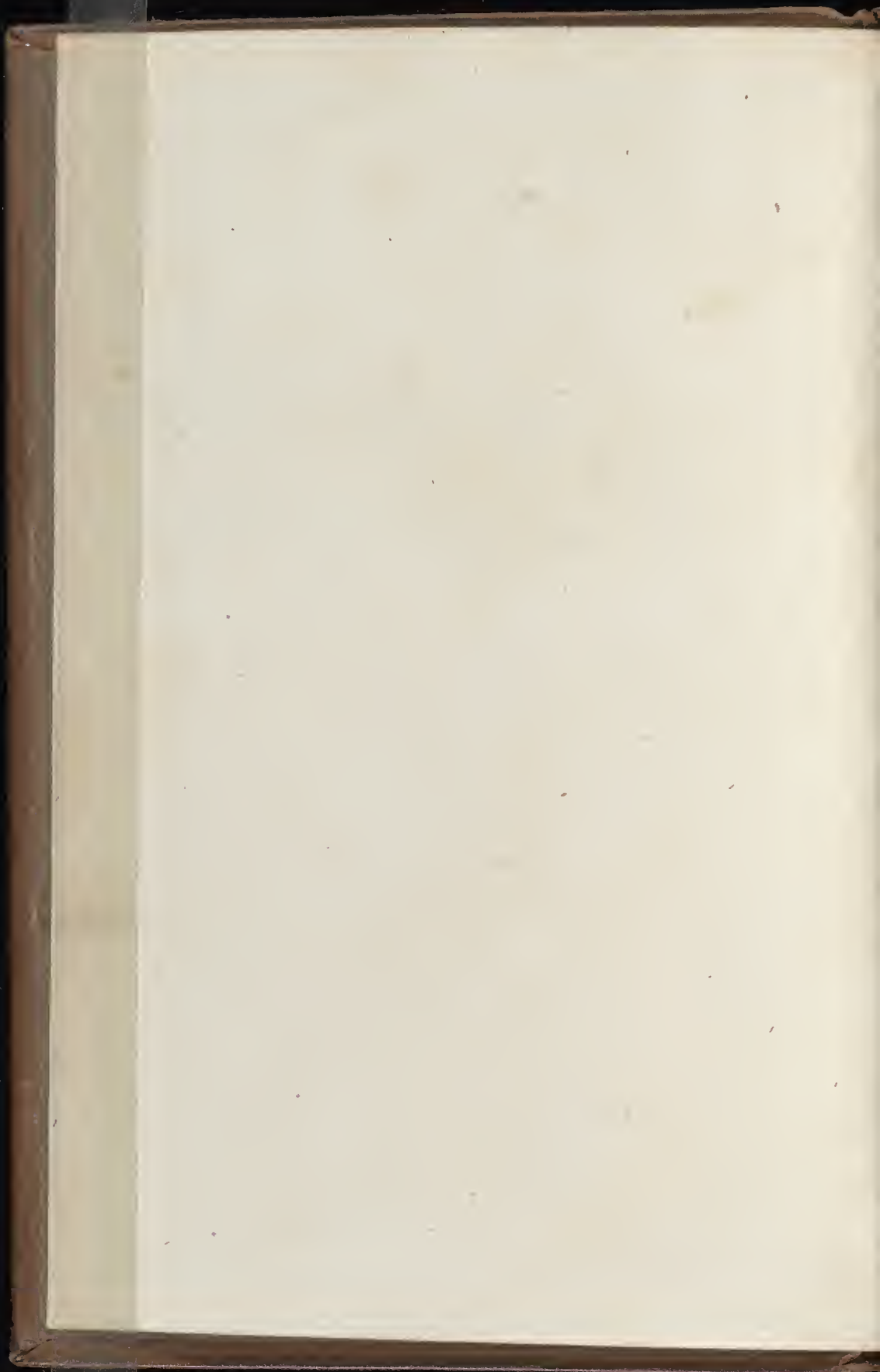


J. Carter, MA. FAS.

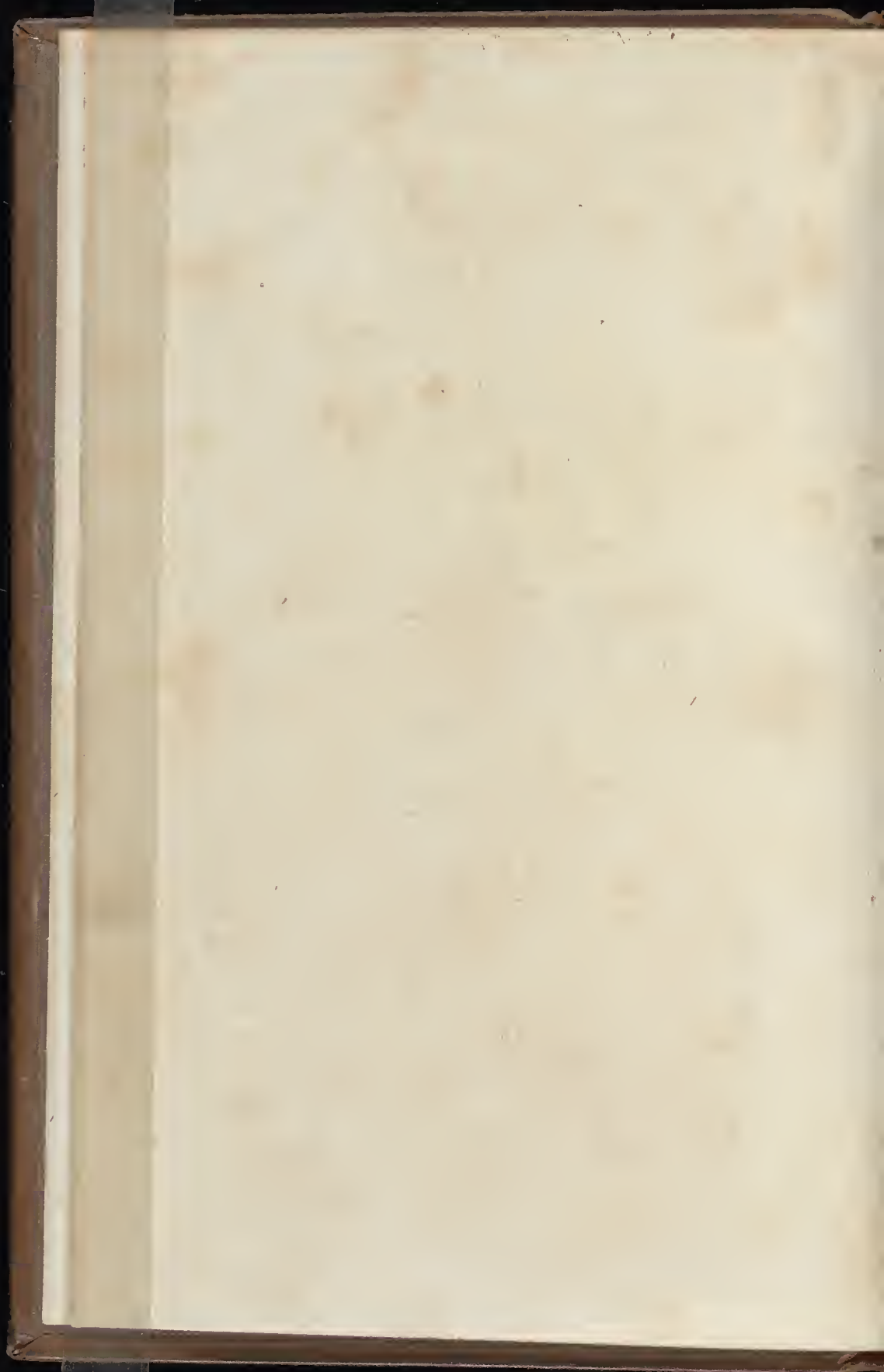


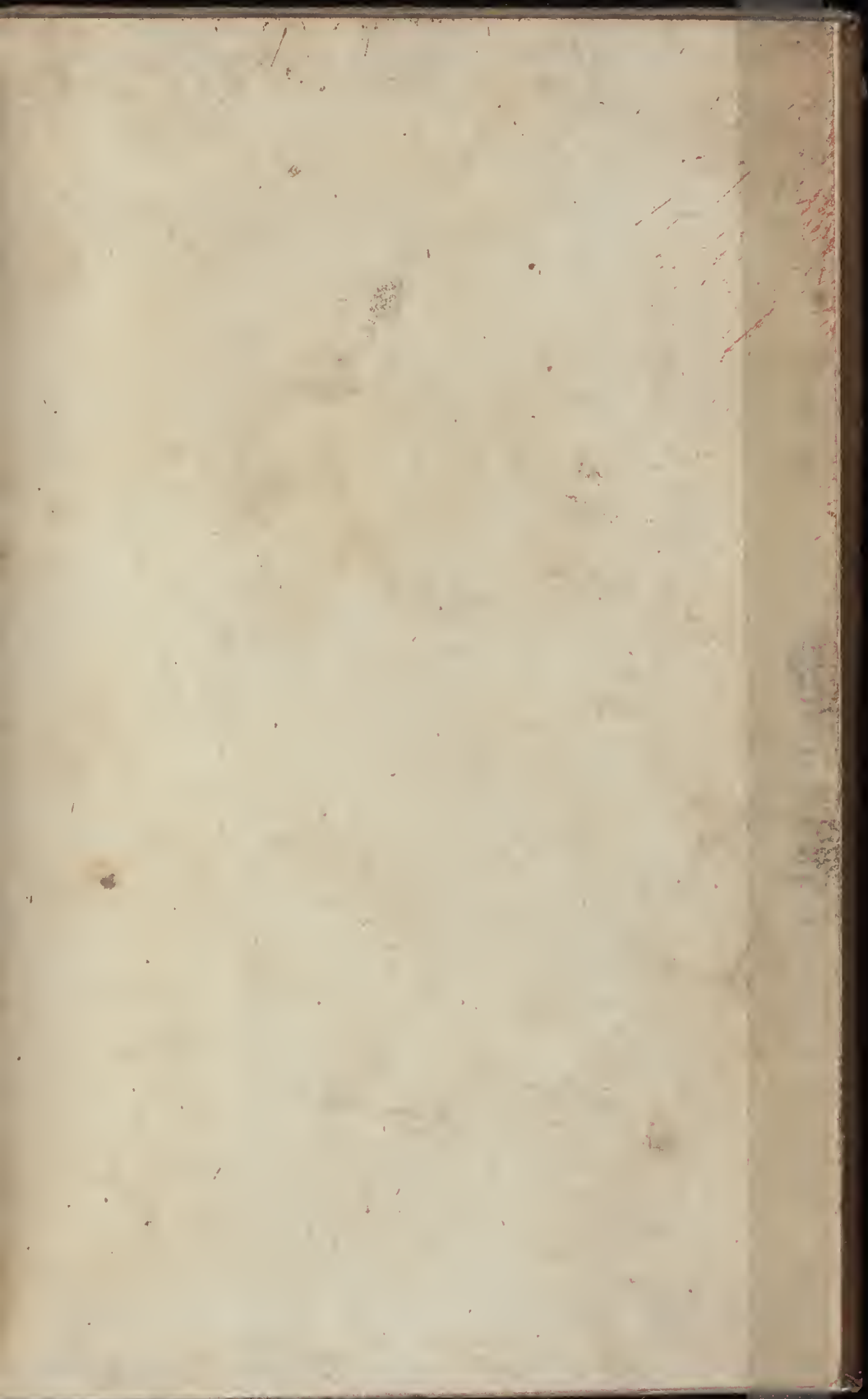
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II A-H⁸ I⁴ (- I⁴, a blank?)











The Frontispeece.

THe Sunne is glorious still, and maketh day,
Where ever shineth his Eternall Ray;
Yet when he sets, so clouds may vaile the skye,
That men may thinke him drowned to the eye.
Faire, strong is Man, if one should say, he'le dye,
Scarce can he well beleeeve it, 'fore he try;
But seeing death in others, then he sayes;
Surely Deaths constant stroke will end my dayes.
Spring's dainty; Summer vigorous and strong;
Autumne hath plenty; Winter dyes ere long.
¶ The Sunne of Glory set, and then was night,
And darkenesse, in the true beleevers sight;
Th' Eclipse did passe, and He was seene, by all,
Ascending, whether he the world doth call.
Let man behold his Saviour, he will say,
Welcome sweete death, my *Iesus* led the way.
Infants, and babes, young men, you strong, and old,
Turne to the right-hand, and the Sunne behold;
For as He conquers darkenesse, so we shall
Triumph o're death, by Him who conquerd All.





Memento Mori

Ver erat aeternum.

Stabat munda aetas.



KALENDARIVM
HVMANÆ
VITÆ.
THE
KALENDER OF
MANS LIFE.



*It was an
everlas ting
Spring
Et spicca
sorta
gerebat.*

*Authore
Roberto Farſæo.
Scoto Britanio.*

*Summer
stood
naked.
Hyems canis
hirsuta
capillis.*

*Ipsè iubet mortis
nos meminisse
Deus.*



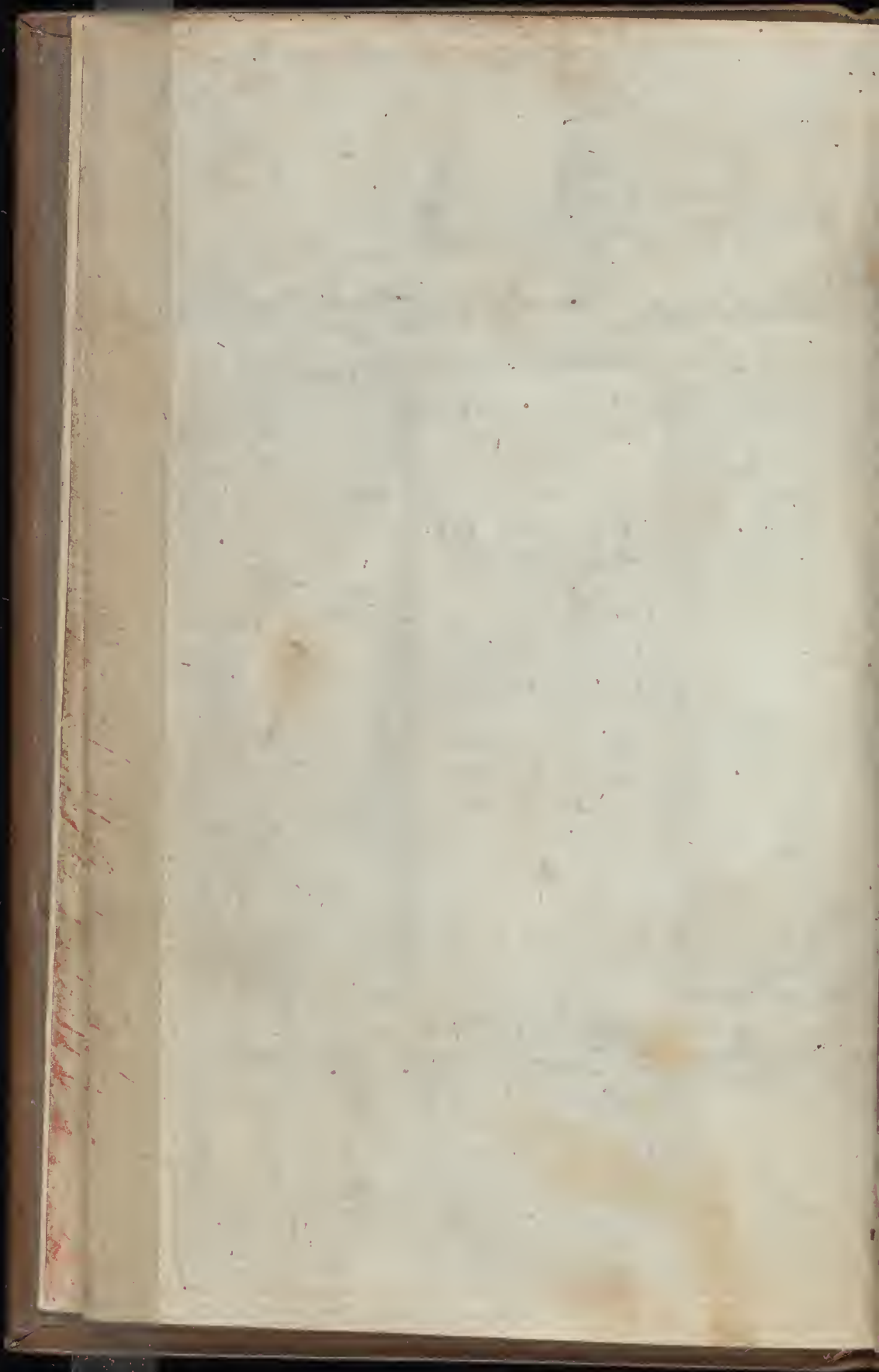
And the barnes were full.

Winter hath gray hairres.

LONDON
Printed for
William. Hope.
and are to be sold
at y^e unicorne neare
the Royall Ex-
change.
1638.

G. Glo.

fecit.





ILLVSTRISSIMO

ET

NOBILISSIMO

Domino

Dno. ROBERTO KARO,

Comiti a Summerfet, &c.



Gyptii inter primos Sapiaentia patres, sic sibi consuluerunt, ut letissimis ipsorum convivii sceleton interesset; Cum imperio delati sunt mores; & Philippus qui Græcam monarchiam fundavit, voluit adolescentem se mortalitatis suæ admonere; ipse Augustus Cæsar noluit, sine hoc more, orbis imperium

Epistola

imperium amplecti, qui & micam, & grabatum suum habuit.

Tibi (Nobilissime Heros) hoc mortalitatis symbolum offero; atque eò magis, quòd sciam Te verà Nobilitate præditum, cui ipsius mortis memoria semper erit gratissima, cujus nomine ipsa philosophia dignata est. Accipe quaeso, (Nobilissime Heros) hoc qualecunque est, humanitatis εὐδαιμον, neque enim ab hujusmodi studiis ipse abhorres, quàm mortis meditationi, & futurae vitæ contemplationi, lucernæ tuæ oleum soleas impendere: accipe inquam (verè Heros) hanc, quâ solitus es clementiâ, animi potius integritatem, quam solertem exquisiti ingenii velitationem. Meum putabam hoc opusculum, quod mortale esset; Tu Domine, si Tuum duxeris, immortale proculdubiò erit; & quod a meo ingenio sperare minimè potuit; hoc Tuo Genio (nobilis ingeniorum & musarum Pater) libenter debebit. Vive, & Vale, a cujus ore, & favore, ipsarum charitum & musarum vitæque & valetudo dependet; Illæ jam dedissent Apollinem, Iovemque suam, & Græcorum numerosos deos implorare; Deum unum, verum, bonum, supplicibus votis adorabunt, ut Te Patronum,

Dedicatoria.

Patronum, ipso Mecenate benigniorum & commem magis, hinc in terris, omni honore, postea in Cælis, omni felicitate & beatitudine accumul. Effata pronunciat

Celsitudini Tuæ ad-

dictissimus

ROBERTVS FARLÆVS.



To the Author.

FAme pluckes a pinion from the wings of Time,
Dips it in nectar, graves thy mighty rime
Within her brasen sheetes, makes envy stand
(Mauger her heart) and light her duskie brand:
Whil' st she in crimson letters writes : *These, these,*
Shall be the whole worlds Ephemerides.

Did not *Urania* loose thy fetter'd minde,
Out of the clayeie prison, and resign'd
Her place to it ? did not thy purer lay
Flow from the fountaine of the *Milkie way* ?
Did not she dictate to thee, how to skan
These moneths of woe, this *Almanacke* of man ?
An *Almanacke* that ne're shall b' out of date,
But last as long as time, as firme as fate.
She did, (heare, envie, heare and burst) and by
Her staffe thou took'st the height of *Poetry* :
Th' *Arcadian Shepherds* shall make thee their starre,
And place this next to *Tityrus Calendar*.

Like to another *Phæbus* thou dost take
Thy *twelvemoneths* taske through lifes short *Zodiacke* :
But these are too too narrow bounds for thee,
Each moneth's an age, each age eternitie.
The names, not nature's of the moneths, I see
Described in thy cælestiall poetrie.
Fresh May and lusty Iune triumph alone
In thy warme breast, December there is none.
Envie her selfe can finde no fault but this,
Perfect thy moneths, thy globe imperfect is.
No parallell is seene in all thy spheare,
Besides too, no *Æquator* doth appeare.



To the Author.

Some use to flatter worth by too much Praises;
Who rather doe detract than give him Bayes,
Who merits it : And some againe betray
(Like some course Prologue to a courser Play)
The Authors Subject; both are bad : but I
Will none of both : rather I will belye
Desert, and say this Poeme speaks thee vaine:
For to speake truth, I'm angry with thy Straine;
For that it is so short : (though sweere) expect,
Ile tax thee alwayes with that small defect.
Yet (out of Policie) perhaps thy Lyre
Thou layd' st aside so soone, least we Expire;
And the chiefe cause procede from thence: For 'tis
Certaine, as too much griefe is mortall, so of blisse.
All I will say, is, my beleefe is such
That after-times will thanke thee for this touch:
And such my Charity, I wish it may
Out live the last, and longest Summers day,
And that this present Age, may please to give
It pleasant smiles; and helpe its Hope to live.

H. M.



TO
THE COURTEOUS
READER.

The Roses.



Roene did flye, and Parti-colour'd *Flova*
Now felt soft nipping colds breath from *Auro-*
And *Phæbus*, usherd with the cooler day, (*ra,*
Gave warning to prevent his scorching ray;
While I the checkerd gardens walk'd along,
Seeking refreshment dainty flowers among,

I saw the fragrant herbes bending their tops,
With pearle-like dew hanging in silver drops;
And in the Coleworts cabbines I did see,
The queeres of Nectar dancing joyfully,
I saw the Rose beds in their *pestan* weeds,
Wet with the foame of *Phæbus* neighing steedes;
The tender buds did in their night-gear stand,
Of hoary plush, wrought by dame Natures hand,
Ready to put it off, when they did spy
Dayes charriter coursing along the sky;
One might have doubt, whether the Heav'n did dye
The Roses, or they purple-paint the skye:
The Sunne and Rose, were in one liv'ry clad,
For they one Lady *Aphrodite* had;
Perhaps one smell they had, but that as higher
Evanish'd, this breath'd sweetely from the brier.
How many minutes draweth forth an houre,
So many habits chang'd this curious flower;
It sometimes nymph-like, mantled was in greene,
Wearing a cap much like the Fairy Queene;

To the Reader.

Sometimes it woare a comely purple crest,
And had its haire in anticke fashion dress;
Then by and by her brest unlac'd, to shew
What heavenly fragrant Nectar did thence flow;
At last sh' unvail'd herselfe, and shew'd her face,
To *Phœbus*, with a modest blushing grace;
Her dandling tresses wreath'd like threds of Gold.
Scarfe without envy *Titan* could behold;
But lo dame *Natures* darling, which just now
Did flourish, naked stands, I know not how;
Of so great glory then, I thought it strange,
To see so suddaine and so sad a change,
The Rose to bud, to blossome in her prime,
To fade, to fall, to wither at one time;
Then for her mantle Greene, a murry clout
All torne did hang her gaskly lookes about;
The cap, the purple crest and all was gone,
Baldnesse her wrinckled head did seize upon.
O what a sight it was to see her lie
Vpon her mothers lap ready to die!
Small comfort had the earth, to see her brood
Pluckt from her milky breasts, and bath'd in blood;
Phœbus who rising from the glassie streames
Did court this Virgin with his chearefull beames,
Going to bed he sees the naked thorne,
And cannot love her 'cause shee is forlorne.
So long as lasts a day, a Rose may live,
That day doth kill the Rose, which life did give:
A Virgin in the morning, and at noone
Which had her prime, becomes decrepit soone.
So pull the Rose, and thinke, when thou dost see
It's brittle beauty, that it points to Thee.

Farewell.

Pullulo.



I bud.

Terram fodio.



I dig the ground.



V E R.

Martius sive Natalis.

Fabrica multiplicem quæ sic glomeratur in orbem,
Tam variis fecunda bonis, tot dædala formis,
Vnda priusquam pontus erat, Terra arida centrum,
Nutabatq; levi vertigine stellifer orbis;
Sordebat de forme chaos, primordia mundi
Parturiens, rerum & discordi semine prægnans:
Talis origo hominis, magni compendia mundi
Corporis exigui angusto qui limite claudit,
Empyreï scintilla priusquam vivida Cæli
Vita auget, sensu movet, aut ratione gubernat,
Ante sibi quam Elementa legant discordia sedes,
Organaque, affectusq; animæ & parentia membra,
Ante suum referat quam Iovæ patris Imago
Ad Cælos atque astra genus, vultumque supinet;
Putrescit genitura rudis, communia vermi
Semina sortitus, limacisque æmula canis:
Sed tamen hos artus, angustos fingit in artus
Cura Dei, immensum ex nihilo quæ excudit olympum.
Qualia frugifera concredita semina Terræ
Ceu tumulo defossa, jacent in viscere sulci;
Nascendi virtus tamen & genitabilis arvi
Natura, hyberni defendit frigoris iras,



SPRING.

March, or Mans birth.



His Sphere redoubling Fabricke wheeling round,
Which big with beings doth with shapes abound,
Before the Heavens did move, & Earth was stable,
Before the boundlesse Waves were Navigable,
It was a Chaos and confused masse,

Wherein the jarring seeds of all things was;
Such is the birth of Man, who doth comprise
The greater Fabricke in a lesser life:
Before Heavens sacred spark, whereby he liveth
His vegetation, sense and reason giveth,
To Elements 'fore places bee assign'd,
And qualities to Organes, are confin'd,
Before *Ioves* Image from the starrie light
Doth claime his race, and looke with face upright,
What is he at first but seede, whereof we see
The basest vermine take their pedegree;
Yet God the great Creator of all things
This vilenesse to a glorious creature brings.

Like as the Graine doth in earths fruitfull wombe,
As it were dead, it selfe in dust entombe,
Yet by earths vertue and his seeding power
Preserve it selfe safe from the winters stoure;

V E R.
Martius sive Natalis.

Quadrupedis donec Phryxæi cornua scandit
Phæbus, & illustri radio, fætoque calore
Inque diem, & Cæli vitales elicit auras :
Talis homo cæcis uteri jacet embryon antris
Naturæ ingeniosæ opus, & compago recentis
Lactea ceu massæ teneros coalescit in artus.
Semina habent siliquas, tegitur massa inque volucris
Pellicule, cognata ipsi quæ fascia crevit.
Tum Deus inspirante animam quâ vivida surgunt
Omnia, divinæ largitur particulam auræ.
Conjugium firmat stabile hîc Hymenæus Olympi ;
Nubit terra polo, decus immortale caduci
Corporis ingluviem consortem in secula ducit.
Sic ne ergo (hei miseræ) impurâ cum conjugè vivet
Virgo anima, & castis contagia prendet in ulnis ?
Sed benè quod survis coeant, sine luce, tenebris,
Teda suo impuram prodat ne lumine sponsam.
Quid si animæ vox ulla foret ? quàm triste queratur
Se cælum mutasse luto, & caligine lucem,
Vel Ionæ similem, superis de sedibus inuis
In cæti cecidisse uterum, noctemque profundam !
Æmula Tartares domus est habitanda barathro,
Gurgusti piceus carcer, pistrina malorum.
Cernimus hîc quoties jactari, dum impete facto
Rumpere vallatæ conatur vincula vulvæ ;
Sepe etiam ingreditur mox egressura, perosum
Sic antri hospitium, sic di-versoria sordent ;
Cernere (pro dolor) est fœcundæ viscera matris
Esse urnam fœtus, intestinumque sepulcrum.
Mitte sed infausstos casus, & respice partus
Quos natura volet, præscripta lege, labores ;
Tormina, convulsisque artus, trepidique dolores,
Et genuum cordisq; tremor, lamenta, duellum
Tale eient inter matrem natumque tumultus

SPRING.

March, or Mans birth.

Vntill like *Phryxus*, *Phæbus* ride upon
The Ramme, and more conspicuous in his Throne,
With geniall heat, and life-begetting ray
He twist it forth and make it see the day :
So man in wombe an Embryon doth lye,
Curded like milke, and wrought miraculously,
Clothed like seede with huskes, wrapt up in bags,
Which are its native home-spun swadling rags.
Then God Almighty, who life to all things giveth,
Breaths in that Divine soule, whereby it liveth.
Here is a marriage made ; to dust and clay
The Heaven is wedded, still with it to stay ;
Here immortality, by Gods command,
Poore fraile mortality takes by the hand ;
O what a pittie, that the Virgin soule
Should have a mate so leprous and so foule !
Its well in darkenessse they the match doe make,
For if it saw, the body it would forsake.
O if it could then speake, what would it say,
That it hath come from Heaven, to dwell in clay ?
Or that like *Jonas*, from the Saphire vaile
Its fallen into the belly of a Whale ?
The lodging they have got is darke as hell,
But if not there, they know not where to dwell ;
So oft we see them tumbling to and fro,
They shew themselves content, but so and so :
Yea many times the soule so loaths this Inne,
It leaves it, when it scarce hath entred in ;
And oft the bowels doe become a grave
For their owne brood, to which they lodging gave.
But take the best, and you your selfe will blisse,
To see in birth what misery there is ;
Clamorous convulsions, painefull throwes, and cries,
Sharpe shewes straying the backe, weakniug the thighes,

V E R.

Martius sive Natalis.

Qualis avernales, vento subeunte, cavernas
 Concitat, in tremulos tollens ima antra tumores.
 Ergone praeovit ventura incommoda vitæ
 Nondum natus Homo, lucemque exterritus odit ?
 Sic pugnans contra matrem, & molimina partus
 Vipereo miseram exanimavit more parentem.
 Credideris animam sordentem labe paternâ
 Nolle subire diem, ne se suus inquinet error,
 Ne cum damnatis exclamet forte catervis ;
 O utinam mihi natalis lux nulla fuisset.

Ast ubi nunc infans uterina repagula rupit,
 Symbola secum adfert vitæ manifesta futura :
 Dextram protendens, manuum mercede beatum
 Se fore demonstrat ; pede nudo triste capeffit
 Vitæ iter, & superum adventat peregrinus ad auras.
 Utique ingreditur nudus, lacrymabilis infans
 Doctior ad fletum est, rudiorque ad cetera natus.
 Vagitus cudit lacrymas non verba querelæ,
 Væ benè quum nequeat fari, (væ) tristius edit :
 Threicio sic more, suis natalibus infans,
 Sollicitat luctus, etiam sine voce, loquentes.

Omen habet vitæ partus ; portendit acerbus
 Hic dolor & Labor, humanos tristesque labores.
 Naturæ præscripta manet Lex ; aspice luctu
 Ut nascatur Homo, comiteque hoc pergat ad Orcum.
 Natura exponit nudum, mors excutit, urna
 Excipit, & nudum proserpina manibus addit.

Ergo quum partus rudimenta nostræ
 Inchoet damni, renovato mentem
 Integram (Christe) ut videam parentis
 Testa beata.

Hunc novum partus comites sequuntur
 Anxij cordis tremuli timores,

S P R I N G.

March, or Mans birth.

Much like an Earthquakes shaking you may see,
Betwixt them such intestine warres there be.
O doth the child then know, what is this life,
Who will not enter it without such strife?
Yea oft the one so fights against the other,
That Viper-like the child doth kill the mother.
May you not thinke, the soule defild with sinne
Originall, doth to regrate begin,
And wish it may not see this life at all,
Least it should adde thereto sinne a small,
And once perhaps, should with the wicked say,
O if it never had seene light of day.

But marke, when he is borne, how he will give
An Embleme of the life, which he must live;
Telling as't were, when he his hand puts forth,
That he must worke for what he shall be worth;
Or thrusting downe his naked foote he sayes,
That he must walke a Pilgrime all his dayes.
How e're he comes, he naked poore doth lye
And can doe nothing silly babe but cry;
He cannot speake, but yawle for greefe, and so
His rude expression cryeth (wa) for (woe)
So *Thracian*-like into this world of feares
He ushereth himselfe with many teares.

These paines of birth and woefull agony
Foretokneth our ensuing misery;
They clearely doe point forth the curse of man,
That he must live in sorrow, as he began:
His nakednesse shewes he must nothing have
Which with him he may carry to his grave.

¶
Since then my birth is of my bane
The primer, me beget againe,
Renew my spirit Lord, so with Thee
I shall thy fathers dwellings see.

VER.

Martius sive Natalis.

Flamina in largas lacrymas soluta, et
Turba dolorum.

Hunc susurrantis tacitum querela
Murmur, & tristis fremitus Leonis
Temperat, luctus Pellicani ad instar
Triste querentis

Gaudium & luctus parit ille vita
Caelitis, vere pietatis ante —
Ambulo in terris, superas Olympi
Ducit ad arces.

Tunc genâ mœstis lacrymis carente,
Et coheredes Domino, beato
Possumus nostri patris intueri
Lumina vultus.

Invicem luctus nova cantilena
Panget aeterni decus Haleluja,
Et novum carmen modulis sonorum
Audiet Aether.

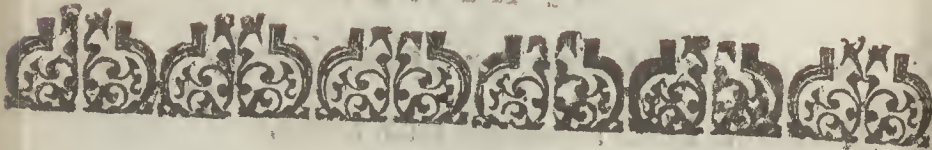
Aprilis

SPRING.

March, or Mans birth.

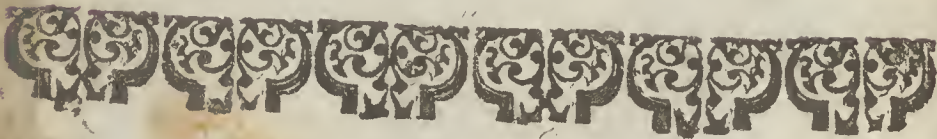
His second birth is brought with feares,
A broken heart, and floods of teares,
Roaring, chatt'ring in the night,
Like *Pelican* from mortalls sight.
Heart-consuming sighes and cries,
Soule-quelling fits and agonies,
Thought-killing muttring, when the heart
Knowes no wayes how to play its part.
But moment-lasting sorrow is
Fore-runner to eternall blisse,
If here on earth it doth annoy,
Yet leads it us to Heavens joy.
When we shall with tearelesse eyes,
Meete our Saviour in the skies,
When we with him coheires shall be
Of glory and immortality.
Then shall our teares be wip't away,
Then shall there be no night, but day;
Then for our mourning we shall sing,
A Hallelujah to Heavens King.

April



APRIL.

O What a pleasure is't to see
My new-sprung bud, which will be tree!
The glist'ring grasse with Phœbus ray
Doth make me cheerefull looke, and gay.
But (ah!) if these my Flowers should die,
Lord what would then become of me.
Ile tell thee, this thy brood will wither,
Doe not despare, you'le have another.



Ecce novum gaudium.



Behold new joy.

V E R.

Aprilis sive Infantia.

*Q*ualis odoriferum sacundans imber Aprilem
 Flore novo Martis lactentia germina vestit,
 Neclare Olympus alit dulci, Phœbûsque calore,
 Frigora ne exurant, nimius vel torreat æstus:
 Sic gremio charæ matris dum tollitur infans,
 Ne necet importuna fames, & tristis egestas,
 Neclares de fonte bibit spumantia lactis
 Flumina, quæ gemino mammarum e tubere manant.
 Sæpe novercatur Natura, aut turgida fastu
 Neclaris hos gaudet genitrix occludere rivos;
 Ergo ubi non possunt duram exorare parentem,
 Mendicant aliunde, luparumque ubera sugunt;
 Sæpe etiam tantum ederunt sua pignora matres,
 Sustineant solis ut nata exponere sylvis;
 Tunc superant pietate fera volucres, quæ parentes,
 Dant alienigenis quando ubera mutua natis:
 Deposuit rabiem lupa, dum lactaret alumnos,
 Roma tuos, matrem & dominæ se ostenderet orbis:
 Ast illi cum lacte lupæ suxere furorem,
 Fraternoq; urbem stabilivit sanguine frater.
 Exposuit quem dirus avus, jussitq; necari,
 Ille canis facta a mammâ lactante pependit,
 Inde sitis semper tenuit vesana cruoris,
 Prædandique fames, humano sanguine donec
 Immersum caput, & satiatum cade natavit.
 Degenerem toties patriis est cernere prolem
 Moribus, averso tanquam sit fidere nata,
 Nutricis cum lacte bibat quod semina morum,
 Imbutusque semel fuerit quo parvus odore
 Infans, huic redelet maturi ætior annis.

SPRING.

April, or Mans Infancie.

AS *Aprils* soft and balmy showers doe nourish
The *March*-bred Buds, untill they come to flourish;
Sunne with its heat, Heav'n with its dew them cherish,
Lest they with nipping cold, or drought should perish;
Even so the infant on his mothers knee,
Lest he should starve for want or penury,
With milky Nectar he his belly fills
Which floweth from the two breast-towring hills,
Oft times Stepmother nature, Mothers pride
Doth stop those sources, which when they are dry'd,
What they cannot obtaine from cruell mothers,
Poore Infants! they are forc'd to beg from others:
Sometime the parents so unnaturall prove,
That they expose, which they sould dearest love;
Then beasts and birds, against their nature, shew
More love then parents, who this duty owe:
Did not the Wolfe her fiercenesse lay aside,
To give what curs'd *Amulius* deny'd;
Romes twinnes so nurs'd with Wolfes unkindly foode,
Like ravenous beasts, one shed the others blood.
A Bitch did nurse great *Cyrus*, when they did
Expose him, cause his surly Grandfire bid,
From that time forth in jarres his life he led,
Seeking for prey, and thirsting blood to shed,
Vntill by *Schythian Tomyris* at last,
His head into a bag of blood was cast.
What is the cause, why children oft times are
Vnkind unto their parents? cause they were
Weaned from others; and it stands with reason;
That they should smell of, what first did them seasons

But

V E R.

Aprilis sive Infantia.

Ubere jam satur est puer, incunabula somnus
Poscit, ubi tremulis agitur nutibus, inter
Motumq; & requiem, misera dans symbola vite,
Cujus, ceu navis, medijs jactatur in undis
Sperq; metumq; inter, nec cessat, lumina donec
Mors claudat, Longoque Orci det fessa sopori,
Ramicibus sed ne turgentibus ilia rumpat,
Blanda soporifero devulcet carmine nutrix.
Infantis vel nulla etas a crimine pura,
Est insons, fraudis non gnara, experseq; nocendi,
Innumeris tamen illa malis obnoxia vita,
Ludibriumque recens casus, & sortis inique est;
Quod si crudeles Herodes aspercit iras,
Innocuo infantes maculabunt sanguine ferrum.
Obijce formicas quantumvis Græcia Mide,
Mellificasque Platonis apes, facundia lingue
Enthea queis portenta, & cornu-copia rerum est;
Tristibus auspicijs sed nostra infantia surgit,
Contemplatur aves scævas, quas omina dira
Infaustant, rata que facit etas plena dolorum,
Tristitia, luctus, curæ, duriq; laboris.
Hoc solo felix, miserum quod nesciat infans
In medijs sese esse malis, careatque timore.

Cum mee matris niveo liquore
Nectaris, tetræ sceleris reatum
Imbibi, primi patris inquinatus

Labe cruentâ.

Addidi vite proprium nefandæ
Crimen, cænosque in vitis peregi,
Meque fatali capulo propinquum

Detinet error.

Christe da cunas pietatis, atque
Gratie etatem teneram, priusquam

S P R I N G .

Aprill, or Mans Infancie.

But when the babe hath suckt, then must it goe
To Cradle, there to cry rockt too and fro,
(A pregnant Embleme of his life that followes,
Where like a barke, hee's tost among the billowes
Of hope and feare, nor rests till cruell fates
Doe thrust him into *Proserpines* black gates)
But lest with crying he should be opprest,
Humming Enchantments lull him to his rest.

If any life be innocent at all,
The silly Infants life such may you call ;
Yet to how great and various miseries,
Good God ! the harmelesse Infant subject lies ;
Nay, if an *Herod* shew his cruelty,
These guiltlesse children every one must die.
Greece talkes of *Midas* Welth· presaging Añts,
Of *Platoes* Beehiv'd eloquence she vaunts,
And Cradle-luck sent from the God ; but I
Can see nothing foremeant in Infancie,
Besides great sorrow, trouble, care, and toyle,
And whatsoever can true pleasure spoyle.
Yet there's one comfort, children doe not know
Their misery, which lessneth much their woe.

With Nurses milke I have drunke in
The deadly guilt of parents sinne ;
So am I, as my parent was
Infected with *Adams* tresprasse.
But (ah) that is the meanest share
Considering what mine actuall are ;
I have my yeares in sinning past,
Nor can I leave them now at last.
O make me (Lord) in grace begin
To live before I end in sinne ;

V E R .

Aprilis sive Infantia.

Parca peccato gravis senectæ

Finiat annos.

Vagit infans hæc anima, o salutis

Author, infirmam satura beato

Lacte, & eterno saturato divi

Nestare verbi.

Ablue, o sordēs uteri, meique

Criminis nevos, placidā quiete

Ut tui regni fruar, & piis tur

— Malibus addar.

Ne sinas vani hanc modulo sopiri hanc

Carminis, Stren recinet dolosa

Quale; sed Cæli vigiles ocellos

Tendat ad arces.

Neve mergatur rapidis procelle

Fluctibus, prenda Domine in tuumque

Suscipe amplexum; patrias Olympi

Defer ad arces.

Sic tua, a cunis (Deus) assuescet

Gratię, tu sic animam hanc amabis

Et Tibi grates aget hæc perennes

Invicem amato.

Maius

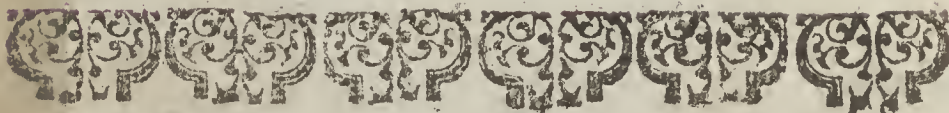
SPRING.

April, or Mans Infancie.

Thine Infant (Lord) to be I crave,
Let not my gray haire sinne to grave.
My soule doth cry, still thou it Lord
With milke of thy eternall Word;
Author of grace, nurse grace in me,
So I at length shall strenghtned be.
Clenſe me from first and second guilt,
Onely thou canst (Lord) if thou wilt;
Then shall I be a Dennizon
There, where uncleanneſſe commeth none.
Let not Hells Siren lull asleepe
My soule to drowne it in the deepe;
Lord make it watch for Heav'ns joyes
Regarding nothing worldly toyes.
Behold my soule rock't too and fro,
Doth cry for feare and cannot goe;
Now least in storme it drowned be,
Take it into the ship with Thee.
So shall Thou thinke me to be thine,
And I shall thinke thy kingdome mine;
So shall my soule thy mercies prove
And learne thy mercies how to love.



Now are my Flowers with Aurora dight,
And Flora sees her long wish for delight.
Each Tree a Quire, each Lease a Bird doth beare,
All singing Harmony to Heav'ns Spheare;
The Lambkins skipping trip, they dance and play,
This is the glory of the moneth of May.
Remember Flowers fade, come will the night,
When Nightingale shall sing from Mortals sight.



Florescunt.



They flourish.

VER.

Maius five Pueritia.

GErminaque genuit Mars, quæ Laetavit Aprilis
 Nunc geminant decus, & Maij pinguntur honore
 Undiq; pestano sic splendent cuncta nitore
 Ut gnaræ Natura rudis contendere dextræ
 Artificis possit; Zephyritis gramina pingit,
 Gramina Pancheos supra fragrantia indos.
 Plumea genus aurâs tenui modulamine mulcet,
 Aeraq; & sylvas, habitantem & montibus echo:
 Talis Homo puer in teneros quando emicat annos,
 Securas fallens inter sua gaudia luces:
 Adde alas, Cœli credas stellantis alumnium
 Pennigerum: tam rara novæ stat gratia formæ:
 Huic cedant pictis albentia Lilia campis,
 Æmula Sithonijs in vibis, pureq; elephantis;
 Huic cedant biferi rubicunda rosaria pesti;
 Punicat ingenuos tam pulchra modestia vultus.
 Pancheum pueri spirant precordia amomum
 Assyriosq; halant accensi thuris honores
 Impar queis sordet medicata cœpia naris
 Permultos avium seducit ad avia cantas,
 Certat ubi turdus merulis, ubi Lucariac inthis
 Consonat, & noctem sylvæ citbaristria mulcet;
 Me juvat ingenui vocem exaudire puellii,
 Dum teneros fingit sermones aure magistræ,
 Æmula syderibus cui adamantina Lumina fulgent,
 Qualia in humanos defigit stellio vultus:
 Gratia jucundat faciem, simplexq; venustas,
 Totus amor, Venerisq; decus pignusque parentum est.
 Adspice, sed tempus gaudet quo fallere Ludo,
 Ingenium artificis mentitus, & arma, manumq;
 Sive equitat mulo Mariano, aut agmina ducit,
 Sive molam condit, celsæ vel mania turris,

SPRING:

May or Mans Childhood.

WHEN *May*, Springs glory paints the gaudy fields,
And beauty t' *Aprils* sucking infants yeelds,
The bloomes and blossomes are so strangely dy'd,
That Nature seemes her cunning to have try'd.
Flora perfumes her brood, which give a smell,
That may the Phœnix nest well paralell,
The plumed minstrels with their Musicke fill
The smiling heav'n, the wood, and ecchoing hills.
Mans Childhood is his *May*, wherein he playes,
And wantonly beguiles his carelesse dayes:
Then lookes he like an Angell, had he wings,
He is the prettiest 'mongst a thousand things.
What Snow-white Lilly, can *Flora* afford so faire,
Which with his spotlesse beauty may compare?
Pestans twice-bearing rose-beds, blush to see
His Virgins red-enamelled modesty;
His fragrant breath so from his breast doth smell,
As if *Arabia's* bird did therein dwell;
Nor fancied nosegay, nor compos'd perfume,
Above his simple nature dare presume.
Many repaire to Groves and love to heare
The Nightingale, the Thrush, and plumed quire,
If I should choose, I could take greater joy
To heare the pratling of a lovely boy.
His eyes like glistring Diamonds to shine,
Twinckling like Lizards, while they stare on thine.
But marke what pleasant sport 'himselfe he makes,
All Arts and Trades he boldly undertakes;
He'le raise a Castle, build a sandy Mill,
He'le ride a horse, he'le traine, he's what you will;
He doth what ever unripe Nature can,
He is the pleasant, pretty ape of man:

V E R.

Maius sive Pueritia.

Cereus ingenio cunctas se fugit ad artes,
Æmulus ætatis maturæ, cuncta recenter
Spectat, & est vitæ, quam cernit, finius actæ.
Ne, nimium miseri tamen exultate parentes,
Præcocia hæc durus comitetur gaudia mæror:
Cernitis, ut piche pubes Alabandica Floræ
Marcescit, nudamq; relinquit saucia spinam:
Nulla nitet tessellati sic gloria veris,
Imbriferi quam non afflatus destruat Austri:
Si semel imbriferi tetigit contagio morbi,
Languent membra, fugitq; decus mirabile formæ:
Pallentes artus, tristiq; gravedine pressum
Tunc caput, immodicam condemnant jure parentum
Lætitiâ, e geminis oculorum fata fenestris
Prospiciunt, gelidoq; meat vix ore mephitis:
Improba vis morbi cogit mutare querelis
Blanditias, tenerosq; sales, linguæq; lepores:
Maxima tam superant majores gaudia luctus,
Mutanturq; vices tristi tum funere lætæ.

Hic sudum affulsit, Boreæ impendente procellâ,
Hic posuit mare tranquillum, sed fluminis iras
Parturiente salo, meditantî & prælia vento.
Ah! quid fata fugit? mortali propria vitæ
Res est nulla, dedit quæ fors, mors omnia raptat.

Gratæ vires, Deus O, recentis
Suffice, infans hæc puera sciat ætas,
Disceat ut certos magis & magis pis

Figere gressus.

Passibus dum Te sequor haud secundis
Christe, præcedas jubar æquitatis,
Te neq; aspectu, O anime redemptor,

Subtrahere nostro.

Cerne,

S P R I N G .

May, or Mans childhood.

His wit like wax to every thing can ply,
A strange observer, what he sees hee'le try.
But harke you Parents, be not overjoy'd,
Your pleasure (ah) may quickly be destroy'd.
You see the Damaske Rose, which is the peer
Of flowers, it fades and leaves the naked brier:
No blossome is so glorious and so faire,
But may be nipped with a noysome aire,
If an encountring blast of sickenesse blow,
All feature passeth like a minuts shew,
He droopes his head, his gasty lookes condemne
The fondnesse of child-deifyng men,
Then through his eyes as windowes looketh death,
A loathsome earthly smell infects his breath.
His merry tales and chat, is then forgot,
For painefull sickenesse makes him change his note.
Then looke how great your joy excell'd before,
Your griefe is doubled now, if 't be not more.
Here was a Sun-shine blinke, before the clouds
Did send the winds to combat with the floods;
Here was a calme above, while as below
The sea was great with storme, winds threatn'd to blow:
Ah world of woe ! what thing canst thou call thine,
Poore man, but death can quickly say its mine ?

¶

Grant strength of grace, O Lord, to me,
And make me grow from infancy
To childhood ; teach me how to trace
The footesteps of thy saving grace.
While with unequall paces I,
Doe lag, shew forth thy Light from high ;
O doe not goe quite out of sight
Lord Soules Redeemer, sole delight.

VER.

Maius, sive Pueritia.

Cerne, quo patto vagulus vacillat
Gressus, & fractas animos adauge,
Erigas, quando titubo, salutis,

Anchora certe.

Vt via longos tolerem Labores
Ferto opem lasso, exhilara dolentem
Et retreclantem male gratuitis

Alice donis.

Dum via angustas meo per salebras,
Adjuva, & dextrá stabilito plantam:
Quasq; largiris pueris, Olympi

Ducito ad arces.

Tunc ero Cæli empyrei minister
Aliger, divâ specie decorus,
Talis & ducam nihili beatos,

Nestoris annos.

Iunius

SPRING.

May, or Mans childhood.

Looke to my wadling pace and if
I fall, raise me, and comfort give
Lord, when I stagger, set me right,
O Soules eternall anchor plight.
And that I may the way endure,
With thy free graces me allure,
Lord if I faint encourage me;
But pull me if I stubborne be.
Thus suffer me not, Lord. to stray,
But guide me on the narrow way;
And 'cause thy Kingdome doth belong
To Children, place me them among:
Then Heavens bright Angell shall I be
Cloathed with immortality,
Rather such Childhood to me give,
Then here *Methushalems* age to live.

June

Jam messis in Herbâ.



This will be Wine.

Retrogradus ero.



I shall goe backward.

ÆSTAS.

Iunius, sive Adolescentia.

CUrvari quam Phœbus equos per brachia Cancris,
Cogit anhelantes, acclivi in vertice cœli.
Fervidiore calet radio tunc florida Tellus,
Et primæ fetus adolescenti flore juventæ,
Letas promittunt fruges, & signa futuri
Dant fructus, avidumq; beat spes prima colonum:
Humanæ talis florestit ephœbia vitæ,
Cum pia scintillant cœlestis semina flammæ.
Ærudis ingenij moles, sed cerea, Lambi
Poscit, & est Ratio studio formanda colendi.
Humani generis pater ex quo tempore lapsus,
Humane in cineres mersa est scintillula mentis,
Non nisi inexhausto jam recuperanda Labore,
Gemma velut Stygio Lothes in gurgite mersa
Uinatoris dextra expiscanda profundo est.
Tempus erat quo stabat homo de stirpe deorum,
Dotibus ingenij plusquam mortalibus auctus:
Arbitrij sed frena regentem devius error
Abstrahit, & recto aversum de tramite flexit:
Inde sumus stîpis prave vitiosa propago,
Degeneres sancti primæ ab origine Cœli,
Nascimur ignari rerum, virtutis inanes
Omnigena, veluti pictoris rasa tabella
Inscribenda notis queis vis, tamen oblita nullis.
Nam veluti distorta recens que pullulat arbor
Corrigitur, quamdiu lactenti cortice mollet,
Solliciti teneros animos sic cura magistris,
Et cultura Scholæ tortum sed molle refingit
Ingenium, studijs & cerea pectora format,
Cortine quem certa Sophum suffragia primum
Dixerunt, quondam a vultusensore sophista
Damnatus vitii, & tacite, in sulcæ que mamille,

SVMMER.

June, or Mans young age.

IN June when Phæbus up to *Cancer* hies,
Driving aloft his Chariot in the skies,
The Earth is cherisht with a warmer ray,
Her Youthfull brood lusty appeare and gay;
Then promise they some fruit and give essayes,
Of what shall be their further ripening dayes:
Such is the stripling halfe-growne age of man,
When fiery seed of reason sparkle can,
When his rude wit, but waxen (as the Beare
Fashions her cub) is lickt and fram'd with care.
Since mans great Sire did from his maker fall,
Mans reason's lost, scarce to be found at all;
Much like a gemme in darkenesse *Lethe* drownd,
With dangerous painefull dyving to be found.
There was a time, when man Gods off-spring stood
Indued with gifts greater then mortall good;
But whilst he rul'd his reines, his will did stray,
With drawing him out of the right way:
Thus when corrupted was the stocke and tree,
We branches thereof must corrupted be,
Borne voide of knowledge, rude and ignorant,
The meanest character of good we want,
Like to a smooth and waxed writing table,
Its voide, but write you, to receive its able.
A tree which crooked growes and bends awry;
While it is young, skill can it rectifie;
So tender mindes the Masters care correcteth,
What Nature could not, Discipline effecteth;
Learning makes straight perverse and crooked wits,
And them like wax to any fashon fits.
He whom *Apollo's* Oracle did call,
The wisest 'mongst the *Greacian* Sophies all,

ÆSTAS.

Iunius, sive Adolescentia.

Talem vitales primum se luminis auras
 Hausisse aiebat, diro sub sidere natum;
 Postea sed factum Sophiæ Cælestis alumnus,
 In melius mutasse animum, Geniumque valignum;
 Quam bona d. lapidat genitor, juga dura subire
 Compellit natos duri tristiisque laboris;
 Quam gravis (ab) labor est lapsum reparare parentis,
 Et nunquam tamen amissas attingere dotes!
 Naturæ nascentis erant elementa loquendi,
 Cornea quæ pueris nunc abecedaria monstrant.
 At veluti folijs oracula scripta Sibyllæ
 Penelopes opus est, salvo componere sensu,
 Literulas sic literulis conjungere oportet
 Syllabæ ut acrescant, quarum farragine voces
 Dum sunt, operam crebrò damnamus in axem.
 Nunc fluxa & fragilis, fuerat firmissima quondam
 Mneme, depoliti custos firmissima, proma—
 Conda penus nostri, loculis sensata reponens,
 Depromensq; eadem, si quando posceret usus;
 Fidit sed mnemæ qui nunc, in pulvere scribit
 Sensa animi, aut fluxæ frustra committit arena:
 Nunc vaga congeries rerum, cæciq; recessus
 Confundunt species, vel iniqua obliterat ætas.
 Obstât sæpe sibi rerum male congrua moles
 Fermentata Chao, in fausto partuque laborat;
 Dumque homo rimatur cerebrum, quæ scrinia pulset
 Nescit, & insano similis stat pharmacopola,
 Omnia scrutatur, nec quod petit, invenit usquam:
 Cogimur hinc nimium fragili diffidere mneme,
 Et chartis mandare alta molimina mentis,
 Sic mutis vox viva tacet concredita libris;
 Quumq; foret quondam patulis mos auribus artem
 Haurire, a tacitis nunc est discenda magistris,
 Atque legenda oculis, variis vox picta figuris.

S V M M E R.

Iune, or Mans young age.

Condemned, by a criticke of mans face,
As dull and stupid, void of wit and grace,
Made answer, such himselfe by birth to be,
But better'd by Divine Philosophy.
A lavish Father, when his state he spoiles,
He puts his children to a thousand toyles;
Good God! what paines and care it doth us cost,
To seeke and not to finde what *Adam* lost.
Language was Natures worke, we should be borne
Thereto, without fescue, or booke of horne.
But as to gather Sibyls leaves disperfed
Is desp'rate worke to find what she rehearsed;
To gather letter by letter, so w'are faine
Syllabe by syllabe, word by word in vaine.
Our fraile and brittle memory before
Did safely keepe the whole conceptions store;
A faithfull Steward, what she kept, she could
Distribute that, when use and season would;
But now who to his memory doth trust,
He writes the charter of his mind in dust.
Now wandring, brainesicke thoughts the speses kill,
And what they spare, old age abolish will.
Of so a masse of things is hurld together,
That Chaos-like, one parts not from another;
When men now search their braines, they cannot find
The box, which holds the conceit of their mind:
They fret, much like to dull Apothecaries
Who cannot hit upon their box and wares.
Hence memories distrust makes us to write
Our minds in papers, that they may endite
Againe to us, so word of mouth is come
To silence of our writings, which are dumbe,
And what was got before b' attentive eare
Dumbe bookes doe teach us, 'cause they're oculare.

ÆSTAS.

Iunius, sive Adolescentia.

*Singula nec tamen hæc profunt, quo nescio fato,
Sæpe latet tantis hominis mens pressa tenebris;
Nil salit a levâ; pigri de more caballi
Promovet haud, quamvis virgas calcariibus addas.
Quàm gravis (ah) labor est nobis, quæ perdidit hora
In nullos reparare dies, lateremq; lavare.
Dicite Adamigenæ pomò quid vilius uno?
Et tamen hoc tantos potuit generare Labores.*

¶

*O qui Mosæici dogmata fœderis
Impubis poteras pandere patribus
Iudæ, scita tui dâ mihi noscere
Parris, morigerum reddito legibus
Cœli. Cimmerijs mens inea cæcutit
Cæligans tenebris, paudio Luminâ.
Non me sic uteri crimina polluant;
Nec morum impietas inquinat unguibus
Me sic a teneris, quin tua gratis
A fœdis uteri sordibus expiet,
Et morum maculas unica diluat.
Dotes ingenij quas minuit pater
Humani generis, gratia sarciet.
Fac me, Christe, tuæ discipulum Scholâ;
Censurâ ferula leniter uteri,
Pendas proq; meis verbera viribus.*

Iulius

S V M M E R.

June, or Mths Young age.

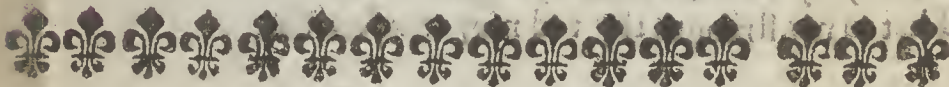
Nor is this all, oft times the Schollar's so
Vntoward, without rod he will not goe;
Sometimes, cause nothing in his left side sturres,
Hee'le neither ride with rod, nor yet with spurres

O what adoe is here for to supply
That which we lost, but cannot now come by!
Tell sonnes of *Adam*, what you thinke of one
Poore apple, which, hath mankind thus undone.

¶
O Lord, who in this age was preaching found;
And teaching those who did the law expound,
Teach me, my Saviour, whats thy Fathers will,
And grant me grace that I may it fulfill,
I am by nature, and in grace a moule,
Redeemer touch mine eyes, illighten my Soule.
I am not Lord by Parents sinne so spilt,
Nor so defil'd with mine owne actuall guilt;
But if thou wilt, thou canst by thy free grace,
Clenfe me from all which doth my Soule deface;
What ever gifts *Adam* hath lost to me,
Those and farre greater, Lord, I find by Thee.
Master, make me thy Schollar; when I shall
Correction crave, use mercy there withall;
Master, thy Schollar humbly begs of thee,
That to my strength thy rod may tempered be.



A Riēs was strong. Taurus did stronger prove,
Then Gemini did double beat and love:
Cancer who mounted, straight returnd againe,
That Leo might couragious remaine;
Till Virgo with her fruitfull, hopefull eares
Doe rellish well the Farmers greedy feares.
¶ Since Signes for Mortals good can so agree,
To Heav'n let ev'ry one most thankefull be.



Concurrunt sidera Cæli.



The Starres agree in one.

ÆSTAS.

Iulius, sive Ephebia.

FLAVUS ubi æstivos Quintilis promovet ortus,
 Exhilarans blandum radijs ferventibus annum,
 Luxurians arbor fructus maturat adultos,
 Foeta sui, similem tentat producere prolem:
 Talis Homo quum floriferos adolescit ad annos,
 Parturit, & Genij specimen maturius edit:
 Pullulat ingenij scetus quem cura Magistræ
 Lambit, & urfino deformem more refinxit.
 Tunc vitæ molitus iter se accingit ad artem
 Vivendiq; modum; nec enim sunt ocia tuta.
 Progenies Hybla veluti fragrantia rura
 Pervolat, ac Floræ lætèntia germina libat,
 Parsque rosas carpit, pars fugit amabile nectar
 Narcissi, aut stimulis albentia lilia tentat,
 Mille legunt florum succos, & mille viarum
 Ambages Lustrant, una est sed meta laboris:
 Tam varijs fertur studijs ferventior ætas
 Fatorum quum lege trahit sua quemq; voluptas
 Æsopi haud major calvis currentibus error,
 Sensibus humanis quam stat sententia discors;
 Sed tamen ad metam vitæ contenditur unam,
 A tegete, & tristi quæ defendenda bacillo est.
 Quam variæ rerum species, quot membra, quot artus
 Corporis humani, quot sunt molimina mentis,
 Deliciæ quot sunt sensus, vitijsq; laborat
 Quam varijs male-sanus homo; bona deniq; quot sunt,
 Quot mala; tot prostant artes, quæis quærimus illa,
 Hæc vitamus; & est vitæ multiplicis Hydra.
 Cura fuit, mundo nascente parabile vitæ
 Esse pena, tutoq; rudi licet, indui amictu;
 Ingeniosa adeo mortalia peclora vexit
 Luxuries nunc, ut Terras, orbemq; fatiget.

SVMMER.

July, or Striplings age.

Vhen ripening *July* brings *Hyperion* forth,
From *Tethys* chambers lying towards *North*,
The fruitfull tree, advanceth more and more
His fruit, desiring still his kind to store :
So Man when his Youths blöflomes gin to blow,
Desires some way wits timely fruites to show.
After these wits, which imperfect were wrought,
Are now by licking into fashion brought ;
Then every man betakes him to a trade,
For no man e're for idlenesse was made.
Like as the Bees the meddowes range about,
Tasting of every flower the field throughout ;
Some brotch the Primrose nectar some the Lillies,
Some crop the Thyme, and some the Daffodillies ;
Each one a sundry way and flower doth take,
And yet all to one Hive doe honey make :
So men, in Youth, according to their mindes,
Doe choose their trades, of sundry diverse kindes ;
For *Esops* skuls did not so disagree,
As men in severall phansies different be :
Yet though there is 'mongst men so great division,
All seeke one thing, this mortall lifes provision.
How many sorts of things how many joynts
Are of the body, how many crotchet points
Are of the mind, or senses fond delights,
How many vices are in wicked wightes ;
For goods, for evils, the're equall artes in number,
Which like an Hydra doth this life encumber.
Fathers of old time, surely, crav'd no more,
But clothes for backe and for the belly store ;
Now pride and ryots humors for to fit,
Whole countries, nations, doe employ their wit ;

ÆSTAS.

Iulius sive Ephebia.

Discende sunt mille artes, si fingere ad unguem
Ingenium humanum, mores, & tempora poscas ;
Luxuries sic forte iuvat, quod mille nepoti
Artifices debent tolerandæ commoda vite.
Esuriunt quando latis animantia campis,
In mundo dat Terra dapes, dant pocula lymphæ ;
Dira fames hominem quoties ad turpia cogit,
Infandas acuens spes & præcordia rodens ?
Importuna fames morosæ debita cessit
Pena gula : justâ nemesi sic numina plebunt ;
Illicitas gustare dapes homo fortiter ausus,
Sæpe nequit licitis jejunia pellerè mensis.
Sudandum est igitur, (vendunt dii cuncta labore)
Ante suum misero quam pandat Edulia cornu,
Solicite sic dura capeffens munia vite
Degenera quali sit factus origine, cernit.
Interea arrebatas quæ vox mihi verberat aures
Ocia tuta beans tranquillaq; castra Minervæ,
Musarumque leves choreas, placidosque recessus,
Permissi saltus, & flumina grata poetæ ?
Invidiæ vox est laudans diversa sequentes ;
Damocles celsâ recubet si sede Tyranni,
Nulla laborabit jucundum musa soporem.
Ut venias hederâ dignus, tua lumina somnum
Sæpe vident nullum ? an studio macrescit imago ?
Iapetonidæ volucres sunt cura, laborq;
Pervigil, & studij fitis implacata profundi.
Horologiisum veluti, frænumque, rotaque
Spira regit, secumque suo conamine raptat :
Anxia sic curis quum mens distracta laborat,
Nulla soporiferam sentiſcunt membra quietem.
Adspice cognatas cyclon qui circinat artes,
Quam misere vitæ dispendia quanta catenet.
Primigenæ quia dedit dicit vernacula lingua,

S V M M E R.

July, or Stripling age.

A thousand trades, now, doe the best you can,
Are too too little to compleate a man;
His accidentall good doth riot give,
One spendthrift maketh many poore men live.
Beasts be hungry in the desert field,
The earth their meate, their drinke the rivers yeeld;
What wicked hopes doe mortals entertaine
Seeking to shunne hangers heart-biting paine:
Untimely fasting, a Nemesis we see
Of mans untimely feasting impiouly,
Man eate, when God forbad him to doe so,
Therefore when man would eate, oft God sayes no;
Thus man before he is thought worthy of meate,
He must find out some way to toyle and sweate:
So when the Youth begins his painefull trade,
He sees what he is now, what he was made.

But loe, I heare some say; the Schollar's blest,
As free from labour, and enjoying rest,
Talking of dauncing Nymphes, and shaddowy woods,
Parnassus groves, and pleasant running floods;
His enyves voice; who discontented still,
That which she knowes not, discommend she will.
But Damocles in Dionysius place,
Hee'le praise the pleasure, but enjoy no peace:
That thou may' st weare the Ivy, canst thou looke
With sleepelesse eyes, and paleface on thy booke?
What meane the Vultures which Prometheus teare,
But watchfull study, and heart-eating care.
As in a clocke, springs motion doth make
The barrell, fusie, wheelles, and ballance shake:
So when the minde doth stirre with thoughts opprest,
Thinke you the bodies spirits are at rest.
But looke what doth his encyclopedy
Teach him, but lectures of his misery.

+ Goddes of
Ravonigo.

ÆSTAS.

Iulius sive Ephebia.

Cogitur ignotas Babylonis discere voces ;
 Quodque prius dederant cune, nunc vix capit etas ;
 Si numeres linguas, Mithridates occidit infans.
 Est homini tantilla fides, sine Rhetoris arte
 Nesciat ut sibi concordēs inducere sensus,
 Quodque nequit ratio fucato suadeat ore,
 Verbaque dei levibus toties diffundere ventis.
 Caligat tantis acies interna tenebris,
 Confuseque latent species, Platonis ut annus
 Eruere hanc satagat cariōsa e sorde librorum,
 Qui ratione probant hominem rationis egentem.
 Dum numeros nescit numerus, dum nullibus auget
 Millia, dum paribus distinguit littora micis.
 Dum numerat stellas, guttis discriminat equor,
 In leve digito fluxos sibi computat annos.
 Dulce melos, tristis quamvis medicina doloris
 Dicitur, hoc tamen (ab) lactymarum fluctus acerbat,
 Dum fatum recolens effundit flebile carmen,
 Quali cident memores vicine mortis olores.
 Quam dolet! astris rum radio dum mensus Olympum,
 Hic contemplatur radiantēs eminus orbes,
 Nec liceat ad patrias sursum contendere sedes,
 Unde genus traxit cognata ab origine Divūm.
 Denique dum vario describit schemate Terras
 Quinque secans zonas, distinguens climate lucem
 Maxima que vertit cyclis solaribus annum,
 Convexum paribus mensurans passibus orbem,
 Quā jubar auricomum Terris ortensque cadensque,
 Punicat equoreas p̄scosæ Tethyos undas
 Quaque dies medium qua nox disspescit Olympum,
 Respiciens modulum ipse suum ; quid metior, inquit,
 Hanc molem, Archytas prope litus dona matinum
 Pulveris exigui poscit, cur mente rotundum
 Percurro Cælum moriturus ; stamina vite

S V M M E R.

July, or Striplings age.

Cause Paradises tongue he cannot reach,
Grammar doth him *Babels* confusion teach;
His life time cannot give what cradles could,
Mithridate was a babe, if tongues were tould.
So little credite man hath, without art
Of *Rhetoricke*, he cannot move the heart;
His smoothed tongue he doth more powerfull find,
Then reason; yet his words are oft but wind.
Darke ignorance so mantles up his wit,
That *Platoes* yeare can scarce deliver it,
From rotneffe of the *Logick* systemes rable,
Which proving all things, proveth man a bable.
He by *Arithmeticke* can picke the shore
Of all his sands; and adde to millions more,
Divide and multiply the starres, and tell
How many drops doe make the Ocean swell;
But when he comes his dayes to calculate,
He finds a figure or two doe stand for that.
Though musicke be a sweet solatious thing,
It teacheth him his *Lachrimæ* to sing,
And Swan-like in a dolefull *Elegy*,
A dying to bewaile mortality.
Astronomy doth make him discontent,
That he should peepe up through an instrument,
And take the elevation of that place,
From whence he had his being and his race.
Whiles that *Geometry* doth teach him how
The surface of this earthly globe to view,
To cut it out by zones and climates way,
By hotter, colder, and the longer day,
To pace it forth, in inches, rods, and miles,
From Easterne Seas, unto the Westerne Isles,
From dayes Meridian, to the midnight line,
Where night is darkest, day doth brightest shine;

When

ÆSTAS.

Iulius, five Ephēbia.

*Parca mihi simul ac secuit : septempeda corpus
Exanimam tumuli angusto mihi limite claudet.
Cernere mortalem est plures adolescere ad annos,
Ærummasque simul, tristiq; inolere dolori:
Hoc tantum est miseri forsan solamen Ephēbi,
Praterijse aliquas lapsō cum tempore curas.*

*¶
Cælestis Genitor, quæ mare cœrulum
Quæ Tellus viridans, & liquidi ætheris
Nutrit hæc regio, Te Dominum suum
Agnoscent, Patula munera dextera
Exposcuntq; tua: Tu saturas dape
Siquid te precibus sollicitat Deum.
Corvus non didicit vertere vomere
Telluris gravisæ sææ viscera,
Optatis epulis non tamen indiget.
Nunquam pensa trahunt candida lilia,
Flora at luxuriant splendida symmate,
Quali Rex Solymæ non nituit pia.
Curis distraberis mens mea, cur metu
Quassaria, stabilem spem tibi colloca
In rerum Domino, qui dabit omnia
Quæ vitæ fragili commoda senserit.
Sed ne debilitent oia languidam
Mentem, luxuriâ & pectora diffluant,
Hydræ multiplicis ne mala pullulent:
Quo vitam tolerem, munere da frui
Artis, quæ senium sustineat meum,
Et victu invalidos sustineat dies.
Me quæso Æthereis dotibus instrue,
Quadratas fabricæ dum lego literas,
Cœlorum speculans tam varias vias,
Et tot pennigeros aeris incolas,*

SUMMER.

Italy, or stripling age.

When he lookes home t' himselfe, he sighes and sayes:
In measuring earth, why spend I thus my dayes?
Archytas ghost, neere to the Marin shore,
Besides a little dust, doth seeke no more;
Why should I then survey this globe with eyes,
And sore with thought above the sphered skyes?
When destiny shall cut my fatall haire,
Of all this earth, seven foote shall be my share,
Thus may we see, that as in age we grow,
Sorrowes along with us in age doe goe,
A Youth one comfort after all, at last
Receives; some of his toyle and sorrowes past.

¶

What Heaven above, below, the Sea, and Land
Containe, all stand and fall at thy command.
Father, all things to thee their eyes doe bend,
Thou do'st, to them their food in season send;
What ere thou hast created by thy word,
Thou keepst, if they acknowledge Thee their Lord.
Thou with thy blessing feedst the wandring Crow,
Although it cannot either till or sow,
The Lillies of the field they cannot twist
Or spinne, yet are they, Lord, so by Thee blest,
That *Salomon* in all his rich aray,
Was not so glorious as they are gay.
Why art thou Soule cast downe with feare and care?
Trust in thy Lord and Maker, He's thy share
And portion sure, who will unto thee grant,
What usefull things for life he knowes thee want.
But yet lest idlenesse should on me cease,
Which is the Hydra of vice, and Soules disease:
Give me some calling Lord, whereby I may,
Sweate truly for my daily bread, this day,

ÆSTAS.

Iulius, sive Ephebia.

Et tot pinnigeros Equoris ordines,
Tot vernantis humi cedala germina,
Errantesque greges, silvicolas feras,
Rimatasque uel scrini. pectoris,
Artus, atque animam, do. aque cœlitus
Angusti tenebris abaita corporis.
Te rerum Dominum, manificum patrem
Agnoscam, Æthereis laudibus efferens
Donec, me oligeris civibus addito,
Ærumnis dederit mors requiem meis.

Augustus

S V M M E R.

July, or Striplings age.

Which may maintaine my gray-haires, when I can
Doe nothing but bewaile the state of man.
What knowledge, Lord, thou giv'st me of the creature,
Make it the *ō* of Thee my great Creator.
When I behold the Cristall Heavens so faire,
So many winged troopes piercing the aire,
So many finned armies in the strands,
Rowing themselves amongst the rockes and sands;
When I behold the flowers, the fields and fennes,
The grazing flockes, the wild beasts in their dennes;
When I rip up my breast, and there doe finde,
An earthly body, but an heavenly minde;
I see thy greatnesse Lord, in every thing,
To thee therefore I will here praises sing:
Till I shall come unto thy blessed traine,
Then death shall put an end to all my paine.

August



V *Hat Plough & harrow with laborious toile,
Did trust to mother earth, & fruitfull soile;
Altræa, justice Scepter who can sway,
To Sickle and the Barne doth that repay;
The Husbandman he will now weepe no more;
When just Altræa shews him hope of store.
¶ The Gods are just, let men then pious be,
To use their blessings with sobriety.*



Hac Pietas.



This is Piety.

ÆSTAS.

Augustus sive Iuventus:

PHœbus quum blandis Astrææ amplexibus hæret,
 Et cultos maturat agros, tunc germina Terræ
 Omnigenos pariunt fructus, pars fœta veneno,
 Neclare pars dulci, virtus non omnibus unâ est:
 Talis Homo etatis juvenili robore gliscit,
 Aetæ dans specimen vitæ, signumq; futura.
 Ut cinera quæ immersa latet scintilla, coruscet
 Et rapit ardentem crepitanti in fomite flammam:
 Sic Natura prius teneris malè debilis annis,
 Nunc fervore viget venarum & robore nervi.
 Vina velut generosa cadis spumantia fervent,
 Exertantq; novas per cæca foramina vires:
 Sic fermentata Iuvenis fervore juventa
 Exerit affectus vires, gaudetq; tumultu.
 Non citius levibus stipulis Vulcanius ardor
 Grassatur, juveni quam mens correpta furore
 Flagrat, & insulsæ probat enthyememata falsa
 Esse Stoe, virtuti animos affectibus addens.
 Sic domuit matutinum Pellæ decus orbem,
 Et capita Alcides diræ demessuit Hydra,
 Rettulit & vellus Phryxæum Dorica pubes
 Duceus Argivam per inhospita cerula pinum.
 Passio virtutis eos est & acuminat ausus,
 Sape etiam exitium languens calcaribus urget.
 Persephones malè sanus amor sub Tartara misit
 Perithoum, Stygiasq; domos penetrare coegit.
 Præceptis ira truces in mutua vulnere fratres
 Compulit, atq; odium cinerum post busta superstes.
 Materno fœdare manus vindicta cruore
 Horrendæ jussit sitientem cædis Oresten.
 Sic dolor Ajacem fregit male sanus, ut ensis
 Vnum proprii ferret, fortemq; ad vulnere dextram,
 Hæc ignara modi intensis affectibus ætas
 Fertur, & est præci penitus studiosa juvenus,

SUMMER.

August, or Mans Youth.

Vhen *Phæbus* doth with chaste *Astrea* meete,
Crowning the fruits & fields with influence sweet
Then plants bring forth their fruits, after their
Not all alike, some good, some bad we finde. (kinde,
So man in Youth shewes by his conversation,
His towardnesse, and former education.
Like as the fire which long hath lurkt in ashes,
When it gets stronger fewel, flames and flashes,
So nature which in weakenesse long did lurke,
Doth now in heate of blood begin to worke:
Or like strong wines in caske, when first they vent,
They shew themselves in motion vehement.
So man in leavned age, and youthfull prime
Gives passions most violent for a time;
Tinder nor flaxe takes not with *Vulcanes* ire
More quickly, than youths bloods set on fire,
And oft condemnes the *Stoicke* apathie,
As by his passionate valour we may see.
So *Pellus* flower did conquer all the East,
Alcides kill'd the many-headed beast,
Iason with the noble Youths of Greece,
In spight of dangers wonne the golden fleece:
This passion as it is a whetting stone
To goodnesse, so to evill it spurreth on.
Loves passion made *Perithous* descend
To *Plutoes* house t' attend his lustfull end;
Anger made *Eteocles* kill his brother,
Nor could their funerall smoake agree together;
Revenge did cause *Orestes* put to death
His mother, who did give him life and breath;
So griefe made *Ajax* turne his wrath from *Troy*,
And with the fatall sword him selfe destroy:
This age still in extremes can scarce obey
Reason, cause passion beares so great a sway,

Æ S T A S.

Augustus sive Iuventus.

*Artibus aut intenta bonis, & gnara studendi,
In nimios semper timor est ne exardeat ausus.*

*Hæc ætas juvenes bivii ad divortia ducit,
Constitit Alcides quondam quo incertus eundi.
Alterâ latâ via est, & multo flore decora
Undiq; Pestani veris subridet honore,
Uberibus Cereris crescunt ubi munera sulcis,
Nestæreos latices Bacchi carchestia fundunt,
Mollia cycnæis stant pulvinaria plumis,
Undique Panchæos spirant & aromata odores,
Aligerique chori mulcent concentibus auras,
Vernantesque replent tremulo modulamine sylvas.
Hic levibus recubat plumis fucata Voluptas
Floribus in medijs & suavia cinnama spirat.
Deliciosa jacet, facies ostentat amores,
Lumina sidereo splendent accensa nitore,
Tota lepos (qualis parebat ab æquore Cypris)
Mellitæ voces, & verba papavere condit,
Est externa foris species, & gratia vultus;
Pectoris interni at pateat si forte recessus,
Fæda latet scabies picto malè discolor ori;
Pigmento quocunque animum cernisset, amaror
Corde latet, dolor exanimans & turpis egestas.
Ænula luminibus Basilisci lumina tollant
Evitâ quodcunque vident, ceu noxia Siren
Cantat, Nilivaci aut fletu insidiatur alumni;
Sed lacrymis ne crede, scatent quæ fraude, metuque
Pocula Circeis præbet medicata venenis,
Lethæam miscens Loton, virusque rubetæ;
Inque suos homines vertit, caprosque salaces,
Rugentesque feras, & mimos cercopithecus,
Sepe scyphis madidos deponit, pectora vino
Accendens, socio mox restinguendo cruore;
Deniq; tam lautas clamoribus exitiale coronat*

Delicias,

S V M M E R.

August, or Mans Youth.

And oft, when reason and affection too
Concurre, the danger's, not to overdoe.
It leadeth us unto a forked way,
Where the great *Hercules* was sayd to stay,
The one is broad, plumed on every side,
With *Damaske* Roses, and with *Flora's* pride,
There *Ceres* gifts in great abundance grow,
And *Bacchus* cupps with nectar overflow;
There's downy beds stuffed with swanlike plumes,
There every thing is sweetned with perfumes;
The winged quiristers with their sweete throates,
Doe warble forth their eare-beresving notes;
And painted pleasure lyeth all along
Vpon her downes, the fragrant flowers among;
Her lookes are lovely, and her eyes are cleare
Much like to *Venus*, when she did appeare
First from the sea; the honey's not so sweete,
As are her words, she's outwardly compleate,
But O if one should see her breast within,
Farre different would he finde it from her skinne.
What ever she pretends she meanes no lesse
Than death, destruction, gall, and bitterness;
Her eyes, like *Basiliskes*, they see and kill,
Her voyce like *Sirens* doth entise to ill;
Beleeve her no wayes, when she sheddeth teares,
For like the *Crocodiles*, they're full of feares;
She gives *Circean* cuppes of giddy wine,
Mixt with roades poyson, and the *Lotish* rine;
And turnes man into *Goate*, or *mimicke* *Ape*,
Or *Wolfe*, or *Lyon*, which doth roare and gape;
Oft times she with her cupps so doth them drench,
That without blood their thirst they cannot quench,
But which is worst of all behold the end,
To misery and death they are condemn'd.

ÆSTAS.

Augustus, sive Iuventus.

Delicias, mortis miserae prænuncia tabes,
 Nervorum vel dira lues, aut hectica febris,
 Aut laterum dolor, & stagnans pituita fatigat
 Sic miseros, diræ cupiant ut tædia vitæ,
 Et quamcunq; petant, nequeant quum vivere, mortem.
 Quod si quis Polemo primos disperdidit annos
 Imprudens, castam luxu tentare iuventam
 Ausus, jamq; Sophi monitiis respicere tandem
 Incipit, & Baccho sacras lacerare corollas;
 Talis erit sæcli Phenix, rarissimus ales,
 Qualis cum piceis cyprius secat aera pennis;
 Consuetudo mali tam cæco pectora callo
 Obdurat, nequeant ullâ ut mollescere curâ,
 Sic vitiat Genij dotes, sic inquinat auræ
 Particulam, ut sibi naturæ jus vendicet omne,
 Pristina nec profit studiosi cura magistri,
 Quam penitus dirus peccandi obliterat usus.
 Proh dolor! ergo parens genuit Natura beatum
 Indole, quæ lætæ gestabat semina frugis?
 Ergone læstabat mater, primosque fovebat
 Carmine vagitus, omen mentita secundum,
 Curaq; sollicitis est demandata, magistris;
 Scilicet ut pubes primo sub flore periret?
 Altera dura via est, acclivi tramite callem
 Angustans, nisi grassanti non pervia dextræ.
 Sente scatet multâ, nudis stat semita spinis,
 Hanc stupant diræ monstrorum hinc inde catervæ,
 Qualia Tartarei servant penetralia Regis.
 Hic sua mordaces posuere cubilia curæ,
 Hic tremuli genibus stant pallentesq; timores;
 Illic pervigiles acie flammante dracones
 Ignea queis somno non mulcet lumina Morpheus;
 Improbus & vanus labor hic ad culmina montis
 Sisyphæum volvit saxum frustra, revolvit.

S V M M E R.

August, or Mans Youth.

A little swinish pleasure deare they buy,
With Gout, Consumption, or the Pleurisie,
And brings upon themselves such misery,
That they can choose, or doe nothing, but dye.

Perhaps one Polemo who in her waies,
Hath lavish'd out his young and tender dayes,
When he a wise Xenocrates doth heare,
Will be ashamed, and his garlands teare;
But he is one amongst a thousand, who
Farre otherwayes, then he hath done, will doe;
For vitious custome puts them so in ure,
As that it doth their hearts and minds obdure;
Their better parts from Heav'n it doth deface,
And tyran-like usurpeth Natures place,
Then nothing profits carefull education,
And hope is gone of healthfull reformation.

○ what a pittys this ! Nature brought forth,
A towardnesse, which gave some hopes of worth;
Their mother suffered paines, and gave them sucke,
And dandled them with songs of happy lucke,
Then were they put to Schooles, and learning taught,
And now when tis their prime, all is for naught.

The other is a steepe and narrow path,
And, beside which you make, no passage hath,
Its straw'd with briers, thornes grow all along,
Through which, who ere so walkes, he needs must throng;
On every side are monsters, such as dwell
In *Plutos* prisons, and the pits of hell:
Here sits gray-headed, and heart killing cares,
Here lyes palefaced, and joynt-shaking feares;
Here watchfull Dragons, whose unsleepy eyes,
The care-relenting *Morpheus* never sees;
There vaine and phrenticke labour rowles a stone
Like *Sisyphus* the craggy rockes upon;

ÆSTAS.

Augustus, sive Iuuentus.

*Illic exanguis stat Desperatio fauces
 Vix laqueo stringens, vitamq; exosa fatiscit.
 His aduersa venit lymphatis passio turmis,
 Ordinibusque instructa ferocia ventilat arma;
 Ira oculos ardens, toruo succensa furore
 Ætheriâ de sede Iovem turbare minatur,
 Hanc comitatu' Eris, facibusque incendia mundo
 Dirâ parat, gaudens orbem miscere tumultu;
 Hic vecors odium tacito sub pectore celat
 Horrendum scelus, & diras excogitat artes;
 Imprudens ten sos hic scandit Abulia funes,
 Et non sueta prius tentare pericula gaudet;
 Ceratis hic vana petit Spes Æthera pennis,
 Icario ardentem visens conamine Solem.
 Hæc angusta via horrendis scater undiq; monstris,
 Et vite innumeris est interclusa periculis,
 Sed tamen incolunes hæc virtus ducit alumnos
 Extrema ut vitent, ne pes hinc inde vacillet:
 Quôq; magis per Meandri curvamina pergant,
 Ipsa Ariadne regit hos Prudentia filo
 Mox Arete, fide comites Constantia & Ardor
 Pectoris, in fractos animos currentibus addunt;
 Spem fovet hic, monstratq; intentas eminus arces
 Virtutis, quarum tenet Elpis florida culmen.
 Si quando offendit gressus, Constantia eursum
 Firmans, ad metam laudis calcariibus urget.
 Proclamat longè Spes, hæc sunt digna laboris
 Præmia, & excipient mordaces gaudia curas,
 Pax sincera quies nullo temeranda dolore,
 Latitia hic habitant magnum, sine fine, per ævum.
 Sic ubi meandros emensi & monstra viarum,
 Tandem pertingunt hilares ad culmina montis,
 Splendida quadratis ubi stat suffulta columnis
 Regia Virtutis; porta hinc Crystallina claudit*

SUMMER.

August, or Mans Youth.

At last Despaire drooping and almost dead,
Scarcely can pull the rope over her head.
On th'other side, the furious Passions stand,
Marching with armes along, in traine-like band.
Anger with fiery eyes and frownes doth threat
To pull high thundring Ioye downe from his seate;
Next comes Contention with her cursed brands
Seeking to set on fire bot^h sea and lands;
Then Hatred in her hollow heart doth keepe
Revenge, and for occasion forth doth peepe;
There Rashnesse, on a rope hangs by the toe,
And of her boldnesse makes a foolish show:
Vaine Hope with waxen wings doth love to flye
Like *Icarus*, above the Azure sky.
Fierce monsters doe this narrow passage bound,
And deadly dangers it encompasse round.
Yet Vertue doth her followers safely guide,
Least they should goe astray on either side.
Prudence through the darke windings doth them lead,
Safely with *Ariadnes* clew of thread.
Then Vertues ushers, Courage, Constancy,
Doe hearten them on against aduersity:
And show them Vertues Castle, how on high,
It stands resplendent all with Majesty.
If they doe stumble gainst a blocke or stone,
Then Constancy saies, stay not here, goe on;
And Hope proclaimes afarre: Loe here you shall
Have joy for sorrow, Hony for your gall.
Here peace and joyfull rest, for ever dwell
Which neither crosse nor time shall ever quell,
So when they have these hideous monsters past
With joy they reach the mountaines top at last.
Where Vertues pallace stands on pillars square
The courts of gold, the gates of chryshall are,

And

ÆSTAS.

Augustus, sive Iuventus.

*Atria Pæloni flavis rutilantia arenis,
 Et varijs, quales vix nota dat India, gemmis.
 Ante fores livor jacet ater, lumina tant o
 Saucius aspectu, dum quam videt, invidet arti.
 Hunc simulac pressere duces, per splendida templa
 Virtutis, magni subeunt penetralia Honore.
 Gloria mox claris sublimat facta trophæis,
 Famaq; Seraphicis insertat nomina turmis.
 Hoc bivium est; teritur tamen altera semita, sordet
 Altera cæca situ, rara & vestigia monstrat.
 Sæpe Voluptatem numerosa colonia stipat,
 Incomitata solet divina incedere Virtus;
 Forte etiam mortale genus, quod nascitur, omne
 Errat, & a recto obliquos fert tramite gressus,
 Felix ad veram quicumq; recurreret metam
 Possit, & errori non indulgere nefando.
 Transversos ducit cæca ignorantia multos,
 Dum carpunt Virtutis iter, mediumq; capeffunt,
 Extremis illabuntur; vix littore solvit
 Navis, cum cæcis impingit naufraga saxis;
 Ast alij meliora vident, cupiuntq;, sed obstat
 Res angusta, deæq; ira importuna novercæ;
 Paupertatis onus divæ sic viribus impar
 Deprimit, ut longo vix repant intervallo.
 Quam pauci juvenum, de tot modo millibus, actu
 Extremo functi, scenam cum laude relinquunt!
 Parva manus (qualis Gideonis) laude juventæ
 Clarefcit, parvam decimant tamen invida fata.
 Incipiunt teneri quum maturefcere fructus,
 Enecet hos Boreæ vis importuna furentis;
 Florescens pereat sic tristi funere pubes.
 Æqua senum juvenumque simul mors funera densat,
 Rugosæ quam sæpe genæ juvenilia busta
 Effæctis lacrymis, sicco fletuque rigârunt;
 Sæpe ilex muscosa recentem turbine sagum*

SVMMER.

August, or Mans Youth.

And all this glorious castle's founded on
The Chrysolite, Sapphire, and Berill stone.
Before the stately gates, blacke Envy lies,
Tormented with the aspect of her eyes ;
On whom, when once these Champions doe trample,
Through Vertues Courts, they enter Honours Temple,
Then Glory doth eternall Trophées raise,
And Fame Seraphik-like, their name doth blaze.
There but two wayes ; and yet where one dare venter
On this, a thousand by the other enter :
Vertue, oft, all alone doth goe and dwell ;
Pleasure doth lead whole colonies to hell.
Nay, I dare say, the most of men doe stray
At first, and enter in the broader way ;
Happy are they who doe returne, before
They runne too deepe in cursed pleasures score,
Darke ignorance doth blindfold many so,
That from the meane into th' extremes they goe.
Their ship scarce from the shore her course doth take,
When she on deadly rockes doth shipwracke make ;
Others have knowledge and the best desire,
But crost with stormes and fortunes spightfull ire,
There strength and meanes answer not to their mind,
And so poore soules they're forst to lag behind.
Amongst so many thousands of this age
How few with faire applause goe off the stage ;
And yet those few like *Gideons* fleece, we see
Tith'd by untimely fates mortality.
When fruites are almost ripe, storme can them shake,
When Youth is almost man, death may him take.
Search you deaths Lime pits, and youle finde therein,
As oft the Young Steeres as the Oxes skinne ;
Oft time old gray-haird wrinkles swim in teares,
For youthes who dyed in their prime of yeeres ;

ÆSTAS.
Augustus, sive Iuventus.

Subversam videt, oppedit tamen ipsa procellæ.
Sola homini restat mortalis propria vitæ
Conditio, & sortis lex est præscripta caducæ.
Una patet cunctis nascentis semita vitæ,
Mille viæ mortis ad fata latentia tendunt.

¶
Non tot multifremum fluctibus Adria
Turget, quum piceis nubibus æquora
Miscet, quot tremulam cor tumet aëlibus,
Et fervent dubijs pectora motibus.
Itæ præcipites, & furor impius
Me sæpe exagitant, exanimant metus,
Tollunt spesque leves, excruciat dolor,
Tranquillum Domine, at da mihi spiritum,
Pelle & cuncta meum quæ mala lancinant
Pectus, da placidâ mente quiescere.
Ævi primitias sanctifica Deus,
Vtq; artus, animam sic mihi roborâ ;
Gressus perq; tuam dirige semitam,
Ad Cæli Empyreï quæ penetrantia
Ducit, Cœlicolûm & stelliferas domos.
Serva me incolumem a Tartareo grege,
Sic, metam potero visere ad ultimam.
Tunc Pæana canam pennigeris choris,
Mors cruelis ubi jam stimulus tuus ;
Inter Christicolos victor ovans greges,
Dicam tunc: tumultu gloria ubi est tua.
Mallem per latebras tendere Dædali,
Et vitæ originis casibus obijci ;
Quum cæli caream dulcibus oculis.
Euris præpetibus transvolat ocyor,
Vitæ luctificæ dira molestia :
Durant astrigere gaudia sed poli,
Numen dum adnumerat secula sæculis.

SVMMER.

August, or Mans Youth.

The ancient Pollard Oake oftentimes doth see,
The overthrowing of a Young Beech tree,
This onely law is proper unto man,
To dye, or soone, or late, doe what he can.
One way he comes to life, if Fates dispose
Will once of him, a thousand wayes he goes.

¶

The stormy seas doe not with waves so fret,
When roaring surges, glowming clouds doe threat,
As with contrary tides my breast doth swell,
And doubtfull thoughts my plunged soule doth quell;
Whilst furious anger doth me headlong lead,
And shaking feares doe strike me almost dead;
While hope doth raise and sorrow downe me cast;
Lord after storme, shew forth thy calme at last.
Chase anger, feare, vaine hope and grieffe away,
That joy and rest of soule, enjoy I may.

The first frutes of my young age sanctifie,
With strength of body, strength thy grace in me,
Direct me Lord along thy narrow path,
Which may lead me to Heaven, by laving faith,
Strengthen me with perseverance to the end,
From Satan, and Hells monsters me defend:
So when I shall come to Heavens rest, I'le sing,
O cruell death, where is thy deadly sting:
And when I shall triumph in Heaven with thee,
I'le say, *O Grave, where is thy victory,*
Before I want this rest, I had rather goe
Through thousand Lab'rins of this mortall woe.
These worldly crosses, last but for a day,
And like the Eastwind, quickly flye away:
But sure I am when earthly sorrow's past,
Heav'ns thought-surpassing joy shall ever last.

September

Sementis pervenit ad Messen.



Seed-time is made Harvest.

Aqua Die nox est.



Summers Equinoctiall.

A V T V M N V S.

September, siye Ætas virilis.

SOL noctes luceſque pari quum examine librat,
 Et medio Pœbus diſpeſcit tramite mundum,
 Nature tunc grata, ſuum dant germina ſemen;
 Ipſaq; quos habuere, alijs dant ſœtibus ortus;
 Excute terrarum rimas, rerumq; latebras,
 Omnia Nature ſpecies, & ſemina ſervant;
 Sic vario natura jubet ſoboleſcere ſexu,
 In terris quæcumq; vigen, celoq; mariq;
 Nulla quidem tanto turgescit corpore moles,
 Exiguam cuius non dat compendia ſemen;
 clauditur & moles arcto tam limite nulla,
 Quæ non multiplici ſœcundet ſemina prole.
 Cum paria Humanam diſtinguunt tempora vitam
 Inque dies retro, & venturas poſtea luceſ:
 Tunc ſibi conſortem vitæ, lectique jugalis
 Poſcit Homo, ut ſpeciem ſeruet, ſobolemque propaget.
 Quique Homini dixit; vœ ſoli; ad gaudia vitæ,
 Huic dedit uxorem Deus, & ſoboleſcere juſſit.
 Non picram Iunonis avem, capramve ſalacem,
 Latracemve canem, vel mimam voce vo'ucram,
 Sed lateris coſtam conſortem junxit, ut eſſet
 Ipſe ſibi, ſolo ſexus diſcrimine, conjuæ.
 Hactenus humano generi infeſtiſſimus hoſtiæ,
 Diſſimulans Satanæ tacuit, mendacia fraudis:
 Coarctat at poſtquam ſequiorem cernere ſexum,
 Conſilij inſtruxit cuneos, fraudumque phalangeſ?
 Naumachus ut quondam dux, qui verſabat Athenas,
 Filioſum imperij moderantem induxit habenas:
 Optabat quæ namque puer, ſententiæ matris
 Una fuit, pueri mox reſpondere rogatiſ,
 Et mandare viro, regni qui ſceptra gerebat,
 Sic puero imperium Soritiſ linea deſert:

AVTVMNE.

September, or Mans age.

VVhen *Libra* in equall scales weighs night and day;
And *Phœbus* through the midline makes his way;
Then every plant thankfull to nature seedeth,
As it was bred, so other plants it breedeth,
For view the *Vniverse* and you shall finde,
That every thing seekes to preserve its kind;
With sexe and seede nature bids multiply
Man, beast, the foule and fish, the hearbe and tree,
None of their volumes ere so great can be,
Which compendiz'd in seed, we doe not see,
And none so meane and small but doe encrease
And multiply the more, because they're lesse.
Mans age, mans life when it doth equall share,
In by past nights, and dayes which comming are,
Then man in his *September* seekes a mate,
His speece for to conserve and propagate.
When God into mans nostrils breathed life,
He fittest thought for him to have a wife,
And he who sayd, woe to him who's alone,
Gave man a consort and companion :
He gave him not a Peacock nor a Goate,
Nor Dogge, nor Parret with her mimicke throate,
But of himselfe his fellow he did make,
And from his side his consort he did take.
But all this while *Sathan* mans mortall foe,
Lurking his craft and malice did not show,
So when he saw the weaker sexe of man,
To use his stratagemes then he began.
Sometimes *Themistocles* was wont to say,
That *Diophantus* *Athens* state did sway;
The Childes desire was all his mothers will,
Nor would the rest till he did that fulfill;

AVTMNVS:
Septēber, five Ætas virilis.

Haud aliter Satanas, quod vir uxorius esset
Noverat, & facilem vidit parere maritum,
Agnovitq; ream, divino ex sœdere, prolem,
Patraret quæcunque parens & sanguinis author.
Sic ubi mendaci pater, impostorq; sophista
Uxorem cœci labyrintho inclusit elenchi,
Blanditiis fuit illa nocens, Sirenis & instar
Allexit miserum, ad fraudem, exitumque, maritum.
Digna fuit violata fides hoc nomine multæ,
Credere quum Autori renuit, rerumque parenti,
Conjugium sic triste fuit, quod gaudia primum
Spondebat, jussique vices mutare parentes.
O rerum dubios casus! quò vertere sese
Possit homo? tenet aure lupum, bivioque vacillat.
Cælebs si vivet, marebit solus & orbis
Occidet, & veneris non dulcia præmia norit;
Audiet ingratus Naturæ, habuisse parentes,
Nec tamen esse parans; ut quondam fama Catonem
Ad Floram venisse refert, ut fugerit inde;
Sic cælebs gaudet naturæ intrare theatrum,
Exeat ut cælebs; tædas dabit invida parca
Ferales, non dat tædas Cytherea jugales,
Vivit, sed solus vivit, quo? scilicet orbem
Ut videat tantùm, visumque ut ephemera linquat;
Se capulo totum tradit, post fata superstes
Nullâ parte sui est, & vulnere concidit uno;
Ononiâ dignus pœnâ, quia semine gentem
Ipsè suam spoliat, crescentique invidet orbi;
Huic humana foret quid si gens amula, Terras
Qui colerent homines, colerent quæ numina cælos?
Tunc merito Xerxes conscendens culmina montis
Deploret mortale genus, speciesque caducas;
Gaudia si quando contingunt, gaudia solus
Nescit, & est vitæ pars dimidiata secunda;

AVTVMNE.

September, or Mans age.

And Athens was obedient to his call,
So by Sorites Diophant was all;
And wherein *Adam* did trespasse he knew:
His off-spring thereof should be guilty too:
So when the devill that lying Sophister,
With cunning captions had seduced her,
She with her Complements to cogge began,
In place of joy becomming woe to man;
And justly so, for trusting her relation,
Better then God, and workes of the Creation;
Thus marriage which before a blessing was
Became a curse, because of mans trespasse.
O dolefull, doubtfull case! what shall man doe?
He knowes not here what hand to turne him to,
If he live all alone, he childlesse goes
To grave, chast *Venus* joyes he never knowes;
Vnthankfull to dame Nature he doth live,
Wh o life receiv'd, but life to none will give;
Much like as *Cato* came to *Flora's* play,
And having entred, straight did runne away;
So Natures stage, he entring rather can
Depart, before he act the married man;
Before he will glad marriage torches have,
With funerall Lights he's carried to his grave;
He lives, but to what end? that he may see,
The world, and like *Ephemeron* quickly die;
All of him dies at once, his overthrow
Is totall, death doth kill him at one blow;
The curse of *Onan* he must undergoe,
Cause being bid raise seed he did not so;
What if all were like him, where should there be
Saints for the Heaven, for earch posterity;
Great *Xerxes* then might justly shed his teares,
And say, that all should dye within few yeares.

AVTVMNV S.

Sēptēber, sive Ætas virilis.

Illi æramna gravis nimium, nec grande levare
 Solus possit onus, rebusque est tristibus impar;
 Divitias & agros ignotus possidet hæres
 Dignior, ipsius fruitur qui messe laboris:
 Quod si forte suam reparet sine semine gentem
 Solis avis, renovant sobolem cui incendia thuris,
 Phœniceque hominum quos ardens gloria tollit
 Mortalem supra sortem, post funera possint
 Et cineres, immortalis dare nomina fame;
 Pro monstro exemplum est, inter tot millia, quorum
 Vita, & fama simul Lethæi mergitur undis.
 Quid faciet, ducet ne? malis obnoxia vita hæc
 Innumeris, multos dira ad suspendia cogit,
 Socraticæ haud quemvis tranquilla modestia mentis
 Temperat, ut possit Xantippæ ferre querelas.
 Vita via est, que nos cælestes ducit ad arces,
 Ocior est cursus, quam sarcina nulla fatigat;
 Militat omnis homo virtutis castra sequutus,
 Stetq; novercantis contra fera spicula sortis,
 Quò gravius premit hunc onus, est inidoneus armis
 Hòc magis, & vires hærentia pondera frangunt;
 Quosq; suos Natura jubet sentiscere manes,
 Vxoris ducit curas & jurgia conjux,
 Curarum quamvis satagat miser ipse suarum,
 Alterius manes, proprijs fert manibus impar;
 Uxorem si forte virumq; examine libes
 Æquo, femineus dependet amaror, amorq;
 Si formosa juvat, forma est inimica pudori
 Non tuto spectata Gygi, nocturnaq; regis
 Præda, pudicitiam multavit vulnere lesam.
 Si dotata, virum mactat, fastuq; superbit
 Turgia dira ciens, aurataq; cornua tollit;
 Respuit eloquium morosa Terentia Tulli,
 Fulviaq; Anteni potuit compefcere Suedam;

AVTVMNE.

September, or Mans Age.

In joy he hath no true companion,
And knowes not how for to rejoyce alone;
Woes him in sorrow, he must needes despaire,
Who hath no fellow, who may with him share;
His riches who shall have, he doth not know,
A stranger reapes them, who did never sow.
What if th' *Assyrian* bird lives without mate,
And yet her rarest kinde doth propagate?
What if some Phenix-like can Virgins live?
To those we honour due and reverence give;
For when they're burn'd in glory's spycie flame,
They leaue eternall off-spring of their fame;
But we of mankind talke, where one so dyes,
A thousand batchlers in oblivion lyes.
What shall he marry? that's a life of care,
Of sorrow, poverty, if not despaire.
For every one is not a *Socrates*
Who can a bold and mad *Xantippe* please.
Our life's a journey to our heav'nly aboard,
He walkes with ease, who walkes without a load;
This life's a warrefare, wherein we must fight
Against Step-mother Fortunes ire and spight,
The greater burthens doe a man oppresse,
He needes must sincke the more, and fight the lesse,
What man hath not his crosse, which he must carry;
He's subject to anothers if he marry;
Weigh man and wife, and (as *Tiresias* sayd
Of her desire) you'll finde her crosse downe weigh'd.
Doth beauty like thee? that a foe doth prove
Oftimes to chastity and mariage love,
Not fit for *Gyges* sight, once made a prey
To lust, for greefe, it made it selfe away.
Great portions please thee; these are cause of pride;
Disdaine and brauling jarres on either side,

AVTVMNVS.

September sive Ætas virilis.

Sæpius uxor, quæ debebat nubere, ducit,
 Imperitare viro, nonnunquam tollere gaudet
 Aut tunicâ tabo medicatâ, aut fraude aconiti,
 Massagetum de more aliæ communia querunt
 Gaudia, quæis lecti reuerentia nulla iugatis
 Improba si cecit conjux, est heclica febris,
 Mors nisi, nulla tibi tollant medicamina damnum.
 Penelope tibi casta placet, mirandaque conjux
 Admeti, tuaque o Hieronignara virorum?

X Contigit haud cuiuis vento petuisse Corinthum? X non cuiuis homini
 Nec cunctis cessere, petunt quæ graviter omnes; contigit adire
 Sorte uxor ducenda tibi est, fors candida rara *Corinthum.*
 Exit, nigrarum vomit undam mobilis urna;
 Finge probam cecidisse tibi, quæ pulchra, pudica,
 Et dotata, tamen comis, quæ sedula, prudens,
 Sobria prole beet, non ullâ & lite fatiget
 Æmula Corneliæ & claris gravitate Sabinis
 Hanc ubi mors inopina rapit, vel casus iniquus
 Destruit, aut fato nati moriuntur acerbo,
 Quam gravis (ah) pensat tua pristina gaudia meror?
 Tunc felix esses, nisi felix ante fuisses.
 Qualis ab aeriâ viduus gemit arbore turtur,
 Et querulo solas funestat murmure sylvas,
 Pervolat omne nemus, sociam non invenit usquam,
 Usque tamen querit, solus dum vivere nescit;
 Sic tu quem socii fidissima junxit amoris
 Copula, tam dulcem nescis dediscere amorem,
 Parte carens meliore tui consumere tabo
 Ingratus Soli, rapidoque injurius Orco,
 Dimidius jam vivis homo, Te insomnia noctis
 Forte beant, quietes somno obversatur imago
 Conjugis, & quondam dulces ventitur amores,
 Mœrorem sed pulsa quiete ludumque recentat,
 Planctibus & gemitu noctesque diesque fatigas;

AUTUMNE.

September, or Mans age.

Terentia queld Tullyes sweete eloquence,
To Antony oft Fulvia gave offence;
In marriage who are vail'd for modesty,
Once marryed take to them supremacy;
I will not talke of great Alcides wife
And Claudius shrew, judges of death and life;
Some thinking joyes, the more they common are
The greater, will have no peculiare;
A bad wife, a consumption you may call,
For none but death can free thee from her thrall.
You'le praise Penelope and Alcestis care,
And she, who thought all, like her husband were;
But every one cannot to Corinth saile,
All wish the best, but all cannot prevaile;
Wife's choos'd by Lott'ry, be you ne're so wise,
You may have forty blanks, and not one prise.
Suppose you have a good one, chaste and faire,
Both rich and modest, prudent, full of care,
Teeming with children, never raising strife,
Like to Cornelia or a Sabin wife;
If death shall take her, or fatality
Vndoe her, if thy children deare shall dye,
Then for thy former joyes, what griefe is seene,
Happy wert thou, if happy th'hadst not beene.
Like as the widdower turtle all alone,
Makes sad the shaddowy groves with dolefull mone,
Searching each wood; no wood his mate doth give,
Yet search he will; alone he cannot live:
So is't with thee, whom love ty'd with his knot,
By thee, that love can never be forgot;
Thou'st lost thy better part, thou pin'st away,
Halfe man, defrauding grave, and wronging day;
Perhaps thy dreames in sleepe doe make thee blest,
While as thou fancies her in midnight rest,

AUTUMNVS.

September, sive Ætas virilis.

Orpheus Eurydice quondam ceu fleuit ademptâ,
Obmutuitq; lyra fractâ, fidibusq; revulsis,
Denuò quum tristes conjux raperetur ad umbras.

O hominis duram sortem, & crudelia fata,
Seu ducas, vivas ceu cœlebs, vita dolori
Subjacet, infaustis semper temeranda querelis!
Hucine mortalis pertingunt tempora vite,
Gaudia nec possunt placida sentiscere sortis?
Si primi Autumni tantas dedit hora procellas,
Quas dabit acris hyems, & iniqui sideris annus?

¶

Tu magne rerum conditor, imperas
Qui, lege sanctâ, Patribus obsequi,
Honore charos & Parentes
Afficere, ut patriâ fruamur.

Idem Parentes linquere nos finis,
Castos amores conjugis & sequi,
Ut nos propago conjugalis
Ex hilarans decoret Parentes.

Sed, christe, qui non omnia deserit,
Nec gaudet orbi qui valedicere
Ut te fruatur, non Iesu
Dignus erit Domino, Deoq;.

Sunt quibus peractis gaudia nuptijs;
Et vina dulcis lætitiæ fluunt,
Quos non dolores fœculenti,
Non aqueus cruciant amaror.

Mihi si acescunt arida dolia,
Imo manet si pessimum & ultimum,
Mutato Lympharum dolores
Ætherei lætitiæ sapore.

AVTVMNE.

September, or Mans Age.

And she belyes thy joy; but once awake,
Then more, and more thou grievest for her sake,
Thou wear'st out nights and dayes in grieve and moane,
Like Orpheus, when Eurydice was gone,
He broke his strings, and Harpe away he cast,
When she the second time to hell had past.

O dolefull case of man! O cruell fate!
Marry, or not, still wretched is his state.
Good God! hath wretched man come this farre on,
And yet can finde no joy to build upon,
In Autume such a tempest if he see,
What thinks you will his stormy Winter be?

¶
Almighty God, who gavest strait command,
To honour parents and our sacred Sires;
That so we may enjoy the promis'd land,
And brooke thy blessings and our hearts desires;
Thou likewise sayest, men doe parents leave
Betaking them to marriage chastity,
That they may to their lawfull consorts cleave,
And have some comfort of posterity.
But he that will not for thy sake leave all,
Parents, wife, children, and what goods he hath,
Vnworthy of thee (O Lord) thou dost him call,
Who should be saved by thy blessed death
Some after wedding, drinke the cheerefull wine
Of gladnesse, while their cup doth overflow,
While without dregges of sorrow it doth shine,
What want and trouble meanes they doe not know.
If I shall drinke the water of affliction,
Because the marriage wine is gone and past,
Turne't into nectar of thy benediction,
So shall the wine be best which comes at last.

AUTUMNVS.

September, five Ætas virilis.

*Da mihi constans rebus in omnibus
Pectus, secundis ne nimis efferar,
Adversa ne frangant, premantque
Instabiles maleres timentem.*

*Quæcunque sors sit conjugii mihi,
Solatium mentem hoc reficit meam
Hanc posse Christo conjugari
Stelliferi Domino theatrâ.*

*Isacidum qui progenit tribus
Iuda Pater præ Labanidâ pio
Amore, duram servitutem
Sustinuit vigilis laboris.*

*Non ego duros pertolerem metus
Casus iniqui, & cuncta pericula
Amore Christi, qui maritus
Hanc animam faciet beatam.*

*Qui me redemit faucibus inferi,
Cruxore servavit polyporphyro,
Tandemque cæli cum triumpho
Empyreos feret ad penates.*

*Excubias mens nunc age sedula,
Dum sponsus adventat tuus, instrue
Lucernam olivâ, mox Iesus
Ne vocet atherias choreas,*

*Quando angelorum millia, millia,
Et celsi Olympi pennigeri greges
Latum Peanem suscitabunt,
Et tonitru resonabit orbis.*

October,

AUTUMNE.

September, or Mans age.

In all estates, Lord grant me constancy,
Least I with good successe be overjoy'd,
Or yet cast downe with great adversity,
Let me not be with crosses much annoy'd.
What e're the state of this my man iage is,
I shall one day a better wedding see;
With this one comfort, Lord, my Soule I blisse,
With thee Heav'ns Lord, my Soule shall marryed be.
Jacob, great Iuda's sire wrought eare and late,
He thought the time quickly away did slide,
Though worne in night with cold, in day with heat,
All seemed nothing, cause he lov'd his bride,
Shall not my Soule, for Christ the bridegroomes glory,
Suffer what ever mortall crosse shall be,
For all these crosses are but transitory,
His joyes shall last to all eternity.
He did poore soule, so much of thee esteeme,
Delivering thee from Hels infernall pit,
That with his blood, he did thy life redeeme,
That thou may'st with him in his glory sit.
Watch therefore, Soule, let not thy Lights goe out,
Let constant hope, and faith, still persevere,
So when thy blessed Bridegroomes joyfull shout,
Shall rise, thou mayest enter without feare.
Then millions of winged Angels shall,
Vnto Heav'ns gloryous fyre-courts thee bring,
And there amongst these troopes Cœlestiall,
The Seraphines thy marriage song shall sing.

October,



Take heed when Barnes are full, and wine doth flow
Least Scorpius with his sting all overthrow;
Dog-dayes are past, when men were glad to weare
Torne cloathes, if you be wise, October feare;
Extreames are dangerous, doe not you make bold
From fire, to runne out naked in the cold.
¶ In midst of plenty, let us thinke on want;
If we be healthfull let's not therefore want.



Habet stimulum in caudâ.



He hath a sting in his taile.

A V T V M N V S.

October, sive Ætas media.

Cum jubar incurvis Phœbeum amplectitur ulnis
 Scorpius, & passim flavescit frugibus annus;
 Apparent primum tunc tempora grata colonis,
 Messis & expectata dies, quam rustica voto
 Turba rudi divas Cereem petiere Palemque.
 Falce cadunt fruges, spoliantur fatibus horti,
 Omne labore pecus fervent, hominesque, bovesque
 Sollicitis tonsi fumant sudoribus agri.
 Cum venit blandis sperata parentibus ætas
 Et natos videre viros; tunc seruida messis
 Humane vitæ est: neque enim condensus ager
 Formicarum urget rapidos per rura labores,
 Sepedibus quanto populis frumenta parantur,
 Granatim & toti subito minuuntur acerui,
 Sedula quam variis studiis ruit unda virorum
 Et mundi populantur opes. Quæ disita tebus
 Quæ regio sub sole jacens, quæ Tethyos unda
 Quæ loca Naturæ cæcis abstrusa tenebris,
 Cognita nec Soli, humani non plena laboris?
 Hoc queritur quondam divës Gangetica tellus,
 Et fluvias, posuit Phrygiæ quo vota tyrannus
 Aurea, Tertessumque fluit quam propter Iberus,
 Et Tagus huic populari, arenis inclyta quondam
 Flumina, nunc vili decurrunt languida musco,
 Quasque dabant, coguntur opes nunc quærere ab oris
 Non viso quæ Sole calent, rapuere Corinthi
 Æra viri, solam destruxit Mummius urbem,
 Heliades sicca lacrymis angere fluentia
 Eridani nequeunt, Erythrao in littore gemmas
 Jam frustra scrutatur Arabs, conchy'ia Sidon
 Miratur non ire freto. Jam deficit ostrum
 Spartaeum, lanâ frustra celebrantur Amycla,

AUTVMNE!

October, or middle age.

Vhen *Scorpius* in his bending cleyes doth gripe
Phabus, and gray-haired *Ceres* fruites are ripe,
Then wisht-for times to husbandmen appeare,
When rurall Gods hath blest the fruitefull yeare;
Then Corne is reapt, and joyfully they mow,
And gather, what in hopes they first did sow;
Then ev'ry man and beast, with sweat doe toyle,
To take the Harvest from the fertile soyle,
When Parents doe enjoy their wish, and see
Their children come to full maturity,
Then is the Harvest of the life of man,
Then ev'ry one endeav'reth what he can.
Like as the *Pisemires* with their num'rous bande,
Six-footed creatures cover fields and lands,
When they doe carry home their Winter store,
Great stacks of Corne, they lessen more and more:
So men in companies themselves divide,
And rob the world of riches and her pride.
What Country doth beneath th' *Horizon* lye,
What sea, what place, not seene by *Phæbus* eye,
What depth, what darknesse neere unto the Center,
Is there, to which mans labour doth not venter?
Thus *India* sometime rich, doth now complaine,
And *Pactol*, which with Gold, *Midas* did staine:
Tagus, and *Iber*, once did richly flow,
But now their Channels mofse doth overgrow,
Now seeke they, what they gave, from forraigne coastes,
In vaine now *Corinth* of her Copper boasts:
The daughters of the Sunne doe not decore
Wich Amber teares *Eridanus* his shore:
In vaine th' *Arabian* picks the glistring sands
For Gemmes, *Sidon* admires her empty strands,

AVTVMNVS.

October, five Ætas media.

Nescit ubi ponat nidos Panchaius ales,
 Mascu'a odorif ris quum defint thura Sabæis ;
 Synnada, Sparta, Paros Mygdonia nulla columnas
 Marmoreas jactant ; citreas Maurusia mensas
 Dediticit flavis auri circumdare lamnis ,
 Auleisque prius Babylon formosa superbis,
 Nulla Semi amio decoras jam tecta tapete,
 Dædala nam defecit acus. Tu Persia nullas
 Mox jactabis opes ; hæc ferrea sit licet ætas,
 Ignorant Chalybes ferrum, nec tela saloris
 Spumiferi flavis extincta gelantur in undis :
 Gargara deseruit messis. vix fertilis Enna
 Trinacrias nutrit Cercali munere Ferras ,
 Non Dodon jam glande pluit , non flumina Nili
 Lente scatent, gravidisque tumet Methymna racemis ;
 Rarior est vitæ Gauro, ditiq; Falerno :
 Corsica non taxos metuit, nec flavus Hymetti
 Mella favus sudat ; calvescit pinifer Ida :
 Non Phæbo Parnasse tuo das laurea ferta :
 Non taxum Cyrrus, non palmam mittit Idume :
 Nec fragrant biseri rubicunda rosaria Pesti,
 Et crocus a Cilicum nunc rarior advenit hortis,
 Deseruit ripas Euvoræ palladis arbor :
 Pontus Castoreâ, Colchis jam nulla veneno
 Clarefcit, dudumq; gemit qudd viderit Argo.
 Dædala gens hominum sedes mutare coegit
 Monstra, seras, homines, pisces, variasque volucres.
 Bellatoris equi est Epiro gloria nulla,
 Euganeas pecudes, Calabraq; Britannia vincit
 Insula dans niveis spumantia vellera floccis ;
 Terra Iubæ quondam quos parvit, vincla leones
 Nostra tenent, Dannosq; lupos, catulosque Molossos,
 Spartanosq; canes, & servos dentibus apros
 Marse iuor, & quos frondens dat Manalus urfos :

AUTUMNE.

October, or middle age.

Sparta no scarlet, *Abycle* no wooll
Produceth, other coasts are thereof full;
The *Phœnix* knowes not where her nest to build,
Sabea cannot savory spices yeeld,
Paros exhausted is of Marble stone,
Maurifias precious tables are all gone;
And thou faire *Babylon*, some time agoe
What were thy hangings, now thou dost not know;
Persia take heede, the *Chalybes* can give
No iron, though in this iron age they live;
Salon thy darts are gone, which thou was wont,
Amidst thy streames to temper hard as flint;
Ceres from fertile *Gargara* hath fled,
And *Sicily* by *Enna* scarce is fed;
Dodon no Acornes, *Egypt* Lentiles send,
Nor doe we now *Methymnas* grapes commend;
In *Gaurus* and *Falernas* vvines are rare,
With *Hymet* any place dare most compare,
Corficke no honey yeelds; *Ida* hath lost
His pines; of groaves *Parnassus* cannot boast,
Idume sends no palmes, nor *Cyrnus* yewes,
Nor *Pestum* roses of so many hewes;
Cilicias gardens seldome saffron-sees;
Eurotas banck's doe beare no olive trees,
Now *Pontus* bezer, *Colchis* poyson lacke,
This long agoe doth mourne for *Argos* sake.
Industrious mankind patient of great toyle,
Make monsters, men, beasts, fish, fowles change their soyle.
The glory of horses, *Epire* hath forsaken,
And *Britaine* hath *Calabrius* glory taken,
Whose sheepe doe goe beyond *Euganean* flockes,
With snowlike fleeces and their curled lockes,
The Lyons which kings *Iubas* land hath bred,
We see them in our chaines and fetters led;

AVTVMNVS.

October, five media Ætas.

Hic a firi sua monstra vident, captiva volucrum
Agmina pictarum nostras ducuntur ad oras.
O genus humanum natum indulgere labori
Audax nature vetitos transcendere fines!
Sæva tridentiferi calcas tu dorsa tyranni
Eluctibus insultans tumidis, Cœlique fragores
Vertice sustentans medijs involveris undis,
Vimque offers ventis, & mortis tela fatigas.
Naufragus (ah) quoties sedisti in cantibus horrens,
Tunc scopuli hospitio felix, cum Pontus & Æther
Nubibus hic seruos, undis daret ille tumultus,
Aut tabule insidens fluitasti in gurgite vasto
Ludibrium Cœlique, salique, tuosque videres
Circum te nantes post fatum triste sodales,
Incertus num dira fames, an seua procelle
Vis daret infandi genus (ah) miserabile leti.
Supplicibus votis tunc Cœli numen adorans
Addebas Lachrymas undis, suspiria ventis;
Optati tamen ut tetigisti Littoris oram,
Neptuno madidas renuis suspendere vestes,
Atque novam meditare ratem sub pondere picte
Pressus adhuc tabule; dum vis miser esse libenter
Indocilis tutam cum paupertate quietem
Ferre domi, ignotis malis confundier undis.
Pars querunt Nili fontes, pars ultima Thules
Frigora, & ad gelidam propius quod pertinet axem,
Una dies totum, nox una ubi dividit annum.
Invenere novas Terras, nec sufficit unus
Orbis, eò humani generis vesania crevit.
Pars terram fodunt cæcis gens æmula Talpi,
Exosique diem gaudent habitare tenebris
Cimmerie noctis, Summani Tartara pulsant
Divitiasque a dite petunt; pars amula mutis
Gentibus Æquoreas scrutantur sæpe latebras

AVTVMNE.

October, or middle age.

The *Daunian* wolves, *Spartan*, *Molossian* dogges,
The *Marsian* Bores, *Arcadian* beares, and hogges;
The *African* may here his monsters find,
His painted birds, and fowles of strangest kind.
O mankind borne to beare care and distresse,
Who darest Nature's furthest bounds transgresse,
Thou plow'st the seas, not fearing dolefull wracke,
And tramplest on the Tyran *Neptunes* backe,
Thou dost the ruines of the Heav'n uphold,
Thou dost thy selfe in foamy waves enfold,
Thou dar'st the wind, and wearyest threatening fate,
When Heav'n and stormy seas, are at debate;
Oft times thy lodging is a roaring rocke,
Or planke, to stormes thou'rt then a mocking stocke;
Thou seest thy fellowes tumble, nor dost know,
What first shall give thee deaths last cursed blow.
Then call'st thou Heaven for helpe, and none canst find,
Encreasing seas with teares, with sighes the wind;
But when thou com'st unto the wisht-for shore,
Thou wilt not vow, that thou shalt saile no more,
But while thou shipbroke, beg'st for misery,
Thou think'st another voyage how to try.
Thou know'st not how at home to live in rest,
Meanely, and therefore still will be distrest.
Some seeke *Niles* source, the *Poles* some come so neere,
That light and darkenesse doth compleat a yeere;
There new-found Lands, nor can one world suffice,
What mans too curious fancy doth devise;
Some digge earths cavernes, not unlike to moles,
Hating the day, they live in pits and holes,
And from *Cimmerian* darkenesse of the hell,
They seeke their riches from curst *Plato's* cell.
Some like the fishes dive into the strands,
And there doe grople 'mongst the rockes and sands.

AVTVM NVS.

October, five Ætas media.

Et scopulos cæcos, & arenas gurgitis alti.
 O duras hominum sortes ! sic vivere parca
 Iusserunt? O crudeles ad numia Parcas !
 Naturæ placuit pretiosa abscondere rerum
 Humani pretio tantum acquirenda laboris ;
 Hybleum nectar servant armata Juventus
 Taurigine sobolis, nec fit sine vulnere præda ;
 Cuspide munitur numerosâ gloria Pesti,
 Carpuntur Veneris raro (sic sanguine Flores ;
 Discolor in lucem niveo quæ vertice surgit
 Herba, pici similem radicem in viscera terre
 Mittit, mortale sique beat, sed vellitur ægrè.
 Et mediâ in sylvâ fulvo quæ virga metallo
 Frondescit, tegitur cæcæ convallibus umbra
 Ac luco latet omni, aurato vimine ramus ;
 Qui cupit Hesperidum rutilantia carpere poma,
 Custodes domuisse prius sit cura Dracones.
 Omnia, quæ mater genuit Natura, laborant :
 Continuâ rapitur circum vertigine Cælum
 Ignoratq; vices otii ; Sol surgit ab ortu,
 Occidua sique petit ceu cursor strenuus oras,
 Non minus a capro versus tua brachia Cancer
 Scandit, retrogrado repetit vel tramite Caprum ;
 Ingeminat Phæbe motus, nec cernitur uno
 Vultu. Terra vices observat quatuor anni,
 Vere novo pictos distinguit germine flores,
 Hos æstiu nutrit, Solisq; calore focillat,
 Autumno canos sæcundat frugibus agros,
 Inq; hyeme Æolijs nimborum vapulat austris,
 Nulla qui spondo est : subeunt jumenta labores,
 Damnatq; jugis Tauri ; requie sine iussit
 Nos etiam Natura dies transire fugaces.
 Eia igitur socij per tot mala tadia vite
 Pergite, per duri casus discrimina mille :

AUTUMNE.

October, or middle Age.

O roylesome Lote of men! hath so the fates
Ordain'd their life? O hard commanding fates!
Nature thought good her treasures to conceale,
Which nothing, besides labour, can reveale.
The Oxe-bred bees with stings defend their hives,
And fight for them, as for their dearest lives:
The Rose is fenc't with prickles round about,
He must be prick't, who seekes to finde them out,
The Moly beares a blossome white as snow,
His swarthy roote deepe in the earth doth grow,
It cureth maladies of every kinde,
But hardly digged up, when men it finde:
With all the grove so *Proserpine* doth cover
The bough, with which men *Lethes* flood passe over,
Who seeke from the *Hesperides* a prize,
Must lull a sleepe the *Dragons* watchfull eyes.
What nature hath produced worke it must,
Heav'n by th' intelligence about is thrust,
It knowes no rest, the sunne from East doth rise,
And towards West doth course along the skies,
Vp from the Goate he climes to *Cancers* seat,
Then to the Goate againe he makes retreat.
The Moone her courses multiplyeth so
That still one countenance she ne're doth shew,
The earth keepes seasons of the yeere, in Spring
She bringeth forth the buddes of every thing;
In summer she them heate and moysture yeelds,
With corne in Autumne she doth crowne the fields,
But when the Winter stormes and windes doe blow,
She's wrapped up with seede in fleece of Snow:
The Sea rests never, beasts must undergoe
The yoke of toyle, and mankinde must live so.
Then you my fellowes let us still advance,
Through all these hazards of unluckie chance,

AVTMNV S:
O October, five media Ætas.

Nos aliò diuina vocat fors; grata sequentur
Ocia; sic olim dura hæc meminisse iurabit.

Quà Terra longam circinat orbitam
Solis, polorum quà cadit ambitus
Aut surgit orbi, fraudulenta
Sors homines trahit impotentes.
Querunt quod ignis destruat, aut aqua
Aut fur refossis parietibus domus
Aut tinea dens vellicantis
Hostis & insidians rapina.
Cælum tenet sed diuitias meas
Christum redemptorem pia & agmina
Cælituum qui ter beatas
Hoc duce concelebrant choreas,
Hic Nectar alto flumine defluit,
Hic stant æceruis Ambrosiæ poli
Hic gloria & pax, & triumphus
Omnia que exhilarent orantes.
Non finient hæc gaudia sæcula
Non sæculorum sæcula, sæcula,
Non quotquot erunt & dierum
Que nebulâ & tenebris carebunt.
Huc ducito me cuncta per ardua,
Per saxa terræ, per scopulos maris,
Per quisquid Orbi est inquietum
Fulgura per, tonitru, procellas.
Sit modò portus sollicitæ viæ
Quies Olympi, metaque sit mihi
Sedes coruscans Angelorum,
Et patriæ superæ penates.

November

AUTUMNE.

October, or middle Age.

Our lot is elsewhere, joy shall come at last,
Then gladly shall we thinke of troubles past.

¶

From mornings East, unto the evenings West,
From South, to North, as Poles doe rise and fall,
Men framing Fortune still seeke for the best,
And oft too curious are deceiv'd of all.
They seeke what fire and water can destroy,
Or moth consume, or theefe can steale away,
Or wherein they doe place their greatest joy,
The enemy can take it as a prey.
Heav'n hath my treasure with my Lord and King,
With companies of glorious Saints in blisse,
Where holy quires doe dance triumph and sing,
They follow, and our Saviour leader is.
Here Nectar rivers every where doe flow,
Ioy without sorrow, holy daliance,
Here stands Ambrosias heapes, where ere you goe,
And what immortall glory can advance.
If you should multiply ten thousand ages,
They shall not end this joy and glorious light,
Nay though you goe beyond ten thousand stages,
Nor all the dayes which never shall know night.
Hither lead me, O Lord through all distresse,
O're mountaines of the land, rockes of the seas,
Through whatsoever hath no quietnesse,
Through stormes and thunder, if it so Thee please,
So that the Haven of this my voyage be,
Heav'ns rest, so that the goale be of my race,
The Court of Angels, who attend on Thee,
And in thy Fathers house some dwelling place.



Now piercing darts descend from heav'n above,
Weare corslets if your bodyes health you love,
For Autumnes latter raine, strikes to the heart,
Oftner than doth the flying Parthians dart.
When Sagittarius bends his bow, take heede,
For if you shun't not, he can strike you dead.
O gracious Heav'n who can make mortals sad,
And merry; still foretelling good and bad.



Sagitta in nervo est.



I have bended my bow.

A V T V M N V S.

November, sive Ætas provectior.

Pleiades Eo Cœli cum cardine surgunt,
 Precipitemque rapit messem per ultimus anni
 Imber, & instantis præcurrit frigora brumæ
 Cædua calcatur messis, calet area fruges
 Exsiliquat tritura boſum; pars munera Bacchi
 Temperat, & variis spumantia præla racemis;
 Turgida ferventi stant labra undantia musto;
 Mella premunt alii, spoliantque examina ceris,
 Hyblæisque favis; stat nectaris amphora plena,
 Fervet opus varium, nec messis omnibus una est;
 Talis gens humana, quibus non discolor oris
 Esse figura potest magè quàm sententia mentis;
 Diversis diversa placent, studioque trahuntur
 Non uno mortale genus, sublimis Olympi
 Pars legi amfractus, & Cœli sydera pulsat
 Vertice; reptat humi ignavi pars maxima vulgi;
 Sed pauci virtutis iter, mediumque sequuntur
 Gallinæ niveæ pulli, quos ardor honoris
 Accendit veri, & rerum prudentia solers.
 Ambitio humani generis dirissima pestis
 Turgēt, & Icariis summum petit Æthera pennis
 Nobilitatque polum fastu. Terrasque ruinā,
 Terrigenūm Cœlos temerans de more Gigantum,
 Impiæque in numen Divinum affectat honorem.
 Pellens juvenis devictō non satur orbe,
 Nec patre contentus mortali, spurcius esse
 Maluit illius, nomen qui debet arenis;
 Ungula mortalem fecit, Lethesque liquore
 Ebruis, angusto tandem sub carcere clausus
 Sarcophagi, posuit fastus immensaque vota;
 Scilicet attenuat magnos, frangitque superbum
 Omne Deus, nullo regnans, rivale secundo.

AVTVMNE:

November, - or age farre spent.

VVhen Pleiades doe rise from Easterne hindge,
And now November latter harvest brings
Vshering the Winter; men doe Ceres huccen,

Which is unhusked by hard-treading Oxen;
Then from the pressed grapes the wine runnes downe,
And Muste with Nectars foame, the Fats doth crowne;
From waxen cels, some doe the hony straine,
And pots are full, while empty hives complaine;
Then every one workes what in him can lye
Yet all one and the same worke doe not ply,
Even such-like men in full ripe age, we finde,
Whose faces differ no more then their minde;
Each one a diuerse palate hath, nor can
One taste that which likes well another man;
Some soare like Eagles, and will reach the sky,
Others, like vermine in earths dust doe lye;
There few, or none, but whom great Ioue doth love,
Who keepe the meane, who wise and happy prove.

Ambition mortals greate st plague doth hye,
Vpwards, and with *Icarian* wings will flye;
While Gyant-like, she will rob Heav'n of all,
She catcheth still the more notorious fall.
Pellas faire flower, who could not be content
With the rich conquest of the Orient,
Nor with a mortall father did proclaime
Himselfe Ioves bastard, to his Parents shame;
The hoofe which Lethes water did containe,
Did prove him mortall, and his hopes but vaine,
Whose huge desires, one world could not suffice,
A short and narrow coffin was his prize.
God tyrans flouts, nor can with pride away,
Without a rivall, he the world doth sway,

Nor

AVTVMNVS.

November, five Ætas provecior.

Commode non clavâ defendere fata trinodi.
 Tu poteras, nec te Herculeæ sine vulnere tutum
 Exuvia dederant, laqueo expirare coactum,
 Decollare Deos Poterat, cui castra dederunt
 Cognomen caligæ, propriumq; imponere truncis
 Ridiculum caput, ut templi decoretur honore,
 O scelus horrendum sale nullo, & thure piandum!
 Mortales superi sic regna capeffere Cæli,
 Invidiisq; Iovis componere fulmina sceptris,
 Sceptris, quæ baculo mutavit casus iniquus,
 Et Nemesis divina, Iovis nam dextra Tyrannos
 Imperio regit, & graviori regna coerces
 Regno; purpuream tribuunt crudelia mortem
 Purpureis cur fata viris, nec fœdera fœca?
 Scilicet in justis quia Cæli numina temnant,
 Æmuli & æolida mendacia fulmina mittunt.
 Sunt alij fortuna dedit quæis provida cunas
 Privatas, vetuitq; manu contingere sceptrum,
 Hos tamen accendit regnandi dira cupido,
 Vivere Romuleâ qui nolunt urbe secundi,
 Monstra hominum, Terræq; lues, Acherontia proles;
 Ergo Deos nequeunt cum flectere, tota movebunt
 Tartara, & insidijs sacrum diadema cruentis,
 Fraude, doliq; petent: sed Cæli dextra tuetur
 Cognatum imperium, & numen venerabile regis,
 Exitij sunt causa sui, inveniantq; ruinam
 Quam meruere gravem, & dignas conamine pœnas,
 Dum scandunt altas Cedros, sub pondere rami,
 Franguntur, mittuntq; truces ad Tartara fastus:
 Turbo velut rapida erumpens de nube procella,
 Ingeminans motu vires, fervere eundo,
 Crebrius aerie quatiendo cacumina quercus
 Concutitur magis, viresq; in robore perdit,
 Ambitio vexat sic hos dum dira, feruntur

AUTUMNE.

November, or Age farre spent.

Nor could *Alcides* club or hayrie coate,
Save from a fatall rope *Commodus* throate.
Caligula most impious amongst men,
Dar'd to behead his Country Gods, and then
Did cause their shoulders his gold'n head up beare;
That all might worship him with divine feare.
O curst impiety that can no way
Be expiated! which with Heaven's scepter sway,
And match their Scepters with Ioves thundring hand,
Who doth the greatest Monarchies command,
There Scepters are but fraile, and fortune strange,
There Scepters with a beggers staffe doth change;
Why doe these purple tyranes often dye
Shedding their purple soules most cruelly?
Because Heav'ns Deity then doe contemne,
And like *Salmonius* thunder amongst men.
For others Fortune wisely did foresee,
Cradels well fitting with their low degree,
Commanding them no wayes t' aspire so high
As to usurpe sacred supremacy:
Yet some have so ambitious desire,
They will not live second in Romes Empire.
Monsters of men, Earths plagues, Hells cursed brood,
They will be wicked cause the Gods are good,
Seeking t' ensnare Earthes Sacred government:
Besides curst treason they have no intent,
But yet heav'ns hand can still that power defend,
Which to its blest anoynted it doth lend;
They're authors of their woe, they catch a fall,
And cursed death just Nemesis of all,
Who scale the Cedars sinde top-boughes too weake,
Which once oppressed easily doe breake:
Much like a whirlewind rushing from above,
Waxing still more, the more that it doth move,

While

AUTUMNVS.

November, sive provector Ætas.

Impete præcipiti, & perplexo ad culmina rerum,
 Mele ruunt tandemque suâ: conatibus impar
 Repperit horrendos injusta superbia lapsus.
 Quid iuvat excelsi conscendere culmen honoris
 Invito Iove, percellant si fulmina montes
 Acrios, cœli superant qui vertice nubes?
 Tutius est latuisse casa sub cespite vilis,
 Aurea quam Regum captare palatia fraude;
 Tutius est Clymenes tenues coluisse penates,
 Quam phœbi ignitos temerè tenere jugales;
 Fidere cœratis summa est insania pernis,
 Vicino quo Sole fluitant, quid turgida tollis
 Vela per horrendas, sinuosi gurgitis undas?
 Non portus fortuna petit, deprendit in alto
 Sed naves, quarum contingunt suppara nubes.
 Felix, heu nimium felix si sorte quiescat
 Contentum mortale genus, tutissima vita est
 Que didicit servare modum, quæ nescia fraudis
 Ambitione caret, populi non tollitur aurâ,
 Nec cadit insani levia ad suffragia vulgi,
 Non timet hæc uncus Sejani & tristia Man'i
 Funera, qui saxum quæ deturbaverat hostes
 Cede suâ sparsit, dum Romam non capit impar.
 Sunt quibus unum opus est loculos distendere, plenas
 Condere flavissas, totisque incumbere gazis,
 Corradant quodcumque trahunt torrentibus amnes
 Auriferi, quodcumque tenet scrupulosus undæ
 Littus Erythrææ, qui cœli numina tanquam,
 Suspiciunt gazas, quarum quod copia major
 Hos magis ardet opes, & non saturatur egestas,
 Semper hiat rimis non aur'o explebile pectus.
 Diti inopes voto sunt, crescit census, habendi
 Crescit iniquus amor; quantumque accedit ad aurum,
 Sacra famas auri, tantum sub viscere gliscit,

AUTUMNE.

November, or age farre spent.

While it doth wrastle with the aged Oake,
It weak'ns its eager strength at every stroke :
So doth ambition vex those, who doe flye,
With all their might to supream dignitie ;
Which when they cannot reach, they breake their strength,
And with their weight, they fall to ground at length,
They seeke the honours 'gainst the Eternall Will
Of Iove. When thunder strikes the highest hill,
More safely in a cottage you may lurke,
Then in a Pallace cursed treason worke,
Better with *Clymene* at home t' abide,
Then *Phabus* flamin' horses to misguide ;
What greater madnesse then to tempt the Sunne
With waxen wings, which presently w'll runne ?
Saile softly ; Fortune passeth by the shores,
Catching the ship, which with her streamers soares.
O happy mankind, if men once did know
With meane estate themselves content to show !
That life is safest which doth keepe a meane,
Free from ambition, and from falshood cleane ;
It neither stands nor falls at vulgars breath,
Nor feares ambitious *Sejans* cursed death ;
Nor *Manlius* fate, who wou'd be Lord of *Rome*,
And from the Capitol had both praise and doome.
Some men doe seeke with gold, their bagges to fill,
And hoording treasures, thirst for treasures still ;
They scrape what ever flowes from *Hermus* sand,
And what the red sea casteth forth to land,
They desie their riches and their store ;
The more it is, they seeke for more and more ;
Their chincky breasts they cannot fill with gold,
Their hearts desire their coffers cannot hold :
They covet more, the greater state they have,
And having purchas'd more, still more they crave.

Thou

AVTVMNVS.

Novēber, sive Ætas provecior.

Gentis avaritia humane dirissima pestis,
 Metropolis scelerum, Gemo quæ dedita Terra,
 Negligis ætherias Divini numinis arces;
 Indulges tibi dira lues, ut languor aquosus
 Accendit potando sitim; tu pluribus aucta
 Plura petis bona fortuna, quæ sordida cura
 Accumulat, servatq; timor, perduntq; dolores;
 Tesiæ Cælestem potuissent ducere vitam
 Mortales: qualem setiura sæcula quondam
 Degerunt sub patre Iovis, quum fors sua quemq;
 Ditabat sine lege bonum, sine fraude beatum.
 Sunt & qui solidas inter convivias lucas
 Consumunt, proceresque gulæ Saliaria mensis,
 Fercula dant Siculis, copiamq; in viscera sylvas,
 Et maria, æternosque lacus, colle sçq; Falerinos,
 Inritant Solem, propinant pocula nocti,
 Continuantq; dapnes redivivæ ad tædia lucis;
 Exercere gulas vallatas gloria summa est:
 Dicite quos patietur Æsopi, sicutumq; Minervæ,
 Pingue jurat, dubia & Cerealis cæna saginat,
 Dicite, quò sumptus & tot dispendia rerum,
 Mollia nervosas ut frangant ocia vires
 Et solvat morbi pituita intercutis artus;
 Quid de tot dapibus fiet? sentina cloacæ
 Hoc dicat, totos vertit, quæ in sterora census.
 Ter felix quisquis vitæ nephalia servat
 Contentus tenui mensâ parvoq; salillo;
 Sobria cui exigua jucundat calda farinam;
 Hic lites nescit, nec magnæ est affecta mensæ,
 Huic satis parvâ tribuunt quod numina dextrâ,
 Nullo pauper eget, nec enim penuria parvi est;
 Hic, sibi far modicum, postquam quæ sivit aratro,
 Ad fluvium cœnat, generosi nectaris instat
 Haustus aquæ sapit in doctio frugiq; palato;

AVTVMNE.

November, or Age farre spent.

Thou cursed Plague of mankinde avarice,
Author of woe and Hydra of all vice,
Earths Genious thou onely dost adore,
Neglecting Heav'n which lasts for evermore;
Thou like the dropie still thy thirst do'st feede,
The more thou drinkest, greater is thy neede,
With care and feare, the more thou dost possesse,
With griefe thou thinkest thy riches lesse and lesse,
Were't not for thee, mortals might happie be,
Such as the blessed golden age did see;
Good without feare of Lawes, who still did smile
Content with ev'ry state, rich without guile.
Some love to feast their bellies all the day,
With *Salian* cates in idleneffe and play;
They doe devoure whole woods and lakes, and Seas,
And Falerne mountaines, so their gut to please;
They feast the Sunne, carowsing to the night,
And wearie out the next insuing light.
Tell me whose glory is onely dainety fare,
Such as *Vitellius*, *Æsops* dishes were;
Tell me who *Ceres* doubtfull suppers love,
At last, what doth your waste and charges prove?
These soft delights doe breake your sinewie strength,
And dropie shaketh loose your joynts at length;
What comes of all your cates? the jakes can tell,
Which turnes your gold into Mephitis smell.
Thrice and more happy is the sober man,
Who on a little live contented can;
Like *Heraclitus*, who with meale and water
Maintaines the peace, and knowes not how to flatter;
He think't enough, what God doth sparely give,
And in his meane estate doth richly live:
He doth his bread-corne by the Plough provide,
And loves to sup hard by the river side:

A V T V M N V S.

November, sive Ætas provēctior.

Huic mens sicca, tenax recti, moderata, pudica,
 Ipse probus, sceleris purus, sectator honesti,
 Integer atque animi fortis, crudusque vigore
 Quales prisca dabat curios casa cesp̄ ie tecta
 Pugnaces, tenuique beatos sorte Camillos
 Fabricios parvo contentos; qualis aratrum
 Serranus liquit proprium, fascesque recepit;
 Felices animæ patriam qui laudè bearunt,
 Et sibi perpetuum fecere in sæcula nomen !

Miles in adversas acies qui fortiter audeat
 Cernere, & hostilem dextrâ confundere dextram,
 Ense viam sternens & multâ cæde decorus,
 Defendit, qui Marte focos & numinis aras;
 Sive opus excubiis tenebras defendere noctis,
 Metari seu castra, sudum circumdare vallo
 Agmina, vel duro sylvas succidere ferro,
 Aut per operta soli medias emergere in urbes.
 Aut liquidos remigi fluvios superare natatu,
 Proterere herentem glaciem, calcare paludes,
 Arietibus muros, testudine vellere portas;
 Pro patriâ est huius dulce mori, dum vulnera fronte
 Excipit, & primus conscendit mania, vallum
 Perrumpit, cuneo ve animæ jam prodigus instat.
 Ergo ubi jam victos trahit arcta catena duelles,
 Ferratique viri currum comitantur, equique,
 Bellorum exuviis leti truncisque trophæis,
 Pugna triumphali legitur quum fortis in arcu,
 Instaurantque diem festis convivio pompis;
 Cum populi Pæana cantunt, & classica diras
 Deponunt iras, & Martis gaudia clangunt.
 Ipse viro major dux auro insignis & Ostro
 Sublimis curru ingreditur, tot millia pascens
 Spectanturum, urbis scandit cum laude ruinas;
 Suprà quò tendat non est; est culmen honoris,

AVTVMNE.

November, or age farre spent.

Whose water to his sober pallate tasteth,
Better then Nectar, which the gluttons wasteth ;
His minde is constant, chaste, and moderate,
Himselfe is honest, strong, and temperate ;
Like *Curij* and *Camilli*, who did dwell
In cottages, whom nothing ere could quell ;
Or like *Serranus* who his plough did leave,
That he *Romes* powerfull ensignes might receive,
O happy Soules, who with eternall praise,
Did blesse their Country, and their trophées raise.
The Souldier, who with firy courage stands,
Against the Martiall fierce encountring bands,
Who with his sword makes way, and will not flie,
Maintaining Church, and Countries liberty ;
Whether in darkenesse he ly'th centenall,
Or doth entrench his forces with a wall,
Or on a suddaine fell downe tallest woods,
Or undermine strong Townes, or swim o' rest floods,
Or breake the ice, search Føordes, assaile the Ports,
Or with fierce warlike engines batter Forts ;
He for his Countryes sake, is glad to dye,
And will with honest wounds his courage try,
While first he scales the wall, and thorow runnes,
The Fortlets, fearing neither swords nor gunnes.
So when he leads his captive foes in chaines,
When iron-men, when Horse, and *Mars* his traines
Doe show his spoyles, and with his Trophées march,
The fight is read in the triumphall Arch,
With feasts and shewes, they doe renewe the day,
With triumph-songs his glory they display ;
Trumpets forgetting ire, sound joy and peace,
He in his chariot rides aloft with grace.
So through the ruine of the wall he goes,
And feeds the eyes of all men with his showes ;

AVTVMNVS!

November, sive Ætas provēctior.

Unde cadat, graviore ruens in Tartara lapsu,
 Sors infida solet letos scindere triumphos,
 Et dubijs nimium volitat victoria pennis:
 Lusce tuis turge quantumvis pœne trophæis,
 Et Romæ terrore trementes concute portas;
 Metire in medijs equites, & montis aceto
 Frange jugum; simulac fallax fortuna reflarit
 Bitynio tunc cogeris servire Tyranno,
 Et miseram tacito vitam finire veneno.
 Hæctora priamidem cur casum jactat Achilles
 Priamide Paridis moritur vinlice telo?
 Quid juvat incensam vastare Agamemnona Trojam,
 Si reduci parat insidias sævissima conjux?
 O sors fluxa hominum malè pensas magna ruina
 Nec pateris constare diu mortalia; casu
 Omnia sed fluxo, & fatorum turbine verfas.
 Quod si summa rotæ teneat fastigia Cræsus,
 Mox cadit, & radio victor stat Cyrus in alto,
 Impatiens donec Tomyris de sede Tyrannum
 Excùtit, humano gaudens saturare cruore;
 Sic ludens non certa sui fallaxq; clienti
 Inconstans Fortuna supremis infima mutat.
 Felix qui casus sese componit ad omnes,
 In duris sperans meliora hic, inq; secundis
 Deteriora timens, medio sic tramite vitam,
 Dirigit, ut nullo vocet Rhamnusia vultu.
 Firma velut pelagi rupes immobilibi hæret
 Quadrata à radice sedens, temnitq; procellas
 Et concurrentes ad fervida prælia ventos;
 Fluctus se illidunt scopulis, fractoq; residunt
 Impete, & illuso perdunt conamine vires:
 Non aliter, quando reru fremuere tumultus,
 Ipse sibi constat sapientis, ridetq; timores
 Insani vulgi, & torquentia fata fatigat

AVTVMNE.

November, or Age farre spent.

Higher he cannot reach, but fall he may,
 From top of glory into mire and clay;
 Fortune with Triumphs deales unconstantly,
 And victory with doubtfull wings doth flye.
 Boast of thy triumphs *Hannibal*' and tell,
 How thou the Ports of *Rome* with feare didst quell,
 Measure their Knights in bushels, mountaines breake
 With vineger; when fortune shall forsake
 Thy standard, thou must serve a forraigne King,
 Till thou at length dy'st by thy poyson'd ring;
 Why boasts *Achilles* that fierce *Hector*'s gone,
 If *Paris* shall revenge his death anone;
 From *Troy* with triumph *Agamemnon* goes,
 But (ah) at home he findes his fatall foes.
 Inconstant lot of men, which greatest things,
 To greater downfall and confusion brings!
 If *Crasus* hold the toppe of Fortunes wheele,
Cyrus anon will cause him downeward reele,
 Vntill incensed *Tomyris* doth thrust
 His head in blood, his honour in the dust;
 So fortune constant in unconstancy,
 And false, thou changeft lowest things with high.
 Happy is he who sets himselfe for all
 Chances, who hopes a rising, feares a fall,
 And so doth guide his life in all estates,
 That he nor cares for Fortunes smiles nor threats:
 Like as a rocke which stands with fixed rootes,
 At windes and whirling tempests scoffes and flouts;
 They breake themselves while with impetuous chocke
 They dash and butte against th' unmoved rocke;
 Even so a wise man, if a tumult rise,
 Can vulgar feares and levity despise,
 If fates doe crosse him with an hatefull ire,
 Before his patience, their despight doth tire.

AVTVMNV S.

Novēber, sive Ætas provector.

*Quod si disruptis rueret compagibus orbis
Machina, non trepidum tumularent ruderamundi.*

*Da Christe vires, da mihi gratia
Virtute, diras ire per hostium
Turmas, & insanas phalangas
Perfidie, invidie, timoris:
Internus hostis me malè sauciat,
Externus hostis vulnere lancinat,
Quocunque me verto, cruentis
Obsideor Satanae catervis.
Tu dux, Deus Tu, Tu Dominus mihi
Arx, salus, rupes, præsidium, decus.
Tua sub umbra militabo
Nec metuum rabidos duelles,
Donec fugatis liberor hostibus,
Quum tu potenti numine proteres
Gentes rebelles, & superbis
Iniicies manibus catenas.
Quando sonabunt æthere classica
Parebis altis nubibus insidens,
Ad Te vocabis tunc amicos
In patre Cœlituum beatos:
Qualis triumpho tunc facies erit
Quando resurget turba fidelium
Stabuntque cætus impiorum
Numinis ad superum tribunal.
Agmen malorum sulphureas domos
Intrabit orci, secula in omnia
T tormenta passurum Gehennæ
Et tenebras Stygii barathri.
Scandent polorum culmina sed piæ
Inter coruscas Seraphici gregis
Turmas, & æterno fruuntur
Gloria & imperio, ac honore.*

AUTUMNE.

November, or age farre spent.

Nay if the world should fall about his eares,
It would not quell his constant heart with feares.

Grant courage Lord, and by thy saving grace,
Through all mine hostile troupes me safely leade,
Suffer me not to shrinke from ranke and place,
But fight 'gainst treach'ry, envy, feare and dread.
My inward enemy doth my heart assaile,
My outward foe with wounds upon me set,
Goe where I will, my foemen doe prevaile,
With Satans bloody ambush I'me beset.
Thou'rt my Captaine, Thou'rt my God and Lord,
My castle, safety, rocke, defence, and prize
Thy shadow, safeguard can to me afford,
Gainst all what ever enemies devise.
Till they be put to rout, and I set free,
Then shalt thou Tyrans to subjection bring
Vnder thy great Man-person'd Deity,
And with their bands, their rebell neck's shall wring.
When from Heavens corners, trumpets loud shall blow,
When thou O Lord the wicked dost endite,
Thou in the clouds shalt make a glorious show,
And with thy Fathers blessed ones invite.
O what a triumph shall that triumph be,
When godly men shall from their graves arise
Before their Saviour; and impiety
Shall stand before their Iudges flaming eyes.
The wicked shall passe to Sulphureous fire,
There tortures to endure without all end,
The flame, the worme, the whips that never tyre,
And to eternall darkenesse be condemn'd.
The godly mount on high with glorious song,
Mongst Seraphims and Cherubims most bright,
With triumph-pomp, convoying Christ along
T' enjoy all pleasure, glory in Gods sight.



Fruor Paratis.



Injoy my fruities.

HYEMS.

December, sive Senectus.

PRonus ad hirsuti quum Titan cornua capri
Pertigit, australem Cæli relegatus ad aulam;
Incipiunt languere dies, & tristior anni
Apparet vultus, multum mutatus ab illo
Qui primi pictos veris jactabat honores
Lilia purpureis dans intermixta rosetis;
Ilicò dimidiæ incipiunt decrescere luces
Ducere & exiguos arcus; longissima noctis
Tempora dant immortales mortalibus umbras;
Frigoribus venti horrescunt, aureque pruinis,
Flumina pigritie torpent, & sordibus arva,
Nube riget Cælum, lacrymarum gurgite stagnat
Telluris gremium, canescit fluctibus æquor.
Omniaque in versum contristant luctibus annum:
Obrepit sic tarda homini, tristisque senectus
Innumeris comitata malis, obnoxia morbis.
Estque odiosa sibi, nonnunquam digna cicutis,
Et fragiles cani cyneis tempora plumis
Cingunt, & niveâ crines aspergine tingunt;
Sepe velut Boreæ rapidis percussa procellis
Quercus stat foliis jam despoliata caducis,
Corticeque horrescit scabrâ, nec frondibus umbra
Sed trunco reddit: sic nostra malignior ætas
Crine caput spolians, levi ceu pumice calvam
Nudat, & excussis hyemem testuta capillis,
Perdit quos voluit Proserpina tollere crines.
Nunc eboris quid forma juvat candore coruscans
Purpureoque rosæ quondam distincta colore,
Lilia ceu rubris fulgent contexta Amaranthis,
Meotis aut minio qualis nix certat Hiberno,
Nunc abit in rugas macie livente seniles,
Et pallet calido Sircæ præta vapore

WINTER.

December, or old age.

When *Phœbus* makes to *Capricorne* retreat,
In Southward declination lessning heat,
Then days doe languish and the sadder yeare,
Lookes gloomy with his cold and dolefull cheare ;
Not like that yeare, which *Flora's* pride did show,
With *Roses* red, and *Lillies* white as snow ;
The dayes halfe-shortned more and more decrease,
The nights extended and the Light growes lesse ;
Then mortals in *Cimmerian* darkencesse dwell,
The aire with hoare-frost, winds with coldnesse swell ;
Rivers are duld with ice, the earth is bound
With cold, and pooles of teares o'reflow the ground ;
The Sea lookes gray with waves, and every thing
Doth droope, for absence of the pleasant spring :
So sad and slow, old age on man doth seize,
Fraughted with evils, an *Hydra* of cursd disease,
Lothing it selfe, oft so it hates the day,
That joyfully it makes it selfe away.
Then crasie gray-haires cloathes the head with snow,
And swanlike plumes about the temples grow :
Like as an *Oake* which *Boreas* bare hath made,
Look's bald, onely its stocke doth cast a shade ;
So mans malignant age, with dreary fate,
Doth rob him of his lockes, and peelee his pate.
Leafs fall, shewes Winter, man is neere to dye,
When age the fatall razor doth supply.
What now availes the *Ivory* beauties grace,
Which did with *Pestane* *Roses* paint the face,
As *Amaranths* which grow white *Lillies* by,
Or *Thracian* snow, which takes vermillion dye,
Now is it plough'd with wrinkles and lookes wan,
And leane, more like a with' red weed then man ;

Like

H Y E M S.

December, five Senectus.

Marcent, solstitij geminat quando hora calores,
Ruganturq; gene, dependet pro cute pellis.
Lumina noctivagas quondam superantia stellas
Æmula flammivomis Erythraeo in littore gemmis,
Occipitis sugiunt cæca, ad penetralia, damni
Sic pudet ipsa sui, tenebræ pro lumine regnant;
Caligant ipsi Soli, senioq; fatiscunt.

Spina riget laceri protenso tubere dorsi,
Quæq; hancero Pelopis poterant contendere, nutant
Incurvæ in pectus scapulæ, sitq; ossæ imago
Corpus, quod pulchrum sudabat pingue nitorem.
O vecors sine mente Paris! Lacedæmonia classe
Cur petis, hospitij rupturus fœdera sacri?
Cur trahis ad Trojæ miseranda incendia Græcas.
Non nisi post patriæ redituras funera classes?
Scilicet Argivæ flagrat tibi pectus amore
Tyndaridis, fragilisq; juvat te gloria formæ?
Aspice sed rugas Hecubæ, maciemq; situmq;
Ossa tumore macro crescentia, lumina lemis;
Aspice & illius formæ dispendia, quondam
Quæ Priamo dulces juveni dedit una calores?
Tyndaris illa tuæ nunc unica gaudia mentis,
Post fatum crudele tuum, post fata parentum,
Cognatasque neces, incendia, furta, rapinas,
Tandem rugosas scalpet ceu sivia buccas,
Dissimilisque sui ad speculi simulacra dolebit.

Quid vires, roburq; juvant, quæ effœta senectus
Frangit, & enervi labefactat pondere molis?
Sacra Iovi quercus, postquam duo sæcla peregris
Crescens, consistensque atas, ubi tertia venit
Fatalisque ævi series, radice vacillat
Exesâ, nutatq; auris bacchantibus impar;
Ipse Atlas, humeris qui cœlum & sydera fulsit,
Annorum spatio confectus suppositus, quem

W I N T E R.

December, or Old Age.

Like scorched grasse, when *Sirius* heate doth burne,
And into ashes doth earths moysture turne:
His cheekes are hollow, his body looketh thin
In place of muscles hangs a wrinckled skin:
His gemme-like eyes sometime *Dames* natures pryde
Are dim, and now for shame themselves doe hide,
They scarce can see the Sunne, they're blinde as *Moles*,
In place of eyes, we see nothing but holes.
His back's a ridged bone, his shoulders bend,
Which sometimes could with *Pelops* well contend;
All feature's gone, his beauties faire and bright
Is made a sceleton and ugly sight.
Mad Paris, why to *Sparta* dost thou hye,
To breake the lawes of hospitality?
Why dost thou call the *Grecian* fleete to *Troy*,
Which 'fore it doth returne will it destroy?
Is't cause thy brest with love is set on fire,
And thou nothing but *Hellen* canst desire?
Looke to thy mothers wrinckles and her face,
Which age and filthy leannesse doth disgrace;
Her bleardnesse and her age thou dost detest
Yet once it kindled fire in *Priams* brest:
Helen thy greatest joy and sole delight,
After thy death and *Tuno's* deadly spight,
After friends slaughters, and thy sisters rape,
Shall scratch her wrinckles like a munckie Ape,
And oft with teares shall blot the looking glasse,
Seeing what she is now, and what she was.
What profits strength, when feeble age doth shrink,
The body under his owne weight shall sinke,
Ioves sacred oake, whose growing standing age,
Two hundred yecres hath stood 'gainst *Boreas* rage,
When the third fatall age is come at last,
It staggers yeelding to the meanest blast:

HYEMS.
Dēcēber, sive Senectus.

Nox in se rediens genuit, dum furta tonantia
Optato pulchrae Alcmenes satiantur amores
Qui didicit portare bovem, totique theatro
Ostentare suas populi ad spectacula vires,
Iam senio gravis, & longævis debilis annis,
Se minor effatos vidit pendere lacertos,
Ingemuitque, animo non respondere vietos
Cervici, & in terram proni jam corporis artus;
Ut Leo sylvarum quondam formido, senectæ
Ignave fractus morbo, vix languida post se
Membra trabens, impune videt per pascua tauros
Infirmosque errare greges, fame sancius agrâ.
Sed senio tardus flaccenti debili alce
Undique quam spectat, nescit deprendere prædam;
Sic miles quercus quondam decoratus honore,
De victo duxit qui sæpius hoste triumphos
(Qualis ponte stetit Cocles, qualisque Quirinus
Rettulit Atrinem Iovis ad delubra Feretri,
Quique ducem potuere sequi Marcellus, & acer
Cossus, victores, & opimi gloria Martis)
Iam rude donatus suspensis de fidet armis;
Classica turmarum rauco quum murmure clangunt,
Tympanaque ingeminant pulsus, hinnitus equorum
Quum fremit, exurgitque minax ad sidera clamor,
Hic sedet immotus, nulloque cientur ab ære
Pectora magnanimos que dididicere calores.
Navita, Pygmæos legit qui classe penates,
Post cæli, Pontique hyemes, in tuta recedit
Ocia, quum laxis tremuli compagibus artus
Insanos nequeunt pelagi tolerare labores,
Neptuno piceas gaudet suspendere vestes;
Dimida ut navis rimis atque imbre debiscens
In sicco laceras resupinat littore costas
Iam dudum pertæsa maris; sic tardus & æger

W I N T E R.

December, or old Age.

Atlas, who did the starry Heaven uphold,
When worne with space of yeares, he waxed old,
He laide his charge *Alcides* necke upon,
Whom Iove begetting, drove two nights in one:
Milon, who learnd to carry by degrees
A Bull, did weepe to see his feeble knees,
When worne with age, his sinews he did find,
And Limbes not answering to his champion minde.
The Lyon, at whose noyse, the woods did quake,
And every beast, with dreadfull feare did shake.
Now broken with yeares, he scarce his taile can drag,
Behind the silly flockes he's forc'd to lagge,
He's hunger-bitten, the herds securely play,
He sees, but cannot catch his wonted prey.
Even so the Souldier who did weare a Crowne
Of Oake, and oft triumphed with renowne,
(Such as brave *Cocles* for his Country stood,
Or *Romulus* sprinkled with *Acrons* blood,
Or stout *Marcellus*, or fierce *Coffus* which
Did *Iupiter Feretrius* all enrich)
Now free to Mars he hangeth up his armes,
Nor is he sturred up with fierce alarmes;
When Martiall trumpets sound, and drummes are beaten,
When horses neigh, when noyse the starres doth threaten,
He sits unmov'd, nothing his courage whets,
His wonted heate and spirit he forgets.
The Marriner who saild the Pygmies coast,
After with many stormes he hath bene tost,
He takes himsele to rest, because he can
Not now endure the raging Ocean;
He hangs his pitchie cloathes on Neptunes shrine,
The land both him and ship doth now confine,
Both weary of Sea; it rots upon the shore,
He lyes at home, cause he can saile more;

That

H Y E M S.

December, five Senectus.

Nauta domi recubat, terræ ut committere possit
 Reliquias maris, ac ingrata tædia vitæ.
 Dulce fuit quodcumq; prius defluxit, in imo,
 Ultima sola manet sex, & deterrima fundo.
 Poscitis O miserè seros cur Nestoris annos
 Alternâ numerare manu, contendere cervo
 Vivaci, & vetulae corni is ducere vitam?
 Nulla dies mœtore vacat, nec luctibus hora
 Vlla carit, crescit cumq; anxietatibus ætas.
 Longius in fluctus si quassa carina profundos
 Egreditur, diris debet ludibria ventis
 Hoc magis, & timor est, repetat ne naufraga litus.
 Troile tu felix impubes fortiter annos
 Finisti, sero cui non temerata dolore est
 Imbelis, tristisq; ætas: si fata dedissent
 Hanc infelici Priamo cum conjugè mortem,
 Non tot vidisset natorum funera, raptas
 Crinibus Iliadas laceris, nec Pergama flammis
 Diruta, non rivo maculasset sanguinis aras.
 Quid non longævi labefaciat temporis ætas?
 Pyramides cedunt annis, & Mausolea,
 Destruxit Rhodium curiosa senecta Colossus;
 Longa dies minuit vires, fortisque vigorem
 Corporis exilem citius perducit ad umbram.
 Forma perit; census non ægro in corpore sensus
 Instaurat; pereunt Naturæ & munera sortis;
 Virtus sola manet, studio quam prima Juventus
 Quæ fuit, tristem consolaturq; senectam;
 Hæc præstat miseris iacunda viatica canis,
 Ut scintillantes Titanis lumina stellas
 Obscurant; virtus tristes sic mole dolores
 Opprimit, insanas non passa exire querelas;
 Ipsa sibi merces pulcherrima, dignaq; votis
 Sola p̄ys, casu tranquillos reddit in omni.

WINTER.

December, or old age.

That which the Sea hath left, and stormes and toyle,
He minds to trust it to his Country soyle.
Sweetenesse is gone, nothing but dregs remaine,
The bottome doth both least and worst containe.
Why seeke you wretched men to reckon your dayes
With three ag'd Nestor? as if it were praise,
To live beyond the Stagge, and Crow; no day
Doth want his crosse, each houre which doth delay
Our death, prolongs our misery, our woe
Encreaseth more, the more in age we grow;
The leaking ship, the longer way she makes,
The greater danger still she undertakes;
And if she shall lanch further in the deepe,
No skilfull Art can her from shipwracke keepe.
Thrice happy *Troile* who did bravely dye,
Before thy gray-haires tasted misery;
If destinies had so with *Priame* delt,
He should not have so grievous sorrowe's felt,
His childrens death, rapes, flames, and clam'rous groanes;
Nor with his blood, have drench'd the Altar stones.
What doth not age consume? The monument
Of *Caria's* gone, the *Pyramids* are spent;
Rhodes gract *Colossus* now is turn'd to nought,
And strength of body is to weakenesse brought;
Age lessning vigour turnes man to a ghost,
Who lately did of nerves and sinewes boast.
Beauty decays, wealth cannot cure disease,
On Natures gifts, consuming age doth seize;
Constant and firme, Vertue remains alone,
And comforts age, when strength and all are gone,
Gray-haires provision. Like as *Phæbus* bright
Darkneth the Planets with his greater light;
So vertues greatnesse doth all sorrowes quell
And suffers not hearts sad complaints to swell.

H Y E M S.

December, five Senectus.

*Dira Syracusias quum flamma incenderet arces,
 Marcelliꝫ manus densarent undiqꝫ cedes,
 Inter tot fremitus, strepitus, lamenta ruinas,
 Inter tot gemitus, planctus, querulosqꝫ dolores,
 Cœli doctæ senex animo studiisqꝫ vacabas,
 Alcyon veluti medijs securus in undis,
 Vix hostile tuo sensisti in pectore ferrum.*

*O animi dulcis requies, o sô'a voluptas
 Virtus ! Tu tollis humanæ incommoda vitæ,
 Damna senectutis minuis, mulcesqꝫ dolores,
 Letitiam, quam vis miseris, mortalibus adfers.*

*Horrida cyrenæi vallant mihi tempora cani,
 Testanturqꝫ hyemis tempus adesse nives.
 Luxqꝫ maligna meas obsuscet nube fenestras,
 Attritu dentes consenuere molæ.
 Corporis & fractæ incipiunt nutare columnæ,
 Ac labat infirmâ mole caduca domus.
 Tam tristes adfert morbos curiosa Senectus,
 Debilis enervat languida membra stupor.
 Quicquid dulce fuit perijt ; mihi gaudia vitæ
 Si qua fuere meæ, jam meminisse grave est.
 Mœstaqꝫ pallentes Lethes mens somniat umbras
 Occursatqꝫ oculis mortis imago meis.
 Impia dum recolo lascivæ facta juventæ,
 Concidit ad gemitus mœsta senectæ graves.
 Picta velut nubes juvenilis gloria fugit ;
 Iris uti, in lacrymas vita soluta fluit.
 O clemens ignosce pater, damnunqꝫ senectæ
 Salvifica reparet gratia sancta fide.
 Spiritus Ætherios instauret pectore sensus,
 Ut solum sapiat mens animusqꝫ polum.
 Detqꝫ mihi noxæ tecmeria certa remisse,
 Cedas & æterni fœderis artha mihi ;*

W I N T E R.

December, or Old Age.

It doth content it selfe, its owne reward
In greatest danger, still the safest guard.
When flames did *Syracuses* Castles burne,
When Roman forces did them overturne;
Mongst slaughters, clamours, ruines, deadly noyse,
Thou *Archimedes* onely didst rejoyce;
Atyon-like in trouble thou hadst rest,
And scarcely felt the sword thrust in thy brest.

O happy rest of minde, O onely pleasure,
Comfort of age, manis blest and onely treasure;
Thou lessnest woe, nothing can thee annoy,
In midst of misery, thou affordest joy.

Gray haytes encompasse now my head, snowes
Tell me that *Boreas* blowes:

A foggy dimmenesse doth my eyes affaile,
My grinders gin to faile.

My staggering pillars cannot stand at all,
My house is neere to fall.

Old age brings with it sicknesse and disease,
My limbes sicke sluggish ease.

All pleasure's gone; it doth me sore annoy,
To thinke of youths delight and former joy.

My mind doth dreame of Ghostes, before mine eyes
Deaths image still doth rise.

When errours of my youth I call to mind,
Old age doth sorrow finde.

Youths glory like the rainebowes painted spheres,
Doth vanish into teares.

O Father pardon and with saving faith,
Repaire what losse age hath,

Let thy good spirit quicken thy grace in me,
That Heav'n my thought, my hearts desire may be.

HYEMS.

Dēcember, five Senectus.

Sic ego Cælestis patriæ oblectabor amore,

Hoc mihi lenimen dulce doloris erit.

Sic cupiam gratâ dissolvi morte, parentem

Christe, tuum ut possim cernere, Christe, meum.

Empyreas æterna tuas ubi pax colit arces,

Gaudiaque in nullos interitura dies.

Speſtabitque fides, quæ credidit, & potietur

Spes voto, Cæli regna tenebit amor.

Ianuarus.

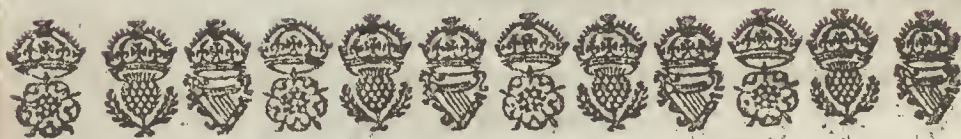
WINTER.

December, or old Age.

Grant me assurance of forgiveness Lord,
Earnest of spirit and word.
So shall the thought of Heavens eternall rest,
Comfort my soule distressed.
So let me be dissolv'd, to be with Thee,
Our Father, Lord, to see,
Where blessed peace, eternall joy doth dwell,
Which no time e're can quell.
Where faith doth sight, and hope doth wish obtaine,
Where endlesse love for evermore shall raigne.

73

January



I Am Aquarius, now is my turne,
To throw forth balefull floods out of mine urne:
Spring wher's thy dresse? Summer thy fragrant flowers?
Autumne thy pleasant fruits? loe here's my showers.
What ever pleasure in the world was found,
By this my fatall deluge now is drown'd.
¶ When men a Noah so long preaching heare,
Let ev'ry one take heede and stand in feare.



Cavete.



Take heed.

HYEMS.

Ianuarius sive Mors.

TRistis ubi in vesam profundit aquarius urnam,
Iupiter & gelido descendit plurimus imbre,
Ac nebulis urget mundum, brumamque flagellat
Stridula tempestas, & Cœli grandis sonora;
Omnia tunc refugo in terram stant marcida succo,
Exanimata gelu moriuntur semina vite,
Si qua manent, imæ tumulantur viscere terre;
Mole gemunt nivium saltus, lacerisque rigeſcit
Ramis, & rupto macreſcit cortice ſylvas
Stant & aquæ paſſim glaciali compe de vincula,
Immenſosque lacus capuli cryſtallina condit
Arca, natant vivi torpenti in flumine piſces;
Terra ſepulta jacet nivibus, torpedine taſti
Frigoris, exanguis perdunt ſua gramina campi:
Ætatis deſeruit hyems, quum incurva vacillat
Vixque effœta levi ſuſtentat membra bacillo.
Se minor eſt homo majus onus, quum cernuus agrum
Obſtipat caput in ſilices, capularis ad orcum
Feſtinat pedibus trinis, ſed greſſibus impar
Inque potens ruit in præceps, inopina Charontis
Ad ferrugineam dum fertur ſarcina cymbam.
Nascendi lex certa, via eſt mortalibus una
In lucem, ſed mille patent ad funera portæ.
Parce molle ſecant primâ lanugine ſtamen,
Et quod rugoſâ carie, canis que rigeſcit;
Perſophona fugit nullum; non Proteus ora
Tot poterat mutare, viſes variare quot illi;
Sevior in quosdam tormenta excogitat, arma
Carnificis, clavos, uncas, cuneosque trabales;
Mitior eſt aliis, ſenſi que in corpore vires
Et fibras minuit, frangitque atate cicadas.
Innumeros fati caſus, discrimina mille

WINTER.

January, or Death.

When cold *Aquarius* empties all his pail,
And *Iupiter* with clouds the world doth vaile,
When noysing tempest jerks the winter sky,
And crackling haile, alongs the aire doth flye,
Then to earths bowels Plants do send their iuice,
And every thing benumbed stands with ice;
If any seeds of life are to be found,
They lye entombed in the frosty ground;
The groaning woods, their burthens cannot beare,
Which from the stocke the boughs and barke doe teare,
With icy setters rivers fast are bound,
And in a Crystall coffing Lakes are found,
Live fishes in dead waters swimme, and cold,
Cramplike, the earth doth with Convulsion hold:
Mans winter is, when he hath waxed old,
And with his staffe, can scarce himselfe uphold;
The lesse he growes, the heavier he him finds,
And stooping downe, nothing but grave he minds,
Thither he hastning with three feete, cannot
Make good his pace, and fals in Charons boat.
We know our birth; there's one way to this light,
But more then thousand wayes to fatall night;
The destinies doe cut the threed new spunne,
As well as that, which wearing hath undone.
Death misleth none, and Proteus could not take
More shapes, then she strange kinds of death can make;
To some more cruell torments she invents,
Gibbet and Racke, which naturall death prevents;
To some more meeke, them softly she outweares,
Substracting life, by multiplying yeares;
What man can tell the many thousand kindes
Of strange diseases, which for man she findes?

H Y E M S!

Ianuarius, sive Mors.

Morborum, & diras febrium numerare cohortes
Quis valeat? non tot volitant sub sydere claro
Corpora que fallunt oculos sine lumine solis,
Quot mala versut & comitantur stamina parce;
Quilibet unius fruitur qui munere vitæ
Mille modis pereat; tot non arteria motus,
Febriculosa ciet, quot mors dare vulnera possit;
Sive placet macie gracilenti corporis artus,
Liqui, cera fluit lentæ ceu saucia flammis,
Seu calor exurit, mergit seu nimius humor
Et rumpunt elementa fidem; seu dira synanchæ
Et tonsillarum vis flammea fauce tumescunt;
Seu capitis dolor affligit, cephalæq; rumpens
Tempora, quæq; oculos tendit cataleptis hiantes;
Sive veterosî tabes lethargica somni
Eneruat, saltusq; rotans vertigine corpus,
Et morbus rigidos convellens spasmate nervos;
Sive cutem scabris maculis elephantia pingit,
Seu nitet hæc multum distenta intercute lymphâ;
Seu phagedæna nocet, sive orthopnæa meatum
Non facilem præbet vitalis follibus auræ,
Seu papulis turgens boæ: Mors est gnara nocendi
Mille artes docta, & fraudum studiosa novarum.
Sed gravior nullus quam Cæli morbus, & æthræ
Exitiosa lues, populatrix unica mundi;
Flumina Letheis quum currunt languida lymphis,
Et gravidæ letho nubes fatale venenum
Diffundunt, patuliq; meat mors faucibus oris;
Nectareo pro rore greges asonita trilinguis
Dira fera lambunt, stant lurida pabula tabo;
Inq; homines sævire solet crudelius (eheu)
Vidimus, & tanti fuimus pars magna doloris;
Quum sæpe & subito Angligenas grassata per oras
Noluit hæc populum decimare; sed undiq; totos

WINTER.

January, or Death.

Sunne never so many Atomes fly,
As fates have wayes for our Mortality;
We have one life, we may a thousand wayes
Lose it; each stroke of pulse can end our dayes.
Whether consumption us extenuate,
As waxe with lingring fire is macerate,
Or too much heate or moysture doth us quell,
Or squincie inflames the jawes and makes them swell;
Or aches, meegrimes, head-tormenting paine,
And staring catalepsis from the braine;
Or a continuall sleepe of lethargie,
Or giddy shaking of some Artery;
Or strong Convulsion fits of crampe or goutes,
Or leprosie which paints the skinne without;
And deadly water which puffes up the skin,
Thirsting the more, the more it swilleth in:
Or running cancer usher us to death,
Or vitall bellowes scarce afford us breath;
Or poxe or measles; cunning death doth know
A thousand trickes mans life to overthrow,
But none more grievous than infectious ayre,
Which lyeth waste this Fabricke every where;
Then fainting brookes with Lethes streames doe flow,
Clouds big with death abroad doe poyson blow;
When men and beasts mortality doe breath,
And beasts for dew, from grasse doe licke their death:
Heav'n raines infection, suddaine death doth fall
Like Manna, meat's made poyson, honey gall.
It rageth most 'gainst men, as we have seene,
Who of this evill partakers late have beene;
When raging in this land both night and day,
It did not tithe, but sweep who'e townes away;
As thou (alasse) faire London well canst tell,
How thou Thames river with thy teares didst swell;

They

HYEMS.

Ianuaris five Mors.

Orbibus exhaustos leto vastare penates.
 Londinum quoties Tamifinas fletibus undas
 Auxisti, dicant, quos vix dum cymba Charontis
 Transmisit, manesque tui, quos vix capit Orcus?
 Morte gravi gravior pestis, teterrima lethi
 Est facies; pigris sordent languoribus artus,
 Lumina stant flammis, exardent ora rubore,
 Corporis inque arcem scandit vapor igneus, artus
 Pascitur, & crescit flammis torrentibus herpes;
 Inde stupore vigent oculi, de naribus ater
 Sanguinis it rivus, resonant tinnitibus aures,
 Illa singultu tenduntur, surgit ab alto
 Spiritus, arcano gemitu, gravis; aspera clausas
 Lingua premit fauces, sitis insatiabilis urget,
 Amplexuque crebro torpentia saxa fatigant,
 Et gelidos poscunt fontes, custode remoto;
 Liventes papulae dant sparsa in corpore nevus,
 Et maculae narrant disrumpi stamina vitae.
 Huic genus omne mali cedit mortalibus agris
 Quod Pandora dedit; vis morbi haud tristior ulla est.
 Non tantum nocuit gravis amphibena veneno,
 Non tantum ammodites flavis agnatus arenis,
 Vipera, nec scytale vario quæ tergoe fallit,
 Non salamandra gravis, sitiensque in flumine dipsas,
 Non seps tabificus, non tristi Scorpio caudâ,
 Frigidus aut Bufo, non sulcans arva pareas,
 Non aspis, diroque necas qui regule visu.
 O superi! procul a nostris hæc exulet oris;
 Ut liceat patribus natorum claudere ocellos,
 Et natis gelidas animas haurire parentum.
 Equora quot vasto mergunt in gurgite, Martia
 Quot furor exitio dedit, & vesanacupido,
 Et maleficus amor, visque implacabilis iræ?
 O fragilis vita, o incerta, o fluxa, caduca,

W I N T E R.

January, or Death.

They could declare, whom sepulchers cannot
Containe, nor yet have past in Charons boat;
The Plague more grievous is then death, no wits
Can ere devise more fearefull lookes and fits;
A heavy languor doth their spirits tire,
Their eyes with flames, their faces burne with fire;
A scorching vapour doth their head possesse;
The sore bursts forth; their eyes with stupidnesse
Doe stare; their nostrils drop with filthy gore;
Their eares doe tingle, and their griefe is more:
Their bowels like to burst with sighes and mones,
Draw from their inward parts most grievous grones,
Their tongues swell in their throates, and thirst them kils,
They grasp cold stones, when they have their wils:
Blacke wheales arising give a certaine token,
That now their fatall threed of life is broken.
No mortall evill like this Pandora brought,
Nor such disease stepmother Nature wrought:
The double-headed serpent with his sting,
Nor sandy viper, can such venime bring,
Nor Scytale, whose back's like glistring gold,
Nor thirsty Snake, nor Salamander cold,
Nor rotting Horne. worne, nor the Scorpions taile,
Nor Toade, nor wide-mouth'd serpent so prevaile,
Nor Africks Aspe. nor Basiliske, who sees
Afarre, and kils with poyson of his eyes,
Good God, doe banish such a curse away,
That friends, their friends in sicknesse comfort may.
How many in the Oceans bottome lye,
Or else by love, or warres revenge, doe dye?
O brittle, fraile, uncertaine life, undone
By thousand evils, and yet not match to one!
Shall fury of Heavn, of Sea, and Land this blow,
And winds concurre a bubble to o'rethrow.

H Y E M S.

Ianuaris, five Mors.

Innumeris obsessa malis, impar tamen uni !
 Siccine ventorum concurrunt agmina, bullam
 Ut frangant Cœliq̄, saliq̄, soliq̄, furores
 Ergo anima hospitio quum corporis exulat, arces
 Empyreas repetit, patriamq̄, inuisit Olympum,
 Felix post tantos vitæq̄, viaque labores,
 Optatos Cœ'ipoteroit que intrare penates,
 Æternæque frui requie, clarisque triumphis :
 Felix incertæ post tot discrimina sortis,
 Contigit Ætherio cui jam requiescere portus
 Interea corpus varij ludibria casus,
 Præda jacet crudæ sylvæ, aut sublime putrescens
 Dat corvis, cœleque dapes ; quot gurgite vasto
 Corpora dant avidis inopinam piscibus escam ?
 Pauca sue matris redeunt in viscera terræ,
 Imponuntque rogis clavata cadavera, paucos
 Præficia deflet anus, lugubris vel nenia pompæ,
 Quæis ante ora patrum, natorum, uxoris, amicis,
 Contigit oppetere, & capulo mutare penates.
 Sic animæ postquam discessus solverit artus
 In luti deforme Chaos : non frigidiora
 Membra jacent, quam friget amor lugentis amicis,
 Uxorisque novos meditantis tunc hymenæos.
 Sollicitat luctum, pulsiisque nitonibus heres
 Gaudia personat, dum toto letior affe
 Naturam beat & parcas, quod cana parentis
 Funera solentur loculi, solentur & arca,
 Lenius & plenâ suspiret plavellus in aula.
 Sic ubi, quicumque est heres (hæc sunt mea) dixit
 Defunclus proprios jussus mutare penates
 Effertur, foribus quia non pedes ocyus exit :
 Agmina amicorum stipant ex ordine longo,
 Arma viri claris portant spectanda trophæis,
 Mæstitiamque tubæ fingunt, pullataque turba

W I N T E R.

January, or Death.

So when the soule the body doth forsake
And can it selfe to fyrie heav'n betake,
Happy that after labours it can goe
To Heav'ns eternall mansions from below,
T' enjoy the pleasures of eternall rest,
With triumphs 'mongst the Angels to be blest;
Happy who after so uncertaine chance
Can safely to the haven of Heav'ns advance.
Perhaps the body hath become a prey
To beasts, or in the ayre doth rot away,
Or feedes the vultures, or by cruell fate,
To greed y fishes hath become a bate :
Few to their mothers belly doe returne,
And few are layd on sav'ry piles to burne,
For whom old women sing a mourning song;
None beside those, who dye their friends among,
Whose kinsmen deere their dying eyes doe flaut,
And from their beds them in a coffing put.
So when the soule hath parted cleane away
And left the body like a lumpe of clay:
The carcase is not colder then the love
Of wife and friends, who doe unconstant prove.
The heire in mourning weedes lookes very fine,
He maskes his joy, and thanks the fates divine,
And nature, that his gray-hayr'd father's gone,
And he of all his bagges left heire alone :
He joyes to see the treasures newly found,
The more he sees, his sighes more softly found:
The dead is sacrificed on the shrine,
Of *Proserpine*, the heire sayes, *All is mine* :
And 'cause he cannot goe, he's caried forth
Accompany'd with all his friends of worth:
His trophees flye abroad, and martiall armes,
And warlike trumpets whisper sad alarmes.

HYEMS.

Ianuarus sive Mors.

Vite annos numerat; prælustris it undique pompa;
Sed postquam ventum est ad tetra palatia mortis,
Ingluuiemque Orci, & putres telluris hiatus,
Initiant nudum capulum: deque agmine tanto
Non est, cum veteri qui nunc inhumetur amico;
Discedunt omnes, solus jacet ille sepulchro,
Veribus est, chaos capuli putre, fabula vulgi.

Opere

WINTER.

January, or Death.

Hyr'd mourners shew his yeeres, the pompe so brave;
Convoy him to his cold and sad like grave:
But when they come to deaths pale habitation
And see the pit which gapes with desolation,
They throw the naked coffing in; of all
His friends, not one for love will with him fall:
All gets them gone, he still alone doth lye,
Rottenesse, wormes bate, tale of mortality.

K

HYEMS.

Ianuarius sive Mors.

Operæ precium hic videbatur cycinæum illud carmen poetæ quidem clarissimi, sed anonymi, latinitate donare, quod homines mortalitatis suæ non insuaviter moneat.

Qualis Pestana pubes Alabandica floræ,
Qualis & arboreæ gloria prima comæ,
Quale decus florum verno sub tempore ridet,
Quale nitet primo mane serena dies,
Quale jubar rutilans, qualisque cœvanida nubes,
Qualis Amathidæ roscida scena fuit,
Talis homo, cujus fatalia stamina vitæ
Net simul, & diro pollice parca secat:
Spina rosæ superest, funduntur ab arbore flores
Herba perit, parvo tempore mane fugit,
Occiduum jubar est, nubis prætervolat umbra,
Scena repente cadit, vita caduca perit.

Qualia stant teneris nascentia gramina campis,
Qualis & in vanum fabula cœpta jocum,
Qualis avis sylvæ nullæ quæ sede movatur,
Qualis & in pratis pendula roris onyx,
Qualis & est horæ, spithamæ dimensio qualis,
Quale solet carmen fundere tristis olor:
Talis homo, cujus non certo obnoxia fato
Tempora, & Iliacis accumulata malis
Gramina flaccescunt, properum dat fabula finem,
Avolat hinc volucris, ros & in alta micat,
Hora brevis, spithamæ non est dimensio longa,
Ut moriturus olor, sic moriturus homo.

Qualis bulla natat tremuli prurigine rivi,
Qualis & in speculo levæ imago nitet,

H Y E M S.

Ianuarius, sive Mors.

Qualis Arachnae am telam percurrit arundo,
Qualis arenoso littera scripta solo.

Qualis & est nictus mentis, vel fictile somni,

Quale fuit murmur de filientis aquae;

Talis homo duris debens ludibriis parcis.

Errat & instabiles inq; reditq; vices;

Bulla crepat, levis speculi disparet imago;

Torquetur pecten, caeca litura perit,

Excidit ex animo sensus, de lumine somnus;

Et tanquam rivi murmure vita fluit.

Quales decurrunt fluvij torrentibus undis,

Qualis & a Parthi missa sagitta manu,

Qualis equi cursus, superat qualis pila metam;

Qualis & e diti sportula missa domo,

Quales non certo cursu stant aequoris aestus.

Qualis Arachnaei pendula tela laris:

Talis homo vitæ medijs jaclatus in undis,

Nulla cui mentis gaudia, nulla quies;

Missile abit telum, reduces sunt aequoris aestus;

Nulla mora est cursus, ruptaq; tela cadit;

Emicat ad metam pila, mox est sportula nulla;

Sic repetens vians est modo nullus homo.

Quale coruscanti descendit ab Aethere fulgur,

Angarus ad Dominum quale capeffit iter

Quales sunt cantus pause numeriq; minores,

Aut via per tridui continuata moras,

Liquitur aestivo qualis nix saucia sole,

Quale pyræni præcox, qualia pruna cadunt;

Talis & accumulatur fatali lege dolores,

Et subit hanc lucem cras moriturus homo;

Vanescit fulgur, festinat nuncius, omnem

Pausa rapit cantus, & via parva moram;

H Y E M S.

Ianuarus, five Mors.

*Et pyra putrescunt, funduntur pruna, liquecit
Nix, tandem quicquid vixit in orbe, perit.*

Resurrectio.

*Qualis frugiferis concredita semina sulci,
Quale in Marthiden ceperat urna putris,
Qualis mortifero Tabitha oppressa sopore,
Qualis, qui ceti viva sabarra fuit,
Qualia lucifuge scintillant sydera nobis,
Et condunt vultus adveniente die.
Talis et Humanae condit mors lumina vite;
Morte tamen victa fit redivivus Homo.
Semina viviscunt, Marthides surgit ab urna,
Fit Tabitha vigil, bellua reddit onus,
Nox fugit, et stellæ subeunt mox gaudia lucis,
Atque Homo post fatum triste superstes orat.*



M*En, beasts and birds, mountaines, and castles hye
Like fishes in oblivion drowned lye;
The seas and floods prevaile, and all is gone,
Deucalion and Pyrra, are left alone;
The faire, the pleasant, fruitfull yeare is past,
And Consummatum now hath com'd at last.
¶ As in the seas, the life, there fishes have,
So shall we take our being from the grave.*



Resurgent.



All shall arise.

H Y E M S.

Februarius, sive Mortuorum Februa.

Epitaphium *Adami* primi humani generis conditoris.

Humanis generis pater, immortalis in horam,
Mox mihi, mox cunctis mortis origo fui.
Solutus ego vixi felix, consorte beatus
Postquam felici, factus uterq; miser.
Primus peccavi, non solus; nam mea proles
In me peccavit, debet & illa mori.
Gratia divina mihi primo missa salutis,
Utq; ego, sic proles hanc habitura fide est.

Methushalami omnium, qui vixerunt,
maxime longævi.

Ille Ego sum longæ monstrum admirabile vitæ,
Ævi non numerent astra minuta mei.
Si mare clepsydre vitreo sit carcere clausum,
Non satis est horis gurgitis unda meis,
Tot maris immensi non surgunt turbine fluctus,
Quot vidi Eoo surgere ab axe dies.
Sæpius ardenti vidi sub Sole recentes
Phœnices nidis exiluisse suis.
Et soboles Quercus, & que nascuntur ab illis,
Nostrorum annorum consenuere moris,
Credideram non posse mori me, vellet at arcem
Sera licet, dicens parca, necesse mori est.
Hoc me solatur, fuerit quò longior ætas,
Hòc brevior mortis postea somnus erit.

W I N T E R.

*February, or Epitaphs, which may be termed
Februa, celebrated for the memory of cer-
taine soules.*

Epitaph of Adam the first father of mankind.

I First of mankind, made by power divine,
Immortall once, brought death on me and mine.
Alone I stood, but marryed, I became
Curfed, as likewise curfed was my dame.
I sinned first, but not alone, my brood
Were one with me, whether I fell or stood.
Salvation first was preach't to me, as I
By faith, so may my off-spring come thereby.

Of Methusalem the longest liver of mankind.

I Me he, whom all for age doe wonder at,
Whose minutes fixed starres scarce calculate:
If of the sea, an houre glasse you should make,
Each houre of mine each drop of sea could take;
How many waves in Sea can you devise,
As I have seene Sunnes from the Sea arise?
Oftner than once the Phenix I have knowne,
From spycie cradles freshly to have flowne:
Oakes and their off springs off-spring I did see
Decay'd with fatall yeeres antiquity:
I thought I could not dye; but death me told,
That dye I must, though I were ne're so old:
This comforts me, the longer I did live,
The fates the shorter sleepe of death shall give.

HYEMS.
Februarius, sive Mortuorum Februus.

Abrahami patris fidelium.

QUUM spes nulla foret prolis, rugosaque conjux
Rideret Domini fœdera læta sui.
Ecce statim pulchrâ fecit me prole parentem,
Et quia credideram me fore, factus eram.
Ille puer magnæ fuerat spes unica gentis,
Quæ Cœli stellis æquiparanda foret,
Sed mactare Deus iussit, quod strenuus egi:
Velle meum Dominus credidit esse satis.
Illa fides mihi vera fuit, me natum habiturum
Credere, & hoc cæso, me tamen esse patrem.
Uno sic nato, gemino sed nomine factus
Sanctorumque parens, Isaacumque pater.
Utque ego, sic soboles terræ perigrina per oras
Errat, & est patriam mox habitura polum.

Samsoni fortissimi Israelitarum ducis.

NAzarita Deo sacer ipso a semine patris,
Abstemiâ natus de genetrice fui.
Isacidum fulmen gentis, vindexque duellum
Nostra Palestinos perdidit ira duces.
Quod sensere gravi rivales clade perempti,
Et quæ vulpinâ fraude cremata seges.
Quosque asini casu gingiva oblata cecidit,
Sedarunt cujus pocula mira sitim.
Quasque tuli, mea sunt restatæ robora portæ,
Et quæ disrupti fortia vincla manu.
Sed tamen has vires vicit muliercula fraude;
Illius atque auri, robora victa dolis.

W I N T E R.

February, or Epitaphs on the dead.

Of Abraham, the Father of the Faithfull.

W HEN hope of issue now was all forlorne,
And *Sara* laugh'd God of Heaven to scorne,
She straight brought forth, and me a Father made,
Cause I beleev'd what Almighty said;
The child the hope was of posterity,
Which to the starres of Heav'n should equall be;
God bid me sacrifice this onely Sonne,
My will h' accepted, as it had beene done.
Tell me, was not this constant faith in me,
To looke for fruites and yet to burne the tree?
So by one Sonne, I was made father then
Of *Israel*, and of all faithfull men:
As I, so shall my off-spring travlers be
On earth, untill their Country Heav'n they see.

Of Sampson the strongest judge of *Israel*.

A *Nazarite* from the wombe, God did me call,
My mother did not taste of wine at all;
The Mighty Iudge of *Israel*, and the fell
Revenge of *Philistines*, as well could tell,
My rivales, whom I quickly did confound,
The Corne which firy foxes burnt on ground,
Those whom I kild with jawbone of an asse,
Which in my deadly thirst my fountaine was:
So *Gaza's* gates my strength did testify,
The withes, ropes, web, which I broke easily:
Yet all this strength a silly woman could
Vndoe, seduced with foes-bridging gold.

H Y E M S.

Februarius sive Mortuorum Februa.

Davidis Sanctissimi Israelitarum Regis.

Ille ego qui quondam plestro modulatus & ore
Carmina grata mihi, carmina grata Deo.
Arcæ qui coram, populo spectante choragus
Ludibrium Michale, præ pietate, fui.
Barbitos, atq; lyræ concentus, nablæ, lucis
Gaudia, cui mediæ gaudia noctis erant.
Interdum rivis lacrymarum strata rigavi,
Et cinere, atq; situ diriguere genæ.
Scilicet humanis ut rebus, tristia lætis
Miscentur, sic sunt in pietate vices.
Nam modò tranquillæ perfundunt gaudia mentes,
Totaq; sunt nostro pectora plena Deo.
Et modo Cimmerijs merguntur corda tenebris,
Inq; animis visus nullus adesse Deus.
Ne desponde animum, Cæli qui numen adoras,
Difficiles, faciles experiere vices.

Abfalomi Israelitarum pulcherri mi.

Davidide Isacidas inter pulcherrime natos,
Oris tam pulchræ gloria vana fuit.
Comptaq; Cæsaries promisso crine decora,
Lumina, que clarum ceu nituere jubar.
Florentesq; genæ, minioq; rubenti labra,
Quales condecorant lilia pulchra rosa,
Threicias quæ colla nives, humeriq; Elephantum
Vincebant, juxta nil juvenile decus,
Brachia candidulis multum formosa lacertis,
Corporis & facies immaculata tuæ.
Quum tua probroso sordescat crimine fama,
Sordeat & nomen tempus in omne tuum.
Mentis erat virtus, pietasq; perenda; sine illâ
Forma bonum fragile est, & nisi fucus iners.

W I N T E R.

February or Epitaphs on the dead.

Of David the most holy King of Israel.

I The sweete singer once in *Israel*
Who lov'd these songs, which lik'd Almighty well,
Who danc'd before the Arke in peoples sight,
Accounted therefore by my *Michal* light:
I made Harpe, Timbrell, Lute, my whole delight,
Heav'ns harmony, my joy both day and night;
Yet sometimes on my couch these joyes did turne,
In floods of teares, and I did sadly mourne:
As in all things, so in the godly heart
Sorrow and joy by course doe play their part;
Sometimes the heart is calme and sweetely still,
When God the soule doth with his presence fill;
Sometimes in deadly sorrow it is drown'd,
And then no gracious presence can be found.
Be not cast downe good soule, how e're it goe;
If thou be sad, it shall not still be so.

Of Absalom the fairest of Israel.

Thou *Absalom* great *Israels* beauty rare.
What did availe thy shape, and feature faire,
What profit made thy lockes and weighty haire,
Thy eyes with which the starres could well compare;
Thy comely cheekes, thy lips vermilion red,
As lillies doe decore the roses bed,
Thy iv'ry shoulders and thy snow-white necke,
Thy youthfull grace which did thy body decke;
Thy dainty armes with their embracements sweete,
Thy body without blemish all compleat?
If now reprochfull vice doth brand thy fame,
And leudnesse of thy life disgrace thy name.
The vertue of the mind thou shouldst have sought,
For beauty, without that, is painting thought.

HYEMS.

Februarius, sive Mortuorum Februa.

Salomonis sapientissimi & ditissimi Israelitarum Regis.

Ille ego sum Salomon, *cujus sapientia metans
Divitiæ cujus non habuere modum.
Omnia qui nōram, cedrosque, hederasque sequaces,
Saxorum argenti copia adinstar erat.
Orbis & extremis mea fama vocavit ab oris
Reginam, testis quæ foret ipsa mei.
Venit, me vidit, suspexit, deinde beavit
Turbam quæ mense tunc famulata mee est.
Omnia quæ humane poterant contingere sortū,
Nostra fuere; decus, gloria, splendor, opes.
Omnia at inveni, quæ sublunaria, vana,
Vota hominum sensu fluxa, caduca, nihil.*

FINIS.

W I N T E R.

February, or Epitaphs on the dead.

Of Solomon the wisest and richest King of Israel.

I Once the Solomon, who did excell
In wit, in riches had no paralell,
Who did from Cedars to the Ivy know,
Whose plenteous silver did like flaitestones goe,
Whose glorious fame a Queene brought from the South,
That she a witnesse might be of the truth.
She came, and saw, and wonderd, and did say,
That those were happy, who did with me stay,
I had alone, which all their owne doe call,
Riches, and honour, pleasure, I had all :
Yet I did find all under Sunne to be
Mor tall, fraile, brittle, and but vanity.

Or *שֵׁן אֵיבֹן יָדָהּ*.

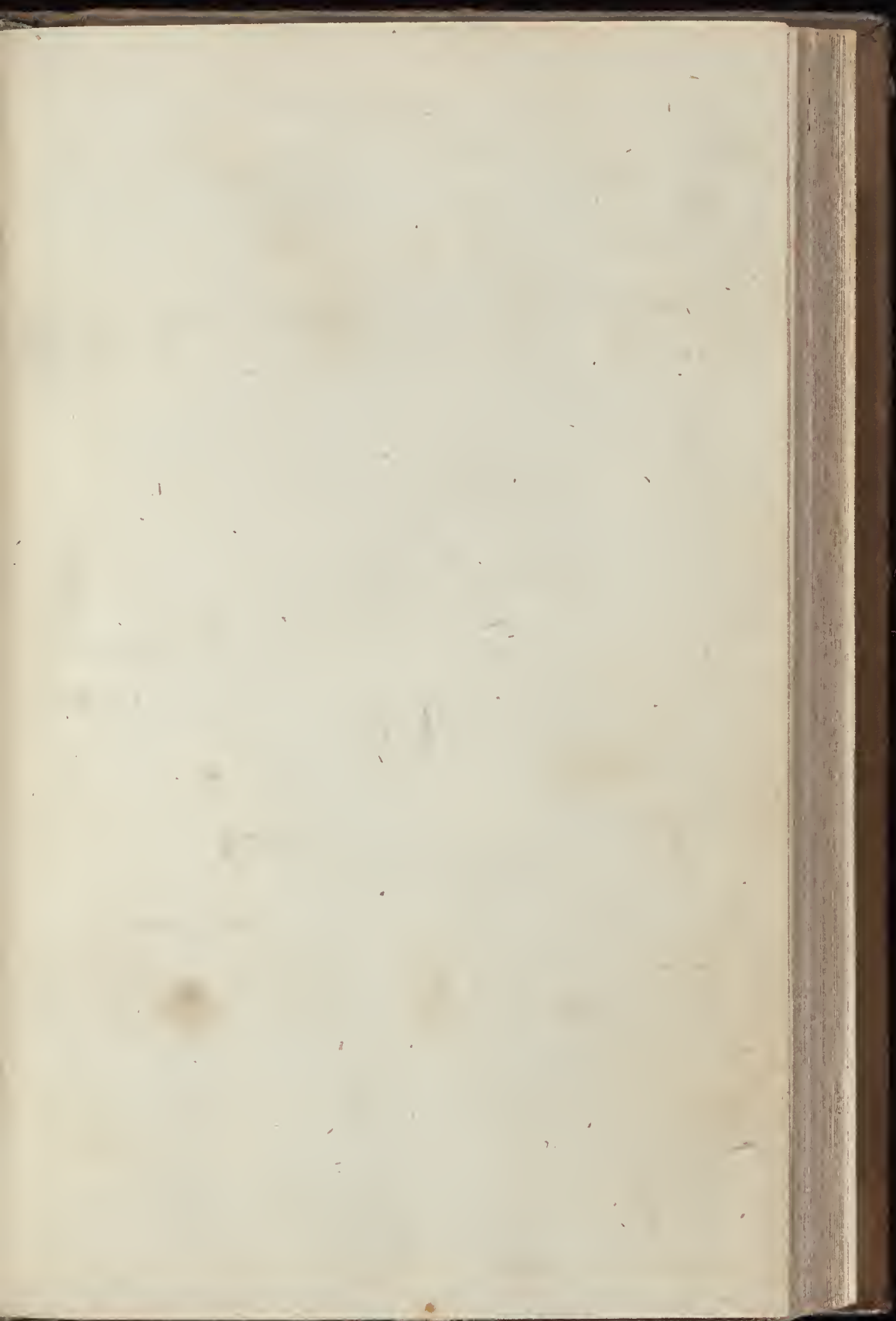
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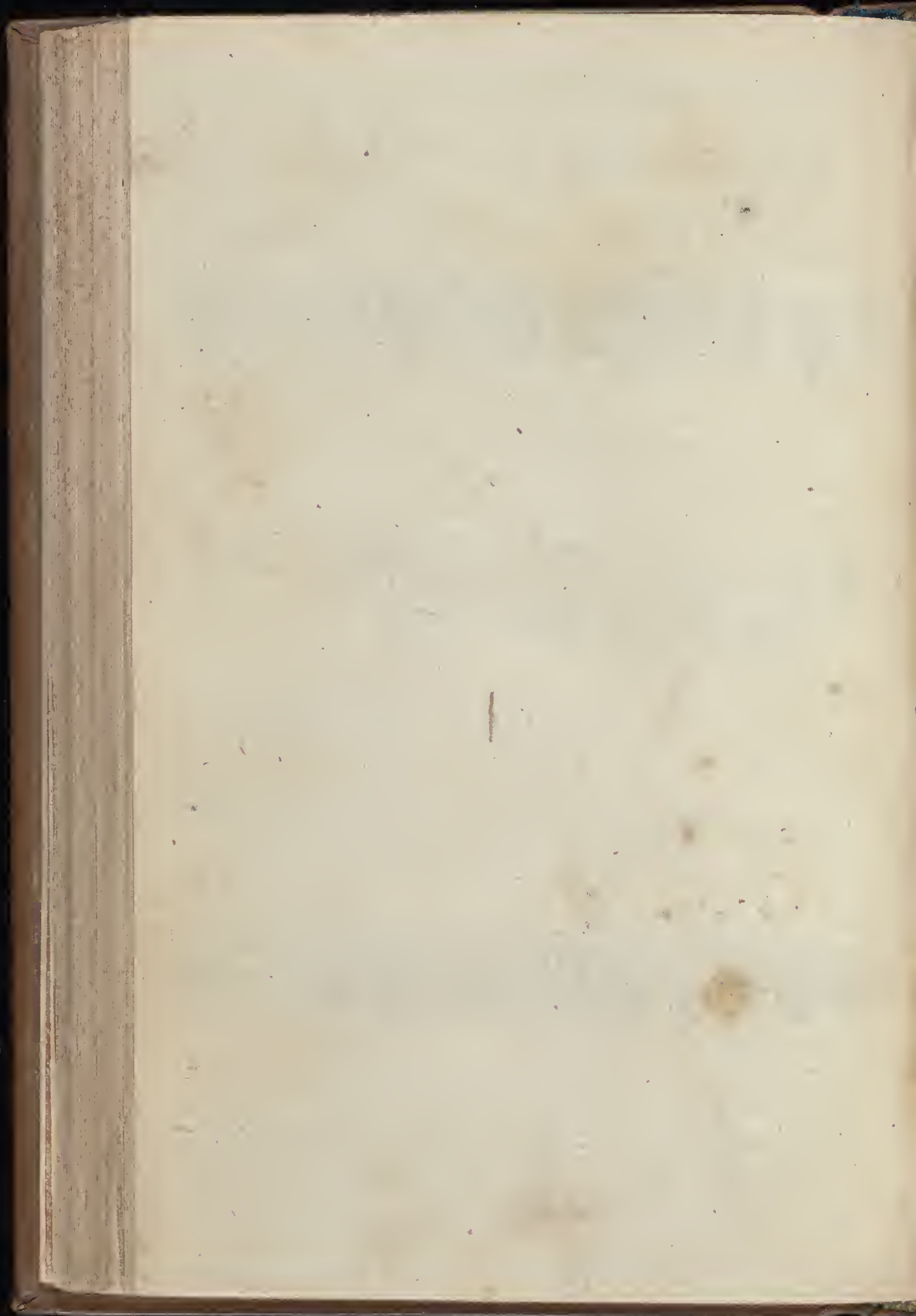


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