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AMANDA

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AMANDA,

A

SACRIFICE

To an Unknown

GODDESSE,

OR,

A Free-will Offering

Of a loving Heart to a

Sweet-Heart

By NICHOLAS HOOKES

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A Free-will Offering

Of a loving Heart to a

Sweet-Heart.

By *N. H.* of Trinity-Colledge in *CAMBRIDGE.*

Unus & alter
Forsitan hæc spernet juvenis —
Sed quisquis es accipe chartas,
Scribe. —


LONDON, Printed by *T. R.* and *E. M.* for *Humphrey Tuckey*, at the signe of the black *Spread-Eagle*, near *St. Dunstons Church.* 1653.





To the Honourable
EDWARD MOUNTAGUE
SONNE and HEIRE Apparent
TO THE
Honours, Estate and Vertues
Of the Right Honourable
E D W A R D
LORD MOUNTAGUE,
BARON of Boughton.

S I R ,

T may be happily guest I am Planet-struck, and deeply in love with some red and white rarity ; I confesse *Beautie* is a delectable *philtre*, especially when the glances of the eyes are amorous ; I know *love* is both *Febris Diaria* and *Hectica* : but I thank

ix

my

The Epistle Dedicatory.

my Starres, I never as yet felt those *Ephemeral* Fevers ; I have had as few fits, and as gentle *Paroxysmes* of such hearty Agues, as it is possible for flesh and blood in the like temper to conceive ; I am neither Atheistical nor Superstitious, neither hot nor cold : I give the world leave to conclude me tepid and luke-warm, and shall take the like freedome in conjectures of my next neighbours constitution and motions : But say I were wounded, and *Cupids* shaft stuck fast in my liver, I should think my self in no respect blameable, but that I stood in the way, and this may passe for a childes fault : Besides, *Amanda* is more tempting then ordinary, and (as much as her sexe admits) like *your selfe*, good and beautiful ; I mean not the issue of my fancie, for then I should not only basely fall in love with my own off-spring, but commit a *Solæcism*, worse then that of Incest, in the comparison of things, which make no more approach to an equality of

x

strength,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

strength, then taplash and the best *Nectar* of the Grape; It is *Amanda* my *Dear Mistris*, that bright lamp of *beauty* and goodnesse, which vies perfections with the best constellated *goddesse*, that ever was deified by the most amorous *Enthusiast*, and beyond all, with the admirable *Idea* of your person. She it is, in whom I love and worship your picture, in whose likenesse I adore you. And in truth, I think my *Religion* in this transcendently reasonable to that of the common *Catholique*, whose best devotions have not more zeal, but lesse sense, and not half so lively a resemblance of a *Seraphical* being. Had I *Vandikes* pencil, I durst not give a draught of your person, I must of necessity forbear that to keep the best and most chaste *Madams* from longing; As for your high-borne soul, we can only see the *Sunne* in the water by some reflexe beames, it is too gloriously resplendent, and dazles our

The Epistle Dedicatory.

weak eyes, if we gaze on it in its fiery chariot, whose horses are flames trapped with rayes, whose wheeles are lightning without ratlings of thunder, and whose driver is a bright Angelical *Intelligence*, ever darting irresistible flashes of *Beautie*: I will not undertake to sound a Triumph of your Vertues, unlesse my trumpet were silver, and I my self more blab-cheek't, that the report and *Echo* of your name, which hereafter I am confident wil run mazes in the meanders of mens ears, might be clearer, stronger and more lasting. Yet as short-winded as I am, I cannot but venture at one blast, and I dare sound it boldly. Neither is *your Honour* nor Estate, (though you stand richly possest of both) equivalent to your *Beautie*, nor the incomparable Fabrick of your body, (from which a *Tytian* might learn proportion) sufficiently answerable to the complexion of your soul, which the best *Prin-*
xii *cesse,*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

cesse, might securely take for her *tutelar genius*, and the most religious Zealot for his *good Angel*. And if this be not a publick and more general Confession, the world hath not eyes enough to esteem you at your worth. It is no matter whether I call it want of judgement or over-sight; those fine sober things which the world termes discreet, may be a little guiltie of both.

But to give you the main reason of this present to your *Honour*, beside the many private obligations, which enforce me; I know none a more competent Judge in *Poesie* then your self. You have surveyed more ground in the sweet *Tempe* of the *Muses*, and to better purpose, then many who have walk't *Parnassus*, as often as Duke *Humphreys* spider-catchers do *Pauls*, only to tell steps, and take the height of a cob-web fancie. You might better have writ man at fifteen, then not a few; (and those of no

The Epistle Dedicatory.

mous Court-wit for her father.

Sir, though my sweet *Amanda* dare not venture abroad to see her friends without you, and your presence be the best of any I know, to make way for a Lady, yet she presumes not to take so *Honourable* a personage for a Gentleman-Usher, or one with broad shoulders to thrust aside the croudes and throngs of censures she shall meet with in her walks ; But being yet childish, and not able to go alone, she humbly kisses the hands of her most noble *Guardian*, in whose armes the little Moppet loves to be dandled, and shewn out at the window. Indeed she is so much an Infant, that were not the face of a *Godfather*, in these *Anabaptistical Antichristian* times, worn quite out of fashion, I should have made bold to call your *Honour* to the Font ; Many a poor man hath had (witness *Charles Murrey* the Cripple) his *Majestie* the *King* himself, (some would have said, *God blesse him good*
xvi *man*)

The Epistle Dedicatory.

man) for his Gossip. But I most of all wish the *Sponsalia* were at hand, you might affiance and betroth *my Dearest*, (I know whom) to him who never knowes sufficiently how to expresse himselfe, what he is ever ambitious to be

The Humblest and Most Faithful
amongst your Honours
most devoted Servants,

N. HOOKES.



To the Author upon his *Amanda*.

Courage, (my friend,) boldly assay the stage,
Maugre the uncouth humours of the age,
Though wit th' unsavoury thing be out of date,
And judgement triumph in the fancies fate,
Poetry's heresie, and schisme pure,
(As is *free-will* or humane literature.)
Yet shall thy Mistresse thaw the Stoicks breast,
And prove *Amanda* to discretions test.
But doubtful whether Muse or Mistresse be,
The faire *Amanda* that is meant by thee ;
Resolv'd that though thy Madam lovely be,
She paints t' inhance her endlesse tyrannie.
Hadst thou (without a rithme) said, *Good and Faire*,
Th' hadst matcht the highest loves that couchant are
In mortal breasts, thy zeal forgetting bound,
Has quite o'reshot loves landmarke, and gains
(ground
On admiration, dull without desire,
As without warmth the elemental fire :
The famous *Grecian* beauty's stolen face,
And most choice borrow'd parts fell short of grace,
She had been more then the intended she,
Had she but filch't *Amanda's* Poetrie.
I'le not assesse thy merits, wise men soon

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Will judge thee worthy, and for this thy boon
Each *Amarado-Proselyte* of thine
Pays his devotion to *Amanda's* shrine.
But if to please lesse knowing men seem safe,
Raile at *Socinus* in a *Paragraph* :
Confute *Arminius* in *English* phrase,
So shall dull men yield suffrage to thy praise.

M. P.
Midd. Temp. Gent.

To



To the most ingenious Authour upon his excellent
Poems.

THE Presse growes honest, and in spite of fate,
Now teems a Wit, that is legitimate :
No thundring *Muse*, although *Joves* daughter still,
Drawing smooth lines 'twixt th' hornes of *Parnasse*-
And yet so strong, that with these nervs I know (hill
Cupid will henceforth string's triumphant bowe.
Doubt not (*sweet friend*) the Infant-Archer will
Brag that his shafts are feather'd from thy quill.
Within thy book an harmlesse *Venus* moves,
Yet gen'rous, drawn as anciently by Doves ;
Nor dost thou make her sonne obscenely speak,
A bowe though *Cupid's* too much bent may break
Thou art not like those wits, whose numbers jump,
Not with *Apollo's* Lyre, but *Flora's* trump.
Thou drink'st to th' bottome of the Muses flood
Fam'd *Helicon*, and yet canst shun the mud.
Thy fancie's steadie, not like those that rove
Thorow *Arabia*, then to th' *Indies* move,
To fetch in jests, but when the totall's come,
Alas, *Caligula* brings cockles home.
Thy book's thine own, so rare a Muse 'twas fit
Should not be periwigg'd with dead mens wit.
Yet lives their *genius* in thee : true it is,
Arts have a kinde of *metempsychosis*.

R. MOYLE.
Trin. Col. Soc.



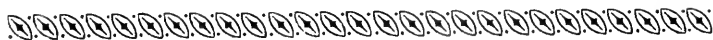
Upon his ingenious friend's most ingenious
Poeme, intituled *Amanda*.

I Am mistaken, 'tis not he,
Though Doctour of loves Harmonie ;
The Musick of all *Plato's* blisse,
But a *Prælude* was to this.
Sure 'tis some nobler *genius*, one
That teaches him perfection
In's Song, whilst he was penning it,
His lips drop't honey as he writ.
Nay tis more heav'nly, more divine,
Sweet *Nectar* flowes from ev'ry line,
Whil'st he did quaffe the *gods Canarie*.
An *Angel* was his *Secretarie*.

'Tis pure, although not sanctifi'd,
Clean gold, and current, though untri'd,
A piece as full of beauty, as
The Authors fairest object was.
Nor lesse inimitable then
That mirrour, which if ever seen,
Never exprest by th'best conceit,
For who can reach his fancies height :
It makes a question whether she
Or it, be th' greatest raritie.
Such as some think soar'd above,
And took from thence this grace for love ;
No, no, it hover'd 'bout his minde,
Amanda there a Heav'n will finde.

A pretty pertly *Cupid* here,
 A *Cherubim* residing there.
 Love with all her glory waiting,
 And thus innocently prating,
 As if that were a wile to balk
 The *Justice* to do nought but talk.
 Reade him you must, admire him too,
 Courting *Amanda*, he'l winne you.

C. IRETON,
of Trin. Col. Cambr.



To his Honoured friend the Author up-
 on his *Amanda*.

Who'e're shall ask what these rude lines do
 (here,
 Tell him *Amanda* may black patches weare,
 Faire *Amanda*, whom if I name, my heart,
 As if I'd sinn'd in naming, feels the smart
 Of hers, not *Cupids* arrow, *Reader* please
 To turn the leafe, thou'lt catch the same disease,
 We're all in love (*Dear Sir*) who e're you see,
 Know it, he is or will your rival be ;
 The world's grown love-sick, and may seem to prove,
 Your wit hath been injurious to your love.

There's none shall read *Amanda*, but ev'ry line,
(*Heavens!*) *ten thousand worlds that she were mine!*
She's sure too good to be enjoy'd (but I)
Oh that I might but see her once, and die!
Is't not some *goddesse* [that having long desir'd]
At length hath stoll'n from Heav'n to be admir'd?
To love her 'tis presumption, wish I cou'd
That I were better, she not quite so good:

Go boy, go sleep, *Cupid* unbend thy bowe,
Break all thy darts, thou'st lost thy trading, go,
Turn Physician, if again thou'dst be
A heart-wounder, study *Loves remedie*.

What meant you, Sir, to set the land on fire?
Some wish, some hope, some envie, some desire;
I pray the gods (let me not pray in vain)
Enjoy your *love*, and put us out of pain;
Amanda deserves the best, 'tis as true,
There's none deserves *Amanda's* love but you.

But let her still retain her name, that all
May her *Amanda*, you *Amandus* call.

THO. ADAMS.
Trin. Coll. D.



To my deserving friend the Author upon his excellent Poeme Amanda.

I Lov'd thee Dearly, it would soon be guest
That I thus boldly croud up to be prest
Amongst thy Giant friends, though he that will
Draw thee to th' life must needs have thine owne
For who durst boast he could have limm'd so well,
As thou hast done thy truest parallell
Amanda thou that *vertue* thus hast drest,
Do'st tell the world it lived in thy breast ;
If any yet objecting say, no one,
Thou knew'st ingross't so much perfection,
Thy only subject then they'l plainly finde,
Could be no other then thy vertuous minde,
From which rich wardrobe thou canst eas'ly spare,
Enough to deck and furnish the most rare ;
I've done, for none can reach thy Poems worth,
Amanda wants no foiles to set her forth.

J. A. Gent.



The Author to the READER.

HEav'n blesse thy sweet face, for in troth, I know,
Though 't's ne'er so ugly, sweet thou think'st it
(though,

'Tis a good cast o' th' eye, thou'st look't upon
Things which brought here make no comparison :
Women love gazing eyes, Amanda (Sir)
Is such a toy, then pray now pleasure her ;
Perhaps she may seem beautiful, and then
I'm sure she'l please and pleasure you agen ;
He that cracks Opticks, and doth lose his sight
In viewing Beautie, is no loser by't ;
Oh what a sinner that poor mortal is,
That views and scannes his Maker's Artifice !
We draw from th' order this great world hath in't,
An Atheist-confuting Argument ;
Then sure in womens worlds so little and faire,
More forcing Logick, better Topicks are ;
Why is't w' admire th' Apostles i' th' cherrie stones,
Traduskin shewes, but 'cause they're little ones ?
Who knowes, whil'st he at female Beauties stares,
But he may see an Angel unawares ;
Howe'er 'tis not unlikely he may move,
If she be kinde, into a Heav'n of love ;
Yet I'le not make a Stoick an Amorato,
No, I shall leave him still to reade his Cato,
Some fine grave head, there be, whose brains are adle,

[A carelesse Nurse 'twas crack't their skulls i'th'
(Cradle)]

Whose dull old wrinkled brow, and rotten tooth,
Accept of nothing that is faire and smooth,
By whom my harmlesse lines will termed be,
Nought lesse then speculative adulterie,
But age and eating crabs, must needs excuse
Their doting, peevisish humours, to my Muse :
Some new-found changeling Saints, with looks
Rolling the goggles of their bloodshed eyes, (precise,
Will call Amanda light and trull, and scorn her,
Yet reade her o're, and kisse her in a corner.

But how the things call'd wits will fling about,
To see my paultrie Mistresse new come out !
Oh these are angrie beasts they'l kick and throw,
Ware hornes, my Dear, or up thy smock will go.
Troth rather then their flings we will endure,
We'l get some flie-flaps for their gad-flies sure :
Yes, yes, wits wanton humours to prevent,
We'l shortly have an Act of Parliament.

You noble, Civil soules, whoe're you be
Whose modest, frolick ingenuitie
Cleanseth your hearts from self-conceit and gall,
If on Amanda you but smile, and call
Her faire, may you finde Mistresses as good
As I can fancie, real flesh and blood.



The Authour to the Ladies.

Great and faire Madams, you whose star-like eyes,
Sunne-burn the world, and do mock the skies :
You Constellations, who are never seen,
But w' are half blinded, had your Beautie been
Where Hero's blinking Conduct taper stood,
To guide Leander sculling through the flood,
Ne'er had he lost his way for want of light,
He'd swum by day, though he had swum by night :
Confest, you might have vail'd, but then your praise
Were lost, true Beautie scornes to mask its rayes :
Therefore Amanda comes with open face,
Daring to vie this feature, or that grace,
With the most heav'nly sweetest lovely, she
That deserves duel : Ladies, pardon me,
And pardon her, she only blushing stands
To mingle lilies with your lillie hands.

ERRATA.

PAge 28, line 6, *To Amanda his friend desiring him, &c.* for *On Amnnda his friend desiring him, &c.* p. 88. v. 6. *down my staires* for *down staires*, p. 94. l. 3, *È è contra*, pro *ut è contra*, p. 160, l. 1, *putres cambucâ inguines*, pro *putris cambucam inguinis*. p. 162, *fsaeessie* pro *fracescis*. p. 128, *notho* pro *noto*. p. 129. *It à* pro *It*, & *uis* pro *fuit*, in the Epist. Dedic. *blab-cheek't* for *blub-cheek't*.



A M A N D A .

Beautie.



BEAUTY is *Nature's*, and the *Woman's*
glory,

The loudest *Emphasis* in the story
Of *female* worth and praise, the *Alphabet*
Where *love* doth *spell* it's first desire,

The field where red and white are met
To mingle wonder ; 'tis the match,
The spark and tinder, which doth quickly catch
And light the fire
O'th' lamp of love,
Which flames within the eyes
Of those who towards *Cupids Altar* move
To offer up their *hearts* in *sacrifice*.

2.

Beautie's an honest kinde of sorcerie
It hath a sweet bewitching facultie ;

B

It

It is the sauce doth tempt loves appetite,
 Which to intemperance it doth oft incite,
 Till it provoke a lustful gluttonie
 Beyond the satisfaction of the eye ;
Love is but *Beauties* creature,
 It hath its being from its Makers feature ;
 'Tis *Beautie* deifies
 The *goddesse Woman*,
 She whom we now so idolize ;
 Without it, would be ador'd by no man.

3.

Beautie is *Magick* works by *qualities*
 Are lesse *occult*, how it doth *charme* the eyes
 Is visible, but ne're enough : for still
 The more 'tis seen and view'd, more lovely 'twill
 Appear, and tempt with stronger Argument
 Then the first glances rais'd, i'th' cast
 Of punie thoughts and fancies, till at last
 It breeds a discontent
 I'th' other senses, which all mutinie,
 (Starv'd in the surfet of the eye)
 To share in its delight,
 And never lin
 Till they are slain, or fairely win
 The place where *Beauties* flags to love invite.

4.

Both eyes were made for *Beautie* purposely,
 The most delightful object we can see,
 'Tis that gilds *Cupid's* wings, and makes the boy
 Be entertain'd with extasies of joy ;

'Tis

'Tis the best kinde of Natures handicraft,
 Her choicest piece of pencil-work, her draft
 In colours to the life, suppose
 The spotlesse *lilie* and the *rose*,
 Should blend their *damask* and their *snow*,
 The mixture which doth flow
 From their embrace,
 Is *Beauty* in its pride and state,
 Which (ne're till then) I spi'd of late
 In the rare features of *Amanda's* face.

L O V E .

I.

Love is that harmony doth sympathize
 Betwixt two soules tun'd *Diapason*-wise ;
 'Tis waking mans most pleasant dream, delight
 And comfort, makes day passe as sleep doth night,
 'Tis the best part of Heav'n man hath on earth,
 And heav'n in heav'n 'twill be
 Nothing but *lovely*, *loving* souls to see
 Souls mingling *loves*, *love* getting *love* i'th' birth.

2.

Love is the *Gordian knot*, which once unti'd
 Or cut, gives way to th' *Tyrant Victors* pride ;
 'Tis honest *Cupid's Atlas* of the world ;

Into a *Chaos* all things would be hurl'd,
 Were't not for *love*, the peoples hate
 Or *love*, make or undo
 The best of *Kings* and *Kingdomes* too :
Love is the moving sinew of the *State*.

3.

Where it is absent, nothing present is,
 But *envie*, *hatred*, *malice*, *jealousies*,
Deceit and *baseness*, whence are alwayes born
Horror and *anguish*, *grief*, *despight* and *scorn*,
Mischief, *revenge* and *wrath*, which do torment,
 Distract and teare the heart,
 Gripe, and unhinge the man in ev'ry part,
 Till all his bowels burst, and life be spent.

4.

Love is our *Empresse*, all that beauteous be
 Are maids of *Honour* to her *Majestie*,
 Yet *Love* to *Beauty* often Presents brings,
 Presented by the hands o'th' greatest *Kings* ;
 And 'tis no wonder *Love* this course doth take,
 That th' Mistris thus should see
 Her maids, 'tis pretty ridling Usurie,
 For *Love* bribes *Love*, for *Love* and *Beauties* sake.

5.

Love is our *Governesse*, me thinks on high
 I see her, greatest *goddesse* in the skie,
 Sitting and holding all in chaines ; I see
 She labours hard, that all things joyn'd may be
 To their most proper objects ; but base *spight*,
 Her *black Antagonist*,

By

By man and th' *devils* help, whom e're she list,
Forces to deeds of *discord*, *sinne* and *night*.

6.

Love is mans health and food, a wealthie feast
Where *Beautie* oft hath made great *Jove* her guest,
Then *my Dear*, fairer then the *fairest she*,
Amanda shall be courted by *Divinity*,
If in her sacred *love* she prove devout,

With all the viand-joyes that be
In *Love*, she shall be fed eternally,
Angels themselves shall set the banquet out.

Against Platonick Court-Love

I.

NO greater comfort to well-minded men,
Then 'tis to *love* and be belov'd agen :
And this sweet *love* hath *goodnesse* for its *mother*,
On which one *love* doth still beget another ;
Though *beautie* nourish *love*, and make it grow,
Love feeds on other food,
Which is as pleasant, and as highly good ;
From other richer sweeter springs doth flow.

2.

Love several cells i'th' wombe, and Cradles hath,
To breed and rock, it's *Cupids* in ; the path
Wherein, with close desire it doth pursue,
The started object may be divers too ;

B 3

But

But who the same hare chase, their *loves* do hit,
 And ever meet in this :
 What e're their feigned speech and progresse is,
 All i' th' same sent do hunt and follow it.

3.
Loves of one rise, ne're differ in their end,
 What ever *Lovers* in their *love* pretend,
 Making blinde *Cupid* nothing else but eye,
 'Tis counterfeit, false, cheating modestie,
 Whil'st superficial *beauty* strikes the eyes
 The Consort heart-strings move,
 And play, within a tempting fit of *love*
 To ev'ry sense ; *love* it self multiplies.

4.
 'Tis of a spreading nature, not content
 To be at stands, till all its strength be spent ;
 It is a pleasant itch, infects the blood,
 Still gathers heat, whilst it receives its food ;
 It cannot rest i'th' eye, the senses do
 Mingle joyes, what e're we see
 And like, if sweet and edible it be,
 Surely, we have some minde to eate it too.

5.
 'Tis true, I know sometimes we use to play,
 With fruit that's pleasing to the eye, and say,
 'Tis pittie troth to eat them, they're so faire,
 So often keep them till they rotten are,
 Yet the teeth water while they rotting lie ;
 But *love* provides for you

To eat your apple and have it too :
Cloy th'appetite, and after feast your eye.

6.

Is *Admiration love* ? 'tis nothing so,
'Tis but *loves Herauld*, which before doth go
To usher in that *Regent Queen* to th' heart,
Its Palace-royal ; only acts the part
Of *loves Scenographer*, to pitch the tent
In that *Elysian field*,
Where it *encamps* ; the *Ensigne* who doth wield
And flourish *beauties* flags of ornament.

7.

Platonick love ! 'tis monstrous heresie,
Would scare an *Adamite*, in's innocencie :
No *Eunuch* holds it, but where e're he likes
And loves the bait, at least in wish he strikes ;
And curses him that blanch't him so ; the *Nun*
When she can please her eye,
Though her vow curb her thoughts, yet happily
She wishes all that might be done, were done.

8.

Platonick love, if *love* it call'd may be,
Is nothing elfe but lust in 'ts infancie ;
Lust in the wombe of thought, which staves not there,
(If thought miscarry not through startling fear,)
But comes abroad and lives, doth act and move
To reach its centre-end ;
And in the birth, (both which the childe commend,)
Fancie is Midwife, *Beauty Nurse* to *Love*.

9.

Love only plac't in *Admiration* !
 Complacencie in *Contemplation* !
Love and no *Cupid* ! It can never be,
 To fancie *beautie* is thoughts *venerie* :
 'Tis new-borne childish *lust*, which puling lies,
 Like th' babe more innocent
 I'th' Cradle then the standing stool, where pent
 It gads, and at each pleasing object flies.

10.

Love flowes like *time*, our motions cause and measure ;
 What's past is lost ; the life of all our pleasure,
 Is in our present instant joy ; but yet
 As thoughts of past injoyments do beget
 New hopes, and those new hopes get new desire,
 Which differs not, but is all one
 With lustful *love* and fond devotion,
 So last nights sparks kindle the morning fire.

11.

Nor doth a glance only a glance beget,
 One lookes gets *love*, the next doth nourish it,
 And so the next, and next, and th' other doth,
 Till it attain and rise to 'ts perfect growth :
 I must confesse *love* may be starv'd, or fed
 With *dazie* roots or so,
 But let it take its course, 'twill surely grow
 To flames, and though't must lose its maiden-head.

12.

If *beauty* do but once inslave the eyes,
 It straight takes captive all the *faculties* ;

The

The *Soul* invites the *senses* to a feast,
 Wishing the *object* would allow each *guest*
 The *dish* it liketh most, it would employ
 (If nothing hinder from without)
 Contrive, and lay its utmost powers out
 T' enrich it selfe with *loves* most wealthie joy.

13.

Affection is not fed to please one sense,
 'Tis ne're maintained at so high expence
 Of spirits, to so small and poor intents,
 As t' have a thing to please with complements :
 In such *love-masques*, what e're we speak or do,
 Surely there is some promise made
 [Which *hopes* and *fancie* easily perswade]
 That we shall please our other *senses* too.

14.

That *love* Camelion-like can live by aire
 Of womens breath, without some better fare ;
 That man can love, and yet confine his blisse
 To th' outside kickshaw pleasure of a *kisse*,
 Nay, be surpriz'd with such thin joyes as these,
 And like them too ; yet wish no more,
Platonick love ! Say *Plato* kept a whore,
 And lost his smell-smock nose by th' *French* disease.

15.

Well my *Amanda*, 'tis no glance o'th' eye
 I court thee for, that will not satisfie ;
 'Tis not the pretty babies there I praise,
 As if to *love* were nothing but to gaze ;
 No, guesse the best ; that *love* what e're it be,

Chaste,

Chaste, lawful, clean, sincere,
 And without smoke, if it be any where ;
 'Tis, 'tis *Amanda* betwixt thee and me.

A Mistris.

A *Mistris* is not what the *fancie* makes her,
 But what her *vertue* and her *beautie* speaks her ;
 She is a jewel, which a rich esteem
 Values below its worth, she doth not deem
 Each *servant* mad in love, but reconciles
 Their feares and hopes, she only smiles
 When others laugh and giggle ; her lips severe
 And close, as if each kisse a promise were :
 Fresh as the blossomes of the *Apple-tree*,
 Sweet in the perfumes of *Virginitie* :
 She puts a price on *love* ; not proudly coy,
 But modest in returnes ; the life of joy
 Which she conceives, i'th' thought o'th' *nuptial bed*,
 Is not the losing of her *Maiden-head*,
 Or some such ticklish point, but to unite
 And knit her *Bridegrooms* soul in the delight
 Of a close twine, and when their lips do greet,
 She mingles flesh, that heart with heart may meet.
 She's wary in her gift and choice, but yet
 Like an *enchanted Lady* doth not set,
 Making her *Lover* a *green-armour-Knight*

In a *Romance-adventure*, who must fight
 With monstrous giants, and with conqu'ring hand
 Win her from a *fantastick-fairie-land* ;
 No she's discreetly chaste, not fond of *love*,
 Nor cruel in her frownes ; her heart doth move
 Poys'd with her *servants* worth, and the advice
 Of her *good friends* ; she's neither cold as ice,
 Nor yet inflam'd ; she's neat and delicate,
 Yet not lascivious in her dresse ; her gate
 Tempting, yet not affected, it hath more
 Of *nature* than the *dance* ; her cast o'th' eye
 Is amorous, yet not a glance doth flie,
 That hath a sparkle of lust ; she's all divine,
 And to be courted like a *Cherubin* :
 Such is *Amanda*, who deserves to be
Mistris in Cupids Universitie.

In praise of Amanda's beautie.

THE daring and most learned *Grotius* Writ,
 (I must not venture, though to credit it,)
 The book of *Canticles* was made in *love* :
Love to some tempting *beauty*, which did move,
 Turne and command the wisest *Solomons* heart,
 Forcing a *King* to play the *Courtiers* part :
 The little *foxes* which so much displease,
 In spoiling of his *Vine*, are little *fleas*,

Rude

Rude *fleas* which still leave freckles, where they stood
To suck the *Nectar* of a *Ladies blood* :

But who so e're that *royal* creature were,
Compar'd to all that's good beyond compare,
To whom that Prince the *Song of Songs* did sing,
Though to the *daughter* of th' *Egyptian King*,
Or some more lovely am'rous *Concubine*,
My faire *Amanda* who is more *divine*,
Can make *me*, if my heart *she* breath upon,
Court *her* beyond the *Critick's Solomon*.

His love to Amanda.

THere's nought like love that pleaseth me,
Love, love, *Amanda*, love to thee ;
My fancie hath no other theam,
Nor while I 'wake, nor while I dream ;
Not *gold*, that's made a *god* by men ;
Not *gold*, which makes men *gods* agen ;
Gold which makes men most sordidly,
To Mules and Asses bend the knee ;
Not *Honour*, *Glory*, or *Renown*,
To have my *name* flie up and down :
No *title of Worship* pleaseth me,
'Tis every *Beggars briberie* ;
I nothing will commit to *Fame*,
Only my *dear Amanda's* name ;
I only care to live with thee,

To

To live without thee death 'twill be :
 I envie not the Heirs delight,
 The *hound* in's course, the *hawke* in's flight
Love plays a better *game* with me,
 I alwayes *hawke* and *hunt* for thee ;
 I ne're frequent the *bowling green*,
 In those mad antick postures seen,
 Where in their *bowles* men court and pray,
 And curse and swear their time away :
 On what designe so e're I go,
 Whatever *bowle* it be I throw,
Amanda's hand doth *bias* it,
 She is the *Mistris* I would hit :
 If with thy *voice* thou blesse my eare,
 May *I* no other *Musick* hear ;
I'le never *drink* one drop of wine,
 May *I* but *sip* those *lips* of thine ;
I'le never go abroad to *feast* :
 Oh that *I* were thy constant *guest* !
 How gladly would *I* make on *you*,
 My *breakfast* and my *Beaver* too !
 On thee *I*'d alwayes *dine* and sup,
 Oh *I* could almost *eate* thee up !
 All night on thee might *I* be *fed*,
I supperlesse would go to bed :
 Thy sweetest *flesh* if *I* might *taste*,
 'Fore such a *feast* who would not *fast* ?
 No greater pleasure can *I* seek,
 Then 'tis to kisse thy *blushing cheek* :
 No further joy will *I* demand,

Then

Then 'tis to touch thy *lilie hand* ;
 My heart so lively ne're doth move,
 As when *I* heare thee call me *love* ;
 No *flowers* pleasant are to me,
 But *roses* which do smell of thee :
 The *primrose* and the *violet*,
 Which from thy brest their *odours* get ;
 No rich delights can please my eyes,
 With all their *colour'd* rarities ;
 But those that represent *my Faire*,
 Such as the matchlesse *tulips* are,
 Where *Beautie's* flourish't flags invite,
 I'th' purest streames of *red* and *white*.

Here, here, *Amanda*, take *my heart*,
 There's my soul where e're thou art :
 I'll be thy *Monarch*, thou to me
 A *Kingdom* and a *Queen* shalt be :
 I'll be the *Elme*, and thou the *Vine*
 About me close shall twist and twine ;
 And whil'st *my Dear* like th' *Ivie* cleaves,
 The *Oak* shall bend to kisse her leaves ;
 I'll be thy *Landlord*, and content,
 My body be thy *tenement* ;
 I'll be thy *Landlord*, and consent
 That thou with *kisses* pay me *rent* ;
 Then shall *I kisse* thee o're and o're,
 And daily *raise* my *rent* the more :

'Tis thee, *my Dear*, *I* love alone,
 No *beautie* drawes me but thine own ;
I ne're shall see, *I* ne're shall finde

Another so much to my minde ;
 Should I pick, and chuse, and cull
 Amongst a whole *Seraglio* full :
There's nought like love that pleaseth me,
Love, love, Amanda, love to thee.

To Amanda doubting her mortality.

I Cannot be an Atheist in my love ;
 And as the dull *Cretenses* did for *Jove*,
 Build thee a *Sepulchre*, no, *goddesse*, no ;
 I nee're shall weeping to thy *grave-stone* go,
 And beg thy lovely *ghost*, to represent
 To one short glance thy *beauties monument* ;
 Nor haunt the melancholy *tombes*, to try
 If my strong fancie can possesse my eye,
 With a blest *shadow*, like to thee my *Faire*,
 Drawing thy *portraiture* and *shape* i'th' aire ;
 Then gaze and wonder till my *soul* desert
 Its trembling *dust*, and where thou never wert,
 Flie t' an imbrace ; then look so long about,
 To finde my *fancies vanish't Consort* out ;
 Till my unruly *Atomes* dispossesse
 The *Agent* spirits of their *Gouvernesse* ;
 And me to *marble* feare do petrifie,
 Leaving my *hand* to write thy *Elegie* :
 No, these are dreams fit for an *Infidel*,
 Whose saucie *reason* doth 'gainst *faith* rebel ;

I'm

*I'm better taught, and with an Eagles eye,
 Admit the rayes of thy Divinity ;
 Diana bathes her in the purer Springs
 Of thy chaste blood ; and when Amanda sings,
 My greedy eares let chanting Angels in,
 And each notes Eccho calls thee Cherubin :
 Even at noon, thy blushing modestie
 Calls up Aurora ; Canst thou mortal be ?
 Then Venus and the graces too must die,
 For they're confin'd, and live within thine eye.*

A Sacrifice to Amanda.

1.

I Have an eye for her that's fair,
 An eare for her that sings,
 Yet don't I care
 For golden haire,
*I scorne the portion lech'ry brings,
 To bauty beautie I'm a churle,
 And hate though a melodious girle
 Her that is nought but aire.*

2.

*I have a heart for her that's kinde,
 A lip for her that smiles ;
 But if her minde
 Be like the winde,
 I'd rather foot it twenty miles,*

Then

Then kisse a lasse whose moisture reeks,
Lest in her clammie glew-pie cheeks
I leave my beard behinde.

3.

Is thy voice mellow, is it smart ?

Art *Venus* for thy *beautie* ?

If kinde and tart,

And chaste thou art,

Then am *I* bound to do thee dutie :

Though pretty *Mal*, or bonnie *Kate*,

Hast thou one haire *adulterate*,

I'm blinde, and deaf, and out of heart.

4.

Amanda, thou art *faire*, *well-bred*,

Harmonious, sweetly kinde ;

If thou wilt *wed*

My *Virgin-bed*,

And taste my *love*, thou 'rt to my minde ;

Take *hands*, *lips*, *heart* and *eyes*,

All are too mean a *sacrifice*

To th' *Altar* of thy *maiden-head*.

To Amanda putting flowers in her bosome.

TIs not the *pinck* *I* gaze upon,
Nor th' pleasant *Cowslip* *I* look on ;
No nor the lovely *violet*,
Shutting its *purple* Cabinet :

c

Nor

Nor the white *lilie* now and than,
 For envie looking pale and wan :
 Nor th' ruddie scarlet *damask rose*,
 Like thy *lips* where *Coral* growes ;
 Nor th' yellow *Caltha*, whose fair leaves,
 From thy bright *beauty day* receives ;
 That gilt *Sunne-dial* which doth catch
 And hug the *Sun-beames*, *Natures* watch,
 Which by its strange *horoscopie*,
 To the working whispering Bee,
 What time of day 'twas once did tell,
 Now like the pretty *Pimpernel*,
 When shut, when open it shall lie,
 Takes its direction from thine eye :
 No nor the *primrose*, though it be
 Modest, and simper too like thee :
 Which gladly spoiled of its balme,
 Mingled its moisture with thy palme,
 Ravish't this morning in its bed,
 Bequeath'd thy hand its *maiden-head*.

No, but the rarest of the bower,
Leap-up-come-kisse me, is the *flower* ;
 I look to see how that lookes proud
 Made in thy bosome *Cupids* shroud,
 Then whil'st you there those *flowers* strow,
 My love doth in Procession go ;
Cupid awakes, and is not dead,
 His *shroud's* a *garland* on his head ;
 Thou'dst make a *posie* fit for me,
 Oh that my hand might *gather* thee.

Or could those *flowers* leave me when they die,
 Those sweeter *flower-pots* a legacie.

To Amanda, over-hearing her sing.

HEark to the changes of the trembling aire !
 What Nightingals do play in *consort* there !
 See in the clouds the *Cherubs* listen yon,
 Each Angel with an Otocousticon !
 Hearn how she *shakes* the palsie element,
 Dwells on that *note*, as if 'twould ne'er be spent !
 What a sweet fall was there ! how she catch't in
 That parting aire, and ran it o're agen !
 In emulation of that dying breath,
Linnets would straine and sing themselves to death ;
 Once more to hear that melting *Eccho* move,
Narcissus-like, who would not die in love !
 Sing on sweet *Chauntresse* soul of melodie ;
 Closely attentive to thy harmonie :
 The Heavens check't and stop't their rumbling
 And all the world turn'd it self into *eares* ; (spheres,
 But if in silence thy race once appear,
 With all those jewels which are treasur'd there,
 And shew that beautie which so farre out-vies
 Thy voice ; 'twill quickly change its *eares* for *eyes*.

To Amanda Reading.

WHat Book or subject, *Fairest*, can it be,
 Which can instruct, delight or pleasure thee ?
 Poems ! Kisse me but once and I'le out-vie
 The Authors Master-piece of Poetrie ;
 And rather then not win and please thee in't,
 All the nine *Muses* shall be drest in print ;
 I'le quaffe *Pyrene* off, and write a line
 Shall charm *Amanda's* heart, and make her mine,
 I'le drink a *Helicon* of sack to thee,
 And fox thy sense with *Lovers stuponie*.

Reade on my *Fairest*, I am reading too,
 A better book, my Dear, I'm reading you ;
 A fine neat volume, and full fraught with wit,
 The womans best *Encomium* e're was writ ;
 Off of my *book* I never cast my eye,
 A *Scholar* I shall be most certainly ;
 Nay, who so er'e derives his learning hence,
 Doctor of Civil Court-ship may commence ;
 For who (my pretty Fancie) reades but thee,
 Reades o're a whole *Vatican* Librarie
 Of womans worth, most women in compare
 But Ballads, Pamphlets and Diurnals are :
 The life and beauty of Art and Learning is
 I'th' very *Preface* and the *Frontispice* ;
 If in my Study reade thee o're I might,

Oh

Oh *I* could con my lesson day and night ;
I and my book in all things treat of thee,
 Then prethy dedicate thy book to me ;
 Make me the binding to't, *I* only plead
I may be cover to the book *I* read.

On these my lines if e're thou chance to look,
 Reade me, *Amanda*, when thou read'st my book ;
 If in the print there any errors be,
 Accuse the carelessse *Presse*, and blame not me.

To Amanda leaving him alone.

What businesse calls thee hence, and calls not
 My businesse ever is to wait on thee ; (me ?
 Therefore where e're you go
I must go too
 What e're your businesse is,
 Bee't that or this :
 Yet still my businesse is to wait on you ;
 Nay prethy, my *Dearest*, why.
 So coy and shie ?
 Yes, yes, you'l come agen,
 But prethy when ?
 Here must *I* moap alone ;
 Whil'st you some other love,
 Or in your Cabinet above,
 Some letters doat upon,
 Which teach you how to say me nay ;

But know, *Amanda*, if too long you stay,
 My soul shall vanish into aire,
 And haunt and dodge thee ev'ry where.
 'Tis fit when thou tak'st *Heav'n* from me,
 Thou take at least my *soul* with thee.

A melancholly Fit.

SAd newes was sent me that a friend was dead,
 It dash't my braines, and my dull heavy head,
 Drowsie with thoughts of *death*, could hardly be
 Supported in its doleful agonie ;
Nature was lost, grief stop't, my circling blood,
 All things alike were ill, and nothing good ;
 Awak't I dream't, then round about *I* saw
 Death sable Curtains of confusion draw ;
 All things were black where e're I cast my eye,
 The wainscot walls mourn'd in dark Ebonie,
 My giddy fancie into th' earth did sink,
 I wept, and saw the clouds weep teares of ink ;
 Ruine and death me thoughts were penitent,
 And did in sheets and vailes their sinnes lament :
 Then ghosts and shades in mourning did I see,
 All threw *deaths*-heads, and dead mens bones at me ;
 But when the pale *Idea* of my friend
 Past by, I wish't my life were at an end ;
 And courting-night to shut my sullen eyes,
 In came *Amanda*, and did me surprise ;

Taught

Taught me to live in death, kist me, and then
Out of a *Chaos* made me man agen.

An Enthusiasm to Amanda feasting.

COME fill a glasse with the best blood o'th' Vine,
Troth it looks well ; 'tis a fresh vaulting wine :
A perfum'd Nectar, yet beyond compare,
Amanda's lips more brisk and lively are ;
See, see, here's pretty *Hebe* brings from *Jove*
A golden Cup fill'd to the brims in love !
Amongst the tipling *gods*, me thinks *I* see
Blithe purple-fac't *Augustus* drink to thee :
Come, ye *immortal Feasters*, quaffe it round,
With heads in stead of hats flung to the ground ;
Lay down your *godheads* in *idolatrie*,
Turne *Priests* to my *Amanda's Deity* ;
Ne'er fear to stoop and change your selves to *men*,
Amanda can create you *gods* agen.

To Amanda pledging him.

HOW the wine smiles, and as she sips,
Tempts her most sweet, coy, modest lips !
The Claret friskes, and faine it woo'd
Help its pale colour in her blood,

And mingling spirits hopes to be
 Within her *veines* immortallie ;
 I envie it perhaps for ever,
 It may dwell within her *liver* ;
 Howe're 'twill be conveighed at least
 Through the chaste cloysters of thy *breast*,
 And entertain'd before it part,
 In both the chambers of thy *heart* ;
 Oh might I too obtaine my *Faire*,
 Such friendly entertainment there :
 Most happy man then should I be,
 As thy *heart-blood is dear to thee*.

To Amanda drinking to him.

A Better Cordial Heaven cannot give,
 Sprinkle a dead man with't, 'twill make him live ;
 And force the soul, hudling its atomes up
 To a retreat only to kisse the Cup ;
 'Tis a soul-saving kindnesse, can recal
 Love to a frolick in its Funeral :
 My heart shall ne'er be sad more through despair,
 I feel a world of Heavens created there ;
 I conceive swarmes of *Cupids* newly born,
 To which *Amanda's* Midwife ; I'le be sworn,
 My flesh turnes all to *Cupids* ; here, and there
 How *I* engender *Cupids* ev'ry where !
 Still I teem *Cupid's* ; *Cupids* chaste and pure,

I shall be eaten up with *Cupids* sure ;
 On my chap't heart I feel them creep about,
 Like *Emmets* at their crannies in and out ;
 More and more *Cupids* still are borne anew,
 And all these *Cupids* are begot on you ;
 You are their *Mother-nurse* ; *Dear*, prethy then
 Drink to thy *Dearest* once agen.
 Then I'le be all o're *Cupids*, my best blood
 Shall be their drink, my heart their chiefest food ;
Cupids shall eate me whil'st thou drink'st to me.
 Eate whil'st *I* pledge thee too ; who would not be
 Meat for such pretty loving *wormes my Faire*,
 Such *loving wormes* as these sweet *Cupids* are ?
 Whil'st me their feast these *wormes*, these *Cupids* have,
Amanda shall *interre* me, she's my *grave*.

To *Amanda* not drinking off her wine.

I.

PIsh, *modest tipler*, to't agen
 My *sweetest joy*,
 The wine's not coy
 As women are ;
 My *Dearest puling*, prethie then,
 Prethie, *My Faire*,
 Once more bedew those lips of thine,
 Mend thy draught, and mend the wine.

2. Since

2.

Since it hath tasted of thy lip,
 (Too quickly cloy'd)
 How overjoy'd,
 It cheerfully
Invites thee to another sip !
 Me thinks I see
(The wine perfum'd by thee, my *Faire*,)
Bacchus himself is dabling there.

3.

Once more, dear soul, nay prethy trie ;
 Bathe that cherrie
 In the sherry ;
 The jocant wine,
Which sweetly smiles, and courts thy eye,
 As more divine.
Though thou take none to drink to me,
Takes pleasure to be drunk by thee.

4.

Nay, my *Fair*, off with't, off with't clean ;
 Well I perceive
 Why this you leave,
 My love reveales,
And makes me guess what 'tis you mean,
 Because at meales
My lips are kept from kissing thee,
Thou need'st must *kisse the glasse* to me.

 To Amanda upon her smile.

HOW in the joy of strength me thinks I finde,
 Armies of pleasures troop and storme my mind !
 How with a Giants armes *I* could embrace,
 And closely clasp my sweet she *Boniface* !
Amanda gave a pleasant glance, and while
 Her flowrie lips bloom'd in the modest smile,
 Winter withdrew, I felt a forward spring,
 As when great *Birtha* doth *Elixir* bring,
 To drench the boughs, which by her Chymistrie,
 Mantles i'th' blossomes of the Apple-tree,
 Stil'd from the cloysters of the spungie earth ;
 Dead drunk I was, and all embalm'd in mirth ;
 Heaven past through my soul ; th' *Elysian* fields,
 Are but mere shadowes of the joy it yields :
 My heart-strings move in tune, to its *Almains*
 My panting breast keeps time ; through all my veins,
 Bubling in wantonness, now here, now there,
 My fresh blood frisks in circles every where :
 Thus in the Court the fawning Favourite,
 When from the King his Master he can get
 One pleasing look, with vigour tuggs and hales,
Hope and *Ambition* hoist his full-cheek't sailes
Top and *top-gallant*-wise, worth or no worth
 Into preferments Ocean lancheth forth,
 Thus the blithe Merchant, when with even train,

His

His wealthie vessel glides through th' marble main,
Hugs his good fortune, and begins to sport,
While *Neptune* kindly laughs him to the Port,
Propitious lights which at my birth did shine !
My *starres* speak dotage in this smile of thine.

To Amanda *his friend, desiring him
to fall to.*

A Thousand thanks, *good Sir*, thanks for your
(cheer,
And this good signe of welcome to your feast ;
If you observe your guest,
How heartily he feeds
On *these delicious viands here* :
You'l finde his love no invitation needs,
Beleeve me, *Sir*, I do not spare.

2.

I am all appetite, my hungry minde
Feeds almost to a surfeit on *desire*,
This dish 'tis I admire,
No cates so sweet as *these* ;
Here, here, I feed, *here* I am pin'd ;
And starv'd with meat, *these* juncates only please,
Hither my senses are confin'd.

3.

Here's my rich banquet, *hither* the little lad

Cupid

Cupid invites ; in sugar *here* are store,
Of sweet meats candid o're,
From *those* faire lips I see
What choice of Conserves may be had,
The modest cherrie and the barberrie,
The best and sweetest marmalade.

4.

Here I can taste the grape and mulberrie,
No blush of fruits (though served in they are
In pure white *China* ware)
Is like those *cheeks* of thine,
Where the freshest straw-berries be,
Most finely tipl'd in brisk Claret-wine,
Me thinks they seem to swim to me.

5.

Beauty in stead of tempting sauce doth woee,
Love feeds my heart, *love* feeds my eyes,
I for no rarities
Of quail's and phesants wish
(Sir, I am *well-com'd* well by you)
Amanda is my *first* and *second* dish :
Would *she* would make we *well-come* too.

To *Amanda desirous to go to bed.*

Sleepie, my *Dear* ? yes, yes, I see
Morpheus is fall'n in love with thee,
Morpheus, my worst of rivals, tries

To

To draw the Curtains of thine eyes ;
 And fanns them with his wing asleep,
 Makes drowsie *love* play at *bopeep* ;
 How prettily his feathers blow,
 Those fleshie shuttings to and fro !
 Oh how he makes me *Tantalize*
 With those faire Apples of thine eyes !
 Equivocates and cheats me still,
 Opening and shutting at his will ;
 Now both now one, the *doting god*
 Playes with thine eyes at even and odde ;
 My stamm'ring tongue doubts which it might
 Bid thee good-morrow or good-night ;
 So thy eyes twinkle brighter farre,
 Then the bright trembling, ev'ning starre ;
 So a waxe taper burnt within
 The socket playes at out and in :
 Thus doth *Morpheus* court thine eye,
 Meaning there all night to lie ;
Cupid and *he* play *hoop-all hid*,
 Thy eye 's their bed and cover-lid ;
 Fairest, let me thy night-clothes aire,
 Come I'le unlace thy stomacher ;
 Make me thy maiden-chamber-man,
 Or let me be thy warming-pan ;
 Oh that I might but lay my head
 At thy beds feet i'th' trundle-bed ;
 Then in the morning e're I rose
 I'd kisse thy pretty pettitoes.
 Those smaller feet, with which i'th' day

My

My *love* so neatly trips away :
 Since you I must not wait upon,
 Most *modest Lady*, I'll be gone,
 And though I cannot *sleep* with thee,
 Oh may *my dearest dream* of me,
 All the night long *dream* that we move
 To the main centre of our love ;
 And if *I* chance to *dream* of *thee*,
 Oh may *I dream* eternallie :
Dream that we freely act and play,
 Those postures which we *dream* by day,
 Spending our thoughts i'th' best delight.
 Chaste *dreams* allow of in the night.

To *Amanda* going to *Prayer*.

STay, stay, *Amanda*, take a wish from me,
 And blesse a cushion with thy softer knee ;
 Whither are all those *Virgin-Angels* gone,
 Who strew their wings, for thee to knee upon,
 Those pretty pinion'd boyes, fat, plump and faire,
 Who joy to be the *Ecchoes* of thy prayer.
 Those golden *Cupids* fall'n in love with thee
 Thy little *Nuncios* to thy Deitie.

Prethy, *Amanda*, *Dearest*, prethy stay,
 The Cushion, wench ! where art ? come bring't away ;
 You use your *Mistris* kindly ; here, my *love*,
 Come kneel upon't, and kneel to none but *Jove* :

What

What o'th' bare boards ! no sure it cannot be,
 Look how they sink, and will not touch thy knee ;
 They dare not sinne so farre (my Dear) to presse
 That flesh, and make it know their stubbornnesse,
 Were there no bones within, thou should'st command
 Under each tender knee thy lover's hand ;
 Nay, my *Amanda*, take my better part,
 And at thy prayers kneel upon my heart.

On Amanda praying.

A *Manda kneel'd*, I straight a Canopie
 Of *Saints* and *Angels* o're her head did see ;
Amanda pray'd, and all the Spheres stood still,
 The Heavens bow'd, and stoop't to know her will :
She pray'd with zeal, and then the chanting quires
 Of *Cherub's*, list'ning to her chaste desires,
 Stop't their sweet *Anthems* ; still *Amanda pray'd* ;
 Then on her bosome her pure hand she laid,
 Call'd for her heart, and lifting up her eyes,
 Turned her *prayer* into *sacrifice* ;
 Her heart was fix't, *She* more and more devout,
 Did sob and groan as if she'd sigh it out ;
 At length she wept, but could not shed a tear
 To wash her cheeks, or th' roses that grew there,
 Fine, pretty lads came thick about her still,
 Their *Crystal bottles* at her eyes to fill ;

Some

Some lodg'd upon her lips, all as they passe,
 Hover, and make her eye their Looking-glasse ;
 Some set upon her cheeks, hard by the springs,
 Her blush reflecting on their golden wings,
 Some on her eye-lids sate, so greedy were,
 They spoil'd the pearle, and snatch't at half a tear :

At last she ended all in giving praise,
 Her head was sainted with a crown of rayes,
 Then I no longer could Spectator be,
Amanda's glory had so dazled me ;
 But then *I* heard all Heaven cry *Amen*,
 And pray, and sing her prayers o're agen.

To Amanda after her Prayers.

WHat watrie still with reliques of a tear ?
 Oh prethie let me kisse them dry, my *Dear*.
 Religious fountains which still delug'd stand,
 Where Infant-Angels wade it hand in hand !
 What still bedew'd ? sure yet remaining there
 Some of those pretty *tankard-bearers* are,
 Thy late *Attendants* at thy *sacrifice*,
 Yes, yes, I see those *babies* in thine eyes,
 Those yellow-winged *Fairies* in thy well
 Till thou shalt pray agen intend to dwell,
 Earnest expectants for a tear to fall,
 They make within thine eyes a *water-gall*,
Amanda pray'd, I saw the *Angels* flie

D

To

To hear her lectures of *Divinity*,
 And when my *Fairest* held up those hands of hers,
 Thousands of sweet *celestial Choristers*
 Danc't on each fingers end, delighting there
 To fanne themselves in the perfumed aire
 Of my *Amanda's* breath, swarm'd at her lip,
 As Bees o're flowers, where they *Nectar* sip,
 Then some did on her silver bosome rest,
 Pruning their golden feathers in her breast,
 And when my *Dearest* sang *Te Deum* out,
 Th' *Intelligences* twirl'd the *Orbes* about,
 But when she chanted her *Magnificat*,
 The *Angels* then first learn't to imitate.

Yes, yes, thy prayer alwayes so pithie is
 So full of holy *zeale* and *emphasis*,
 So fraught with *Hallelujahs* it might be,
 Heavens *Laudamus*, and mans *Letanie*,
 Prethie, my *Dearest*, since with greatest *Jove*,
 Thy prayers are so prevalent above :
 I'm now thy subject, once thy *Prince* may be,
 Pray for thy Prince, *Amanda*, pray for me.

To *Amanda* undressing her.

Thy hood's pull'd off, nay then I'm dead and
 gone,
 Prethie, *Amanda*, put thy night-coif on.
 I see a thousand am'rous *Cupids* there.

Which

Which lie in Ambush, lurking in thy haire ;
 Look with what haste within those locks of thine,
 They string their bowes to shoot these eyes of
 mine ?

Look how that little *blinde rogue* there with his dart,
 Stands aiming and layes level at my heart !

The symptomes of my wounds, *Amanda*, see,
 Oh *I* bleed inwards, prethic pittie me.

I am all stuck with arrowes which are shot
 So thick and fast, that there is ne'er a spot
 About me free, each distinct atome smarts
 By't selfe, pierc't with a thousand thousand darts ;

And as a man with pangs surpriz'd by death
 Struggles for life to keep his parting breath ;

My nerves and sinews stretch, and all within
 My body earne to graspe and reach thee in ;

How could I knit and weave eternally,
 And mingle limbs into a *Gordian tie* ?]

Shoot on, sweet *Archers*, till I'm slain with love,
 Then like the *bedlam* who in's talk doth prove
 What made him mad, my happy blessed *ghost*
 Of this nights *vision* shall for ever boast.

Kill me, my *boyes*, 'tis mercy to be kill'd
 With *love* ; who would not die in such a field
 Of damask rose, slain by her *lilie* hand ?
 Dart me to death, you pretty *boyes*, that stand
 Upon her *breast*, the shafts which thence you send,
 Tell me, *I* am *Amanda's* bosome-friend.

To Amanda *lying in bed.*

IN bed, my *Dearest* ? thus my eye perceives
 A primrose lodg'd betwixt its rugged leaves ;
 Lain down, *Amanda* ? thus have I often seen
 A lily cast upon a bed of green ;
 So the sweet *Alablaster* Babie lies
 Cradled in fresher mosse ; thy sparkling eyes
 Dart forth such active beams, the *god of sleep*
 Dare not come in his nightly court to keep,
 He dares not lull thee, whil'st so bright they shine.
 All *Argus* eyes watch in each eye of thine :
 But when the humour takes you, that you please
 To draw your eye-lids close, and take your ease ;
 He hovers o're the tester of your bed,
 And gently on them will his poppies shed :
 Then, my *Amanda*, (with his leaden crown
 And scepter queen'd) let those faire *vallins* down,
 Those fine white *sattin vallins* o're thy eye,
 With their silk linings of a scarlet die.
 Let that soft hand into the bed repaire,
 Safe from the moisture of the dampish aire,
 Yet let me taste it first ; so keep thee warm,
 Lie close, would I might lay thee in mine arme.
Good night, my Dear, ne'er say *good night* to me,
 Till *I all night*, *Amanda sleep* with thee.

On

On Amanda fallen asleep.

Sleep is a kinde of death, why may not *I*
Write my *Deares Epitaph, her Elegie* ?
Here lies *Amanda* fast asleep,
Whom *Cupid* guards, and *Angels* keep ;
Here lies the rarest prize
Two pearles within her eyes,
So have I seen a gem
A Princely diadem
Shut in a Cabinet,
A whole treasury
In a small box of ivorie,
Inlaid with bars and grates of jet.
For such *Amanda's* eye-lids are
White and fringed with black hair.

Here lies *Amanda* dead asleep :
Hither lovers come and weep :
Here's a hand which doth out-goe
In whitenesse driven snow ;
Upon that sweet bag cast your eye,
There on fine, fresh, green sattin see it lie,
With knots of scarlet ribbon by :
Thus interwoven have I seen
Virgius wax candles red and green,
Proud with a fine white twist between.

Hither lovers haste and see,
 Her slender fingers circled be,
 Like Rings enamel'd with the *Galaxie* ;
 Her locks as soft as sloven silke,
 Through her *Alpes* do make their way,
 And on her breasts which do out-vie
 The icie rocks of frozen milk,
 And th' lovely Swans soft downie thigh,
 Her stately amorous curls
 The saucie wantons play.
 Whil'st two fierce *Cupids* on her nipples sit,
 To wound the hearts of stupid churles,
 Who passe *Amanda's* tomb-stone by,
 And with so much as half an eye,
 Will not vouchsafe to look on it.

Here lies my *Dear Amanda* chaste and faire,
Don-Cupids charge and *Angels* care,
 Here she lies, and yet not here,
 For she's buried elsewhere.
 She's pris'ner in my heart,
 From whence she can no sooner part
 Then dead men from the grave ;
 And yet she there doth move,
 Not only in the ghost of *love*,
 No, though a pris'ner, yet she's free,
 Alas, too free for me,
 She lives my bleeding heart t' enslave.

Here my *sweetest sweet Amanda* lies,

The

The best, the rarest of all rarities,
 Shrouded she is from top to toe,
 With lilies which all o're her grow,
 In stead of bayes and rosemarie,
 Roses in her cheeks there be,
 Oh would *I* thy coffin were !
Amanda's living sepulchre !
 Or would within that winding sheet
 Our happy limbs might closely meet !
 There would *I* chastly lie till th' day of doom,
 And mingle dust till th' resurrection come ;
 But since as yet this cannot be,
 For Heavens sake,
 My *Dearest*, now awake,
 For whil'st *Amanda* sleeps, she's dead to me.

To *Amanda* waking.

A Wake at length ! oh quickly, *Fairest*, rise,
 And let the day break from thy brighter eyes,
 Hark how the early cockrel crowes, my *Dear*,
 'Tis not *Aurora's*, but thy *chaunticlere* ;
 Hark how the merry cherpers of the spring
 To thee their *goddesse* do their *mattens* sing !
 The purple *violets* startle from their beds,
 Gently erecting their sweet pearly heads
 On their fresh leaved bouldsters, each would be
 A Benefactresse to thy treasury,

And shake into thy snowie breast a tear,
 To be congeal'd into a jewel there :
 Look how that *woodbine* at the window peeps,
 And slilie underneath the casement creeps !
 It's *honey-suckle* shewes, and tempting stands
 To spend its morning *Nectar* in thy hands ;
 Look in the *gardens* of thy *cheeks*, and see
Aurora painting in thy *rosarie* :
 The ripest *mulberries* do blush it thus,
 Made guilty of the *blood* of *Pyramus* :
 Nay had that modest *fruit* been stain'd with thine,
 How like thy *lips* farre brighter would it shine !
 Compar'd with which, who e're betimes hath seen
 The ruddy, damask, *Nabathean* Queen,
 With her red crimson morning wastcoat on,
 Though in her glory she were look't upon
 Newly with Sun-beams brush't, shall say at th'best ;
 'Tis a pale waterish rednesse in the East ;
 Nay, and that beauty which in her we see,
 Is not her own, but borrow'd too from thee ;
 The *Sunne* himself reflects, he's but thy *Moon*,
 Hide but thy face, and he is *eclipst* at noon.

Cast off that drowsie mantle of the night,
 And rise, *Amanda*, or 'twill ne'er be light,
 Thy *beautie* only can drive night away,
 Rise, rise, *my Fairest*, or we lose a day.

A morning Salute to Amanda.

NOW a good morning to my sweetest *love*,
Health from all mankind and the *Saints* above ;
Ave, Amanda ; spare that dew that lies
On thy faire hand to wash my *love-sick* eyes,
That at my prayers *I* may better see,
Virgin most sweet, to tell my beads to thee :
I am a Papist, zealous, strict, precise,
Amanda is the *Saint I* idolize.

To Amanda washing her hands.

HOW prettily those *dabchick* fingers play,
And sport with the cool *Nymph*, which doth obey
Their doubtful motions, opens every where,
Where e're they please to dive and ravish her !
Cupid with a *gold bason* and *Ewre* stands,
Shedding *rose-water* on thy lillie hands ;
Officious *Venus* too her self stands by
With *towels* like thy maid to *wipe* them dry.
See from thy fingers pretty *bubbles* fall,
A faire *Narcissus* cloyster'd in them all !
No, no, that broken *bubbles eccho* there,
Told me *Narcissus* was not half so faire :

See

See in each *bubble* a bright smiling lasse,
Each *bubble* is *Amanda's* looking-glasse.

To *Amanda* after she had wash't.

HEARK how these *bubbles* talk of thee, and break
Themselves in their last breath thy name to
(speak !
Heark how they sigh and wish they *Crystal* were,
They might be ever pendants in thy eare !
That water flung away ! No, no, *my Faire*,
With it no *Chymick Essence* can compare ;
'Tis *clarifi'd* and quick'ned with the *balme*,
The morning *philter* of thy dewie *palme*.
The sweetness of thy hands remaineth yet,
'Twill make me faire to wash my face with it :
Oh *I* must drink ; *Amanda*, give it me,
'Tis *Nectarella*, and doth taste of thee.

To *Amanda* walking in the Garden.

AND now what *Monarch* would not *Gard'ner* be,
My faire Amanda's stately gate to see ;
How her feet tempt ! how soft and light she treads,
Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds !
Yet from their sweet green pillows ev'ry where,
They

They start and gaze about to see *my Faire* ;
 Look at yon flower yonder, how it growes
 Sensibly ! how it opes its leaves and blowes,
 Puts its best *Easter clothes* on, neat and gay !
Amanda's presence makes it *holy-day* :
 Look how on tip-toe that faire *lilie* stands
 To look on thee, and court thy whiter hands
 To gather it ! *I* saw in yonder croud
 That *Tulip-bed*, of which *Dame-Flora's* proud,
 A short dwarfe flower did enlarge its stalk,
 And shoot an inch to see *Amanda* walk ;
 Nay, look, my *Fairest*, look how fast they grow !
 Into a scaffold method spring ! as though
 Riding to *Parlament* were to be seen
 In pomp and state some *royal* am'rous Queen :
 The gravel'd walks, though ev'n as a die,
 Lest some loose pebble should offensive lie,
 Quilt themselves o're with downie mosse for thee,
 The walls are hang'd with blossom'd tapestrie ;
 To hide her nakednesse when look't upon,
 The maiden fig-tree puts *Eves* apron on ;
 The broad-leav'd *Sycomore*, and ev'ry tree
 Shakes like the trembling *Aspe*, and bends to thee,
 And each leaf proudly strives with fresher aire,
 To fan the curled tresses of thy hair ;
 Nay, and the *Bee* too, with his wealthie thigh,
 Mistakes his *hive*, and to thy lips doth flie ;
 Willing to treasure up his *honey* there,
 Where *honey-combs* so sweet and plenty are :
 Look how that pretty modest *Columbine*

Hangs

Hangs down its head to view those feet of thine
 See the fond motion of the *Strawberrie*,
 Creeping on th' earth to go along with thee !
 The lovely *violet* makes after too,
 Unwilling yet, *my Dear*, to part with you ;
 The *knot-grasse* and the *dazies* catch thy toes
 To kisse *my Faire ones* feet before she goes ;
 All court and wish me lay *Amanda* down,
 And give *my Dear* a new *green* flower'd gown.
 Come let me kisse thee falling, kisse at rise,
 Thou in the *Garden*, I in *Paradise*.

To *Amanda* seeming to deny his request.

Pretty, coy, modest thing ! how lovingly
 She seems to grant me, what she doth deny !
 Troth, little *Cupid*, 'tis a pretty Art
 To look another way, and strike a heart ;
 But why, my *boy* dost teach the *women* it,
 Who whil'st they say they will not shoot, do hit ?
 Well-plaid, good *Angler*, with thy sportive *bait*,
 To catch it from me when *I* think *I* ha't.
 But why, *Amanda*, am I thus deni'd,
 And after so long *treatie* cast aside ?
 Perhaps thou lov'st to hear me ask of thee,
 To laugh at my poor *Courtship* *beggerie* :
 Canst thou be so unkinde ? must I forbear

To

To love *Amanda*? Strange! well though, *my Faire*,
 We must return our *Pledges*, prethie then
 Take all thy *suretie* kisses back agen.
 First my *indebted* lips shall *pay* thee thine,
 Then thou shalt kisse me till thou *pay'st* me mine :
Paying our *debt* shall make's *indebted* more,
 Wee'l kissing *pay*, and *paying* run o'th' *score*,
 And run so long, so deep in *debt*, *my Dear*,
 Till neither on's can pay his vast *Arrear* ;
 So in *loves* lawful *action* by my troth
 The catch-heart *Cupid* shall *arrest* us both ;
 And if that little *bum-Bayliffe* in my suite
Arrest Amanda, and she *prosecute*
 Her *Creditor* for *debt* agen ; for thee
 I'le *take* no *bayle*, none shall be *giv'n* for me,
 But these my armes shall thy close *prison* be,
 And thou shalt finde a *prison* too for me ;
Bridewel or *Gatehouse*, Heaven to my heart,
 Whil'st thou my *Keeper* and my *Prison* art :
 Nor do I care, but pray there may not be
 These hundred yeares a *Gaol-delivery*.

But what's the meaning of this feign'd denial,
 Was it to check my hopes, or make a trial
 Of my undoubted love? *Amanda*, know,
 The hastie current stop't doth overflow.

Thou art a richer jewel, 'tis not fit
 So little asking should obtain thee yet ;
 Porters with whom such wealthie treasures are,
 Ope not the door till they know who is there ;

Let

Let *my Dear* know I will not pillage her,
I only ask to be her treasurer.

I love to feel that hand that pats me so,
And seems to say me yes in saying no.

To Amanda desirous to drink.

Calling for beer ! know not the *gods* they ought
To send thee *Nectar* for thy mornings draught !
I'm sure the Heavens do allow it you,
Ambrosia-Caudles for your break-fast too ;
How is't ? surely this lazie *Ganimed*
Sleeps it, and is not yet got out of's bed :
What not yet come ! *Amanda*, by that face
I'le turne this punie *Butler* out of's place.
And drain the skies till there no *Nectar* be,
But what the gods shall beg as almes from thee.

To Amanda inviting her to walk.

Come, 'tis morning like thy self, *my Faire*,
Sweet as thy breath the spring perfumes the air
With the fresh fragrant odours of its balme,
Still'd from the last nights dew, a pleasing calm
Invites thee forth ; there's no unruly blast,
No saucie winde to give the least distaste ;

In

In the disordering of those curls, which move
 As if each haire were with it self in love ;
 Thy fingers made those rings, and ev'ry haire,
 Thinks it doth still embrace thy finger there :
 Heark how the birds play Consorts o're and o're !
 Heark to that modest beggar at the door,
 Whose lungs breath spices ! gentle *Zephyrus*
 Whispers, and through the key-hole calls to us ;
 The Sunne himself yonder expectant staves,
 And strewes the golden atomes of his raies,
 To guild thy paths ; though in post-haste he be,
 Yet he stands still to look and gaze on thee.
 The Heavens court thee, Princely *Oberon*
 And *Mab* his Emp'resse both expect thee yon,
 They wait to see thee, sport the time away,
 And on green beds of dazies dance the hay ;
 In their small acorn posnets, as they meet
 Quaffe off the dew, lest it should wet thy feet.
 The black-birds whistle, and the Finches sing
 To welcome thy approach, and not the Spring.

Come then, my *Turtle*, let us make our flight,
 And browse it in the arbours of delight ;
 To the next *meadow-Tempe* let us move ;
 Let's flie to Heaven on the wings of love,
 And when kinde *Cupid* has conveigh'd us thither,
 Wee'l chastely sit and mingle bills together.

 To Amanda *walking abroad*.

Come, come, *Amanda*, hand in hand wee'l walk ;
 Heark how the birds of *Love* and *Cupid* talk !
 As if they lately had been drinking wine,
 Each chirps a dialogue to his *Valentine* :
 Nay, to their downie breasted Ladies yet,
 At yon clear Crystal spring they'r bibbing it,
 As if all bowles too narrow-belli'd were,
 And cups too shallow, with a heartie prayer.
 Health after health, each to his plumie lasse
 Carowseth in the brook, and scornes the glasse,
 Nay, and as if they fear'd to drink it dry,
 The hot *cock-sparrow* doth still, *Fill it*, cry ;
 See how to's *Mistris* with his tipling bill,
 The *Nightingal* doth sweetly jugge it still !
 That pretty *Linnet* seems to drink to me,
 I'le pledge thy health, *Amanda*, kissing thee.
 And whil'st those *feather'd-lovers* water sip,
 I'le quaffe the *Orleans-claret* of thy lip,
 And suck those bloody mulberries in,
 Till like that fruit my lips seem'd stain'd with sinne ;
 Then sinne in 'ts blush shall make me more devout,
 I'le kisse and sinne, and sinne a pardon out ;
 For thou 'rt so chaste, that who once kisse thee may,
 In that one kisse wipes all his sinne away ;
 Though blasphemie and murther it remit,

Pope

Pope Joans Indulgence doth come short of it,
 'Tis Heaven it self, and on that lip to dwell
 Is to be sainted ; of no greater hell
 Can lovers dream, no greater sin commit
 Then to leave kissing, and to part with it.

To Amanda like to be taken in a showre.

WELL done, kinde unexpected *Æolus*,
 Thy *boyes* have bravely kept the raine from us,
 Thank thee, as yet we have not wet a thread ;
 Me thoughts I saw over *Amanda's* head
 Thy *huff't-puff't blub-cheek't Caitiffes* hover,
 And stretch their lungs to blow th' last showre over ;
 Then the sweet *plump-fac't rogues*, when fair
 And clear it was, as if they breathlesse were
 To save *Amanda*, begg'd and kept a stir
 To get my leave they might take breath from *her* ;
 I gave my grant, they kist, each kisse did prove
 They were no *windes*, but *Angels* fall'n in *love*.
 How can *my Dearest*, then my dotage blame,
 If I so oft call on *Amanda's* name ;
 The courtly *Cherubims* my *rivals* be,
 And *Heaven* makes thee it's *Penelope*.

To Amanda fearing a second showre.

What means this woman-like unconstant
(weather,
These spungie clouds so *strangely* squeez'd together !
Should *my Deares* face be once so over-cast,
My eyes would deluge till the storme were past ;
But when her pleasing Sunne-shine once appears,
Her rayes of beauty dry up all my teares :
See the clouds blown away, be then to me
Kinde as the stormes and tempests are to *thee* ;
And like the *Heavens* cast those vailes away,
Unmuffle, *sweetest*, and thy beams display ;
It has cleer'd up, yet still 'tis cloudie though,
The weather's faire, when *my Faire* makes it so.
Fear not, *Amanda*, but unmask thy eyes,
Come prethy, I'le unpin those mummeries.
'Twill raine no more, I'le kisse thy cheeks, *my Fair*,
'Tis *May* without an *April* showre there.

An Answer to Amanda's question.

Philosophers, who in old dayes did live,
Say it is *Jove* makes water through a sieve ;
Perhaps their *god* is drunk he leakes so fast,

Or

Or else some *Doctor* must his urine cast ;
 I'le tell thee *Fairest*, *Heavens* bank'rout *King*,
 Grown poor through lust doth *silver* hailstones fling
 In stead of *gold*, the shower aim'd at thee,
 He faine would take thee as his *Danæe*.

I'le tell thee, my *Amanda*, whence it is,
 It rain'd so much to-day, the reason's this,
 The *Sunne* espi'd thy *beauty*, look't upon't,
 And *Heaven* sneez'd with looking too much on't.

To a Rivall.

K Eep off presumption ; horrid impudence,
 Bold monstrous *traitor* to my *love*, get hence ;
 Strange daring faith ! venture to step between
 A jealous *Monarch*, and a chaster *Queen*,
 Go tempt a *Kingdom* kept by the magick spell
 Of a *Prince* politick ; I'm loves *Machavel* ;
 This is my *Florence*, and thou tempt'st from me
 Not an *Italians* wife, but *Italy* ;
 Ransack the great *Turks Seraglio*, try
 T' out-pimp the lustful *Sultans* jealousy ;
 Hug the coy *lawrel*, and expect to see
Daphne throw off her bark and follow thee :
 Make old *Endymion Pander*, and conferre
 With *Luna*, till thou get *new moones* on her ;
 Surprize an *Abbesse* and her *Nunnerie*,
 Reconcile *love* to its *antipathie* ;

Go dive amongst the *haddocks* and the *whales*,
 Make *love* to *Mare-maids* and their *Conger-tails* ;
 Court some faire *skillet-face*, and swear she's neat,
 For pricking skewers well and spitting meat ;
 Some greasie *Cook-maid* whose sweet dugs suck in,
 Receive and mingle dripping with her chin,
 Who nightly with her knife her smock put off,
 Scrapes thence some pipkins full of kitchin-stuffe,
 Or wooe some driv'ling *Hag*, whose pitfal skin
 Makes lust mistake the wonted place of sinne.
 On some thrum'd *Baucis* spend thy hopes and
 (labour,
 Where thou mayest bathe thy lips in slime and
 (slabber.

Cuckold the *devil*, get some *Proserpine*,
 Some *Succuba* to be thy Concubine.
 Engender with the *night-mare*, and beget
Dreams which may stang thy blood, and jellie it ;
 This once accomplish't, thou may'st freely ask
Amanda's love, but 'fore thou'st don thy task,
 If thou dare once come near this sacred Court,
 Wherein my *Princesse love* and *beauty* sport,
 I'le stifle thy rebel heart in clotted gore
 Of blood, with knives and daggers shroud thee o're,
 And make thee bear i'th' *face, throat, heart* and *back*,
 More signes then he in *Swallows Almanack*.

A game at Chesse with Amanda.

I And *Amanda* on a day,
Sat down a game at *Chesse* to play,
Passing my *Bishops* with their *lawnes*,
She was still for taking *pawnes*,
She play'd, *I* play'd, she *chect* me straight,
She wish't, *I* wish't it might be *mate* :
But then (said *I*) I must *check* you,
Or else you'l *check* and *beat* me too.



E 3


To





To his most Noble Friend Sir *T. L.*
B. of Shingle-hall.

SIR,

THAT th' only *vertue* is *Nobility*,
 'Twas spoke in *malice*, and you'l prov't a *lie*.
 The *Author* of that sentence, liv'd he now
 Would know his *wit* a *scandal*, knew he *you*.
 Nay, *Sir*, that *Nobles are the better sort* ;
 Alas ! the very *times* upbraid him for't ;
 And yet some hope to see our *Noblemen*
 Some such as *you* confute the *times* agen ;
 Though in their *wisdomes* now they dormant ly,
 Hush't in their private mansions quietly ;
 Had they such *Martial souls*, such *fighting hands*,
 Redemption of their *rights*, three  and *lands*
 Were easie work, and they might bravely get
 More *honour* then a *bene latuit*,
 And th' *Art* of keeping heads on safe ; But I
 Intend no *plots*, although a *liberty*
 Of *tongue* to speak in this and th' other sense,
 Is safer farre then that of *conscience* ;
 Yet te'nt allow'd of ; but howe're 'tis fit,
 That *Poets* still should have their *Quidlibet* :
 It is their *charter*, notwithstanding now
 I'le make no use on't ; only thus to you.

Sir, in each *cast* of your commanding eye,

Such

Such reverend *imperious* glances flie,
 Such *royal* stately looks, so sweet a *grace*
 Of *presence*, that when now there is no face
 Of *Monarch* in the land, amongst so many
Kings of the *times*, if 'twill agree to any ;
 Better *I* cannot make the *Court-salute*,
 Then with *your stature* and *your greatnesse* suit
 (Setting all *Steeple*s and all *Fat-guts* by)
If't please your Highnesse or *your Majestie* :
 Such a well-timber'd man, of such a *height*,
 And yet your years be hardly ten and eight !
 What ever *Nature's* second thoughts might be,
 Her first allowance was for *Gemini*.

Sir, there's such mixture in your *countenance*
 Of *Mars* and *Cupid*, such a ridling glance,
 We doubt what in your *eyes* those sparklings move,
 Or *warlike* lightnings or the flames of *love* ?
 Sometimes I've seen you (like *Prince Paris* stand
 Ready to kisse his *Helens lillie-hand*)
 All *smiles*, and then again me thinks I see
 Within your *face* a whole *Artillerie* :
 Thus looks a bold advent'rous *Amazon*,
 A *Lady* with *Knight-Errant's* armour on :
 Sure that *Greek Cavalier* look't something like
 To you, who 'mongst the *Spinsters* tost a *pike*,
 Which you may be, *I* doubt, and pause upon't,
 A young *Achilles* or a *Bradamant* ;
 Would any see *Venus* and *Mars* embrace,
 They meet, and mingle *loves* upon *your face* ;
 By which I mean there's to be seen in *you*,

Sir *Thomas Leventhorp*, and *Madam* too ;
Minos was such a *Gallant* sure, had you been there,
Nisus had sooner lost his *purple hair*,
 (*Sylla* as *love-sick*, and as mad to wed)
 You'd had a *Kingdome* and a *Maiden-head* ;
 Of all the *beauties* which in *women* shine,
 Your *Nature's ward-robe*, but yet *masculine*.
Sir, in all this, I must commend with you ;
 Your *well-belov'd*, the *Princely Mountague*.



To Mr. *LILLY*, Musick-Master in
Cambridge.

S*IR*, I have seen your scip-jack fingers flie,
 As if their motion taught *Ubiquitie* :
 I've seen the trembling *Cat'lin's* smart and brisk
 Start from the frets, dance, leap, and nimbly frisk
 In palsie capers, pratling (a most sweet
Language of Notes) *Curranto's* as they meet :
 I've heard each *string* speak in so short a space
 As if all spoke at once ; with stately grace
 The surley tenour grumble at your touch,
 And th' ticklish-maiden *treble* laugh as much,
 Which (if your *bowe-hand* whip it wantonly,)
 Most pertly chirps and jabbbers merrily ;
 Like frolick *Nightingals*, whose narrow throats
 Suck *Musick* in and out, and gargle notes ;

Each

Each strain makes smooth, and curls the air agen,
 Like currents suck't by narrow whirlpits in ;
 Sometimes they murmur like the shallow springs,
 Whose hastie streams forc't into Crystal rings,
 And check't by *pebbles*, pretty *Musick* make
 In *kisses* and such *language* as they speak,
 'Tis soft and easie, *Heaven* can't out-do't,
 That under *Fairie-ground* is nothing to't :
 Who e're that earthly mortal *Cherub* be,
 Whose *well-tun'd* soul delights in *melodie* :
 He ventures hard, if for an houre he dares
 To your surprizing *straines* apply his eares,
 We finde such *Magick* in your *Harmony*,
 As if to hear you were to hear and die.

Were you a *Batchelour*, and bold to trie
 Fortunes, what Lady's she, though ne're so high
 And rich by birth, should see the tickling sport
 Your finger makes, and would not have you for't ;
 Beyond those Saints who speak *ex tempore*,
 Your well-spoke *viol* scornes *tautologie* ;
 And I in truth had rather hear you *teach*
 O'th' *Lyra*, then the rarest *tub-man* preach :
 In's holy speeches he may strike my eares
 With more of *Heav'n* ; you with more o'th' spheres,
 I've heard your *base* mumble and mutter too,
 Made angry with your choleric hand, while you
 With hastie jirks to vex and anger't more
 Correct its stubbornesse and lash it o're :
 I've heard you *pawse*, and dwell upon an *aire*,
 (Then make't i'th' end (as loft to part it were)

Lan-

Languish and melt away so leasurely,
 As if 'twere pity that its *Eccho* die ;
 Then snatch up *notes*, as if your *viol* broke,
 And in the breaking every splinter spoke :
I've seen your active hands vault to and fro,
 This to give *grace*, that to command your *bowe* ;
 As if your *fingers* and your *instrument*
 By conspiracy made you eminent.

We have good *Musick* and *Musicians* here,
 If not the best, as good as any where :
 A brave old *Irish Harper*, and you know
English or *French way* few or none out-go
 Our *Lutanists* ; the *Lusemores* too I think
 For *Organists*, the *Sack-butts* breath may stink,
 And yet old *Brownes* be sweet, o'th *Violin*
Saunders plays well, where *Magge* or *Mel* han't been.
 Then on his *Cornet* brave *thanksgiving Mun*,
 Playes on *Kings Chappel* after Sermon's done :
 At those *loud blasts*, though he's out-gone by none,
 Yet *Cambridge* glories in *your self* alone :
 No more but thus, he that heares only you,
 Heares *Lillie* play, and *Doctor Coleman* too.

You in the swiftnesse of your *hand* excel
 All others, my *Amanda* sings as well,
 No *Musick* like to *hers* ; I wish in troth,
 That we with her might *play in Consort* both ;
 Might I my self, and *you my friend* prefer,
 You with her *voice* should *play*, and I with her.

A Passion.

I.

Solicit not my chaster eyes,
With those faire breasts that fall and rise,
I'le not lie betwixt those dug
Where *Cupid* nestles, sleeps and snugs ;
There is no *goddesse* I adore,
To fight with those that call her whore :
Thou shalt not surfeit in thy pride,
By me so falsely deifi'd.

*No, hang a Mistris, I'le ha' none,
No such toy to dote upon.*

2.

Beauties faring, *Loves* conceit,
“ Though her face be eighty-eight ;
Called faithful, constant, faire,
Though *Vaux* i'th' dark plot treason there ;
The *Phenix* too must build his nest,
I'th' *blest Arabia* of her breast ;
Without her *little dog* though she
Or musk or civet dare not be.

*Fie, fie, a Mistris I'le ha' none,
No such toy to doat upon.*

3.

I'le be no *Merchant* ; nor saile nigh,
Those tempting *India's* of thy thigh ;

Make

Make an adventure, hit or misse,
And wrack my fancie for a kisse ;
Fool to your laughing *Ladyship*,
To get a smile, or touch your lip ;
Protest with oathes high and mighty,
That your spittle is *aqua vitæ*.

No, hang a Mistris, &c.

4.

Amongst the gallants swear and rant,
And of your kindnesse boast and vant ;
Then drink diseases down, and wave
All thoughts of sicknesse or the grave,
Pledge your health, and pledge it stoutly,
Pray o're my cups, and drink devoutly ;
Increase the Feaver of my lust,
And never dream I am but dust.

Oh hang a Mistris, &c.

5.

Then vault and do some *tumblers* knock
That speaks me man, and shewes my back ;
Run in debt and pawne my goods,
To buy you fancies, gloves and hoods ;
Then if the catch-pole chance to hale
And drag me to the loathsome gaol ;
There may your *servant* die and rot,
You never send, you see him not.

Shame on't, a Mistris, &c.

6.

At least I shall be curst in this,
Your *love*, your *beauty* common is,

Then

Then *I* receive my *Rivals* glove,
 Murther, or else renounce my *love* ;
 Or late at night must walk the street,
 Where ten to one some *rogues I* meet,
 Only to watch till one o'th' clock
 I'th' cold to see you in your smock ;

And nothing do

But look at you

And through the key-hole too.

Oh hang a Mistris, I'le ha' none

No such toy to doat upon.

All that faire and am'rous be,
 Are *Mistresses* alike to me ;

I'm *in love* with every one,

No, hang't, *in love* with none.

Amanda prethy pardon me,

In love with none, with none but *thee*.

To *Amanda* mistrusting her *love*.

IF any *Stranger* but appear,
 Thy *jealous Lover* straight begins to feare ;

If any *letters* come to thee,

Suspicion swiftly doth come *post* to me ;

In private if thou reade them o're,

I read 'tis *love*, and still suspect the more ;

If after this thou chance to frown,

Despair brings night on, and my *Sunne* goes down ;

From

From me in *anger* if thou part,
 A fearful *palsie* shakes my trembling heart ;
 But should'st thou bid me once abstain,
 My breath would go, and ne'er return again :
 To rid me of these killing doubts,
 Would *I* could see thee once make *Babie-clouts*.

*To Amanda, on her picture drawn with a
 Lute in her hand.*

A Sweet faire draught, yet not compleatly true,
 No, it must paint agen to be like you ;
 Niggardly *Art* must be at greater cost,
 Else your *complexion* is in *colours* lost ;
 A neat *resemblance*, yet who e're did do't,
 Envi'd my eye, and drew a curtain to't ;
 A whimsie *limner* strange, what meant the toy,
 Not like your selfe to make your *picture* coy !
 Oh it was providence, thoughts of a *wife*,
 Had kill'd me there, had you been drawn to th' life ;
 But *Fairest* ; that's beyond our modern powers,
Apelles hand ought to be seen in yours,
 And *Art* must to that work a pupil show,
 Durst cut a line with skilful *Angelo* ;
 Yet in the cast o' th' eye would like't you'd be,
 And then where e're *I* stand, you'd look on me ;
 It was my chance to see't by candle-light,
 Had you been there *I* could have stay'd all night ;

I kist those hands, no lesse nor more could do,
 But yet my *fancie* kist the *substance* too.
 Me thoughts my lips did some impressions make,
 The awful *Cat'line* seem'd to tremble and shake :
 Had you been there to play as *I* did wis,
 I'd have *kept time* with an observant kisse ;
 A sweeter *Lute* for you would *I* prepare,
 In *tune* you should have found my *heart-strings* were ;
 So singling *aires* and lips till break of day,
 We would a sweet chaste ravishing *Consort* play
 Without a *discord*, only this I'd do,
 I'd *keep false time*, *false time* in kissing you.

Oh *Fairest*, that thou were't but drawn on me,
 Then blest should *I* thy happy *picture* be ;
 I stretch my armes out, and still wish the same,
 Oh that you were but *hanging on this frame* ;
 Then for your *beauties* sake, straight should I be,
 Hang'd in some princely *Monarchs* gallery ;
 Nor would I care could I but often see,
 You come, and kindly look and smile on me.
 Then would *I* draw y' agen upon my heart,
 And be *loves* masterpiece of *Love* and *Art*.

A Dream.

AS in the perfum'd garden yesterday,
 Amongst the *primrose* fast asleep *I* lay,

My

My busie *soul* upon a ramble went,
 By *love* and *fancie* on an errand sent.
 In at *Amanda's* private chamber door
 She made her flight, and view'd her o're and o're.
 The more she look't, the more she lik't, and fain
 She would have staid, and ne'er return'd again ;
 First on her *cherrie lip* she plaid, and then
 On her faire *cheek*, so to her *lip* agen ;
 Where having suck't till she was fill'd with *love*,
 She drop't into her downie *breast* ; the next remove
 Was to the chamber of her *heart*, to see
 If she could take possession there for me ;
 When in she came, there pretty *Cupid* sat
 In state, and laugh't at her, she glad of that
 Kindly embrac't and kist the *smiling boy*,
 And whil'st they kist, my *Sweet-heart* leap't for joy ;
 Then could my jocant *soul* no longer stay,
 But straight to bring the newes *came post* away :
 Her flight was swift, and with her lovingly
 She brought along, [most willing companie]
Amanda's soul, so loth to part they were ;
 The best on't is, she left a *Cupid* there.

To Amanda on her dimples.

When e're I let my meditations flie,
 And give them wings to take their libertie,
 Like the neat *Cyprian* bird, the cleanly Dove,
 Which no fowl sloven's tenement doth love,
 But a faire stately house, and ne're forsakes
 The pleasant fabrick to which once it takes,
 So my thoughts flie, (from whence they ne're will
 So th' comely mansion of a candid heart ; [part)
 Each winged thought to thee, *Amanda*, flies,
 And under th' crystal windowes of thine eyes
 Lights on thy damask cheeks, where they do play,
 The wooing turtles winding every way,
 Till by young *Cupids* craft they're taken in,
Love's dimpled pitfalls of thy cheeks and chin,
 Three nests of new-flown smiles on roses near,
 To which a thousand unflegg'd *Angels* are,
 Chirping pin-feather'd, pinking *Cherubs* sit,
 Sweet blushing Babes playing at cherrie-pit,
 Some win and smile, some lose their cherries, then
 Down to thy lips, and gather fresh agen,
 Sweet kissing lips, which all the Winter shew
 The ripest cherries, and their blossoms too,
 When e're thou weep'st, each *Grace* doth snatch a
 And fill a dimple with't, then wash her there, (tear,
 That pimping *Cupids* come, to cool their wings,

In these chaste vales, each from thine eye-lid bring
 A liquid crystal pearle, whose parts in love
 Unto each other as a centre move,
 So it remains a gemme (though moist and wet)
 Whose *superficies* is its Cabinet,
 And loth to break it is, till hastily
 An Infant having snatch't it from thine eye,
 Flies to a pleasant dimple, and within't
 Dissolve the Jewel, and so bath him in't,
 Baths in a dimple, which of rosebuds smells,
 Thine eyne and cheeks the *Graces Bath and Wells*.

On Amanda's black eye-browes.

NEAR to an eye that sparkles so,
 'Tis strange so dark an hair should grow
 Upon a skin so white and faire,
 'Tis strange there is so black an hair,
 At first 'cause it so near doth lie,
 I guest 'twas Sunne-burnt with thine eye,
 But then I thought if so it were,
 'Twould melt the snow which lies as near,
 And scorch and make those lilies die,
 Upon the shuttings of thine eye,
 And those fresh roses to which grow,
 Upon thy sweeter cheeks below.
 Then *I* conceiv'd that there might be,

In those black browes a mystery,
That *Venus* for *Adonis* sake,
Commanded nature there to make.
(A pretty strange conceited thing)
Two arches of a mourning ring.
Thence 'tis that those black haire do grow,
Thence are thy browes enamel'd so.

Good wishes to Amanda.

MAy my *Amanda* live,
And live in health,
May no desease, no crosse,
No sudden losse,
Nor want of wealth,
No angry push, no pain nor smart,
Afflict or grieve,
Her tender melting heart.

2.

May th' Heavens and the earth
Conspire her mirth,
By *Io* I conjure thee *Jove*,
May all that's good
Club her delight,
May *Cupid* give her all the sweets of love,
And kindly in the coolest night
Most chastely warm her blood.

F 2

3. Ne'er

3.
Ne'er may she wipe a teare,
From her bright eye,
Ne'er may she sigh or weare,
A mourning vale,
In black, look pale,
Till in her cheeks those fresher roses die,
And where they blush it so,
Nothing but gastly lilies grow.

4.
Ne'er may she scowl or frown,
Or chafe or fret.
Ne'er may she meet a Clown,
That smells of sweat,
By him be kist
Ne'er may the bristles of a bumpkin's chin,
Or th' gripes o's callow fist,
Injure her softer sweeter skin.

5.
Ne'er may my Dearest die,
A sudden death,
Nor on her death-bed lie,
Gasping for breath,
Whilst all about
Her friends drop teares.
But like a brighter lamp i'th' end,
May she burn clear and spend,
Her store of oyle, and so go out.

6.
Ne'er may her slender wrist,

Be over-prest,
 Nor rudely wrung too hard ;
 May her faire hand,
 Be luckie still ;
 At what e're game she playes, may she command
 The surest winning card,
 And never may she want her will.

7.

Amongst great Madams whatsoe're,
 My faire appear,
 Ne'er may she want an eye,
 T' admire and gaze,
 Nor tongue to praise
 Her rare well-featur'd physnomie,
 Still may she called be
 The sweetest and the fairest she.

8.

And if the greatest *Jove*
 Shall blesse me so,
 So as to make her mine,
 And she shall know
 No other love,
 All the night long upon her slumbring eyne,
 May *Cupids* lodge in swarmes,
 Ne'er may she startle from mine armes.

9.

But if I can't be thought
 Worthy that love,
 For which so long I've sought,
 For which I've strove,

So zealously,
 When I am gone and lost, oh may she finde
 A heart as kinde,
 That knowes to love as well as I.

Amanda's *Beautie preferr'd*.

OF noted pearlesse beauties *I* shall tell,
 Yet leave *Amanda* without parallel,
 From thy bright eyes I have receiv'd a wound,
 Deeper then *Henry* from his *Rosamond*,
 I'le be thy *Knight* and *Vaughans* office do,
 I'le be thy *Labyrinth* and *Keeper* too
 As thou art fairer then *French Isabel*,
 So in thy breast farre greater comforts dwell ;
 Thy love can me to richer joyes prefer,
 Then, e're she did her lovely *Mortimer* :
 Had'st thou been living when that famous *Lasse*
Fitz-waters daughter so admired was,
 Sweetest *Matilda* when to *Dunmow* gone,
 Had ne'er been courted by the Princely *John* ;
 If my *Amanda* e're shall be a *Nun*,
 Oh *Heavens* may she be a wedded one,
 I'le answer all her Vowes of chastity,
 I'le be her constant *Monk* and *Monastry*,
 I'le be the careful *Abbot*, she shall be
 My pretty *Abbesse* and my *Nunnerie*,

What

What though the *Nunn'rie* fall, we'l love, and then
 Replenish with young *Monks* and *Nunns* agen ;

Because thy beautie is of greater power,
 Then that of *Alice* walking on the tower,
 Storm'd by all features in their excellence,
Edward the black (that stout victorious *Prince*,)
 With lesse disdain might have been check't by thee,
 Then by the *Lady* of *Count Sal'sburie*,

If *Owen Tudor* prais'd his *Madams* hue,
 'Cause in her cheeks the *rose* and *lilie* grew,
 Thou'rt more praise-worthy then was *Katherine*,
 There's fresher *York* and *Lancaster* in thine :

Had thy sweet features with thy beauty met
 In *William de-la-pool's* faire *Margaret*,
 The *Peers* surpriz'd had never giv'n consent,
 For th' *Duke of Suffolks* five years banishment,
 For the Exchange of *Mauns*, *Anjou* and *Main*,
 T' have giv'n a Kingdom for thee had been gain :

What King would not his Crown and Scepter
 (pawne,

To purchase lilies, and the whitest lawne,
 From thy pure hands, jems from thy sparkling eyes,
 Thy rubie lips, and such rich rarities ?
 Who would not leave a throne, one night to lie
 Upon the sweet bags of thy *Rosarie* ?

Most princely *Virgin*, had'st thou lived, when
 The *goddesse Beautie* was ador'd by men ;
Edward would have preferr'd thee farre before,
 The Goldsmiths Jewel, famous *Mistresse Shore*,
 Had he but seen thy face, and heard thy wit,

To thee that *King* his sugred lines had writ,
 The great Controwler *Love* had made thee be,
 Great Lady *Gouvernesse* to's *Majestie* :
 For who *Amanda* would not put off state,
 And lose a Heav'n with thee t' inoculate ?
 Who would not forfeit all his libertie,
 Lock't up and folded in thine armes to be ?

Were *I* a *Sultan* or an *Emperour*,
 Thus would *I* write to thee my Paramour,
 " Off go my robes and these gold chaines of mine,
 " To twist my legs with those soft legs of thine ;
 " I'le be no longer *Prince*, may *I* but be,
 " *Squire o'th' body* to so faire a she ;
 " I'le lose my honour and my royal throne,
 " And think *I* have them all in thee alone ;
 " *I* who am worship't with a bended knee,
 " Will be thy servant, and bend mine to thee ;
 " Off goes my Crown, I'le be no King of men,
 " That *Princely* name I'le ne'er put on agen ;
 " Till thou into thine armes when I am hurld,
 " Shalt make me *King* of thy sweet *lesser world* ;
 " No kingly pleasure like to *loves* delight,
 " Thy kisse shall crown me, I'le be crown'd all night ;
 " And when the pleasant night is past away,
 " Then shall succeed my *Coronation* day ;
 " Wee'l spend our time in love's sweet merriments,
 " In stately tiltings, justs and tournaments ;
 " Like the stout *Brandon* in the Court of *France*.
 " His loved *Mary*'s honour to advance ;
 " Had he then took (thou brightest Queen of light)
 " Thy

“ Thy name his signal, when he ’gan to fight,
 “ Without chastisements from his piercing steel,
 “ The Giant *Almain* had been forc’t to kneel ;
 “ Were *Surrey* travel’d now to *Tuskanie*,
 “ Off’ring to reach his gauntlet out for thee ;
 “ If on the guilt tree in the List he set,
 “ Thy pretty, lovely, pretty counterfeit,
 “ All Planet-struck with those two stars, thy eyne,
 “ (Outshining farre, his heav’nly *Geraldine* ;))
 “ There would no staffe be shiver’d, none would dare,
 “ A beautie with *Amanda*’s to compare :
 “ All those faire Ladies which we Beauties call,
 “ Are *Mauritians*, and not faire at all,
 “ The proudest *Madam*, and the brightest she,
 “ Is but a *Gypsie*, if compar’d with thee,
 “ And all those *Princely* faire ones that live nigh,
 “ Are tawnie, tann’d and sun-burnt with thine eye ;
 “ Off goes my robe, and these gold chains of mine,
 “ To twist my legs with those soft legs of thine.

Thou are so faire, that in a Sun-shine day,
 When *Phœbus* beams are darterd ev’ry way,
 If thou walk out with thy encountring eyes,
 Sweet *Daphne* fills me with strange jealousies,
 Should thy chaste body turn t’ a Lawrel tree,
 Oh may my browes be e’re impal’d with thee ;
 If I’m a Poet thou hast made me so ;
 Then if thy armes to Lawrel branches grow,
 ’Tis fit in justice, and in love thou twine,
 Those leavie armes about this head of mine.

In the green pastures, if thou walk about,

Where

Where crooked crystal streams flow in and out,
 If *Jove* should change thee as his *Inachis*,
 Streight would I wish my *metempsychosis* ;
 A female shape my loving soul should take,
 So would I be a Milkmaid for thy sake ;
 My lips should milk thee, and thy milk should be
 Sack possets, and sweet Syllibubs to me ;
 Into a Cow by *Jove* wert thou bettaid,
 I'd stroke thy tetts, and be thy darie-maid ;
 The god must needs change me in changing you,
 If thou wert *Io* I'd be *Argus* too.

Within the wood, when thou walk'st here and there,
 The chaste *Calisto's* storie makes me fear ;
 Up to the Sun if thou but lift thy eyes,
 I'd read the peevish *Clytie's* jealousies ;
 Thinking thou may'st by *Phæbus* be prefer'd,
 I think on her who was alive interr'd,
 Interr'd alive should'st thou (my Dearest) be,
 For *Phæbus* sake, as was *Leucothoe* ;
 Surely the mournful Sunne to solemnize
 His fairest well-beloveds obsequies ;
 Would weep upon thy grave, (to sprinkle thee)
 Showres of *Nectar* to eternity ;
 Stil'd from thy Corps then would arise from thence
 Nothing but perfumes and sweet frankincense ;
 From thy dew'd grave still there would flow agen,
 Odours and incense for the gods of men.

When e're I see the kindled fire flame,
 I think how *Jove* unto *Ægina* came ;
 Though I am not so hot a flame as *Jove*,

His flame was fire, mine's the flame of *love* ;
 And if good lawes shall stand in force with us,
 We will beget the world an *Æacus* :

I feare all shapes what e're appear to me,
 Least in't some god be come to ravish thee ;
 It was a *Bull* that took *Europa* up,
 Bright *Theophane* makes me dread the *tup* ;
 The *shepherd* mindes me of *Mnemosyne*.
 The *Eagle*, *Astria* makes me think on thee,
 Still I suspect when e're from thee I go,
 Some rival counterfeit *Amphitrio*,
 For *Læda's* sake I hate the lovely *Swan*,
 I hate not only animals but man.
 Nay when I drink a Cup of *wine* to thee,
 I think how *Bacchus* took *Erigone*.

Should'st thou be crusted up like *Niobe*,
 And turn'd to marble like the *Parian* she,
 In *Guido's* Temple hugg'd by th' noble boy,)
 Thou couldst not lover want, nor they love's joy ;
 For should'st thou die, and o're thy grave have set,
 Thy heavenly featur'd carved counterfeit ;
 Hard by thy tomb I'd stand immoveably,
 And on thy image ever fix my eye,
 As if both eyes (too narrow flood-gates) kept
 The moisture back, and I too slowly wept ;
 Like marble I'd sweat, each pore should drop a tear,
 Tear after tear, till dry as dust I were ;
 Then should my body into ashes fall,
 Black ashes, mourners for thy Funeral ;
 Sweet *Cupid*, Sexton to this dust of mine.

Should

Should throw in *dust to dust*, my dust to thine ;
 Should'st thou not love me whil'st thou livest here,
 But give thy heart to some one other where,
 If thou t' *Elysium* 'fore thy servant went,
 I'd make thy very Statue penitent,
 So strange a mourner for thy death I'd be.
 Thy tombe or ghost should fall in love with me,
 Wert thou to passe over *Cocytus* ferrie
 In that old Sculler, Grandsire *Charons* wherrie,
 The wrizled gray-beard for his hapennie
 Would lick his lips, and ask a kisse of thee ;
 On those black lakes should'st thou but drop a tear,
Styx and *Cocytus* would run crystal clear ;
 The Cells of darknesse shouldst thou go to view,
 The scorched souls would 'gin their *Barichu* ;
 If with one kiss great *Love* thou would'st but please,
Ixion's ransom'd and the *Bellides* ;
 Heaven would readmit poor *Tantalus*,
 And grant reprieve to th' Pirate *Sisyphus* :
 For one sweet smile from thy pure lip can quell
 The wrath of *furies*, and redeem half *hell* ;
 Oh my *Amanda* thou'rt so rare a she,
 There's none hath features to compare with thee,
 Should the age present, and the ages past
 Club for a *beautie*, they'l come short at last ;
 I'le name no *Helen* snatch't by old *Priam's* boy,
 For whom a ten yeares siedge was laid at *Troy*,
 With so great slaughter both of horse and men ;
 Those we count trulls would have been handsome
 (then :
 I'le

I'le name no *Hero*, for the stars have blest us,
 With better beauties then that starre of *Sestus* ;
Holland's Diana, and another *Moon*,
 The faire *Philippa*, like the Sunne at noon.
 A heavenly daughter of *Northumberland's*,
 Young *Capell's* glory, and the *Lady Sands*,
 That blithe smooth *Madam* ; had I thee alone
Amanda, I'd enjoy these all in one ;
 Thou art a matchlesse peerlesse *Paragon*,
 One that an Angel might well doat upon ;
 Had that comparison bin made by thee,
 Which once was made by proud *Cassiope*,
 Those water *Fairies* the *Neriades*.
 Sending no horrid Monster from the seas,
 To eate up beasts, and men ; would proudly tell,
 That thy sweet *Beautie* was their paralell ;
 Or to a rock suppose thou chained were,
 To be devoured by a Monster there,
 As was the heav'nly faire *Andromeda*,
 The rock would moulder or else melt away :
 With thy sweet self, as deeply fall'n in love ;
 Each *Angel* would thy Guardian *Perseus* prove :
 With lesse presumption then *Antigone*,
 Heaven's proud *Juno* can't compare with thee ;
 No, my *Amanda*, for I dare prefer,
 Thee 'fore the stately *Queen* o'th' *Thunderer*,
 'Fore her and comely *Venus* both together,
 Though *Iove* bring bolts, and *Mars* his gauntlet hither.

On *Amanda's* dimples.

ONce more I'm fall'n into an extasie !
 How *I* could gaze, gaze till I've lost my eye !
 Gaze on those dimples in thy cheekes and chin,
 Where the three *Graces* play at *in and in* :
 Three sacred vaults within whose rosie wombes,
 Sweet *Venus* all her pretty smiles entombes ;
 Babes which born laughing, laughing live and die,
 Then are interr'd within thy rosarie :
 They haunt thy lovely cheekes, and here and there,
 Their smiling ghosts appearing disappear ;
 Each from his head hath hanging down to's feet,
 A lillie leafe in stead of's winding sheet ;
 Shrouded in damask rose from top to toe,
 About thy dimples they passe to and fro,
 Still to thy dimples little shades do come,
 Thinking thy dimples their *Elysium* ;
 And I my selfe finde such an *Eden* there,
 Such heav'nly features, Heav'n so ev'ry where,
 That with a willing heart I could resigne,
 My clay to th' dust and shut my dying eyne ;
 Might my soul be when from my Corps it flies,
Amanda's Saint, and she its *Paradise*.

To *Amanda* on her black browes.

THou'rt faire and black, thy browes as black as
 (jett,
 But ne'er were black and white so lovely met, (you
 The *Moor's* black *Prince* would court thee, there's in
 The

The *English Beautie* and the *Negro's* too :
 I've read of *Goshen* which the light did cover,
 When a thick darknesse was all *Egypt* over,
 Here's a transcendent wonder, here is ev'n,
Cimmerian darknesse in the face of Heav'n :
 Enamel'd black upon thy browes is set,
 Which other *Madams* do but counterfeit ;
 And those *black patches* which our *Ladies* weare,
 To set their *lilie* out, is in thy haire :
 Nor do thy twinkling eyes like two, clear, bright
 Faire starres appear, 'cause in thy browes 'tis night,
 No but thy browes because so nigh they stand
 With thy bright eyes, are Sun-burn't, black't and
 Thy browes do mourn, and fit it is if e're (tan'd,
 Thy ey'n, *Amanda*, shed one single tear ;
 If e're thou weep'st but once, although thou never,
 Weep more, 'tis fit thy eye-brows mourn for ever.

To his best friend Mr. T. H.

True SIR,

THE Countrey Gentleman who never mist,
 When he walk't out his Faulc'ner at his fist :
 Who once besides his hounds was able,
 To keep a pack of servants at his Table ;
 Now trudges through the streets in any fashion,
 To a Committee, and returns in passion,
 Chewing his lips for cud ; it is not hard,
 To know'n by's silver-haire malignant beard,
 And his delinquent boots, in which he goes,
 Wetshod i'th' sweat of's dirtie mellow toes ;

'Tis

'Tis pity troth such good old Gentlemen,
Are forc't to wear their old boots o're agen.

Nay Sir, the *Prelates* beg, his *Lordships* grace,
Walks with a scurvie *Sequestration* face,
The good old honest Priest is grown so poor,
He says his grace at another mans door ;
You may know'n by the reliquis of's old *Querp*-coat,
By's Canonical rags he's a Priest you must know't,
His girdle is greasie, he doth all to befat it,
Black puddings he hangs, and sauciges at it,
Though once he preach't well, and learnedly spoke,
Now he hath not so much as a pig in a poke.

True Sir, the *Clergie* suffers, none can teach,
The truth with freedome, or with courage preach,
In stead of some good worthy pious *Knox*,
W' have nothing now but a *Iack in a box* ;
The people without life or soul lie dead,
As under th' aspect of *Medusa's* head ;
The *Gentrie* groans, the *Nobles* muzled are,
The heavie taxes make the *Bumpkins* swear,
And *Tradesmen* break ; the truth o'th' storie's this,
The times are bad, and all things are amisse ;
It is an iron age, an age that swarmes
With vipers, yet had I within mine armes
My *lovely sweet one*, that same *Fairest* she,
Whose love accepts my bribing *Poetrie* ;
Pretty *Amanda's* kissing *Alchymie*,
Can make this age a golden age to me.



To my Noblest and ever-Honoured
friend, Sir *Thomas Leventhorp*,
Baronet.

SIR,

ME thinks 'tis time to know the joyes of *love*,
'Toward great *Hymens* altar time to move ;
And now no longer *ward*, 'tis fit you be
Guardian to some transcendent *Deitie*,
And make some wealthie *beauty* fortunate,
Not only in the share of your *estate*
And *honours*, but i'th' richer treasury
Of your faire *person*, and your sparkling eye,
Where a bright, radiant *soul* displayes
Its chaster twinkling flames, like the *Sunnes* rayes
In a clear Crystal font, when *Zephyrus*
That modest, luke-warme, *Virgin-incubus*
Makes the sweet *Nymph* hold out (the lovers blisse)
Cool trembling lips to take a passant kisse :

'Tis pity that so rare a *soul* should be
Confin'd to thought, and in the Nunnerie
Of its own lodge, lead a *monastick* life,
Barr'd of all *Consort* joyes, which a good wife
Diffuseth like an Amber-box, wherein
Unguents, balme, spice, and perfum'd *oiles* have been
Closely imprison'd, which now first take th' aire,
Like *myrrhe* and *spikenard*, when they bruised are,

G

And

And vie their odours with the *violet*,
 The *roses* and *carnations* which are set
 In my *Amanda's* cheeks, whose early breath
 I'th' morning is an *Antidote* to death ;
 Sweeter then *Cynamon*, like *Frankincense*,
 Preservative against the *pestilence*
 Of melancholy fits, the dull disease
 Of *nods*, brown *studies*, and such *plagues* as these ;
 'Tis fit so rare a *bodie* be possest
 By two faire *souls* ; so faire a *soul* be blest
 With two faire *bodies* too ; may both your *minde*
 And *bodie* pleasure in its likenesse finde ;
 May she you choose be such, whose shape and feature
 Shall speak her *goddess* rather then a *creature* ;
 May she be *Eccho* to your worth, in which
 I fully wish she may be rarely rich,
 In whatsoe're doth *Admiration* move,
 In all the *dainties* of her *sex* and *love*,
 As for a *single life*, 'tis nothing lesse
 Then *Hermitage* amongst a wildernesse
 Of *women*, who do vaile their rarities,
 Or else are *fruitlesse* or *forbidden trees* ;
 Besides, he studies *Nature* best 'tis known,
 Who hath a *Physick-garden* of his own ;
 Which is most state, anothers land to till
 And plough in common, or be Lord at will
 In a *Free-hold* ? Nay, then consider, *Sir*,
 In robbing *Orchards* what the troubles are ;
 Though now from climbing private walls you'r free,
 Yet think what 'tis that tempts to th' roberrie ;

Youth

Youth and faire lovely fruit, though ne'er so good
 And clean, sometimes the chastest flesh and blood
 Must needs be bobbing ; now to *Tantalize*,
 And always live by feeding of the eyes,
 Is a poor silly banquet, on the thin,
 Small, saplesse *species* that are served in,
 By colour'd *atomes*, which an Elephant
 Is as soon cloid with as the smallest *Ant*.

I know you have a *Martial* warlike heart,
 Your looks speak valour, which 'tis fit y' impart
 To the next age, and though you'd rather make
 Your sword eate men, then have a *woman* take
 Your *noble spirits* pris'ners, 'yet to give
 Birth to an *heire*, and that your *name* may live,
 Do like your *fathers*, lest you guilty be
 O'th' murder of your *blood* and *familie*.

Nothing like his love to Amanda.

GO ye great Ranters, into th' wilde embraces
 Of your stew'd *Madams* ; lick their varnisht faces,
 Where slimie snailes have crept ; brag of the fee,
 Wherewith they bribe your spending *lecherie* ;
 Then swash it to the *Taverne*, and confesse
 That *lust* maintaines your *pride* and *drunkenness*.

Go, you mad *City-Huffs*, who fright *young heirs*.
 And fill those *Lack-wits* with strange jealous feares
 Of your pretended *valour* make fair showes,

But dare as little as they to come to blowes ;
 Go with your *Guardian Hectors* who *maintain*
 (Some petty booty, some small prize to gaine,)
 A *windfall Ladies honour*, keep for pay
 The old *Troy-ruines* of some *Hecuba* ;
 Jumble her bones within her shrivled skin,
 And take the mud-walls of her carcase in ;
 Hug rotten *Countesses* which pockeaten are,
 As if their *Master-Coffin-wormes* were there,
 Who for a *legacie* would swear 'twere sweet
 To spend o'th' stinking Corps i'th' winding sheet.

Go, cursed *Misers*, damned o're and o're,
 For grinding the lean faces of the *poor* ;
Morgage your carking soules and bodies to
 A *Usurer* as mercilesse as you :
 To fill your *bags* seek and scrape every where,
 Dig to the *centre*, and die beggars there ;
 Go cheat and over-reach only to fill,
 And take up paper with a tedious *Will* ;
 Create trouble to th' *Executors* to prize
 Your wealthie goods, and pay out *legacies*,
 Then your *heir* laughing, play at *Hoop-all-hid*
 As once your rustie coffin'd money did :
 Depart in hopes to be sav'd after all,
 For the repairing an old *Hospital*,
 Or some poor *School-masters* augmentation,
 An *exhibition* to some *Corporation*
 To set young *Tradesmen* up or so, then die
 Rich in your *gifts*, and poor in *charitie*.

Go, ye *State-leaches*, in your blessings curst,

Sweetly

Sweetly suck blood and money till you burst,
 Fleece a whole Kingdom, then like silly sheep,
 Which butchers in some fat'ning pastures keep
 Only for slaughter, amongst cut-throats fall,
 Pil'd, poll'd and snip't, shier'd and cashier'd of all ;
Empsons and *Dudleyes*, *Speakers* and men o'th' chair,
 Spoil'd as the *Sultans* griping *Basha's* are.

Go, ye *Court-spaniels*, quest in honours sent,
 Perfum'd and polish't with a *complement*.
 Fawne and shake tailes to *Ladies*, keep them fed
 With bribing viands of the banquet-bed,
 With *them* their *little dogs* and *Cupids* play,
 Till you be crack't and broken too as they,
 Then your hope's lost, you slighted and forgot,
 Down quickly to some Countrey gaol, and rot ;
 But say, your *Princes Favourite* you be,
 Grac't with the loose-hamm'd *Courtiers* knee ;
 Know there is *Autumne* in the midst o'th' *spring*
I'th' Court, and if the smiling face o'th' *King*
 In which your *honour* lives, be overcast
 With clouds, you only blossom to a blast.

Go, plodding *Students*, ramble through the *Arts*,
 Learn all that *science* to the *soul* imparts,
 Let *notions* huddle, swim and multiplie,
 Till they do muster into *heresie* ;
 Receive those *Centaur's* and *Chimera's* in,
 Which *monster*-like against true *Reason* sinne ;
 Go crack your braines with *Elenches* which are bred
 By swarmes within a crazie brooding head ;
 Bring to the wrack your *judgement*, *reason*, *sense*,

To screw a truth from *non-Intelligence* ;
 Infect thy *wits*, with *buzzing thoughts* which flie
 About like *gnats*, and sting out *Reasons* eye ;
 Reade *errors* till thou squint on *truth* ; and make
Unity double and treble seem, so mistake,
 And then at last be serv'd like th' *Logick* elfe,
 Prov'd two egges three, supp'd on the third himself ;
 What a great businesse 'tis ! what strength we spend,
 What wit and time, all to no other end
 Then to vent parts and words, and wrangle still,
 As if in chaines, we needs must prove *free-will* !
 To hold *predestination* or *decrees*,
 Or some such ridling, needlesse points as these !
 What an act 'tis to write a *book*, then die,
 And be confuted by *posterity* !

These are sad heavy thoughts of working brains,
 Most fruitlesse projects, yet require paines ;
 The *Huffes* and *Hectors* do contrive and plot
 To hug a *Madam* or a *pottle-pot*.

Both which they *love* alike, although their drink
 And wine be sweet, perhaps their *Madams* stink :
 The *Miser* toyles, and all his carking care
 Can seldom purchase from his *heire* a teare,
 Nay, whil'st he labours, strives and gaspes for
 (breath ;

The frolick *wag* laughs the *old fool* to death,
 The *Statesman* hatches *Cuckows* egges, gets in
 A stock, then *bever*-like dies for his skin :
 The *Courtier* lives on hopes, his *Princes* frown
 Till the next *smile* kills him, and casts him down,

Still

Still his preferment is adulterate,
 Subject alike to *honour* and to *hate* :
 The *Scholar* keeps a stir t' *immortalize*
 His name, tumbles and tosses *Libraries*,
 Puts on his doting *winter-rug* at night,
 Sits up till *two*, two or three lines to write.

Well, well, *Amanda*, be but rul'd by me,
 We'll spend our time in no such foolerie,
 May I but make thee *Dearest* to my minde,
 We will leave *children*, and not *books* behinde.

To *Amanda* *supposing and wishing she were*
with childe.

With what delight and joy, me thinks I see
 Thy swelling *wombe* increase its treasure !
 What a sweet *poison* 'twas ! if all *maids* past
 Fifteen, could themselves *poison* so, how fast
 They'd kick up heels, be *venom'd* in their beds ;
 And murder those *Chimera's Maidenheads* :
 How stately my *Amanda* looks ! she seems to me
Diana in her crescent *Majestie*.

What frozen creature is't, won't wish as soon
 As *Phebe's* spi'd himself the man i'th' *Moon* ?
 What *Virgin* thy faire *Lunar globe* can see,
 And not straight wish to be i'th' full like thee ?

I wish, my *Dearest*, I could heare thee say,
 The *little boy* kicks, willing to make his way

Into his *fathers* armes : Oh may he be
His own sweet *mothers* picture, not like me.
Ah could I heare it, [I have often smil'd
To think upon't] *Amanda's great with childe* !
She *looks* within a month ; would past all feare
I once might say, *Welcome down my stairs, my Deare* ;
Would thou were't *church't*, and the *good wives* were
(come

A *gossiping* ! Now 'twil be guest by some
The maine thing that I wish implicitly
Is this, would *I* were *brought to bed* with thee.



To







MISCELLANEA Poetica:

Carmina exequialia, Epigrammata & diversi generis Poëmata colligata in Manipulum; cui Annectuntur Epistolæ,

ROSAMUNDÆ HENRICO,
ET

HENRICI ROSAMUNDÆ,

Quas clarissimus olim Poëta nostras

MICHAEL DRAITON Armiger
Nostratibus dedit;

Carminibus Latinis redditæ;

Quarum quæ secunda est *OVIDIANO* plané stylo
nobilitatur ab *Elegantissimo & Honoratissimo* Iuvene,

D^{no} EDVARDO MONTACUTIO.

Dic quis Patrouus, quis nunc erit?—

*Nos tamen hæc agimus, tenuique in pulvere sulcos
Ducimus.—*

LONDINI, Excusum Anno Dom. 1653.





Ornatissimo viro,

M^{ro}. *ALEXANDRO AKEHURST*,
 S.S. & Individuæ *Trin. Coll. Cantab.*
 Vice-Præsuli Dignissimo.



E essem ingrati-
 tudinis [quâ non est tur-
 pior nævus] vel diutulè notatissi-
 mus labe, paginas hasce, nominis tui
 & virtutis breve monumentum, tibi,
 (Gravissime vir) tutelar^{is} Angeli
 mei fidelis cultor, non imprudenter,
 tun bonâ cum veniâ, dedicaverim; Nec revera mi-
 hi in ore meo colliquescere solet, qui memoriam adi-
 mat, Galectites, nec socordiâ seu papaveris lacte,
 consopitus discubui, ut qui tantæ tuæ Beneficentiæ in-
 dormire potuerim; facilius utique decrevero, benè
 merenti non omninò deberi gratias, quàm à me non
 usquequ aque pro virili meo & obnixius animo re-
 pendi: Beneficia vestra, non adeò sinam deperdita esse,
 ut quæ simul ac data sint, labantur illicò & avolent;
 Humanitas vestra, tot literis & characteribus se ex-
 pressit, tot sententias aureas est locuta, ut, si in me
 esset, amorⁱ tuo & Bonitatis gloriæ, præsens ætas,
 nec comma suffigeret, nec periodum posteritas. At
 ero ingenii mei egregius Gnatho si eas me putem ho-
 nori tuo, hoc dispalato carmine, columnas ponere,
 quas

quas Poëtæ majorum Gentium Mœcenatibus suis,
 ———Quas nec Jovis ira nec ignis, &c.

*Quinimò tam diversum cogito, & è contrà persen-
 tiscam hanc Camœnam meam, (si vita suppetat) iisdem
 auspiciis tuis superfuturam quibus olim est nata, nec
 enim agere potest illam animam quam à te hausit, quam
 & puram insuper & vivacem conservas. Gloriabor
 tutius tuo nomine, quàm si singulus propemodum ver-
 sus stricto gladio se defenderet, & quæque pagina acu-
 tissimè mucronata frameas pugionesque minitaret.*

*At quid ego tibi Heliconem cui nihil sapit præter-
 quam anima Saturni & Jovis Spiritus qui Chymi-
 corum*

——— Caput inter nubila condis.

*Et adea tantum lectionem adhibes, quæ scribuntur
 calamis, à Philosophorum Aquilâ & Phœnice de-
 sumptis? Verùm Doctissime Vir, nonsunt genus ho-
 minum inter se tam omninò dissimile Poëta & Chy-
 micus; Hic nempe Aphronitrum & Salem gemmæ,
 ille Veneres & florem Salis; Clibanos hic furnòs-
 que & equi fimum, ille Pegasus & mellificia Attica;
 Hic venenum & philtrum jactat, ille quosvis in Cu-
 pidinis ignem, imò potest in patibulum agere; Hic
 herbarum cineribus pristinas formas & ἰδιοσυγκρασίας
 induit,*

Ille etiam jubet ut vivat post funera virtus,

Sic neque vel cineri gloria ferò venit,

*Quin & homines facit Poëta, quam diù manserit mor-
 talitas, immortales; pulcherrimas fabulas hic & ille
 ventilat, eaque fingit mendacia, quæ veritatem magis
 significare,*

significare, quàm exprimere videntur verisimile; jam verò etiam, quicquid id est quod ostentavit Agrippa, iste scilicet Simon Magus vester, quod medicorum omnium præstantissimus Theophrastus, quod Hispanus ille cum campanula, quod illa denique Maga Virgiliana,

Quæ se carminibus promisit solvere mentes,

Quas velit, ast aliis duras immittere curas,

Sistere aquam fluviis, &c.

Quantúcunq̄ sint, à nobilissimis Chymicis, vel effecta, vel excogitata & ficta tantummodò, non minora a certè prodigia, nec veritatis ratione impari inventa, attribuebantur olim & etiam nunc hodie ascribuntur Poëtis. Vtrique in monte quodam sublimi & aureo.

Quærunt quod nusquam est gentium, reperiunt tamen. *Notum est quod effutiunt labeones quique, utriusvis facultatis studiosos degeneratum iri in pannosos mendiculos, at illi nequam homines φιλάργυροι, qui otiosam pecuniam, nummularum æruginem, & captensularum sordes, Chymicorum Poëtarúmque sapientiæ præferunt invincibilis ignorantiae rei, me iudice, damnabuntur ad Plutonem; quo nimirum in pretio fuerint, quàm ubique gentium cohonestati & celebres, satis eloqui possunt in Pandulphi Cathedra Rheginus, pro Archia Poëta ipse Cicero.*

At ne hîc molem struam, Chymicorum Poëtarúmque; laudes accumulando, inclyta nomina recensendo, & percurrendo virtutes reciprocas, Argumenti & amoris duplici catenâ, eos breviter astringam; qui etenim

nim magis continuò invicem ad complexum currant & oscula, quàm (fraterrima capita Gemellorum) Poëta & Chymicus ? uterque nimirum naturæ primogenitus ; hic materno gremio delectatur ; ille matris subuculâ involvebatur delicatulus pusio ; &

— Post obitum supremaque funera.—
inter flores & herbas utriusque circumvolabit animula, hortulorum illa, hæc Parnassi apecula, vagula, blandula ;

Quare (Spectatissime Vir) ut comitatem tuam & mansuetudinem taceam (de quibus permulta nunc essent dicenda) si hæc cerebri mei aqua stillatitia percoletur in capitello tuo, si lagunculam è doliolo nostro, si pusillum hoc & levidense munusculum, bono animo acceperis, Humanitas tua erit mihi μήτρα πολυάνθεμος, Et precabor superos, ut Adech tuus & bonus Dæmon, Antimonii Arcana ac novum indies ἔνρηκα tibi suggerat, ut idem ille Cherubin cœlestis tibi ipsi, qui & ipsi olim Paracelso opituletur jugiter, & semper adsit ad manus usque eo dum à cœlo avoles spagyrico ad Aniada Paradisi.

VALE.

Amplissimo nomini vestro perpetuâ
observantia & officio devotis-
simus. N. H.

H





In obitum gravissimi senis Dⁿⁱ Doctoris
COLLINS, Theologiæ Professoris Re-
 gii *Cantabrigiæ*.

A *Mica*, (Lector) *funeri pedissequa*
Attendat æmula lacryma,
Viduaque mater lugeat Academia
Sponsi ad senilis nœnias,
Et veste nubilâ induantur lugubres
Ecclesiastici chori ;
Non januæ Libitina cardines quatit
Non ostium excussit modò,
Sed ausa vel scientiarum Regium
Evertere monasterium.
Compressus est silentio fidissimus
Propheta & Interpres Dei
 Veteranus emeritúsq ; linguæ Hebraicæ
 Professor *elinguis silet.*
Exhaustus est ditissimus Theologiæ
Thesaurus, & Oraculum.
 Casúsq ; *jam tandem per omnes mors rudis*
Heterocliton flexit vagum.
Variatur ille quem monoptoton diù
Credidimus invariable ;
Iniqua certè mortis absurdæ manus
Hominem ferire tam senem,

*Veneranda fatis occubuit Antiquitas
Obiit senectus non senex.*



Somnus mortis imago.

STabat in Eliaco, *nebulis vestita*, sacello,
Fæmina *pænè suo nescia stare loco*,
Sydera *su adebant circumlucentia* somnum,
Misebátque suas *Cynthia amica faces* ;
Visa est *nutare & pulvinar quærere mento*,
Inque suo *firmè labra sepulta sinu* ;
Nox fuit *hæc, lævâ nigrum est amplexa puellum*,
Et puer *ad dextram qui stetit albus erat*,
Illa fuit *somni, fuit altera mortis imago*,
Sic *morti similis somnus, & alba nigris.*



To his loving friend M. T. G. upon covering his head in the Colledge-Butteries.

What is the matter *Tom*, thou'rt grown so old,
 Hoarie and white o'th' sudden? fear'st thou
 (cold

Salt brackish rheumes should falling on thy chest
 Thy windpipe rot, thy spungie lungs infest?
 Yes, *taplash* breeds catarrhs, and thereupon
 The Butler needs must starch thy *night-cap* on;
Tom, thou wert fudl'd o're night, and 'twas for fear,
 Thou should'st i'th' morning drink too much small
 After so hot an *Orgyan* sacrifice, (beer
 'Twas wholesome moral *Physick* not to size.

O're night thou know'st it was thy fatal lot,
 To *mug*, to quaffe, carouse and bownce the pot;
 Next morne *I* hast'ned to the *butterie-hatch*,
 How much *Col-tiffe* thou'dst drink *I* meant to
 (watch;

But when I came, *I* view'd, look't every where,
 The duce of any *Tom* or *head* was there.
 First from the bottom of the *Tables* *I* spi'd,
 And upwards ev'ry name *I* straightly ey'd;
 Each *name* a round o'th' ladder seem'd to me,
 Then come to th' *blank* which put m' in minde of
 (thee;
 It

It emblem'd out a thief, who 'fore he dies
 Lookes like thy *head* with's night-cap o're his eyes :
 How ! proud and coy ! Prethy now what do'st aile,
 That like the wenchs thou must mask and vaile,
 And hide thy face (like them in heat of blood,)
 In such a daintie, fine, *white sarc'net hood* ?
 Way with that *mufler*, shew thy face, let's see't :
 Prethee leave off doing *penance* in a *sheet*.
 Thou look'st like some old scurvie Countrey-*Hag*,
 That makes a *biggen* of an oat-meal bag,
 Whose face is mask'd with *chin-cloth* fine and gay,
 To ride on *Dick* or *Brown* o'th' market-day :
 Thou'rt like a *Corps* old women have laid out,
 Whose meagre visage is cover'd with a clout ;
 I think they'l *shroud* thee too with *time* and *bayes* ;
 For they complain how thou hast spent thy dayes ;
 Die, *Tom*, in these bad *times* ? thou must despair
 Of being interr'd with *Common-prayer*.

Rise prethee, feare not, thou shalt *namelesse* be,
 Rascal, dost think, we can't new *christen* thee ;
 Nay in the *old way* too boy, and rather
 Then not, I mean to be thy *Godfather* :
 'Tis but small charges *Sirrah* ; there needs no *fee*
 Unto the *Midwife* or the *Nurserie* ;
 Nor need I give my *Godson* some fine *boon*,
 A *Coral-whistle with bells*, or *silver-spoon* ;
 When thou art grown, canst *go alone* and prattle,
 Please thy *Nurse* and *Godfather* with tittle tattle ;
 I'le give thee *schooling* ; for thy books I'le pay,
Horne-books and *Primmers*, childe, to fling away ;
 Then

'Then thou shalt ask me *blessing*, pretty toy,
 I'le stroke th' oth' head, *God blesse thee*, rise *my boy* ;
 Then chuck th' oth' chin, and with a *Godfathers* grace,
 'Tis *my good boy*, here's for thee, learn *apace* :
 Now if the *black-coat* come and *cat'chize* thee ;
 Answer him M. or N. *Sir*, T. or G.,
 If urgent still he ask thee, *what's thy name* ?
 Conjure and mum, crie, *Oh Sir*, *Yes*, *that same*.

But heark thee *Tom*, hast lost thy *Sirname* quite ?
 Wert thou *degraded* like a new dub'd Knight,
 Cashier'd with good *Sir Hal*, *Sir James*, *Sir John*,
 Who had their *Honours* dated *fourtie one*,
 Whose pride by act of State was made a sinne,
 Calling the last edition of titles in ?
 Stay th' next *Platonick* *fourty one*, and then
 For some few yeares you shall be *Knights* agen.

Thou i'th' mean while (it is an honourable word
 Amongst the *Hunch-backs*) shalt be call'd *my Lord* :
 Or else some *Carter*, rather then have none,
 Shall lash and *name* thee, *Robbin*, *Hob* or *Rhoan* ;
 Yes, yes, thoud'st make a *Stallion* rare,
 To earne thy Master *Clod* some groat's a mare,
 Then for thy motions *Rhe*, *ho*, *hut* will do,
 The *Aldermans Thiller* thy name-sake too.
 And then all day to have thy *Tutor* sing,
Lash thee and *whistle*, (then rogue) fresh grasse i'th'
 (spring ;
 Yes and i'th' winter-time to have a maw,
 To feed on *hawme* of *pease* and *barley-straw* ;
 Then *draw* up hill, and when the *cart* goes dead,

To be well-pun'd with *whips* i'th' *flanck* or *head*,
 And then thy Master when thou'st spent thy force,
 To clap thy *buttocks* with *Gra-mercie-horse*.

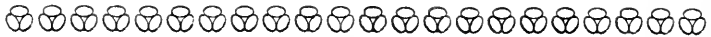
But prethy, *Tom*, tell what the reason is,
 Thou'rt *harness't* in this *metamorphosis* ?
 They say that thou wert mad, *horne-mad*, and now
 Thou wear'st a kinde of *Bondgrace* like a Cow.

Heaven blesse thee, my best chicken, I dare say
 Thou wer't unkindly us'd, who will say nay ?
 For troth I know thy heart and temper well,
 'Tis plain and easie for the world to spell ;
 Open and free, and lodg'd within a breast,
 Wherein no swelling envious serpents neast ;
 It alwayes in a grateful posture lies
 Thy *loving friends* most ready *sacrifice* ;
 And from thy bosome should he it command,
 Thy bosome straight lies open to his hand :
 I know thee well, I've read thee o're and o're ;
 Thou only want'st two or three faces more ;
 One for thy publike use, t' *Hippocritize*,
 A Chappel-mask, a garb and Sunday-eyes.
 But let that falsehood passe, thou know'st I know
 The men o'th' world are riddles, so let them go,
 My civil charity doth speak it sinne,
 To rifle others closets or look in ;
 Yet if their hearts were hell, I'd never doubt
 To venture in, to fetch the devil out ;
 For some have thought the worst they can of you,
 Who dare I'm sure no worse then they dare do ;
 But I'le not preach in *verse*, lest some of those

Should

Should envie me, who can't do't well in *prose* ;
 No, *Tom*, at present thou my *theam* shalt be,
 And as men name a *text*, so I'le name thee ;
 As they do little or nought to th' purpose say,
 So I'le but name thee just, and then away ;
 And rather then thou still shalt nothing be,
 But *Entelechia* and *hæccetie* ;
 I'le name thee *Cambridge-Tom*, and of thee vaunt,
 As they of *Munster-Jack*, and *John* of *Gaunt* ;
Thomas Thomasius thou shalt be,
 Or *Thompson* of the *Danish* progenie ;
 Or *Tom ap Thomas* like that *Welch* device.
 And link of names, *ap Owen*, *ap Hugh*, *ap Rice* ;
 Or else with them I'le borrow from the *Jewes*,
 Name thee as they the sonnes of *Rabbi's* use,
Rabbi-ben-Majim, who *Majims* loines came from,
 So will I name thee *Rabbi Tom-ben-Tom*.

An



An *ELEGIE* on the death of Mr.
Frear Fellow of *Trin. Coll.* in *Cam-*
bridge, who died of a Con-
 sumption.

AT length upon the wing, haste to possesse
 Th' eternal mansions of true happinesse ;
 To Saints and *Angels* go, and *Fellow* be
 Amongst those *Doctors* of *Divinity* ;
 Long were't *admitted*, and now fit it were
 Thou take thy journey to *continue* there ;
 Pitty thy soul should be no otherwise
 Employ'd, then to hold open dying eyes,
 And yet how loath she fled, as if sh' had rather
 Stay'd here to keep thy skin and bones together.
 Some few dayes longer hadst thou drawn thy
 (breath,
 Thy frighted friends had taken thee for death ;
 For which thy meagre shape as well might passe,
 As that which holds the spade and houre-glasse ;
 Thou look'st as if thou'dst past through Chir'rgions
 (hall
 A live *Anatomie*, the Belfree wall
 Doth nothing ne'er so grim a shape present :
 So thy kinde soule, till all its oile was spent,
 Glimmer'd i'th' socket, as if when 't went out

Thy

Thy friends should be i'th' dark, and all about
 The scritchowls of the sable-winged night,
 Hither in errors clouds would make their flight ;
 Thus whil'st thou seems to be *Jobs* living story,
 Thy death's head was our best *Memento mori*.

Alas poor thread-bare, worne out *Skeleton*,
 With one short rag of flesh scarce cloath'd upon,
 More bare then in the wombe, unto thy Urne
 How truly naked did thy *Corps* return ?
 What stranger who had seen thy shriv'led skin,
 Thy thin, pale, gastly face, would not have been
 Conceited he had seen a ghost i'th' bed
 New risen from the grave, not lately dead !
 Those things in vaults, whose gently touched shrine
 Falls into dust, look fresher farre then thine.
 Which was so dry, as if thy carcase were
 For many yeares embalm'd and buri'd there ;
 Who e're had argu'd that thou ne'er would'st die,
 Would have disputed very probably :
 At least he might have made this topick good,
 Thou wert immortal, 'cause not flesh and blood.
 But we who know thou spak'st so many tongues,
 Will cease to wonder at thy wasted lungs ;
 And from thy losse of flesh, it was not fit,
 We will conclude the wormes should feed on it.
 'Twas pity such a piece to th' grave was hurl'd,
 For th' curious volume of thy lesser world
 An *Enoch*-like Translation fitter were,
 Then Critick death for an *Interpreter* :
 Thy learning was so rich, that I would dare

[Were

[Were it *hereditary*, I thy *heire*]
 To spend with wealthie *Cæsars*, and out-vie
Europes most learned living library ;
 Clad all in sackcloth if I were to mourn
 In *dust* and *ashes* [like a soul forlorn]
 Could these externals make me more divine,
 Or adde to Piety, I'd call for thine.

'Tis pitie nature did but lend thee us,
 Give, and then take away her jewel thus ;
 Alas ! when she perceiv'd how suddenly,
 Dull counterfeits would all in fashion be,
 And gems that are the right at nought be set,
 She lock't thee up within her cabinet.
 So we were losers all. But mark his end,
 How like a traveller to's loving friend,
 He just at's farewel takes a parting cup,
 Biddeth us all adieu, and drinks it up ;
 Reader, 'twas to thy health, and though in beer
 Yet prethy kindly pledge him in a tear.



An *ELEGY* on the death of Mr. *Crane*,
Apothecary in *Cambridge*.

AShes to ashes ! who ! our *Æsculape* !
 Our *Cambridge-Chiron* ! can't such skill escape ?
 Such *Peons* die ! strange ! dust to dust ! who is't !
 What noble *Crane*, that golden *Alchymist* ?
Is't he ! then proud Dame *Vesta* certainly
 Will vaunt those atomes to eternitie.
 Swell, boast, look big, and in her womb
 'Teem him an everlasting, growing tomb ;
 Embalme him Reader in thy memorie,
 Shroud him with *silver-blossom'd rosemarie* ;
 With *pennie-royal*, *marigold* flowers,
 And yellow saffron, embleme out what powers
 Of *Sol* and *Luna* in his coffers lie,
 Forc't in by his great Art and Industrie :
 'Tis fit this great *Preservative of formes*
 Should never want a *med'cine* 'gainst the *wormes* :
 Tir'd with dull *elements*, he's gone from hence
 T'extract and clothe his soul with *quintessence* ;
 There is no *all-heal*, but a funeral ;
 All things before are mix't with *wormwood*, *gall*,
 And *vinegar* ; Now he is gone from us ;
 Tis *benedictus* without *carduus* ;

No

No *sulphur* tinctures, *tartar*, no disease ;
'Tis *lignum vitæ*, and no *aloës*.
His *house* and *shop* since death hath overcome,
Is furnished with *Caput mortuum*,
Let your *Alembicks* freely crystallize,
Fill *gallipots* with *catarrhs* from your eyes,
Or rather wipe them, let them not be mistie,
He's gone for *Manna* or for *manus Christi*.



On the immature death of his hopeful
friend, Mr. *Alexander Rookesby*.

1.

MOst cruel death ! be so precise ?
Take no excuse !
Could not thy nature, nor
Thy well promising youth apologize !

2.

This fit of sicknesse should have been,
The smallest stop,
Only a *comma* to thy health.
A short *deliquium*, then life agen.

3.

What so unskilful in *Orthographie* ?
Illiterate fate ?
To put a *period* thus,
Where but a *colon* at the most should be !

4. Was't

4.
Was't not unmannerly in death
 Before his tale
 Were told, or he had spoke
His better sentence out, to stop his breath !

5.
O'th' dawning of his life *I* look,
 As on a short
 Brief preface, or a kinde salute
To th' gentle Reader, but w' have lost the book.

6.
'Tis fit each Scholar o're his Herse,
 Weep Elegies,
 Nature was scanning him,
As though she meant to make a golden verse.

7.
But death instead of long *Hexameters*,
 Making *Adonicks*,
 Served a warrant in
Which fate had writ in short-hand characters.

8.
So left the learn'd *Hippocrates*,
 (Giving a dash
 Rude *Ignoramus* like)
To make a guesse and spell out the disease.

9.
Himself read only his Contents,
 The Chapter must
 Be read at's grave, while down
His coffin ives drill watrie monuments.

10. Fare-

10.

Farewel, farewel, dear heart,
Is't thine, my friend ?
I bid this longest farewel to,
Or rather is't my own with which *I* part ?

11.

Alas ! good soul, thou'rt gone ;
And were it not
That I should wish my death,
I'd wish 'twere time to follow on.

12.

Nor would I any other knell
To drive away
Bad spirits from my grave,
Only the Eccho of thy passing bell.

To



An *Epithalamium* sacred to the Nuptials
of the truly *Religious Lady*, the *Lady*
A. H. and the Valiant and Worthy
Sir W. W. Knight.

JOy, most victorious *Madam* ; pardon me,
If I recal a past solemnity ;
'Tis a review of *joy*, which is a dish
Not like some strange, out-landish fowle or fish,
Or some new-fangled sauce, some bo-peep meat,
Which th' *Antipodes*, and we by turnes do eat,
Some sullen cates which out of season flie,
To tempt the *Ladies* with their raritie ;
But like your *Conserves*, with more choice delight
Feeds all the humours of the appetite,
Plays with a curious palate, and from thence
Leaps to the eye, then to another sense,
So doth enrich the soul, till it surmize,
The body an *Elizian Paradise* :

This wealthie joy, which at the *marriage-tide*
Sparkles i'th' *Bridegrooms* eyes, perfumes the Bride
With her own cheerful spirits, till they dart
Laughter into her spouses ticklish heart ;
This balsame joy, great *Lady*, I present
In a reunction, to renew its sent,
And call its quickning vertues out, which lie

Not dead, but dormant in their treasure ;
 I do but rub the herbe, and wake from thence
 Such fragrant savours, as may feast the sense,
 Tell you what flowers in your posie are,
 Repeat some notes in short-hand character.

Then pardon, *Madam*, though I come so late,
Joy's never out of season, still in date,
 Where *love* is fresh, *joy* never can decay,
 Though yeares be spent, 'tis still the *wedding* day.

Then, *great triumphant Madam*, once again,
Joy to your second *Conquest*, you have ta'ne
 Two noble *Warriours Captives* in your breast,
 Nature hath *ransom'd* one, the other's *prest*
 To succeed *pris'ner* ; oh blest *captive* he
 That's *pris'ner* in so chaste a Nunnerie !
 'Twas pity since your *first* was forc't to yield,
 Your *second* stay'd so long, as if the *field*
 Were voted by some pious bosome-law,
 For so long time Sir *Simons Golgotha* ;
 Good *wife* ! whose body for some years must be
 Her first *Deare's charnel house*, his *Calvarie*.

But now that cloud of Funeral Obsequies
 Hath spent it self in teares, and in your eyes
 Mirth 'gins to startle and resume its seat ;
 Fresh blushes vault in *triumph*, smiles *curveat* :
 All speak your *Conquest* of the *Conquerour*,
 What a commanding *Amazon* you are ;
 Unto whose service *Champions* are drawn forth,
 Upon the *Altar* of whose glorious worth,
 Great *Hymen* bids me *offer sacrifice*,

And

And th' *god of warre* hath done devotion twice,
 Stately *Bellona* courts your *Ladship*,
 And am'rous *Mars* fights duels at your lip :
 You take your *Spouse* in *pris'ner* by your charmes,
Sir William takes you in by force of armes,
 And then such volley shots of kisses flie,
 Would tempt and ravish sworn *Virginity*.
 Now may those chaster lips so closely meet,
 At each salute as if your soules did greet ;
 And since *Sir William* here hath taken *quarter*,
 'Tis for his honour to be *Knight o'th' garter* :

Nor will I leave *him* there ; no from above
 The Heavens greet you with new *joyes of love* ;
joyes which must alwayes needs be fresh to you,
 Where *Christ* to both is *Bride* and *Bridegroom* too ;
 Within whose heart the *lilie o'th' valley* growes,
 That *cluster'd Camphire*, that sweet *Sharon-rose*,
 That bundle of *myrrhe*, he whom the *Virgins* love,
 Whose scarlet lips drop *honey* as they move.

Oh may your *Dear Beloved*, kisse his *Vine*
 With kisses of his mouth, more sweet then wine ;
 So shall you spread your fruitful branch, and see
 Your children like the plants o'th' *Olive-tree*.

These are my hearty wishes, and you know
 Although I am no great *Divine*,
 Not only rich but poor mens coine will go,
 So may these prayers of mine.



To Mr. *John Mors*, Merchant in Kings
Lynne, on the death of M^{rs}.
A. Mors his wife

Mors tua Mors Christi.

ALas, good Gentleman, hath that sweetest love,
 That spouse of yours made out her last *remove* !
 Hath death that great *Knight-Errant*, who doth play
 And dodge in's motions, here, there, every way,
Checkmated you in *taking* of your *Queen*,
 Or is't a *Sthale* ? No 'ts more, then be'nt o'reseen,
 For now she's taken as your *pawn*, and when
 Your time is come, 'twill be *check-mate* agen ;
 But i'th' mean while you're *loser* in a word,
 It is but *setting* another *Queen* o'th' board ;
 Yet must you not begin the *game* anew,
 Till th' loser pay what for the last was due ;
 Then troth *Sir*, for this six or seven yeares
 You must be daily paying summes of teares,
 And all your friends like faithful Clerks stand by,
 T' help tell, lest for a tear you tell an eye.

With you good *Seathrifts* common 'tis to mourn,
 And weep at th' inconsiderable losse of worne,
 Old, decay'd barks, whose Stoage is nothing moe,
 Then *Haberdeen*, *poor John*, or *Indigo* ;

For

For which such streames th' prodigal humour sheds,
 That with your ships your eyes sink in your heads ;
 Then, Sir, at what expence ought you to be,
 Your great misfortune will discover t'e ;
 The best of all your *vessels buldg'd* and lost,
 To be recover'd by no charge or cost,
 Your family-*rudder* broke, and all your *store*
 Of *spice* and *amber*, your *perfumes* and *ore*,
 Thrown to the deep ; for she was more to you,
 More then all these, your *India*, your *Peru* ;

If womens souls be *Planets* in the aire,
 And rule like potent *Constellations* there,
 Surely the *Merchants* wives will there reside,
 Darting kinde beams their husbands ships to guide ;
 Then in your *voyage* if a storme arise,
 Lost in the clouds, look for her brighter eyes,
 And if a conduct *Cynosure* you see,
 Fall down, do homage and strike saile, 'tis *she*.

She who whil'st living was more then your *Star*,
 Your heav'n on earth, a blessing greater farre :
 She that did make all *beasts*, *fowle*, *fish* and *men*,
 As though she'd *work* th' Creation o're agen,
 Who *wrought* the starres into a *Canopie*,
 And in her *Samplers* taught *Astrologie*,
 Where th' Heavens face she made so bright appear,
 That *Tycho* might have read new *Lectures* there,
 Birds feather'd with her silk you'd swear did flie,
 Camels have past too through her needles eye ;
 Saw you how she hath wrought *Eves* naked thighs,
 You'd think your self with her in *Paradise* :

Sh' hath made the *Muses*, *Venus* and her *elfe*,
 And faire *Diana* too look like her selfe ;
 Then the *three Graces* all so sweet and neat,
 That would *Dame Nature* make a piece compleat,
 To ravish and surprize the worlds eye,
 Hence she must take the patern to work it by :
 Then *Io*, *Danæ*, such pretty things,
 You'd swear they're made for gods, and not for
 (Kings.

In shadows she would vaile a physnomie,
 Then work a candle and light, to see it by ;
 'Tis true most women good at night-work be,
 But few or none so good, so neat as she.

Admired fancies ! Oh they are so good.
 That could she but have wrought in flesh and blood,
 And made those beauties speak, and something do,
 Surely she might have made my *Mistris* too ;
 Nay she hath wrought a face, so much to th' life,
 I fear you'l court it for your second wife.

Troth, *Sir*, who e're she be shall tempt your blood,
 See how she's like your first, so farre she's good ;
 You'l make your self and all your friends rejoyce,
 To draw her picture in your second choice ;
 And as i'th' *Indias* when you walk about,
 To finde some precious *mineral* out,
 Some richer rocks of gold, you search and trie,
 By signes and tokens where the veine doth lie :
 Be as exact in choosing your new Bride,
 Let your last wifes *Idea* be your guide ;
 Let her faire visage teach your rambling eye


To know the cloisters of a treasure ;
 If any like her be, know she's divine,
 And fall to work, for she's a wealthie mine,
 A pearle fit to be worne on *Merchants* necks,
 Like her the choicest Sampler of her sex,
 Oh could you finde but such a Matron out,
 So loving, chaste, prudent, discreet, devout ;
 So constant a Colleague, so faire as she,
 Who is there that would not your *Factor* be ?
 What Coward is't would not make out for her,
 Hoist sailes, and be a *Merchant-venturer* ?
 All Courtship stormes, tempests and tides defie,
 Waving the flashes of her lightning eye ;
 And though she threatned *shipwrack*, think it sport
 To split, and so swim naked to the Port.

Then, Sir, be charie in your second choice,
 And let the pleasant musick of her voice
 Speak your first *Consort*, let your *second* be
 Your *first* wifes *Monument*, her *Elegie* ;
 Fairly recruit, be the most blest of men,
 And in your *second* choose your *first* agen :
 So let your vertuous spouse survive in this,
 That you are wedded to her *Emphasis*.



On the Anniversarie of the fifth of *Novem.*
to the Fellowes of *Trin. Coll.*

'T Were no absurdity if *I* should wish ;
 You had dark lanthornes for a second dish,
 Sculls and deaths heads will not be out of season,
 To put you all in minde of *Vaux* his treason,
 Yet least *poor Scholars* should have nought to pick
 But bones, pray let your feast be *Catholick*
 And *superstitious* too, so you'l afford
 Some holy *reliques*, for Prince *Arthurs* board,
 Let your mirth this day, and your joyes be mickle,
 Had the powder gone off w'had been in a pickle,
 And which invention were most damnable,
Pope or *salt Peter* had been disputable.
 But the plot was found, so by accident
 Wicked *Pope Urban* was *Pope Innocent*.

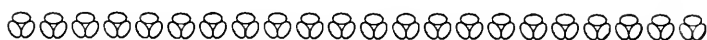

 An *ELEGY* on the death of Dr. *MED-*
CALFE, late *Vice-Master* of *Trin.*
Col. in Cambr.

Most sacred Reliques, at whose Obsequies
 Devotion bids us weep not teares but eyes ;
 'Tis but weak sorrow which commands we must
 Sprinkle some water only to lay thy dust,
 And huddle up th' Atomes at so poor expence,
 As if we meant to sweep thy ashes hence ;
 We'l rather spend our springs, and when we're dry,
 Weep for more teares, another *Elegie*,
 Old *Ennius* shall preach no Funeral here,
 Nor make's (without a sigh, a sob, or teare)
 Expose thee with a *Diogenes* staffe,
 Which serv'd the *Cynick* for an *Epitaph* ;
 No we'l command the Muses to thy Herse ;
 And make *Apollo* weep in golden verse.
Parnassus cloth'd in mourning weeds to grace
 Thy Corps, shall stoop to give thee burying place :
 And so it for a *Golgotha* we'l have,
 And weep a *Helicon* into thy grave ;
 Nay, it is fit when such great Doctors die,
Parnassus should appear *Mount-Calvarie*.

Then shed your grief and labour to out-vie
 The grave-stone sweating in its Agonie,
 With crystal jems, which from your eyes distil,

In

In stead of dust the Sextons shovel fill,
 Speak and weep volumes at his sepulchre,
 As if in learned *Medcalfs* Coffin were
 The ruines of a famous Librarie,
 A Chronicle, a three-ages registrie ;
 And since w' have lost this *jewel-house*,
 — This treasury,
 'Tis fit each Scholar ware
 — A watrie pearl in's eye.



In obitum Reverendi Senis Doctoris R.
METCALFI.

Carmen Lapidarium.

H*Eus ! heus ! morare qui sepulchra obambulas*
Siste paulisper gradum,
Vbi semper aliquando sistes,
Moraberis æternùm semél.
Cuicunque jam spei incumbis & invigilas somnio
Hic nonnunquam recubandum & obdormiendum est tibi ;
Incertissimum est & quando tu me & quomodo
Quàm quod sequêris tandem nihil certius.
Imò incertum est hinc quò veneris
An abeas denuò & te vivum abstuleris :
At priusquam transeas Palabunde mortalis
Sacra hæc in monumenta saltem oculos fige
Lacrymisque duri marmoris immisce fletus,

Hic

Hic intus urna est in qua cineres suos
Custodiendos misit venerandus senex Robertus Met-
Theologiae Doctor, *communis Index & Interpres Theo-*
(calfus
logicus.

S. S. & Individuae Trinitatis Collegii,
Sagax Vice-praesul & Cardinalis Presbyter

Qui crebris curavit Eleemosynis

Refocillandos pauperes :

Qui juventutis indigentioris

Et promovendis usque & usque alendis studiis

Mæcenatem se ostendit, sedulo munificum & munificè
(*sedulum*

Sermonis Hebraei radix & Professor longè emeritus

Linguarum Orientalium phosphorus occidit :

Oh quam optavit Mater Academia

Ad eruenda sacra artium mysteria

Ejusdem ut ætatis & annis pares forent

Metcalfus & Methusalem

Sic quam optimus fuisset labentis ad Academiae Ca-
(*tastrophen*

Scientiarum & doctrinae Epilogus :

Agesis viator vale.

Video te festinare hinc quò festinant omnia ;

Vale ut festines lentè.

An ELEGIE on the death of Dr. *Cumber*,
late Deane of *Carlisle*, and sometimes Ma-
ster of *Trin. Coll.* in *Camb.*

WHAT gone to *sleep*? *hush't Reader*, let him lie,
And with an easie funeral-lullabie,
Weep o're his *Cradle*, which (*poor Sextons fee*)
At the next *Earth-quake* may be *rock't* for thee,
For w' are all *sleepie*, and fore-morning light
May from our friends receive our last *good night* ;
Nay, 'ts odds if thou or I shall watch so long,
As this *good father* did to's *even-song*,
Who wanting but just one yeare of fourescore,
I'th' *Colledge* of the *Trinitie* once more,
Under the *Worlds Tutor* is gone to be
Admitted freshman to Eternity ;
Would *I* this *Abrams* bosome-pupil were,
Oh but they 're all *Fellowes*, all *Masters* there,
And with the glorious *Founder* of the place,
Still richly *feasting*, yet still *saying grace*.

Now *Royal* soul, you shall enjoy your due,
Heaven's a mansion-lodge, more fit for you,
There the great *King of Kings* shall set you down,
And for your *Dividend* give y'a princely crown,
And that *white* precious *stone* of mysterie,
Which none except thy self can reade to thee.

Those five great Princes, seen by thy dying eye,
Were

Were five of Heavens *Kings* of *Herauldrie*,
 Sent thence to be thy *Conducts* on the way,
 Thy souls safe *convoy* from its bed-rid clay ;
 And those sweet youths which thou 'fore death didst

(see,

Were *Cherubims* with crownes to wait on thee ;
 Farewel, brave *Prelate*, go and shine with them,
 Sainted with a celestial *diadem* ;
 Go and be ravish't on *Gods holy hill*
 With melting *Ecchoes*, which double and double still
 Sweet *Hallelujahs* with ten thousand charmes
 By *Angels* which lie couchant in thy armes.

Farewel, *good soul*, thou'st bravely done thy task,
 Acted thy part, and left us in a mask.

Tire'd out with our first *Scene* of *Tragedie*
 And mischief, thou'dst no more *Spectator* be,
 To see *Mountebank*-worldly goblins play,
 The devil *jugling* the *juglers* souls away ;
 No, thou could'st weare no visard, nor pretend,
 And be a *changeling* for some worldly end ;
 But thy firme *conscience* which had search't and tri'd
 For *truth*, sat up its standard, fought and di'd :
 I must not call thee *Martyr*, go and be
 Whatever thy *Religion* made of thee.

Blessing on thee, Reader, and God grant we may
 'Wake as he did, and waking watch to pray.—

In



In obitum Reverendi senis Doctoris
THOMÆ CUMBER.

Carmen Lapidarium.

A *Udi, audi, fragile & caducum corpus,*
Hodierna Ephemera, Histrio,
Qui nullo potes gemitu, nullis artibus,
Homicidæ mortis consilia frangere ;
Etiam hic stando fracessis utique,
Nulla sunt curarum fomenta
Præterquam cineres atque hæc cæmeteria
Frigida hominum dormitoria
Et tenacia ligurientium vermium cænacula :
At en ! Quis hic lassus in hypogæo jacet ?
Gloriosus olim, grandævus & elegans senex
Reverendissimus Theologiæ Doctor Cumberus un-
(*deoctogenarius*)
Carleoli nuper Decanus Colendissimus
S. S. & Individuæ Trinitatis Collegii Cantabrigiæ
Aliquando præfectus apex
Sanctissimus Ecclesiasticus Pater
Mirificè integri & Halcyonei pectoris,
Heliotropium monarchicum & calendula Regia
Literarum *centimanus* Briareus, & *hecatonchiros* glos-
(*sographus*)
Linguarum *gazophylacium* & *multifaria* janua
(*Nempe*)

*Nempe græcissaverat in Grajugenam,
Samarita, Chaldæus, Arabs, Æthiops, Copticus
Qui immutabilis epanadiplosi concientiae
Mundana fudit, sprevit, neglexit omnia ;
Academiarum funditus ruentium calamitatis
Prisca ominosa præsaga calamitas.
Cœlestis jam demùm Cathedræ Catholicus
Metropolitanus factus, & Archiepiscopus.
Hic vero tritos reposuit centones,
Horsum scilicet nonnunquam omnia :
Nescis viator, nescis reverabrevi,
Qui te ita perditte amas & colis adeò
Vermes etiam necnè cœnaturiant tui,
Campana sæpiùs inopinató vocat
Maximeque dubium est an Calvaster sepulchrum adeas
Abi, abi, ad A podyterium tuum
Et disce carnem exuere.*



In Prælia Navalia inter Anglos & Belgas.

A Nglia Belgiacæ *nimiùm suspecta* sorori,
Construit adversas, vix inimica, rates ;
Utraque se Francos fecit Gens, æmula utrinque,
Alterutra ad fluctus naumachiámque parat.
Concurrére rates, pugnâmiscentur in unâ
Ignis, aquæ, venti, tela trisulca, tridens.
Angli ventorum pugnant obstantibus alis,
Pugnat & adjustus milite Belga notho ;
Puppium inæqualis numero non sufficit hostis,
Æolum in auxilium Belga fretúmque manet
Sic contra cælos cum cælo Belga, nec audet
Prælia, ni totus pugnet & Oceanus ;
Nostra ratis primò fracta est, sed & illa procellis,
Et non Belgarum classe, repulsa fuit ;
Scilicet à Belgis devictos mergier Anglos,
Est tantum fluctus naufragiúmque pati.
Ultima testatur Vantrumpi infamia, quantus
Quot Trumpis major Blaqueus unus erat ;
Belgarum ostentat numerosa adavera littus,
Ostentat laceras undique Arena rates ;
Nempe homines contra quosvis venisse Britannos
Et venisse pares, usque triumphus erat :
Heu Piscatorum caveas Gens ebria, vestra
Piscinas nobis ni faciat Regio ;

Vestra

*Vestra cave ne nos donemus corpora scombris,
Scilicet ad Rhombum hæc ultima pugna fuit :
Gallum ità Delphina voces, nam vester inmundis
Trux Leo nec pugnat, nec benè Belga natat.*



In Amboynæ homicidia Belgica.

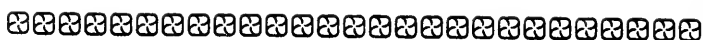
B*Arbara quæ semper bellis & sanguine gaudet,
Quàm bene tota fuit Belgia dicta Leo ?
Sæviit Amboynæ quæ tam crudelis in Anglos
Non Leo, cum catulis sæva Leæna fuis :
Belgia jejunam superat feritate Leænam,
Nempe magis sæva est, sed generosa minús.*



K

Ve-





Venerabili Viro, D^{no}. R. B.
S. R. W. A. Et P. suo
semper observando.

*Dii majorum umbris tenuem & sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos, & in urnâ perpetuum ver.
Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis,
Esse loco.—*

I*n*felix poterit campus tibi Granta videri,
Fœcundus magis est Oxoniensis ager.
Filius indè alter locuples accurit Homero,
Et tibi Chaldæus filius alter adest ;
Abba ego, nil nisi cunarum pueriliter Abba,
Inter labra foret seu mihi mamma loquor ;
Mi Pater ignoscas balbo, titubantia linguæ
Festinans cerebrum & pectora plena notat ;
Mi Pater indulge veniam ; balbutit inepta
Lingua, nec affatur laxior ore Patrem ;
At cui filiolo non balbutire necesse est
Cui dicenda Patris cura, Parentis amor ?
Quin indigna tuo tantò hæc sunt nomine. quantò
His majora tuos & meliora doces.

Scholam



Scholam Regiam *Westmonasteriensem* Scholarum omnium Reginam alloquuntur vicissim
Cantabrigiæ & Oxoniî Genii.

Cantab.

S*Alve Pieridúmque & Apollinis incrementum,
Florere in æternum te pia Granta jubet.*

Oxon.

*Quin à filiolis tibi Musarum decus ingens,
Quos habet Oxonium mittitur alma salus.*

Cant.

*Te juga Parnassi nutantia fronte gemello,
Jam penè insipidis devenerantur aquis.*

Oxon.

*Et tibi post casum monumenta refigere molem,
Ipsaque te montis stare ruina jubet.*

Cant.

*A te si moriar claudi gaudebit ocellus,
Ultimus inque tuos spiritus ire sinus.*

Oxon.

*Sume animam fletúsque meos, nam me pereunte
Lachryma Musarum multa bibenda tibi.*

Cant.

*At ne divellar, fatis ne perdar iniquis,
Adde, precor, votis, & tua vota meis.*

K 2

Oxon.

Oxon.

*Atque ego ne manibus malèfiam præda scelestis,
Et precibus nostris tu precor adde preces.*

Resp. Schola,

Stabit & invitis fatis Granta Oxoniúmque :

Ox.—Optima promittis. (Cant.) Quæ bene digna fide.

Sed tua, Te Proles, nunquam, nunquamnè videbit

Nos pater ? (Ox.) Et viset matrem aliquando suam.

Cant. ad Ox.

Te nè priùs viset ? priùs es visenda fatemur

Non quia sis senior, sed quia mater eras.

Illius es (soror) & nutrix, & mater, & uno hoc

(Quò tantum est majus) cedimus Oxonio.



Car-





Carmen Lapidarium in obitum Machaonis *Cantabrigiensis* Johan. CRANE *Magistri in Artibus.*

Ἰητήρος ἐπισταμένος περὶ πάντων.

S*Iste, Siste paululum Viator*
Si non valetudinarie, mortalis tamen
Hem ! vagule, Blandule
Properásne ? quò properes equidem nescio,
Id certum ex me & id unum est certum tibi
Properare celeri fatum te versus pede
Libitina pultabit aliquando importuna, inevitabilis,
Ágeris quocunque pragmaticus
Atque in hæc scias non lentè festinas loca.
Mors etenim tenebrio, plagas & tendiculas omnibus.
Quis huc tetendit & quo tendis attende itaque,
Fige osculum mihi, frigidè licet rogo, fige ;
Peritissimi venerare cineres medici Apothecarii
Odorifera inter thura, aromata & diapasmata
Sublimatus elangúit Mercurius
Dextra contabuit Æsculapii manus.
Cujus memoriæ eadem debentur sacra.
 [Quæ divo Coronidis filio Epidaurii]
Ludi quinquennales, gallus febricitans capra
Illustrior hic gentis Pœoniæ gloria & ipse Apollo oc-
cidit,
Pharmacopola, olim nobilis Panacæa & Alexicacon
Humanum

*Humanum Cranium calcinatum magis,
Defæcata Paracelsi Alembrot
Magister Artium & Magisterii
Metempsychosin denuò
Passa est Hippocratis vel Galeni animula ;
Imminentis qui toties mortis secuerat ungues,
Et fatorum castigaverat præcipitantiam,
Tibi nunc prodromus, & præcidaneus factus :
Meditare hospes & legendo hæc faciliè te intelliges,
In exoranda nempe fatorum numina
Qui morbis ferunt medicinam & remedium omnibus
Simile præscribet recipe & ana simile tibi.*

VALE.

*Vale viator quantum potes. Vale
At tùm demùm valebis cum huc redibis.*

Vale.

A medico etiam mortuo Vale.



Elogium seu Sciographica descriptio S. S.
& Individuæ Trin. Coll. Cantab.

E*N tibi diligentiae & industriæ domum,
Scientiarum fertilem redundantiâ & Artium ple-*
(*thorâ !*)

*Collegiorum erat inter Collegia nobilissima,
Aliquando Alpha, præ quo cætera
Abecedaria nonnunquam & Alphabetica,
Inter florentissima elegantior omninò flosculus,
Britanniæ acutissimi oculi Cantabrigiæ
Pupilla acies & oculus
Reique publicæ & Academiæ matris cerebrum & pia
(Mater*

*Facièsque caput, & Capitolium.
Quod Regem habuit non Fundatorem modò
Sed & Discipulum & Incolam :
Nec antiquæ virtutis manet
Hodiernum solummodò adagium
Sed Artium earundem gremium & tenax sinus
Familiares habet cum Mercurio & Pallade Socios,
Viros totidem Naturæ apophthegmata,
Ad controversias cataphractus milites,
Veritatis athleticos pugiles,
Hæreseon omnium Antagonistas & antidota,
Gratiarum delicias & Adonides,
Reique publicæ literariæ
Totidem Optimates Dictatores, Consules,*

*Pietatis præterea nardo redolet
 Theologiæ Myrothecium,
 Archipræsulis reclusum manu.
 Pastorum spiritualium,
 Scaturigo, fons & seminarium
 Fundatorum Regum & Reginarum impendiis
 Opulentum ad invidiam temporum
 Academiæ adjecta non Paragoge modò
 Sed & Epenthesis etiam & Prothesis
 Quid Architectonicen & lapidum aggeres loquar !
 Quid spatiosam & patentem aream,
 Augustissimum quasi Palatium,
 Musarum amœnissimam Regiam & Basilicam
 Vacerris palisque distinctam & divisam ornatiùs !
 Quæ umbilici loco
 Sublimem Aquæductum exomphalum habet
 Cujus è mastis & canalibus saliant,
 Amatrices nymphæ & perennes latices
 Tripudiantia æstatis refrigeria
 Musisque gaudet alludere
 Præ foribus Thetis Amabilis ;
 Ad ostia tranatur perfluitque rivulus
 Et amphibolæ ebulliunt nymphæ,
 Quæ abnatantes tacitè obmurmurant
 Lapillulisque amicè remoris
 Suaviter insusurrant quàm nolentes defluant,
 Quid Bibliothecam loquar !
 Quot sunt homines, tot non modò sententiæ
 Sed Authentica capita & Authores Classici.
 Quid Aulæ excelsa lacunaria,*

Epi-

Epistilia & compactiles trabes.

*Crateres, Diotas, Phialas, & capacem illa Nevilis
(tinam !*

*Quid coruscantia sacelli laquearia,
Tòtque tutelares olim glabreones Angelos
Opulentas sacerdotales vestes Phrygias
A cupictum tapetem & vermiculata gausapa,
Lances, pateras, & thuribula argentea,
Nobiliori pavimenta undique superba lapide,
Cinctòsque peribolis amcænissimos hortulos !
Columnis cubicula fornicata marmoreis
Tot Gratiarum thalamos & cubilia !
Ostentent Collegia cætera
Trinitatis quasi tantùm appendices
Lateritios & diplinthios parietes
Literarum planè gurgustia :
Quotcunque structuram nostram spectatum veniunt,
Ore omnes uno conclamant undique
Præter Oxonienses fratres grandiloquos
Academiarum quas Europa venditat
Omnium facilè Regina Cantabrigia
Collegiorum quæ antiquissima Cantabrigia arrogat.
S. S. & Individuæ Trinitatis Collegium primas obtinet.*



In festum S. S. Trinitatis ad Socios
ejusdem Coll.

E*Pistomia Collegiensa omnia,
Saliente murmurent mero,
Dubiaequè dum perambulant mensas dapes,
Pinguì laborantes bove
Spuent Aristippum Diotæ argenteæ,
Generosa juvenum munera ;
Ad labra mittendus bibentum non nisi
Ingentiori maschalâ
Ore æstuans Nevilis ille grandior
Spumet falerno cantharus
Fluctum in rates immanis ut cætus suo,
Faculatur è Siphunculo ;
Haurite calices, amphorâsque nobiles
Inebriato margine,
At ah ! quid est ! quid ad palatum provoco ?
Quid hortor ad cultum gulæ !
Hæc magna lux rationis oculos conterens
Est unicæ fidei sacra,
A Patre filius ex utrisque Spiritus
Ambo coæterni Patris,
Personæ in unâ essentia tres, numina
Non sunt tria, at Deus unicus.
Nec Filius Pater est ; nec est aut Filius,*

Aut

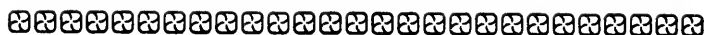
*Aut Spiritus, dictus Pater.
 Et Spiritus nec est Pater nec Filius,
 Sed Unitas est Trinitas
 Sic videram triplices lucernam pensilem
 Incorporare lampadas,
 Sic videram, videndo plus cæcutio
 Oculique lippiunt magis
 Eloque e verbum, Christe verbum terminos
 Hos Trinitatis explica
 Ipsum applica te menti, ut evadat mea
 Ratione doctior fides,
 Et doctior fide ratio.*



Voluptates commendat rarior usus.

Assiduis sordet Luculli mensa palatis
 Respuit & solitas nausea multa dapes,
 Mendicis modo jejunis sportella placebit,
 Et si rara magis dulcior esset aqua ;
 Omne volup volucre est, unde est desumpta voluptas ;
 Deliciasque vocant, quæ quasi deliteant.
 Displiceant ne quando, Jovi superisque bibuntur
 Ad Phœbi risus Nectar & Ambrosia
 Displiceat ne quando tibi mea, Lector, Amanda,
 Rarò, quàm mea sit dulcis Amanda, legas.

To



To the Fellows of *Trin. Coll.* at a Feast.

WHen ever you good Fellows please to feast,
 We under-graduates, dogrels at the best,
 Poor wits to help you laugh away the time,
 Must think't our duty to hold forth in rithme ;
 Would you allow us coats in honest prose,
 Like *Sturbridge-puddings* in their antick hose.
 In stead of halting verse, we'd dance on egges,
 Make faces, and shew owles between our legges ;
 'Twould never vex us to afford you sport,
 Were but our appetite contented for't ;
 Whimsies and kick-shaw fancies I confesse,
 Are better then a feast of lazinesse ;
 Yet I had rather be an idle guest,
 Then call the Muses up, and get them drest
 All nine for three-pence, bonnie *Cleio* swears
 Te'nt worth the lacing of their stomachers.

If verses 'gin to grow so cheap with us,
Smithfield shall dock and rate my *Pegasus*,
 I'le water *Hackneys* in *Pyrene's streams*,
 Make *Helicon* as common as the *Thames*,
Parnassus to the Levellers I'le sell,
 Morgage that *Tempe* and its sacred Well
 To that new sinner Doctor *Chamberlin*,
 To buck and runce his Lady-Dabchicks in,
 Himself shall dipper be, and Baptist too,
 I'le make my bargain he naught else may do.

To



To a spurious Poet.

BEtwixt the hawke and buzzard, bastard-kite,
 How durst thou try to make an Eagles flight,
 And with thy blear eyes in so high a place,
 To look my great *Apollo* in the face ?
Sirrah, 'twas mercy he was wrapt about
 With clouds, else had thy eyes bin quite burnt out,
 Then to thy fancie thou would'st seem to be
 An *English Homer*, as stark blinde as he,
 The Ballad-singers should thy dogrels sell,
 Thou call'd *the Poet with the dog and bell* ;
 Then rithme i'th' streets, and on a wad of hay
 Kneel, and in verse the learned begger play
 Amongst the scaldheads under *White-hall* wall,
If it be ne'er so little amongst you all,
For the Muses sake before you go yet
Pray remember the poor blinde cripple Poet ;
 Then roguish waggish boyes as they passe by,
 Chuck farthings in the hollow of thine eye,
 Or else spit charity in thy greasie hat,
 Blow oisters i'nt, *There, Poet, take thee that.*
 Then play the *Higins* for the regiment
 Of lowsie tag-raggs till thy lungs be spent,
 And on the Sabbath with thy wooden dish
 Beg pottage for them, their best Sunday-wish ;

And

And then astride thy raw-bon'd *Pegasus*,
Like a beggar on horse-back, rant it thus.

Mistrisse, I can make Psalmes for you,

One Cup of beer I pray

On this good holy-day

For I very dry am,

Hopkins and Sternhold too,

Were Poets both as I am.

Thou *Salewit*, were this sentence past on thee,

'Twere a just judgement for thy *heresie* ;

Impostor ! thou a *Poet* so we call

A Broker, one of *Merchant-Taylors* hall :

So *Crispins* boyes, who scarce can mend a shoe,

Will be no *Coblers* but *Translators* too :

Thus the dull *scrapers*, who for six pence play

At *wakes* and *help-ales* a whole night and day :

Those lewd *squeakers*, who have no other shake,

But of their *palsie-heads*, say you mistake

To call them *Fidlers*, as they needs must be

Musicians, the name of *Poet's* due to thee :

So old wives study *Physick*, who can make

A *Poultis* for a felon'd thumb to break

And ripen it, thou good at *Poetrie* !

Annise-seed-Robbin skill'd in Chymistrie :

So *Pettifoggers* and *Attorneys* Clerks,

Innes of Court-gallants, those *Ram-alley* sparks,

Who with a dash have learn't to write their names,

And say *vous-aves* to the City-dames,

Teach them what *fee-simple* and *fee-tail* implies,

Would be thought cunning *Lawyers*, and advise

In cases which they ken as knowingly,
 As thou the mysteries of *Poetrie* ;
 So *Academians* call their *Sophisters*,
 That steal positions good *Philosophers* ;
Pin-makers are as good *Goldsmiths*, if they
 That deal in varnish, whose rude fancie may
 By licence wrong the creatures, in their noses,
 Mouths and eyes, painting for *Lions*, roses ;
Chimera's in red-oaker, naggs like hogs,
 And hares which hunts-men cannot know from
 (dogges ;

If these rude land-skip-drawers, limners be,
 Then as a *Poet* we shall honour thee.

But know thou didst that sacred name abuse,
 When thou mad'st market of thy cotquean *Muse*,
 Going about from door to door with her,
 Not like the *Poet* but the *Stationer* ;
 Nay few o'th' Poems in thy book, 'tis known,
 Except some non-sense dull ones are thy own ;
 Thou hast been simpling in a ditch, and got
 I'th' fields some *Lady-smocks* or *Melilot*,
Blue-bottles or the like, and thou must needs
 Like girles make *posies* of those stinking weeds,
 Mingling some sweeter and more fragrant flowers
 Of better wits to sent and set off yours ;
 And yet 'tis fear'd both are condemn'd to die,
 For thou wert forc't to vent thy *Poetrie* ;
 As hags for sizings on a *Scholars* head,
 A *Tuttie* for a loaf of *Colledge-bread*.

Thou higler, who dost make a hackney Jade

Of

Of *Pegasus*, and witt a rithming trade,
 Thy book a kinde of Collect is a brief,
 At first directed to the heads, and chief
 O'th' parish whom it may concern, and then
 To all other well-affected Gentlemen ;
 As many Patrons to't as *Authors* are,
 Made like a reck'ning where each clubs his share ;
 Only thou pay'st the drawer, and would'st get
 Credit for spending of anothers wit :
 Huckster, forbear this cheating beggerie,
 Or vent thy own, and better *Poetrie*.
 Climbing too high upon *Parnassus* hill,
 Thy squeamish fancie straight grew sick and ill,
 There thou didst cast and spew, the *Muses* faine
 Would have thee lick thy *vomit* up again.



On the Rout of the disloyal Partie of
Scots at Dunbarre.

IS *Jockie* routed? *Charon*, rig thy boat
If worth thy labour, with fresh rushes strow't ;
Waftage enough feare not, but yet prepare
A strong rough stretcher, if thy *naul*, thy fare
They dare deny thee, break their crags mon, do,
Else scarce wil't have one ha'penny for two.
If thou art wise get a blue bonnet on,
They'l pay thee better 'cause their Country-mon.

See here they come mon, what a *Scottish* drove
Crouds in full flocks unto th' *Elysian* grove !
Foure thousand at the least ! Heark ! what a shrill
Sad noise, the mazes of my eares doth fill !
And on their tender parchments beat from thence
Like drum-sticks an Alarum to my sense !
What strange confused Eccho's do *I* hear,
Howlings for losse of *Bernes*, of gudes and geer !
Oh prethy see, see how along they gang
With kettles at their gurdles ! o're their shoulders
(hang

Course oat-meal bags, as though they'd beg a boon
Of *Pluto*, still to feed on *Pattaloon* ;

Ah *Charon*, lanch into the deep, there make
Conditions e're they board thee, do not take
A mon into thy skiffe till thou are paid ;

See what a totter'd Regiment, how dismaid,
 Trembling with palsies they make towards thee !
 Look, look, what a rude multitude they be !
 What gibbrish is't they mutter ? how they call,
 Wish de'il take boat, the Ferrie-mon and all !
 How they run hastily as if they knew
 Some death, some second *Cromwel* did pursue !

Alas old gray-beard, now thy whirrie breaks,
 Hearn, what a crack it gives ! See, see, it leaks,
 Go hire a thousand Watermen to play
 Next Oares, next Sculler, 'tis a safer way,
 Get cock-boats, barges, lighters, has there bin
 No Navie sunk of late to put them in ?
 But no great matter, let them stay on shore,
 Drop into *Styx*, like *Soland-geese* swim o're.

Cowards ! *Mars* such a bastard brood disdains,
 Who whil'st their blood congealed in their veins,
 Like Ague-shaken *Myrmidons* did fight,
 Till suddenly they thaw'd into a flight ;
 And brooking not the lightning which did flie
 From the steel'd courage of our souldiery,
 Like to chill snow in a hot Sun-shine day,
 These Northern *Isickles* did melt away :

But are they vanquish't, routed horse and mon ?
 Must treacherous *Jockie* visit *Phlegeton* ?
 Let wilde-fires then cut capers on the ropes,
 Appear and vanish like their empty hopes ;
 Mount rockets to the second region, higher
 Then their ambition soar'd, dart balls of fire ;
 Let powder-devils, squibs and crackers flie,

And

And dance us *Scottish* gigs, to testifie
 How our triumphant hearts, our arteries
 Leap in us, and how mirth smiles in our eyes.

Farewel, poor *Scot*, thou need'st no more to come
 For coine, our *States* have sent a new-coin'd summe,
Troopers on horseback, pieces that weight down
 Put in the balance, more then half a crown ;
 Though *Magazines of Nobles* (doits to us)
 Make the scales even as an over-*plus*.
 These new-coin'd pieces which we send to you,
 Augment their worth by name of *Sterling* too.

Ye noxious windes, into some caverns flie :
 Vanish, *Kirk-mill-dews*, *ignes fatui* :
 Farewel, ne'er more, ye fogs of errour, dare
 Taint with your breath our wholesom *English* aire :
 Think you to blast (with your *Presbyterie*)
 This fine faire blossom of our libertie ?
 No, your *Geneva* black *Kirk-liveries*,
 'Gin to grow thread-bare in the peoples eyes ;
 And if you ben't permitted to renew't,
 'Twill but just last you for a mourning suit.

Go haste to *Chaul* and *Cochin*, there to try
 If you can live on high-way charity ;
 Go feed on graines the *Bamianes* cates,
 As *Catercousins* with the *Gusarates*,
 Like beasts if any wounded, haste you all
 For salves unto *Cambaia's* hospital ;
 March, wicked *Jockie*, towards *Bengalen*,
 With th' *Indian Pagods* Priests, (farre better men)
 To *Ganges* blessed streams, there cast thee in,

With holy water purge thee of thy sinne ;
 Or turn a superstitious traveller,
 Finde out the tombe-stone of *Jack-Presbyter*,
 (Like *Turkish* Pilgrims, who to *Mecha* go,
 See th' iron coffin, then will see no moe.)
 Once having seen where th' holy relique lies,
 In zealous humour pluck out both thy eyes.
 Then if thou safe returnest, or if not,
 We'l honour thee with name of *Hogie Scot*.

Men worse then *Gours*, whom malice can't defame,
Cupec and *Canzier* is too clean a name ;
 It is a sinne to let a *Scot* compound,
 Nay, should you choak and thrust them under ground,
 Know that you are no Authors of their death,
 The Coward-*Scots* ran themselves out of breath ;
 Laugh, laugh to think on't, e're the fight begun,
 What preparations *Jockie* made to run ;
 Laugh, laugh, to think in what a stormie night,
 Death kill'd their foot and light-horse in the flight ;
 I know of old it hath a saying bin,
 A *Scottish* mist wets th' *English* to the skin ;
 Whether that proverb's verifi'd or not,
 I'm sure such *English* showers kill a *Scot*.



In Fugatos Scotos.

BEllica, vicisti trepidantes, Anglia, Scotos ;
In sua, contritus truditur, antra Aquilo
Victor, quo fuerat victoria certior Anglus
Scotia, quo minor est gloria, victa fuit.
Anglia Mavortis tum demùm Filia pugnas,
Ipsa tibi quando pugna triumphus erit
Astutus, minimè pugnax tibi sternitur hostis,
Nunquam bella Scotus, sæpiùs arma gerit.





Ἐκ τοῦ ὀφθαλμοῦ γίνεται τὸ ἐρᾶν.

L Ascivo, lascivus amor sedet hircus, in hirquo,
 Ortum habet, è solo lumine, Diva Paphi ;
 Turpiter Antiqui Venerem dixere Aphroditen,
 Non est orta mari nempe, nec orta mero ;
 Constituat Venerem si spuma, vocabitur inde
 Sordidior meretrix & lupa quæque Venus
 Nobilis illa Venus, mea quam pupilla venustam,
 Novit & orta oculo est deliciosa meo.
 Prima, oculi, Veneris sunt incunabula, primas
 Ex oculi accendit luce, Cupido, faces
 Hic Puer Idalius venantem Actæona prendit
 Seu nova in hoc capitis fonte Diana foret ;
 Interdum capto capietur ocellus ocello,
 Sæpè videns capitur, sæpè videndo capit ;
 Rhetina reticulum, & venabula cornea amoris,
 Formarum duo sunt caustica vitra oculi
 Optica fila suis puer ales cornibus aptat
 Non alios nervos arcus amoris habet.
 Infantem & Catulum cæcum qui dixit Amorem
 Fallitur, est oculus totus, & Argus. Amor.



A Mock-sonnet.

I.

WHy so *Faire* ? why so sweet ?
 My *Fairest sweet one*, why so coy ?
 Why so angry ? why so fretting ?
 That pretty *face*, didst thou but see't,
 How thy soft *cheeks* so smooth and faire,
 Like to those full fat *buttocks* are,
 Where *Venus* claps her *plump-ars't boy*,
 How they rise
 About thine *eyes*,
 And betwixt thy *nose out-jetting* ;
 Would'st thou but wave thy modestie,
 And look from top to toe,
 Above, below,
 What daintie things there be,
 Thy milk-white, full-milch't *breast*,
 Upon whose swelling hills doth rest,
 Aminta's new wash't flock,
 Where the *Graces* make *caresses*,
 Like most am'rous *shepherdesses*,
 Surely thou canst not think I mock.

2.

Lovely Faire, why so chaste ?
 Why so peevish ? so untoward ?
 At what my *Deare* hast took distaste ?
Sweetest faire one, why so froward ?
 Would'st thou but view impartially,
 The rolling goggles of thine *eye*,
 Thy unthatch't *browes* so neatly set
 With scales of scurf all o're,
 Thy hairlesse *eye-lids* alwayes wet
 And stiffe with gum good store
 Didst thou but see
 Upon thy *nose* how prettily
 I'th' pimpled pockholes all about
Cupids play bopeep in and out,
 How thy *snag-teeth* stand orderly,
 Like stakes which strut by th' water-side,
 Stradling to beat off the tide,
 Till green and worn to th' stumps they be ;
 Would'st thou but once, my *Dearest-sweet*,
 Look thy self o're from *head to feet*,
 Below, above,
 Thou canst not chuse but think I love.

Beautie.

3.

Beautie, beautie, what doest mean
Cupid sucks my *heart-blood* out,
 And well thou know'st I cannot wean
 The *child*, for thy sweet dugs do give him life
 When I would starve the *rogue* ; then turn about,
 Busse me and say thou'lt be my *wife*,
 For troth when e're I see,
 Either what is below thy *knee*,
 Or if mine eyes *I* cast,
 On parts above thy *waste* ;
 Where e're my sense doth move,
 I'm more and more in love.
 Still from thine *eyes* there passes,
 As from great *burning-glasses*,
 Lightning in such frequent flashes,
 That consume my *heart* to ashes ;
 Nay, when thou blow'st thy snottie *nose*,
 The bellows of thy *nostril* blowes
 The fire of *love* into a flame,
 And th' *oile* of *Arm-pits* feeds the same,
 Thy legges, breast, lips and eyes inslave me,
 But if behinde thee once I come,
 And view the mountains of thy *bum*,
 Oh then
 I'm mad to have thee.

On

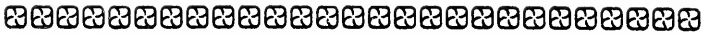


On his bed standing in his study.

WHat are the Muses chambers made to be
 A lodge for sleep ? their gard'ns his nurcerie ?
 Must fancie's *Hymen*, must the god of light
 Dance with the dull, dark Bridegroom of the night ?
 Did e're the sisters for a *requiem* go
 To fields, where slumbring sleepee poppies grow ?
 Did ever bed-stead on *Parnassus* stand ?
 Usurping *Morpheus*, didst thou e're command,
 And shake thy leaden scepter, in the Court
 Where watchful active Muses use to sport ?
 Thought'st thou to be, though not at all divine,
 A bed-fellow to any of the nine ?
 Which sister is't hath lost her maiden-head ?
 The strumpet now must needs be brought to bed ;
 Which Muse must waiting-Gentlewoman be,
 Turne pisse-tail'd Chambermaid to tend on thee ?
 What, must the noble spritely *Pegasus*
 Engender with the foggie night-mare thus :
 Making a stable of my Chamber-room,
 My bed the manger, and my self the Groom ?
 Know crazie god of sleep, a Poet can
 Without a night-cap make a hymne to *Pan* ;
 Take not thy drowsie blankets, ('tis a sinne)
 To toss the Muses high-borne children in ;
 Poets are ne're so dull to sacrifice,

Watch-

Watch-lights and tapers to nights Deities ;
 Is there 'tween *Lethe* and *Pyrene*'s streams,
 No diff'rence ? are Enthusisames dreames ?
 Shall *Phæbus* sonnes i'th' bed drive light away,
 And with *Apollo*'s curtain blinde the day ?
Here lies a bedrid-Poet, I'd rather have
 A dormitorie without Epitaph,
 Then on my monument it should be sed,
Euterpe's smother'd in a feather-bed :
 Me for no hydromantick novice take,
 Who cast my water for experience sake,
 I'm no young *Pæon*, that thus at my hand
 My Urine always should so closely stand ;
 At twelve o'th' clock it truly may be sed,
 To me you're come but newly from your bed.
Somnus the Muses Closet must not be,
 A cabbin for thine *Incubus* and thee.
 Yet *I* love sleep, good *Morpheus* do not frown,
 I only wish my *feather-bed* were down.



De Meryone & Laide ex Auson.

C*Anus rogabat Laidis noctem Myron :*
Tulit repulsam protinus.
Causámque sensit & caput fuligine
Fucavit atrâ candidum.
Idémque vultu, crine non idem Myron,
Orabat oratam priús.
Sed illa formam cum capillo comparans,
Similémque non ipsum rata.
Fortasse & ipsum sed volens ludo frui
Sic est adorta callidum,
Inepte quid me quod recusavi rogas ?
Patri negavi jam tuo.

GRay-headed *Myron* ask't to lie one night
 With *Lais*, she in troth deni'd the wight,
 He knew the cause, (resolv'd to try once more)
 With soot and grease he black't his head all o're,
 Still *Myron* in his face, though not in's hair,
 To her he came, pray'd o're his former prayer ;
 But she comparing with his haire his feature,
 Thought he was like, if not the self-same creature.
 Perhaps she knew'm, but minded then to make
 Some sport, thus to the cunning knave she spake,
 Coxcomb d'ask, why thou may not come o're me ?
 I but e'en now deni'd thy father before thee.

Gy-



Gynochimæra, Puella Abrodiæta.

E*N formosam tibi, Amator, & delicatulam Hele-*
(nam !

Ab imis unguibus ad usque verticem,
Pulchram, venustam, blandulam,
A prima luce mille petitam procis
Sedulò petitam satrapis,
Et æmuli indies Dominæ accendunt pretium.
Ubi ? ubi ? surrexit ? dormit ? hilares, anxii, lugubres,
Audaces, desperantes, creduli,
Percontantur, accersunt, rogant ;
Jentavit nondum meum Nectar, Ambrosia,
Epulæ, dapes, cupedia, jactaculum, prandium, cœna ?
Precatur hoc mane Danæe mea ?
Deorum nefas ! facinus ! flagitium ! scelus !
Num tale quicquam superi audent sinere ?
Surge Titane, surgat centimanus Briareus.
Adeste furiosi Gigantum manes,
Encelade, Polybotes, Hippolyte, Mina,
Ossam reimponite Pelio,
Illa num tenellos poplites mollia genua ?
Juro per ipsam illam Ursulam meam
Totus Olympus ruet,
Digna est cui preces Jupiter :
Vultis ut cælo parcam

De-

*Descendite superi
 Ne fracti elabantur orbés
 Submissi & humiles veniam petite,
 Non introspectiendas ad fenestras Cubiculi
 Citò, citò, flectite & adorete meam,
 Benè habet numina, humilitatem laudo,
 Venerari autem meam & colere,
 Qua non est major, non est pulchrior Dea
 Nec in ipsis Superis est Humilitas :
 At tu verò, quid ità prope ?
 Quisnam es ? Mars ? imò Mavors este
 Ni te auferas, feriam ;
 Tu autem quis ?
 Auden' retrorsum oculos
 Vel Ζῆν vel Ζὰν, vel Δίς vel Δάν
 Ζεὺς nebulo quin te ablegas ?
 Eja, hem ! è transennâ tandem accersor ædipol,
 Ha, nunc ad amoris Tempe & cælum vado
 Quàm bellè detorquebo cervicem meam
 Ad dispensanda & carpenda suavia !
 Quàm gloriosè & feliciter ego
 Triumphabo hodie in certamine thalami !
 Vah graveolentem & teterrimum spiritum !
 Quam sunt nivalia & hircoso oscula !
 Huccine res ! hæc illa bellula ?
 Nil est monstrosum nil belluinum magis,
 Mulier Decumani capitis
 Crines habet scirpeos,
 Viperis immistas colubras ;*

Subcineritiam, mazonomicam, paradoxam faciem
Inhabitata manibus ;
Frontem ærumentario Fusori utilem,
Scutularum instar limes ab invicem oculi
Spumâ cervisiæ stagnant,
Pro naso gobium gerit,
Paradromides nares & matulas,
Labra pastomide digna
Sugillata, livida,
Nigriora illinitis calcantho calceis,
In ore fuscinas habet,
A sese abhorrentium & aberrantium dentium
Abecedarium Arabico-persicum ;
Ad commiscenda basia
Congrediuntur nasus & mentum simul,
Et senio pensilis
Ictum minatur oculo
Supercilii materiaria incrustatio,
Suòque semper gargarizat phlegmate :
Et ecce grossos tortuosos digitos
Quorum ungues pterigia obtegunt !
Quò plus intueor hoc inhorresco magis,
Ah me ! Grandebalas olidas,
Ampullas, & lagunculas pectoris !
Meretrix est optimæ Hypochondriæ
Doliaris uteri & saginati abdominis,
En & ventris cadum
Panarium & libidinis bulgam
Carnosam, obesam, pinguiusculam !
Sub gremiali carbaso furnarium habet

Putres-

Putres cambucâ inguines
Arcuatas coxendices & Pistoris ischia,
Protuberantes condylos
Quos nec pelvis tegat tonsoria
Gradu quanquam incedit grillatorio
Uncos & dispares si respicias pedes
Scazon est & animal catalecticum :
Corpus scopulosum scabie
Psorâ, ulceribus, pustulis
(Siliquas corticesque cum deglubat unguibus)
Purgando quotidie cœnovectorium non est,
Apage te scriptia, Creationis scoria,
Pythecium, barathrum, naturæ scandalum,
Carnis & ossium
Tumultuariò constricta sarcina,
Difformitatum Gerontocomii epitome.
Quam qui ducet habiturus est,
Et paranympum Dæmonem & Proserpinam pronubam
Sed tamen ades dum amabo meum suavius
Ah labellorum delicias ! Ah dulcedinem !
Quàm bellè disputant gazæ ?
Opulentâ tuâ si cum dote veniat
Placebit & amabitur
Maga quæcunque vel anilis succuba.



Ad Academiæ Matris Nerones & vyperas.

CAballinis Mercuri è fontibus
 Aqua fortis fluat stygia,
 Totis à Parnassi jugis
 Imbres aceti depluant,
 Adeste Deliani cacodæmones
 Scabiosi pastores ovium
 Ego vos perunctos & perlinitos dabo
 Oh si vestrorum cadaverum
 Nominúmque pollinctor
 Vel ambidexter corporum lictor forem !
 Mallem etenim ad eculeum & patibulum vosmet
 Quàm vestra ad incudem dogmata :
 Quid Heliconiis vos in alveariis
 Literarum Cephene & Bombylii Ecclesiæ ?
 Non ostracismis modo sed bannis digni,
 Relegandi non ad Anticyras sed Girgathum,
 Diaboli protomystæ flamines,
 Tartarorum metropolitani & Pontifices stygis,
 Apolyonis Heresiarchæ Archangeli
 Infernalis Mustaphæ satellites Janizarii
 Concionatores tympanistæ
 Beelzebub cacozeli apostoli
 Non genuini Almæ Matris filii
 Sed meretricis Babylonicæ spurii

Jesuitarum non tibicines modò
 Sed & utriculares tibiæ
 Tam nefaria capita
 Quid ni suapte lapides & tegulæ involent ?
 Quin excidant vindices trabes,
 Ustulet syderatio vel percellant fulgura ?
 Dii boni !

Musasque Parnassúmque evertere
 Literatos omnes & bonos viros pessundare,
 Orthodoxam Religionem conspuere
 Christum demutilare & destruere Ecclesiam
 Quibus ipsorum etiam phaselus in portu navigat,
 Rudentem & anchoram præcidere !
 Eundemque cui innitantur, baculum frangere !

Tam lusciosos Myopes
 Qui quicquid in buccam venit,
 Sacrilegi eructant & blasphemi effutiunt
 Quin auferat Charon scaphiarius ?
 At exitium est felix nimis,
 Et culpandæ charitatis votum,
 Quod vos feretro & sandapilariis voveat ;
 Vivos videntésque comedit scabies,
 Pediculorum & vermium Ægyptia cohors
 Intestina sacrificentur Proserpinæ
 Et Diis inferis viscera.

O Homines !
 Qui disseminare Evangelium novum,
 Abdicare Hæredem vineæ
 Dehonestare majorum mores,
 Rescindere edicta Patrum

*Consuetudines, jura, ordines,
Perturbare & confundere
Abhorrere à veritatis lumine,
Sancta & Religiosa templa violare,
Ditis atri patefacere januam,
Bonas animas perdere,
Judæos & Jesuitas agere
Dissimulare mentiri & fallere,
Munus & pensum ducitis :
Quàm nec amabilis Christi videtur sponsa,
Cujus in facie vos inhæretis turpiter
Ignominiosæ maculæ !
Literatorum illiterata & fœculenta eluvies,
Sordes & segisterium Populi ;
Quin Academiæ has quisquilias,
Extercorator publicus cœnovectorio efferat !*



The Epistle of *Rosamund* to King *HENRY*
the Second : Written by *M. D.*
Esquire.

IF yet thine eyes great *Henry* may endure
These tainted lines drawn with a hand impure,
[Which faine would blush, but fear keeps blushing
(back,

And therefore suited in despairing black.]
Let me for *loves* sake their acceptance crave,
But that sweet name (vile) *I* profained have ;
Punish my fault, or pity mine estate ;
Reade them for love, if not for love for hate.

If with my shame, thine eyes thou faine would'st
(feed

Here let them surfeit of my shame to reade,
This scribled paper which *I* send to thee,
If noted rightly doth resemble me :
As this pure ground whereon these letters stand,
So pure was *I* e're stained by thy hand ;
E're *I* was blotted by this foule offence,
So clear and spotlesse was my innocence :
Now like these marks which taints this hateful
(scrawl,

Such the black sinnes which spot my leprous soul.

What by this Conquest canst thou hope to win,
Where thy best spoile is but the act of sinne ?

Why

Epistola *Rosamundæ* ad *HENRICUM* secundum Latinis versibus reddita.

HÆc mea si vestris oculis, Henrice, placebit,
Adsit ut impurâ chartula scripta manu
 (*Chartula quæ voluit semel erubuisse sed exspes*
Pullatam jussit (proh dolor !) ire metus.)
Accipias placido vultu, rogo nomine amoris ;
Sacrum aliquando fuit nam mihi nomen amor :
Vel culpam plecte, aut nostri miserere doloris
Perlege & ex odio si modò non quod ames :
Vis oculos scelerate meo satiare pudore ?
En meus impertit pabula lauta pudor.
Est hæc, quam mitto tibi sparsam, charta, lituris,
Si benè perspicias, turpis imago mei
Hæc quam munda fuit, cum nondum scripta maneret
Chartula, & ipsa semel tam quoque munda fui ;
At manibus male tacta tuis, sum tota litura
Facta, nec hæc maculis tam nigra charta suis :
Quid spoliū potes ex illo sperare triumpho
In quo vicisse est turpe patrâsse scelus ?
Dedecoris usaculâ meâ quid mihi nomina fœdas,
Nominibus crescit quid mea culpa tuis ?
Nobilis es ? titulo scelus est illustrius illo,
Nec solita est humiles visere fama lares ;
Elata ad cœlos scintillula stella videtur,

Why on my name this slander dost thou bring,
 To make my fault renowned by a King ?
 “ Fame never stoops to things but mean and poor ;
 “ The more our greatnesse, our fault is the more ;
 “ Lights on the ground themselves do lessen farre,
 “ But in the aire, each small spark seems a starre :
 Why on my woman frailtie shouldst thou lay,
 So strong a plot mine honour to betray ?
 Or thy unlawful pleasure should'st thou buy,
 Both with thine own shame and my infamie ?
 ’Twas not my minde consented to this ill,
 Then had *I* been transported by my will ;
 For what my body was inforc't to do,
 (Heaven knowes) my soule yet ne'er consented to
 For through mine eyes had she her liking seen,
 Such as my love, such had my lover been
 “ True love is simple, like his mother truth,
 “ Kindly affection, youth to love with youth.
 “ No greater corsive to our blooming yeares,
 Then the cold badge of winter-blasted haire ;
 “ Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy foes,
 “ But cannot keep back age, with time it growes,
 “ Though honour our ambitious sexe doth please,
 “ Yet in that honour age a fowle disease :
 “ Nature hath her free course in all, and then
 “ Age is alike in Kings and other men.
 Which all the world will to my shame impute,
 That *I* my self did basely prostitute,
 And say that gold was fewel to the fire,
 Gray haire in youth not kindling green desire.

Stella sed in terris vix ea lumen habet.
Quid mihi conaris charos ità perdere honores,
Ut dicas tandem fœmina victa tibi ?
Delicias emit illicitas (quam flebile lucrum !)
Virginis intactæ gloria, Regis honos !
In tantas Venerem quæ flammis ire coegit
Non mea fax certè non meus ignis erat.
Illa meo quondam quæ sunt in corpore facta
Novit nusquam animæ grata fuisse Deus.
Libera si votis essem nec amator amorem
Noster amatorem nec superâsset amor :
Verus amor simplex, & matre potentior ipsâ
Pulchra sit ut juveni juncta puellâ jubet :
Virginibus teneris non est magis anxia cura
Quàm sit brumalis cana pruina comæ ;
Quid tua, quod sævos, fugat hostes, Regia virtus
Interea & Regis terga senecta premit ;
Fœmina conspicuos licet ambiat æmula honores,
Non benè commendat Regia pompa senem.
Cancello minimè patitur natura, vagatur
Undique conveniunt in sene Rex & homo.
Ergo ego per gentes meretrix ingloria dicar
Quæ me venalem Fœmina avara dedi ;
Sordida regali dicar mercabilis auro,
Atque auro nostros incaluisse focos
Squallida nam vetuli nec adurit barba puellas
Nec senis accendit fax moritura faces ;
At mala, colligerem vetitos ut ob arbore fructus,
Causa fuit, jussa fœmina missa tuo.
Fœmina dicebam ? serpens, subtilior anguis

O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,
 My tempter was to that forbidden tree :
 That subtile serpent, that seducing devil,
 Which bade me taste the fruit of good and evil ;
 That *Circe* by whose magick I was charm'd,
 And to this monstrous shape am thus transform'd ;
 That viprous Hag, that foe to her own kinde,
 That devillish spirit to damne the weaker minde ;
 Our frailties plague our sexes only curse,
 Hells deep'st damnation, the worst evils worse.

But *Henry* how canst thou affect me thus,
 T'whom thy remembrance now is odious ?
 My haplesse name with *Henry's* name *I* found,
 Cut in the glasse with *Henry's* diamond :
 That glasse from thence fain would *I* take away,
 But then I feare the aire would me betray :
 Then do I strive to wash it out with teares,
 But then the same more evident appears ;
 Then do *I* cover it with my guilty hand,
 Which that names witnesse doth against me stand :
 Once did *I* sinne, which memory doth cherish,
 Once I offended, but I ever perish.

“ What grief can be, but time doth make it lesse ?
 “ But infamie time never can suppress.

Sometimes to passe the tedious irksom houres,
 I climbe the top of *Woodstocks* mounting towers ;
 Where in a turret secretly I lie,
 To view from farre such as do travel by ;
 Whither (me thinks) all cast their eyes at me,
 As through the stones my shame did make them see :
 And

Compulit illa meas in glucupicra manus,
Canidia illa, ferox Medea, venefica Circe,
Quæ magico succo pocula mista dedit ;
Quæ monstri faciem dedit hanc monstrosior ipsa,
Ipsa Hecate, generi trux inimica suo,
Illa infernalis stygii cacodæmonis uxor,
Fæminei sexus pestis & atra lues.
Nostri animi morbus, fera vipera, avernus averni ;
Exitium, damnum, perniciésque stygis ;
Quid verò Henricus mihi tot profitetur amores
Nominia cum mea sint nunc odiosa tibi.
In vitro Henrici scriptum diademate, nostrum
Turpe sub Henrici nomine, nomen erat.
Tum tremulis manibus vitrum ablatura, verebar
Ne pura impuram proderet aura manum ;
Nomina tum volui, lacrymosus ut eluat imber,
Nomina sunt lacrymis conspicienda magis ;
Tum super impositâ dextrâ cælâsse putabam.
Conscia flagitii testis & illa fuit,
Sic vaga in æternum peccati infamia durat
Sons ego facta semel, sed rea semper agar ;
Quis dolor, aut luctus, qui nullo tempore languet ?
Dedecoris sanat stigmata nulla dies :
Alta supervado interdum fastigia turris
Vt quæ longa nimis facta sit hora brevis
Adsummos apices, inhonestas scando latebras
Unde viatores transeo luminibus :
In me conjiciunt oculos puto, me quasi reddat,
Conspiciámque daret saxa per ipsa pudor,
Insontes feriunt inimico lumine muros,

And with such hate the harmlesse walls do view,
 As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue.
 The married women curse my hateful life,
 Wronging a faire Queen, and a vertuous wife ;
 The Maidens wish I buri'd quick may die,
 And from each place where my abode do flie ;
 Well knew'st thou what a Monster I would be,
 When thou didst build this Labyrinth for me,
 Whose strange Meanders turning ev'ry way,
 Are like the course wherein my youth did stray :
 Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
 But yet still walk I circular in sinne.

As in the Gallerie this other day,
 I and my woman past the time away
 'Mongst many pictures, which were hanging by
 The sillie girle at length hap't to espie ;
 Chaste Lucrece image, and desires to know
 What she should be, her self that murd'red so ?
 Why Girle (quoth I) this is the *Romane* Dame ;
 Not able then to tell the rest for shame,
 My tongue doth mine own guiltinesse betray ;
 With that I sent the pratling wench away,
 Lest when my lispig guilty tongue should hault,
 My looks might prove the *Index* to my fault.
 As that life-blood which from the heart is sent,
 In beauties field pitching his crimson tent,
 In lovely sanguine sutes thy lilie cheeke,
 Whil'st it but for a resting place doth seek ;
 And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,
 Converts the white to red, the red to white :

The

Nostram acies oculi quæque minata necem :
 Nunc mihi, quod spreta est Regina & castior uxor,
 Optat justa magis, conjugis ira crucem ;
 Nunc ego ut in gelidum descendam viva sepulchrum,
 Casta Puellarum vota precèsque petunt :
 Me monstrum fugiunt, benè nōsti quale ego monstrum
 Hic mihi constructus cum Labyrinthus erat,
 Qui gradibus dubiis & flexibus undique curvus,
 Mæandro est similis quem meus error habet ;
 Usque quidem filo circumferor intus & intus,
 Huc illuc vitii circulus usque rapit :
 Omnia cum nuper passim per claustra vagatæ,
 Trivimus, ancilla me comitante, diem,
 Picturas inter multas & anaglypha multa,
 Quæ doctâ artificis sculpta fuere manu
 Tarquinii Collatini castissima conjux,
 Effigie forti nobilitata stetit
 Hanc ubi conspexit simplex ancillula, mortem,
 Quæ sibi conscivit, quæ precor, inquit erat ?
 Hæc illa est, ego tum retuli matrona Quiritum,
 Hæc illa, & vetuit plura referre pudor .
 Pænè fatebatur sontem me prodiga lingua
 Garrula quo circa missa puella foras
 Turpia per dentes ne præcipitantia verba
 Vultu significant indicè turpe scelus .
 Scilicet ut sanguis vitalis corde reclusus,
 Coccinea in bello castrarefi it agro,
 Et placidos vultus rubicunda veste colorat
 Misceturque genis, ut rosa liliolis
 Cum requiem quærens commutat sæpius albo

The blush with palenesse, for the place doth strive,
 The palenesse thence the blush would gladly drive ;
 Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts *I* carry,
 Which in my passion diversly do vary.

When as the Sun haies toward the western shade,
 And the trees shadowes hath much taller made ;
 Forth go I to a little current neer,
 Which like a wanton traile creeps here and there,
 Where with mine Angle casting in my bait,
 The little fishes (dreading the deceit)
 With fearful nibbling flie th' inticing gin,
 By nature taught what danger lies therein,
 Things reasonlesse thus warn'd by nature be,
 Yet *I* devour'd the bait was laid for me :
 Thinking thereon, and breaking into grones,
 The bubling spring which trips upon the stones
 Chides me away, lest sitting but too nigh,
 I should defile the native puritie :
Rose of the world, so doth import my name ;
Shame of the world, my life hath made the same ;
 And to th' unchaste this name shall given be
 Of *Rosamond*, deriv'd from sinne and me.
 The *Cliffords* take from me that name of theirs,
 Which hath been famous for so many yeares ;
 They blot my birth with hateful bastardie,
 That *I* sprung not from their Nobilitie ;
 They my Alliance utterly refuse,
 Nor will a *Strumpet* shall their name abuse ;

Here in the garden wrought by curious hands,
 Naked *Diana* in the fountain stands,

With

Coccina liliolo, liliolumque rosa ;
Contendunt de sede simul pallorque, ruborque
Certat pallorem pellere ab ore pudor ;
Sic mihi mille animi dubitantia pectora versant
Dum mea se mutat mens nova & indè nova,
Projectis ramorum umbris, ubi Phæbus Ibero,
Pænè fatigatos, gurgite tingit equos ;
Vicinos propero ad latices, ubi rivulus undas
Lascivo huc illuc syrmatitis instar agit,
Fallacem hic escam injicio prædantibus hamis,
Subdola sed prædam terret arundo suam ;
Insidias fugiunt pisces, calamoque recedunt
Edocti timido rodere dente cibos ;
Naturæ normis animalia bruta monentur
Ipsa ego stulta mihi mista aconita bibi ;
Hæc ego dum memoro suspiria tristia ducens,
Increpat, irato flumine, bulla frequens ;
Ingemo, & objurgat lapidosus marmore rivus,
Ni vitientur aquæ lacrymâ, abire jubet :
Heu Rosamunda ego sum, Rosamundi nomine dicor
Factaque sum mundi, non Rofa munda, pudor.
Nomine famoso posthæc Rosamunda vocetur,
Improba quæ Thais, quæ modo Lais erat.
Insensi sua Cliffordi mihi nomina demunt,
Nomina tam multo nobilitata die,
Et mea, seu natæ populo, natalia delent,
Nec clarâ illorum stirpe oriunda fui ;
Sim licet affinis, cognatio nostra negatur,
Dedixere sui nominis esse lupam :
Hic, dextræ melioris opus spectabile, in horto

Fonte

With all her Nymphs got round about to hide her,
 As when *Actæon* had by chance espi'd her ;
 This sacred image I no sooner view'd,
 But as that metamorphos'd man, pursu'd
 By his own hounds, so by my thoughts am I,
 Which chase me still which way so e're I flie ;
 Touching the grasse, the honey dropping dew,
 Which falls in teares upon my limber shoe ;
 Upon my foot consumes in weeping still,
 As it would say why went'st thou to this ill ?
 Thus to no place in safety can I go,
 But every thing doth give me cause of woe.

In that faire casket of such wondrous cost,
 Thou sent'st the night before mine honour lost,
Amimone was wrought a harmlesse maid,
 By *Neptune* that adult'rous god betrayd ;
 She prostrate at his feet begging with prayers,
 Wringing her hands, her eyes swoln up with teares ;
 This was not an intrapping bait from thee,
 But by thy vertue gently warning me,
 And to declare for what intent it came,
 Lest I therein should ever keep my shame ;
 And in this casket (ill I see it now)
 That *Joves* love *Jo* turn'd into a Cow ;
 Yet was she kept with *Argus* hundred eyes,
 So wakeful still be *Juno's* jealousies :
 By this I well might have forewarned been,
 T'have cleer'd my self to thy suspecting Queen ;
 Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me,
 Then had poor *Argus* single eyes to see.

*Fonte stat in medio nuda Diana dea.
 Nympharum densâ circumstipata cohorte
 Ut cum Cadmi aderat fotrè aliquando nepos
 Nec citiùs castæ speculabar imaginis ora,
 Quin ego ut Actæon mox variata steti ;
 Ille molossorum rabie laniatus, indèmque
 Supplicium curis tradita præda luo.
 Advolitant ubicunque vagor, dum gramina tango
 Fletur & in crepidas mellea gutta cadit ;
 Gemmea se solvens lugendo lacryma, visa est
 Dicere quid scelus hoc ? turpe quid ausa scelus ?
 Nulla mihi sedes superest, loca nulla quietis
 Me luctum, luctu singula plena, monent
 Ate nocte illa, sceleri quæ prævia nostro,
 Mirè opulenta mihi capsula missa fuit ;
 Amimone virgo castissima pingitur intus,
 Quam tulit in medias Glaucus adulter aquas ;
 Contorquens digitos tumidos attollit ocellos
 Et precibus supplex sternitur ante pedes ;
 Non fuit hoc, magni dolus & fallacia Regis
 Præmonuit virtus me pietàsque tua
 Dixit & expressit quo sit mihi nomine missa,
 Dedecoris nostri ne monumenta foret,
 In vaccam mutásse Jovis, Mephitida, amorem
 Heu nimiùm tandem capsula serò docet.
 Centenis oculis Jò custodiit Argus,
 Zelotipòque vigil lumine Juno Jovem ;
 Hàc ego Reginæ poteram ratione fuisse
 Inculpata tuæ criminibusque carens.
 Custodi nostræ si quis jam comparet Argum*

Argus

In this thou rightly imitatest *Jove*.
 Into a beast thou hast transform'd thy love :
 Nay, worser farre (beyond their beastly kinde,)
 A Monster both in body and in minde.

The waxen taper which I burne by night,
 With the dull vaprie dimnesse mocks my sight,
 As though the damp which hinders the clear flame,
 Come from my breath in that night of my shame,
 When as it look't with a dark lowring eye,
 To see the losse of my Virginitie :
 And if a starre but by the glasse appear,
I straight intreat it not to look in here ;
 I am already hateful to the light,
 And will it too betray me to the night ?

Then sith my shame so much belongs to thee,
 Rid me of that by only murd'ring me,
 And let it justly to my charge be laid,
 That *I* thy person meant to have betray'd ;
 Thou shalt not need by circumstance t' accuse me,
 If *I* deny it, let the Heavens refuse me ;
 My life's a blemish which doth cloud thy name,
 Take it away, and clear shall shine thy fame :
 Yield to my suit, if ever pity mov'd thee,
 In this shew mercy, as *I* ever lov'd thee.

Argus centeno lumine pauper erat :
 Hoc Jovis obscœnas imitare fideliter artes,
 Scilicet in pecudem degeneravit amor.
 Nec non sordidior quàm quævis bellua sordes ?
 Totà ad prodigium carne animoque salax.
 Cerea, nocturni multâ fuligine Lychni
 Illudit teneros cæca lucerna oculos,
 Seu faculam interimens, illa sub nocte pudoris
 Atrior è nostro fluxerat ore vapor,
 Cùm vigil abducto prospexit lumine lampas,
 Cernebat ut raptas virginitatis opes :
 Et si per tenues lucebat stella fenestras,
 Huc noli inspicias stella precabar ego,
 Vis etiam lunæ ? sum dudum invisâ diei,
 Stellula vis etiam prodere nocte scelus ?
 Quare, ego cùm tanti tibi dicar causa pudoris,
 Hanc [citò me jugules] me jugulando necas,
 insidias, narra, meretrix tibi perfida struxi,
 Dic majestatem me violasse tuam ;
 Non opus est multis ambagibus insimulare,
 Si modò diffitear tartara nigra petam ;
 Dum vivo, tibi sum labes, tua nomina nubes
 Obtego, at excussa nube relucet honor,
 Fac precor excutias, si quid clementia possit,
 Si quid possit amor, fac precor excutias.



HENRY to ROSAMUND.

When first the Post arrived at my Tent,
 And brought the letters *Rosamond* had sent,
 Think from his lips but what deare comfort came,
 When in mine eare he softly breath'd thy name,
 Straight *I* injoy'n'd him of thy health to tell,
 Longing to heare my *Rosamond* did well,
 With new enquiries then *I* cut him short,
 When of the same he gladly would report,
 That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,
 Catching the words half spoke out of his lips ;
 This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
 To lose no time, whilst I unripp'd the seal.
 The more I reade still do I erre the more,
 As though mistaking somewhat said before,
 Missing the point, the doubtful sense is broken,
 Speaking again what I before had spoken ;
 Still in a swound my heart revives and faints
 'Twixt hopes, despaires, 'twixt smiles and deep eom-
 As these sad accents sort in my desire. (plaints.
 Smooth calmes, rough stormes, sharp frosts and raging
 (fires,
 Put on with boldnesse, and put back with feares,
 For oft thy troubles do extort my teares ;
 O, how my heart at that black line did tremble !
 That blotted paper should thy self resemble :
 O, were there paper but near half so white,
 The gods thereon their sacred lawes would write,
With



HENRICUS ROSAMUNDÆ.

*A*ppulerat nostras ubi primum nuncius oras,
 Et mihi visa tuâ est chartula scripta manu,
 Oh mihi quàm gratus fuit ille susurrus in aure,
 Illâque quàm placuit vox, Rosamunda tua !
 Quanta per attonitum ruperunt gaudia pectus,
 Inque tuo quantum nomine lætus eram !
 Illius à tremulis captavi verba labellis,
 Verbâque nescio quæ dimidiata tuli.
 Deque tua cupidè quæsiui multa salute
 Hoc ego quàm volui tum, Rosamunda valet.
 Quam voluit dixisse valet, correpta reliquit,
 Verba, ego quærebam dum nova & indè nova.
 Et raptim celeri rumpo dum pollice ceram,
 Ne mora sit lapso tempore, mille peto.
 Seu quod præcessit mendax malè verteret error
 Quo lectum magis est, hoc mage fallor ego
 Plus cupio quo plura lego, dubiûsque quid hoc est,
 Quodlibet, incertus quid sit, Iota lego.
 Hinc velut excusso fragili de corpore morbo,
 Sollicitum exultat pectus & inde tremit,
 Obruo hinc lacrymis, mox lætor distrahor indè,
 Dum peragunt varias spêsque metûsque vices
 Cor nimbis agitur, nostròque in pectore regnant,
 Cum ventis glacies, flamma, pruina gelu.

With pens of Angels wings, and for their ink,
 That heavenly Nectar, their immortal drink.
 Majestick courage strives to have suppress
 This fearful passion stirr'd up in my breast.
 But still in vaine the same I go about,
 My heart must break within, or woes break out ;
 Am *I* at home pursu'd with private hate,
 And warres comes raging to my Palace-gate ?
 Is meagre envie stabbing at my throne,
 Treason attending when I walk alone ?
 And am I branded with the curse of *Rome*,
 And stand condemned by a Councels doom ?
 And by the pride of my rebellious sonne,
 Rich *Normandie* with Armies over-runne ?
 Fatal my birth, unfortunate my life,
 Unkinde my children, most unkinde my wife.
 Grief, cares, old age, suspicion to torment me,
 Nothing on earth to quiet or content me ;
 So many woes, so many plagues to finde,
 Sicknesse of body, discontent of minde,
 Hopes left, helps reft, life wrong'd, joy interdicted,
 Banish'd, distress'd, forsaken and afflicted.
 Of all relief hath fortune quite bereft me ?
 Only my love yet to my comfort left me :
 And is one beauty thought so great a thing,
 To mitigate the sorrowes of a King ?
 Barr'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,
 Have we, then they, lesse priviledge in love ?
 Is it a King the woful widow heares ?
 Is it a King dries up the Orphants teares ?
 Is it a King regards the Clients cry :

*Anxia sæpé tui turbat mihi cura quietem,
 Et cadit in mæstos lachrima multa sinus ;
 Quàm tremebundus eram, quum charta simillima dicta,
 [Chartula litterulis improba facta] tibi !
 Quæ si vel simili fœlix splendore niteret
 Scriberet hic leges Jupiter ipse suas,
 Et sibi ab Angelicis pennam decerperet alis,
 Quæ pro Atramento nectare tincta foret,
 Fœmineum hunc trepido pulsasse à corde timorem
 Bellica (sed frustra) mens mea sæpe velit
 Fortiùs inductæ feriunt præcordia curæ
 Ni rumpat dolor è pectore, rumpar ego
 Siccine privatis odiis crudeliter uxor,
 Et pulsant nostras horrida bella fores ?
 Invidiæ tentatne manus mea sceptrâ ferire
 Sœva medmque petit vitam, ubi solus eo ?
 Me, licet insontem, Synodi sententia damnat
 Et famoso urit stigmatè Roma suo.
 Undique vexatur dives Normandia bello
 Agmen ubi infestum filius hostis agit
 Ingrati mihi natales, ingrataque vita,
 Natus inhumanus, sponsa benigna minùs
 Et curæ & morbi cruciant mihi corpora, nullas
 Delicias, nullam terra ministrat opem,
 Gaudia diffugiunt, spes avolat unica cura
 Permanet, hæc vitæ non benè grata come,
 Fortuna, auxilium quòd erat, nimis aspera dempsit
 Solamen misero restat & unus amor.
 Forma adeone valet Regis lenire dolores,
 Creditur antidoti forma quod una satis ?*

Gives life to him by law condemn'd to die ?
 Is it his care the *Common-wealth* that keeps,
 As doth the Nurse her Baby whilst it sleeps ?
 And that poor King of all those hopes prevented,
 Unheard, unhelp'd, unpitti'd, unlamented ?
 Yet let me be with poverty opprest,
 Of earthly blessings robb'd and dispossesst ;
 Let me be scorn'd, rejected and revil'd,
 And from my Kingdom let me live exil'd,
 Let the worlds curse upon me still remain,
 And let the last bring on the first againe ;
 All miseries that wretched man may wound,
 Leave for my comfort only *ROSAMOND*.
 For thee swift time his speedy course doth stay,
 At thy command the destinies obey ;
 Pitie is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,
 And at thy feet even mercy prostrate lies.

If *I* were feeble, rheumatick or cold,
 These were true signes that I were waxed old ;
 But *I* can march all day in massie steel,
 Nor yet my armes unweildy weight do feel,
 Nor wak'd by night with bruise or bloody wound,
 The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground :
 For very age, had *I* laine bed-rid long,
 One smile of thine again could make me young.
 Were there in Art a power but so divine,
 As is in that sweet Angel-tongue of thine,
 That great Enchantresse which once took such pains
 To put young blood into old *Æsons* veines,
 And in groves, mountains, and the moorish fen,
Sought

*Plebs quæcunque velit felicior eligit ora
 Libera num Regi vota negabit amor ?
 Num viduæ tristis capit auris Regia quæstus ?
 Arborum siccata Regia cura genas ?
 Num rapit à durâ trepidantiâ colla securi,
 Et dat supplicibus dextera Regis opem ?
 Servat ut infantem generosum sedula nutrix
 Rex sua regna etiam tuta manere facit ?
 Cogitur ille tamen Rex desperare salutem
 Infelix, spretus, perditus, exul, inops ?
 At sim tam pauper quàm nec miserabilis Irus,
 Improba terrenas sors mihi demat opes.
 Exul ego longè peregrinas mittar adoras
 Stigmaticus, diris undique onustus eam.
 Undique contemnar, me publica vota malignent
 Communésque legant in mea damna preces,
 Cæca tuis totus lædar fortuna sagittis
 Unica restabit si Rosamunda mihi :
 Pro te tardarunt fugientes tempora gressus
 Et parent jussis ardua fata tuis.
 Nata tuis si nata unquam clementia ocellis,
 Quin amor ipse tuos sternitur ante pedes,
 Si vel Rheumaticus, gelidusve aut debilis essem
 Illa forent senii præscia signa mei,
 Sed cataphractus ego totis incedo diebus,
 Impositumque humerus non grave sentit onus,
 Nec mihi sanguineum perturbant somnia vulnus,
 Saxea, promolli, sunt mihi castra toro ;
 Nunc ego si centum vixissem Clinicus annos
 Verteret in juvenem me tua forma senem.*

Sought out more herbs then had bin known to men,
 And in the pow'rful potion that she makes,
 Put blood of men, of birds, of beasts and snakes,
 Never had needed to have gone so farre,
 To seek the soiles where all those simples are ;
 One accent from thy lips the blood more warmes,
 Then all her philters, exorcismes and charmes.
 Thy presence hath repaired in one day,
 What many yeares with sorrowes did decay,
 And made fresh beauty in her flower to spring,
 Out of the wrinkles of-times ruining.
 Ev'n as the hungry winter-starved earth,
 When she by nature labours towards her birth,
 Still as the day upon the dark world creeps,
 One blossome forth after another peeps,
 Till the small flower, whose root (at last) unbound,
 Gets from the frostie prison of the ground,
 Spreading the leaves unto the pow'rful noon,
 Deck'd in fresh colours smiles upon the Sunne.

Never unquiet care lodg'd in their breast,
 Where but one thought of *ROSAMOND* did rest :
 Nor thirst, nor travel, which on warre attend,
 E're brought the long-day to desired end :
 Nor yet did pale feare, or lean famine live,
 Where hope of thee did any comfort give :
 Ah, what injustice then is this of thee,
 That thus the guiltlesse do'st condemn for me ?
 When only she (by means of mine offence)
 Redeems thy pureness and thy innocence,
 When to our wills perforce obey they must,
 That's just in them, whater'e in us unjust,

Or

*Tam modò divinum si numen in arte fuisset,
 Quale habet à linguâ vox Rosamunda tua.
 Erravit varios frustra Medea per hortos
 Antrâque sollicitis vix adeunda viris,
 Ignotas ipsiis medicis ut quæreret herbas,
 Æsoneum poterint quæ reparare senem ;
 Quid mixta humano prodest medicina cruore
 Quid serpentino sanguine vel quid ave ?
 Oscula chara tuis prosunt subrepta labellis,
 Plus tua quam magici pharmara, philtira valent.
 Quantum Parca meis crescentibus addidit annis,
 Visâ te, tantum detrahit una dies ;
 Quâque suum ponit sulcum irreparabile tempus
 Inseruit blandis lilia mixta rosis
 Sic nempe hyberno sterilesceus tempore terra
 Naturæ, ad partum, verè reposit opem ;
 Manè suburbanos dum sol prorepat in hortos
 Pullulat indè recens germen & indè recens,
 Mox exporrecto prorumpunt vertice flores
 Et stricti linqunt vincula dura soli ;
 Tum fortes toto gaudent se exponere Phæbo,
 Ludit & in patulis blandior aura comis,
 Pectoribus nunquam dolor improbus hæsit in illis,
 Vel dubitata quibus spes Rosamunda fuit.
 Fecere, ut cuperem noctes mutare diebus
 Nec via me, belli me nec anhelasitis
 Me, dum chara meo tu sis in pectore, belli
 Nec timor invasit, nec macilenta fames ;
 Et tamen injustè de me sententia fertur,
 Insontem, miserè dum facis esse reum.*

Totus

Or what we do, not them account we make,
 The fault craves pardon for th' offenders sake :
 And what to work a Princes will may merit,
 Hath deep'st impression in the gentlest spirit.

If't be my name that doth thee so offend,
 No more my self shall be mine own names friend,
 If it be that which thou do'st only hate,
 That name in my name lastly hath his date,
 Say 'tis accurst, and fatal, and dispraise it,
 If written blot it, if engraven raise it :
 Say that of all names, 'tis a name of wo,
 Once a Kings name, but now it is not so :
 And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee,
 And therefore (Sweet) why should *I* now believ thee ?
 Nor should'st thou think those eyes with envie
 (lowre,

Which passing by thee gaze up to thy tower,
 But rather praise thine own which be so clear,
 Which from thy turret like two starres appear :
 Above the Sun doth shine, beneath thine eye,
 Mocking the Heaven to make another skie.
 The little stream which by thy tow'r doth glide,
 Where oft thou spend'st the weary ev'ning tide,
 To view thee well his course would gladly stay,
 As loth from thee to part so soon away,
 And with salutes thy self would gladly greet,
 And offer up some small drops at thy feet ;
 But finding that the envious banks restrain it,
 T' excuse it self doth in this sort complain it,
 And therefore this sad bubling murmur keeps,

And

*Totus ego fædo maculatus crimine damnor,
 Tu tamen ex ipso hoc indice pura manes ;
 Nempe vel invitos mihi cum submittere oportet
 Omnia justa illis quæ mihi justa minis
 Fas quòdcunque peto, stat pro ratione voluntas
 Et sons delictum vindicat ipse suum ;
 Munificus fieri princeps quæcunque jubebit,
 Hæc animo facili mens generosa capit ;
 Si modò displiceant oculo mea nomina, dicas,
 Nominibûsque meis ipse inimicus ero.
 Nomina damnentur, damnentur ut impia facsis,
 Si, quoniam mea sint, sint odiosa tibi ;
 Inclyta fac pereat titulorum gloria, nomen
 Dele, dic titulus Regius ille perit,
 Hæc (fingas liceat) fuerint si facta dolebis
 Ergo tibi non est chara adhibenda fides,
 Invidia obductos nec credere oportet ocellos
 Qui turrin aspectant prætereundo tuam,
 Sed laudare tuos qui stellæ a turre videntur,
 Sydere tam claro lumininibûsque micant
 Sol supra est, tuus infra oculus, cœlûmque minatur,
 Æthera deridens, velle creare novum
 Limpha tuam turrem quæ flumine lambit amico
 Qua solita es fessos ludificare dies,
 Heu quam sæpè, fugax, remorata est æmula rivos
 In vultus jactans lumina fixa tuos
 Quàm cupit in teneros labi fluida unda lacertos !
 Amplectique tuos quàm velit illa pedes !
 Irata obstantes ripas culpâre videtur,
 Et veniam, invito quod fugit amne, rogat ;*

And for thy want within the channel weep.
 And as thou do'st into the water look,
 The fish, which see thy shadow in the brook,
 Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,
 So daunted with the lustre of thine eye,
 And that sweet name which thou so much do'st
 (wrong,

In time shall be some famous Poets Song,
 And with the very sweetnesse of that name,
 Lions and *Tigers* men shall learne to tame.
 The careful mother at her pensive breast,
 With *Rosamond* shall bring her Babe to rest :
 The little birds (by mens continual sound)
 Shall learn to speak and prattle *Rosamond* ;
 And when in *April* they begin to sing,
 With *Rosamond* shall welcome in the Spring ;
 And she in whom all rarities are found,
 Shall still be said to be a *Rosamond*.
 The little flowers dropping their honied dew,
 Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy shoe,
 Not for thy fault (sweet *Rosamund*) do moane,
 Only lament that thou so soon art gone :
 For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
 That hemlock's made more sweeter then the Rose.
 Of *Jove* or *Neptune*, how they did betray,
 Speak not of, *Iö*, or *Aminome* ;
 When she, for whom *Jove* once became a bull,
 Compar'd with thee had been a tawny *Trull*,
 He a white Bull, and she a whiter Cow ;
 Yet he nor she ne're half so white as thou.

Long

*Obstrepero plangit fugientes murmure campos,
 In lacrymas abeunt flumina, tu quod abis,
 Dum nitidas, oculis radiantibus inspicis, undas,
 Pisciculis, quibus es visa, nec esca placet ;
 Non opus est hamis salientes ducere pisces,
 Pisciculos vultu luminibusque capis ;
 Et tua quæ tantùm & toties mihi nomina damnas,
 Clara olim magni carmine vatis erunt ;
 Mitescet quibus & rabidus leo, & aspera tigris,
 Sic potes Orphæam vincere sola lyram ;
 Nomine nempe tuo, non plura crepundia gestans,
 Lullabit prolem mater amica suam
 Et solitas hominum voces imitata, per hortos
 Garrula nil nisi te vere loquetur avis ;
 Et posthac semper Rosamunda vocabitur illa,
 Quæ formâ superat, quæque de cora magis :
 Mella super crepidas (scripsti) stillantur ab herbis,
 Et cadit in teneros lacryma fusa pedes ;
 Non fletur, Rosamunda, tuas abstergere culpas,
 Flet ploratque brevem quælibet herba moram ;
 Nempè tuo pede sit viridis modò tacta cicuta,
 Vertitur in blandam, sæva cicuta, rosam ;
 Neptuni mihi nec raptus, fraudésve Tonantis,
 Neve Iüs fletus Amimonésve refer,
 Dummodo quam petiit nivei sub imagine tauri
 Si tecum certet corpore, fæda fuit ;
 Sit bos hic niveus, sit & hæc mage candida vacca,
 Sunt tamen Æthiopes, fuscus uterque tibi,
 Cura fuit (nòsti) vigilem deludere sponsam,
 Hinc tu Dædaleo carcere tuta manes.*

Et

Long since (thou know'st) my care provided for,
 To lodge thee safe from jealous *Ellinor*,
 The Labyrinths conveyance guides thee so,
 (Which only *Vaughan*, thou and I do know)
 If she do guard thee with an hundred eyes,
 I have an hundred subtile *MERCURIES*
 To watch that *ARGUS* which my love doth keep,
 Until eye after eye fall all to sleep.
 And those starres which look in, but look to see,
 (Wond'ring) what star here on the earth should be,
 As oft the Moon amidst the silent night,
 Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,
 And by the Curtains help'd mine eyes to see,
 What envious night and darknesse hid from me ;
 When I have wish'd that she might ever stay,
 And other worlds might still enjoy the day.
 What shall I say, words, teares and sighes be spent,
 And want of time doth further help prevent,
 My Camp resounds with fearful shocks of war,
 Yet in my breast more dang'rous Conflicts are,
 Yet is my Signal to the battles sound,
 The blessed name of beauteous *ROSAMOND*.
 Accursed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
 Should think, should speak, or whisper of thy death :
 For in one smile or lowre from thy eye
 Consists my life, my hope, my victory.
 Sweet *Woodstock* where my *ROSAMOND* doth rest,
 Be blest in her, in whom thy King is blest.
 For though in *France* a while my body be,
 My heart remaines (Dear Paradise) in thee.

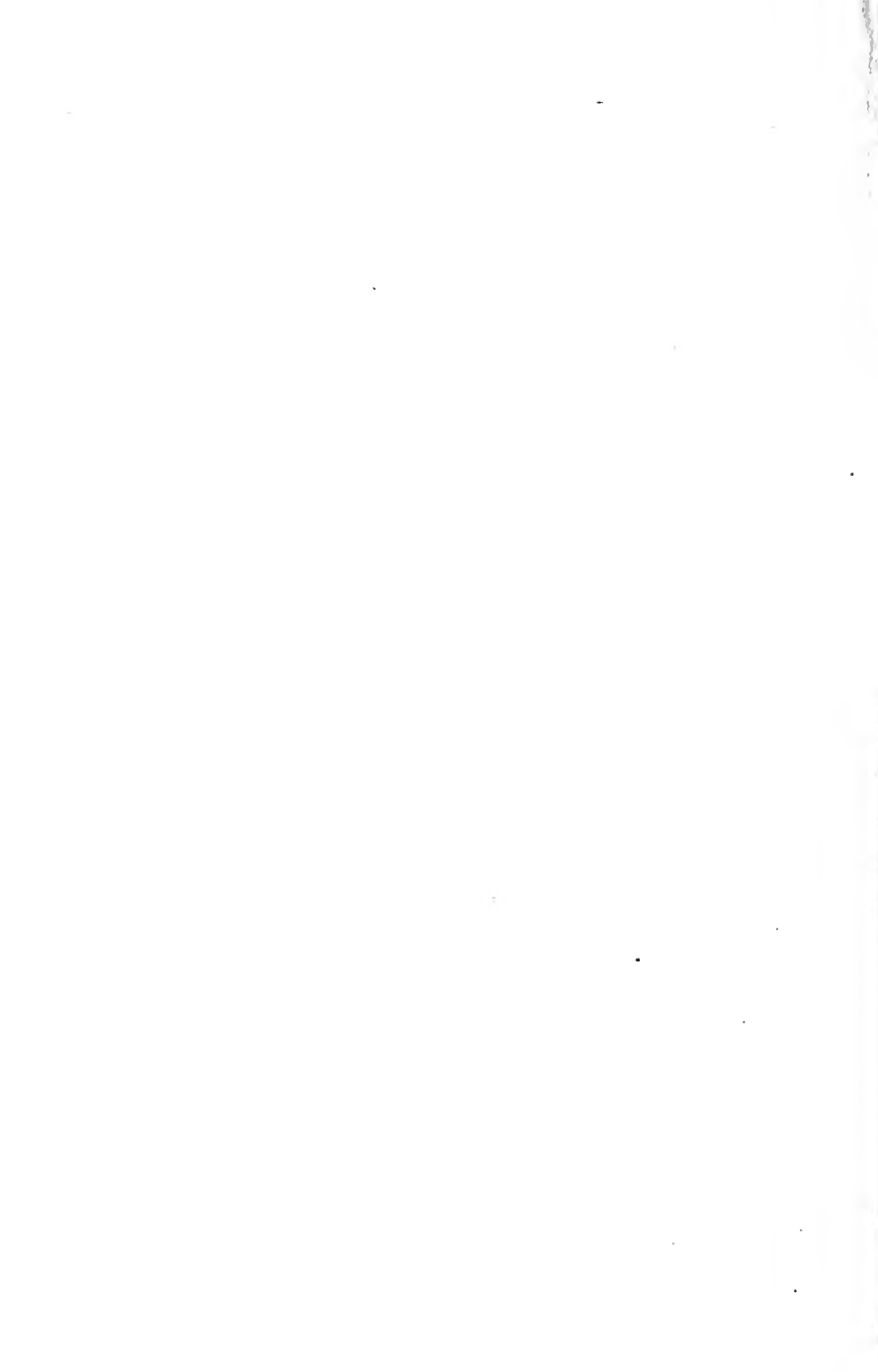
THE END.

Et flexu vario Labyrinthi clauderis intus,
(Quem novit Vaughan, tu quoque & unus ego)
Quid quod centum oculis mea te custodiat uxor,
Mercurios totidem dum meus addit amor.
Novit & insomnes amor ille sopire dracones
Tótque Argos, oculos quot vigil Argus habet
Invida quæque tuam perlustrat stellula turrim,
Miratur quænam pulchrior indè nitet ;
Sæpius inspexit mediâ nos nocte Diana,
Indulsitque suas Cynthia amica faces ;
Sic tenuis cortina dedit spectare figuram,
Quæ prius est oculis, nocte negata meis ;
Quàm volui semper noctem lunamque manere,
Æterno Antipodes sole, dièque frui !
Quid dicam ? pereunt lacrymæ, suspiria, voces,
Quod mihi restat opis sævior hora negat ;
Bellica terribili resonant mea castra boatu
Pejor at in toto pectore miles amor.
Te Rosamunda tubæ, te Classica nostra loquuntur,
Pugnandi signum tu Rosamunda mihi,
Illius intereant & vox & spiritus, audet
Qui meditata tuâ de nece verba loqui,
Nempe incerta tuo victoria ridet ocello
Illinc est mihi spes, vita, triumphus, honos ;
Tuque domus, quâ chara manet Rosamunda, beatus
Quâ tuus & Rex est, esto beata domus ;
Detineat corpus quanquam fera Gallia, tecum
Cor manet, Elysium deliciæque meæ.

FINIS.







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