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THE

ANATOMIE OF BASENESSE

(1615)

BY

JOHN ANDREWS:

Edited, with Introduction and Notes.

929  
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BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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## Memorial-Introduction.

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**T**HE "Anatomie of Basenesse" was published anonymously, that is to say only the initials I. A. in the Epistle-Dedictory to Sir Robert Sydney guide to its authorship. Apologizing for his dedication, the Writer says among other things, that he prints not 'vaine-gloriously' or he would have 'subscribed' his 'name' and that he forbore to have his name published 'out of some respects'. We shall not err probably if we interpret the 'some respects' as having reference to his being a 'Preacher' of God's Word, as deeming his trenchant, vehement satire liable to misconstruction if known to come from a clergyman. Anthony a-Wood in his *Athenæ* and his erudite Editor Dr. Bliss, fill in the initials with "J[ohn] A[ndrews]" and thus write of him: "John Andrews, a Somersetshire man born, was entred a student in Trin. Coll.

1601, aged 18, took one degree in Arts,<sup>1</sup> left the University, became a painfull<sup>2</sup> preacher of God's Word and a publisher of these books following"—of which more anon—. Then, "When he died or where he was buried, I know not." DR. BLISS appends the following: "He seems to have been the same person with John Andrews, minister and preacher of the Word of God at Barrick Bassett in the county of Wilts., who was the author of "Christ's Cross: or the most comfortable doctrine of Christ crucified and joyful tidings of his Passion. Oxon. 1614 qu. in two parts. To this writer we may ascribe a very rare poetical work, entitled the 'Anatomie of Basenesse.'

. . . . . By 'Barrick Basset' is intended the small hamlet of 170 inhabitants, 'Berwick Bassett': but our enquiries there directly and in the county-History, have resulted in nothing. SIR RICHARD HOARE in his huge book on Wilts (1843) thinks it important to record that a "Master James Andrews, Mayor" . . . . . was fined for "selling strong ale" (p. 274): but has not a syllable for the "painfull Preacher". It does not appear that he was Incumbent: prob-

---

<sup>1</sup> *Viz.* Master of Arts: (*Fasti. s. n.*)

<sup>2</sup> = Painstaking. G.

ably he was a Curate or assistant, or what the Puritans supplied and named, Lecturer.

The identity of the "Preacher of God's Word" with the author of the "Anatomic", seems to be confirmed by an examination of the pious books enumerated by Wood, and others that must have escaped him. We glean what of Verse is found in those that we possess ourselves or have come upon.

Passing "Andrewe's Golden Chaine to linke the penitent sinner unto Almighty God" (1645) we have the "Converted Man's New Birth" (1629) and "Andrewe's Repentance, sounding alarum to returne from his sinnes unto Almighty God, declaring his repentance: published by John Andrewes, Minister of the Word of God, in the County of Wilts" (1623). These details of this quaint little volume will interest. On reverse of the title are these Lines:

The Author did this little booke forestall,  
 And from the presse he did it take,  
 That none thereof might haue the sale,  
 But he himselfe which did it make,  
 Except it be his speciall friend,  
 Which may it sell, and giue, and lend.

Then follows a prayer (2 pages). Then "To all Christian Sinners, (2 pages,) ending thus :

Prayer with practise,  
 Oft times on your knee,  
 Gets fauour with God,  
 As daily we see.  
 But prayer with lips  
 Where heart is away,  
 Returnes into sinne  
 Their soules to destroy.

Then follows "The Author to the Reader" (2 pages,) in which he says that "by the handy-work of God, in sending contrary windes, I have lost to the value of threescore pounds by the yeare, in spirituall livings within the realme of Ireland, to the vtter impouerishing of me, my wife and children for euer, except God in His mercy open the harts of welldisposed gentlemen and others, by their good liking of these my labors to relieue me in these my present wants, that thereby I may attaine unto some better estate againe."

Then comes "An humble Petition" &c. (12 pp).

Then this: (2 pages) "The Praise of Wisdome" Prouerbs, Chap 3.

Blest is the man that Wisdome finds,

And he that doth obtaine  
True vnderstanding, and thereof  
Doth know the precious gaine :  
For better 'tis to get the same  
Then siluer ready told,  
And better profit it doth bring  
Then merchandize of gold.  
Wisedome doth precious stones exceed  
And all things else that are,  
There is nothing thou canst desire,  
To be compared to her.  
Vpon her right hand is long life,  
Which neuer is bereft,  
Riches and honor doe attend  
And waite vpon the left.  
Her wayes are passing pleasant wayes,  
Her paths are full of rest,  
She is a tree of life to those  
Which her to seeke are prest.  
Shee is I say a tree of life  
To such as on her hold,  
And such as alway keep her fast,  
Are blessèd manifold.  
My sonne let not these things depart,  
Nor from thine eye to passe,  
But keepe my lawes and counsels eke,  
And thou shalt finde them grace.

Vnto thy mouth, and to thy soule  
 They shall be perfect life.  
 So shalt thou safely walke the way  
 Whereas there is no strife :  
 Thy foot from stumbling so thou maist  
 At all times surely keepe,  
 When thou lyeest downe thou needst not care,  
 But rest and sweetly sleepe :  
 Thou shalt not need to be afraid  
 Of any sodaine feare,  
 For violent force of wicked men  
 Which chance, take thou no care.  
 For violent rushing in of such  
 As the vngodly are,  
 Of them thou needst not to account,  
 Nor let them not thee scare.  
 For why, the Lord with thee shall be  
 At hand, and keepe thy foot,  
 That by deceiuing sleights of foes  
 Thou neuer shalt be tooke.

Then follows (1 page)

The Author to his Booke.

Go thou my Booke with the zeale of my hart  
 To all that shal come view thee :

When thou hast past from the Presse, and art  
print

Cry daily, Come peruse me :  
If that thou canst giue to them all content,  
Then is my labour ended,  
Which is the thing that I haue desired  
For my paines on thee spende.

Turning now to another, viz.

“ A golden Trumpet sounding an Alarum to  
Judgement ” &c, “ By John Andrewes Minister  
and Preacher of God’s Word ”. “ The Nine and  
twentieth Impression, London. 1648 ”. (22 pp  
small 8vo), on reverse of title are these Lines :

The Author to the Reader.

Sound to Judgement this Golden Trumpet,  
Into the eares of every one ;  
Early be ringing here thine owne knell,  
O sound t’ alarum, for time will be gone.  
Weep for thy sins, and watch for the day  
Here of the coming of Christ our Judge ;  
Each day and houre slips quickly away ;  
No time is set, therefore doe not grudge.

Make this Trumpet to sound in thine eare,  
A day of Judgement is almost come :



Delay no time, we all must appeare,  
Now still prepare for the day of doome.

On 3d page of text is the following :

To morrow, some wil say, I will a convert be ;  
O when tell me I pray, shall I this morrow see ?  
Let never wise man say, tomorrow mend I will ;  
Who is not fit to day, is lesse and lesse fit still.

Again, we have

“ A Celestiall Looking-Glasse ” &c., by John  
Andrewes, Preacher of God’s word ” London,  
sm. 8vo 1639. (pp 21.) On reverse of the title is  
the following

The Avthor to the Reader.

If Logick’s arts could heavenly joyes define,  
Or Geometry celestiall wayes but measure,  
Here mortall men-might shew these workes divine,  
Now in the heavens where saints doe reigne with  
pleasure.

Arithmeticians ne’re can number right,  
Nor yet the tongues of rhetoricians rare,  
Describe that blisse which saints have in God’s  
sight,  
Reioycing with Christ our Saviour there.



Esteeme you this *Celestiall Looking-glasse*,  
 Which I have penn'd Heaven's beauty to behold :  
 Each day and night pray God to bring to passe,  
 Such joyes unto our soules for to unfold.

Anagramma,  
 Nonne Deus eras via ?

Finally, there is,

“ Andrewes Caveat, to Win Sinners ” &c.  
 “ Newly published by John Andrewes, Preacher  
 of God's Word ”—London, 1655, small 8o. (22pp).  
 On last page is the following

Sinne no more.

Christ's mercy is to such as doe repent,  
 But not to sinners that remaine in sinne,  
 Who were a sinner, if he have intent  
 To change his life, he may His mercies win ;  
 For in the world He hath His mercy plast,  
 Whilst it endures, so will it ever last.

If sinners' conscience tremble for to thinke  
 Of their accounts upon the dreadfull day ;  
 If that their terrors make their hearts to shrinke,  
 Then let their mind drive sinfull thoughts away,  
 And dare not doe their wicked actions here,  
 In which they durst not at that day appeare.

God's justice doth, as ever heretofore,  
 Call on, that sinners may receive their due,  
 But Christ's endeavours now, as evermore,  
 For man's repentance, and salvation sue.  
 At Jesus sute, God ever granteth grace,  
 And for repentance giveth sinners space.

Certainly the sentiment excels the poetry in these homely, Bunyan-like rhymes, and they lack the *elan*, the terseness, the quick touches, of the 'Anatomie of Basenesse.' Still they go to shew that the Verse-taste was in the Writer, and so, that Wood and Bliss's filling in of the initials I. A. may be accepted.<sup>1</sup>

Of the "Anatomie of Basenesse," only the solitary exemplar in the Bodleian is known. It must consequently be a surprize—a pleasant one surely—to most of our Readers. It is characterized by uncommon vigour and high-toned *morale*.

---

<sup>1</sup> In Trinity College Library, Cambridge, is the following book: "An Historical Narrative of the judgement of some learned and godly English Bishops, holy martyrs, and others, &c. London, 1631. 4o. The Epistle to the Reader is signed J. A. of Ailward, which has been expanded in MS. to Jo. Andrewes of Ailward, *Doctor*. I have failed to discover where Ailward was, and so to identify Dr. Jo. Andrewes with our Worthy.

You can't help laying up in memory some of its lines that are condensed as any aphorism of a Master, *e. g.*

“ You like the meate because the sauce is sweete ”  
and

“ You quite forget neere honie lies a sting ”,  
and

“ Beheading him that honestly reproves you ”  
and

“ Tel the sun he'es brighter than the moone ”  
and

“ Still to be doing though you do amisse.”

There is humour in this retort “ To the ungrateful ” :

I'st long of thy short memorie, that thou  
yeeld'st not due thanks, where thou the same  
do'st owe ?

Alas, good man, *why dost thou not forget  
to begge as well ?*”

Sometimes there is a happy epithet, as in the Feast of the envious, Envie is “ the *meager* cooke ” and finer as deeper, and worthy to be put beside Mrs. Clive's grand “ *insuperable* threshold ” is

this : “the hand of *reconciling* Death” as vain to arrest the cruel speech of Envy. The context is worth adducing :

“Nor can the hand of reconciling Death  
Free men from this iniurious monster’s sting  
    which through the bowels of the Earth doth  
    pierce  
    and in the quiet vault appears more fierce  
Then Death—the graue’s sterne tyrannizing  
    king.”—

This too is noticeable :

“An honest fame—like spice—the more ’tis  
    bruis’d  
    sauors the sweeter, which when we are dead  
Will be the sweetest seare-cloth can be vs’d  
    to wrap vs in ; it will outlast the lead  
Wherein that bodie lies, in which did liue  
    a spotted conscience, a detracting spirit ;  
Which to itselſe an earthly heauen did giue,  
    and of heauen’s ioyes it ſelſe did diſinherite.”

And this :

Doe not you thinke that man deserues much blame  
    who findes his owne infirmitie, yet feedes

Daily on that which nourisheth the same,  
and dangerously the braine's corruption breeds ?

Altogether, independent of its *unique* existence,  
the "Anatomie" is intrinsically worthy of wider  
preservation and study.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.





Anatomie of Basenesse.

1615.

## Note.

Below will be found the original title-page of the "Anatomic of Basenesse"—for the *unique* exemplar of which I am indebted as in other cases, to the world-renowned Bodleian. G.

THE  
ANATOMIE  
OF  
BASENESSE.

OR

The foure quarters of a knave ;

{ Flatterie,  
Ingratitude,  
Enuie,  
Detraction. }

He that hath these foure parts, neede no more haue  
To be recorded for a complete *Knaue*.

Imprinted at London for Richard Redmer, and are to be  
sold | at the West dore of Paules at the signe of the Starre.

1615. |

[4to. 18 leaves.]





## Epistle-Dedicatory.

---

TO THE TRULY enobled both by vertue and birth,  
Sir ROBERT SYDNEY, Knight of the BATH :<sup>1</sup>

I. A. wisheth the reward of his vertue, honour  
in this world, glorie in the next :

HONOURABLE SIR,

To immitate the common methode of Epist-  
olizers in this kinde, were rather to write of you  
then to you ; which course though I affect<sup>2</sup> not, I  
cannot altogether neglect, though I shall thereby  
either wrong you or myselfe ; for in publishing—  
though sparingly—my knowledge of your worth  
to the world, such, to whom you are vnknowne  
will so much iniure mee, as to taxe me with—what  
I condemne in others—flatterie ; whereas some—

---

<sup>1</sup> The illustrious brother of the still more illustrious Sir Philip Sidney. He was knighted for his bravery at fatal Zutphen. His name is imperishably linked with his brother's. It were superfluous to annotate more here. G.

<sup>2</sup> Choose. G.



to whom you are no stranger—will censure mee as much on the cōtrary to haue dealt with you rather, according to the pouertie of my abilitie, then to the fulnesse of your merite.

It will peraduenture seeme strange vnto you— if this poore worke chance to come to your view— what assurance of your good acceptance begat such presumption in me as to dedicate the same vnto you. I must first answere, I haue not done it mercenarily; for then I would haue presented it to your hand: nor vaine-gloriously; for then I would either haue craued your allowance, or subscribed my name; but freely and honestly out of that respect which I owe to that innate goodnesse which I know to be in you. Though I forbear— out of some respects—to haue my name published; yet I can acknowledge the booke to be mine without blushing. If it bee—by anie—ill digested, the fault must be in the taker not in the Author. It was written with a right hand, and I wish it may not be sinisterly intertaind by any; but if som wil needs be so forward, the care is taken. In you I am made so confident by that—I might iustly vse honourable, noble, worthy, or some such high epithete: but I will rather say—honest—a poore phrāse will some thinke—and vertuous disposition which accompanies you, that I must

account it my happinesse that I liue to knowe a second, whose brest Goodnesse makes her habitation; yet pardon mee if I say, I enioy not this happinesse without some touch of grieffe;<sup>1</sup> I shall not need to implore your protection, though your pardon. I acknowledge I haue presumed, and know you can and will remit the errors of affection in him that is,

The wisher of your honour,  
and honourer of your

VERTVES

J. A.

---

<sup>1</sup> The death of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY is in J. A's thought. G.







## The Anatomy of Gasenesse.

---

### Of the Flatterer.

They that compare the fawning Parisite,  
vnto the spaniel, do the curre much wrong ;  
for he will often heare his master's tongue,  
When in the field he follows his delight :

Yet neuer quest ;<sup>1</sup> but th' eechoing Sicophant  
at euery word, by his weake fauourer spoken,  
cries 'good', ' 'tis true' ; and this is held a  
token

Of much respect and loue ; though from the haunt

Of worth and merit his base nature range  
as farre as falshood, from the strong built nest  
of Truth and Goodnesse, which in euery brest  
Should like two twinnes be nourisht ; but 'tis  
strange

---

<sup>1</sup> To give tongue, as usually the spaniel does on scenting game. G.

To see how this poore worthlesse humour liues,  
 euen in those bosomes where good bloud and  
 parts,

haue their abiding, poisoning generous arts<sup>1</sup>  
 With that, to which no language spoken giues

An epithete too bad : and to those men  
 —if I may tearme them so—whose only words  
 such sweetnesse to the flattered eare affords ;  
 To yeeld a fitting title by my pen.

I am as much vnable, as vnapt  
 to imitate their basenesse ; which indeede  
 had I not chanc't t'haue heard, into my creede  
 Could nere haue come ; but it hath often hapt

To sownde within the compasse of my hearing ;  
 whereby mine eares as to the pillory,  
 seem'd to be nailde in such grosse flattery ;  
 Yet in their cheekes no signe of shame appearing.

It may seeme strange—yet I dare say 'tis true—  
 that I haue blusht to see their impudence,  
 while they—vn-man-like—seem'd to haue no  
 sence

Of their own basenes : of this thriuing crue.

---

<sup>1</sup> Query, arts = hearts? G.

I haue observ'd both sexes to be free ;  
 too free in some respect, though in some kinde  
 more bound then slaves, for our best part—the  
 minde—

Was chiefly given diuineſt things to ſee.

And not to be by ought that ſhares with vs,  
 in the ſhort courſe of our mortalitie  
 ſo fetter'd, leaſt unhappily it be,  
 Depriv'd of its beſt good in being thus.

Haue I not heard one tell the crowe, ſhee's white,  
 and Midas-like preferre the pipe of Pan  
 before Appollo's harpe? wherein this man  
 —Who thus from Art and Nature teares their  
 right—

Thus from the Phrygian differs: Midas weares  
 —as the reward and badge of ignorance—  
 th'eares of an aſſe; but 'tis the other's chance  
 To thriue by clawing th'ignorant aſſe's eares.

Haue I not heard ſome tell the prodigall,  
 'tis for his honour to be bountifull:  
 and with applauſe commend the humourous  
 gull<sup>1</sup>

In all his actions? I haue ſeen them fall

---

<sup>1</sup> • The 'gull' given to 'humours' or changes. Cf.

And kisse the feete of a great golden calfe ;  
 whose very best of his admirèd worth  
 was by a taylor to the world brought forth,  
 To whom his honour ought<sup>1</sup> his better halfe.

Let a man chafe—though no iust cause there be—  
 and then obsequious apes will fret as fast,  
 as had they scene a verier slaue t'haue past  
 By, then themselues : or be your humour free

And iouially dispos'd, they'le Janus-like  
 strait shew a cleerer face, where you may see  
 the true proportion of hypocrisie  
 Drawne to the life ;—which loues as others like—

Many yeeres since the famous CHAUCER<sup>2</sup> writ,  
 that these same men which bear a double visage,  
 are as meere monsters in good Nature's linage,—  
 And for good mens societie vnfit.

Like your chameleons these wil change their hew

---

Sir John Davies' Epigram on the 'Gull': our edition pp  
 346–7 *et alibi* G.

<sup>1</sup> Owed. G.

<sup>2</sup> Is the allusion to Chaucer's account of *Fals Semblant*  
 in the later part of the *Romaunt of the Rose*? (that is a  
 a summing up of the character.) In line 1070 is this of  
 the lozenger "No good man loueth her companie". G.



as you your colour, be it good or ill ;  
 change nere so oft, yet you shall finde them still  
 —From what they were—transforme as fast as you

Seeme to be most vnlike your selfe, or speake  
 what you least thinke, they'le be, and speake  
 like you ;  
 tell them they're knaues, they'le smile and say  
 so too ;  
 Faine your selfe ill, they'le sweare they finde you  
 weake.

### To the Flattered.

**F**OND man, that suck'st the pleasing  
 poyson in  
 —which from the Syren's vnsuspected  
 tongue  
 Is kindly offer'd to thine eare—wherein  
 are all the drugges and dregges of vildnesse<sup>1</sup>  
 wrung :  
 Assure thy selfe, if in thy bosome liue  
 ought that deserues the name of worth, 'tis  
 knowne

---

<sup>1</sup> Vileness. G.


More then thy selfe, nor shalt thou neede to giue  
 Fame a reward to haue thy mercy blowne.  
 For 'tis her care, the more she findes thee slow,  
 or carelesse, whether thy desert shall be  
 Knowne vnto any, but thy selfe, or no ;  
 to sound the louder :—so to honour thee—  
 Thorough her golden trumpet—good mens throats—  
 or if thine eare shall loue, and itch to heare  
 Thine own praise sung in smooth and pleasing  
 notes,  
 —which makes true worth vnlike it selfe  
 appeare—  
 She hath another trumpet blowne by those,  
 whose mercenary tongues shall sownd thy  
 praise ;  
 But with a breath which blasteth as it blowes,  
 [ and ruines that which it pretends to raise.  
 For do but note, you shall perceiue their plots,  
 are—being once assur'd of you as friends—  
 To thrust their blankes amongst your high priz'd  
 lots,  
 so by your losse to compasse their owne ends.  
 But selfe-concept so much corrupts your sence,  
 that to your iudgement, onely that same man  
 Seemes wise and honest, and giues no offence  
 that by this art, can make a goose a swanne.  
 If by the breath of these, you striue to raise

your reputation, your ambition's weake ;  
 You must resolue of such to buy your praise ;  
     not for the trueth, but for reward they speake.  
 If on the former—who for Vertue's sake  
     honour that good is in you—you relie,  
 Their approbation shall have power to make  
     your glory liue to all posteritie.  
 Doe not you thinke that man deserues much blame  
     who findes his owne infirmitie, yet feedes  
 Daily on that which nourisheth the same,  
     And dangerously the braine's corruption breeds ?  
 Such is your case—weake men and women—for  
     you like the meate because the sauce is sweete ;  
 What bitter is—though wholsome—you abhorre,  
     disabling that which iudgement holdeth meete.  
 But iudgement is no iudgement, if it seeme  
     to contradict your humour ; but the longer  
 Y'are constant to this poorenesse,—which you  
     deeme  
     worth in your selues—your weakness proues  
     the ströger.  
 Though to the palat pills distastfull be  
     they to the health more beneficiall proue,  
 Then things more pleasing to the sence ; we see  
     cutting doth oft in curing much behoue :  
 But you like Herod thinke, that he most loues you  
     who cries, you speak more like a god then man ;

Beheading him that honestly reproves you,  
 not caring though it be baptizing John :<sup>1</sup>  
 Let a man seeme but cheerefully to sing  
 ' *Placebo* ' to your words and actions, then  
 You quite forget, neere honie lies a sting ,  
 and that the diuell—clarke-like—sayth ' Amen '

Where flatterers—his chaplaines—reade the Masse  
 whose superstition—making you their saint—  
 you doe allow as currantly to passe,  
 For truth, as Gospell—which no tongue can,  
 taint—

### To the Flatterer.


**T**HOU that canst grieue because another  
 smiles.  
 and giue to vnderseuing spirits, stiles  
 Which thou dost fileh from gen'rous noble minds ;  
 because thy poore obsequious humour findes  
 Cold intertainment there ; tell me, dost thinke  
 that all are blinde that are content to winke ?  
 Or that thy shamelesse flattery beguiles  
 euery man that at thy glozing smiles ?  
 Assure thy selfe thy thoughts deceiue thee much ;

---

<sup>1</sup> St. John the Baptist : cf. Acts of Apostles xii. 22 and  
 St. Matthew xiv. 1—12 G.

for many smile to see thy basenesse such :  
 And such as thou think'st blind more truly see  
     thy heart, then they that hugge thy flatterie ;  
 And—scorning by thy pitch to be defil'd,  
     or by thy sweet tun'd lullabies beguil'd—  
 Doe loath to view thy vild<sup>1</sup> deformitie,  
     which pleasing is to such as fauour thee.  
 That euery man be master of his owne  
     all men allow ; but it is lately growne  
 To such a custome,—first by thee brought in—  
     among th' ambitious of this world of sinne,  
 That to a man—if I professe to loue him—  
     I must giue titles some degrees about him :  
 Or else be tax'd with enuie or neglect,<sup>2</sup>  
     though my soule knowes, I giue more true  
     respect  
 Then you that id'ly light a torch at noone,  
     and tell the sun hee's brighter then the moone ;  
 Which argues only that your humour is,  
     still to be doing though you do amisse  
 In gilding gold. This I obseruèd haue  
     in some, whose age did homage to the graue,

---

<sup>1</sup> Vile. G.

<sup>2</sup> Even so in this year 1871. Every Smith, Brown, Robinson and Jones must be dubbed 'Esquire', will be quite offended with plain 'Mr.'. G.

Whose words in prairs more fitly had been spent,  
 and with denotion on embassage sent  
 To make their peace with heauen, then to obey  
 that which would guide them by the broader  
 way.

If it be hatefull euen in younger yeeres  
 to temporize and gloze, sure it appears  
 Monstrous in Age, whose part it rather is  
 to grieue for what in youth it did amisse ;  
 Then in the last act of a life mis-led,  
 To heape more blowes vpon a wounded head.  
 Could I instruct, or might I but aduise,  
 I'de teach, or wish you to become more wise :  
 But 'twill be thought preposterous in Youth  
 To tutor Age, though by the Word of Truth :<sup>1</sup>  
 Such proofes as it doth bring approouèd be :  
 Therefore I leave you to your humour free ;  
 Wherin—no doubt—you'le one day finde this true,  
 You make your fav'ers fooles, they knaues of  
 you.

Too mild a stile, for that's a tearme for men ;  
 if so, too good for any flatterer then :  
 What, shall I call thee diuell, monster beast ?  
 if not all these, thou'rt one of them at least

---

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps this may be taken as an intimation that the Poet was now in early youth. G.

Transform'd to th' shape of man ; nor seemes it  
strange

if thy grand Master—who himselfe can change  
Into an angel's likenesse—make thee seeme,

A saint-like man in many men's esteeme ;  
Instructing thee vpon what vaine to worke,

And where thou maiest the most securely lurke,  
With best assurance bids thee plie that minde ;  
where thou the weakest easiness shalt finde :  
Such thou maiest puffe as butchers do their meate,  
and with thy breath perswade them they're as  
great

As thou dost make them ; and about the rest,  
be sure—my child—thou suff'rest not a iest,  
Bee't nere so poore, to passe without a ' good,'  
though by none else the same were vnderstood  
How to deserue applause ; and then thou hear'st  
amongst that sect—where gracious thou appears't  
—A tedious talker, sencelesly discourse

till he dull others, and himselfe grow hoarse —  
Let thy attention—till his tongue ly'th still—  
stare in his face, then let him finde thy skill.

These be the rules, and many worse then these  
thou must obserue, if thou desir'st to please,  
Thy tutor sayth, whose helpe will nere deceive  
thee,

and to whose fauour wretched man, I leaue thee.



## Of the Ingrateful.



SOME haue compar'd—and not improperly—  
him that is tainted with this worst of  
ills

vnto the swine, who—freely daily—fills  
His hungrie mawe euen to sacietie.

Vpon such maste as from the fruitfull tree  
falls to the ground, yet his deiected eye  
is fixèd only where his food doth lie,  
And neuer rais'd the Giuer's face to see.

Guilty of this vnpardonable crime,  
were<sup>1</sup> diuers kinds of these inhumane men,  
discoursed by th'industrious famous pen  
Of heathen Tully, liuing in his time.

The first dissemblers were of fauours reap'd  
proportioning the same—being more or lesse—  
To the small measure of their thankfulnessse,  
Though a full hand on them the same has heap'd.

The next acknowledg'd freely that occasion,  
off'ring it selfe—ioyn'd with abilitie—  
to make requitall—for each curtesie—  
Seem'd deafe to Opportunitie's perswasion.

---

Misprinted ' where '. G.



An other sort there was, whose shamelesse crauing  
 would not admit deniall, but being made  
 master of their desires, could soone perswade  
 Their tongues—too basely—to denie the hauing.

The fourth and last—and worst my Author  
 writes—  
 were such as, what they had receiu'd, forgot.  
 Vnthankfull he then, that remembers not;  
 He that denies, dissembles not requites.

Let me adde one kinde more, which I conceiue  
 worse then all these, who like the frozen snake,  
 stings that same bosome, whence it warmth did  
 take;  
 And would, what gaue it life, of life bereaue.

Such there hath been, my obseruation knowes,  
 who—from a poore, dejected miser state—  
 being rais'd—by great ones—prouèd so ingrate,  
 To bring their rayser's necke neere th' axe's blowes.

Should I demaund why such unnumberd were  
 among the former, some man might reply;  
 —as vnto him who ask't the reason why,  
 Among so many lawes, so strict, seuere,

Made by the Romans, none was knowne to touch

the childe, whose hand should guide the fatall  
 knife,  
 to cut his throat who gaue his being life :—  
 Because that Tully thought there liv'd none such

But since the time perfidious Judas dyed  
 —who at his end—I feare—bequeath'd his  
 curse,  
 to some that do in these daies beare the purse—  
 Such there haue been, such haue been deifide.

If your prosperity strike sayle, be sure  
 These kites, that stoop to you while you can  
 feede them,  
 come to an other's fist; and if you need them  
 They soare aloofe, checke at your empty lure.

Much like their embleme, which—for the full  
 payles—  
 followe the maide that beares them: if she  
 fall  
 and spill the meate, to that they run, and all  
 Respect of her that vs'd to feede them, failes.

Or cuckoe-like, they to your Summer's sunne  
 sing merrily — though sucke your egges  
 withall—

but when they finde your Summer faile, and  
 Fal<sup>1</sup>  
 Draw neere, they're gone, and their harsh musicke  
 done.

### To the bobntifoll.



F on the waters you shall cast your bread  
 it is not lost,<sup>2</sup> but if your pearles you  
 throw

Vnto the swine, be sure the same they'l tread  
 vnder their feete ;<sup>3</sup> good seed[']s] in good ground  
 sowed.

Fauours ill plac'd, are numbred with ill deeds ;<sup>4</sup>  
 for if that hand which liberally bestowes,  
 —Though it—in giuing—other mens exceedes—  
 not the true vse of Bountie rightly knowes,  
 'Twere better be more sparing ; for to giue  
 is proper to all creatures in their kinde :

<sup>1</sup> Fall = Autumn, from the '*falling*' of the leaf' as Spring from the '*springing*' See our edn. of HENRY VAUGHAN: Index of words under "Fall". G.

<sup>2</sup> Ecclesiastes xi. 1. G.    <sup>3</sup> St. Matthew vii. 6. G.

<sup>4</sup> Beneficia male locata malefacta sunt. A.

The meanest thing which we can say doth liue,  
     in some respect we beneficiall finde,  
 But vnto man is only giuen the powre  
     to limit bounty, know when, how, on whom,  
 Best to bestowe; not like a heedlesse showre  
     to let faire flowers die in their mother's wombe  
 For lack of moisture, whil'st vpon wild weedes  
     it—in abundance—poures refreshing droppes;  
 This kinde of giuing naturally proceedes  
     from partiall hands, which in the course soone  
     stoppes.  
 Nor should your bountie—like the sunne—runne  
     round  
     and shine on all alike, though—like the beames—  
 The same should seldome in the eclipse be found;  
     truest bountie liues betweene extreames.  
 Your hand should neuer be so lockt from all,  
     as to deserue a couetous report :<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor still in action like your Prodigall,  
     who makes expence his most delightfull sport :  
 Long since were none then<sup>2</sup> godmen held more  
     fit  
     to taste your bountie—then t' was rightly vs'd;—

---

<sup>1</sup> Non ita claudenda est res familiaris vt eam benignitas aperire non possit, nec ita reseranda vt pateat omnibus. A.

<sup>2</sup> = than. G.

But in those daies, such men must naked sit :  
 thus is true liberality abus'd.

He that can now most temporize, best thrives,  
 and great men, more then good men, bounty  
 taste ;

Honie is brought vnto the fullest hives,  
 small riuers giue vnto the sea—in waste—  
 Many—again—like husband-men doe lay  
 Their seede in th' bosome of the fattest ground ;  
 Whose richnesse will with much aduantage paie,  
 where for each graine there shall an eare be  
 found :

And some of you, to gaine a knaue's good word ;  
 or by a iester to be highly prais'd  
 Will giue with both handes, place them at your  
 boord ;  
 when good-men are not ore your threshold  
 rais'd.

Bountie's pure current in this muddie time,  
 Is by the fogges of Prodigalitie  
 So steinch't, with stinking ayres, so re-spread with  
 slime,  
 that—as it were not—no such thing we see.  
 Wee finde the streame as contrary to runne,  
 vnto that course which it should rightly hold,  
 As is the West to th' rising of the sunne,  
 or Southerne heate vnto the Northerne cold.

Nay more, this vertue suffers wrong,  
as to be made a subiect, nay a slaue.

### The Anatomic.

**F**UEN vnto such whose base malicious  
tongue  
the giuer's reputation dare depraue:<sup>1</sup>  
Yet haue they still gift after gift receiu'd,  
Euen to the full of their desires: shall I  
Say this was bounty? I might seeme bereav'd  
—in saying so—of sence and honesty.  
If a curst dogge—fed at your table—bites you,  
you'le kick him—if not hang him—at the  
least:  
And in a man—which doggedly requites<sup>2</sup> you—  
reward you that, you punish in a beast?  
I know not to tearme this kinde of giuing:  
nor will I make my braine a minte for phrase;  
But wish that men—whil'st their faire fame is  
liuing,  
would manifest it comes of Vertue's race;

---

<sup>1</sup> Defame, depreciate G.

<sup>2</sup> Misprinted 'requires'. G.

Whose true-borne children should releive her  
friends ;

but Vertue starues, they go degenerate  
In sucking base ones, for their priuate ends,  
whil'st she and her's—though prais'd—are  
desolate.

Alas ! poor Vertue,— onely poor to such,  
as do not know thy worth, who liue and die  
Without all sence of goodnes, or a touch,  
of ought but beast-like sensualitie :—<sup>1</sup>

Or rather let me pittie them then thee.

for though the strange deformèd brats of Vice  
Be richly clad now, thine in pouertie ;  
they valued high, but thine at meanest price ;  
The time may come when Bountie shall appeare  
pure, like it selfe, and like faire Vertue's freind,  
When Ostentation shall not dare come neere,  
nor Prodigalitie perswade her spend,  
But vpon such as merite more then craue ;  
then shall no bauling foole, no wit-bare iester,  
No fawning base insinuating slaue  
presume, the place where Bountie liues, to pester  
And you that now it thus abuse, shall then

<sup>1</sup> Talis benignitas vanitati est coniunctior, quam liberalitati. Cic[ero]. G.

<sup>2</sup> Virtus laudatur et alget. G.

curse your much-giuing and mis-giuing hand,  
 When you shall see the deeds of other men,  
 grauen in brasse, your's written in the sand.  
 Such mettle are men's hearts, the thankfull part  
 cannot forget the good it doth receiue,  
 But—as in brasse.—record it in his heart,  
 of which no time can ere the same bereaue.  
 Th' ingratefull nature—sand-like—doth retaine  
 th' impression of your hand, and more perceiues,  
 An aptnesse in it selfe to take againe,  
 then to make shew it anything receiues.

### To the Ingratefull.



**H**S'T long of thy short memorie, that thou  
 yeeld'st not due thanks, where thou  
 the same do'st owe?  
 Alas, good man, why do'st thou not forget  
 to begge as well? or do'st thou thinke it fit  
 For men to craue thy thankes because to thee  
 vnask't their fauours came not? can there be  
 Excuse allow'd for such a fault? O no  
 But contrarie, no tyrants lawe can show  
 A torture too seuer for such an ill:  
 Looke how an ore-charg'd peece breaking doth  
 kill



The gazers on, and yet the gunner stand  
 not hurt at all, though from his fatall hand  
 Death tooke his flight ; so doth thy want of art  
 rightly to vse a friend, make many smart  
 And suffer too vniustly : for, thy fault  
 makes honest hearts—with no such basenesse  
 fraught—

Suspected ; which approues the proverbe true  
 men scalt with hot, cold water do eschewe.

The guiltlesse seruants of that Carmelite<sup>1</sup>  
 inurbane<sup>2</sup> foole, who did with ill requite  
 Fauours receiu'd—had been to death persuade  
 —but for his wife—for his ingratitude.

Art<sup>3</sup> thou reliev'd in want, and canst forget  
 —vnworthy wretch—what gracious hand did  
 set

Thy mis'ry free ? doost thinke ther's nothing  
 more

to be perform'd when of thy leaprous sore  
 Of pouerty thou'rt cur'd ; no thanks, no praise,  
 rendred to Him which chang'd thy painfull  
 daies

To times of ease ? more grieuous is thy sore

<sup>1</sup> Naball. [See 1 Samuel c xxv. G.]

<sup>2</sup> = uncivil. G.      <sup>3</sup> Misprinted 'Arr.' G.

—through thy neglect—by much then 'twas  
before.

Thine out ward sence then only felt the smart ;  
but now it sticks so close to thy false heart,  
—And v'l'ering ly'th in thy corrupted blood—  
That not from thence procedes a thought that's  
good.

If by sinister meanes thou hast obtain'd  
What thou inioyst, thou canst not say 'tis  
gain'd.

By wealth that's purchast with the losse of fame,  
men do growe rich in nothing else but shame :  
In whom desert, no thankfulness doth moue,  
they do noe lesse then cheate men of their loue.  
Thou with a hollow heart, false, stopp'd within,  
on thy best friends wilt play, so thou mais't win :  
Gainne sauours well to thy misiudging sence,<sup>1</sup>  
whose facultie can easily dispence  
With any stocke, with any ground, or dung  
—bee't ne're so base, or vild<sup>2</sup> for any tongue  
But thine to touch—from whence it doth procede,  
though in thy bosome with the same doth breed  
Hatefull Ingratitude ; whose brasen brow  
—bold impe of Impudence—will not allow

---

<sup>1</sup> Dulcis odor lúcri. A.

<sup>2</sup> Vile, as before. G.

A blush to touch it. I confesse my fault  
 from misconstruction came, in that I thought  
 Thou had'st been man, as well in deed, as name,  
 which title di'd to thee, when thou to shame.

### Of the Enbious.



DOE we not hold him mad, that in his hand  
 Dare gripe an adder, though he crush it  
 dead ?

or seemes it strange, if he by whom is fedde  
 A lyon's whelpe, or hath of beares command,

Shall haue his bloud by them vntimely shed ?

What shall we thinke him then that entertaines  
 a viper next his heart, which from his vaines  
 Sucks his best bloud, and leaueth in the stead

A fretting poyson ? whose effect is this,  
 it makes him grieue and rage at others good,  
 to stabbe himselfe to spill an other's bloud,  
 And thinke himselfe curs'd in an other's blisse.

Let him be gorg'd euen to the very throate ;  
 yet will he vexe to heare an other call

---

<sup>1</sup> Dulcis odor lucri. A

for a poore crust of bread ; it frets his gall  
To see a sayle belongs not to his boate.

If with the price of one of his owne eyes  
he can buy both an other man's, hee'l doo't :  
'Tis to be fear'd too, for a soule to boote  
Hee'l giue his owne to hell a sacrifice.

This is the man which from his mother's wombe  
hath been peruerse and froward, whose vild life  
is nourisht only by the breath of strife ;  
Which birth and breathing cannot want a roome

At last in hell ; for he that trauell's<sup>1</sup> heere  
—this monster-like— with mischiefe, cannot  
finde

a place more suting to his diu'lish mind,  
Then where his friends and father may be neere,

To be deliuerd of his hell-bred seede :  
for there some damn'd infernall hagge or other  
may be the midwife fit for such a mother  
From whom—at best—some Fury must proceede.

This is the man<sup>2</sup> who sits, and laughs to spie

<sup>1</sup> Travails. G.

<sup>2</sup> Vix sunt homines, hoc nomine digni quamque lupi  
senæ plus feritatis habent, perfudere manus fraterno  
sanguine fratre. A.

where men do—wolfe-like—by throate, each  
 other  
 teare: how the inhumane brother kills the  
 brother,  
 And by the hand of children, parents die.

When he perceives an other's downe-fall nigh,  
 he thirsts to see their ruine, more then they  
 whose high-flowne falcons—watchfull for  
 their prey—  
 Threatning to bring destruction from the skie,

Long to behold the fearefull game strooke dead.  
 'Tis ENVIE's life, soule, *summum bonum*, all  
 which we tearm deere, to see an other fall,  
 Though't be the man that giues his hunger bread.

To see his neighbour fast is his best foode,  
 it makes him leane to see another fat ;  
 he pines to nought, when he finds nought  
 whereat  
 He may repine. To haue him vnderstood,

And to the full describ'd, thus in a word,  
 it grieues his staru'ling spirit more to see

---

<sup>1</sup> Inuidus non minus discruciatur aliena felicitate, quam suo infortunio. A.

an other's good, then his owne miserie :  
Though it cut deeper then Affliction's sword.

### To the Envied.



S it not strange, that such can liue, whose  
 foode  
 Is dres'd by ENUIE, and with poyson  
 mixt,  
 Whose heart's the kitchen, and whose canker'd  
 bloud  
 the meager cooke carowseth ; while betwixt,  
 His master and the diuell are begotten  
 prodigious monsters, which appeare as barren  
 Of honestie as Hell, their ioints as rotten  
 through want of marrow, as a peece of carrion ?  
 By these th' art malic'd ; but be not dismaide  
 nor grieue thou at them, rather for them grieue  
 If so thou canst thy charitie perswade,  
 —which as thou'rt flesh and bloud, I scarce  
 belieue.—  
 When a fierce dogge comes running at thee, stay,  
 and thou shalt finde hee'l rather back retire  
 Then offer to assault thee : if away  
 from him thou fly'st thou further'st his desire

So these—farre worse then dogges—will fiercely  
 bite,  
 when they perceiue their venome makes thee  
 stirre :

For nothing giues such fulnesse of delight  
 to th' snarling spleen of a malicious curre,  
 As to behold the mischief that he doth.

But where well-temper'd patience doth preserue  
 —As a safe antidote th' rankling tooth  
 of Enuie's whelpes — they pine awaic, and  
 starue :

This to thy farewell ; if thy vertues make thee  
 hatefull to th' bad, their enuie is thy glorie :  
 If loue to vice make good men's loue forsake thee,  
 resolute thyselfe they enuy not, they're sorrie.<sup>1</sup>

### To the Enuious.

**B**UT that I know thy face, I must confesse  
 I should haue trembled ; for an obiect  
 lesse

Fearefull, were able without physick's art  
 To make a costie man play a loose part.  
 I cannot thinke the worst of Pharoee's kine

---

<sup>1</sup> Inuidia virtute parta gloria, non inuidia putanda  
 est. A

Look't halfe so bare, as this poore trunke of thine ;  
 Which like Sir Cranion,<sup>1</sup> or a starv'ling capon  
 Staukes here and there, proportionately shapen  
 To thy leane spirit, whose repining hate  
 Hath brought thy carcasse to this pining state.  
 I see there are more ways to th' wood then one ;  
 Not age, or wedlocke, bring'th a man alone  
 Vnto a night-cap ; for a wretched minde  
 Gaue thine to thee ; O had it been so kinde  
 T'haue put a nose-gaie too into thy hand ;  
 And in thy ruffe's roome plac'd a falling band,  
 Many had lookt to haue seene you turne, and  
     Hope,  
 Would haue presum'd that next had come a roape :  
 Whereto thy hanging ominous lookes presage  
 Thou must do homage ; in th' meane time, ingage  
 That little hope thy wretched soule enioyes  
 Of heauen, to him who thy best good destroyes,  
 In feeding thy insatiable spleene ;  
 Which—had not helpe from Hell transported  
     been—  
 Could not haue been so diuelish as't hath proou'd,  
 But it in thee, infernall powers haue mou'd :

---

<sup>1</sup> Query = Sir Crane. G



## To the Enuious.



CARCE Hell itself could conster<sup>1</sup> that  
for ill,  
Which—damnèd—thou—to satisfie thy  
will—

Hast vr'gd—I know— as an extreame offence,  
Against vnguiltie, harmlesse Innocence.  
Which hath<sup>2</sup> by some,—too credulous weake men—  
—Out of their wisdomes—been found faulty;  
when

Had they been masters but of so much sight,  
As to distinguish betweene day and night,  
They had beene lesse iniurious, or more iust;  
But to such iudges must the guilty trust,  
Whil'st Innocence must suffer; yet not so  
But it may liue to see their ouerthrow  
Who moale-like heaue vnseene, till at the last  
Their working be discover'd and they cast  
Out of their hollow trenches, and withall  
Trod on by them, whom they desir'd might fall;  
Then shall your sable cacodæmon be  
Hang'd with a twigge vpon some willow tree;  
To all which enuious vndermining slaues  
I wish no fairer ends, no better graues.

---

<sup>1</sup> = construe. G.

<sup>2</sup> Misprinted 'hiath'. G.

## Of the Detracter.



HIS comes in last, because he comes be-  
 hinde  
 those whom he wrongs, though in his  
 doing so  
 the diuell cannot him in skill foregoe  
 Vnto the last but this; this last I finde

To be as neere alli'd in basenesse, as  
 a brother can be to a brother twinne,  
 in feature, though—as oft—Nature within  
 Proportion them so like, that each doth passe

For other. Onely this one difference I note,  
 this last allow'th more freedome to his tongue  
 then ENVIE doth, and other men are stung  
 By him more then himselfe; he makes his throate

An open graue, where his contagious breath,  
 labours to blast the spotlesse fame of such,  
 whose reputation it shall chance to touch.  
 Nor can the hand of reconciling Death

Free men from the iniurious monster's sting,  
 which through the bowels of the Earth doth  
 pierce,

and in the quiet vault appears more fiéree  
Then Death—the graue's stern tyrannizing' king—

Were a man here as free from actual ill,  
as when he first mou'd in his mother's wombe;  
or as the man that calls the Heauen his home  
Guiltlesse of sinne; yet would this trie his skill

If in a bul-rush he can finde a knot;  
or from pure hony—which the harmlesse bee  
suck'd from those flowers which like it selfe  
was free—

Straine poison'd iuyce; when if he finde one iot

Which he can iudge doth relish of a weede  
—from which the toylsome bee cheerfully flies,  
home to the hieue with hony laden thighs—  
He strait concludes no good can thence proceed.

So strange is the distraction of this Tom  
of Bedlam, that all places, times, and men  
without distinction seeme alike: for when  
The furious rayling fit comes on him, from

His stinking stomacke, hee'le belch forth such  
geere,  
such filth; and with such violence, as though  
he meant to cast his rotten garbage: so  
He ioyes to make his loathsomnesse appeare.

This—what shall I tearme him—will deuoure  
 your bread,  
 call you his master, crouch with cap in hand,  
 professe he falls, if you shall faile to stand ;  
 Yet curse you liuing, ioy when you are dead.

He'le be the herald of your infamy,  
 and scandalize your worth, though you haue  
 bred  
 him to the shape of man euen from a shred :  
 This is a *black-one*,<sup>1</sup> full of trechery !

### To the Detracted.



HOUGH wolues against the siluer moon  
 do bark,  
 they blemish not her brightnes ; nor  
 the spight  
 Of bauling curres—which she disdains to mark—  
 can any whit eclipse her of her light.  
 So mai'st thou slight the railing of ill tongues,  
 if a cleere shining conscience be thy guard ;  
 Which to defend thee from the world of wrongs  
 will, as a wall of brasse, be found as hard.  
 Men are by nature apt to blame, and hate

---

<sup>1</sup> Hic niger est, &c. A.

such as distaste what they approue as good :  
 If thou dislike to heare a parrat prate,  
 and tell a tedious tale of Robin-hood :  
 He'le shoot Detraction's boult against thy braine,  
 terming it shallow, barren, poore, and dull ;  
 Because not vented by a windy vaine  
 empt'ing it selfe to make thy mouth shew full.  
 But wiser men then he assures them no ;  
 They are most fooles—say they—that vse most  
 words : <sup>1</sup>  
 That silence argues folly, 'tis not so ;  
 for Vertue's branches no such fruite affords.  
 Admit a Turke should call thee Infidell ;  
 wouldst be offended ? or imagine, that  
 One dubbe thee knaue, in whose owne heart doth  
 dwell  
 basenesse enough, to make him wondred at  
 By all that know him ; shall the first perswade  
 thee,  
 that thy religion knowes more gods then one :  
 Or to denie the sacred power that made thee,  
 or t'giue His honour to a caruèd stone ?  
 Or can the second force thee to confesse.  
 through his report, thou art so base as he ?

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<sup>1</sup> Loquacita certissimis fatuitatis argumentum. Eras[mus.]

If none of these thou wilt, their power's the lesse,  
 thy worth the more by their detracting thee.  
 An honest fame—like spice—the more 'tis bruise'd  
 saouours the sweeter, which when we are dead  
 Will be the sweetest seare-cloath can be vs'd  
 to wrap vs in ; it will out-last the lead  
 Wherein that bodie lies, in which did liue  
 a spotted conscience, a detracting spirit ;  
 Which to it selfe an earthly heauen did giue,  
 and of heauen's ioyes it selfe did disinherit.

### To the Detracter.

**T**HINK'ST thou it makes thy reputation  
 faire,  
 if by thy muddy tongue thou can'st  
 impaire  
 An other man's ? looke how a murtherer can  
 —whose fatall hand shall kill an other man—  
 Adde to his owne by shortning others daies ;  
 so by detracting others grows thy praise.  
 Perchance thou feed'st thy selfe with a conceipt,  
 that euery man that heares thee raile, doth  
 strait  
 Belieue that all thou sayst is true, for that  
 they contradict thee not ; I'le tell thee what,

In my opinion thou shouldst rather feare,  
 it makes them tremble and amaz'd to heare,  
 How diu'lishly thou second'st what thou sayst  
 with oaths, and curses; admit thou maist  
 Light vpon some who—knowing not thy vse—  
 may be perswaded, that from some abuse  
 Offer'd to thee, proceeds thy railing fit;  
 Yet all the glory thou enioy'st by it  
 Is, that they'le note thee euer after, for  
 a creature which all good men should abhorre.  
 Or say, thou shalt some man to some depraue  
 who know him honest; think'st thou for a  
 knaue  
 They can do lesse then iudge thee? and beware  
 thou ray'lst to no one that iuditious are:  
 For they'le soone finde that thou dishonest art,  
 and therefore know thou tak'st no good man's  
 part:  
 Whose prayse they iudge is equally the same,  
 Where iust men doe applaud, or thou defame.  
 I might haue spar'd my breath in wishing thee  
 to men of iudgement not to be too free;  
 For thou art chiefly carefull in this point  
 to plie his eare whose iudgement's out of ioynt:  
 By whom as yet was neuer vnderstood  
 how any cause could, but the first, be good;  
 Whose ignorance—I thinke—might argue rather



Th' vicar of fooles will prooue their ghostly  
father.

And as for thee, thou dost resolue I know  
thou must die mad, thy braine's distemperd so.  
Which will be for thy credit when thou'rt dead :  
for some will lay the fault vpon thy head,  
And say thy braine infore'd thy tongue to raue :  
Better be thought a mad-man then a knaue.

*Finis.*

Qui ducis voltus, et non legis ista libenter,  
Omnibus inuideas liuide, nemo tibi. Mart[ial]  
Ep. 20. I. xli. Paley's edition (1868) pp 12, 13.  
Freely rendered we may take the couplet thus :

Who readest my Anatomie,  
with envious spleen :  
May he still envy all, and envied  
be ne'er seen. G.]







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