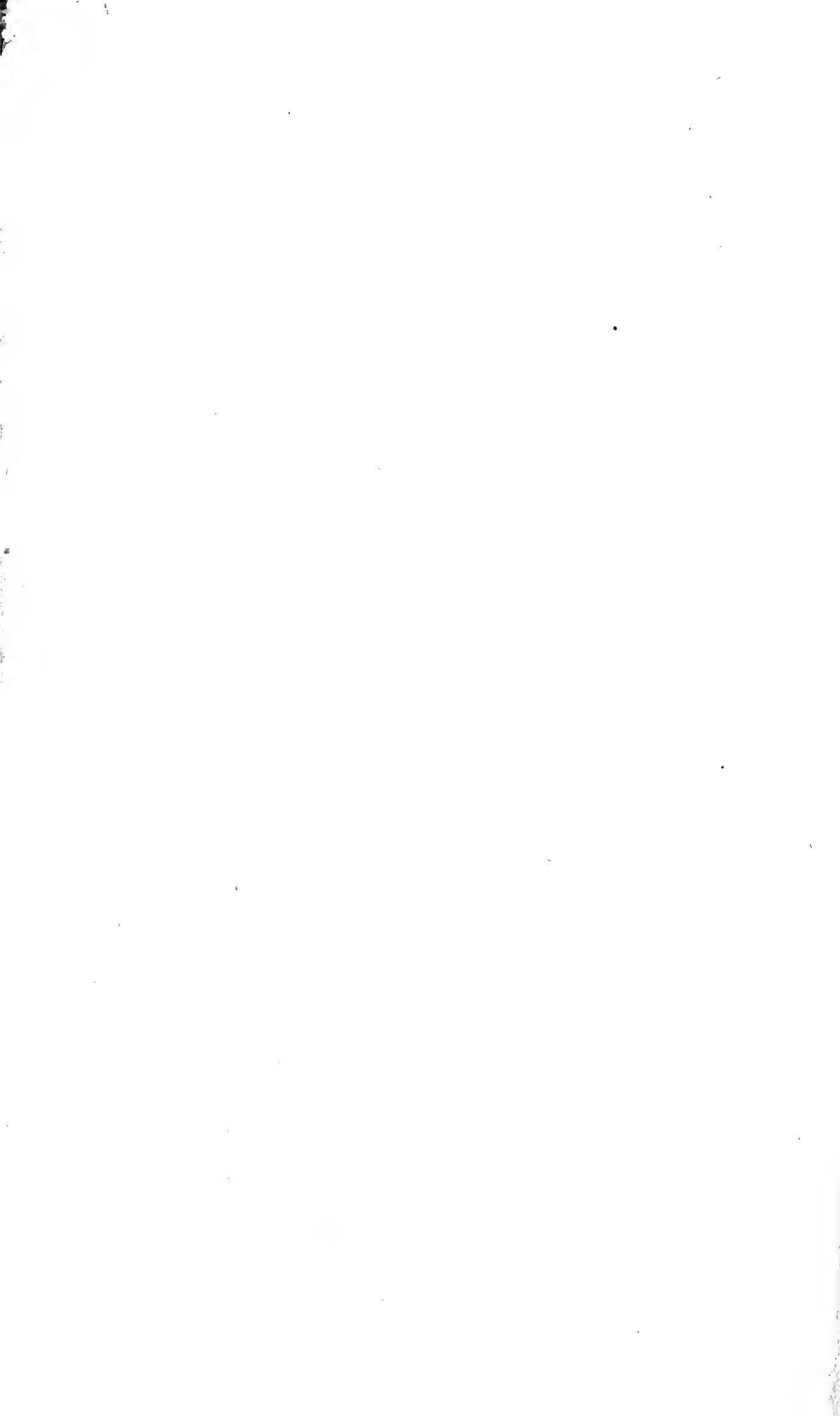


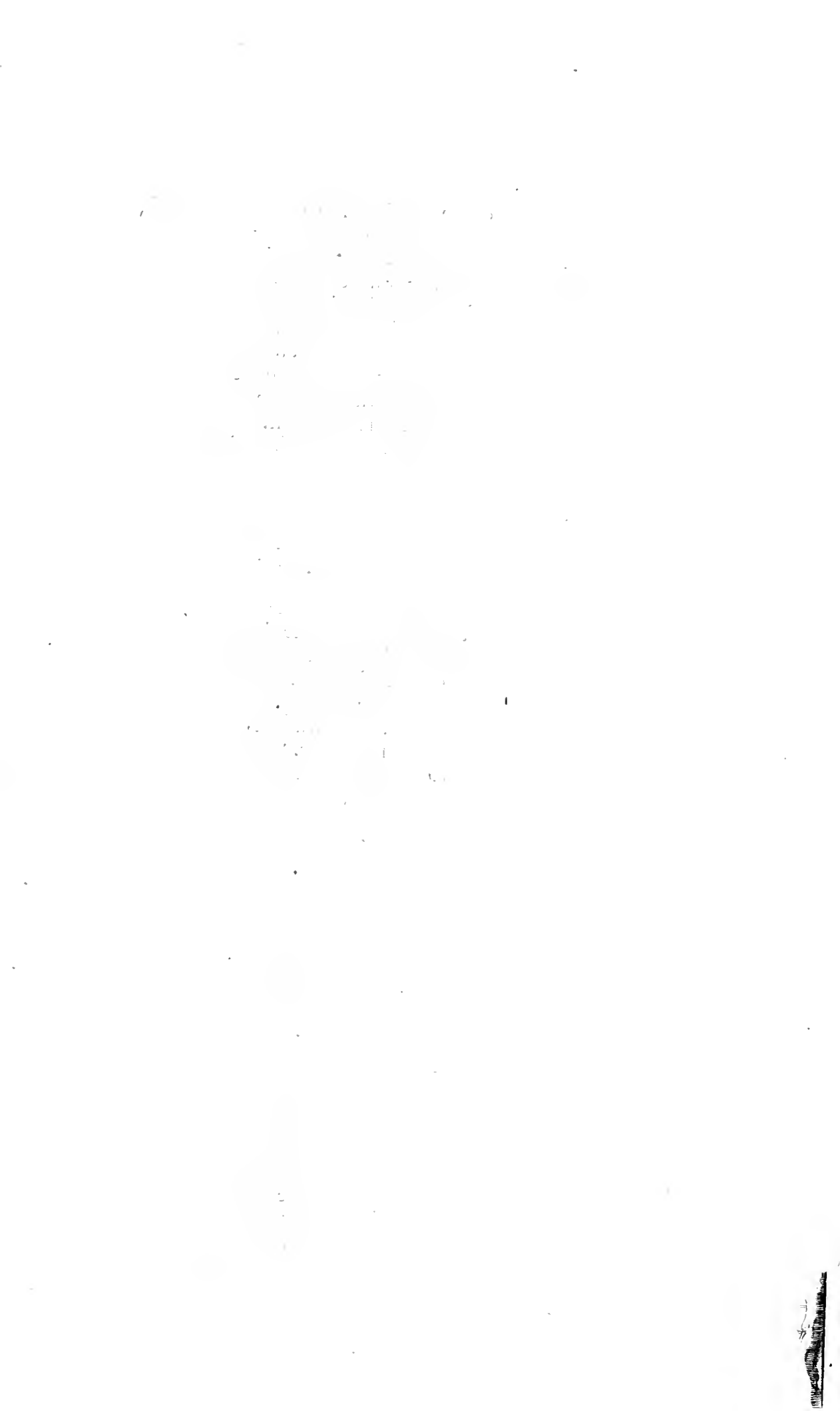


B

Theodore
Besterman







A PREPOSITION to this FRONTISPIECE.

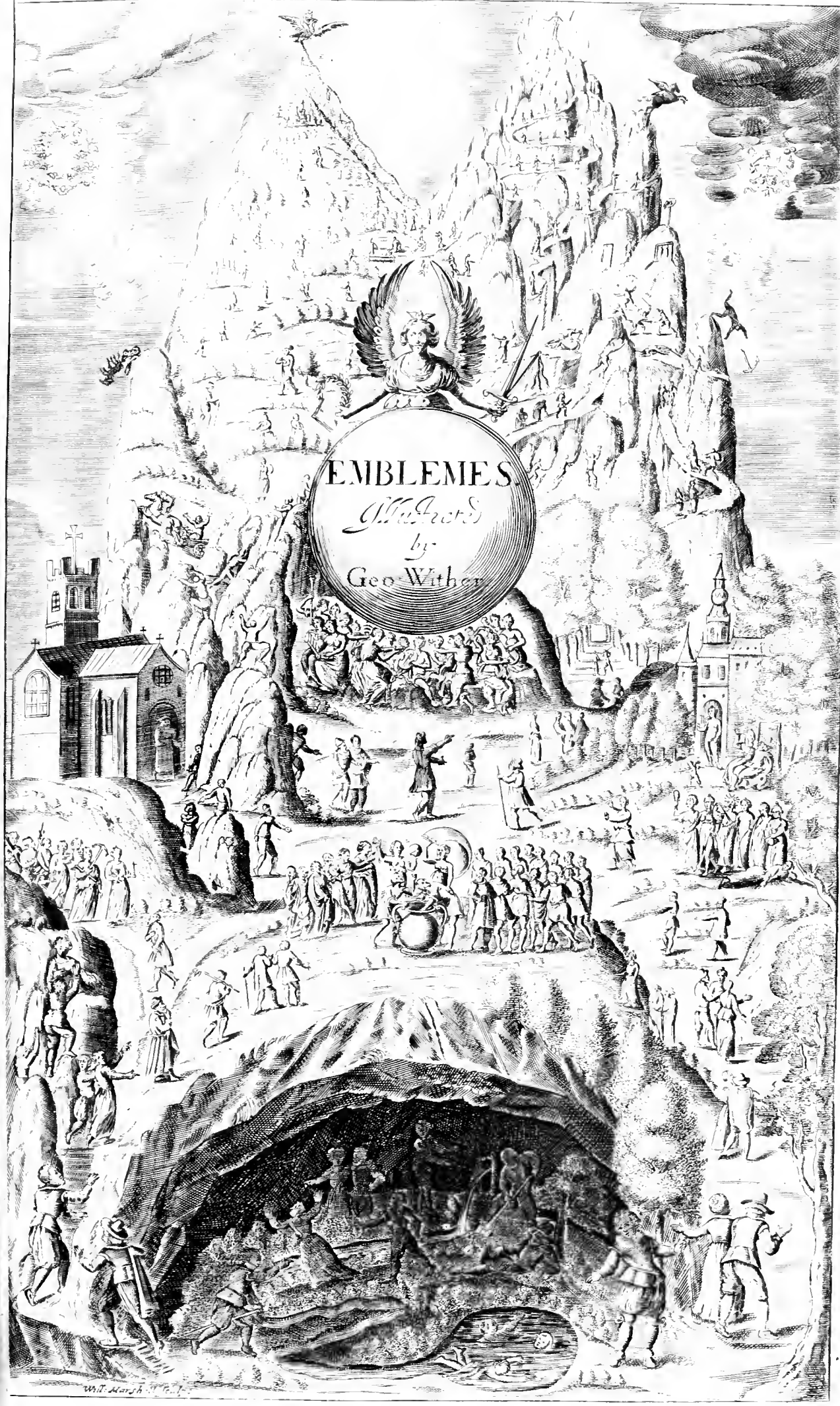
THIS BOOKE contayning EMBLEMS, 'twas thought fit,
A *Title-page* should stand to usher it,
That's Emblematicall: And, for that end,
Our AVTHOR, to the *Graver* did commend
A plaine Invention; that it might be wrought,
According as his Fancie had fo'ethought.
Insteed thereof, the *Workeman* brought to light,
What, here, you see; therein, mistaking quite
The true *Designe*: And, so (with paines, and cost)
The first intended FRONTISPIECE, is lost.

The AVTHOR, was as much displeas'd, as Hee
In such Adventures, is inclin'd to bee;
And, halfe resolv'd, to cast this PEECE aside,
As nothing worth: but, having better ey'd
Those *Errors*, and *Confusions*, which may, there,
Blame-wor. hy (at the first aspect) appeare;
Hee saw, they fitted many Fantasies
Much better, then what *Reason* can devise;
And, that, the *Graver* (by meere *Chance*) had hit
On what, so much transcends the reach of *Wit*,
As made it seeme, an Object of *Delight*,
To looke on what, MISFORTUNE brought to light:
And, here it stands, to try his *Wit*, who lists
To pompe the secrets, out of *Cabalists*.

If any thinke this *Page* will, now, declare
The meaning of those *Figures*, which are there,
They are deceiv'd. For, *Destinie* denies
The utt'ring of such hidden *Mysteries*,
In these respects: First, *This* contayneth nought
Which (in a proper sense) concerneth ought,
The *present-Age*: Moreover, tis ordain'd,
That, none mu't know the *Secrecies* contain'd
Within this PEECE; but, they who are so wise
To finde them out, by their owne *prudencies*;
And, hee that can unriddle them to us,
Shall stiled be, the second OEDIPVS.

Tis likewise, thought expedient, now and then,
To make some *Worke*, for those *All knowing men*,
(To exercise upon) who thinke they see
The *secret-meanings*, of all things that bee.

And, lastly, since we finde, that, some there are,
Who best effect *Inventions*, which appeare
Beyond their understandings; *This*, we knew
A *Representment*, worthy of their view;
And, here, wee placed it, to be, to these,
A FRONTISPIECE, in any sense they please.



EMBLEMES
Illustrés
by
Geo. Wither

A
COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both
Morall and Divine: And disposed into
LOTTERIES,

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*; may bee furthered
by an *Honest and Pleasant Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The First Booke.



LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Royston*, and
are to be sold at his Shop in *Irie-Lane*.
MDCXXXV.

Recensui hoc Poëma, cui titulus est (A Collection and Illustration of Emblems Ancient and Moderne) in quo nihil reperio, quò minus cum utilitate imprimatur, ita tamen, ut si non intra septem menses proxime sequentes Typis mandetur, hac licentia sit omninò irrita.

Ex ædibus Lambithanis
1662. 1634.

GUIL. BRAY.

A

WRIT OF PREVENTION
Concerning the *AUTHORS* Dedication
of the foure following *BOOKES*, to those
Royall, Princely, and Illustrious *PERSO-*
NAGES, whose Names are mentioned
in this *Leafe*.

I Have not often us'd, with *Epigrames*,
Or, with *Inscriptions* unto many *NAMES*,
To charge my *Bookes*: Nor, had I done it, now,
If I, to pay the *Duties* which I owe,
Had other *meanes*; Or, any better *Wayes*
To honour them, whose *Vertue* merits praise.

In *ARCHITECT*. it giveth good content,
(And passeth for a praisefull *Ornament*)
If, to adorne the *FORE-FRONTS*, *Builders* reare
The *Statues* of their *Soveraigne-Princes*, there;
And, trimme the *Outsides*, of the other *SQUARES*
With *Portraitures* of some Heroicke *PEERES*,

If, therefore, I (the more to beautifie
This *Portion* of my *MUSES Gallerie*)
Doe, here, presume to place, the *NAMES* of those
To whose *Deserts*, my *LOVE* remembrance owes,
I hope 'twill none offend. For, most, who see
Their worthy *mention*, in this *BOOKE*, to bee,
Will thinke them honor'd: And, perhaps, it may
(To their high praise) be found, another day,
That, in these *LEAVES* their *Names* wil stand unrac'd,
When many fairer *STRVCTVRES*, are defac'd.

In this Hope, I have placed on the FORE-
FRONT (or before the First Booke of
these EMBLEMS) a Joint-Inscripti-
on to the KING and QUEENES most
excellent MAIESTIE.

Upon the Right-Side-Front of this Buil-
ding (or before the Second Booke) One
Inscrip-

Inscription to the most hopeful Prince,
C H A R L E S, Prince of **W A L E S**; And,
another to his deere Brother, **I A M E S**,
Duke of **Y o r k e**, &c.

On the other **S i d e - F r o n t**, (or before the
T h i r d B o o k e) One Inscription to the
gracious Princessse, **F R A N C E S** Dut-
chesse-Dowager of **R I C H M O N D** and
L E N O X; And, another to her most no-
ble Nephew, **I A M E S** Duke of **L e -**
n o x, &c.

On the **F o u r t h F r o n t** of our Square, (Or
before the **F o u r t h B o o k e**) One Inscríp-
tion to the right Honourable **P H I L I P**
Earle of **P e m b r o o k e** and **M o n t g o m e r y**,
&c. And another to the right Honour-
able, **H E N R Y** Earle of **H o l l a n d**, &c.

To the MAJESTIE of Great
Britaine, France, and Ireland, the
Most Illustrious King,

CHARLES;

And his excellently beloved, the most
gracious *Queene* MARY.

S Ev'n yeares are full expired, Royall SIR,
Since last I kneel'd, an offering to preferre
Before your feete; where, now, my selfe I throw
To pay once more, the *Tributes* which I owe.

*As many yeares are past, most beauteous QUEENE,
Since witnessses, mine eares and eyes, have beene
Of those Perfections; which the generall Fame
Hath sounded forth, in honour of your Name.*

And, both your *beaming-splendors* (oh yee faire,
Thrice blessed, and most fitly-matched PAIRE)
Vpon each other, make such bright reflections;
And have so sweetly mingled your *affections*,
Your *Praise*, your *Pow're*, your *Vertues*, and your *Beautie*:
That, (if preserving of my *Soveraigne dutie*,
This may be said) you doe appeare, to me,
TWO PERSONS, in ONE MAJESTY, to be;
To whom, there, appertaines (in veneration
Of your large *Worth*) the right of some *Oblation*:
And, best, I thought, my *Homage* would be done,
If, thus, the tender were to BOTH-IN-ONE.
Which, in this humble GVIFF, my *Love* presents;
And, wisheth it may adde to your Contents.

Perhaps it shall: For, though I dare not shew
These *Figures*, as well meriting your view;
Nor boast, as if their *Moralls* couched ought,
By which your sacred *Wisdomes* may be taught:
Yet, I have humble *Hopings*, that, they might
Prove, some way, an occasion of delight;
Since, meane and common *Objects*, now and then,
Beget contentments in the *greatest-men*.

But, that before this *Booke*, I should propose
Your praisefull NAMES, there is (as I suppose)
A faire inducement: For, considering these
Are EMBLEMS, whose intention is to please
And profit vulgar Iudgements (by the view,
Of what they ought to follow, or eschew.)
And, I well knowing, that your MAJESTIES
Set foorth before my *Booke*, in *Emblem-wise*,

The Epistle

Throughout your Lands, more *Vertues* might convey,
Than many *Volumes*, of these *Emblems*, may ;
It seem'd *Petty-treason*, to omit
This good occasion of endeavouring it.
For, (if your *MAJESTIES*, well heeded, were)
Yov, double-treble-foure-fold *Emblems* are ;
Which, fully to illustrate, would require
The *Wis* I want; or, means to raise, that, higher
Which I have gain'd; (and, which, as yet, hath flowne
By no encouragements, but by her owne.)

Of all the *Vertues* *O*ECONOMICAL,
Of *Duties* *M*ORAL and *P*OLITICALL,
Your *Lives* are *Patternes*, and faire *EMBLEMS* ; whether
Considered apart, or both together.

Your *CHILDHOODS* were bright *Mirrors*, which did show
What *Duties*, *Children*, to their *Parents* owe :
And, by the sequele, we now understand,
That, they who best *obay'd*, can best command.
The glorious *Vertues* of your *N*UPTIALL-*state*,
Your *Courtiers*, find so hard to imitate,
That, they admire them, rather ; and would sweare,
(Had others told, what, now they see and heare)
That, all the former Times. were not acquainted,
With such a *Paire*, when *Kings* and *Queenes* were *Saints*.
The chafteft *Cupsids*, and the gamefom'st *graces*,
Are alwaies mingled in your *Deare-embraces*.
The mutuall enterchanges of your *Loves*,
May teach affection to the *Turtle doves* :
And, such as are, with goodly figurs, delighted,
May see in *You*, all *Excellence* united.

You, *S*IR, who beare *Ioves* *Thunders* in your *Fist*,
And, (shake this *Islands* *EMPIRE* when You list)
Did never in your *Orbe*, a *Tempest* move.
But, by the Beautious *Mistresse* of your *Love*
It might be calm'd. And, in your *lofty* *Spheare*,
Most lovely *Q*UENE, Your *Motions* ever, were
So *smooth*, and, so *direct* ; that, none can say,
They have withdrawne his *Royal-heart* away
From *Iust* *Delignes* ; Which, loudly *speakes* your *Praise*,
And, intimates much more, than, yet, it saies,

Yea, both Your *Splendors* doe so glorious growe,
And, You, each other, have out-vyed so,
In these, and other *Vertues* ; that, on You,
Should I conferre what praise I thinke, is due,
My *Lines*, (which from that *staine* have, yet, beene cleare)
Would *Flatt'ry* seeme, unto an envious eare.

But, what needs *Flatt'ry*, where the *Truth* in my teach
To praise, beyond immodest *Flatt'ries* reach ?
Or, what needs he to feare a *stand'rous-mouth*,
Who seekes no *meed*, nor utters more than *Truth* ?

Your *Princely* *Vertues*, what can better show,
Than *Peace*, and *Plenty*, which have thrived so,

Dedicatorie.

Whilst You have raig'n'd, that, yet, no people see,
A *Richer*, or more *Peacefull* time, than wee ?
Your *Civill Actions* (to the publike eye)
Are faire *examples of Moralitie*,
So manifest ; That, if he Truth did sing,
Who said, *The World doth imitate the King* ;
My *Muses* dare, with boldnesse to presage,
A *Chast*, a *Pious*, and a *Prosperous Age* :
And, that, the stormes which, late, these *Realmes* deterr'd,
Shall all be quite removed, or deferr'd
Till you Ascend ; And, future times have seene,
That, your *Examples* have not followed beene.

Thus, you are living *Emblems*, to this *Nation* :
Which being mark'd with heedfull speculation,
May serve, as well, to helpe us how to see
Our *Happinesse*, As, what our *Duties* be.

And, if I might unlocke all *Mysteries*,
Which doe declare, how in a *four-fold-wise*,
Your *Lives* are usefull *EMBLEMS* ; I, perchance,
Should vexe blind *Zeale*, or anger *Ignorance* ;
And, teach well-temper'd *Spirits*, how to see,
That we, for *Blessings*, oft, Vnthankfull be.
For, as you, *Both*, *Prime Children* are of those
Two *Sister-Churches*, betwixt whom, yet, growes
Vnseemely *strife* ; So, *You*, perhaps, may be
An *Emblem*, how those *MOTHERS* may agree.
And, nor by your *Example*, onely, shew,
How wrought it may be ; but, effect it so.
Yea, peradventure, *GOD*, united *You*,
That, such a blessed *VNION* might ensue :
And, that, Your *living-lovingly*, together ;
Your *Christian hopefullnesse*, of one another ;
Your milde *forbearance*, harsh attempts to proove ;
Your *mutuall-waiting*, untill *God* shall move
By some *calme-voice*, or *peacefull inspiration*,
That *Heart* Which needeth better *Information* ;
And, that, your *Charities*, might give a *signe*,
How, all the *Daughters*, of the *SPOUSE Divine*
Might reconciled be ; And, shew, that, *Swords*,
Flames, *Threats*, and *Furie*, make no true *Accords* .

GOD grant a better *VNION* may appeare :
Yet, with I not the *tollerating*, here,
Of *Politicke-Agreements* ; (further than
Our wholsome *Lawes*, and, *Civill-vowes* to man,
With *Piety*, approve) but, such, as may
Make up a blessed *CONCORD*, every way :
Might it be so ; your *Vertues*, would become
A *Glorious Blessing*, to all *CHRISTENDOME* :
Your *EMBLEM* should, by future *Generations* ;
Be plac'd among the famous *Constellations*,
And, *after-times* (though, mee, this *Age* despise)
Would thinke, these *Verses*, had beene *Prophecies*.

The Epistle, &c.

What ever may succeed, my *Pray'rs* and *Power's*
Are this way bent; with *Hope*, that *You* or *Yours*
Shall *Helps* (at least) become, that *Breach* to close,
Which, in the *SEAMLES-ROBE*, yet, wider growes.
So **BE IT**: And, let bright your *Glories* bee,
For ever, though *You* never shine on *MEE*.

YOUR MAJESTIES

most Loyall Subject,

GEO: WITHER.

TO THE READER.



I *f there had not bene some Bookes conceitedly composed, and futable to meane capacities, I am doubtfull, whether I had ever bene so delighted in reading, as thereby to attaine to the little Knowledge I have: For, I doe yet remember, that, things honestly pleasant, brought mee by degrees, to love that which is truely profitable. And as David said, His Heart shewed him the wickednesse of the Vngodly; (meaning perhaps, that hee felt in himselfe, some Experiments, of the same naturall Corruption, by which they are overcome, who resist not, evill suggestions at their first motions:) Even so, I may truly acknowledge, that mine owne Experience hath showne mee so much of the common Ignorance and Infirmitie in mine owne person, that it hath taught mee, how those things may be wrought upon in others, to their best advantage.*

Therefore, though I can say no more to dissuade from Vice, or to encourage men to Vertue, than hath already bene said in many learned Authors; yet I may be an occasion by these Endeavours, to bring that, the ofner into remembrance, which they have, more learnedly, expressed: and perhaps, by such circumstances, as they would not descend unto, may insinuate further also with some Capacities, than more applauded Meanes. Vniager, Salt, or common Water, (which are very meane Ingredients) make Sawces more pleasing to some tastes, than Sugar. and Spices. In like manner, plaine and vulgar notions, seasoned with a little Pleasantnesse, and relished with a moderate Sharpnesse, worke that, otherwhile, which the most admired Compositions could never effect in many Readers; yea, wee have had frequent proofes, that a blunt Iest hath moved to more consideration, than a judicious Discourse.

I take little pleasures in Rymes, Fictions, or conceited Compositions, for their owne sakes; neither could I ever take so much paines, as to spend time to put my meanings into other words than such as flowed forth, without Studie; partly because I delight more in Matter, than in Wordy Flourishes. But, chiefly, because those Verball Conceites, which by some, are accounted most Elegant, are not onely (for the greater part) Emptie Sounds, and Impertinent Clinches in themselves; but, such Inventions, as do sometime, also, obscure the Sense, to common Readers; and, serve to little other purpose, but for Wittie men to shew Tricks one to another: For, the Ignorant understand them not; and the Wise need them not.

So much of them, as (without darkning the matter, to them who most need instruction) may be made use of, to stirre up the Affections, winne Attention, or help the Memory, I approve and make use of, to those good purposes, according as my leisure, and the measure of my Facultie will permit; that, Vanitie

To the Reader.

might not, to worse ends, get them wholly into her Possession. For, I know that the meanest of such conceits are as pertinent to some, as Rattles, and Hobby-hories to Children; or as the A. B. C. and Spelling, were at first to these Readers, who are now past them. And, indeed, to despise Meane Inventions, Pleasant Compositions, and Verball Elegancies, (being qualified as is aforesaid) or to banish them out of the world, because there be other things of more excellencie, were as absurd, as to neglect and root out all Herbes, which will not make Potrage; Or, to destroy all Flowers, which are lesse beautifull than the Tulip, or lesse sweet than the Rose.

I (that was never so sullenly wise) have alwaies intermingled Sports with Seriouesse in my Inventions; and, taken in Verball-conceits, as they came to hand, without Affectation; But, I having, ever cyned, rather to profit my Readers, than to gaine their praise, I never printe for these things; and am, other while, concerned to secure Foolish, I yea, and perhaps, more foolish than I am) to the Overweening-Wife; that, I may make others Wiser, than they were: And, (as I now doe) am not ashamed to get forth a Game at Loes, or (as it were) a Puppet-play in Figures, to allure men to the more serious observation of the profitable Morals, couched in these Emblems. Nevertheless, (if some have sayd, and thought truly) my Poems have instructed, and reformed many People in the Course of Honest-living, (which is the best Witdome, much more than the Profereed Volums of some or many Authors; who, are by the Common-fort, therefore daily, judged Wise, because they composed Books, which few understand, save they who need them not.

In these Loes and Emblems I have the same arme which I had in my other Writings; and though I have not dressed them suitably to curious Fancies; yet, they yeld wholesome nourishment to strengthen the constitution of a Good-life; and, have solidity enough for a Play game, which was but accidentally composed; and, by this Occasion.

These Emblems, graven in Copper by Crispinus Passaus (with a Motto in Crake, Lat. or Ital. an, round about every Figure; and with two Lines (or Verses in one of the same Languages, prophesying these Motto's) came to my hands, almost twentie yeares past. The Verses were so meane, that, they were afterwards cut off from the Plates; And, the Collector of the said Emblems, (whether hee were the Verifier or the Craver, was neither so well advised in the Choice of them, nor so exact in observing the true Proprieties belonging to every Figure as hee might have beene.

Yet, the Workmanship being judged very good, for the most part: and the rest excusable; some of my Friends were so much delighted in the Gravers art, and, in those Illustrations which for mine owne pleasure, I had made upon some few of them, that, they requested mee to Correctize the rest. Which I condiscended unto: And, they had beene brought to view many yeares agoe, but that the Copper Prints (which are now gotten) could not be procured out of Holland upon any reasonable Conditions.

If they were worthy of the Cravers and Printers cost, being
only

only dumbe Figures, little usefull to any but to young Gravers or Painters; and as little delightfull, except, to Children, and Childish-gazers: they may now be much more worthy; seeing the life of Speech being added unto them, may make them Teachers, and Remembrancers of profitable things.

I doe not arrogate so much unto my Illustrations, as to thinke, they will be able to teach any thing to the Learned; yet if they cast their eyes upon them, perhaps, these Emblems, and their Morals, may remember them, either of some Dutie, which they might else forget, or minde them to beware of some Danger, which they might otherwise be unheedfull to prevent. But, sure I am, the Vulgar Capacities, may from them, be many waies both Instructed, and Remembred; yea, they that have most need to be Instructed, and Remembred, (and they who are most backward to listen to Instructions, and Remembrances, by the common Course of Teaching, and Admonishing) shall be, hereby, informed of their Dangers, or Duties, by the way of an honest Recreation before they be aware.

For, when levitie, or a childish delight in trifling Objects, hath allured them to looke on the Pictures; Curiosity may urge them to peepe further, that they might seeke out also their Meanings, in our annexed Illustrations; In which, may lurke some Sentence, or Expression, so evidently pertinent to their Estates, Persons, or Affections, as will (at that instant or afterward) make way for those Considerations, which will, at last, wholly change them, or much better them, in their Conversation.

To seeke out the Author of every particular Emblem, were a labour without profit; and, I have beene so far from endeavouring it, that, I have not somuch usured to find out their meanings in any of these Figures; but, applied them, rather, to such purposes, as I could thinke of, at first sight; which, upon a second view, I found might have beene much betterd, if I could have spared time from other employments. Something, also, I was Confined, by obliging my selfe to observe the same number of lines in every Illustration; and, otherwhile, I was thereby constrained to conclude, when my best Meditations were but new begunne: which (though it hath pleased Some, by the more comely *Vnfermitie*, in the Pages) yet, it hath much injured the libertie of my Muse.

There be, no doubt, some faults committed by the Printer, both Literall and Materiall, and some Errors of the Gravers in the Figures. (as in the Tetragrammaton; in the Figure of Arion; and in the Proprieties due to some other Hieroglyphicks; but, for the most part, they are such, as Common-Readers will never perceive; and I thinke, that they who are Judicious, will so plainly finde them to be no faults of mine; that, leaving them to be amended by those, to whom they appertaine; and, You, to accept of these Play-games as you please: I bid you Farewell.

The Occasion, Intention, and use of the Foure
 Lotteries adjoynd to these foure Books
 of Emblems.

STultorum plena sunt omnia. *The world is growne so in Love with Follie, that the Imprinting of over-solid and serious treatises would undoe the Book-sellers; especially, being so chargeable as the many costly Sculptures have made this Booke: therefore, (to advance their Profits, rather than to satisfie my owne Judgement) I was moved to invent somewhat, which might be likely to please the vulgar Capacitie, without hindrance to my chiefe End. And, though that which I resolved on, be not so Plausible to Criticall understandings, yet I am contented to hazard among them, so much of my Reputation, as that comes to.*

I have often observed, that where the Summer-bowers of Recreation are placed neare the Church, it drawes thither more people from the remote Hamlets, than would else be there. Now, though I praise not their Devotion, yet I am glad if any thing (which is not evil in it selfe) may be made an occasion of Good: (because, those things may, perhaps, be continued, at last, for Conscience sake, which were at first begunne upon vaine occasions) and, have therefore added Lotteries to these Emblems, to occasion the more frequent notice of the Morals, and good Counsels tendred in their Illustrations; hoping that, at one time or other, some shall draw those Lots, which will make them the better, and the happier, whilest they live. I confesse that this Devise may probably be censured, as unsutable to the gravitie expected in my ripe yeares: and be reputed as great an Indecorum, as erecting an Ale-house at the Church-stile; yet, the same having had beginning in my younger dayes, I do now resolve not to be ashamed of it, for the Reasons aforementioned. To such as I was, it will be someway avayleable: and perhaps, if the Wisest did otherwise, when they walke abroad, to Uncertaine purposes, take up this Booke, and (without Superstitious Conceites) make tryall what their Lots would remember, or give them cause to thinke on; it might, now and then, eithers occasion better Proceedings, or prevent Mischieves.

Some Games were ever in use; ever, I thinke, will be, and for ought I know, ever may be without exception. And, I believe, this Recreation, will be as harmlesse as any, if it be used according to my Intentions. For, my meaning is not, that any should use it as an Oracle, which could signifie, infallibly, what is divinely allotted; but, to serve onely for a Morall Pastime. And, that I may no way encourage the secret entertaining of such a Fantasie, I doe before hand affirme unto them, that none but Children, or Idcots may be tollerated to be so foolish, without laughing at.

Yet, if any one shall draw that Lot wherein his Secret vices are reproved; or some good Counsels proposed, which in his owne understanding are pertinent to his welfare, let not such as those, passe them over as meere Casualties to them; for, whatsoever these Lots are to others, or in themselves, they are to all these,
made

To the Reader.

made pertinent in such cases, both by their particular Knowledges and Occasions.

Some will thinke perhaps, that I have purposely invented this Game, that I might finde meanes to reprove mens vices, without being suspected, (as I have hitherto unjustly beene) to ayme at particular persons: For, if any who are notoriously Guiltie, shall by drawing their Chances, among other Companions, be so fitted with Lots, (which may now and then happen) that those Vices be thereby intimated to the by-standers, of which the world knowes them guilty; they do therein make their owne Libels; and, may (I hope) bee laughed at without my blame. If not; I doe here warne all such as are worthily suspected of Haynous crimes, and Scandalous conversations, either to forbear these Lotteries; or to excuse me if they be justly shamed by their own Act.

Having thus declared the Reason of this Invention, and made these Anticipations; every man hath his choice, whether hee will make use of those Lotteries or no; hee that will, is left to his Chance, of which, how hee shall make tryall, direction is given in the two last Pages of this Booke.

This Game occasions not the frequent crime,
Of Swearing, or mispending of our Time;
Nor losse of money: For, the Play is short,
And, ev'ry Gamester winneth by the sport.
Wee, therefore, know it may aswell become
The Hall, the Parlor, or the Dining-roome,
As Chess, or Tables; and, we thinke the Price
Will be as low; because, it needs no Dice.





*What I WAS, is passed by,
 What I AM, away doth flie;
 What I SHAL BEE, none do see;
 Yet, in that, my Beauties bee*

The AVTHORS Meditation upon
 sight of his PICTURE.

When I behold my Picture, and perceive,
 How vaine it is, our Portraiturees to leave
 In Lines, and Shadowes, (which in ke shewes, to day,
 Of that which will, to morrow, fade away)

And

And, thinke, what meane Resemblances at best,
Are by Mechanike Instruments exprest;
I thought it better, much, to leave behind me,
Some Draught, in which, my living friends might find me
The same I am; in that, which will remaine,
Till all is ruin'd, and repair'd againe:

And, which, in absence, will more truly show me,
Than, outward Formes, to those, who think they know me.

For, though my gracious MAKER made me such,
That, where I love, belo'd I am, as much
As I desire; yet, Forme, nor Features are,
Those Ornaments, in which I would appeare
To future Times; Though they were found in me,
Farre better, than I can beleve they be.

Much lesse, affect I that, which each man knowes,
To be no more, but Counterfeits of those,
Wherein, the Painters, or the Gravers toole,
Befriends alike, the Wiseman, and the Foole:
And, (when they please) can give him, by their Art,
The fairest-Face, that had the falsest-Heart.

APICTURE, though with most exactnesse made,
Is nothing, but the Shadow of a SHADE.

For, ev'n our living Bodies, (though they seeme
To others more, or more in our esteeme)

Are but the shadowes of that Reall-being,
Which doth extend beyond the Fleshly-seeing;

And, cannot be discerned, till we rise

Immortall-Objects, for Immortall-eyes.

Our Everlasting-Substance lies unseene;

Behind the Fouldings, of a Carnall-Screene,

Which is, but, Vapours thicken'd into Blood,

(By due concoction of our daily food)

And, still supplied, out of other Creatures,
To keepe us living, by their wasted natures:

Renewing, and decaying, ev'ry Day,

Untill that Vaile must be remov'd away.

For, this lov'd Flesh, wherewith, yet cloth'd we go,

Is not the same, wee had sev'n yeares ago;

But, rather, something which is taken-in,

To serve instead of what hath wasted bin,

In Wounds, in Sicknesse, in Colds, and Heates,

In all Excrelcions, and in Fumes, and Sweates.

Nor,

Nor shall, this present Flesh, long stay with us :
And, wee may well be pleas'd, it should be Thus.

For, as I view, those Townes, and Fields, that be
In Landskip drawne ; Even so, me thinks, I see
A Glimpes, farre off, (through FAITH'S Prospective
Of that, which after Death, will come to passe ; glasse)
And, likewise, gained have, such meanes of seeing,
Some things, which were, before my Life had being,
That, in my Soule, I should be discontent,
If, this my Body were, more permanent ;
Since, Wee, and all God's other Creatures, here,
Are but the Pictures, of what shall appeare.

Yet, whilst they are, I thankfully would make
That use of them, for their CREATOR'S sake,
To which hee made them ; and, preserve the Table,
Still, Faire and Full, as much as I were able,
'By finishing, (in my allotted place)
Those Workes, for which, hee fits me by his Grace.
And, if a Wrenne, a Wrenn's just height shall soare,
No Ægle, for an Ægle, can doe more.

If therefore, of my Labours, or of MEE,
Ought shall remaine, when I remov'd, must be,
Let it be that, wherein it may be view'd,
My MAKERS Image, was in me renew'd :
And, so declare, a dutifull intent,
To doe the Worke I came for, e're I went ;
That, I to others, may some Patterne be,
Of Doing-well, as other men to mee,
Have beene, whilst I had life : And, let my daies
Be summed up, to my Redeemer's praise.

So this be gained, I regard it not,
Though, all that I am else, be quite forgot.



ILLVSTRATIO I.

Book. I.

How Fond are they, who spend their precious Time
In still pursuing their deceiving *Pleasures* ?
And they, that unto ayery *Titles* clime
Or tyre themselves in hoording up of *Treasures* ?
For, these are *Death's*, who, when with wearinesse
They have acquired most, sweeps all away ;
And leaves them, for their Labors, to possessse
Nought but a raw-bon'd *Carcasse* lapt in clay.
Of twenty hundred thousands, who, this houre
Vaunt much, of those *Possessions* they have got ;
Of their new purchac'd *Honours*, or, the *Power*,
By which, they seeme to have advanc't their *Lott* :
Of this great *Multitude*, there shall not *Thre*
Remaine, for any *Future age* to know ;
But perish quite, and quite forgotten bee,
As *Beasts*, devoured twice ten yeares agoe.

Thou, therefore, who desir'st for aye to live,
And to possessse thy *Labors* maugre *Death*,
To needfull *Arts* and honest *Actions*, give
Thy Spanne of *Time*, and thy short blast of *Breath*.
In holy *Studies*, exercise thy *Mind* ;
In workes of *Charity*, thy *Hands* imploy ;
That *Knowledge*, and that *Treasure*, leeke to find,
Which may enrich thy *Heart* with perfect *loy*.
So, though obscured thou appeare, awhile,
Despised, poore, or borne to *Fortunes* low,
Thy *Vertue* shall acquire a nobler stile,
Then greatest *Kings* are able to bestow :
And, gaine thee those *Possessions*, which, nor *They*,
Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, have power to take away.

The Man that hath true Wisdome got,
Continues firme, and wavers not.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. I.

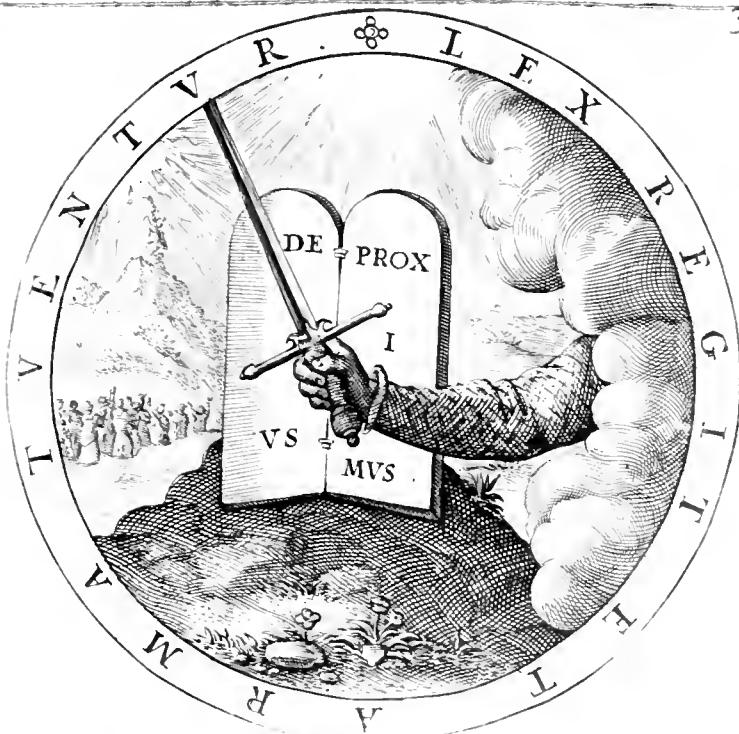
STill fixt, and with triumphant *Laurell* crown'd,
Is truest *Wisdome*; whom, expressed thus,
Among the old *Impresa's*, we have found;
And, much, this *Emblem* hath instructed us.
For, hence we learne; that, *Wisdome* doth not flow
From those unconstant men, whom ev'ry *Blast*,
Or small *Occasion*, turneth to and fro;
But, from a *Settled head* that standeth *fast*.
Who'e'ver shoulders, him, he gives no place;
What *Storme* soe're, his *Times* or *Fortunes*, breath,
He neither hides his *Brow*, nor turnes his *Face*;
But, keeps his *Lookes* undaunted, ev'n in *Death*.
The *Laureat head*, upon the *Pillar* set,
Thus signifies; And that *Bay wreath* doth show
That constant *Wisdome* will the conquest get,
When giddy *Policie* prevailes not so.

If, therefore, thou desirest to be taught,
Propose good *Ends* with honest *Meanes* thereto,
And therein *Constant* be, till thou hast brought
To perfect *end*, that *Worke*, thou hast to doe.
Let neither flatt'ring *Pleasures*, nor *Disgrace*,
Nor scoffing *Censures*, nor the cunning *Sleights*
Of gleazing *Sycophants*, divert that *Race*
To which, a harmelesse *Prudence*, thee invites.
Though others plot, conspire, and undermine,
Keepe thou a plaine right *Path*; and let their *Conyje*,
For no advantage, make thee change from *thine*,
Although it (for the present) seemes the worse.

He, thus that workes, puts *Policie* to Schoole,
And makes the *Machavitian* prove a foole.

The Law is given to direct ;
The Sword, to punish and protect.

3



ILLVSTR. III.

Book. I.



When God-Almighty first engrav'd in stone
His holy Law ; He did not give the same
As if some common Act had then beene done ;
For, arm'd with Fires and Thunders, forth it came,
By which, that great Law-maker, might inferre
What dreadfull Vengeance would on those attend,
Who did against those holy Preceptserre ;
And, that, his Power, well-doers could defend.
Thereto, this Emblem, also doth agree ;

For, loe, before the Tables of the Lawe,
A naked Sword is borne, whose use may bee
As well to keepe in Safety, as in Awe.
Whence, Princes (if they please) this note may take,
(And it shall make them happily to raigne)
That, many good and wholsome Lawes to make
Without an Executioner, is vaine.

It likewise intimates, that such as are
In Sovereigne place, as well obliged be
Their zeale for true Religion to declare,
As, what concerneth Manners, to foresee.
It, lastly, shoves that Princes should : stand
Not onely, over others to Command,
But Swords to wear, their Subjects to protect ;
And, for their Guard, extend a willing hand.
For, Lawes, or Peace to boast of ; and, the whiles,
The Publique weale, to weaken or disarme,
Is nor the way to hinder Civil Broyles,
Nor to secure it from a Forraigne harme.

For, As by Lawes a Land is kept in frame ;
So, Armes is that, which must protect the same.



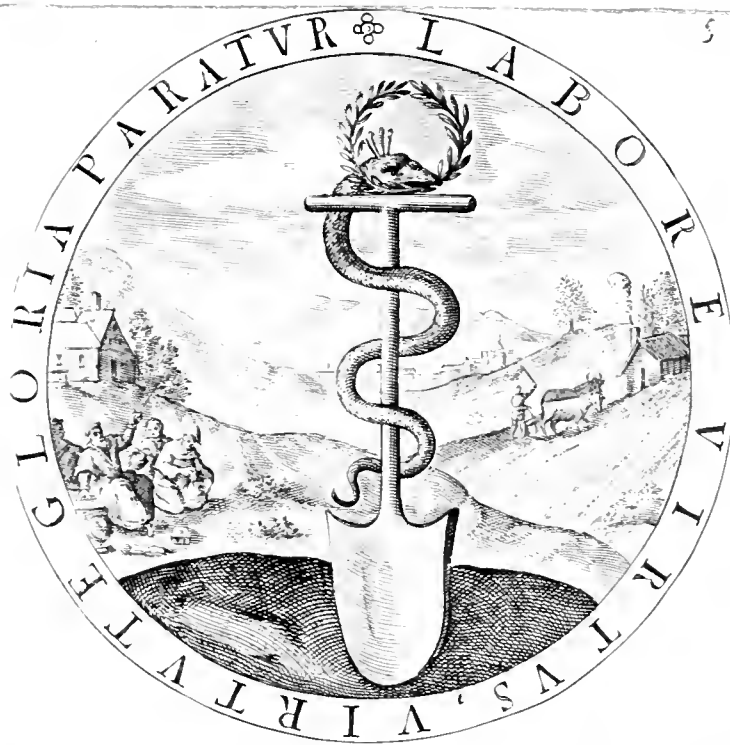
ILLVSTR. IV.

Book. I.

Twiſe are they that ſpend their youthfull *Prime*
 In Vanities ; as if they did ſuppoſe
 That men, at pleaſure, might redeeme the *Time* ;
 For, they a faire advantage fondly loſe.
 As ill-adviſ'd be thoſe, who having loſt
 The firſt *Occaſions*, to *Deſpairing* runne :
 For, *Time* hath *Revolutions* ; and, the moſt,
 For their Affairs, have *Seasons* more, then one.
 Nor is their Folly ſmall, who much depend
 On *Transitorie things*, as if their Powre
 Could bring to paſſe what ſhould not have an *End* ;
 Or compaſſe that, which *Time* will not devour.
 The firſt *Occaſions*, therefore, ſee thou take
 (Which offered are) to bring thy hopes about ;
 And, minde thou, ſtill, what *Huſte* away they make,
 Before thy ſwift-pac't houres are quite runne out.
 Yet, if an *Opportunity* be paſt,
 Deſpaire not thou, as they that hopeleſſe be ;
 Since, *Time* may ſo revolve againe, at laſt,
 That *New-Occaſions* may be offered thee.
 And ſee, thou truſt nor on thoſe fading things,
 Which by thine owne *Endeaours* thou acquir'ſt :
 For, *Time* (which her owne *Births* to ruine brings)
 Will ſpare, nor thee, nor ought which thou deſir'ſt.
 His *Properties*, and *Uſes*, what they are,
 In vaine obſer'd will be, when he is fled :
 That, they in ſeaſon, therefore, may appeare,
 Our *Emblem*, thus, hath him deciphered ;
 Balde ſave before, and ſtanding on a *Wheele* ;
 A *Razor* in his Hand, a *Winged-Heele*.

By Labour, Vertue may be gain'd;
By Vertue, Glorie is attain'd.

5



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. I.

Suppose you *Sirs*, those mimicke *Apes* you meet
In strange fantasticke habits? or the Rabble,
That in gay clothes embroyder out the street,
Are truly of *Worshipfull* or *Honorable*?
Or can you thinke, that, To be borne the Sonne
Of some rich *Alderman*, or ancient *Peere*,
Or that the *Fame* our Predecessors wonne
May claime those *Wreathes* which true *Deserving* weare?
Is *Honour* due to those, who spend their dayes
In courting one another? or consuming
Their Fortunes and themselves, on Drabbs and Flayes?
In sleeping, drinking, and Tobacco-fuming?
Not so. For, (though such *Fooles*, like children, place
Gay *Tutes* on each other) *Wise-men* know
What slaves they be; how miserably-bafe;
And, where such *Attributes* would better show.

An idle *Body* clothes a vitious *Minde*;
And, what (at best) is purchac'd by the same,
Is nothing else, but stinking *Smoke* and *Winde*;
Or frothie *Bubbles* of an empty *Fame*.
True *Glorie*, none did ever purchase, yet,
Till, to be *Vertuous* they could first attaine;
Nor shall those men faire *Vertues* favour get,
Who *labour* not, such *Dignities* to gaine.
And, this *Impress* doth inferre no lesse:
For, by the *Spade*, is *Labour* here implide;
The *Snake*, a vertuous *Prudence*, doth expresse;
And, *Glorie*, by the *Wreath* is Typified.

For, where a vertuous *Industry* is found,
Shee, shall with *Wreathes* of *Glorie*, thus be crown'd.

Though

Though Fortune prove true Vertues Foe,
It cannot worke her Overthrowe.



ILLVSTR. VI.

Book. I.

Happy men are they, whose Ignorance
So slavesthem to the *Fortunes* of the Time,
That they (attending on the Lot of *Chance*)
Neglect by *Vertue*, and *Deserts*, to clime.
Poore *Heights* they be which *Fortune* reares unto ;
And, fickle is the *Favour* she bestowes :
To-day, she makes ; to-morrow, doth undoe ;
Builds up, and in an instant overthrowes.
On easie *Wheels*, to *Wealth*, and *Honours* high,
She windes men oft, before they be aware ;
And, when they dreame of most *Prosperitie*,
Downe, headlong, throwes them lower then they were.
You, then, that seeke a more assur'd estate,
On good, and honest *Objects*, fixe your *Minde*,
And follow *Vertue*, that you may a *Fate*
Exempt from feare of *Change*, or *Dangers*, finde.
For, he that's *Vertuous*, whether high or low
His *Fortune* seemes (or whether foule or faire
His *Path* he findes) or whether friend, or foe,
The *World* doth prove ; regards it not a haire.
His *Losse* is *Gain* ; his *Poverty* is *Wealth* ;
The *Worlds Contempt*, he makes his *Diadem* ;
In *Sickness*, he rejoyceth, as in *Health* :
Yea, *Death* it selle, becommeth *Life*, to him.
He feares no disrespect, no bitter scorne,
Nor subtile plottings, nor *Oppressions* force ;
Nay, though the *World* should topsie-turvie turne,
It cannot fright him, nor divert his *Course*.
Above all *Earthly* powres his *Vertue* reares him ;
And, up with *Eglets* wings, to *Heav'n* it beares him.

A fickle



ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. I.

Foole! Dost thou hope, thine *Honours*, or thy *Gold*,
 Shall gaine thee *Love*? Or, that thou hast her heart
 Whole hand upon thy tempting *Bays* layes hold?
 Alas! fond *Lover*, thou deceived art.

She that with *Wealth*, and *Titles*, can be wonne,
 Or woo'd with *Vanities*, will way ring bee;
 And, when her *Love*, thou most dependest on,
 A *Fiddle-sticke* shall winne her heart from thee.
 To *Youth* and *Musicke*, *Venus* leaneth most;
 And (though her hand she on the *Scepter* lay)
 Let *Greatnesse*, of her Favours never boast:
 For, *Heart* and *Eye*, are bent another way.
 And lo, no glorious *Purchase* that Man gets,
 Who hath with such poore *Trifles*, woo'd, and wonne:
 Her footing, on a *Ball*, his *Mistresse* sets,
 Which in a moment slips, and she is gone.
 A *Woman*, meerevly with an *Out side* caught,
 Or tempted with a *Galliard*, or a *Song*,
 Will him forsake (whom she most lovely thought)
 For *Players* and for *Tumblers*, ere't be long.

You, then, that wish your *Love* should everlast,
 (And would enjoy *Affiction* without changing)
Love where your *Loves* may worthily be plac't;
 And, keepe your owne *Affect.on*, still from ranging.
 Use noble *Means*, your Longings to attaine;
 Seeke equall *Mindes*, and well becoming *Yeares*:
 They are (at best) vaine *Foole*s, whom *Follie* gaine,
 But, there is *Blisse*, where *vert.e* most endeares:
 And, where so'e're, A *fection* shee procures.
 In spite of all *T.ptions*, it endures.

This Rage of Death, which thou shalt see,
Consider it; And Pious bee.



ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. I.

Hy, silly Man ! so much admirest thou
 Thy present *Fortune* ? overvaluing so
 Thy *Person*, or the beauty of thy *Brow* ?
 And *Cloth'd*, so proudly, wherefore dost thou goe ?
 Why dost thou live in riotous *Excesse* ?
 And *Boast*, as if thy *Flesh* immortall were ?
 Why dost thou gather so ? Why so oppresse ?
 And, o're thy *Fellow-creatures*, *Domineere* ?
 Behold this *Emblem* ; such a thing was hee
 Whom this doth represent as now thou art ;
 And, such a *Fleshlesse Raw-bone* shalt thou bee,
 Though, yet, thou seeme to act a comelier part.
 Observe it well ; and marke what *Vglineffe*
 Stares through the sightlesse *Eye.holes*, from within :
 Note those leane *Craggs*, and with what *Gastlinesse*,
 That horrid *Countenance* doth seeme to grin.
 Yea, view it well ; and having seene the same
 Plucke downe that *Pride* which puffs thy heart so high ;
 Of thy *Proportion* boast not, and (for shame)
 Repent thee of thy sinfull *Vanity*.
 And, having earn'd, that, all men must become
 Such bare *Anatomies* ; and, how this *Fate*
 No mortall *Powre*, nor *Wit*, can keepe thee from ;
 Live so, that *Death* may berter thy estate.
 Consider who created hee ; and why :
 Retew thy *Spirit*, ere thy *Flesh* decays :
 More *riours* grow ; Affect more *Honestie* ;
 And seek hereafter thy *Creators* praise.
 So though, of *Breath* and *Beauty* we deprive thee,
 New *Life*, with endlessse *Glorie*, *God* will give thee.

Before



ILLVSTR. IX.

Book. 1.

AN Owle (the Hieroglyphicke us'd for Night)
Twixt Mercury and Pallas, here takes place,
Vpon a crown'd Cuduceus fixt upright ;
And, each a Cornucopia doth imbrace.
Through which darke Emblem, I this Light perceiue ;
That, such as would the Wit and Wealth acquire,
Which may the Crowne of approbation haue,
Must wake by Night, to compassse their desire.
For, this Mercurian Wand, doth Wit expresse ;
The Cornu-copia, Wealthinesse implies ;
Both gained by a studious Watchfulnessse ;
Which, here, the Bird of Athens signifies.

Nor, by this Emblem, are we taught alone,
That, (when great Vndertakings are intended)
We Sloth, and lumpish Drowsinesse must shunne ;
But, Rashnesse, also, here is reprehended.
Take Counsell of thy Pillow, (saith our Sawe)
And, ere in waighy Matters thou proceede,
Consider well upon them ; lest they draw
Some Afterclap, which may thy Mischiefe breede.

I, for my seriou'st Muscs, chuse the Night ;
(More friend to Meditation, then the Day)
That neither Noyse, nor Objects of the Sight,
Nor bus'nesses, withdraw my Thoughts away,
By Night, we best may ruminare upon
Our Purposes ; Then, best, we may enquire
What Actions wee amiss, or well, haue done ;
And, then, may best into our Selues retire :


For, of the World-without, when most we see,
Then, blindest to the World-within, are wee.

An Innocent no Danger feares,
How great soever it appeares.



ILLVSTR. X.

Book. 2.


 Hen some did seeke *Arion* to have drown'd,
 He, with a dreadlesse heart his Temples crown'd;
 And, when to drench him in the Seas they meant,
 He playd on his melodious *Instrument*;
 To shew, that *Innocence* disdain'd Feare,
 Though to be swallow'd in the *Deeps* it were.
 Nor did it perish: For, upon her Backe
 A *Dolphin* tooke him, for his *Musick's* sake:
 To intimate, that *Virtue* shall prevaile
 With *Brittish* Creatures, if with *Men* it faile.

Most vaine is then their Hope, who dreame they can
 Make wretched, or undoe, an *Honest-Man*:
 For, he whom Vertuous *Innocence* adorne,
 Insults o're *Cruelties*; and, *Perill* scorne.
 Yea, that, by which, Men purpose to undoe him,
 (In their despight) shall bring great *Honours* to him.

Arion-like, the Malice of the *World*,
 Hath into *Seas* of *Troubles* often hurl'd
 Deserving Men, although no Cause they had,
 But that their *Words* and *Workes* sweet *Musike* made,
 Of all their outward Helps it hath bereft them;
 Nor meanes, nor hopes of Comfort have beene left them;
 But such, as in the House of *Mourning* are,
 And, what *Good Conscience* can afford them there.
 Yet, *Dolphin-like*, their *Innocence* hath rear'd
 Their Heads above those *Dangers* that appear'd.
 God hath vouchsaf'd their harmelesse Cause to heed,
 And, ev'n in Thraldome, so their Hearts hath freed,
 That, whil'st they seem'd oppress'd and forlorne;
 They *Joyd*, and *Sung*, and *Laugh'd* the *World* to scorne.



ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. I.

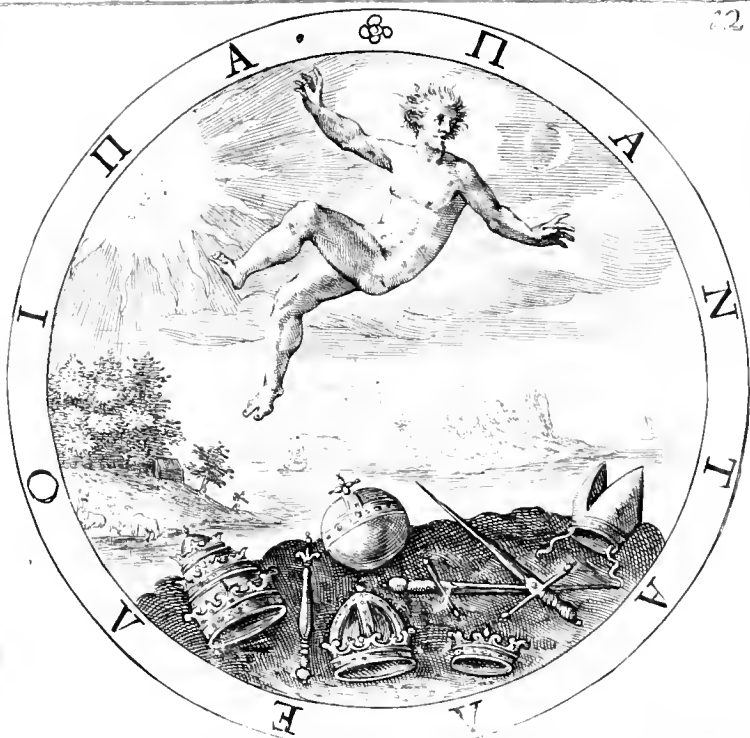
Massie Mil-stone up a tedious Hill,
With mighty Labour, *Sisyphus* doth roll ;
Which being rais'd aloft, downe-tumbleth, still,
To keepe imployed his afflicted Soule.

On him, this tedious Labour is impos'd ;
And (though in vaine) it must be still assayd :
But, some, by no Necessity inclos'd,
Vpon themselves, such needlesse Taskes have layd.
Yea, knowing not (or caring not to know)
That they are worne and weary'd out in vaine,
They madly toyle to plunge themselves in Woe ;
And, seeke uncertaine Ease, in certaine Paine.

Such *Fooles* are they, who dreame they can acquire
A Minde-content, by *Lab'ring still for more* :
For, *Wealth* encreasing, doth encrease *Desire*,
And makes *Contentment* lesser then before.

Such *Fooles* are they, whose *Hopes* doe vainely stretch
To climbe by *Titles*, to a happy Height :
For, having gotten one *Ambitious-Reach*,
Another comes perpetually in sight.
And, their stupidity is nothing lesse,
Who dreame that *Flesh* and *Blood* may raysed be
Vp to the *Mount of perfect-Holinesse* :
For (at our best) corrupt and vile are we.
Yet, we are bound by *Faith*, with *Love* and *Hope*,
To roll the Stone of *Good-Endear our*, still,
As neere as may be, to *Perfections top*,
Though backe againe it tumble downe the *Hill*.

So ; What our *Workes* had never power to doe,
God's Grace, at last, shall freely bring us to.



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book. I.

Hrice happy is that Man whose *Thoughts* doe reare
His Minde above that pitch the *Worldling* flies,
And by his *Contemplations*, hovers where
He viewes things mortall, w^{ith} unbleared eyes.
What Trifles then doe *Villages* and *Townes*
Large *Fields* or *Flockes* of fruitfull *Cattell* seeme ?
Nay, what poore things are *Miters*, *Scepters*, *Crownes*,
And all those *Glories* which Men most esteeme ?
Though he that hath among them, his Delight,
Brave things imagines them (because they blinde
With some false Lustre his beguiled sight)
He that's above them, their meane-Worth may finde.

Lord, to that *Blessed-Station* me convey
Where I may view the *World*, and view her so,
That I her true Condition may survey ;
And all her Imperfections rightly know.
Remember me, that once there was a Day
When thou didst weane me from them with content,
Ev'n when shut up within those *Gates* I lay
Through which the *Plague-infl. Etting Angel* went.
And, let me still remember, that an *Hour*
Is hourelly comming on, wherein I shall
(Though I had all the *World* within my powre)
Be naked stript, and turned out of all.
But minde me, chiefly, that I never cleave
Too closely to my *Selfe* ; and cause thou me,
Not other Earthly things alone to leave,
But to forsake my *Selfe* for love of *Thee* :
That I may say, now *I have all things left*,
Before that I of all things, am berett.



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. I.

NO wonder he a prosp'rous Voyage findes
That hath both *Sailes* and *Oares* to serve his turne,
And, still, through meanes of some propitious *Winds*
Is to his wished *Harbour*, swittly borne.

Nor is it much admir'd, if they that lacke
Those aydes (on which the *Common faith* depends)
Are from their hoped ayms repelled backe,
Or made to labour for unfruitfull ends.
Yet neither in the *Ship*, *Wind*, *Oares*, or *Sailes*,
Nor in the want of *Outward meanes*, alone,
Consists it, that our *Hope* succedes or failes;
But, most in that, which Men least thinke upon.
For, *some* endeavour, and their Paines are blest
With *Gales* which are so fortunate, that they
Fly safe, and swittly on, among the best,
Whil'st others labour, and are cast away.

Some others, on this *Worlds wide Ocean* floate,
And neither *Wind*, nor *Tide* assistant have,
Nor *Saile*, nor *Oare*, nor *Anchor*, nor sound *Boate*,
Nor take so much as heede themselves to save;
And yet are safe: A third sort, then, there are
Who neither want fit *Meanes*, nor yet neglect
The painefull-*Industrie*, or honest *Care*,
Which *Necessitie* requires; yet find small good effect.
Therefore, let that which you propose, be *Iust*;
Then, use the fairest *Meanes*, to compass it:
And, though *Meanes* faile, yet foster no mistrust;
But fearlesly, to *God*, your *Course* commit:

For, *Use*, to *Faithfull-Hearts*, and *Honest-Mindes*
Turnes *Losse* to *Gain*; and *Stormes*, to *prosp'rous Winds*.

Thoug'



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. I.

WHat though an *Apish-Pigmie*, in attire,
His Dwarfish Body *Gyant-like*, array?
Turne *Brave*, and get him *Stilts* to seem the higher:
What would so doing, handsome him I pray?
Now, surely, such a *Mimicke* sight as that,
Would with excessive *Laughter* move your *Spleene*,
Till you had made the little *Dandiprat*,
To lye within some *Auger-hole*, unseene.

I must confesse I cannot chuse but smile,
When I perceive, how Men that worthlesse are,
Piec out their *Imperfections*, to beguile,
By making shewes, of what they never were.
For, in their *borrow'd Shapes*, I know those Men,
And (through their *Masks*) such insight of them have;
That I can oftentimes disclose (ev'n then)
How much they favour of the *Foole* or *Knave*.

A *Pigmy-spirit*, and an *Earthly-Minde*,
Whose looke is onely fixt on *Objects vaine*;
In my esteeme, so meane a place doth finde,
That ev'ry such a one, I much refraine.
But, when in honour'd *Robes* I see it put,
Betrimm'd, as if some thing of *Worth* it were,
Looke big, and on the *Stilts* of *Greatnesse*, strut;
From scorning it, I cannot then forbear.
For, when to grosse *Vnworthinesse*, Men adde
Those *Dues*, which to the *Truest-worth* pertaine;
Tis like an *Ape*, in *Humane-Vestments* clad,
Which, when most fine, deserveth most disdain:
And, more absurd, those Men appeare to me,
Then this *Fantasticke-Monkey* seemes to thee.

I pine, that others may not perish,
 And waste my Selfe, their Life to cherish.

15



ILLVSTR. XV.

Book, I.


Blserve I pray you, how the greedy *Flame*
 The *Faeth*, on an *Altar* doth consume.
 How it destroyeth that which feedes the same,
 And how the *Nourisher* away doth fume.
 For, so it fares with *Parents* that uphold
 Their thirtleesse *Children* in unlawfull *Pleasures* :
 With *Cares*, it weares them out, ere they are old ;
 And ere their *Lives* consume, consumes their *Treasures*.
 So fares it with such *Wantons* as doe feede
 Vnchast *Desires* ; for, ev'ry day they grow
 Vntill their *Longings*, their *Supplies* excede,
 And, quite deuoure those men that fed them so.
 So fares it with all those that spend their *Youth*
 In lab'ring to enrich ungratefull *Men*,
 Who, growing *Great*, and *Wealthy*, by their *Truth*,
 Returne them *Smoke* and *Ashes* backe agen.
 So fares it with good *States-men*, who to keepe
 A thankelesse *Common-wealth* in happy *Peace*,
 Deprive their *Mindes* of Rest, their *Eyes* of *Sleepe*,
 And, waste themselves, that others may encrease.
 And, so it fares with *Men* that passe away
 Their time in *Studies*, (and their *Healths* impaire)
 That helps to other men become they may,
 And, their defectiue *Knowledges*, repaire.
 But, let my *Flesh*, my *Time*, and my *Estate*,
 Be so consum'd ; so spent ; so wasted bee,
 That they may nourish *Grace*, and perfit that
 For which all these were first bestow'd on me :
 So when I quite am vanish'd out of seeing,
 I shall enjoy my *Now-conscald-Being*.

When



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. I.


 When we observe the *Ball*, how to and fro
 The *Gamesters* force it; we may ponder thus:
 That whil'ft we live we shall be playd with so,
 And that the *World* will make her *Game* of us.
Adversities, one while our hearts constraîne
 To stoope, and knock the Pavements of *Despaire*;
Hope, like a Whirle-wind mounts us up againe,
 Till oft it lose us in the empty ayre.
 Sometimes, above the *Battlements* we looke;
 Sometimes, we quite below the *Line* are tost:
 Another-while, against the *Hazard* strooke,
 We, but a little want, of being lost.

Detraction, Envie, Mischief, and Despight,
 One Partie make, and watchfully attend
 To catch us when we rise to any *Height*;
 Lest we above their hatred should ascend.
Good-Fortnne, Praises, Hopes, and Industries,
 Doe side-together, and make *Play* to please us;
 But, when by them we thinke more high to rise,
 More great they make our *Fall*, and more disafe us.
 Yea, they that seeke our *Losse*, advance our *Gain*;
 And to our *Wishes*, bring us oft the nigher:
 For, we that else upon the *Ground* had laine,
 Are, by their striking of us listid higher.
 When *Balls* against the *Stones* are hardest throwne,
 Then highest up into the *Aire* they fly;
 So, when men hurle us (with most fury) downe,
 Wee hopefull are to be advanc'd thereby:
 And, when they smite us quite unto the *Ground*,
 Then, up to Heav'n, we trust, we shall rebound.



ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book. I.

Why should the foolish *World* discourage Men,
In just endurances? or bid them shunne
Good *Actions*, 'cause they suffer now and then,
For *Doing well*, as if some *Ill* were done?
Ere *Plates* extended are, they must abide
A thousand hamm'rings; And, then that which fill'd
So little roome, it scarce your Hand could hide,
Will serve a goodly *Monument* to gild.
So, he that hopes to winne an honest *Name*,
Must many blowes of *Fortune* undergoe,
And hazard, oft, the blast of *Evill Fame*,
Before a *Good-Report* her *Trumpe* will blow.

A thousand *Worthies* had unworthily
Been raked up in *Ashes* and in *Clay*,
Vnknowne and bury'd in *Obscurity*,
If *Malice* had not fil'd their *Rust* away.
But, lo; their lasting prayles now are spread,
And rais'd, by *Adverse-Chance*, to such a height,
That they most glorious are, now they are dead;
And live in *Injuries*, and *Deaths*, despite.
For, by *Afflictions*, man refined growes,
And, (as the *Gold* prepared in the *Fire*)
Receiveth such a *Forme* by wrongs and blowes,
That hee becomes the *Jewell* we desire.

To thee therefore, *Oh God!* My Prayers are
Not to be freed from *Griefes* and *Troubles* quite:
But, that they may be such as I can beare;
And, serve to make me precious in thy Sight.

This please me shall, though all my *Life* time, I
Betweene thine *Anvil* and the *Hammer*, lie.



ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book. x.

THe nimble *Spider* from his Entrails draws
A futtle Thread, and curious art doth show
In weaving *Nets*, not much unlike those *Laves*
Which catch *Small-Thieves*, and let the *Great-ones* goe.
For, as the *Cob-web* takes the lesser *Flyes*,
When those of larger size breake through their *Snares*;
So, *Poore men* smart for little *Injutics*,
When *Rich-men* scape, whose *Guilt* is more then theirs.

The *Spider*, also representeth such
Who very curious are in *Trifling* things,
And neither *Cost*, nor *Time*, nor *Labour* grutch,
In that which neither *Gain* nor *Pleasure* brings.
But those whom here that *Creature* doth implye
Are chietely such, who under cunning shewes
Of simple-Meanings (or of *Curtisie*)
Doe silly Men unwarily abuse.

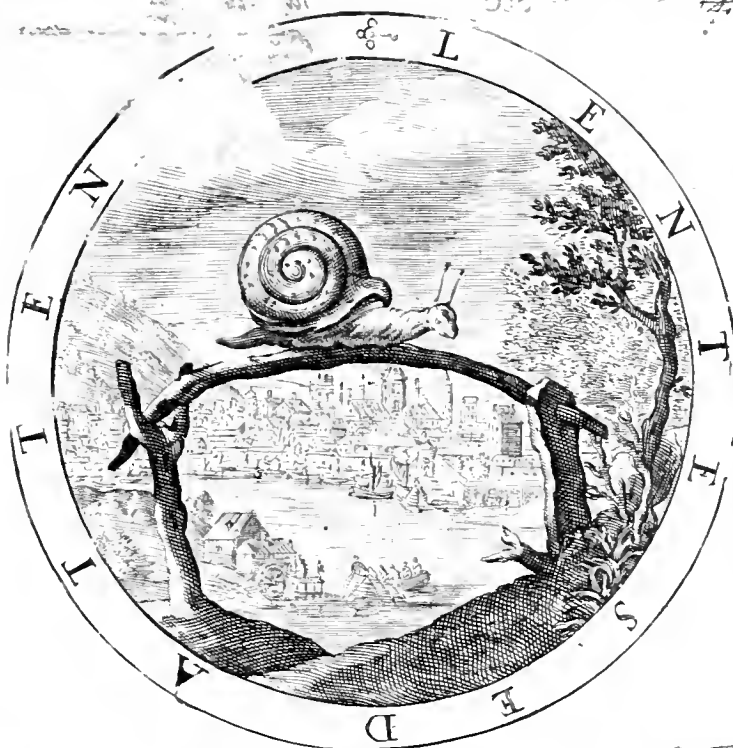
Or else, it meanes those greedy-*Cormorants*
Who without touch, of *Conscience* or *Compassion*,
Seeke how to be enricht by others wants,
And bring the *Poore* to utter *Desolation*.

Avoid them therefore, though compell'd by need;
Or if a *Storme* inforce, (yee lab'ring *Bees*)
That yee must fall among them; Flie with speed
From their *Commerce*, when *Calmes* your passage frees,
Much more, let waffull *Gallants* haste from these;
Else, when those *Idling-painted-Butterflies*,
Have flutted-out their *Summer-time*, in ease,
(And spent their *Wealth* in foolish *Vanities*)

The *Blasts* of *Want* may force them to be brought
For shelter thither, where they shall be caught.

When thou a Dangerous-Way dost goe,
Walke surely, though thy pace be slowe.

19



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. I.

Experience proves, that Men who trust upon
Their Nat'ral parts, too much, oft lose the *Day*,
And, faile in that which els they might have done,
By vainely trifling pretious *Time* away.

It also shewes, that many Men have sought
With so much *Rashnesse*, those things they desir'd,
That they have brought most likely *Hopes* to nought;
And, in the middle of their *Courses*, tir'd.
And, not a few, are found who so much wrong
Gods *Gratiousnesse*, as if their thinkings were,
That (seeing he deferes his *Judgements* long)
His *Vengeance*, he, for ever, would forbear:
But, such as these may see wherein they faile,
And, what would fitter be for them to doe,
If they would contemplate the slow-pac'd *Snaile*;
Or, this our *Hieroglyphicke* looke into:

For, thence we learne, that *Perseverance* brings
Large *Workes* to end, though slowly they creepe on;
And, that *Continuance* perfects many things,
Which seeme, at first, unlikely to be done.

It warnes, likewise, that some *Affaires* require
More *Heed* then *Haste*: And that the *Course* we take,
Should suite as well our *Strength*, as our *Desire*;
Else (as our *Proverbe* saith) *Haste, Waste may make*.
And, in a *Mysticke-sense*, it seemes to preach
Repentance and *Amendment*, unto those
Who live, as if they liv'd beyond Gods reach;
Because, he long deferes deserved *Blowes*:

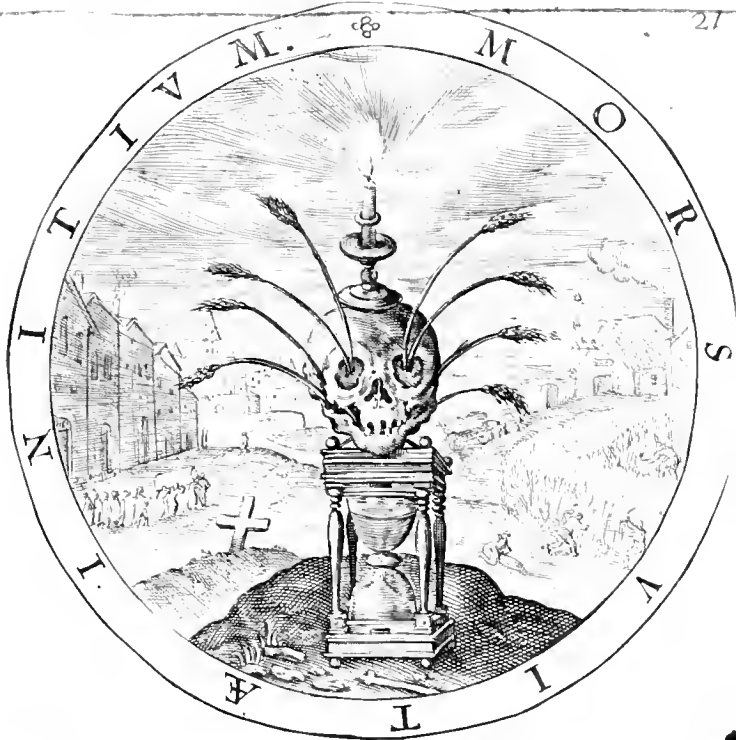
For, though *Iust-Vengeance* moveth like a *Snaile*,
And slowly comes; her comming will not faile.



ILLVSTR. XX.

Book. I.

Some Men, when for their Actions they procure
 A likely colour, (be it nere so vaine)
 Proceede as if their *Projects* were as sure,
 As when *Sound Reason* did their Course maintayne.
 And these not much unlike those *Children* are,
 Who through a *Storme* advent'ring des'perely,
 Had rather on their Heads, a *Sive* to beare,
 Than *Cov'rings*, that may serve to keepe them drye.
 For, at a distance that perchance is thought
 A help'full *Shelter*; and, yet, proves to those
 Who neede the same, a *Toy*, which profits nought;
 Because, each drop of *Raine* quite through it, goes.
 So, they, whose foolish *Projects*, for a while,
 Doe promise their *Projectors* hopefull ends,
 Shall finde them, in the *Tryall*, to beguile;
 And, that both *Shame* and *Want*, on them attends.
 Such like is their estate, who, (to appeare
Rich men to others) doe, with Inward-payne,
 A gladfome out-ward *Port* desire to beare;
 Though they at last nor *Wealth* nor *Credit* gaine.
 And, such are all those *Hypocrites*, who strive
 False *Hearts* beneath *Faire-spoken Words* to hyde:
 For, they o' evaile themselves but with a *Sive*,
 Through which, their purposes at length are *spyde*,
 And, then, they either woefully-lament
 Their *British-folly*, or so hardned grow
 In *Sinning*, that they never can repent,
 Nay, jest and scoffe at their owne Overthrow.
 But no false *Taile* can serve (when *God* will limite)
 To save a *Scorner*, or an *Hypocrite*.



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. I.

Will not blame those grieved Hearts that shed
Becoming-teares, for their departed Friends ;
Nor those who sigh out *Passions* for the *Dead* ;
Since, on *Good-natures*, this Disease attends.

When *Sorrow* is conceiv'd, it mu't have Vent
(In Sighes or Moysture) or the Heart will breake ;
And, much they aggravate our Discontent,
Who, out of *Season*, *Reason* seeme to speake.
Yet, since our Frailty may require we should
Remembrances admit to keepe us from
Excesse in *Griefe* : this *Emblem* here behold,
And take such *Hope* as may our *Teares* becomee.

The *Wheas*, although a while it lyes in Earth,
(And seemeth lost) consumes not quite away ;
But, from that *Wombe* receives another *Birth*,
And, with *Additions*, riseth from the Clay.
Much more shall *Man* revive, whose worth is more :
For, *Death*, who from our Drosse will us refine,
Vnto that other *Life*, becomes the *Doore*,
Where, we in *Immortalitie* shall shine.

When once our *Glasse* is runne, we presently
Give up our *Soules* to *Death* ; So *Death* must give
Our *Bodies* backe againe, that we, thereby,
The *Light* of *Life eternall*, may receive.

The Venom'd *Sting* of *Death* is tooke away ;
And, now, the *Grave*, that was a Place of *Feare*,
Is made a *Bed of Rest*, wherein we may
Lye downe in *Hope*, and bide in safety, there.

When we are *Borne*, to *Death*-ward straight we runne ;
And by our *Death*, our *Life* is new-begunne.

When

When Vice and Vertue Youth shall wooe,
Tis hard to say, which way 'twill goe.



MY hopefull Friends at thrice five yeares and three,
Without a Guide (into the World alone)
To seeke my Fortune, did adventure mee ;
And, many hazards, I lighted on.
First, *Englands* greatest Rendevouz I sought,
Where VICE and VERTVE at the highest sit ;
And, thither, both a Minde and Bodie brought,
For neither of their Services unfit.
Both, woo'd my Youth : And, both perswaded so,
That (like the Young man in our Emblem here)
I stood, and cry'd, *Ah ! which way shall I goe ?*
To me so pleasing both their Offers were.
VICE, Pleasures best Contentments promist mee,
And what the wanton Flesh desires to have :
Quoth VERTVE, I will Wisdome give to thee,
And those brave things, which noblest Mindes doe crave.
Serve me said VICE, and thou shalt soone acquire
All those Atchievements which my Service brings :
Serve me said VERTVE, and Ile raise thee higher,
Then VICES can, and teach thee better things.
Whil'st thus they strove to gaine me, I espyde
Grim Death attending VICE ; and, that her Face
Was but a painted Vizard, which did hide
The foul'st Deformity that ever was.
LORD, grant me grace for evermore to view
Her Vglinesse : And, that I viewing it,
Her Falshoods and allurements may eschew ;
And on faire VERTVE my Affection set ;
Her Beauties contemplate, her Love embrace,
And by her safe Direction, runne my Race.



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. I.

He lick'rish *Bear* to rob the *Honey-Bees*
Among their stinging-Swarms thrusts in his pawes;
Adventureth to climbe up hollow Trees,
And from their *Cells*, the well fill'd *Combes* he draws:
Right so, the *Sensuall Man* that he may gaine
His brutish *Last*, a thousand perills dares;
And, that his *Lawlesse-will* he may attaine,
Nor *Conscience*, *Credit*, *Cost*, nor *Labour* spares.
'Twere shamefull basenesse, therefore, if that he
Who knoweth *Vertue*, and is thought her *Lover*,
Should so by any Perills frighted bee,
To make him such *Affections* to give-over.
For, why should that *Vaine-Crew* whose Valour springs
From beattly *Fury*, or inflamed-*Passion*,
Enabled be to compasse bolder things,
Then *Sober-Wit*, and *Grave Consideration*?
Or, why should lipping *Wantons*, for their *Lust*
So much adventure as one finger, there,
Where we our Lives in hazard would not thrust
For *Vertues* Glory, if it needfull were?
For, though her *Sweetnesse* fast is closed in
With many *Thornes*, and such a Prickling-guard,
That we must smart, before that *Prize* we winne,
The *Paine* is follow'd, with a *Rich Reward*.
By *Suff'ring*, I have more *Contentment* had,
Then ever I acquir'd by *Slothfull Ease*;
And, I by *Griefe*, so joyfull have beene made,
That I will beare my *Crosse*, while *God* thall please.
For, so at last my *Soule* may *loy* procure,
I care not, in my *Flesh* what I endure.



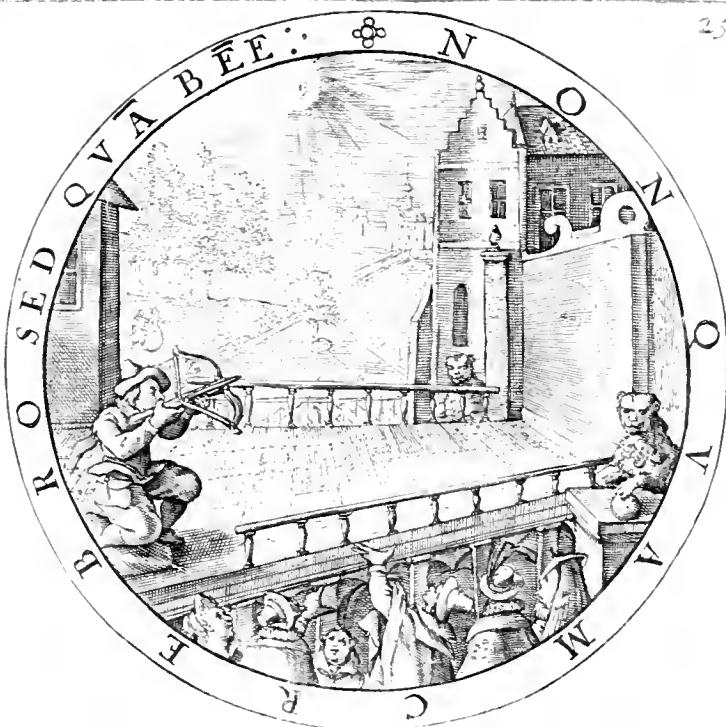
ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. I.

IN vaine faire Cynthia never taketh paines,
Nor faints in foll'wing her desired Game;
And, when at any Marke her Bowe she straines,
The winged Arrow surely hits the same.
Her Picture, therefore, in this place doth shew
The Nature of their Mindes who Cynthia-like,
With Constancie their Purposes pursue,
And faint not till they compasse what they seeke.
For, nought more God-like in this World is found,
Then so Resolv'd a man, that nothing may
His Resolution alter or confound,
When any taske of Werth, he doth assay.
Nor, is there greater Basenesse, then those Mindes
That from an Honest-purpase, can be wrought
By Threatnings, Bribes, Smooth-Gales or Boystrous Windes,
What ever colour or excuse be brought.

You then, that would, with Pleasure, Glory gaine,
Diana like, those modest things require,
Which tuely may bescome you to attaine;
And stoutly follow that which you desire:
For, changing though the Mome to us appeare,
She holds a firme Dependence on the Sunne;
And, by a Constant-Motion, in her Sphere
With him, doth in Conjunction often runne:
So, Constant-men, still move their hopes to winne;
But, never by a Motion-indirect;
Nor, will they stop the Course that they are in,
Vntill they bring their purpose to effect.

For, whosoever Honest things requires,
A Promise hath of all that he desires.



ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book. I.



Hen to the Fields we walke to looke upon
Some skilfull *Mark-man* ; so much heede we not
How many *Arrows* from his *Bowe* are gone,
As we observe how nigh the *Marke* he shot :
And, justly we deride that Man who spends
His *Time* and *Shafts*, but never ayne doth take
To hit the *White* ; or foolishly pretends,
The number of the *Shots*, doth *Archers* make.
So, *God*, who marketh our Endeavours, here,
Doth not by *tale*, account of them receive ;
But, heedeth rather how *well meant* they were.
And, at his *Will* how rightly ayne'd we have.

It is not mumbling over thrice a day
A Set of *Ave Marias*, or of *Credits*,
Or many houres formally to *pray* ;
When from a dull *Devotion* it procedes .
Nor is it, up and downe the Land to seeke
To finde those well breath'd *Lecturers*, that can
Preach thrice a *Sabbath*, and fixe times a weeke,
Yet be as fresh, as when they first beganne :
Nor, is it, such like things perform'd by *Number*
Which *God* respects : Nor doth his *Wisdom* crave
Those many *Vanities*, wherewith some cumber
Their *Bodies*, as if those their *Soules* could save,
For, not *Much-doing*, but *Well-doing*, that
Which *God* commands, the *Deer*, justifies.
To pray without *Devotion*, is to *Prate* ;
And, *Hearing* is but halfe our *Exercise*.

We ought not, therefore, to regard, alone,
How *often*, but how *Well*, the *Worke* be done.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book. I.

THe little *Squirrel*, hath no other Food
Then that which *Natures* thrifty hand provides;
And, in purveying up and downe the Wood,
She many cold wet Stormes, for that, abides.
She lyes not heartlesse in her *Mossie Dray*,
Nor feareth to adventure through the *Raine*;
But skippeth out, and beares it as she may,
Vntill the Season waxeth calme againe.

Right thus, have I and others, often far'd;
For, when we first into the World were brought,
We found but little, for our Use prepar'd,
Save that, which by *Hard-Labour*, must be sought.
In many *Stormes*, unheeded, we are faine
To soeke out needfull things; and, smilingly
To jest, at what some others would complaine:
That, none might laugh at our *Necessity*.
Yea, some have liv'd on *Huskes*, whil' st others fed
On that which was their *Labours* due Reward;
And, were pursu'd (till they almost were dead)
Without the Worlds Compassion or Regard.
Yet, by *Enduring*, they out-liv'd the Blast
Of *Adverse-Fortune*; and, with good successe,
(Expecting calmer Seasons) at the last,
Arrived at the Port of *Happinesse*.

Their *Suffring. much*, hath made their *Suffrings* none;
And brought forth *Hopes*, by which, perceive they may,
That *Nights* have but their *Turnes*; and (they once gone)
Their *Darkenesse*, makes much welcomer, the *Day*.

All *Griefe* shall have an ending, I am sure;
And, therefore, I with *Patience*, will *Endure*.

Where



ILLVSTR. XXVII.

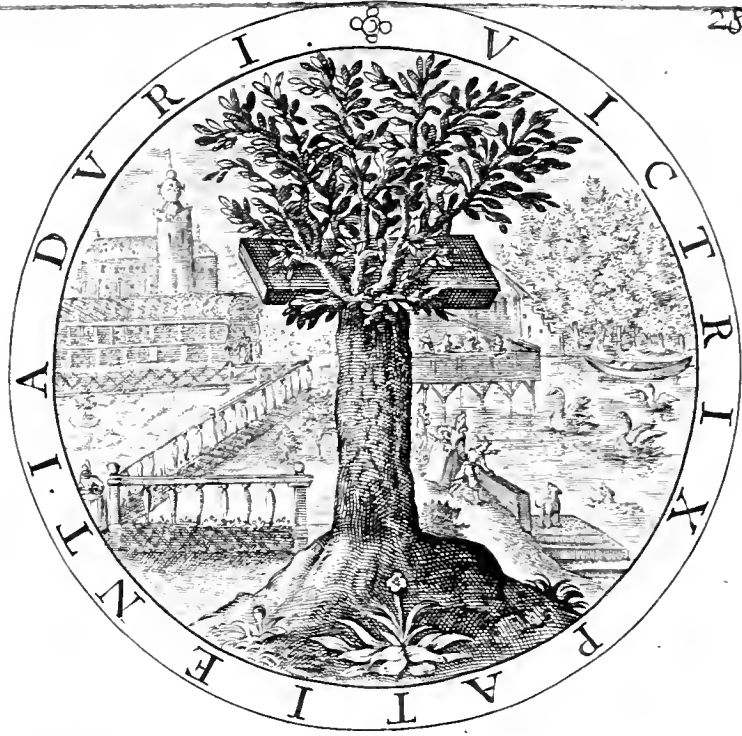
Book. I.

THeir foolish Guise, I never could affect,
Who dare, for any cause, the *Stewes* frequent;
And, thither, where I justly might suspect
A *Strumpet* liv'd, as yet, I never went.
For, when (as *Fooles* pretend) they goe to seeke
Experience, where more *Ill* then *Good*, they see;
They venture for their *Knowledge*, *Adam*-like;
And, such as his, will their *Atchievements* bee.

Let, therefore, those that would loose *Trulls* detest,
Converse with none, but those that modest are;
For, they that can of *Whoredome* make a Iest,
Will entertaine it, ere they be aware.

Chast-Company, and *Chast-Discourse*, doth make
The Minde more pleased with it, cv'ry day;
And, *Frequent views of Wantonnesse*, will take
The Sense and Hatred, of the *Vice* away.

Some, I have knowne, by *Harlots Wiles* undone,
Who, but to see their *Fashions*, first pretended;
And, they that went for *Company*, alone,
By suddaine Quarrells, there, their *Dayes* have ended.
For, in the Lodgings of a *Lustfull Woman*,
Immodest *Impudence* hath still her Being;
There, *Furie*, *Fraud*, and *Crue'ties* are common:
And, there, is *Want*, and *Shame*, and *Disagreeing*.
Ev'n *Beauty*, of it selte, stirres loose *Desires*,
Occasioning both *Iealousies*, and *Fears*;
It kindleth in the Brest, concealed *Fires*,
Which burne the Heart, before the *Flame* appears:
And, ev'ry day, experienced are wee;
That, there, where *Hellen* is, *Troyes Fate* will bee.



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

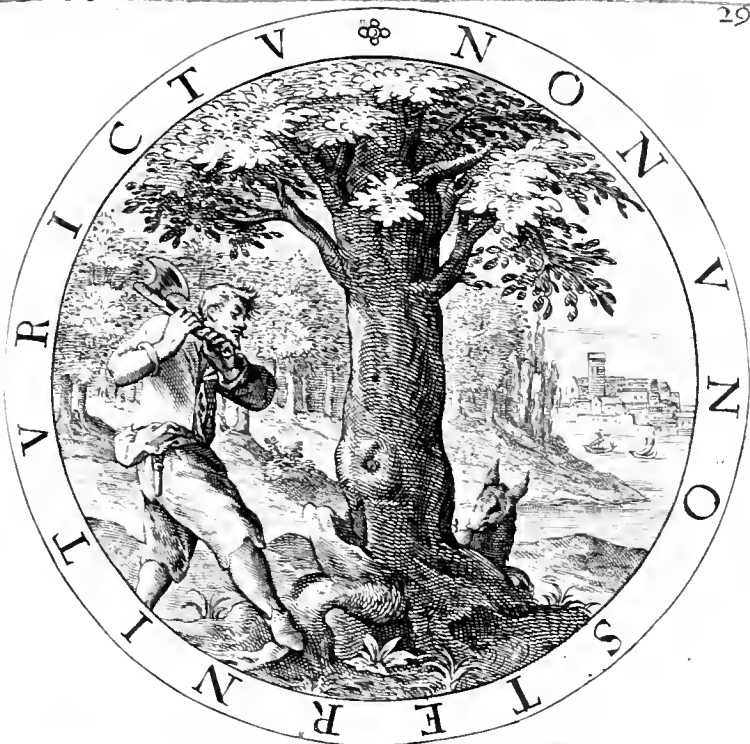
Book. I

Some Trees, when Men oppresse their Aged Heads,
(With waighty Stones) they fru & rise the more ;
And, when upon some Herbs, the Gard'ner treads,
They thrive and prosper, better then before :

So, when the Kings of *Ægypt* did oppresse
The Sonnes of *Jacob*, through their Tyrannies ;
Their Numbers, every day, did more encrease,
Till they grew greater then their Enemies.
So, when the *Jewes* and *Gentiles*, joyn'd their Powrs
The Lord, and his Armynted, to withstand ;
(With raging *Furie*, lab'ring to devour
And roote the *Gospel*, out of ev'ry Land)
The more they rag'd, conspired, and envy'd,
The more they slander'd, scorn'd, and murdered ;
The more, the *Faithfull*, still, were multiply'd :
And, still, the further, their *Profession* spred.
Yea, so it spred, that quite it overthrew
Ev'n *Tyranny* it selfe ; that, at the last,
The *Patience of the Saints*, most pow'rfull grew,
And *Persecutions* force, to ground was cast.

The selfe-same Pow'r, true *Patience*, yet retaines,
And (though a thousand *Suffrings* wound the same)
She still hath *Hope* enough to ease her paynes ;
That *Hope*, which keepeth off, all *Feare* and *Shame* :
For, 'tis not *Hunger*, *Cold*, nor *Fire*, nor *Steele*,
Nor all the *Scornes* or *Slanders*, we can heare,
Nor any *Torment*, which our *Flesh* can feele,
That conquers us ; but, our owne *Traightious Feare*.

Where, *Honest Mindes*, and *Patient Hearts*, are Mates ;
They grow victorious, in their *Hardest Fates*.



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. I.

DEspaire not *Man*, in what thou oughtst to doe,
Although thou faile when one *Attempt* is made ;
But, adde a *New-Endeavour* thereunto,
And, then another, and another, adde :
Yea, till thy Pow'r and Life shall quite be spent,
Perfit in seeking what thou shouldst desire ;
For, he that falleth from a good *Intent*,
Deserves not that, to which he did aspire.
Rich Treasures, are by *Nature*, placed deepe ;
And, ere we gaine them, we must pierce the *Rockes* :
Such *Perills*, also, them, as *Guardians* keepe,
That, none can winne them without wounds and knockes.
Moreover, *Glories*, *Thrones* are so sublime,
That, whosoever thinks their *Top* to gaine,
Till many thousand weary steps he clime,
Doth foole himselfe, by *Musings* which are vain.

And, yet, there is a *Path-way*, which doth leade
Above the highest things that *Man* can see ;
And (though it be not knowne to all who tread
The *Common-Tract*) it may ascended be.
As, therefore, none should greater things presume
Then well become their strength ; So, none should feare
(Through *Folly*, *Sloth*, or *Basenesse*) to assume
Those things upon them, which be seeming are.
In *Time*, and by *Degrees* may things be wrought,
That seem'd impossible to have beene done,
When they were first conceived in the thought ;
And, such as these, we may adventure on.

Mine *Arme*, I know, in time will fell an *Oke* ;
But, I will nev'r attempt it, at a *Stroke*.



ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book. I.



Hether the Salamander be a Beast,
Or Precious-Stone, which overcomes the Flame,
It skills not; Since, by either is exprest
The Meaning which we purpose by the same:
Both brooke the Fire unhurt; And (more then so)
The fiercer and the longer Heats there are,
The livelier in the same the Beast will grow;
And, much the brighter, will the Stone appeare.

This Crowned-Salamander in the Fire,
May, therefore, not unfitly, signifie
Those, who in Fiery Charriots, doe aspire
Elyah-like, to Immortality:
Or, those Heroicke-spirits, who unharm'd
Have through the Fires of Troubles, and Affliction,
(With Vertue, and with Innocencie arm'd)
Walkt onward, in the Path-way, of Perfection.

The Fiery-Tryall, which like Wood and Hay,
Consumes the Workes of ev'ry Wicked-one;
(And maketh all their Hopes to fume away)
Doth purifie what Faithfull-men have done.
Thy triumph in the Flames, and shall obtaine
The glorious Crowne of Endlesse-Happinesse,
When all that show of Blisse appeareth vaine,
Which Worldly men have seemed to possesse.
For, though some Sinnes and Follies, gilded are,
And shine like purest Gold, and Pretions-Stones;
This Test, will finde of what Allay they were,
And, make them knowne but Counterfeited-Ones:
For, in this Fornace, all such Wormes expire;
And, none but Vertue liveth in this Fire.



ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. I.

AM not of their Minde, who thinke the *Sun*,
The *Moone*, the *Planets*, and those glorious *Lights*
Which trim the *Spheres*, doe in their *Motions* run
To no more purpose, then to please our *Sights*.
Nor for distinguishment of *Nights*, and *Dayes*,
Or of the *Seasons*, and the *Times*, alone,
Can I suppose the Hand of *God* displays
Those many *Starres*, we nightly gaze upon:
For, both by *Reason*, and by *Common-sense*
We know (and often feele) that from above
The *Planets* have, on us, an *Influence*;
And, that our *Bodies* varie, as they move.

Moreover, *Holy Writ* inferres, that these
Have some such pow'r; ev'n in those *Places*, where
It names *Orion*, and the *Pleiades*;
Which, *Starres* of much inferiour Nature are.

Yet, hence conclude not, therefore, that the *Minde*
Is by the *Starres* constrained to obey
Their *Influence*; or, so by them inclin'd,
That, by no meanes resist the same we may.
For, though they forme the *Bodies* temp'ature,
(And though the *Minde* inclineth after that)
By *Grace*, another *Temper* we procure,
Which guides the *Motions* of *Supposed Fate*.
The *Soule* of *Man* is nobler then the *Spheres*;
And, if it gaine the *Place* which may be had,
Not here alone on *Earth*, the *Rule* it beares,
But, is the *Lord*, of all that *God* hath made.

Be wise in him; and, if just cause there bee,
The *Sunne* and *Moone*, shall stand and wayt on thee.

A Princes



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. I.

Right blest are they on whom God hath bestow'd
A King, whose *Vertues* have approved him
To be an Ornament unto his *Throne*,
And as a Lustre to his *Diadem*.

Hee seekes not onely how to keepe in awe
His *People*, by those meanes that rightfull are;
But, doth unto himselfe, become a *Law*,
And, by *Example*, Pious *Wayes* declare.
He, loveth *Peace*, and after it pursues;
Yet, if of *Warre* a just occasion come,
Doth nor *Bellona's* Challenges refuse,
Nor feare, to beat *Defyance* on his *Drum*;
He is as ready, also, to advance
The *Lib'rall Arts*, and from his *Lands* to drive
All false *Religion*, *Schisme*, and *Ignorance*,
As other publike profits to contrive.
And, such a *Prince* is not a *Casual-thing*,
The *Glories* of a *Throne*, by *Chance*, possessing;
Nor meerely from his *Parents*, doth he spring,
But, he is rather *Gods* immediate *Blesing*.

If thou desirest such a *Prince* to be,
Or, to acquire that *Worth* which may allure
Such *Princes* to vouchsafe some *Grace* to thee;
Their *Kingly Vertues*, labour to procure.
In *Military* Practices delight,
Not for a wicked, or vaine-glorious end;
But, to maintaine the *Cause* that is upright,
Or thy distressed *Country* to defend.

And, strive that thou, as excellent mayst bee
In *Knowledge*, as, thou art in thy *Degree*.

True



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

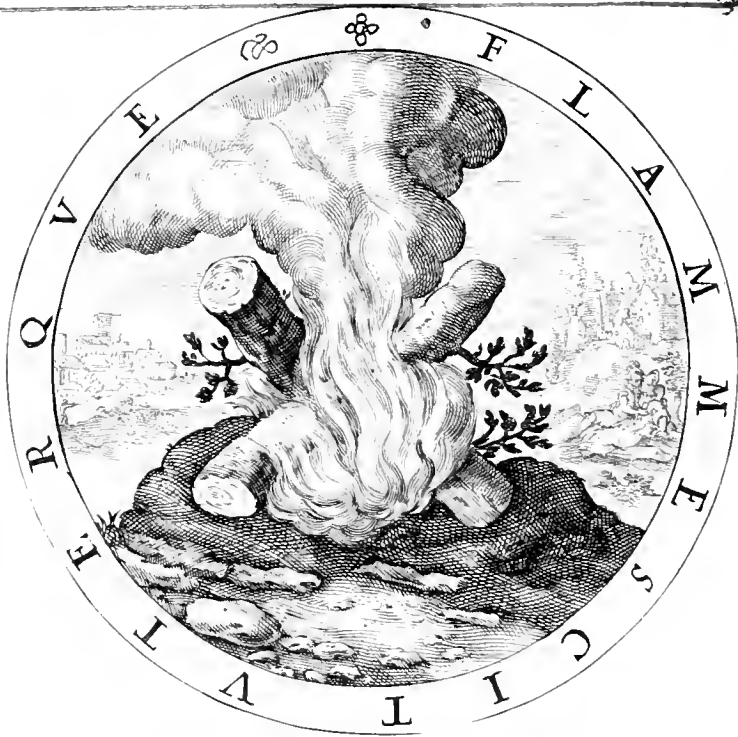
Book. I.

Hee that shall say he *Loves*, and was againe
So well-belov'd, that neither *Hee* nor *Shee*
Suspects each other, neither needs to gaine
New proofes, that they in all Desires agree ;
And, yet, shall coole againe in their *Affection*,
(And leave to Love) or live till they are *Lovers*
The second-time ; It some grosse Imperfection
In *One* (if not in *Both*) of them discovers.

It was not *Love* which did between them grow ;
But, rather, somewhat like unto the same ;
Which (having made a faire deceiving *Show*)
Obtain'd, a while, that honorable Name.
For, *False Affections* will together play
So lovingly ; and, oft, so act those Parts
Which reall seeme ; that, for a time, they may
Appare the *Children of Unsign'd-Hearts* :
Yea, Many-times, true *Turtles* are deceiv'd
By counterfeited *Passions*, till their *Love*
Of her true *Object* findes her selfe bereav'd ;
And, after it, is forced to remove :
But, where *True-Love* begetteth, and enjoys
The proper *Object*, which shee doth desire,
Nor *Time*, nor *Injury* the same destroys ;
But, it continues a *Perpetuall Fire*.

Like am'rous *Thisbe* to her *Pyramus*,
On all occasions, it continues true :
Nor *Night*, nor *Danger*, makes it timorous ;
But, through all Perills, it will him pursue.

Thus, both in *Life*, in *Death*, in all estates,
True-Lovers will be true-*Associates*.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book. I.

THe *Westerne-Indians*, when they want a Fire
To warme their naked limbs, or dresse their Food,
At ev'ry need, accomplish th'ir Desire,
By often rubbing of two *Sticks* of Wood.

From whence, these *Observations* we may take;
First, that in them whose Natures gentlest are,
Along *Contention* such a Change may make,
As did, before, scarce possible appeare.

Next, that when *Two* in *Opposition* bee,
Whose power and strength and Malice is the same,
Their strugling Hearts but seldome doe agree,
Till they beget, a *Selfe-devouring-Flame*.

And, thirdly, it informes, that those chaste *Fires*
Which on *Loves Asars* keepe a Lasting Heat;
Are those, which in two Hearts, two *Like-Desires*
Vpon each other, mutually beget.

Hence, therefore, learne thou, first, not to contemne
Their *Mildnesse*, who to anger are not prone;
Lest, many wrongs doe stie up *Fires* in them,
And worke thee *Mischiefe*, when thou look'it for none.

Be wary, next, though thou thy self be strong,
How with a pow'rfull Foe thou dost contend;
For, they that wraastle in *Contention*, long,
Will, sure, bestrew their Madnesse in the end.

And, if to warme thee by *Loves Fires* thou seeke,
Thy *Peere* in *Yeares*, and *Manners*, pray to finde;
Let both your *Aymes*, and *Longings*, be alike;
Be one in *Faith*, and *Will*: and, one in *Minde*:
So, you shall reape the fruits of your Desire,
And warme each other with a kindly *Fire*.



ILLVSTR. XXXV.

Book. I.




When I behold the Havoocke and the Spoyle,
Which (ev'n within the compasse of my Dayes)
Is made through every quarter of this Ile,
In Woods and Groves (which were this Kingdomes praise)
And, when I minde with how much greedinesse,
We seeke the present Gaine, in every thing ;
Not caring (so our Lust we may possesse)
What Dammage to Posterity we bring :
They doe, me-thinkes, as if they did foresee,
That, some of those, whom they have cause to hate,
Should come in Future-times, their Heires to be :
Or else, why should they such things perpetrate ?
For, if they thinke their Children shall succeed ;
Or, can believe, that they begot their Heires ;
They could not, surely, doe so foule a Deed,
As to deface the Land, that should be theirs.
What our Feresathers planted, we destroy :
Nay, all Mens labours, living heretofore,
And all our owne, we lavishly imploy
To serve our present Lusts ; and, for no more.

Put, let these carelesse Wasters learne to know,
That, as Vaine-Spoyle is open Injury ;
So, Planting is a Debt, they truly owe,
And ought to pay to their Posterity.
Selfe love, for none, but for it selfe, doth care ;
And, onely, for the present, taketh paine :
But, Charity for others doth prepare ;
And, joyes in that, which Future-Time shall gaine.
If, After-Ages may my Labours blesse ;
I care not, much, how Little I possesse.



ILLVSTR. XXXVI.

Book. I.


 He *Estridge* (though with many *Feathers* trimm'd,
 And deckt with goodly *Plumes* of no meane size)
 Is so unwieldy, and so largely limb'd,
 That, up into the *Aire* he cannot rise.
 And, though in *Wings* and *Feathers*, he appears
 A goodly *Fowle*, and beares his *Head* so high,
 As if he could oretop the lower *Spheres*;
 And, farre above the towring *Eagles* flie;
 So uselesse are those *Feathers*, and those *Wings*,
 To gaine him *Name* among their aiery *Race*;
 That, he must walke with such *Inferiour* things,
 As in this *Common-Region*, have their place.

Such *Fowles* as these, are that *Gay-plumed-Crew*,
 Which (to high place and *Fortunes* being borne)
 Are men of goodly worth, in outward view;
 And, in themselves, deserve nought els but scorne.
 For, though their *Trappings*, their *high-lifted Eyes*,
 Their *Lofly Words*, and their *Much-feared Pow'rs*,
 Doe make them seeme *Heroicke*, *Stout*, and *Wise*,
 Their *Hearts* are oft as *fond*, and *saint* as *curs*.
 Such *Animals* as these, are also those
 That *Wise*, and *Grave*, and *Learned Men* doe seeme
 In *Title*, *Habit*, and all *Formall* shewes;
 Yet, have nor *Wit*, nor *Knowledge*, worth esteeme.

And, lastly, such are they; that, having got
Wealth, *Knowledge*, and those other *Gifts*, which may
 Advance the *Publike Good*, yet, use them not;
 But *Feede*, and *Sleepe*, and laze their *time* away.

He, may be but a *Gosse*, which weares the *Quill*;
 But, him we praise, that useth it with *Skill*.



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. I.



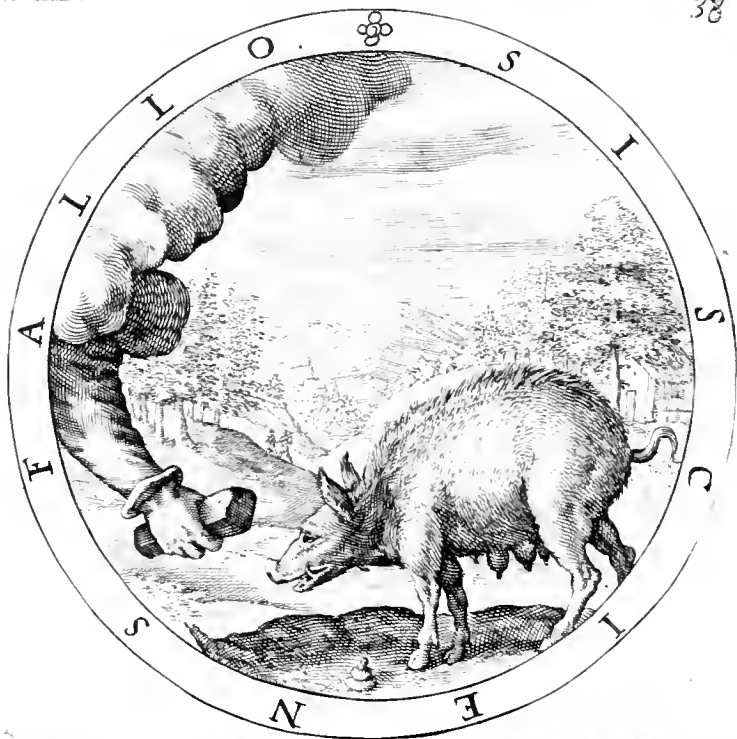
See to the *Sea*, this *World* may well compare ;
For, ev'ry Man which liveth in the same,
Is as a *Pilot*, to some *Vessell* there,
Of little size, or else of larger frame.

Some, have the *Boats* of their owne *Life* to guide,
Some, of whole *Families* doe row the *Barge*,
Some, governe petty *Townships* too, beside,
(To those compar'd, which of small *Barkis* have charge)
Some others, rule great *Provinces* ; and, they
Resemble *Captaines* of huge *Argosies* :
But, wh'n of *Kingdomes*, any gayne the *Sway*,
To *Generalls* of *Fleets*, we liken these.

Each hath his proper *Course* to him assign'd,
His *Card*, his *Compass*, his due *Tacklings*, too ;
And, if their *Butnesse*, as they ought, they mind,
They may accomplish all they have to doe.
But, most Men leave the *Care* of their owne *Course*,
To judge or follow others, in their wayes ;
And, when their *Follies* make their *Fortunes* worse,
They curse the *Destiny*, which they should prayse.
For, *Waves*, and *Wendes*, and that oft-changing *Weather*
Which many blame, as cause of all their *Losses*,
(Though they observe it not) helps bring together
Those *Hopes*, which their owne *Wisdom*, oft'n crosses.
Regard not, therefore much, what those things be,
Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy *Way* ;
Nor, how, *Rash-Lookers-on* will censure thee ;
But, faithfully, to doe thy part, assy :

For, if thou shalt not from this *Counsell* vary,
Let my *Hopes* faile me, if thy *Hopes* miscarry.

A sudden



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

Book. I.

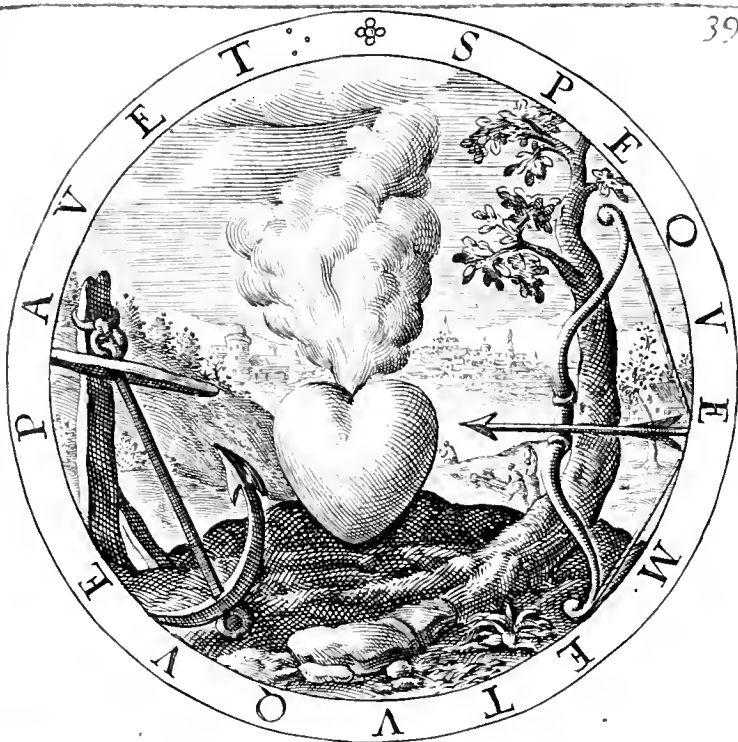


Hen th' Ancients made a solemne League or Vow,
 Their Custome was to ratifie it, thus ;
 Before their Idoll God, they slew a Sow,
 And sayd aloud ; So be it unto us.
 Implying, that, if otherwise they did
 Then had been vow'd ; or, if within their Brest
 A Fraudulent-Intention had beene hid,
 They merited such Vsfage, as that Beast.
 For, by the Swine that they had slaughtered so,
 (Which, during Life, was he'pefull unto none)
 Of Life deprived by a sudder blow,
 And, then, cast out, that none might feed thereon ;
 They, mystically did inferre : that, he
 Who falsify'd that Oath which he had sworne,
 Deserv'd, by Sudden-Death, cut off to be ;
 And, as a Beast uncleane, to lye forlorne.

That Heathenish Hieroglyphicke, doth implye
 This Christian Doctrine ; that, we should in Vowes,
 In Leagues, and Oathes, assume no Liberty,
 But, what sincerest Honesty allows.

By Swine, the babbling Sophisters are meant,
 In Hieroglyphicall Signification ;
 Which wee doe Sacrifice, when our intent
 Is free from Falsehood, and Æquivocation.
 And, this, let ev'ry Man endeavour for,
 Who loves the Blessings, for just men prepar'd ;
 Or, if the Sinne he doe not much abhorre,
 At least, the Danger let him well regard :

For, to pursue him, Vengeance never leaves,
 That falsely Sweares, or willingly Deceives.



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. I.

A Troubled *Minde*, ore-charged with *Desires*,
Betweene great *Hopes*, and no lesse *Feares* opprest,
And payned inwardly with secret *Fires*,

Was thus, by some, in former times exprest.

A *Smoking Heart*, they placed just betwixt

A *Fastned Anchor*, and a *Bended Bow*;

To which a *Barbed-Arrow* seemed fixt,

And, ready from the *Strayned String* to goe.

The *Smoke* doth *Sighes*, the *Anchor* doth declare

That *Hope* which keepes us from *Despairing* quite;

The *Bowe* and *Arrow*, signifie that *Feare*,

Which doth, perpetually, the *Soule* affright.

And, by this *Emblem*, it appears to me
That they which are with strong *Desires* opprest,

(Though good or bad the *Object* of them be)

In seeking *Pleasures*, finde no small unrest:

For; they are not by *Feares*, alone, disturb'd,

But, as the *Wiseman* saith, ev'n *Hope-Delayd*

Torments the Heart; and, when *Desire* is curbed,

The *Soule* becommeth sad, and ill-apayd.

A *Groundlesse-Hope*, makes entrance for *Despaire*,

And with *Deceiving* shewes the *Heart* betrays:

A *Causelesse Feare*, doth *Reasons* force impaire,

And, terrifies the *Soule*, in doubtfull wayes.

Yet, quite neglect them not; For, *Hope* repells

That *Griefe* some times, which would our *Hearts* oppresse.

And, *Feare* is otherwhile the *Sentinel*

Which rouzeth us from dang'rous *Carelesnesse*.

Thus, *Both* are good: but, *Both* are *Plagues* to such,

Who either *Fondly feare*, or *Hope too much*.

Those

Those Fooles whom Beauties Flame doth bli nde,
 Feele Death, where Life they thought to finde.



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. I.

Hen you doe next behold the wanton *Flyes*
 About the shining *Candle*, come to play,
 Vntill the *Light* hereof hath dimm'd their *Eyes*,
 Or, till the *Flame* hath sing'd their *Wings* away :
 Remember, then, this *Emblem* ; and, beware
 You be not playing at such harmefull *Games* :
 Consider, if there sit no *Female*, there,
 That overwarms you, with her *Beauties Flames*.
 Take heed, you doe not over dally so
 As to inflame the *Tinder* of *Desire* ;
 But, shun the *Mischiefe*, e're too late it grow,
 Lest you be scorched in that *Foolish-Fire*.

For, as those *Wandering Fires* which in the *Night*,
 Doe leade unwary *Trauellers* astray,
 Alluring them, by their deceiving *Sig's*,
 Till they have altogether lost their way :
 Right so fantasticke *Beauty* doth amaze
 The Lust full *Eye*, allures the *Heart* aside,
 Cap'ives the *Senses* (by a sudden blaze)
 And, leaves the *Judgement* wholly *Stupify'd*.
 Nay, if Men play too long about those *Torches*,
 Such is the Nature of their wanton *Flame*,
 That, from their *Bodies* (unawares) it scorches
 Those *Wings* and *Feet*, on which they thither came,
 It wasteth (ev'n to nothing) all their *Wealth*,
 Consumes their precious *Time*, destroys their *Strength*,
 Bespots their *Honest-Fame*, impaines their *Health*,
 And (when their *Fatall Thread* is at the length)
 That thing, on which their *Hope of Life* is plac't,
 Shall bring them to *Destruction*, at the last.

Let

Let him, that at GODS Altar stands,
In Innocencie, wash his Hands.

41



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. I.



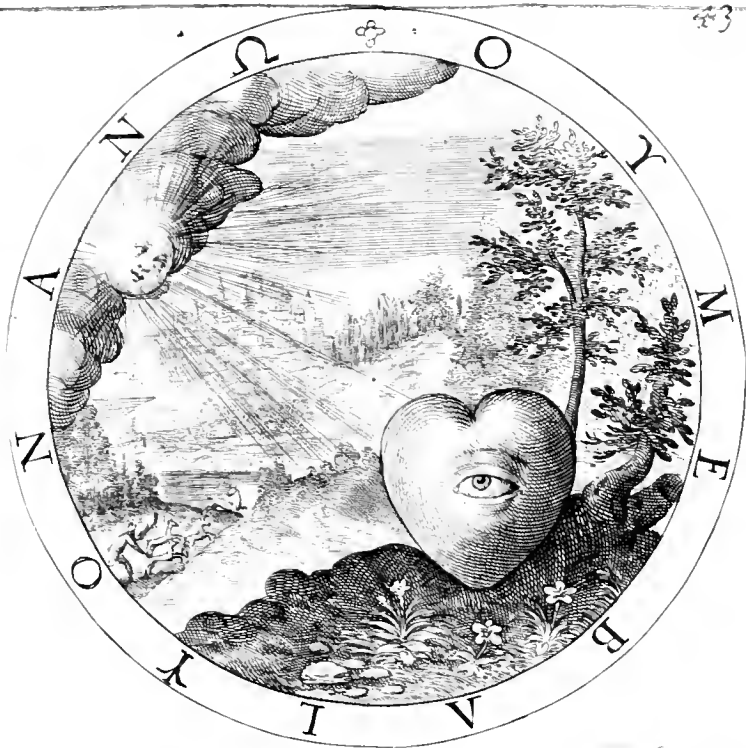
When (Reader) thou hast first of all surveyd
That Reverend Priest, which here engraven stands,
In all his Holy Vestiments array'd,

Endeavouring for Purified-Hands ;
Collect from hence, that, when thou dost appear
To offer Sacrifice of Praise or Prayer,
Thou oughtst the Robes of Righteousnesse, to weare,
And, by Repentance, thy defects repaire.
For, thou, that, with polluted Hands presum'st
Before Gods Altar to present thy Face ;
Or, in the Rags of thine owne Merits com'st,
Shalt reape Displeasure, where thou look'st for Grace.

Then, if thou be of those that would aspire
A Priest, or Prelate, in Gods Church to be ;
Besure, thou first those Ornaments acquire,
Which, may be fitting to that High-Degree.
Intrude not, as perhaps too many doe,
With Gifts unfit, or by an Evill meane :
Desire it with a right Intention too ;
And, seeke to keepe thy Conversation cleane,
For, they that have assum'd this Holy-Calling,
With Hands impure, and Hearts un sanctify'd,
Defame the Truth ; give others cause of Falling,
And, scandalize their Brethren, too, beside :
Yea, to them selves, their very Sacrifice
Becomes unhallow'd ; and, their Thankes and Prayers,
The God of Purity, doth so despise,
That, all their Hopes, he turneth to Despaire :
And, all their best Endeavours, countermands,
Till they appear with unpolluted Hands.

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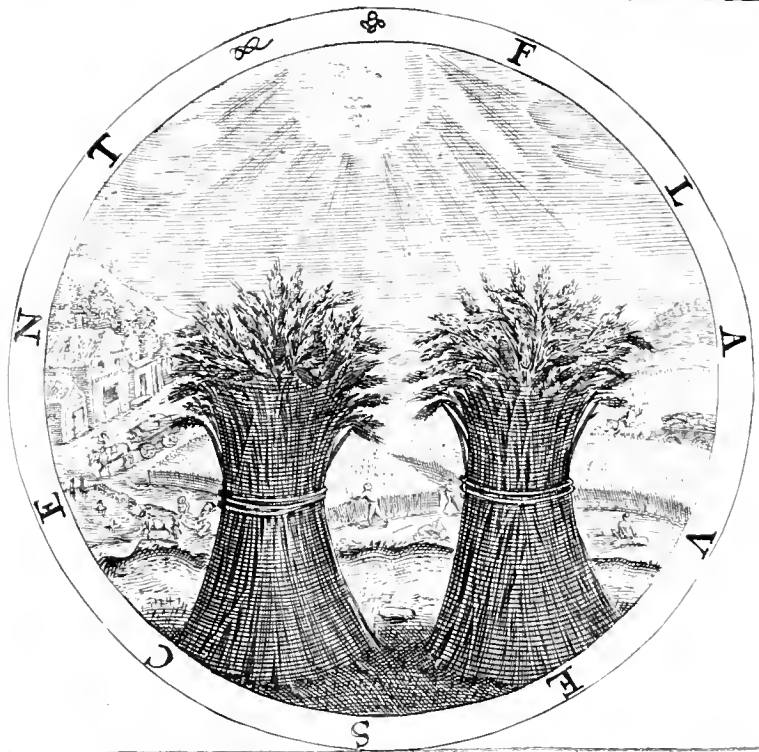
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ILLVSTR. XLIII.


Book. I.

A Heart, which bore the figure of an Eye
Wide open to the Sunne; by some, was us'd,
When in an Emblem, they would signifie
A Minde, which on Celestiall Matters mus'd:
Implying, by the same, that there is nought
Which in this lower Orbe, our Eyes can see,
So fit an Object for a manly thought,
As those things, which in Heav'n above us be.
God, gave Mankinde (above all other Creatures)
A lovely Forme, and upward-looking Eye,
(Among the rest of his peculiar Features)
That he might lift his Countenance on high:
And (having view'd the Beauty, which appears
Within the outward Sights circumference)
That he might elevate above the Sphaeres,
The piercing Eye, of his Intelligence.
Then, higher, and still higher strive to raise
His Contemplations Eyes, till they ascend
To gaine a glimpse of those eternall Rayes,
To which all undepraved Spirits tend.
For, 'tis the proper nature of the Minde
(Till fleshly Thoughts corrupt it) to despise
Those Lusts whereto the Body stands inclin'd;
And labour always, upward to arise.
Some, theretore, thought those Goblins which appeare
To haunt old Graves and Tombes, are Soules of such,
Who to these loathsome places doomed were,
Because, they doted on the Flesh too much.
But, sure we are, well-minded Men shall goe
To live above, when others bide below.



ILLVSTR. XLIV.

Book. I.


 Hen, in the sweet and pleasant Month of *May*,
 We see both Leaves and Blossomes on the Tree,
 And view the *Meadowes* in their best array,

We hopefull are a *Joyfull Spring* to see ;
 Yet, oft, before the following *Night* be past,
 It chanceth, that a *Vapor*, or a *Frost*,
 Doth all those forward bloomings wholly waste ;
 And, then, their *Sweetnesse* and their *Beautie's* lost.

Such, is the state of ev'ry mortall Wight:
 In *Youth*, our *Glories*, and our *Lusts* we shew ;
 We fill our selves with ev'ry vaine Delight,
 And, will most thinke on that which may insue.
 But, let us learne to *heed*, as well as *know*,
 That, *Spring* doth passe ; that, *Summer* steales away ;
 And, that the *Flow'r* which makes the fairest show,
 E're many Weekes, must wither and decay.

And, from this *Emblem*, let each *Lab'ring-Swaine*
 (In whatsoever course of life it be)
 Take heart, and hope, amidst his daily paine,
 That, of his *Travsailes*, he good fruits shall see.
 The *Plow'd* and *Harrow'd Field*, which, to thine eye,
 Seemes like to be the *Grave*, in which the Seeds
 Shall (without hope of rising) *buryed* lye,
 Becomes the fruitfull *Wombe*, where *Plenty* breeds.
 There, will be *Corne*, where nought but *Mire* appeares ;
 The *Durty Seed*, will forme a greenish *blade* ;
 The *Blade*, will rise to *Stemmes* with fruitfull *Eares* ;
 Those *Eares*, will ripen, and be *yellow* made :
 So, if in honest *Hopes*, thou persevere,
 A *Joyfull Harvelt* will at last appeare.



ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. 1.

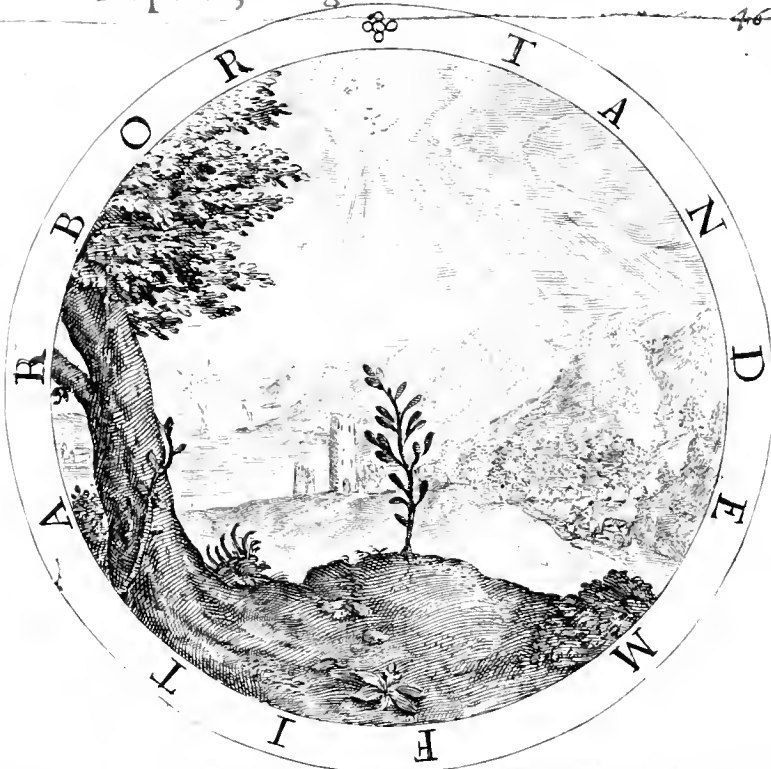
Vhen some, in former Ages, had a meaning
 An Emblem, of Mortality, to make,
 They form'd an Infant, on a Deaths-head leaning,
 And, round about, encircled with a Snake.
 The Childe so pictur'd, was to signifie,
 That, from our very Birth, our Dying springs :
 The Snake, her Taile devouring, doth impleie
 The Revolution, of all Earthly things.
 For, whatsoever hath beginning, here,
 Beginnes, immediately, to vary from
 The same it was ; and, doth at last appeare
 What very few did thinke it should become.

The solid Stone, doth molder into Earth;
 That Earth, e're long, to Water, rarifies ;
 That Water, gives an Airy Vapour birth,
 And, thence, a Fiery-Comet doth arise :
 That, moves, untill it selfe it so impaire,
 That from a burning-Meteor, backe againe,
 It sinketh downe, and thickens into Aire ;
 That Aire, becomes a Cloud ; then, Drops of Raine :
 Those Drops, descending on a Rocky-Ground,
 There, settle into Earth, which more and more,
 Doth harden, still ; so, running out the round,
 It growes to be the Stone it was before.

Thus, All things wheele about ; and, each Beginning,
 Made entrance to it owne Destruction, hath.
 The Life of Nature, entreth in with Sinning ;
 And, is for ever, wayted on by Death :
 The Life of Grace, is form'd by Death to Sinne ;
 And, there, doth Life-cternall, straight beginne.

Though

Though very small, at first, it be,
A Sprout, at length, becomes a Tree.



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Book. I.



Ec finde it common (but not comely thou)
That, when a good *Endeavour* is begot,
Vnlesse, at very first, it equall grow
With our Expectance, we regard it not.
Nor *Wit*, nor *Patience*, have we to conceive,
That ev'ry thing, which may by Man be wrought,
Proportionable *Time*, and *Meanes*, must have ;
Before it can be to *Perfection*, brought.
Yet, ev'ry day, in things of ev'ry kinde,
Experience hath informed us, herein ;
And, that, in many things, a change we finde,
Which, at the first, would scarce believ'd have bin.

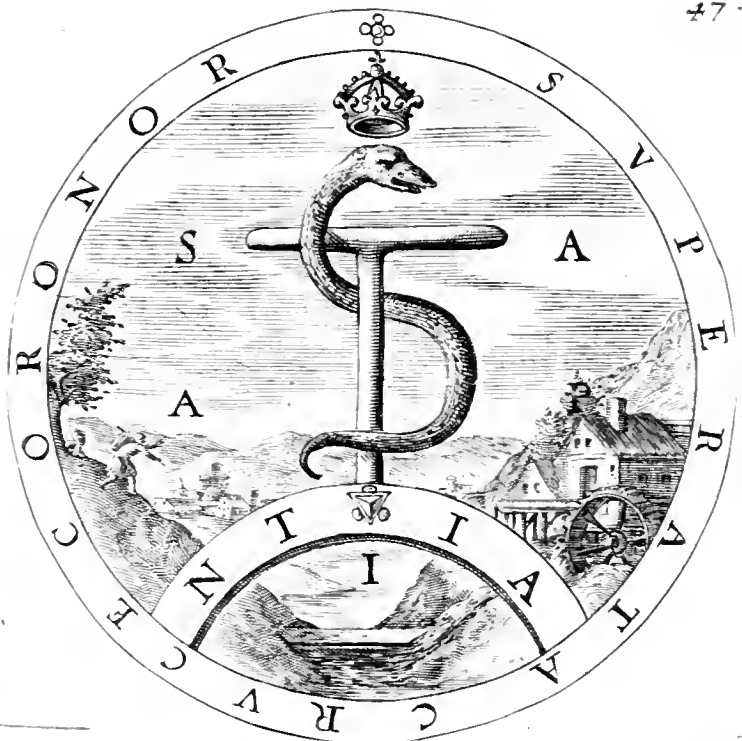
For, though a *Gosling* will not prove a *Swan*,
Vnrucly-Colts become *well-trayned Steeds* ;
A *Silly Childe* growes up a *Mighty-Man*,
And, *Lofty-Trees* doe Spring from *Little Seeds*.

Learne, therefore hence, that, nothing you despise,
Because it may, at first, imperfect seeme :
And, know, how all things (in some sort) to prise,
Although, you give them not the best esteeme.

From hence, moreover, learne, not to despaire,
When you have just occasion, to pursue
A toylefome worke, or any great affaire :
Since, *all-things*, at the first, from nothing, grew.
And, I my selfe will, also, learne, from hence,
(Of all my Paines, though little fruits I see)
Nor to repine, nor to receive Offence ;
But, rather joy in what befallerh mee.

For, though my *Hopes* appeare bur meanely growne,
They will be *Great*, when some shall thinke them none.

When



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book. I.



Serpent rais'd above the Letter *Tau*,
Aspiring to a *Crowne*, is figur'd here:
From whence, a *Christian-Morall* we may draw,
Which worth our good-regarding will appeare.
For, by those *Characters*, in briefe, I see
Which *Way*, we must to *Happinesse* ascend;
Then, by what *Meanes*, that *Path* must clymed bee;
And, what *Reward*, shall thereupon attend.

The *Crosse*, doth shew, that *Suffring* is the *Way*;
The *Serpent*, seemes to teach me, that, if I
Will overcome, I must not then, assay
To *force* it; but, my selfe thereto *applye*.
For, by embracing what we shall not shunne,
We winde about the *Crosse*, till wee arise
Above the same; and, then, what *Prize* is wonne,
The *Crowne*, which overtops it, signifies.

Let me, O *God*, obtaine from thee the *Grace*,
To be partaker of thy Blessed *Pasion*;
Let me, with *Willingnesse*, thy *Crosse* imbrace,
And, share the *Comforts* of thy *Exaltation*.
To beare that *Part*, whereto I doomed am,
My *Heart*, with *Strength*, and *Courage*, *Lord*, inspire:
Then, *Crucifie* my *Flesh* upon the same,
As much as my *Corruption* shall require.
And, when by thy *Assistance*, I am rear'd
Above that *Burthen*, which lyes yet upon me;
And, over all, which (justly may be fear'd)
Shall, during *Life-time*, be inflicted on me;
Among those *Blessed-Soules*, let me be found,
Which, with eternall *Glory*, shall be *Crown'd*.



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book. I.

ER no man be so sottish as to dreame,
Though all Men in their *Death* made equall are,
That, therefore, they may gather by this *Theame*,
That, *Parity*, in Life-time, fitting were.

For, as the *Bodies Members* (which in *Death*
Have all the like esteeme) had their *Degrees*,
And *Honours*, differing in time of *breath*;
The same (in *States* Discretion comely sees.

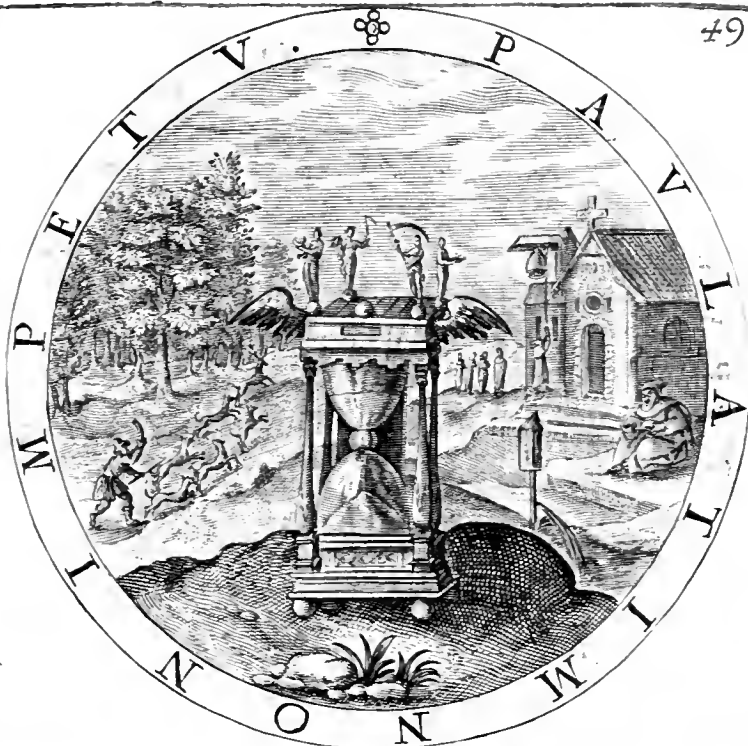
Nor, should we hence inferre, that it were just
To disesteeme the breathlesse *Carcasses*
Of *Kings* and *Princes*, when they sleepe in *Dust*;
For, *Civill-Reverence* is due to these.

Nor, ought we, in their Life-time, to apply
The *Truth*, which by this *Emblem* is declar'd,
The *Dignities* of Men to vilifie;
Or, bring upon their *Persons* lesse regard.

That, which from hence, I rather wish to preach,
Is this; that ev'ry Man of each degree,
Would marke it so, that he, himselfe might teach
What thoughts and deeds, to him most proper be.
If he be great; let him remember, then,
That (since, nor *Wealth*, nor *Title*, can procure him
Exemption from the *Doomes* of other Men)
He ought to seeke, how *Virtue* may secure him.
If he be *Poore*; let him this *Comfort* take,
That, though, awhile, he be afflicted here,
Yet, *Death* may him as fully happy make,
As he, that doth a *Crowne-Imperiall* weare.

For, when his *Fatall-blow*, *Death* comes to strike,
He, makes the *Beggar*, and the *King*, alike.

What



49

ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. I.

Some Foolish-Boyes (and such a Boy was I)
When they at Schoole have certaine houres to passe,
(To which they are compell'd unwillingly)
Much time they spend in shaking of the Glasse:
Thus, what they practise, to make-short their stay,
Prolongs it more; for while they seeke to force
The Sands, to runne more speedily away,
They interrupt them; and, they passe the worse.

Right so, in other things, with us it fares;
(And, seeming wise, we act a foolish part)
For, otherwhile, what Time alone prepares,
We seeke to make the subject of an Art.
Sometimes, by Rashnesse, we endeavour what
We ought with Leisure, and Advice, to doe:
But, if a good Successse doth follow, that,
Our Wit was nothing helpfull thereunto.
Sometime, againe, we prosecute a thing
By Violence; when our desir'd effect,
No other means so well to passe can bring,
As Love and Gentlenessse, which we neglect.

But, let this Emblem teach us to regard
What Way of Working, to each Worke pertaines:
So, though some Portion of our Hopes be barr'd,
We shall not, altogether, lose our paines.
Some things are strong, and, other some are weak;
With Labour, some; and, some with Ease be wrought:
Although the Reed will bend, the Kexe will breake;
And, what mends one thing, makes another naught.

Marke this; And, when much Haste will marre thy Speed,
That, then, thou take good Leisure; take thou Heed.

Of Little-Gaines, let Care be had ;
For, of small Eares, great Mowes are made.



ILLVSTR. L.

Book. I.

AMong the many Faylings of the *Time*,
This *Emblem* giveth Cause to mention one,
Which, unto me, doth seeme the greater *Crime*,
Because, to many, it appeareth none.

I finde, that petty things are so neglected
(Well nigh of all) in *Losings* and in *Winnings*,
As if, what ere they thought to have effected,
Subsisted without *Members*, or *Beginnings*.
The Man, that loseth every *Month* a *Penny*,
May salve-up *Twelve-months* *Losses*, with a *Shilling*.
But, if of other *Losses* he hath many,
To save a *Pin*, at length, he shall be willing.
For, he that sees his *Wine-fill'd Vessell* drop,
(Although a *Drop*, in value, be but small)
Should, thence, *Occasion* take, the *Leake* to stop,
Lest many *Droppings* draine him drye of all.
Moreover, they, that will to *Greatnesse* rise,
A *Course*, not much unlike to this, must keepe:
They ought not *Small-Beginnings* to despise;
Nor, strive to *runne*, before they learne to *creepe*.
By many single *Eares*, together brought,
The *Hand* is fill'd ; by *Handfulls*, we may gaine
A *Sheafe* ; with many *Sheaves* a *Barne* is fraught :
Thus, oft, by *Little*, we doe much obtaine.

Consider this ; And, though I wish not thee
To take, of *Trifling-things*, too great a care ;
Yet, know thus much (for truth) it best will bee,
If all things may be weighed as they are :

By slender *Losses*, *great-ones* are begunne ;
By many trifling *Games*, much *Wealth* is wonne.

FINIS Libri primi.



THE FIRST LOTTERIE.

1

THou, dost overmuch respect
That, which will thy harme effect;
But, some other things there be,
Which will more advantage thee:
Search thy heart; and, thou shalt, there,
Soone discover, what they are:
Yea, thine *Emblem* shoves thee, too,
What to shunne; and, what to doe.
See, *Emblem* I.

2

It is a little fear'd, that you
Are to your owne *Designes*, untrue;
And, that, if you more constant were,
You would be richer, then you are;
(It may be, also, wiser, too)
Looke, therefore, what you are to doe:
Then, follow it, and, you will say,
That, well advis'd, you were, to day.
See, *Emb.* II.

3

How rich or poore foe're thou be,
Thou, art a *Prince*, in some degree;
And, o're thy selfe, thou shouldst command,
As doth a *Monarch*, in his Land.
Within thy Heart, therefore, ingrave
The Lawes, that *Grace* and *Nature* gave:
For, thus (to counsell thee) inclines
That *Emblem*, which, thy *Lot* assignes.
See, *Emb.* III.

4

Much Liberty, thou hast assum'd;
And, heretofore, so much presum'd
On *Time*, which, alway rideth poast,
That, for awhile, some *Hopes* are crost.
But, loe, to keepe thee from *Despaire*,
And, thy *Misfortune*, to repaire,
Marke, what to thee, by *Lot*, befell,
And, practise, what is counsell'd, well.
See, *Emb.* IV.

5

Thou seekest *Honour*, to obtaine,
 By meanes, which frustrate all thy paine.
 Thy Predecessors rich were made,
 By using of the *Plough* and *Spade* :
 Thou, honourable wouldst be thought,
 By taking *Courses*, that are naught ;
 But, if, right noble, thou wilt be,
 Looke, what thine *Emblem* counsell thee.
 See, *Emb. V.*

M

6

This Man, what ever he may seeme,
 Is worthy of a high esteeme :
 Though *Fortune* may, his person, grinde ;
 She, cannot harme him, in his *Minde*.
 Right blest, this *Company* would be,
 If all of them, were such, as *He*.
 Reade that *Impresa*, which he drew ;
 For, that, in part, the same will shew.
 See, *Emb. VI.*

M

7

If some, now present, this had got,
 They, would have blushed, at their *Lot* ;
 Since, very fit, the same doth prove
 For one, that's either light of *Love*,
 Or, troubled with a fickle *Mate* :
 If you enjoy a better *Fate*,
 Yet, hearken, what your *Lot* doth say ;
 Lest, you, hereafter, need it may,
 See, *Emb. VII.*

8

For ought, that, plainely, doth appeare,
 You may out-live the longest, here ;
 Yet, seeing, now, of all this crew,
 The *Lot* of *Death*, you, onely, drew,
 See what, your *Emblem* hath injoynd ;
 And, still, that Morall, beare in minde :
 So, *Deaths* deform'd and ghastly *Shade*
 Shall, *Meanes* of *Life*, to thee, be made.
 See, *Emb. VIII.*

9

Though you have *Wit*, and, know it well ;
 That, rash you are, your *Friends* can tell ;
 Yea, *Sleepe*, and *Ease*, possesse you so,
 That, some doe feare, you'l sottish grow :
 But, lo, your hind'rance, to prevent,
 This *Lot*, was, peradventure, sent ;
 For, in the *Moralls*, that, insue,
 Are *Counsell*s, fit, for such as you.
 See, *Emb. IX.*

10

You, have beene wronged, many wayes;
 Yet, *patient* are; and, that's your praise:
 Your *Actions*, also, seem'd upright;
 Yet, some there are, that, beare you spite:
 Lest, therefore, you discourag'd grow,
 An *Emblem*, you have drawne, to show
 What other *Innocents* have borne,
 And, how; the worlds despites, to scorne.
 See, *Emb. X.*

M

11

Doubtlesse, you are either wooing,
 Or, some other *Bus'nesse*, doing;
 Which, you shall attempt, in vaine,
 Or, much hazzard all your paine:
 Yet, if good, your *meanings* are,
 Doe not honest *meanes* forbear;
 For, where things are, well, begunne,
 God, oft, workes, when Man hath done.
 See, *Emb. XI.*

12

Be not angry, if I tell
 That, you love the *World*, too well;
 For, this *Lot*, perhaps, you drew,
 That, such *Faults*, you might eschew.
 Marke, to what their Soules aspire,
 Who, true *Blessednesse*, desire:
 For, if you can doe, like those,
 Heav'n you gaine, when *Earth* you lose.
 See, *Emb. XII.*

13

You love the *Rich*; and, honour them;
 The needy-person, you contemne:
 Yet, *Wealth*, nor want of *Wealth*, is that,
 Which, *wretched* makes, or *fortunate*:
 From other *Causes*, those things flow;
 Which, since, you either doe not know,
 Or, heede not much, this *Emblem* came,
 That, you might learne to minde the same.
 See, *Emb. XIII.*

M

14

Thy *Chance* is doubtfull; and, as yet,
 I know not, what to say of it;
 But, this I know, a foe thou art
 To what thine *Emblem* hath, in part,
 Expressed by a *Mimicke Shape*;
 Or, thou, thy selfe, art such an *Ape*.
 Now, which of these, pertaines to thee,
 Let them, that know thee, Iudges bee.
 See, *Emb. XIV.*

Thy

15

Thy Vertues he may wrong, that fayer
 Thou spend'st thy selfe, in wanton wayes ;
 But, some have thought, and sayd of late,
 That, those thou lov'st, consume thy state :
 Yet, spare nor *Time*, nor Substance, tho,
 Where, them, thou oughtest to bestow ;
 But, to thine *Emblem* turne, and, see
 When Life, and Wealth, well ventur'd bee.

See, *Emb.* X V.

16

Though *Troubles*, you may have (or had)
 Enough, to make some others mad ;
 Yet, be content : for, they, that are
 As weake, have had as much to beare ;
 And, that, which *Malice* did contrive,
 To make them poore, hath made them thrive.
 That *Emblem*, which, by *Lot*, you drew,
 Prognosticates, as much, for you.

See, *Emb.* X V I.

17

Though, you suffer blame and paine,
 You, at last, may Comfort gaine,
 (Sharing *Honours*, truely gotten,
 When, your Foes are dead, and rotten)
 For, of this, you have a pawne,
 In the *Lot*, that you have drawne ;
 And, by that, it may appeare,
 What your paines, and wages, are.

See, *Emb.* X V I I.

18

Take you serious heed, I pray,
 Whither, you doe goe to day ;
 Whom you credite ; and, for whom
 You, ingaged, shall become ;
 And, unlesse you wish for Sorrow,
 Be as provident, to morrow :
 For, there are some traps and Snares,
 Which, may take you unawares.

See, *Emb.* X V I I I.

19

Your *Wit*, so much, you trust upon,
 That, weaker *Meanes*, hath yours out-gone ;
 Sometime, you runne, when there is need
 Of much more *Warinesse*, then *Speed*.
 But, you, to *God* ward, worse have err'd ;
 And, yet, *Amendment* is deferr'd.
 See, therefore, what your *Chance* doth say,
 And, take good *Counsell*, while you may.

See, *Emb.* X I X.

20

Take heed, you doe not quite forget,
 That you are dauncing in a *Net* :
 More, then a few, your Course doe see,
 Though, you, suppose, unseene to be.
 Your Fault, we will no nearer touch ;
 Me-thinkes your *Emblem* blabs too much :
 But, if, you minde, what is amisse,
 You, shall be nere the worfe, for this.

See, *Emb.* X X.

21

Let such, as draw this *Lot*, have care,
 For *Death*, and *Sorrow*, to prepare
 All times, to come, lest one of these,
 Their persons, unexpected, seize :
 For, them, or some of theirs, to slay,
 Pale *Death*, diawes neerer, ev'ry day.
 Yet, let them not, disheartned, bee :
 For, in their *Emblem*, they shall see,
Death, may (though, in appearance, grim)
 Become, a *blissing*, unto them.

See, *Emb.* X X I.

22

With *Mary*, thou art one of those,
 By whom, the better part, is chose ;
 And, though, thou tempted art, astray,
 Continu'ft in a lawfull way.
 Give *God* the praise, with heart unfaign'd,
 That, he, such *Grace* to thee, hath dain'd ;
 And, view thy *Lot*, where thou shalt see,
 What *Hag*, hath layd a *Trap*, for thee.

See, *Emb.* X X II.

23

Although, that, thou demure appeare,
 For *Pleasure*, there is no man here
 Will venture more : And, some there are,
 Who thinke you venture over farre :
 Hereof, consider well, therefore,
 Ere, so, you venture, any more ;
 And, in your Lotted *Emblem*, see,
 For what, your *Suffrings* ought to bee.

See, *Emb.* X X III.

24

If ought, thou purpose, to assay,
 Pursue the same, without delay ;
 And, if thou meane to gather fruit,
 Be constant in thy *Hopes* pursuir :
 For, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst finde,
 Thy *Starres*, to thee, are well-inclin'd ;
 Provided, thy *Attempts* be good :
 For, that, is ever understood.

See, *Emb.* X X IV.

Take

25

Take heed, thou love not their deceip;
 Who *Number* give, in steed of *Weight*;
 Nor, let their *Fancies*, thee abuse,
 Who, such-like foolish *Customes*, use.
 Perhaps, it may concerne thee, much,
 To know the *Vanities* of such;
 And, who they are: Marke, therefore, what
 Thine *Emblem*, will, to thee relate.

See, *Emb.* XXV.

26

Thou, to *Impatience*, art inclin'd;
 And, hast a discontented Minde;
 That, therefore, thou mayst *Patience* learne,
 And, thine owne *Over-sights* discerne,
 Thy *Lot* (as to a Schoole to day)
 Hath sent thee to the *Squirrells* Dray;
 For, she instructs thee, to indure,
 Till, thou, a better *state*, procure.

See, *Emb.* XXVI.

27

Your *Lot*, is very much to blame,
 Or else, your person, or, your Name
 Hath injur'd beene, or, may have wrong
 By some loose wanton, ere't be long:
 Therefore, e're, hence, you passe away,
 Marke, what your *Emblem*, now, doth say.
 Perhaps, by drawing of this *Lot*,
 Some *Harmes* prevention may be got.

See, *Emb.* XXVII.

28

Vpon your head, those weights were laid,
 Which, your *Endeavours*, downward waigh'd;
 For, those, who doe your *weale* envie,
 Much feare, your top will spring too high;
 Nay, yet, some *Burthen*, you sustaine:
 But, what their *Malice* will obtaine,
 Your *Emblem* prophesies; if you,
 With *Patience*, *Honest-ways*, pursue.

See, *Emb.* XXVIII.

29

This *Lot*, befell thee, for the nonce;
 For, if things come not, all at once,
 Thou, to despairing, soone, dost runne,
 Or, leav'st the *Worke*, that's well begun:
 Which, to prevent, regardfull be
 Of what thine *Emblem* counsell thee.

See, *Emb.* XXIX.

30

Afflictions, are thy chiefest *Lot* ;
 Yea, great ones, too : yet, murmure not.
 For, all, must fiery tryalls bide,
 And, from their Drosse be purify'd.
 Therefore, though this, in sport, be done,
 Thy Morall'd *Emblem*, looke upon ;
 And, learne, those *Vertues* to acquire,
 Which, will not perish in the *Fire*.

See, *Emb.* XXX.

31

You seeke a *Lot*, which, proving bad,
 Would, peradventure, make you sad ;
 But, this may please : for, you are taught
 To mend a Fortune, that is naught ;
 And, armed, with such Counsell, here,
 That, you, no *Destiny*, need feare.
 Now, if you come to Harme, or Shame,
 Vpon the *Starres*, lay not the blame.

See, *Emb.* XXXI.

M

32

In *Court*, thou mayst have hope, to clime,
 This present, or some other time ;
 But, something thou dost want, as yet,
 Which, for that place, must make thee fit.
 Presume not, therefore, on thy *Lot*,
 Till, those accomplishments are got,
 Which, in thine *Emblem*, are exprest ;
 And, then, march on, among the best.

See, *Emb.* XXXII.

33

Some thinke, you love ; 'tis true, you doe ;
 And, are as well beloved too :
 But, you (if we the truth shall say)
 Love not so truely, as you may.
 To make a perfect *Love*, there goes
 Much more, then ev'ry *Lover* knowes.
 Your *Emblem*, therefore heede ; and, then,
 Beginne, anew, to love agen.

See, *Emb.* XXXIII.

34

Now, some good *Counsell*, thou dost need ;
 Of what we say, take, therefore, heed.
 Beware, lest thou, too much, offend
 A meeke, and, gentle-natur'd, *Friend* :
 Though pow'r thou hast, be carefull, too,
 Thou vexe not, long, thine able *Fee* ;
 And, e're thou love, be sure to finde
 Thy *Match*, in *Manners*, and in *Minde*.
 If thou demand a Reason, why,
 To thee, thine *Emblem* will replie.

See, *Emb.* XXXIV.

35

Beware, thou share not in their crime,
 Who care, but for the present time:
 For, by thy *Lot*, wee may suspect,
 Or that, or things, to that effect.
 If so it be, or if thy Minde,
 To such an *Error*, be inclin'd,
 Thy *Chance*, unto an *Emblem*, brings,
 Which, will advise to better things.

See, *Emb.* XXXV.

36

You, love to *seeme*; this, all Men see:
 But, would you lov'd, as well, to *bee*.
 If, also, better use were made
 Of those good *Bl.ßngs*, you have had;
 Your praise were more. Maiké, therefore, well,
 What *Meralls*, now, your *Emblem*, tell;
 And, gather, from it, what you may,
 To let you in a better way.

See, *Emb.* XXXVI.

37

To scape a Storme, great thought you take;
 But, little heed, what *meanes* you make.
 You, love your ease, and, Troubles, feare;
 But, carelesse are, what *Course* you steere.
 Which *Indiscretions*, to prevent,
 You, to an *Emblem*, now, are sent:
 Whereof, if you regardfull are,
 You, lesse will feare, and better fare.

See, *Emb.* XXXVII.

38

What you have, done, consider, now;
 For, this you *Chance*, doth *seeme* to show
 That you have sworne, or vow'd, of late,
 Or promised (you best know what)
 Which, you have, since, unwilling bin,
 To keepe; or, else, did faile, therein.
 If it be so; repent, or els,
 What will befall, your *Emblem* tells.

See, *Emb.* XXXVIII.

39

Thy *Hopings*, and thy *Feares*, are such,
 That, they afflict, and paine thee, much;
 Because, thou giv'st too great a scope
 Vnto thy *Feare*, or to thy *Hope*:
 For, they will paine, or pleasure thee,
 As they enlarg'd, or curb'd be.
 But, lo; thine *Emblem*, if thou please,
 Instructs thee, how, to mannege these.

See, *Emb.* XXXIX.

40

Let them, who get this *Chance*, beware,
 Lest *Cupid* snarle them in a Snare:
 For, by their *Lot*, they should be apt
 To be, in such-like *Giunes*, intrapt.
 Some helpe, is by their *Emblem*, got,
 If they, too late, observe it not;
 But, then, no profit will be done them:
 For, *Counsell* will be lost upon them.

See, *Emb.* X L.

41

Whether, meerely, *Chance*, or no,
 Brought this *Lot*, we doe not know:
 But, received, let it be,
 As, divinely, sent to thee:
 For, that, merits thy regard,
 Which, thine *Emblem* hath declar'd;
 And, the best, that are, have need,
 Such *Advisements*, weil to heed.

See, *Emb.* X L I.

42

Thou, hast already, or, e're long,
 Shalt have some dammage by the *Tongue*:
 But, fully, yet, it is not knowne,
 Whether the *Tongue* shall be thine owne,
 Or else, anothers *tongue*, from whom
 This Mischiefe, unto thee, shall come:
 But, much the better, thou shalt speed,
 If, now, thine *Emblem*, well thou heed.

See, *Emb.* X L I I.

43

Vnworthy things, thou dost affect,
 With somewhat overmuch respect;
 Vnto the *World*, inclining so,
 As if thy Hopes were all below:
 But, now, to rowse thee from this crime,
 Good *Counsell* comes in happy time.
 Make use thereof; and, thinke it not
 Meere casuall, or a needlesse *Lot*.

See, *Emb.* X L I I I.

44

Thou, either, too much love, hast plac't
 On things, that will not alway last;
 Or else, thou art a little scar'd.
 Because thy Hopes are long deferr'd:
 Nay, thou art touch'd, in both of these.
 Thy Profit, therefore, and thine ease,
 It will effect, if well thou minde
 What, in thine *Emblem*, thou shalt finde.

See, *Emb.* X L V.

45

When thou hast *Changes*, good, or bad,
 Ore-joy'd, thou art, or over-sad ;
 As if it seem'd very strange
 To see the *Winde* or *Weather*, change :
 Lo, therefore, to remember thee,
 How changeable, things Mortall, bee,
 Thou, art assisted by this *Lot* ;
 Now, let it be, no more, forgot.

See, *Emb.* XLV.

46

Of thy just *Aymes*, though meanes be slight,
 Thou mayst attaine their wished height ;
 Vnlesse, thy Folly shall destroy
 The Weale, thou seekest to injoy,
 By thy Despaire, or by neglect
 Of that, which, may thy *Hopes* effect :
 For, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst know,
 Great things, from small *Beginnings*, grow.

See, *Emb.* XLVI.

47

Thou must have *Crosses* ; but they, shall,
 To *Blessings*, be converted, all ;
 And, *Suffrings*, will become, thy Praise,
 If, *Wisedome* order, well, thy wayes :
 Yea, when thy *Crosses* ended are,
 A Crowne of Glory, thou shalt weare.
 Yet, note, how this to passe is brought :
 For, in thine *Emblem*, it is taught.

See, *Emb.* XLVII.

48

If they, who drew this *Lot*, now be °
 Of great *Estate*, or high *Degree*,
 They shall ere long, become as poore,
 As those, that beg from doore to doore.
 If poore they be ; it plaine appears,
 They shall become great *Princes* Peeres :
 And, in their *Emblem*, they may know,
 What very day, it will be, so.

See, *Emb.* XLVIII.

49

You, have attempted many a thing,
 Which, you, to passe, could never bring ;
 Not, that, your Worke was hard to doe,
 But, 'cause, you us'd wrong *Meanes*, thereto.
 Hereafter, therefore, learne, I pray,
 The *Times* of Working, and, the *Way* ;
 And, of thine *Emblem*, take thou heed,
 If, better, thou desire to speed.

See, *Emb.* XLIX.

50

If you, to greater *Wealth*, will rise,
 You must not, slender *Gain*, despise;
 Nay, if, you minde not, to be poore,
 You must regard slight *Losses*, more:
 For, *Wealth*, and *Poverty*, doe come,
 Not all at once, but, some and some.
 If this, concerne you, any wayes,
 See, what your *Emblem*, further, sayes.

See, *Emb. L.*

51

Your *Fortune*, hath deserved thank,
 That she, on you, bestowes a *Blank*:
 For, as you, nothing good, have had;
 So, you, have nothing, that is bad.
 Yea, she, in this, hath favour showne,
 (If, now, your *Freedome* well be knowne)
 For, you, by *Lot*, these *Emblems*, mist,
 That you, may chuse out, which you list.

52

You, by an *Emblem*, seeke to get
 What Counsel your *Affaires* may fit;
 But, in particular, there's none,
 Which, you, by *Lot*, can light upon:
 And, why? because, no *Morall*, there,
 Doth, worthy of your Heed, appeare?
 No; but because you rather, need,
 Of ev'ry *Emblem*, to take heed.

53

The *Starres*, are, now, no friends of your,
 Or this is not their lucky houre:
 For, at this time, unto your *Lot*,
 They, by an *Emblem*, answer not.
 If, therefore, you desire to know
 What good advice they will allow,
 Some further *Meanes*, you must assay,
 Or, trye your *Chance*, another day,

54

You, in your secret thoughts, despise
 To thinke an *Emblem* should advise,
 Or give you cause to minde or heed
 Those things, where of you may have need:
 And, therefore, when, the *Lot*, you try'd,
 An answer, justly, was deny'd.
 Yet (by your leave) there are but few,
 Who, need good *Counsell*, more then you.

55

In some extreame, you often are,
 And, shoot too short, or else too farre ;
 Yea, such an errour, you were in,
 When, for a *Lot*, you mov'd the *Pin* :
 For, one touch more, or lesse, had layd
 Our *Index*, where it should have stayd.
 But, if you can be warn'd, by this,
 To keepe the *Meane*, which oft you misse,
 You have obtain'd as good a *Lot*,
 As any one, this day, hath got.

56

Among these *Emblems*, none there be,
 Which, now by *Lot* will fall to thee ;
 However, doe not thou repine :
 For, this doth seeme to be a signe,
 That, thou, thy Portion, shalt advance
 By *Vertue*, not by fickle *Chance*.
 Yet, nerethelesse, despise thou not
 What, by good *Fortune*, may be got.

FINIS.

A
COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS; And,
disposed into LOTTERIES, both *Mor.ill*
and *Divine.*

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered
by an *Honest* and *Pleasant Recreation.*

By GEORGE WITHER.

The Second Booke.



LONDON,
Printed by AUGUSTINE MATHEWES.
MDCXXXIV.

T O
THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
Prince, CHARLES, Prince
of WALES, &c.

FAir'st Blossome of our hopes; and Morning-starre
To all these *Ilands*, which inclosed are
By *Neptunes* armes, within our Northern *climes*;
And who (wee trust) shall rise, in future times,
To be the brightest *Light*, that, then will shine,
Betwixt the *Artick-Circle*, and the *L I N E*.

To *Y o u* (as now you are) that I present
These *EMBLEMS*, 'tis not so impertinent
As those may thinke it, who have neither seene
What, of your *Cradle-sports*, hath heeded beene;
Nor heard how many serious *Questionings*,
Your *Child-hood* frameth, out of trifling things:
And, if mine aime I have not much mistooke,
I come not oversoone with such a *Booke*.

So long as in this *Infant-Age* you are,
(Wherein, the speechlesse *Portraitures* appeare
A pleasurefull delight) your *HIGHNESSE* may
Among our *EMBLEMS*, finde a *Harmelesse-play*:
And, those mute *Objects* will from time to time,
Still *Riper*, seeme, till you to *ripenesse* clime.
When their dumb *Figures*, no more sport can make,
Their *Illustrations*, will begin to speake;
And, ev'ry day, new matter still disclose,
Vntill your *Iudgement* to perfection growes.

They likewise, who their *Services*, to do
Frequent your *Presence*, may have pleasure too,
From this your *Play-game*: yea, and some perchance,
May cure a *Folly*, or an *Ignorance*
By that, which they shall either heare or view
In these our *Emblems*, when they wait on *Fou*;
Or, shall be called, by your *EXCELLENCE*,
To try what *LOT*, they shall obtaine from thence.

It may, moreover, much increase the sport,
Which is allowed in a vertuous *COVRT*;
When they whose faults have long suspected bin,
Shall draw forth private *Censures* of their *Sin*,

And, heare their EMBLEMS, openly, display,
What, others dare not, but in private, say :
Nor will, to YOU, the MORALS be in vaine,
Ev'n when to manly Knowledge you attaine ;
For, though to *Teach*, it will not them become
To be *Remembrancers*, they may presume :
And, that which in their (*child-hood*, men shall heed,
Will soonest come to minde, in time of need.

Incourag'd by these *Hopes*, I thought it meet
To lay this humble *Present* at your feet.

Accept it, now; and, please to favour *me*,
When I growe *old*, and, You a *Man* shall be.

To your Highnesse

most humbly devoted,

GEO: WITHER.

TO
THE MOST HIGH-BORNE
and hopeful Prince *JAMES*,
Duke of *YORKE*, &c.

Sweet PRINCE,

Your hand I kisse; and, thus my *Lines* addresse
Vnto your wise, and vertuous * GOVERNESSE.

* The
Countesse of
Dorset.

For, MADAME, (as his PROXY) it is fit,
That, *YOU* both Read, and answer for him, yet.
To *YOU* for HIM, *f* therefore tender, bere,
To welcome-in the New-beginning Yeare,
This harmelesse PLAY-GAME; that, it may have place,
When somewhat riper Daies, shall Make his GRACE,
Affect such Objects; which, to looke upon
May pleasure yeeld him; e're this Yeare be gone.

'Tis not the least Discretion, in great COURTS,
To know what Recreations, and what Sports
Become young PRINCES; or, to find out those,
Which may, with harmelesse pleasantnesse, dispose
Their Mindes to VERTVE: neither in their Cradles,
Should this be heeded lesse, than in their Sadles:
Because, when first to know, we doe begin,
A small Occasion, lets much Evill in.

Among those things, which both Instruct and please;
But few, (for Children) are surpassing these:
For, they, to looke on PICTURES, much desire;
And, not to Looke alone, but, to enquire
What things those are, that represented be,
In ev'ry MAP, or EMBLEM, which they see.

And, that which they shall view, or shall be told,
(By meanes of any Figure they behold)
Experience breedes; assisteth Memory;
Or, helps to forme a Witty Fantasie:
And, if those Formes to good Instruction tend,
Ofstedds them, also, till their lives have end.

Then, since ev'n all of us, much Good receive
By Vertuous PRINCES; And should, therefore, strive
To adde some helpes, whereby they might acquire
That Excellence, which wee in them desire.

I (being

I (being able, to present his G R A C E,
With nothing but a Rattle, or a Glasse,
Or some such Cradle-play-game) bring, to day,
This B O O K E, to be as usefull as it may:
And, how, and when, it will most usefull grow,
Without my Teaching, YO V can fully show.

For, what is of your Ableness believ'd,
Through all these famous Ilands, hath receiv'd,
A large applause; in that, from out of those
Which ablest were, both King and State have chose
Your Faith and Wisedome, to be T R E A S V R E S S E
Of their chiefe Jewels; and the G O V E R N E S S E
Of our prime Hopes. And, now if this have weigh'd,
Me thinks, there needs no more, by me, be said,
But, (having pray'd your H O N O V R to receive
This P R E S E N T for the D V K E) to take my leave;
And Versifie to him, some other day,
When Hee can understand mee, what I say.

Till then, let it please your Honour sometimes to
remember Him, that

I am his Graces

daily and humble

Oratour,

G E O : W I T H E R .

We best shall quiet clamorous Thronges,
When, we our selves, can rule our Tongues.

63



ILLVSTR. I.

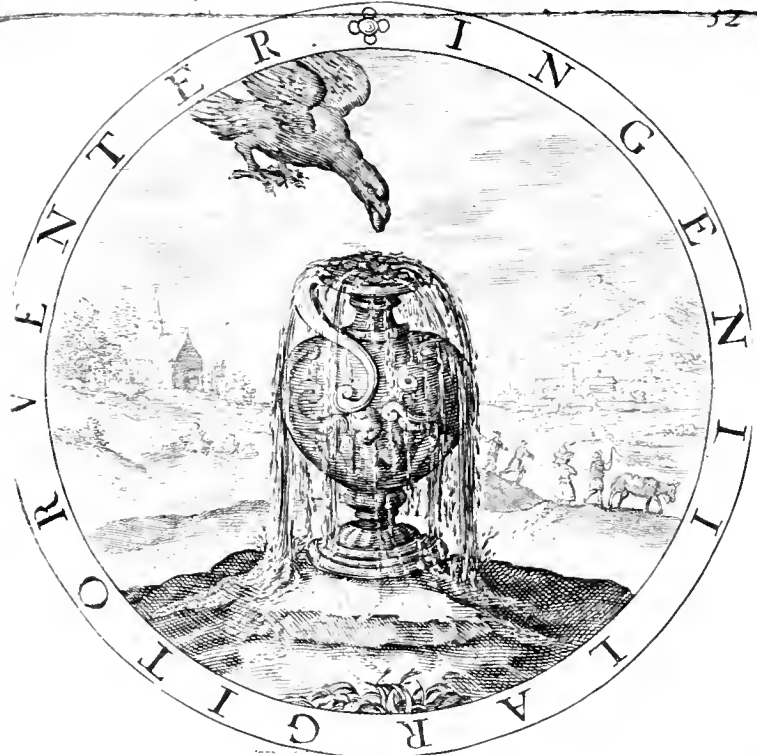
Book. 2

When I observe the Melanchollie Owles,
 Considering with what patience, they sustaine
 The many clamours, of the greater Fowles ;
 And, how the little Chirpers, they disdain :
 When I remember, how, their Injuries
 They sleight, (who, causeles give them an offence)
 Vouchsafing, scarce to cast aside their eyes
 To looke upon that foolish Insolence.
 Me thinks, by their *Example*, I am taught
 To sleight the slaunders of Injurious Tongues ;
 To set the scoffes of *Censurers*, at naught,
 And, with a brave neglect, to beare out Wrongs.
 Hee, doubtles, whom the *Psalmist*, long agoe,
 Vnto a lonely *Desert-Owle* compar'd,
 Did practise thus ; And, when I can doe so,
 I, shall for all affronts, become prepar'd.
 And, (though, this Doctrine, Flesh and blood gaine-say)
 Yet, sure, to stoppe the malice of *Despight*,
 There is no better, (nay, no other) way :
 Since, *Rage* by Opposition gathers *Might*.
 Good God ! vouchsafe, sufficient grace and strength,
 That (though I have not yet, such Patience got)
 I may attaine this happy gift, at length ;
 And, finde the cause, that, yet, I have it not.
 Though me, my Neighbours, and my Foes revile ;
 Make me of all their words, a Patient-bearer :
 When er'e I suffer, let me be, the while,
 As is the silent Lambe before the Shearer.
 So ; though my speakings, cannot quiet any,
 My Patience may restraine the Tongues of many.

L

When

When wee by Hunger, VVisdome gaine,
Our Guts, are wiser then our Braine.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. 2

Her Crowe, when deepe within a close-mouth'd-Pot.
She water finds, her thirstinesse to slake;
(And, knoweth not where else it might be got)
Her Belly, teacheth her, this course to take:
She flies, and fetcheth many Pibbles thither,
Then, downe into the Vessell, lets them drop;
Vntill, so many stones are brought together,
As may advance the water to the top.

From whence, we might this *observation* heed;
That, *Hunger, Thirst,* and those *necessities,*
(Which from the *Bellies* craving, doe proceed)
May make a *Foole,* grow provident and wise.
And, though (in sport) we say, the *braines* of some,
Not in their *Heads,* but in their *Gutts,* doe lye;
Yet, that, by wants, Men wiser should become,
Dissenteth not from true *Philosophy*:
For, no man labours with much *Willingnesse,*
To compassse, what he nought at all desires;
Nor seeketh so, his longing to possesse,
As, when some urgent neede, the same requires.
Nay, though he might, a *willingnesse,* retaine,
Yet, as the *Belly,* which is ever full,
Breeds fumes, that caule a *sottish-wisles-braine*;
So, *plenteous Fortunes,* make the *Spirits* dull.
All, borne to *Riches,* have not *all-times,* witt
To keepe, (much lesse, to better) their degree:
But, men to nothing borne, oft, passage get,
(Through many wants) renown'd, and rich to bee:
Yea, *Povertie* and *Hunger,* did produce,
The best *Inventions,* and, of chiefest use.

Though



ILLVSTR. III.

Book. 2

Musicke, and the Muses, many beare
Much hatred; and, to whatsoever ends
Their *Soule-delighting-Raptures* tuned are,
Such peevish dispositions, it offends.

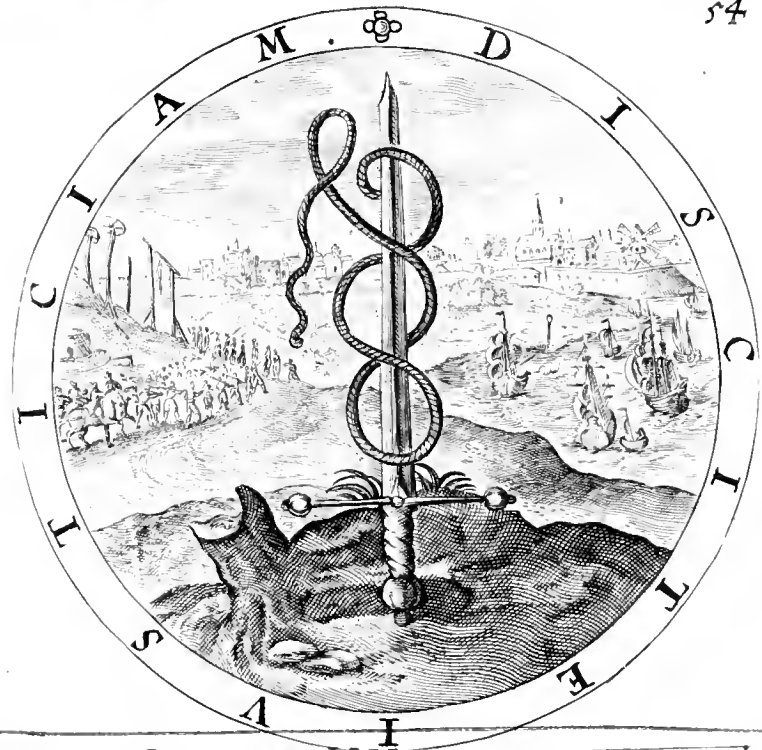
Some others, in a *Morall way*, affect
Their pleasing *Straines* (or, for a sensuall use)
But, in *Gods Worship*, they the same suspect;
(Or, taxe it rather) as a great abuse.

The *First* of these, are full of *Melancholy*;
And, *Pitty* need, or *Comfort*, more then blame;
And, soone, may fall into some dangerous *folly*,
Vnlesse they labour, to prevent the same.

The *Last*, are *giddie-things*, that have befool'd
Their Iudgements, with *beguiling-Fantasies*,
Which (if they be not, by discretion, school'd)
Will plunge them into greater *Vanities*.

For, *Musicke*, is the *Handmaid* of the L O R D,
And, for his *Worship*, was at first ordayned:
Yea, therewithall she fitly doth accord;
And, where *Devotion* thriveth, is reteyned.
Shee, by a nat'rall power, doth helpe to raise,
The *mind* to God, when joyfull Notes are sounded:
And, *Passions* fierce Distemperatures, alaies;
When, by grave *Tones*, the *Melody* is bounded.

It, also may in *Mysticke sense*, imply
What *Musicke*, in *our-selves*, ought still to be;
And, that our *jarring-lives* to certifie,
Wee should in *Voice*, in *Hand*, and *Heart*, agree:
And, sing out, *Faiths* new-songs, with full concert,
Vnto the *Lutes*, ten-stringed *Instrument*.



ILLVSTR. IIII.

Book. 2

Sword unsheathed, and a strangling-Snare,
Is figur'd here; which, in *dumbe-shewes*, doe preach,
Of what the *Malefactor* should beware;
And, they doe threaten too, aswell as Teach.

For, some there are, (would God, that summe were lesse)
Whom, neither good *Advise*, nor, wholesome *Lawe*,
Can turne from Pathwaies of *Vnrightheousnesse*,
If *Death*, or *Tortures*, keepe them not in awe.
These, are not they, whose *Conscience* for the sake
Of *Goodnesse* onely, *Godlinesse*, pursues;
But, these are they, who never scruple make
What *Guilt*, but, what great *punishment* ensues.

For such as these, this *Emblem* was prepar'd:
And, for their sakes, in places eminent,
Are all our *Gallow-trees*, and *Gibbets*, rear'd;
That, by the sight of them, they might repent.
Let, therefore, those who feele their hearts inclin'd
To any kind of *Death-deserving-Crime*,
(When they behold this *Emblem*) change their mind,
Lest, they (too late) repent, another time.
And, let not those our *Counsell*, now, contemne,
Who, doome *poore Theeves* to death; yet, guilty be
Of more, then most of those whom they *Condemne*:
But, let them *Learne* their perill to foresee.
For, though a little while, they may have hope
To seeme upright, (when they are nothing lesse)
And, scape the *Sword*, the *Gallowes*, and the *Rope*,
There is a *Iudge*, who sees their wickednesse;
And, when grim *Death*, shall summon them, from hence,
They will be fully plagu'd for their offence.

That



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. 2

A Crowned Scepter, here is fixt upright,
Betwixt foure Fowles, whose postures may declare,
They came from Coasts, or Climats opposite,
And, that, they differing in their natures are.
In which, (as in some others, that we finde
Amongst these Emblems) little care I take
Precisely to unfold our Authors minde ;
Or, on his meaning, Comments here to make.
It is the scope of my Intention, rather
From such perplext Inventions (which have nought,
Of Ancient Hieroglyphick) sense, to gather,
Whereby, some usefull Morall may be taught.

And, from these Figures, my Collections be,
That, Kingdomes, and the Royall-dignitie,
Are best upheld, where Subjects doe agree,
To keepe upright the state of Sovereignty.
When, from each Coast and quarter of the Land,
The Rich, the Poore, the Swaine, the Gentleman,
Lends, in all wants, and at all times, his hand,
To give the best assistance that he can :
Yea, when with Willing-hearts, and Winged-speed,
The men of all Degrees, doe duely carry
Their Aides to publike-workes, in time of need,
And, to their Kings, be freely tributary :
Then shall the Kingdome gayne the glorieft height ;
Then shall the Kingly-Title be renown'd ;
Then shall the Royall-Scepter stand upright,
And, with supremest Honour, then, be Crown'd.

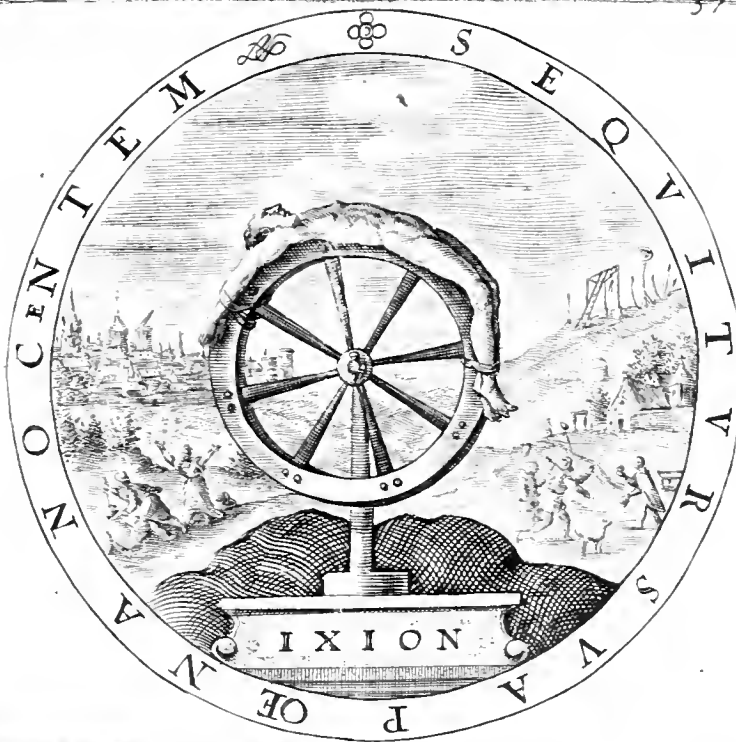
But, where this Duty long neglect, they shall ;
The King will suffer, and, the Kingdome fall.



ILLVSTR. V I.

Book. 2

THe little *Sparkes* which rak'd in *Embers* lie,
 Are kindly kindled by a gentle *blast* :
 And, *brands* in which the fire begins to die
 Revive by blowing ; and, flame out at last.
 The selfe same *wind*, becomming over strong,
 Quite bloweth out againe that very flame ;
 Or, else, consumes away (ere it be long)
 That wasting substance, which maintain'd the same.
 Thus fares it, in a Thousand other things,
 As soone as they the *golden Meane* exceed ;
 And, that, which keeping *Measure*, profit brings,
 May, (by *excesse*) our losse, and ruine, breed.
Preferments (well and moderately fought)
 Have helpt those men, new *Virtues* to acquire,
 Who, being to superiour places brought,
 Left all their *goodnesse*, as they climed higher.
 A little *wealth*, may make us better able
 To labour in our *Callings* : Yet, I see
 That they, who being poore, were charitable,
 Becommng rich, hard-hearted grow to be.
Love, when they entertaine it with discretion,
 More worthy, and more happy, maketh men ;
 But, when their *Love* is overgrowne with *Passion*,
 It overthrowes their happinesse, agen.
 Yea, this our *Flesh*, (in which we doe appear
 To have that *being*, which we now enjoy)
 If we should overmuch the same endear,
 Would our *Well-being*, totally destroy.
 For, that which gives our *Pleasures* nourishment,
 Is oft the poyson of our best *Content*.



ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. 2

Punitions wheele, and he himselfe thereon
Is figur'd, and (by way of *Emblem*) here,
Set forth, for *Guilty men* to looke upon ;
That, they, their wicked Courses might forbear.
To gaine a lawlesse favour he desired,
And, in his wicked hopes beguiled was :
For, when to claspe with *Iuno*, he aspired,
In stead of her, a *Clowd*, he did embrace.
He, likewise, did incurre a dreadfull *Dooome*,
(Which well befitted his presumptuous Crime)
A terror, and, a warning, to become,
For wicked men, through all succeeding time.
As did his longings, and his asier *Paine*,
So, theirs affecteth, nor effecteth ought,
But, that, which proveth either false or vaine ;
And, their false *Pleasures*, are as dearely, bought :
Yea, that, whereon they build their fairest *Hope*,
May, bring them (in conclusion of the Deed)
To clime the *Gallowes*, and to stretch a *Rope* ;
Or, send them thither, where farre worse they speed :
Ev'n thither, where, the *never-standing-Wheele*
Of *everlasting-Tortures*, turneth round,
And, racks the *Conscience*, till the soule doth feele
All Paines, that are in *Sense*, and *Reason* found.
For, neither doth black Night, more swiftly follow,
Declining *Day-light* : Nor, with Nimbler Motion
Can *waves*, each other, downe their Channell follow,
From high-rai'd *Mountaines*, to the bigg-womb'd *Ocean*,
Then, *Justice* will, when she doth once begin,
To profecute, an *Vnrepented-Sin*.



ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. 2

When, all the yeare, our fields are fresh and greene,
 And, while sweet *Flowers*, and *Sunshine*, every day,
 (As oft, as need requireth) come betweene
 The Heav'ns and earth; they heedles passe away.
 The fulnes, and continuance, of a blessing,
 Doth make us to be senseles of the good:
 And, if it sometime flie not our possessing,
 The sweetnesse of it, is not understood.

Had wee no *Winter*, *Sommer* would be thought
 Not halfe so pleasing: And, if *Tempests* were not,
 Such *Comforts* could not by a *Calme*, be brought:
 For, things, save by their *Opposites*, appeare not.
 Both *health*, and *wealth*, is tastles unto some;
 And, so is *ease*, and every other *pleasure*,
 Till *poore*, or *sicke*, or *grieved*, they become:
 And, then, they relish these, in ampler measure.

God, therefore (full as *kinde*, as he is *wise*)
 So temp'reth all the *Favours* he will doe us,
 That, wee, his *Bounties*, may the better prize;
 And, make his *Chastisements* lesse bitter to us.
 One while, a scorching *Indignation* burnes
 The *Flowers* and *Bloformes* of our *HOPES*, away;
 Which into *Scarfitie*, our *Plentie* turnes,
 And, changeth *unmowne-Grasse* to *parched-Hay*;
 Anon, his fruitfull *showres*, and pleasing *dewes*,
 Com-mixt with cheerefull *Rayes*, he sendeth downe;
 And then the *Barren-earth* her cropp renewes,
 Which with rich *Harvests*, *Hills*, and *Vallies* Crowne:
 For, as to relish *Ioyes*, he sorrow sends,
 So, *Comfort* on *Temptation*, still, attends.

To brawle for Gaine, the Cocke doth sleight ;
 But, for his Females, he will fight.

71



ILLVSTR. IX.

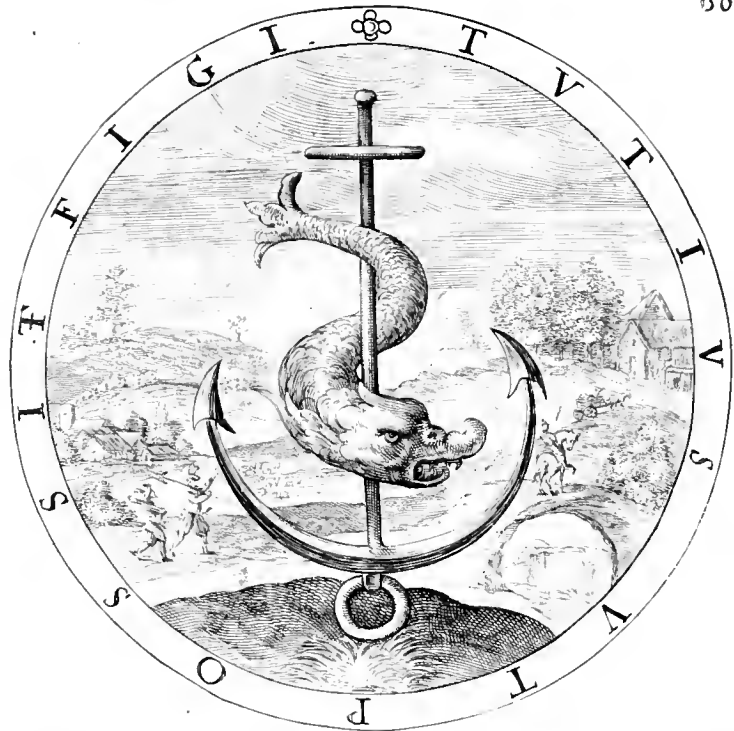
Book. 2

Some, are so quarrellous, that they will draw,
 And Brawle, and Fight, for every toy they see ;
 Grow furious, for the wagging of a straw ;
 And, (otherwile) for lesse then that may be.
 Some, are more staid, a little, and will beare,
 Apparent wrongs (which to their face you doe ;)
 But, when they Lye, they cannot brooke to heare
 That any should be bold to tell them so.
 Another sort, I know, that blowes will take,
 Put up the Lye, and give men leave to say
 What words they please ; till spoile they seeke to make
 Of their estates ; And, then, they'le kill and slay.
 But, of all Hacksters, farre the fiercest are
 Our Cockrills of the game, (Sir Cupid's knights)
 Who, (on their foolish Coxcombes) often weare
 The Scarres they get in their Venerean-fights.

Take heede of these ; for, you may pacifie
 The first, by time : The second, will be pleas'd
 If you submit, or else your words denie ;
 The third, by satisfaction, are appeal'd :
 But, he that for his Female, takes offence,
 Through lealoufy, or madnesse, rageth so ;
 That, he accepteth of no recompence,
 Till he hath wrought his Rivals overthrow.

Such Fury, shun ; and, shunne their Vulgar minde,
 Who for base trash despitefully contend ;
 But, (when a just occasion, thou shalt finde)
 Thy Vertuous Mistresse, lawfully defend.

For, he, that in such cases turns his face,
 Is held a Capon, of a Dunghill Race.



ILLVSTR. X.

Book. 2

QUe *Elders*, when their meaning was to shew
 A *native-speedinesse* (in Emblem wise)
 The picture of a *Dolphin-Fish* they drew;
 Which, through the waters, with great swiftnesse, flies.
 An *Anchor*, they did figure, to declare
Hope, staycdnesse, or a *grave-deliberation*:
 And therefore when those two, united are,
 It giveth us a two-fold Intimation.
 For, as the *Dolphin* putteth us in minde,
 That in the Courses, which we have to make,
 Wee should not be, to *slothfulnesse* enclin'd;
 But, swift to follow what we undertake:
 So, by an *Anchor* added thereunto,
 Inform'd wee are, that, to maintaine our *speed*,
Hope, must bee joyn'd therewith (in all we doe)
 If wee will undiscouraged proceed.
 It sheweth (also) that, our *speedinesse*,
 Must have some *staydnesse*; lest, when wee suppose
 To prosecute our aymes with good successe,
 Wee may, by *Rashnesse*, good endeavors lose.
 They worke, with most securitie, that know
 The *Times*, and best *Occasions* of *delay*;
 When, likewise, to be neither *swift*, nor *slow*;
 And, when to practise all the *speed*, they may.
 For, whether calme, or stormie-passages,
 (Through this life's *Ocean*) shall their *Bark* attend;
 This *double Vertue*, will procure their ease:
 And, them, in all necessities, befriend.

By *Speedinesse*, our works are timely wrought;
 By *Staydnesse*, they, to passe are, safely, brought.

They,



ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. 2

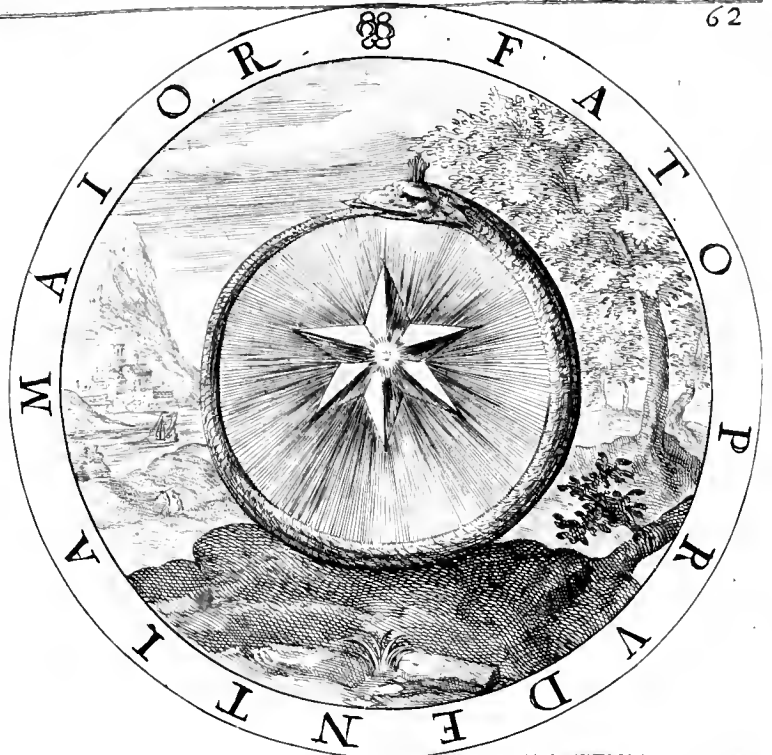
HF thou desire to cherish true *Content*,
And in a troublous time that course to take,
Which may be likely mischieves to prevent,
Some use, of this our *Hieroglyphick*, make.
The *Fryers Habit*, seemeth to import,
That, thou (as ancient *Monkes* and *Fryers* did)
Shouldst live remote, from places of resort,
And, in *retyrednesse*, lye closely hid.
The *clasped-Booke*, doth warne thee, to retaine
Thy *thoughts* within the compasse of thy breast;
And, in a quiet *silence* to remaine,
Vntill, thy mindemay safely be exprest.
That *Anchor*, doth informe thee, that thou must
Walke on in *Hope*; and, in thy *Pilgrimage*,
Bears up (without *despairing* or *distrust*)
Those wrongs, and sufferings, which attend thine *Age*.

For, whensoever *Oppression* groweth rife,
Obscurenesse, is more safe than *Eminence*;
Hee, that then keeps his *Tongue*, may keepe his *Life*,
Till Times will better favour *Innocence*.

Truth spoken where *untruth* is more approved,
Will but enrage the malice of thy foes;
And, otherwhile, a wicked man is moved
To cease from wrong, if no man him oppose.

Let this our *Emblem*, therefore, counsell thee,
Thy life in safe *Retyrednesse*, to spend:
Let, in thy breast, thy thoughts reserved bee,
Till thou art layd, where none can thee offend.

And, whilst most others, give their *Fancie* scope,
Enjoy thy selfe, in *Silence*, and in *Hope*.



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book. 2

Bee merry man, and let no causelesse feare
Of Constellation, fatall Destinie,
Or of those false Decrees, that publish'd are
By tooiish braines, thy Conscience terrifie.
To thee, these Figures better Doctrines teach,
Than those blind Stoikes, who necessitate
Contingent things; and, arrogantly teach
(For doubtlesse truths) their dreames of changelesse Fate.
Though true it bee, that those things which pertaine,
As Ground-workes, to Gods glorie, and our blisse,
Are fixt, for aye, unchanged to remaine;
All, is not such, that thereon builded is.
God, gives men power, to build on his Foundation;
And, if their workes bee thereunto agreeing,
No Power-created, brings that Variation,
Which can disturbe, the Workmans happy being.
Nor, of those workings, which required are,
Is any made impossible, untill
Mans heart begins that Counsell to preferre,
Which is derived from a crooked-will.

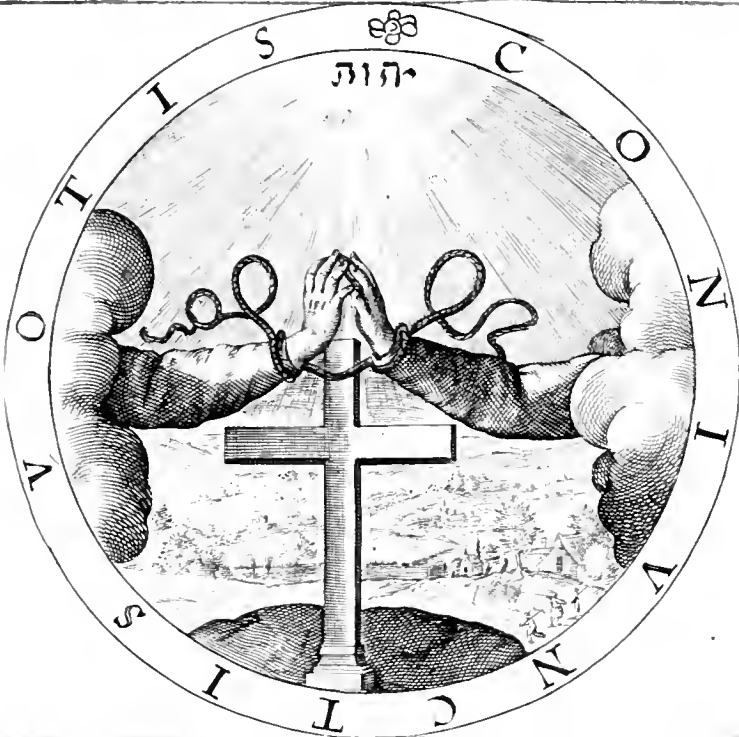
The Starres, and many other things, incline
Our naturall Constitutions, divers wayes;
But, in the Soule, God plac'd a Power-divine,
Which, all those Inclinations, overswayes.
Yea, God, that Prudence, hath infus'd, by Grace,
Which, till Selfe-will, and Lust, betrayes a man,
Will keepe him firmly, in that happy place,
From whence, no Constellation move him can.

And, this is that, whereof I notice take,
From this great Starre, enclosed by a Snake.

Their

Their Friendship firme will ever bide,
Whose hands unto the Crosse are tyde.

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ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 2

When first I knew the world, (and was untaught
By tryde experience, what true *Friendship* meant)
That I had many *faithfull friends*, I thought;
And, of their Love, was wondrous confident.
For, few so young in yeares, and meane in fortune,
Of their *Familiars*, had such troopes, as I,
Who did their daily fellowship importune;
Or, seeme so pleased in their company.
In all their friendly meetings, I was one;
And, of the *Quorum*, in their honest game:
By day or night, I seldome fate alone;
And, welcome seemed, where soere I came.

But, where are now those multitudes of *Friends*?
Alas! they on a sudden flasht away.
Their love begun, but, for some sensuall ends,
Which fayling them, it would no longer stay.
If I to vaine expences, would have mov'd them,
They, nor their *paines*, nor *purses*, would have spared;
But, in a reall need, if I had prov'd them,
Small shoves of kindnesse, had bin then declared.
Of thrice three thousands, two, perhaps, or three,
Are left me now, which (yet) as *Friends* I prize;
But, none of them, of that great number be,
With whom I had my youthfull-Iollities.

If, therefore, thou desire a *Friend*, on Earth,
Let one *pure-faith* betwixt you bee begot,
And, seeke him not, in *vainties*, or *mirth*,
But, let *Afflictions* tye your *true-love-knot*:
For, they who to the *Crosse*, are firmly tyde,
Will fast, and everlasting *Friends*, abide.



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 2

Here be of those in every *Common-weale*,
 Whom to this *Emblem* we resemble may;
 The *Name* of none I purpose to reveale,
 But, their *Condition*, heere, I will display.
 Some, both by gifts of *Nature*, and of *Grace*,
 Are so prepared, that, they might be fit
 To stand as *Lights*, in profitable place;
 Yet, loose their *Talent*, by neglecting it.
 Some, to the *common Grace*, and *nat'rall parts*,
 (By helpe of *Nurture*, and good *Discipline*)
 Have added an accomplishment of *Arts*,
 By which, their *Light* may much the brighter shine.
 Some others, have to this, acquired more:
 For, to maintaine their *Lampe*, in giving light,
 Of *Waxe*, and *Oyle*, and *Fatnesse*, they have store,
 Which over-flows unto them, day and night.
 And, ev'n as *Lampes*, or *Candles*, on a *Table*,
 (Or, fixt on golden *Candlesticks*, on high)
 To light *Assemblies*, Great and Honourable,
 They, oft, have (also) place of *Dignitie*.
 By meanes of which, their *Splendor* might become
 His praise, who those high favours did bequeath:
 They might encrease the *Lights* of *Christendome*,
 And, make them see, who sit in shades of *Death*.
 But, many of them, like those *Candles* bee,
 Thar stand unlighted in a *Branch* of gold:
 For, by their helpe wee nothing more can see,
 Than wee in grossest darknesse, may behold.
 If such there be, (as there bee such, I feare)
 The question is, *For what good use they are.*



ILLVSTR. XV.

Book. 2

NO Age, hath had a people, to professe
Religion, with a shew of holinesse,
Beyond these times; nor, did men *sacrifice*,
According to their foolish fantasies,
More oft than at this present. One, bestowes
On *pious-workes*, the hundreth part, of those
Ill-gotten goods, which from the poore he seized,
And, thinkes his *God*, in that, is highly pleased.

Another, of her dues, the *Church* bereaves:
And, yet, himsele a holy man conceives,
(Yea, and right bountifull) if hee can spare
From those his thefts, the tenth, or twentieth share,
To some new *Leſſure*; or, a *Chaplain* keepe,
To please *Himsele*, or, preach his *Wife* asleepe.

Some others, thinke they bring sincere *Oblations*,
When, fir'd with zeale, they roare out *Imprecations*
Against all those, whom wicked they repute:
And, when to *God*, they tender any lute,
They dreame to merit what they would obtaine,
By *praying-long*, with *Repetitions* vaine.

With many other such like *Sacrifices*
Men come to *God*: but, he such *gifts* despises:
For, neither *gifts*, nor *workes*, nor *any thing*
(Which we can either *doe*, or *say*, or *bring*;)
Accepted is of *God*; untill he finde
A *Spirit-bumbled*, and a *troubled-minde*.
A *contrite Heart*, is that, and, that alone,
Which *God* with love, and pitie, lookes upon.

Such he affects; therefore (*Ob Lord*) to thee;
Such, let my *Heart*, and, such, my *Spirit* bee.



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. 2

THe Royall-Scepter, Kingly power, implies;
The Crowne-Imperiall, GLORIE, signifies:
And, by these joyn'd in one, we understand,
A King, that is an honour to his Land.

A Kingdome, is not alwaies eminent,
By having Confines of a large extent;
For, Povertie, and Barbarousnesse, are found
Ev'n in some large Dominions, to abound:
Nor, is it Wealth, which gets a glorious-Name;
For, then, those Lands would spread the widest Fame,
From whence we fetch the Gold and Silver-ore;
And, where we gather Pearles upon the shore:
Nor, have those Countries highest exaltations,
Which breed the strongest, and the Warlikst Nations;
For, proud of their owne powre, they sometimes grow,
And quarrell, till themselves they overthrow.
Nor, doe the chietest glories, of a Land,
In many Cities, or much People, stand:
For, then, those Kingdomes, most renowned were,
In which Vnchristian Kings, and, Tyrants are.

It is the King by whom a Realme's renowne,
Is either builded up, or overthrowne.
By Solomon, more fam'd was Iudah made,
Then, by the Multitude of men it had:
Great Alexander, glorified Greece,
Throughout the World, which, else had bene a piece
Perhaps obscure; And, Caesar added more
To Rome, then all her greatnesse did before.

Grant, Lord, these Iles, for ever may be blessed,
With what, in this our Emblem is expressed.

By Studie, and by Watchfulnesse,
The Femme of Knowledge, we possesse.

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ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book. 2

Thinke you would be wise; for, most men seeme
To make of *Knowledge* very great esteeme.
If such be your desires, this *Emblem* view;
And, marke how well the *Figures*, counsell you.
Wee by the Bird of *Athens*, doe expresse,
That painefull, and that usefull *watchfulnesse*,
Which ought to bee enjoyned, unto them,
Who seeke a place, in *Wisdomes* Academ.
For, as an *Owle* mewes up her selfe by *Day*,
And watcheth in the *Night*, to get her prey;
Ev'n so, good *Students*, neither must be such,
As *daily* gad; or *mighty* sleepe too much.

That *open-booke*, on which the *Owle* is perch'd,
Affords a *Morall*, worthy to be search'd:
For, it informes, and, darkly doth advise,
Your *Watchings* be not after *Vanities*;
(Or, like their *Wakings*, who turne dayes to nights,
In following their unlawfull appetites)
And, that, in keeping *Home*, you doe not spend
Your houres in sloth, or, to some fruitlesse end.
But, rather in good *Studies*; and, in that,
By which, true *Knowledge*, is arrived at.
For, if your *Studies*, and your *Wakings*, bee
To this intent; you shall that *Path-way* see
To *Wisdom*, and to *Honour*, which was found,
Of them, whose *Knowledge* hath been most renownd.
But, if your *Watchings*, and *Retirednesse*,
Be for your *Lust*, or, out of *Sottishnesse*;
You are not, what th' *Athenian-Owle* implies,
But, what our *English-Owlet* signifies.



ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book. 2

WH prospers ever best, in all Estates,
When *Mars* and *Pallas* are continuall Mates.
And, those affaires but seldome luckie be,
In which, these needfull *Powers*, doe not agree.

That *Common-wealth*, in which, good *Arts* are found
Without a *Guard*, will soone receive a wound:
And, *Souldiers*, where *good-order* beares no sway,
Will, very quickly, rout themselves away.

Moreover, in our private *Actions* too,
There must bee both a *Knowledge*, how to doe
The *worke* propos'd, and *strength* to finish it;
Or, wee shall profit little by our *Wit*.
Discretion takes effect, where *Vigour* failes;
Where *Cunning* speeds not, *outward-force* prevailes;
And, otherwhile, the prize pertaines to neither,
Till they have joyn'd their *Vertues* both together.

Consider this; and, as occasions are,
To both of these your due respects declare.
Delight not so in *Arts*, to purchase harmes
By *Negligence*, or *Ignorance* of *Armes*:
If *Martiall-Discipline* thou shalt affect;
Yet, doe not *honest-Policie*, neglect.
Improve thy *Minde*, as much as e're thou may;
But foole thou not thy *Bodies* gifts away.
The *Vertues* both of *Body*, and of *Mind*,
Are, still, to be regarded in their kind.
And, wee should neither of the two disgrace;
Nor, either of them, raise above his place:

For, when these two wee value as wee ought,
Great workes, by their *joynt-power*, to passe are brought.

They,

They, after suffering, shall be crown'd,
In whom, a Constant-faith, is found.

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ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. 2

MArke well this *Emblem*; and, observe you thence

The nature of true *Christian-confidence*.

Her *Foot* is fixed on a *squared-Stone*,

Which, whether side soe're you turne it on,
Stands fast; and, is that *Corner-stone*, which props,
And firmly knits the structure of our *Hopes*.

Shee, alwayes, beares a *Crosse*; to signifie,

That, there was never any *Constancie*

Without her *Tryalls*: and, that, her perfection,
Shall never be attain'd, without *Affliction*.

A *Cup* shee hath, moreover, in her hand;
And, by that *Figure*, thou mayst understand,
That, shee hath draughts of *Comfort*, alwayes neere her,
(At ev'ry brunt) to strengthen, and to cheare her.
And, loe, her head is crown'd; that, we may see
How great, her *Glories*, and *Rewards*, will be.

Hereby, this *Virtue's* nature may be knowne:
Now, practise, how to make the same thine owne.

Discourag'd be not, though thou art pursu'd
With many wrongs, which cannot be eschew'd;
Nor yeeld thou to *Despairing*, though thou hast
A *Crosse* (which threatens death) to be embrac't;
Or, though thou be compell'd to swallow up,
The very dregs, of *Sorrowes* bitter *Cup*:

For, whensoever griefes, or torments, paine thee,
Thou hast the same *Foundation* to sustaine thee:
The selfe same *Cup* of *Comfort*, is prepared
To give thee strength, when *fainting fits* are feared:
And, when thy *time of tryall*, is expired,
Thou shalt obtaine the *Crowne*, thou hast desired.



ILLVSTR. XX.

Book. 2

F to his thoughts my *Comments* have assented,
By whom the following *Emblem* was *invented*,
I'll hereby teach you (*Ladies*) to discover
A true-bred *Cupid*, from a fained *Lover*;
And, shew (if you have *Wooers*) which be they,
That worth' est are to beare your *Hearts* away.

As is the *Boy*, which, here, you pictured see,
Let them be *young*, or let them, rather, be
Of *suiting-yeares* (which is instead of *youth*)
And, woee you in the *nakednesse*, of *Truth*;
Not in the common and disguised *Clothes*,
Of *Mimick-gestures*, *Complements*, and *Oathes*.
Let them be *winged* with a swift *Desire*;
And, not with *slow-affections*, that will tyre.
But, looke to this, as to the principall,
That, *Love* doe make them truly *Musicall*:
For, *Love's* a good *Musician*; and, will show
How, every faithfull *Lover* may be so.

Each *word* he speakes, will presently appeare
To be melodious *Raptures* in your care:
Each *gesture* of his body, when he moves,
Will seeme to *play*, or *sing*, a *Song of Loves*:
The very *lookes*, and *motions* of his eyes,
Will touch your *Heart-strings*, with sweet *Harmonies*;
And, if the *Name* of him, be but exprest,
T'will cause a thousand *quaverings* in your breast.
Nay, ev'n those *Discords*, which occasion'd are,
Will make your *Musicke*, much the sweeter, farre.

And, such a mooving *Diapason* strike,
As none but *Love*, can ever play the like.

*Thy seeming-Lover, false will bee,
And, love thy Money, more than Thee.*

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ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. 2

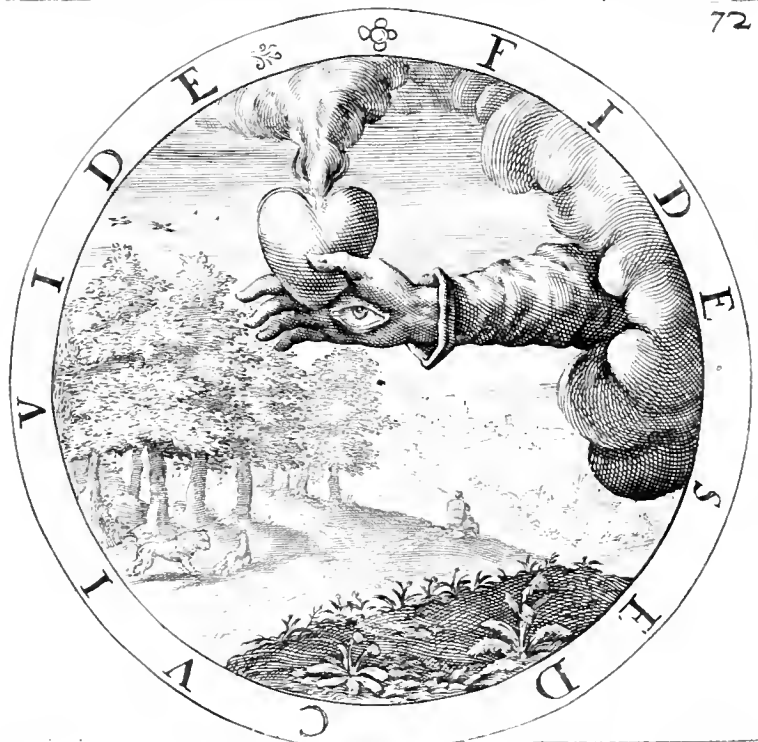


What may the reason be, so many wed,
And misse the blessings of a joyfull-Bed,
But those ungodly, and improper ends,
For which, this Age most *Marriages* intends ?
Some, love *plump-flesh* ; and, those as kinde will be
To any gamesome *Wanton*, as to thee.
Some, doate on *Honours* ; and, all such will prize
Thy *Person*, meerely, for thy *Dignities*.
Some, fancy *Pleasures* ; and, such *Flirts* as they,
With ev'ry *Hobby-horse*, will runne away.
Some (like this *Couple* in our *Emblem*, here)
Woode hard for *Wealth* ; and, very kind appeare,
Till they have wonne their prize : but, then they show
On what their best *Affections* they bestow.

This *Wealth*, is that sweet *Beautie*, which preferres
So many to their *Executioners*.

This, is that rare *Perfection*, for whose sake,
The *Politician*, doth his *Marriage*, make.
Yea, most of those whom you shall married find,
Were coufned, (or did coufn) in this kind ;
And, for some *by respects*, they came together,
Much more, than for the sakes, of one another.
If this concernes thee, now, in any sence ;
For thy instruction, take this warning hence :
If thou hast err'd already, then, lament
Thy passed crime, and, beare thy punishment.
If thou, as yet, but tempted art to erre ;
Then, let this *Emblem* be thy *Counsellor* :

For, I have said my mind, which, if thou slight,
Goe, and repent it, on thy *wedding night*.



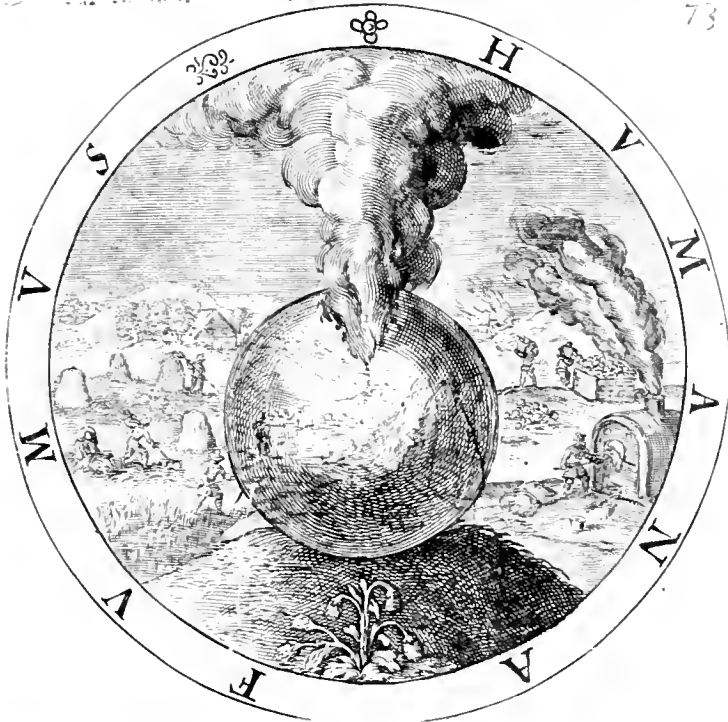
ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book, 2

F Rather would (because it seemeth just)
Deceived be, than causelesly distrust :
Yet, *whom* I credited ; and, then, how *farre* ;
Bee *Cautions*, which I thought worth heeding were :
And, had not this been taught me long agoe,
I had been poorer, if not quite undone.

That, others to such warinesse, may come,
This *Emblem*, here, hath filled up a roome ;
And, though a vulgar *Figure*, it may seeme,
The *Morall*, of it, meriteth esteeme.
That *Seeing-Palme*, (endowed with an *Eye*,
And handling of a *Heart*) may signifie
What warie *Watchfulnessse*, observe we must,
Before we venter on a weightie *Trust* :
And, that, to keepe our *kindnesse* from abuse,
There is of *double-diligence*, an use.
Mens hearts, are growne so false, that most are loath
To trust each others *Words*, or *Bands*, or *Oath* :
For, though wee had in every part an *Eye*,
We could not search out all *Hypocrisie* ;
Nor, by our utmost providence, perceiue
How many wayes, are open to deceive.

Now, then (although perhaps thou art so wise,
To know already, what I would advise)
Yet may this *Emblem*, or this *Motto*, bee
Instead of some *Remembrancer*, to thee.
So, take it therefore ; And, be sure, if either
This *Warning*, or thy *Wit*, (or both together)
Can, still, secure thee from *deceitfull-hearts* ;
Thy *luck* exceedeth all thy other parts,



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. 2

Lord! what a coyle is here! and what a puther,
To save and get? to scratch and scrape together
The Rubbish of the world? and, to acquire
Those vanities, which *Fancie* doth desire?
What *Violence* is used, and what *Cunning*?
What nightly *Watchings*, and what daily *Running*?
What *sorrows* felt? what *difficulties* entred?
What *losses* hazarded? what *perills* ventred?
And, still, how sottishly, doe wee persever
(By all the power, and meanes wee can endeavor)
To wheele our selves, in a perpetuall *Round*,
In quest of that, which never will be found?
In *Objects*, here on *Earth*, we seeke to finde
That perfect sollidnesse, which is confinde,
To things in *Heaven*, though every day we see,
What emptinesse, and faylings, in them be.

To teach us better; this, our *Emblem*, here,
Assayes to make terrestriall things appeare
The same they be, (both to our eares and eyes)
That, wee may rightly their *Condition* prize.
The best, which of earths *best things*, wee can say,
Is this; that they are *Grasse*, and will be *Hay*.
The rest, may be resembled to the *Smoke*,
(Which doth but either blind the sight, or choke)
Or else, to that uncleanly *Mashrum-ball*,
Which, in some *Countries*, wee a *Puff-foyst* call;
Whose *out-side*, is a nastie rotten *skin*,
Containing curt, or smoking-dust, *within*.

This is my *mind*, if wrong you thinke I've done them,
Be *Foiles*; and, at your perils, dote upon them.



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. 2



His Emblem is a *Tortoise*, whose owne shell
Becomes that *house*, where he doth rent-free dwell;
And, in what place soever hee resides,
His *Arched-Lodging*, on his backe abides.
There is, moreover, found a kind of these,
That live both on the shore, and in the Seas;
For which respects, the *Tortoise* represents
That man, who in himselfe, hath full contents;
And (by the *Virtues* lodging in his minde)
Can all things needfull, in all places, finde.

To such a *Man*, what ever doth betide;
From him, his *Treasures*, nothing can divide.
If of his *outward-meanes*, Theeves make a prise;
Hee, more occasion hath to exercise
His *inward-Riches*: and, they prove a *Wealth*,
More usefull, and lesse lyable to stealch.
If, any at his harmelesse person strike;
Himselfe hee streight contracteth, *Tortois-like*,
To make the *Shell of Suffrance*, his defence;
And, counts it *Life*, to die with *Innocence*.
If, hee, by hunger, heat, or cold, be payn'd;
If, hee, be flaudred, sleighted, or disdayn'd;
Hee, alwayes keepes and carries, that, within him,
Which may, from those things, *ease and comfort*, win him.
When, him uncloathed, or unhous'd, you see;
His *Resolutions*, clothes and houses bee,
That keepe him safer; and, farre warmer too,
Than *Palaces*, and princely *Robes*, can doe.

God give mee wealth, that hath so little Cumber;
And, much good doo't the World with all her Lumber.



ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book. 2

Here, we an *Aged-man* described have,
That hath *one foot*, already, in the *Grave* :
And, if you marke it (though the *Sunne* decline,
And horned *Cynthia* doth begin to shine)
With *open-booke*, and, with attentive eyes,
Himselfe, to *compasse Knowledge*, he applies :
And, though that *Evening*, end his last of dayes,
Yet, I will study, more to learne, he sayes.

From this, we gather, that, while time doth last,
The time of *learning*, never will be past ;
And, that, each houre, till we our *life* lay downe,
Still, something, touching *life*, is to be knowne.
When he was old, wise *Cato* learned Greeke :
But, we have *aged-folkes*, that are to seeke
Of that, which they have much more cause to learne ;
Yet, no such minde in them, wee shall discern.
For, that, which they should studie in their *prime*,
Is, oft, deferred, till their *latter-time* :
And, then, *old-age*, unfit for *learning*, makes them,
Or, else, that common *dulnesse* overtakes them,
Which makes ashamed, that it should be thought,
They need, like *little-children*, to be taught.
And, so, out of this world, they doe returne
As wise, as in that weeke, when they were borne.

God, grant me grace, to spend my *life-time* so,
That I my *duety* still may seeke to know ;
And, that, I never, may so farre proceed,
To thinke, that I, more *Knowledge*, doe not need :

But, in *Experience*, may continue growing,
Till I am fill'd with fruits of *pious-knowing*.

Good-fortune, will by those abide,
In whom, True-vertue doth reside.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book. 2

MArke, how the *Cornucopias*, here, apply
Their *Plenties*, to the *Rod of Mercury* ;
And (if it seeme not needlesse) learne, to know
This *Hieroglyphick's* meaning, ere you goe.
The *Sages* old, by this *Mercurian-wand*
(*Caduceus* nam'd) were wont to understand
Art, Wisedome, Vertue, and what else we finde ;
Reputed for endowments of the *Minde*.
The *Cornucopias*, well-knownne *Emblems*, are,
By which, great *wealth*, and *plenties*, figur'd were ;
And (if you joyne together, what they spell)
It will, to ev'ry *Vnderstanding*, tell,
That, where *Internall Graces* may be found,
Eternall-blefings, ever, will abound.

For, this is *truth*, and (though some thoughts in you
Suggest, that this is, often times, untrue)
This, ever is the *truth* ; and, they have got
Few right-form'd *Vertues*, who believe it not.
I will confesse, true *Vertue* hath not ever
All *Common-plenties*, for which most indeavour ;
Nor have the *Perfect'st-Vertues*, those high places,
Which *Knowledge, Arts* (and, such as have the faces
Of outward *beauty*) many times, attaine ;
For, these are things, which (often) those men gaine,
That are more *flesh*, then *spirit* ; and, have need
Of *carnall-helpes*, till higher they proceede.
But, they, of whom I speake, are shovne so high,
As, not to want those *Toyes*, for which wee crye :
And, I had shovne you somewhat of their store,
But, that, this *Page*, had roome to write no more.

The



ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book. 2

THis moderne *Emblem*, is a mute expressing
 Of Gods great Mercies, in a *Moderne-blessing* ;
 And, gives me, now, just cause to sing his praise,
 For granting me, my being, in these dayes.
 The much-desired *Messages* of Heav'n,
 For which, our *Fathers* would their lives have giv'n,
 And (in *Groves, Caves, and Mountaines*, once a yeare)
 Were glad, with hazard of their goods, to heare ;
 Or, in lesse bloody times, at their owne homes,
 To heare, in private, and obscured roomes.
 Lo ; those, those *Joyfull-tydings*, we doe live
 Divulg'd, in every *Village*, to perceive ;
 And, that, the sounds of *Gladnesse*, eccho may,
 Through all our goodly *Temples*, ev'ry day.

*This was (Oh God) thy doing ; unto thee,
 Ascrib'd, for ever, let all Prayses bee.*

*Prolong this Mercie, and, vouchsafe the fruit,
 May to thy Labour, on this Vine-yard, suit :
 Lest, for our fruitlesnesse, thy Light of grace,
 Thou, from our Golden-candlestick, displace.*

*We doe, me thinkes, already, Lord, beginne
 To wantonize, and let that loathing in,
 Which makes thy Manna tastelesse ; And, I feare,
 That, of those Christians, who, more often heare,
 Then practise, what they know, we have too many :
 And, I suspect my selfe, as much as any.*

*Oh ! mend me so, that, by amending mee,
 Amends in others, may increased be :*

*And, let all Graces, which thou hast bestow'd,
 Returne thee honour, from whom, first, they flow'd.*

The Bees, will in an Helmet breed ;
And, Peace, doth after Warre, succeed.



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. 2

When you have heeded, by your *Eyes of sense*,
This *Helmet*, hiving of a *Swarme of Bees*,
Consider, what may gather'd be from thence,
And, what your *Eye of Vnderstanding* sees.

That *Helmet*, and, those other *Weapons*, there,
Betoken *Warre*; the *Honey-making*, *Flyes*,
An *Emblem* of a happy *Kingdome*, are,
Injoying *Peace*, by painfull *Industries*:
And, when, all these together are exprest,
As in this *Emblem*, where the *Bees*, doe seeme
To make their dwelling, in a *Plumed-Crest*,
A *Morall* is implied, worth esteeme.

For, these inferre, mysteriously, to me,
That, *Peace*, and *Art*, and *Thrift*, most firme abides,
In those *Re-publikes*, where, *Armes* cherisht bee;
And, where, true *Martiall. discipline*, resides.
When, of their *Stings*, the *Bees*, disarm'd, become,
They, who, on others *Labours*, use to prey,
Incourag'd are, with violence, to come,
And, beare their *Honey*, and, their *Waxe*, away.

So when a *People*, meerely, doe affect
To gather *Wealth*; and (foolishly secure)
Defences necessary, quite neglect;
Their *Foes*, to spoyle their *Land*, it will allure.
Long *Peace*, brings *Warre*; and, *Warre*, brings *Peace*, againe:
For, when the smart of *Warfare* seizeth on them,
They crye, *Alarme*; and, then, to fight, are faine,
Vntill, their *Warre*, another *Peace*, hath wonne them;
And, out of their old rusty *Helmets*, then,
New *Bees* doe swarme, and, fall to worke agen.

The Heart of him, that is upright,
In Heavenly-knowledge, takes delight.

91



ILLVSTR. X XIX.

Book. 2

His Emblem, with some other of the rest,
Are scarce, with seemly Properties, exprest,
Yet, since a vulgar, and a meane Invention
May yield some Fruit, and shew a good Intention ;
Ile, hence, as well informe your Intellects,
As if these Figures had not those defects.

The Booke, here shadow'd, may be said, to show
The Wisdom, and Experience, which we know
By Common meanes, and, by these Creatures, here,
Which to be plac'd below us, may appeare.

The Winged-heart, betokens those Desires,
By which, the Reasonable-soule, aspires
Above the Creature ; and, attempts to clime,
To Mysteries, and Knowledge, more sublime :
Evn to the Knowledge of the Three-in-one,
Implied by the Tetragrammaton.

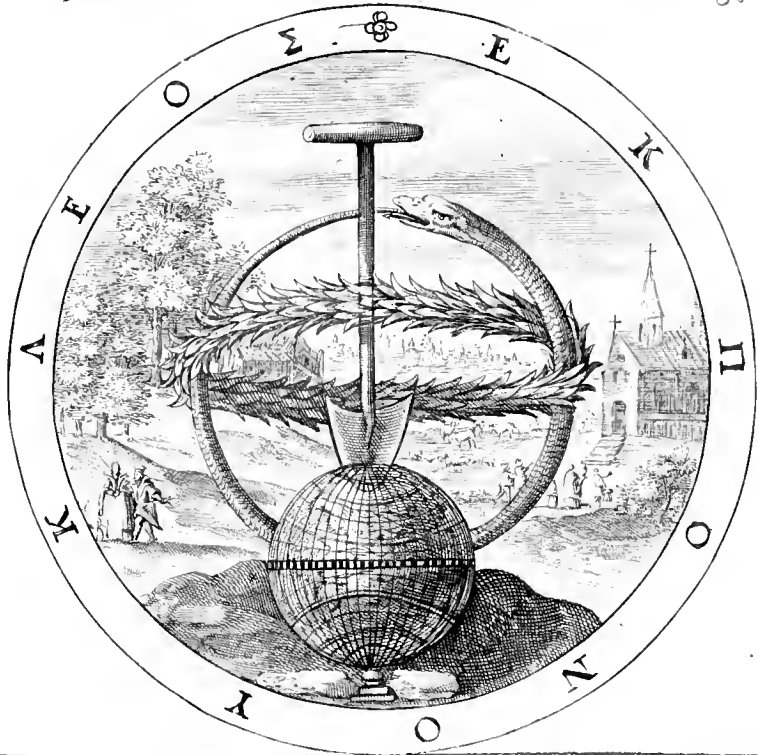
The Smokings of this Heart, may well declare
Those Perturbations, which within us are,
Vntill, that Heavenly wisdom, we have gain'd,
Which is not, here, below, to be attain'd ;
And, after which, those Hearts, that are upright,
Enquire with daily studie, and delight.

To me, Oh Lord, vouchsafe thou, to impart
The gift of such a Rectified-heart.

Grant me the Knowledge of Inferiour things,
So farre, alone, as their Experience, brings
The Knowledge, which, I ought to have of thee,
And, of those Duties, thou requir'st of mee :

For, thee, Oh God, to know, and, thee to feare,
Of truest Wisdom, the Perfections are.

Where



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 2

DOe men suppose, when *Gods* free-giving Hand,
 Doth by their *Friends*, or, by *Inheritance*,
 To *Wealth*, or *Tisles*, raise them in the Land,
 That, those, to *Lasting-glories*, them advance ?
 Or, can men thinke, such *Goods*, or *Gifts* of Nature,
 As *Nimble-apprehensions*, *Memory*,
 An *Able-body*, or, a comely *Feature*
 (Without improvement) them, shall dignifie ?
 May Sloth, and Idlenesse, be warrantable,
 In us, because our *Fathers* have been rich ?
 Or, are wee, therefore, truly honourable,
 Because our *Predecessours*, have beene such ?
 When, nor our *Fortunes*, nor our *naturall parts*,
 In any measure, are improved by us,
 Are others bound (as if we had deserts)
 With Attributes of *Honour* to belye us ?
 No, no ; the more our *Predecessours* left,
 (Yea, and, the more, by *nature*, we enjoy)
 We, of the more esteeme, shall be bereft ;
 Because, our *Talents*, we doe mis-imploy.
 True *Glory*, doth on *Labour*, still attend ;
 But, without *Labour*, *Glory* we have none.
She, crownes good *Workmen*, when their Works have end,
 And, *Shame*, gives payment, where is nothing done.
 Laborious, therefore, bee ; But, lest the *Spade*
 (which, here, doth *Labour* meane) thou use in vaine,
 The *Serpent*, thereunto, be sure thou adde ;
 That is, Let *Prudence* guide thy taking paine.
 For, where, a *wise-endeavour*, shall be found,
 A *Wreath* of *Glory*, will inclose it round.

Behold



ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. 2

THese, are the great'st Afflictions, most men have,
Ev'n from their Nursing-cradle, to their Grave:
Yet, both so needfull are, I cannot see,
How either of them, may well spared bee.
The *Roa* is that, which, most our *Child-hood* feares;
And, seemes the great'st Affliction that it beares:
That, which to *Man-hood*, is a plague, as common
(And, more unsufferable) is a *Woman*.

Yet, blush not *Ladies*; nei her crowne, I pray,
That, thus of *women*, I presume to say;
Nor, number mee, as yet, among your foes;
For, I am more your friend, then you suppose:
Nor smile ye *Men*, as if, from hence, ye had
An Argument, that *Woman kinde* were bad.
The *Birch*, is blamelesse (yea, by nature, sweet,
And gentle) till, with stubborne Boyes, it meet:
But, then, it smarts. So, *Women*, will be kinde,
Vntill, with froward *Husbands*, they are joyn'd:
And, then indeed (perhaps) like *Birchen boughes*,
(Which, else, had bene a trimming, to their House)
They, sometimes prove, sharpe whips, and Rods, to them,
That *Wisdome*, and, *Instruction* doe contemne.

A *Woman*, was not given for *Correction*;
But, rather for a furtherance to *Perfection*:
A precious *Balme of love*, to cure Mans griefe;
And, of his Pleasures, to become the chiefe.
If, therefore, she occasion any smart,
The blame, he merits, wholly, or in part:
For, like sweet *Honey*, she, good *Stomackes*, pleases;
But, paines the *Body*, subject to *Diseases*.

Death's



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

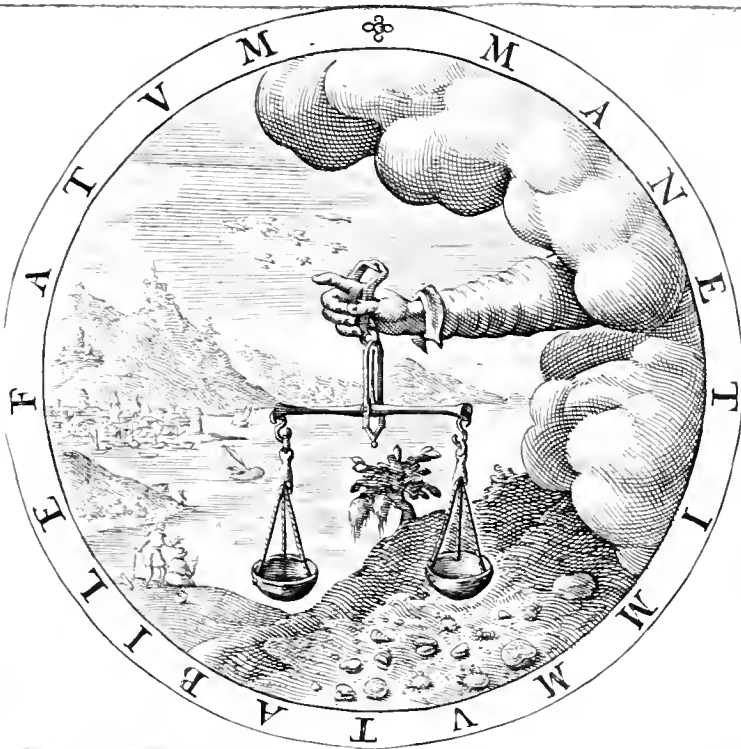
Book.2

¶ Then, on this *Child-like figure*, thou shalt looke,
 Which, with his *Light*, his *Hour-glasse*, and his *booke*,
 Sits, in a *watching-posture*, formed here;
 And, when thou hast perus'd that *Motto*, there,
 On which he layes his hand; thy selfe apply
 To what it counselleth; and, *learne to die*,
 While that *Light* burnes, and, that *short-houre* doth last,
 Which, for this *Lesson*, thou obtained hast.

And, in this *bus'nesse*, use thou no delays;
 For, if the bigger *Motto* truly, sayes,
 There is not left unto thee, one whole *Watch*,
 Thy necessary labours, to dispatch.
 It was no more, when first thy *Life* begunne;
 And, many *Glasses* of that *Watch* be runne:
 Which thou observing, shouldst be put in minde,
 To husband well, the *space* that is behind.

Endeavour honestly, whilst thou hast *light*:
 Deferre thou nor, thy *Journey*, till the *night*;
 Nor, sleepe away, in Vanities, the *prime*,
 And *flowre*, of thy most acceptable *time*.
 So watchfull, rather, and, so carefull be,
 That, whensoever the *Bridegroom* summons thee;
 And, when thy *Lord* returnes, unlook for, home;
 Thou mayst, a *Partner*, in their joyes, become.

And, oh my God! so warie, and so wise,
 Let me be made; that, this, which I advise
 To other men (and really have thought)
 May still, in practice, by my selfe, be brought:
 And, helpe, and pardon me, when I transgresse,
 Through humane frailtie, or, forgetfulnesse.



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

Book. 2

ME thinks, that *Fate*, which *God* weighs forth to all,
 I, by the *Figure* of this *Even-Skale*,
 May partly show; and, let my *Reader*, see
 The state, of an *Immutable-decree*;
 And, how it differs, from those *Destinies*,
 Which carnall understandings, doe devise.

For, this implies, that ev'ry thing, *to-come*,
 Was, by a steady, and, by equal *doome*,
 Weigh'd out, by *Providence*; and, that, by *Grace*,
 Each thing, each person, ev'ry *time*, and *place*,
 Had thereunto, a *powre*, and *portion* given,
 So proper to their nature (and, so even
 To that just *measure*, which, aright became
 The *Workings*, and, the *being*, of the same)
 As, best might helpe the furthering of that *end*,
 Which, *God's* eternall *wisedome*, doth intend.
 And, though, I dare not be so bold, as they,
 Who, of *God's* Closet, seeme to keep the *Key*;
 (And, things, for absolute *Decrees*, declare,
 Which, either *false*, or, but *Contingents* are)
 Yet, in his *Will-reveal'd*, my *Reason*, sees
 Thus much, of his *Immutable-decreees*:
 That, him, a *Dooome-eternall*, reprobateh,
 Who scorneth *Mercie*; or, *Instruction* hateth,
 Without *Repenting*: And, that, whensoever,
 A *Sinner*, true *amendment*, shall indeavour;
 Bewaile his *Wickednesse*, and, call for *grace*;
 There shall be, for *Compassion*, time, and *place*.

And, this, I hold, a branch of that *Decree*,
 Which, Men may say, shall *never changed* be.



ILLVSTR. XXIV.

Book. 2

MArke well this *Caged-fowle*; and, thereby, see,
What, thy estate, may, peradventure, be.
She, wants her *freedome*; so, perhaps, dost thou,
Some *freedomes* lacke, which, are desired, now;
And, though, thy *Body* be not so confin'd;
Art straitned, from some liberty of *Minde*.

The *Bird in thrall*, the more contented lyes,
Because, the *Hawke*, so neere her, she espyes;
And, though, the *Cage* were open, more would feare,
To venture out, then to continue there:
So, if thou couldst perceiue, what *Birds of prey*,
Are hov'ring round about thee, every day,
To seizethy *Soule* (when she abroad shall goe,
To take the *Freedome*, she desireth so)
Thou, farre more fearefull, wouldst of them, become,
Then thou art, now, of what thou flyest from.

Not *Precepts*, but *Experience*, thus hath taught me;
Which, to such resolutions, now have brought me,
That, whatsoever mischiefs others doe me,
I make them yield some true Contentments to me;
And, seldome struggle from them, till I see,
That, *smother-fortunes* will securer be.
What spight soere my Foes, to me, can doe,
I laugh thereat, within an houre or two:
For, though the *World*, and I, at first, believe,
My *Suffrings*, give me cause enough to grieve;
Yet, afterwar^d, I finde (the more to glad me)
That, better *Fortunes*, might farre worse have made me.

By some young *Devills*, though, I scratched am,
Yet, I am hopefull, I shall scape their *Dam*.



ILLVSTR. XXXV.

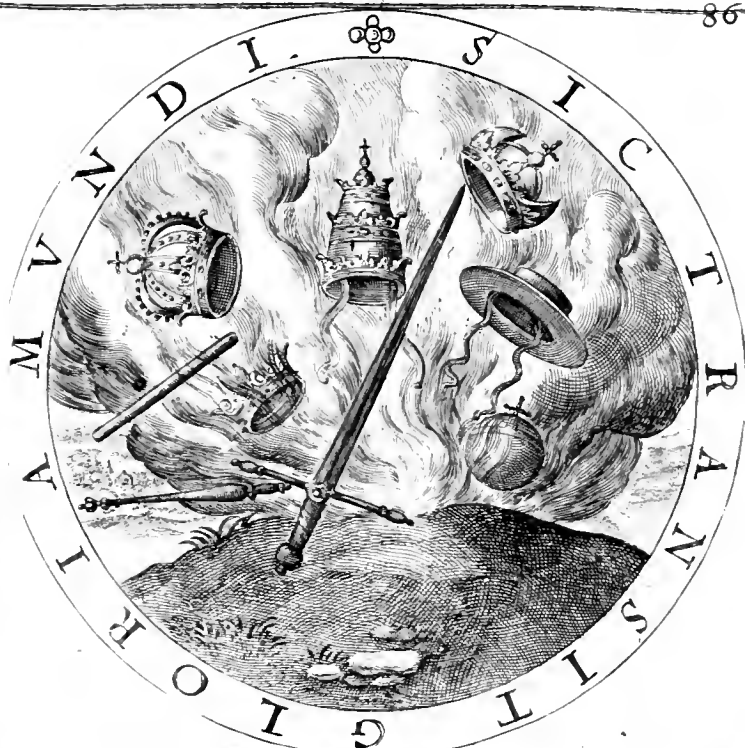
Book. 2

Observe the nature of that *Fiery-flame*,
Which on the *Mountaines* top so brightly shoves;
The *Windes* from every quarter, blow the same,
Yea, and to blow it out, their *fury* blowes;
But, lo; the more they *storme*, the more it *shineth*;
At every *Blast*, the *Flame* ascendeth higher;
And, till the *Fuell*s want, that rage confineth,
It, will be, still, a great, and glorious *Fire*.

Thus fares the man, whom *Vertue*, *Beacon-like*,
Hath fixt upon the *Hills* of *Eminence*,
At him, the *Tempests* of mad *Envie* strike,
And, rage against his *Piles* of *Innocence*;
But, still, the more they wrong him, and the more
They seeke to keepe his worth from being knowne,
They, daily, make it greater, then before;
And, cause his *Fame*, the farther to be blowne.

When, therefore, no selfe-doting *Arrogance*,
But, *Vertues*, cover'd with a modest vaile,
Breake through *obscurity*, and, thee advance
To place, where *Envie* shall thy worth assaile;
Discourage nor thy selfe: but, stand the shockes
Of wrath, and fury. Let them snarle and bite;
Pursue thee, with *Detraction*, *Slanders*, *Mockes*,
And, all the venom'd *Engines* of *Despight*,
Thou art above their malice; and, the *blaze*
Of thy *Celestiall-fire*, shall shine so cleare,
That, their besotted soules, thou shalt amaze;
And, make thy *Splendours*, to their shame, appeare.

If this be all, that *Envies* rage can doe,
Lord, give me *Vertues*, though I suffer too.



ILLVSTR. XXXVI.

Book. 2

Some better *Arguments*, then yet I see,
I must perceive ; and, better causes, why,
To those gay things, I should addicted bee,
To which, the Vulgar their *Affections* tye.
I have consider'd, *Scepters, Miners, Crownes,*
With each appurtenance to them belonging ;
My *heart*, hath search'd their *Glories, and Renownes* ;
And, all the pleasant things about them thronging :
My *Soule*, hath truely weigh'd, and, tooke the measure,
Of *Riches* (which the most have so desired)
I have distill'd the Quintessence of *Pleasure*,
And, seene those *Objects*, that are most admired.
I, likewise feele all *Passions, and Affections*,
That helpe to cheat the *Reason*, and perswade
That those poore *Vanities*, have some perfections,
Whereby their Owners, happy might be made.

Yet, when that I have rouz'd my *Vnderstanding*,
And cleans'd my Heart from some of that Corruption,
Which hinders in me *Reasons* free commanding,
And, shewes, things, without vailles, or interruption ;
Then, they, me thinkes, as fruitlesse doe appeare,
As *Bubbles* (wherewithall young-children play)
Or, as the *Smoke*, which, in our *Emblem*, here,
Now, makes a show, and, straight, consumes away.

Be pleas'd, Oh God, my value may be such
Of every Outward-blessing, here below,
That, I may neither love them overmuch,
Nor underprise the Gifts, thou shalt bestow :

But, know the use, of all these fading *Smokes* ;
And, be refresh'd, by that, which others chokes.

Death



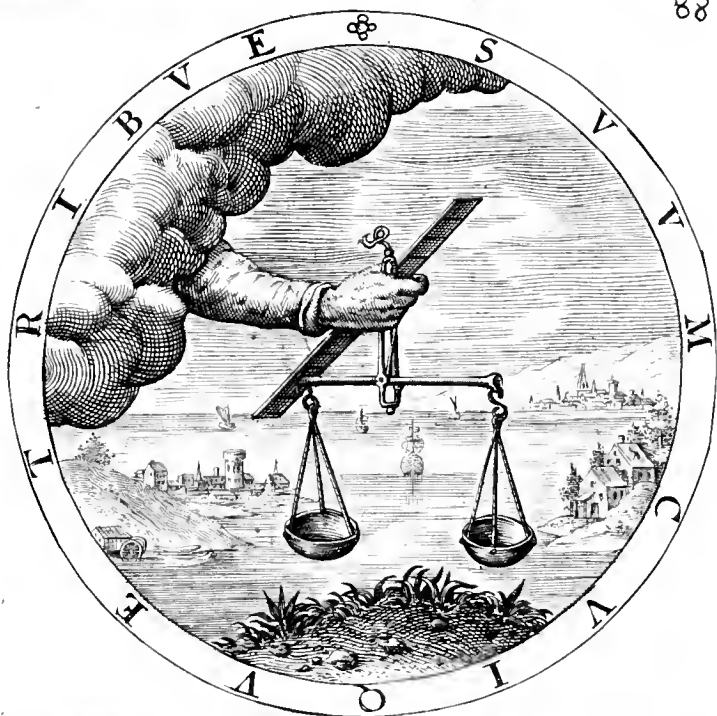
ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 2

UPon an *Altar*, in this *Emblem*, stands
A *Burning-heart* ; and, therewithall, you see
Beneath *Deaths-head*, a paire of *Loving-hands*,
Which, close, and fast-united, seeme to be.
These moderne *Hieroglyphickes* (vulgarly
Thus bundled up together) may afford
Good-meanings, with as much *Propriety*,
As best, with common *Iudgements*, will accord.

It may imply, that, when both *Hand* and *Heart*,
By sympathizing dearenesse are invited,
To meet each others nat'rall *Counterpart*;
And, are by sacred *Ordinance* united:
They then have entred that strict *Obligation*,
By which they, firmly, ev'ry way are ty'd ;
And, without meanes (or thought of separation)
Should in that *Union*, till their *Deaths*, abide ;

This, therefore, minde thou, whatsoere thou be
(Whose *Marriage-ring*, this *Covenant*, hath sealed)
For, though, thy *Faith's* infringement, none can see;
Thy secret fault, shall one day, be revealed.
And, thou that art at liberty, take heed,
Left thou (as over great a number doe)
Of thine owne person, make a *Privy-deed*,
And, afterwards, deny thy doing so.
For, though there be, nor *Church*, nor *Chappell*, nigh thee
(Nor outward witnessles of what is done)
A *Power-invisible* doth alwayes eye thee ;
And, thy pretended *Loves*, so looks upon,
That, if thou be not, till thy *dying*, true ;
Thy *Falschood*, till thy *dying*, thou shalt rue.



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

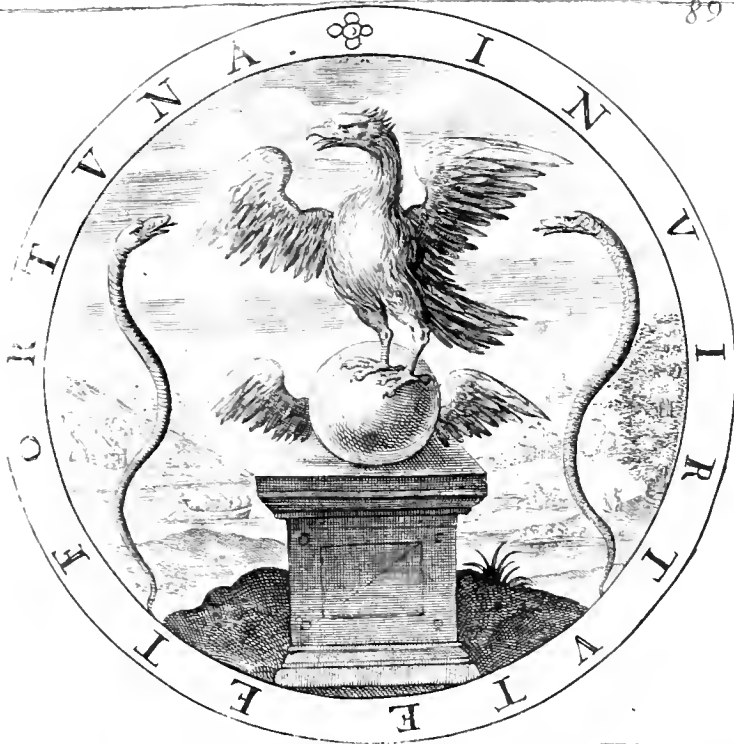
Book. 2

HOrth of a Cloud (with Scale and Rule) extended
An Arme (for this next Emblem) doth appeare;
Which hath to us in silent-showes, commended,
A Vertue, that is often wanting, here.

The World, is very studious of *Deceits*;
And, he is judged wisest, who deceives.
False-measures, and, *Adulterated-weights*,
Of many dues, the needy-man bereaves.
Ev'n *Weights* to sell, and, other *Weights* to buy
(*Two sorts of weights*) in practice are, with some;
And, both of these, they often falsifie,
That, they to great, and *suddaine-wealth*, may come.

But, Conscience make of rayfing your estates,
By such a base, and such a wicked way:
For, this Injustice, God expreffely hates;
And, brings, at last, such *thrivvers* to decay.
By *Weight* and *measure*, He, on all bestowes
The Portions due; That, *Weight* and *Measure*, then,
Which Man to God, or to his *Neighbour* owes,
Should, justly, be returned backe agen.
Give ev'ry one, in ev'ry thing his owne:
Give *honour*, where an *honour* shall be due;
Where you are *loved*, let your *love* be showne;
And, yield them succours, who have succour'd you.
Give to thy *Children*, breeding and *Corrections*;
Thy *Charities*, ev'n to thy *Foes* extend:
Give to thy *wife*, the best of thy *Affections*;
To God, thy *selfe*, and, all thou hast, commend:
And, lest thou faile, Remember who hath sayd,
Such measure, as thou giv'st, shall be repay'd.

Hee



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. 2

Hen, in this *Emblem* here, observe you shall
An *Eaglet*, perched, on a *Winged-ball*.
Advanced on an *Altar*; and, have ey'd
The *Snakes*, assaying him, on ev'ry side:

Me thinks, by that, you straight should apprehend
Their state, whom *Wealth*, and *Vertue*, doe befriend.

My Judgement, by that *Altar-stone*, conceives
The sollidnesse, which, true *Religion* gives;
And, that fast-grounded *goodnesse*, which, we see,
In grave, and found *Morality*, to be.

The *Flying-ball*, doth, very well, expresse
All *Ourward blessings*, and, their *ficklenesse*.

Our *Eaglet*, meaneth such *Contemplatives*,
As, in this world, doe passe away their lives,
By so possessing that which they have got,
As if they car'd not, though, they had it not.

The *Snakes*, may well resemble those, among them,
Who, meerely out of *envie*, seeke to wrong them;
And, all these *Figures* (thus together layd)

Doe speake to me, as if these words, they sayd:

That man, who builds upon the best foundation,
(*And spreads the widest wings of Contemplation*)
Whil'st, in the flesh, he bides, will need some props
Of earthly-tortunes, to support his hopes:
And, other-while, those things, may meanes become,
The stings of Envie, to secure him from.

And, hence, I learne; that, such, as will abide,
Against all *Envie*, strongly fortify'd,

Must joyne, great *Vertues*, and great *Wealth*, together.

God helpe us, then, poore-soules, who scarce have either!



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. 2

Five *Termes*, there be, which five, I doe apply
 To all, that *was*, and *is*, and, *shall be done*.
 The *first*, and *last*, is that ETERNITIE,
 Which, neither shall have *End*, nor, *was begunne*.
 BEGINNING, is the *next*; which, is a space
 (Or moment rather) scarce imaginarie,
 Made, when the first *Materiall*, formed was;
 And, then, forbidden, longer time to tarry.
 TIME entred, when, BEGINNING had an *Ending*,
 And, is a Progresse, all the workes of *Nature*,
 Within the circuit of it, comprehending,
 Ev'n till the *period*, of the *Outward-creature*.
 END, is the *fourth*, of those five *Termes* I meane;
 (As bricfe, as was *Beginning*) and, ordayned,
 To set the last of *moments*, to that *Scene*,
 Which, on this Worlds wide *Stage*, is entertayned.
 The *fifth*, we EVERLASTING, fitly, call;
 For, though, it once *begunne*, yet, shall it never
 Admit, of any *future-end*, at all;
 But, be extended onward, still, for ever.

The knowledge of these *Termes*, and of what *actions*,
 To each of them belongs, would set an end,
 To many Controversies, and Distractions,
 Which doe so many trouble, and offend.
 TIME's nature, by the *Fading-flowre*, appears;
 Which, is a *Type*, of Transitory things:
 The *Circled-snake*, ETERNITIE declares;
 Within whose *Round*, each fading Creature, springs.
 Some *Ridales* more, to utter, I intended,
 But, lo; a sudden stop, my words have ended.



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. 2

IF (Reader) thou desirous be to know
What by the *Centaur*, seemeth here intended;
What, also, by the *Snake*, and, by the *Bowe*,
Which in his hand, he beareth alway bended:
Learne, that this *halfe-a man*, and *halfe-a horse*,
Is ancient *Hieroglyphicke*, teaching thee,
That, *Wisdom* should be joyn'd with outward *force*,
If prosperous, we desire our workes to be.
His *Upper-part*, the shape of *Man*, doth beare,
To teach, that, *Reason* must become our *guide*.
The *hinder-parts*, a *Horses* Members are;
To shew, that we must, also, *strength* provide:
The *Serpent*, and the *Bowe*, doth signifie
The same (or matter to the same effect)
And, by two *Types*, one *Morall* to implic,
Is doubled a *fore-warning* of *neglect*.
When *Knowledge* wanteth *Power*, despis'd we grow,
And, know but how to aggravate our paine:
Great *strength*, will worke it owne sad overthrow,
Vnlesse, it guided be, with *Wisdomes* reine.

Therefore, Oh God, vouchsafe thou so to marry
The gifts of Soule and Body, both, in me,
That, I may still haue all things necessary,
To worke, as I commanded am, by thee.
And, let me not possesse them, Lord, alone,
But, also, know their use; and, so well know it,
That, I may doe each duety to be done;
And, with upright Intentions, alwayes doe it.

If 't be more, then, yet, obtaine I may,
By will accept thou, for the deed, I pray.



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book. 2

E doe acknowledge (as this *Emblem* shoves)
 That *Fruits* and *Flowres*, and many *pleasant-things*,
 From out the *Ground*, in ev'ry season growes ;
 And, that unto their *being*, helpe it brings.
 Yet, of it selfe, the *Ground*, we know is dull,
 And, but a *Willing-patient*, whereupon
 The *Sunne*, with Beames, and Vertues wonderfull,
 Prepareth, and effecteth, what is done.
 We, likewise, doe acknowledge, that our *eyes*
 Indowed are with faculties of *Seeing*,
 And, with some other nat'rall *properties*,
 Which are as much our owne, as is our *Being*.
 However, till the *Sunne* imparts his light,
 We finde, that we in *darkenesse* doe remaine,
 Obscured in an everlasting night ;
 And, boast our *Seeing-faculties*, in vaine.

So, we, by nature, have some nat'rall powers:
 But, *Grace*, must those abilities of ours
 First move ; and, guide them, still, in moving, thus,
 To worke with *God*, when *God* shall worke on us :
 For, *God* so workes, that, no man he procures
 Against his *nature*, ought to chuse, or shun :
 But, by his *holy-Spirit*, him allures ;
 And, with sweet mildnesse, proveth ev'ry one.
 The *Sunne* is faultlesse of it, when the birth
 Of some bad *Field*, is nothing else but *Weeds* :
 For, by the selfe-same *Sun shine*, fruitfull Earth
 Beares pleasant Crops, and plentifully breeds.
 Thus, from our *selves*, our *Vices* have increase,
 Our *Vertues*, from the *Sunne* of *Righteousnesse*.



BOOK. 2

His is the *Poets-horſe* ; a *Palfray*, *SIR*,
(That may be ridden, without rod or ſpurs)
Abroad, more famous then *Bucephalus*,
Though, not ſo knowne, as *Banks* his horſe, with us ;
Or ſome of thoſe *fleeſ-horſes*, which of late,
Have runne their *Maſters*, out of their eſtate.
For, thoſe, and *Hobby-horſes*, beſt befit
The note, and practice of their moderne wit,
Who, what this *Horſe* might meane, no knowledge had,
Vnill, a *Taverne-ſigne*, they ſaw it made.

Yet, this old *Emblem* (worthy veneration)
Doth figure out, that *winged-contemplation*,
On which the *Learned* mount their beſt *Invention* ,
And, climbe the *Hills* of higheſt *Apprehenſion*.
This is the nimble *Gennet*, which doth carry,
Their *Fancie*, thorow *Worlds* imaginary ;
And, by *Ideas* feigned, ſhewes them there,
The nature of thoſe *Truths*, that reall are.
By meanes of *this*, our *Soules* doe come to know
A thouſand ſecrets, in the *Deeps* below ;
Things, here on *Earth*, and, things above the *Skies*,
On which, we never fixed, yet, our eyes.

No thorny, miery, ſteepe, nor craggy place,
Can interrupt this *Courſer*, in his race :
For, that, which others, in their paſſage troubles,
Augments his courage, and his vigour doubles.
Thus, fares the *Minde*, infus'd with brave deſires ;
It flies through *Darkeneſſe*, *Dangers*, *Flouds*, and *Fires* :
And, in deſpight of what her ayme reſiſteſh :
Pursues her hopes, and takes the way ſhe liſteſh.



ILLVSTR. XLIV.

Book. 2

H He painfull Husbandman, with sweaty browes,
 Consumes in labour many a weary day :
 To breake the stubborne earth, he *digs* and *ploughes*,
 And, then, the Corne, he scatters on the clay :
 When that is done, he *harrowes* in the Seeds,
 And, by a well-cleans'd Furrow, layes it drye:
 He, frees it from the *Wormes*, the *Moles*, the *Weeds* ;
 He, on the *Fences*, also hath an eye.
 And, though he see the chilling Winter, bring
Snowes, *Flouds*, and *Frosts*, his Labours to annoy ;
 Though *blasting-windes* doe nip them in the *Spring*,
 And, *Summers* Meldewes, threaten to destroy :
 Yea, though not onely *Dayes*, but *Weekes*, they are
 (Nay, many *Weekes*, and, many *Moneths* beside)
 In which he must with payne, prolong his care,
 Yet, constant in his hopes he doth abide.
 For this respect, HOPE'S Emblem, here, you see
 Attends the *Plough*, that men beholding it,
 May be instructed, or else minded be,
 What Hopes, continuing *Labours*, will besit.
 Though, long thou toyled hast, and, long attended
 About such workings as are necessary ;
 And, oftentimes, ere fully they are ended,
 Shalt finde thy paines in danger to miscarry :
 Yet, be not out of *hope*, nor quite dejected :
 For, buried Seeds will sprout when *Winter's* gone ;
 Vnlikelier things are many times effected ;
 And, *God* brings helpe, when men their best have done.
 Yea, they that in *Good-workes* their life imploy ;
 Although, they *sowe* in *teares*, shall *reape* in *joy*.

Things



ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. 2

When, thou shalt visit, in the Moneth of *May*,
A costly *Garden*, in her best array; (Bowers,
And view the well-grown *Trees*, the wel-trimm'd
The *Beds of Herbs*, the knots of pleasant flowers,
With all the deckings, and the fine devices,
Perteyning to those earthly *Paradises*,
Thou canst not well suppose, one day, or two,
Did finish all, which had beene, there, to doe.
Nor dost thou, when young *Plants*, or new-fowne *Lands*,
Doe thirst for needfull *Watrings*, from thy hands,
By *Flood-gates*, let whole *Ponds* amongst them come;
But, them besprinklest, rather, *some and some*;
Left, else, thou marre the *Flowers*, or chill the *Seed*,
Or drowne the *Saplings*, which did moysture need.

Let this experiment, which, to thy thought,
May by this *Emblem*, now perhaps, be brought,
Perswade thee to consider, that, no actions,
Can come, but by *degrees*, to their perfections;
And, teach thee, to allot, for every thing,
That *leisurely-proceeding*, which may bring
The ripenessse, and the fulnessse, thou expectest:
And, though thy *Hopes*, but slowly thou effectest,
Discourage not thy selfe; since, oft they prove
Most prosperous actions, which at leisure move.
By many *drops*, is made a mighty *shovre*;
And many *minutes* finish up an *houre*:
By *little*, and by *little*, we possessse
Assurance of the greatest *Happinesse*.

And, oft, by too much *haste*, and, too much *cost*,
Great *Wealth*, great *Honours*, and, great *Hopes*, are lost.

Affliction,

Affliction, doth to many adde
More value. then, before, they had.

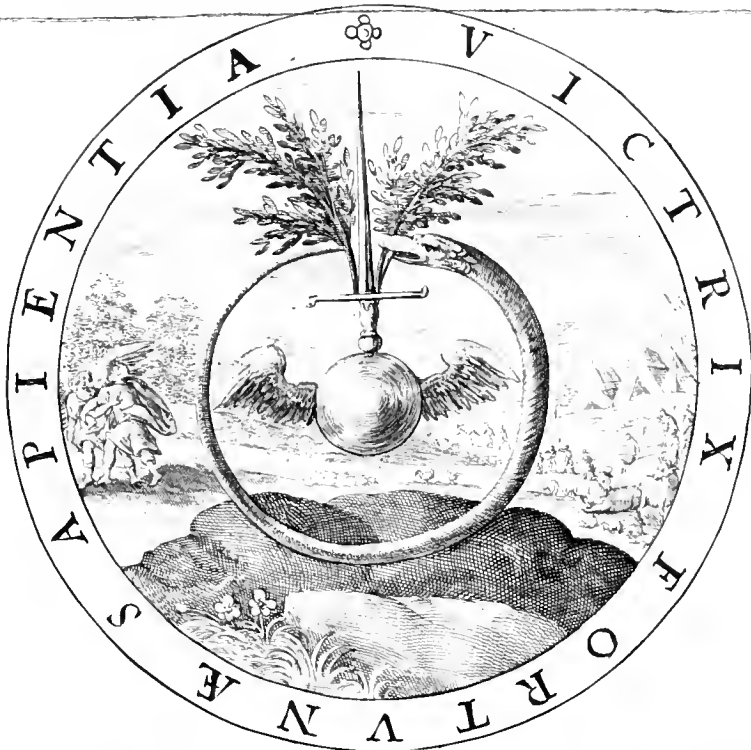


THough I am somewhat soberer to day,
I have been (I confesse) as mad as they,
Who think those men, that large Possessions have,
Gay Clothes, fine Furnitures, and Houses brave,
Are those (nay more, that they alone are those)
On whom, the stile of *Rich*, we should impose.

But, having, by experience, understood
His words, who sayd, *his troubles did him good*,
I, now perceive, the *Worldly-rich* are poore,
Vnlesse of *Sorrowes*, also, they have store.
Till from the *Straw*, the *Flaile*, the *Corne* doth beat ;
Vntill the *Chaffe*, be purged from the *Wheat*,
Yea, till the *Milk*, the *Graines* in pieces teare,
The richnesse of the *Flowre*, will scarce appeare.

So, till mens persons great *Afflictions* touch
(If worth be found) their *worth* is not so much,
Because, like *Wheat*, in *Straw*, they have not, yet,
That value, which in *threshing*, they may get.
For, till the bruising *Flailes* of *GOD'S* *Corrections*,
Have threshed out of us our vaine *Affections* ;
Till those *Corruptions*, which doe misbecome us,
Are by thy *Sacred-spirit*, winnowed from us ;
Vntill, from us, the *straw* of *Worldly-treasures* ;
Till all the dusty *Chaffe* of empty *Pleasures* ;
Yea, till his *Flaile*, upon us, he doth lay,
To thresh the huske of this our *Flesh* away ;
And, leaue the *Soule* uncover'd ; nay, yet more,
Till *God* shall make, our very *Spirit* poore ;
We shall not up to highest *Wealth* aspire :
But, then we shall ; and, *that is my desire*.

Though



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book. 2

A Snake, (which was by wise *Antiquitie*
Much us'd, the type of *Prudencie* to be)
Hemmes in a *Winged-ball*, which doth imply,
That *Fickle-fortune*, from which, none are free.
Above this *Ball*, the *Snake* advanceth too,
The *Laurell*, and the *Sword*; which, *Emblems* are,
Whereby our *Author* maketh much adoe,
A *Conquest* over *Fortune*, to declare.
And, well enough this purpose it befits,
If (*Reader*) any one of those thou be,
Whose *Fortunes* must be mended by their *Wits*;
And, it affords instructions fit for thee:
For, hence, thou mayst collect, that, no estate
Can, by *Misfortunes* means, become so bad,
But, *Prudence* (who is *Mistresse* over *Fate*)
May rule it so, that, good it might be made.

Though *Fortunes* outlawes, on thy *Riches* prey,
By *Wised* me, there is meanes, of getting more;
And, ev'ry rub that's placed in thy way,
Shall make thee walke more safely, then before.
Nor *Poverty*, nor *Paynes*, nor *Spighisubnesse*,
Nor other *Mischiefes*, that *Mischance* can doe thee,
Shall bring thee any sorrow or distresse,
Which will not be, at last, advantage to thee.

Lord, give me such a *Prudence*: for my *Fortune*
Puts many foyles, and cruell thrusts upon me:
Thy helpe, long since, it made me to importune;
And, thou didst grant it, or she had undone me.
Still, daigne me thy assistance, Lord, and, than,
Let all *Misfortunes*, doe the worst they can.

A life,



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book. 2

IN this our *Emblem*, you shall finde exprest
A *Man*, incountring with a *Salvage-beast* ;
And, he resolveth (as his *Motto* sayes)
To live with *honour* ; or, to dye with *praise*.
I like the *Resolution*, and the *Daed*,
In which, this *Figure* teacheth to proceed.
For, us, me thinkes, it counselleth, to doe,
An act, which all men are oblig'd unto.
That ugly *Bore* (wherewith the man in strife
Here seemes to be) doth meane a *Swinish-life*,
And, all those beastly *Vices*, that assay
To root becomming *Vertues* quite away ;
Those *Vices*, which not onely marre our features,
But, also, ruinate our manly natures.

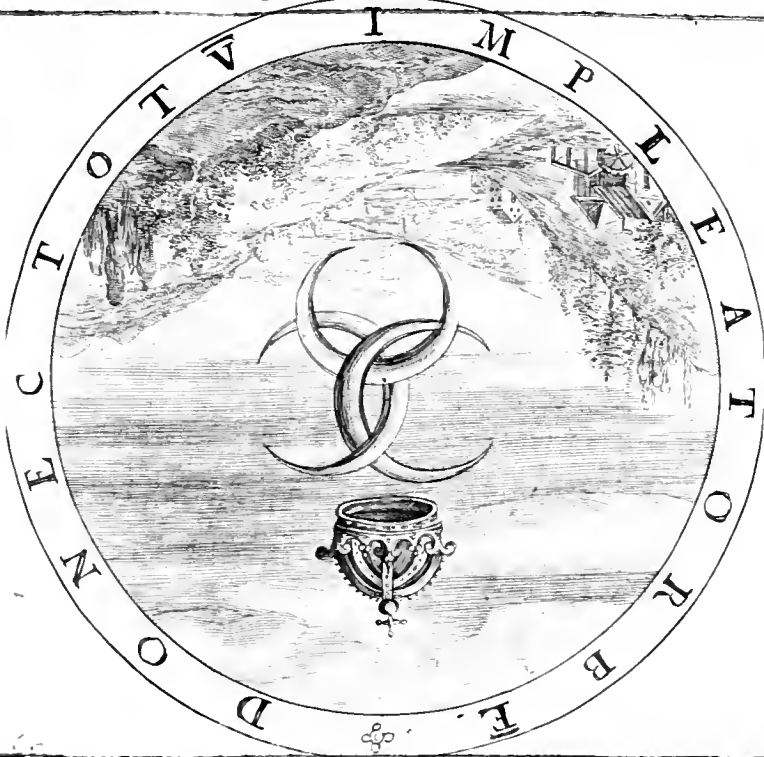
The harmefull fury, of this raging *Bore*,
Oppose courageously, lest more and more,
It get within you; and, at last, appeare
More prevalent, then your defences are.
It is a large-growne *Pig*, of that wilde *Swine*,
Which, ev'ry day, attempts to undermin
Our *Safeties Fort* : Twas he, which long agoe,
Did seeke the *Holy-Vineyards* overthrow :
And, if we charge him not with all our power,
The *Sire*, or *bee*, will enter and devour.

But, what's our strength, O Lord ! or, what are wee
In such a *Combate*, without ayde from thee ?
Oh, come to helpe us, therefore, in this *Fight* ;
And, let us be inabled in thy might :

So, we shall both in life-time, *Conquests* have ;
And, be victorious, also, in the *Grave*.

Shee shall increase in glory, still,
 Vntill her light, the world, doth fill.

III



ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. 2

hat in this *Emblem*, that mans meanings were,
 Who made it first, I neither know nor care;
 For, whatsoere, he purposed, or thought,
 To serve my *purpose*, now it shall be taught;
 Who, many times, before this *Taske* is ended,
 Must picke out *Moralls*, where was none intended.

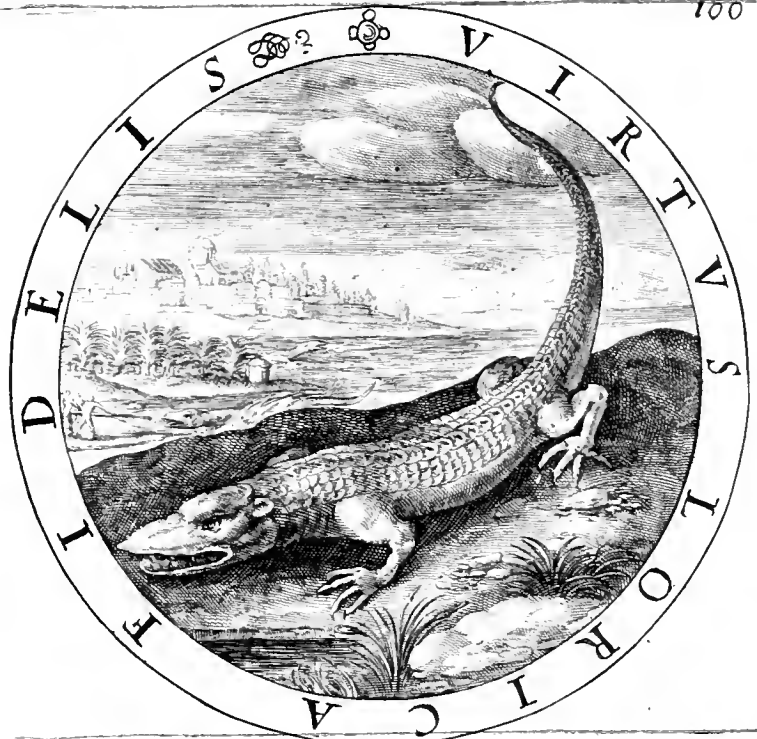
This knot of *Moones* (or *Crescents*) crowned thus,
 Illustrate may a *Mystery* to us,
 Of pious use (and, peradventure, such,
 As from old *Hieroglyphicks*, erres not much)
 Old-times, upon the *Moone*, three *names* bestow'd;
 Because, three diverse wayes, her selfe she show'd:
 And, in the *sacred-bookes*, it may be showne,
 That *holy-Church*, was figur'd by the *Moone*.

Then, these three *Moones in one*, may intimate
 The *holy-Churches* threefold blest estate.
 The *Moone*, still, biding in our *Hemisphere*,
 May typifie the *Church*, consisting, here,
 Of men, yet living: when she shewes her light
 Among us here, in *portions of the night*;
 The *Church* it figures, as consist she may
 Of *them*, whose *bodies* in the *Grave* doe stay;
 And, whose blest *spirits*, are ascended thither,
 Where *Soule* and *Body* meet, at last, together.
 But, when the *Moone* is hidden from our eyes,
 The *Church-triumphant*, then, she signifies;
 Which, is a *Crescent* yet, that, some, and some,
 Must grow, till all her parts together come:

And, then, this *Moone* shall beames, at full, display;
 LORD, hasten this great *Coronation-day*.

R

Tree



ILLVSTR. L.

Book. 2

Ord, what a coyle men keepe, and, with what care
Their *Pistolls*, and, their *Swords* doe they prepare,
To be in readinesse? and, how they load
Themselves with *Irons*, when they ride abroad?
How wise and wary too, can they become,
To fortifie their persons up at home,
With lockes, and barres: and such *domestick-Armes*,
As may secure their bodies, there, from harmes?

However, when all's done, we see, their foes
Breake in, sometimes, and worke their overthrowes.
For, though (about themselves, with *Cable-quoiles*,
They could inclose a hundred thousand miles)
The *gunshot* of a slanderous *tongue*, may smite,
Their *Fame* quite through it, to the very *White*.
Yea, more (though, there, from others, they were free)
They wounded, by themselves, to death might be,
Except their *Innocence*, more guards them, than
The strength of twenty royall *Armies*, can.

If, therefore, thou thy *Spoylers*, wilt beguile,
Thou must be armed, like this *Crocodile*;
Ev'n with such nat'rall *Armour* (ev'ry day)
As no man can bestowe, or take away:
For, spitefull *Malice*, at one time or other,
Will pierce all borrowed *Armours*, put together.
Without, let *Patience* durifie thy *Skin*;
Let *Innocencie*, line thy heart *within*;
Let constant *Fortitude*, unite them so,

That, they may breake the force of ev'ry blow:
And, when thou thus art *arm'd*, if ill thou speed;
Let me sustaine the *Mischiefe*, in thy steed.

Finis Libri secundi.



THE SECOND LOTTERIE.

I

Some friends, and foes, of thine, there be,
 That make a *wondring-slocke* of thee ;
 Some other over-much, of late,
 To thy dishonour boldly prate,
 And, peradventure, to thy face,
 E're long, they'l doe thee some disgrace :
 Thine *Emblem*, therefore, doth advise
 That thou should'ft make them no replies ;
 And shoves that *silent-patience*, than
 Shall stead thee more then *Answers* can.
 See, *Emblem. I.*

2

By such as know you, it is thought,
 That, you are better *fed* then *taught* :
 And, that, it might augment your *wit*,
 If you were sometimes *hunger-bit*.
 That *Emblem*, which by *Lot* you drew,
 To this effect doth somewhat shew :
 But 'twill goe hard, when you are faine,
 To feed your *Bowells*, by your *Braine*.
 See, *Emb. II.*

3

Perhaps you may be one of those,
 Whom, from the *Church*, an *Organ* blowes ;
 Or, peradventure, one of them,
 Who doth all melody contemne :
 Or, one, whose *life* is yet untaught,
 How into *tune* it should be brought.
 If so, your *Lot*, to you hath sent
 An *Emblem*, not impertinent.
 See, *Emb. III.*

4

God blesse thee, whofoere thou art,
 And, give thee still an honett heart :
 For, by the fortune of thy *Lot*,
 That *Sword*, and *Halter*, thou hast got,
 Which threatens *death*, with much disgrace ;
 Or, promises the Hang-mans's place.

But, be not griev'd ; for, now and than,
 The *Gallows* makes an honest man ;
 And, some, who scape an outward curse,
 Both in their *lives* and *deaths* are worse,
 See, *Emb. IV.*

M 5
 Thou would'st be loth, we should suspect,
 Thou didst not well thy *King* affect;
 Or, that, thou should'st be so ingrate,
 To sleight the welfare of the *State* :
 Yet, thou, perchance, art one of those,
 Who *discord* through the *Kingdome* sowes.
 We know not, but if such thou be,
 Marke, what thine *Emblem* teaches thee.
 See, *Emb. V.*

6
 In you, a naturall desire
 Beginnes to blow *Affection's* fire ;
 But, by *discretion*, guide the *blast*,
 Lest, it consume you, at the last ;
 Or, by the fury of the same,
 Blow out some necessary *Flame*.
 Yea, that, which doth your *Profit* breed,
 May harme you, if you take not heed.
 See, *Emb. V I.*

7
 Be carefull, what you goe about ;
 For, by this *Lot*, there may be doubt,
 That you, some wickednesse intend,
 Which will undoe you, in the end.
 If you have done the *deed*, repent :
 If purpos'd ill, the same prevent.
 Else, though in *jest*, this *Counsell* came,
 In *earnest*, you may rue the same.
 See, *Emb. VII.*

8
 Thou art afflicted ; or, ere long
 Shalt sing some lamentable Song :
 And, of those troubles, take some share,
 Which, thou art very loth to beare.
 But, be not overmuch dismayd,
 Nor pine, what ere on thee be layd,
 For, comfort shall thy joy restore,
 And, make thee gladder, then before.
 See, *Emb. VIII.*

9
 If this thy *Chance* hath done thee right,
 Thou art, or hast beene apt to fight ;
 And, wilt upon occasion small,
 Beginne, sometimes, a needlesse *brawle*.

To shew thee, therefore, thy defect ;
 Or, that thy folly may be check't,
 And, fit thy minde for better things,
 Thine *Emblem*, some good *counsell* brings.
 See, *Emb. I X.*

10

What thing soere thou undertak'st,
 Thou seldome good conclusion mak'st ;
 For, still, when thou hast ought to doe,
 Thou art too *hasty*, or too *slow* ;
 And, from that equall temper stray'st,
 By which, thy worke effect thou mayst.
 To mend this fault thou counsell'd art,
 Be wiser, therefore, then thou wert.
 See, *Emb. X.*

11

Thou hast in publicke lived long,
 And, over freely us'd thy *tongue* ;
 But, if thy safety thou desire,
 Be *silent*, and, thy selfe *retire*.
 And, if thou wilt not be undone,
 Possesse thy *joyes*, and *hopes*, alone :
 For, they, that will from harmes be free,
 Must *silent*, and *obscured*, bee.
 See, *Emb. X I.*

12

Thy *Fortune*, thou dost long to heare,
 And, what thy *Constellations* are :
 But why should'st thou desire to know,
 What things, the *Planets* doe foreshow ;
 Seeke, rather, *Wisdom*e to procure,
 And, how, all *Fortunes* to indure :
 So, thou shalt gaine a blest estate,
 And, be the *Master* of thy *Fate*.
 See, *Emb. X II.*

13

Thou, seem'st to have great store of *friends*,
 But, they affect thee, for their ends.
 There is, in those, but little trust,
 Who love, for *profit*, *mirth*, or *lust*.
 Learne, therefore, when, thou mayst be sure,
 Thy *Friend's* affection will indure ;
 And, that this *Knowledge* may be got,
 Good notice take thou of thy *Lot*.
 See, *Emb. X III.*

14

It is conceiv'd, that meanes thou hast,
 Or, might'st have had good meanes, at least,
 To bring those matters to effect,
 Which thou dost carelesly neglect ;

And,

And, good for many might'st have done,
 Who, yet, hast pleasur'd few, or none.
 If this be true, thy *Lot* peruse,
 And, *God's* good gifts, no more abuse.

See, *Emb.* XIV.

15

Religious thou would'st faine be deem'd,
 And, such, to many thou hast seem'd :
 But, to this matter mote there goes,
 Then zealous lookes, and formall showes.
 Looke, therefore, that thy heart be true,
 What e're thou seeme in outward view.
 And, if *God's* favour thou would'st have,
 Observe what *Off'rings*, he doth crave.

See, *Emb.* XV.

16

That *Emblem*, which this *Lot* will bring,
 Concernes the honour of a *King* :
 How, therefore, thee it may concerne,
 By thy discretion seeke to learne.
 Perhaps, the *Royall-powre* hath seem'd
 To thee, not so to be esteem'd,
 As well it merits, to be priz'd.
 If so, now better be advis'd.

See, *Emb.* XVI.

17

Both learn'd, and wise, thou would'st become,
 (Else thou hast much deceived some)
 But, if thy *hopes* thou wilt effect,
 Thou must not likely *meanes* neglect ;
 And, what the likeliest *meanes* may bee,
 Thine *Emblem* hath advis'd thee :
 For, by a *Fowle*, that's blockish thought,
 Good *counsell* may to thee be taught.

See, *Emb.* XVII.

18

If, to *preferment* thou wilt rise,
 Thou must not *Arts*, nor *Armes*, despise ;
 Nor so in *one* of these delight,
 That, thou the *other*, wholly sleight.
 Nor, to thy *Body* be inclin'd,
 So much, as to neglect thy *Minde*.
 This, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst learne,
 And, much thy good it may concerne.

See, *Emb.* XVIII.

19

Thy *fortunes* have appeared bad ;
 For, many *suff'rings* thou hast had :
 And *tryalls* too, as yet made knowne
 To no mans knowledge, but thine owne.

But,

But, let nor losse, nor fame, nor smart,
From constant hopes remove thy heart:
And, as thine *Emblem* doth foreſhew,
A good conclusion will inſue.

See, *Emb.* XIX.

IV 20

Your *Lot* informeth how to know
Where, beſt your *Love* you may beſtow:
And, by the ſame it may appeare
What *Muſicke* moſt affects your eare.
Denye it not; for (by your leave)
Wee by your lookes, your heart perceive.
And, this perhaps you'l thinke upon
(To purpoſe) when you are alone.

See, *Emb.* XX.

21

This *Lot* may make us all ſuſpect,
That ſome wrong *object* you affect;
And, that, where deareneſſe you pretend,
It is not for the nobleſt end.
What miſchiefe from ſuch falſhood flowes,
Your *Emblem* very truely ſhowes;
And, may more happy make your *Fate*,
If counſell be not come too late.

See, *Emb.* XXI.

22

To truſt on others, thou art apt;
And, haſt already beene intrapt;
Or, may'ſt er'e long be much deceiv'd
By ſome, whom thou haſt well believ'd.
Be heedfull, therefore, of thy *Lot*;
And, let it never be forgot:
So, though ſome hazzard thou may'ſt run,
Yet, thou ſhalt never be undone.

See, *Emb.* XXII.

23

It ſeemes thou tak'ſt too great a care
For things, that vaine, and fading are;
Or elſe, doſt overpriſe them ſo,
As if all bliſſe from them did flowe.
That, therefore, thou may'ſt view their worth,
In *Hieroglyphicke* ſhadow'd forth,
Thy *Lot* betriends thee: marke the ſame,
And, be in this, no more to blame.

See, *Emb.* XXIII.

24

Though ſome, ſhould thee, for one, miſtake,
Whole *wealth* is all upon his backe,
If what thou haſt, bee all thine owne,
God, hath enough on thee beſtowne.

A *Princes* ransome, wee may beare,
 In *Jewells*, which most precious are ;
 And, yet, to many men may seeme,
 To carry nothing worth esteeme.
 Therefore, though small thy substance be,
 Thine *Emblem*, somewhat comforts thee.

See, *Emb. X X I V.*

25

By this your *Emblem*, wee discernē,
 That, you are yet of age to learne ;
 And, that, when elder you shall grow,
 There, will be more for you to *know* :
 Presume not, therefore of your *wis*,
 But, strive that you may better it.
 For, of your age, we many view,
 That, farre more *wisedome* have, then you.

See, *Emb. X X V.*

26

By thy complaints, it hath appear'd,
 Thou think'st thy *Virtues* want reward ;
 And, that, if they their merit had,
 Thou *rich*, and *nobler* should'st be made.
 To drive thee from that partiall thought,
 Thou, by an *Emblem*, shalt be taught,
 That, where true *Virtue* may be found,
 The truest *wealth* will still abound.

See, *Emb. X X V I.*

27

By this thy *Lot*, thou dost appeare
 To be of those, who love to heare
 The *Preacher's* voyce ; or, else of them,
 That undervalue, or contemne
 Those dayly *showres* of wholsome *words*,
 Which *God*, in these our times, affords.
 Now, which soere of these thou bee,
 Thine *Emblem*, something, teaches thee.

See, *Emb. X X V I I.*

28

Thou deal'st, when thee thy *foe* offends,
 As if, you never should be *friends*.
 In *peace*, thou so secure dost grow,
 As if, thou could'st not have a *foe*.
 How, therefore, *Peace* and *Warre* pursues
 Each other, this thine *Emblem* shewes,
 That, thou mayst learne, in ev'ry tide,
 For future chances, to provide.

See, *Emb. X X V I I I.*

29

What e're thou art in outward shew,
 Thy Heart is ever very true,

And,

And, to those *Knowledges* aspires,
Which every prudent *Soule* desires:
Yet, be not proud that thou hast got
This testimonie, by thy *Lot*.
But, view thine *Emblem*, and endeavor
In search of *Knowledge* to persever.
See, *Emb. X X I X.*

30
If *Glory*, thou desire to get,
Thy *Wits*, thou must on working set;
And, *labour* unto *Prudence* adde,
Before true *Honor* will be had:
For, what thy *Friends*, or *Parents* brought,
To make thee *famous*, profits nought;
But, rather will procure thy *shame*,
Vnlesse, thou shalt improve the same.
See, *Emb. X X X.*

M 31
The time hath beene, that of the *Rod*,
Thou wert more fearefull, then of *God*;
But, now unlesse thou prudent grow,
More cause thou hast to feare a *shrome*;
For, from the *Rod*, now thou art free,
A *Woman*, shall thy torment be.
At her, yet doe not thou repine,
For, all the fault is onely thine.
See, *Emb. X X X I.*

32
It seemes, thy *Time* thou dost *misspend*:
To warne thee, therefore of thine *end*;
To shew, how short thy *List* will be;
And, with what speed it flies from thee;
This *Lot* was drawne: and, may advize,
That, thou thy time shouldst better prize.
Which, if accordingly thou doe,
This, will be *sport*, and profit too.
See, *Emb. X X X I I.*

33
It may be, thou art one of those,
Who, dost not all aright suppose,
Of *Gods Decrees*; or, of the state
Of an inevitable *Fate*.
That, therefore, so thou maist beleeve,
(And, of these *Mysteris* conceive)
As thou art bound; this *Lot* befell.
Peruse, and minde thine *Embleme* well.
See, *Emb. X X X I I I.*

34
Thou, at thy *Fortune*, hast repin'd,
And, seem'st imprisond in thy minde,

Because thou art not straight releast
 From those things which have thee opprest.
 To thee, a *Lot* is therefore sent,
 To qualifie thy *discontent*,
 By shewing, that thy present *Fate*
 Preserves thee, from a worse estate.
 See, *Emb. XXXIV.*

35
 Thy *Vertues* and thy *Worth* are such,
 That, many doe envie thee much ;
 And, they that hate thee, take delight
 To doe thee mischief and delight.
 But, heart asume, and foilow on
 The *course* that thou hast well begunne ;
 For, all their spight shall doe no more,
 But, make thee greater then before.
 See, *Emb. XXXV.*

36
 In outward pompe, thy pleasures are ;
 Thy hope of blisse is placed there ;
 And, thou this *folly* wilt not leave,
 Till, all *content*, it shall bereave,
 Vnlesse, thou timely come to see
 How vaine, all earthly *Glories* bee.
 An *Emblem*, therefore, thou hast gain'd,
 By which, this *Knowledge* is obtain'd.
 See, *Emb. XXXVI.*

37
 It may be feared, that thou hast
 In publicke, or in private, past
 Some *promise*, or else made some *vow*,
 That's broke, or else indanger'd, now.
 If so; this *Lot* is come, in time,
 To mend, or to prevent this crime ;
 And, shew what should by them be done,
 'Twixt whom *Affection* is begunne.
 See, *Emb. XXXVII.*

38
 Thou art reproved of *deceit*,
 In faulty *Measures*, and in *Weight* ;
 And, overbackward hast been knowne,
 In giving ev'ry one his owne.
 Thine *Emblem*, therefore, counsell thee,
 That, thou more just, hereafter be.
 For, that, which is by *falsehood* got,
 Makes likely shewes, but prospers not.
 See, *Emb. XXXVIII.*

39
 So highly, thou dost *Vertue* prize,
 That, thou dost *Fortunes* helpe despise,

As if, where *Vertues* present are,
 Her favours alwayes needlesse were :
 But, sometimes there's enough to doe,
 For *Fortune*, and for *Vertue* too,
 The pow'r of envious tongues to charme,
 And, keepe an *Innocent* from harme.
 Therfore, make both of *these*, thy friends ;
 For, thereunto thine *Emblem* tends.

See, *Emb.* XXXIX.

40

Thou mayst be one of those, perchance,
 Who *Schisme*, and *Heresies* advance,
 Because they *Times* and *Termes* mistake ;
 And, *diff'rence* know not how to make
 'Twixt that, which *temp'rall* doth appeare,
 And, those things which *eternall* are.
 Thou, by thy *Lot*, art therefore warn'd,
 To search what should of these be learn'd.

See, *Emb.* XL.

41

Great workes to doe, thou hast a *minde* ;
 But, *pow'r* thereto thou canst not finde.
 Sometime, thy *pow'r* is not unfit ;
 But, then thou failest in thy *wit*.
 Such *Vndertakings*, therefore, chuse
 (if thou wilt not thy time abuse)
 As to thy *pow'rs*, and *wits* agree ;
 And, let them both imployed bee.

See, *Emb.* XLI.

42

When any *Blessing* thou hast gain'd,
 Thou mind'st not whence it was obtain'd ;
 But, bear't thy selfe, as if the same
 By thine owne *pow'r*, or *merit*, came :
 That, therefore, thou *mayst* better heed
 From whence, all *Graces* doe proceed,
 Thou, hast an *Emblem*, by this *Lot*,
 From which, good *Cautions* may be got.

See, *Emb.* XLII.

43

By this thy *Lot*, it should appeare,
 The *Muses* thy acquaintance are ;
 Or, that thou art (at least) of those,
 Who, of their *Steed* ambitious growes.
 If thou hast *wit*, his *Reynes* to guide,
 Vpon his backe, mount up and ride ;
 But, if thou finde thy selfe to weake,
 Forbear him, lest thy necke he breake.

See, *Emb.* XLIII.

44

In many things, the worse thou art,
 By thy despayring, fainting heart ;

And, oft, thy labour, and thy cost,
 For want of *hopefulnessse*, is lost.
 This indiscretion to prevent,
 Thou, therefore, by thy *Lot*, art sent,
 The *Plough-man's* hopefulnessse to see:
 Observe it; and, reformed bee.

See, *Emb. XLIV.*

45
 As soone as e're thy *Seeds* are sowne,
 Thou *fruits* expectest, fully growne.
 And, if they ripe not in a day,
 Thou, foolest all thy hopes away:
 That wiser, therefore, thou mayst grow,
 Thy *Lot*, an *Emblem* doth bestow,
 To teach, that *workes* both faire and great,
 By *small-degrees*, are made compleat.

See, *Emb. XLV.*

46
 Thou hadst, or hast, or thou shalt have
 Much trouble, ere thou fill thy *Grave*;
 And, may't, when thou expectest rest,
 With paine, or sorrowes, be oppressd.
 But, be content, and waile not much:
 For, *Poverty* shall make thee *rich*.
 The paine will soone be overpast,
 And, thou shalt happy be at last.

See, *Emb. XLVI.*

47
 Thy *Fortune*, be it good or bad,
 May, by thy *wit*, be better made;
 Yea, whatsoere *mischances* fall,
 By *prudence*, thou may't helpe them all.
 That, hopefull, therefore, thou mayst bide,
 What change soever, shall betide,
 Thou, by thy *Lot*, informed art,
 What succours, *Wisedome* doth impart.

See, *Emb. XLVII.*

M 48
 A man at *Armes*, thou wouldst be thought,
 And, hast the Crowne of *Honour* sought;
 But, thou hast much mistooke the *wayes*,
 Which tend to well-deserved *praise*.
 How, *Honour*, therefore, may be got,
 Thou art informed by thy *Lot*;
 And, with what *Foes*, and, for what *end*,
 Thou shouldst be ready to contend.

See, *Emb. XLVIII.*

49
 Perhaps, thou mayst be one of those,
 Who doth *God's* holy Church oppose;

For,

For, over many in these dayes,
 Disturb her *Peace*, and sleight her *Praise* :
 That her *esteeme*, therefore may bee
 Increased, or preserv'd, by thee,
 Thine *Emblem*, now, to thee, will show,
 To what perfection she will grow.
 See, *Emb. X L I X.*

50
 Thou *safety* lov'st, and wouldst have *Armes*,
 Thy person to secure from harmes :
 But, most of those thou hast prepar'd,
 Are but a weake uncertaine *Guard*,
 And, if thou take not greater heed,
 May faile thy trust, in time of need.
 Thine *Emblem*, therefore, hath exprest,
 What *Armes*, for thy defence are best.
 See, *Emb. L.*

51
 Of *Planetary-Calculations*,
 Of *Superstitious-Observations*,
 Of *Lots*, and *Dreames*, and *Accidents*,
 Which have but casuall events,
 Thou art so fond ; and, unto such,
 Thou dost adhere, and trust so much,
 That, it succeedeth very well,
 No *Emblem*, no v, to thee befell :
 Left, these, which onely *Counsells* bee,
 Might seeme firme *Destinies* to thee.

52
 He that by drawing, here, his *Lot*,
 Some caveat or advice hath got,
 Did; peradventure, need alone
 That *Caution*, which he lighted on :
 But, unto thee, so needfull are
 All *Warnings*, and, all *Counsells* here,
 That, *Fortune* will not one bestow,
 Left, thou may'st thinke thou need'st no more.

53
 You, may be glad, you drew not that,
 Which, in your thought, you guessed at ;
 For, so it points out th at *condition*,
 Wnereof you give a great suspicion,
 That, had it such an *Emblem* nam'd,
 As fits you right, you had beene sham'd.
 Since, then, your fault is unreveal'd,
 Amend, and keep it still conceal'd.

54
 The *Muses Oracle* is dumbe,
 Because to tempt them you are come ;

For, in your *heart*, you much despise,
 To follow that, which they advise:
 Their admonitions, you doe jeere,
 And, scorne to helpe your *Wisedome*, here,
 The *Muses*, therefore, leave you, still,
 To be as foolish, as you will.

5

It would, perhaps, have made thee proud,
 If, now, thy *Lot* had becne allow'd
 To let an *Emblem* shadow forth
 What is conceived of thy *worth*.
 Or, if thy *vertues* were describ'd,
 Perchance, thou wouldst be more envy'd
 Then prayes'd, when they are express'd;
 A *Blanke* for thee, was therefore best.

6

No *Emblem*, to this *Lot*, replies;
 Minde, therefore, well (I thee advise)
 What from the *Preacher's* voice thou hear'st,
 When in the *Church*, thou next appear'st:
 Yea, there indeavour thou, to seeke
 Thy *Lot* of *Counsell*, ev'ry weeke.
 For, at all seasons, there will bee
 Such *Prophecies*, concerning thee,
 That, if of those, thou takest heed,
 These *Emblems*, thou shalt never need.

FINIS.

A
COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both
Morall and Divine: And disposed into
LOTTERIES.

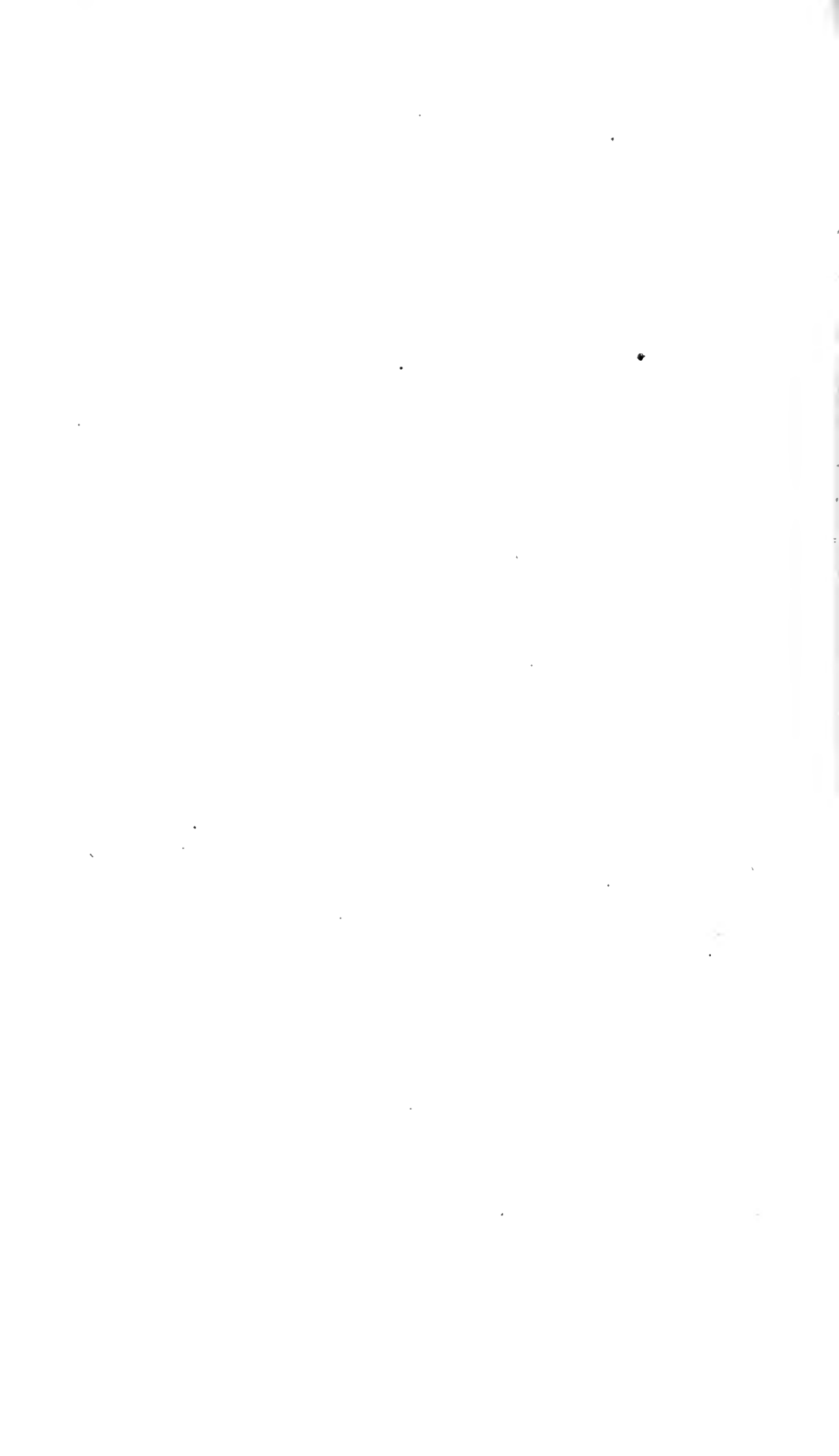
That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered
by an *Honest and Pleasant Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The third Booke.



LONDON,
Printed by AUGUSTINE MATHEVVES.
MDCXXXIV.



TO THE MOST ILLVSTRIOVS
Princesse, *FRANCIS*, Dutchesse Do-
wager of *RICHMOND*, and *LENNOX*, &c.

FAME sayes (great *PRINCESS*) that the *Pow'rs-above*,
Will soone forgive; which, I desire to prove:
For, I am guiltie of a *Venial-sinne*
Against your *GRACE*; and, have remain'd therein
Without an *Absolution*, so long time,
That, now, my *Conscience* checks me for the *Crime*;
And, to reprove me for it, will not cease
Till I have, someway, sought to make my *Peace*.

To palliate my *Fault*, I could produce
Enough, perhaps, to stand for an *Excuse*.
But, when I mind what *Favours*, and what *Fame*
I might have purchased unto my *Name*,
(By taking *Courage*, to have done my best)
I dare not make *Excuses*; but, request
Your pardon, rather, and, that some *Oblation*
May gaine my *Person*, future acceptation.

To that intent, this humble *Offring*, here,
Within your gracious presence, doth appeare.
And, that it may the more content your eye,
Well-graven *Figures*, help to beautifie
My lowly *Gift*: And, vailed are in these,
A *Treasury* of *Golden Sentences*;
By my well-meaning *Muse*, interpreted,
That, with your *NAME*, their *Morals* may be spread
And scattred, *Largeesse-like*, (at your commanding)
To helpe enrich the *Poore in Vnderstanding*.

If *YOU* accept the *Tender*, I shall know,
Your *GRACE* is pleased with your *Servant*, so,
As, that there may be hope, my future *Actions*,
Will give the more contenting *Satisfactions*:
And, your *Encouragements*, my *Pow'rs* may raise,
To make the *BEAVTIES* of your *Later dayes*,
More glorious, far, than your fresh *YOUTH*'s perfection,
Though, knowne to be, the *Load-stone* of *Affection*.

For, like the loving *TURTLE*, you have stood
So constant, in your vowed *Widdow-hood*;
So strictly, kept a solitarie state;
So faithfull beene, to your deceased *MATE*;
So firmly true, and truly kinde, to *them*,
Which are the *Branches* of his *Princely-stemme*;
And, personated in so high a *Straine*,
The parts of *HONOUR*; that, my rusticke *vaine*,
Must raised be, before it can ascend
To say, how much, your *Fame*, doth you commend.

Yet, if these *Lines*, (or, *that* they *Vsher* in)
For me, some *Passage* may, anew, begin
To your *Esteeme*; I, may so happily,
Illustrate forth, the *Golden-History*

Of those *Affections*, which within your Brest,
Have to the world remained unexpressed.
That, future times, to your applause may read,
The matchlesse *Paterne* of a *Widdowed-bed*,
Which you have drawne, for those to *imitate*
Who can; and, for the rest to wonder at.
For, what (thereto) yet wanteth, in my *Muse*,
YOUR GRACE, as my *Minerva*, may infuse.

NOR, will it be in vaine, to shew the worth
Of those *Perfections*, truly blazed forth,
Which you may personate: NOR, shall it be
To your *Content* unusefull, when you see
The *Best part of your selfe*, (as in a *Glasse*)
Discloied, and set up, before your GRACE,
To represent those *Beauties*, wherein lurkes,
More sweetnesse, than in *Picture-drawers* Workes;
And shew, how temp'ral *Glories*, and *Affections*,
Have hourly ripened you, for those *Perfections*
That, make *Immortall*; and, which are that *End*,
Whereto, all Earthly *Graces*, ought to tend.

Then, if your EXCELLENCE, desire to heare,
Those *MUSES*, honour you, whose prayes are
Attending *Vertue*; and, shall please to live
That *Life of Glory*, which my *Verses* can give;
YOUR GRACES favour, (when you please) hath pow'rs
To make both MEE, and all my *Muses* yours.
And, wee are hopefull, that, so well wee know
Your *Merits*, and those *Duties*, which wee owe,
That, wee shall raise, your HONOUR'S *Trophies* high,
Though, *Wee our selves* upon the pavement lie.

Thus I have made mine *Offring*; and I stand
Attending, now, to kisse your GRACES hand.

Your GRACES

in all humilitie,

GEO: WITHER.

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
 Prince, *JAMES*, Duke
 of LENNOX, &c.

WHEN RICHMOND, your beloved Vnkle, liv'd,
 (For whose departure, all this Empire griev'd,
 And, yet laments) his GRACE did not refuse

To deigne respects, to my obscured *MUSE*;
 Nor scorne, from Highest-worth, to stoope so low,
 As, mee, in my despisednesse, to know:
 And, had not Bashfulnesse restrain'd my Wit,
 From pressing-on, (when he incourag'd it,)
 My *PEGASVS*, had learn'd, e're now, to rise,
 Which, yet, with lame, and sickly Feathers flies.

But, *HEE* hath left us; and, I thought not on
 The losse I had of *HIM*, till he was gone;
 Nor could I dreame, till he did hence ascend,
 What 't'was to want an Honourable-friend:
 Nor, what they feele, whom Fate constraines, to tarry
 On stormy *Plumes*, without a *SANCTVARIÉ*.

As soon, as from among us, he made wing,
 My Hopes did waine, and, I began to sing
 A Mourfull-song, not easie to forget;
 Because, I beare the burthen of it, yet.
 Nor was I silent (though my *Epicæde*
 Appear'd not, for the publike eye to reade)
 But, griev'd in private, as one wanting Art,
 To give, the Life of praile, to his desert:
 Which, if I could have equall'd with his Name,
 His Death had gain'd my Verse, a living-Fame.

And, why expresse I this? except it give
 Your GRACE, a fit occasion to perceiue,
 That, my decayed Hopes I would renew,
 And, faine deriue them downe, from *HIM* to *YOU*?
 That, as you branched from his Princely Stemme;
 (Are, honour'd with his Ducall-Diadem)
 And, imitate his Vertue; So, you might
 Be Lord, in mee, of that, which is his right:
 And, for his Noble sake, vouchsafe to own
 A Servant, which, to you, is yet unknowne.

As Prologue, to the service I intend,
 This PRESENT comes; and, without Hope, or End,
 Of gaining further Grace, or more Esteeme,
 Than may, with humblest modestie, beseeome
 His Love, and Love to him, to expect,
 Whose Merits haue, no visible effect,
 Conducing to your profit; and, from whom
 The best of his intents, are yet to come.

I cannot thinke, these *Lors*, or Emblems, are
 So worthy in themselves, as they'l appeare
 In your acceptance; Or, that they can give,
 Such Grace to *YOU*, as they'l from you receive.

Yet, if YOU please, they may be, otherwise,
A profitable Meanes, to help beguile
A Melancholy thoughts; And, have the pow'r
To shorten (without losse) a tedious howre.

Sometime (no doubt) content you are to walke
In Artlesse Groves; Or, to admit the talke
Of Rustick Swaines (though ev'ry day you might
Tour self in well-trim'd garden-bow'r's, delight,
Or, heare the learnedst Muses, when you please;)
Ev'n so, for change, you may, perhaps, in these
A Recreation finde; and, in some measure,
& Profit, intermixed with your Pleasure.

I will not make my Promises too large,
Lest, my Performances, they overcharge
With Expectation: but, I leave them, SIR,
To Bee, and to be thought, the same they are.
And, if your EXCELLENCE, (when you behold
The Ground whereon I first became so bold,
To make this Entrance) shall vouchsafe to daigne
Those Favours, which, I dare not thinke to gaine
By Meer-deserving; you may then, perchance,
My Willingnesse, so Ableness-advance:
And reap in Mee (when ripened they are grown)
Some timely fruits, of that, which you have sown.

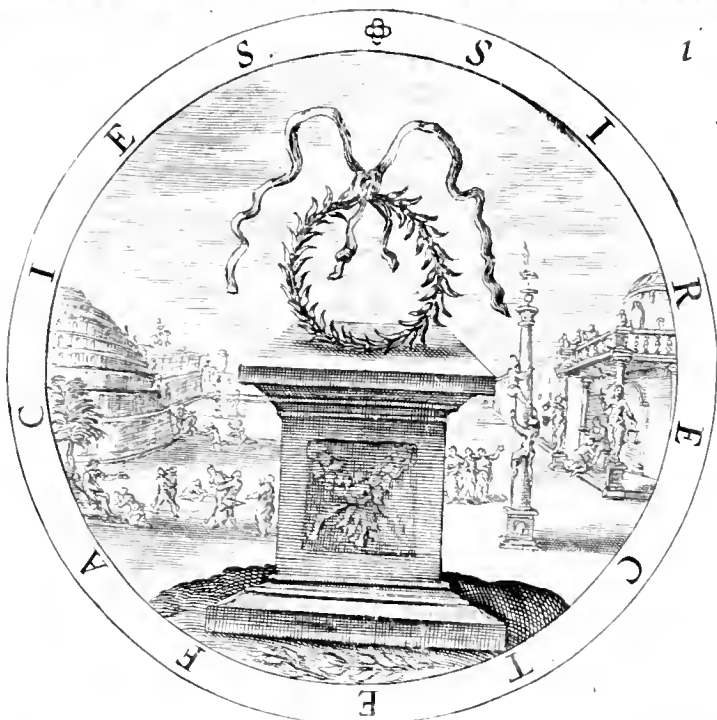
Till then, let it suffice, that I professe
A cheerefull, and a thankfull Readinesse
To honour You; and, openly to shew
The Dutie, which, it may appeare, I owe
To HIM that's gone. And, let your GRACE descend
To take this Pledge, of what I more intend.

Who am in all humilitie

YOUR GRACES to be

commanded,

GEO: WITHER.



ILLVSTR. I.

Book. 3

When, many, for the chiefest *Garland* runne,
That height of *Glory*, can befall but one ;
Yet, *Wreaths* there are, for ev'ry man prepar'd,
According as he meriteth *reward* :

And, though the *Worke* deserveth little meed,
Grace, prints a worth, on ev'ry *willing-deed*,
Which formes it currant ; and, doth gracious make
Man's weake endeavors, for *GO D's promise* sake.

All seeke the selfe-same *prize* ; but, doe not seeke,
With *mindes*, and, with *endeavours*, all alike.
Mo't, with the *Wreath* ; but, few those things will doe,
That may be helpfull to attaine thereto :
And, so ne (that *will be doing*) more delight
In *doing their owne will*, then *doing right*.

One, thinkes by *airie titles*, to atchieve
The *Palme* he seekes ; Another, doth believe
Tis gain'd, by giving to his *Appetite*,
The fulnesse of his *Bodies* vaine delight :
To reach their *aim*, some others nourish hopes,
By scrambling up unto the dunghill-tops
Of temp'rall *Riches* : and, of all the wayes,
Mo't thinke this *course* deserves the greatest *praise*.

But, this our *Emblem's* Motto, doth implic,
That, nothing Man possesseth outwardly
Can purchase him the *Crowne*, that should be sought,
Like *rightly-doing*, what is *rightly-taught*.
And, that *GO D* never pass'd any *doome*,
To bite their *blisse*, who righteous would become :
For, ev'nto *Cain* he said (of sinne detected)
If well thou dost, thou shalt be well respected.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. 3

THe Squirrel, when shee must goe seeke her food,
By making passage through some neighb'ring flood,
(And feates to be devoured by the Streame)

Thus, helps her weaknesse, by a *Stratagem*.
On blocks, or chips, which on the waves doe flote,
She nimbly leaps; and, making them her boate
(By helpe of Windes, of Current, and of Tide)
Is wafted over to the further side.

Thus, that, which for the *Body* proves unfit,
Must often be acquired by the *Wit*.

And, what our outward *Fortunes* shall denye,
Our *providence* must labour to supply.

Those *Casualties*, which may our need befriend,
We should with heedfull diligence attend;
And, watch to seize those *opportunities*,
Which, men of abler fortunes may despise.

Some Birds, when they an *Oyster* would unlock,
Mount up, and let it fall upon a Rock;
And, when the *Cockles* on the Shores lye gasping,
(At ev'ry Tides approach their Shells unclasping)
Crowses *Pebles*, and so take that meat
By *craft*, which by their *force* they could not get.

Wee, by indeav'ring thus, may gaine, at length,
That, which at first appears above our strength.

By little *Screws* an entrance we may make,
Where *Barres of Iron* cannot passage breake.
Small *Engines*, lift huge weights; and, we have heard,
That one *Wise man* (though poore without regard)

May save a *City*, when the *Men of Warre*,
And, all their *Captains*, at a *non plus* are.

To Kings, both Sword and Mace pertaine;
And, these they doe not beare in vaine.

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ILLVSTR. III.

Book. 3

When thou behold'st, upon a Day of State,
The King (or, some inferiour Magistrate)
Walke forth in publicke, and the royall Mace,

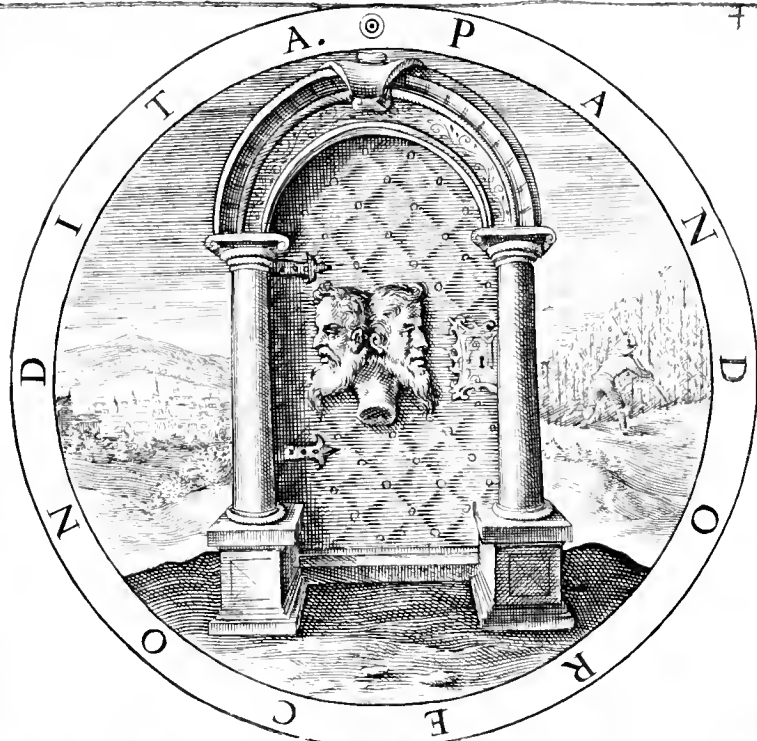
The Sword, or Scepter borne before his face:
Suppose thou not, that those are carried, so,
In ostentation, or for idle show.

These vulgar Emblems, are significant;
And, that authority, which Princes grant
To Bodies-politicke, was, heretofore
Declared, by those Ensignes, which they bore.
The bruizing Mace (although, perhaps, with us,
It be not in these times, restrained thus)
That branch of Royall-power did signifie,
Which doth by Fines, or losse of liberty,
Correct Offenders. By the Sword, they meant,
That larger branch of pow'r, to represent,
Which takes the Ma'efactors life away;
And, armes it selfe, when Rebels disobay.

As often, therefore, as thou shalt espie
Such Hieroglyphickes of Authority;
Be mindefull, and advis'd (how meane soere
The Persons, or the Places may appeare,
Who get this pow'r) that still thou honour them:
Left, thou in those, the pow'r of God contemne.
If not for theirs, yet for thy Sov'raignes cause,
Whom these doe personate; Or, for the Lawes,
(Which threaten punishment) thy selfe submit;
And, suffer what Authority thinks fit:

For, whatsoere they be that guide the Reyne,
He, gave the pow'r, who gave it, not, in vaine.

He, that concealed things will finde,
Must looke before him, and behinde.



ILLVSTR. IV.

Book. 3

That Head, which in his Temple, heretofore,
The well-knowne figure of old *Ianus* bore,
Retain'd the forme, which pictur'd here you finde;
A Face before him, and a Face behinde.

And this old *Hieroglyphicke* doth comprize
A multitude of *Heathenish Mysteries*;
Which, wee omitting, will insist on what
This *Emblem's* Motto, chiefly poynteth at.

In true *Divinity*, 'tis *God* alone,
To whom, all hidden things are truely knowne.
Hee, onely, is that *ever-presens-being*,
Who, by the vertue of his pow'r all-seeing,
Beholds, at one aspect, all things that *are*,
That ever *shall be*, and that ever *were*.

But, in a *Morall-sense*, we may apply
This *double-face*, that man to signifie,
Who (whatsoere he undertakes to doe)
Lookes, both *before him*, and *behinde him*, too.
For, he shall never fruitfully forecast
Affaires to come, who mindes not what is *past* :
And, such as doe not, oft, *before them looke*,
May lose the labour, that's already tooke.
By, sometimes, looking *backward*, we behold
Those things, which have been done in *times of old*;
By looking wisely *forward*, we foresee
Such matters, as in *future-times* will bee:
And, thus, we doe not onely fruits receive,
From that short space of *time*, in which we live ;
But, by this meanes, we likewise have a share,
In *times to come*, and, *times that passed are*.

Good



ILLVSTR. V.

Book.3

THe Gryphon, is the figure of a creature,
Not found within the Catalogues of Nature:
But, by those Wits created, who, to shew
Internall things, externall Figures drew:
The Shape, in which this Fiction they express,
Was borrow'd from a Fowle, and, from a Beast;
Importing (when their parts were thus combin'd)
The Vertues, both of Body, and of minde:
And, Men are sayd on Gryphons backs to ride,
When those mixt Vertues, them have dignify'd.

The Stone (this Brute supporting) may expresse
The firme abiding, and the solidnesse
Of all true Vertues. That, long-winged Ball,
Which doth appeare fast-linked therewithall,
The gifts of changing Fortune, doth implye:
And, all those things together, signifie,
That, when by such-like Vertues Men are guided,
Good Fortune cannot be from them divided.

If this be true (as true I this believe)
Why should wee murmure, why repine, or grieve,
As if our Studies, or our honest paines,
Deprived were of some deserved gaines?
Why should we thinke the world hath done us wrong,
Because wee are not register'd among
Those thriving men, who purse up evr'y day,
For twelve houres labour more then twelve months pay?
If wee our paines rewarded cannot see,
Wee count our Merits greater then they be.

But if we bide content, our worth is more;
And rich we are, though others think us poore.

When



ILLVSTR. VI.

Book. 3

Such pleasant *Flowres*, as here are shadow'd out
(Full-grown, well-trim'd, and strongly fenc'd about)
At first, perchance, had planting (where they stand)
And, husbanding, by some good *Gard'ners* hand:
But, when to perfect ripenesse, they are grown,
(And, spread forth leaves, and blossomes, fully blowne)
They draw it from the Vertue of the *Sunne*,
Which worketh, when the *Gard'ners* worke is done:
For, lost were all his Travaile, and his praise,
Vnlesse that *Planet* cheare them with his rayes.

In this our *Pilgrimage*, it fares with us
(In all our *hopes*, and all our *labours*) thus.
For, whatsoever bus'nesse wee intend,
On *God*, our good successes doe depend.
Our Hands may build; but, structures vaine we make,
Till *God*, to be *Chiefe-builder*, undertake.
To wall a *City*, wee may beare the cost;
But, he must *guard* it, or, the *Towne* is lost:
The *Plow-man* useth diligence to sowe;
But, *God* must blesse it, or, no *Corne* will grow:
Yea, though *Paul* plant, and, though *Apollo* water,
They spend their sweat, upon a fruitlesse matter,
Till *God*, from heaven, their labours please to blesse,
And crowne their travailes, with a good increase.

Let, therefore, those that flourish, like this *Flowre*,
(And, may be wither'd, e're another houre)
Give *God* the praise, for making of their *Seeds*
Bring forth sweet *Flowres*, that, else, had proved *Weeds*:
And, me despise not, though I thrive not so;
For, when, *God* pleaseth, I shall flourish too.



ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. 3

Some Sects are found, who so believing be,
They think themselves from *legall-workings* free;
And, so they live, as if they stood in feare
That, with *Good-works*, their *God* offended were.
Another sort we know, who credit not,
That any hope of *Mercie* can be got,
Till they themselves, by their *externall-deed*,
Have merited the favours they shall need:
And, so they prize their *workings*; that, for *Grace*,
They seeme to disallow all usefull place.
Both sorts, their errours may be purged from,
When to the *Fiery-tryall* they shall come.
So, likewise, may another *Faction* too,
That erre more deadly then these former doe.

These doe (forsooth) affirme, that *God's* decree
Before all *Worlds* (what Words can fouler be?)
D'barr'd the greatest part of *humane-race*,
Without respecting sinne, from hope of *Grace*;
And, that, howere this number shall indeaver,
They must continue *Reprobates*, for ever.

The first, are errours of *Impiety*;
But, this, ascends the top of *blasphemy*;
Dispoyle *Religion* wholly of her fruits;
And, wrongeth *God* in all his *Attributes*.
These *Errours*, therefore shunne; and, so believe,
That wee thy *Faith*, may by thy *Workes* perceive.
So worke, that thy *believing* may approve
Tho' wrought'st not for thy *Wages*; but, for *love*.

For (whatsoe're thou be) if thus thou doe,
Thou must have *hopes*, and, *God* will grant them too.

By



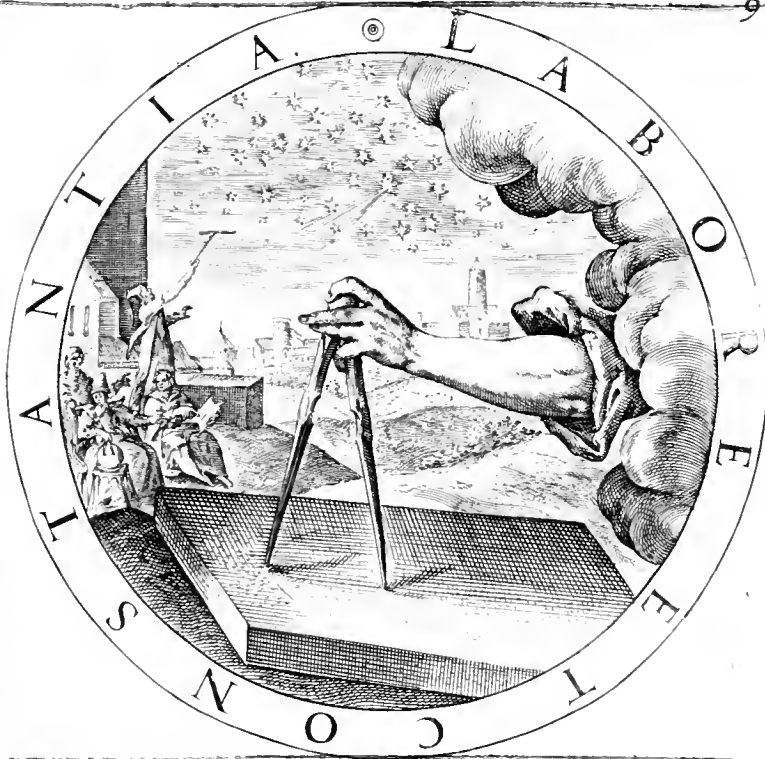
ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. 3

THe *Lawrell*, which is given for a *Crowne*
 (To men deserving *Glory*, and *renowne*)
 Is figur'd here, those noble deeds to show,
 For which, the *Wreaths* of *Honour*, we bestow.
 Two *Serpents* (*WISDOME'S Emblems*) twisted are
 About this branch of *Lawrell*, to declare,
 That, *Wisdome* is the surest meanes to save
 Our Names and Actions, from *Oblivion's Grave*.
 The *Snakes* are two, perhaps, to signifie
 That *Morall-wit*, and *Christian-politicie*
 (Vnited both together) doe contrive
 The safest *guard*, and best *preservative*.

Consider this, all yee, that trust your *Names*
 To *Marble Monuments*; or, mount your *Fames*
 By those poore meanes, which *Fooles* and *Knaves* pursue;
 And, may effect as easily as you:
 Nay, with more ease; and, overtop you too,
 When you have done the best, your wits can doe.
 I say, consider this; and, let the *Pen*
 Of learned, wise, and understanding men,
 Renowne your worths, and register the story
 Of your deserved, and, well-gotten glory;
 Lest, else, it suffer close-imprisonments,
 Within the walls of such poore *Monuments*,
 As oft are built, to leave it quite forgotten,
 Whose bones they cover'd, e're those bones be rotten.
 But, you shall best preserve your *Honest-fame*,
 Your *Workes*, your *Hopes*, and *Honours* of your *Name*,
 If you your selves be wise; and, so provide
 That *Prudence*, all your *Workes*, and *Speeches* guide.

Good

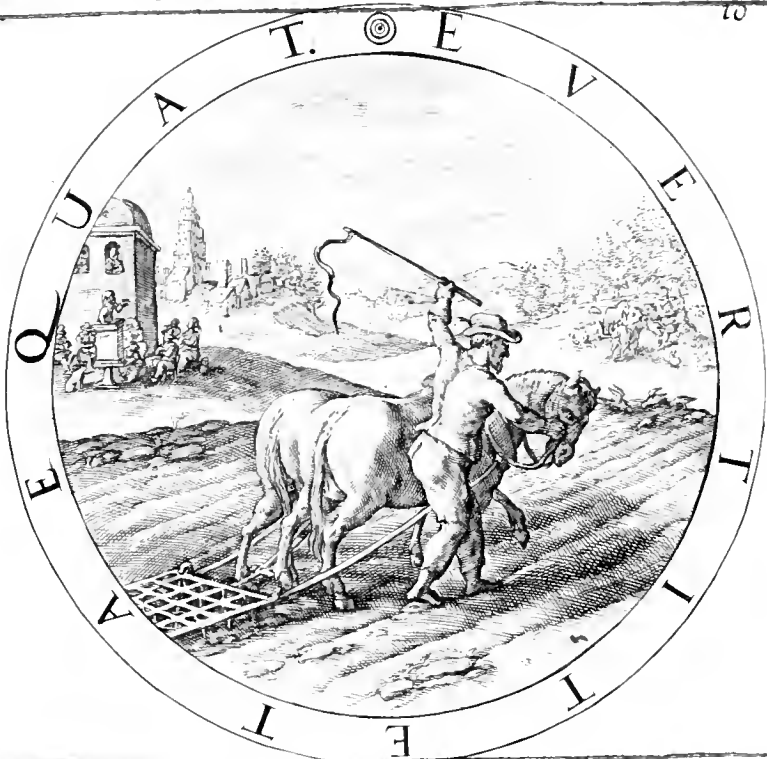


ILLVSTR. IX.

Book. 3

Some Folkes there are, (and many men suppose,
That I my selfe, may passe for one of those)
Who many likely Busineses intend,
Yet, bring but very few, unto an end.
Which folly to prevent, this *Emblem*, here,
Did in a luckie houre, perhaps, appeare.
For, as to draw a *Circle*, with our hand,
We cause the brazen *Compasses* to stand
With one foot firmly fixed one the ground ;
And move the other in a *Constant-round* :
Right so, when we shall purpose to proceed
In any iust, and profitable deed,
We first, should by a *constant-resolution*,
Stand firme, to what we put in execution :
And, then, with *perseverance*, labour out
Those workings, which we are employ'd about.

For, we with *constants-liking*, must elect
Those Busineses, we purpose to effect :
Or els, our *time*, our *labour*, and our *cost*,
Will, oft, be much in vaine, or wholly lost.
With *constant-labour*, we must follow, too,
Those things, which we resolved are to do ;
Or, els, our hopes will never be effected,
How warily foe're we have projected.
Long Iourneys I abhorre ; yet, otherwhile
I meane a *Furlong*, and performe a *Mile*.
I greatly feare *Long-labours* to begin ;
Yet, so ne I finish, when I'me entred in:
And if in *Labour*, I more *constants* grow,
How I improve, hereafter, you shall know.



ILLVSTR. X.

Book. 3

BEfore the *Plowman* hopefull can be made,
His untill'd earth good Hay or Corne will yeeld,
He breakes the hillocks downe, with *Plough* or *Spade*;
And, harrowes over, all the cloddie Field.
Then, from the *leavel'd ground*, at last, he mowes
That *Cropp* of grasse, which he had hope to gaine;
Or, there, doth reape the fruit of what he sowes,
With profit, which contents him for his paine.

Our *craggie-Nature* must be tilled, thus,
Before it will, for *Herbes of Grace*, be fit.
Our *high conceit*, must downe be broke in us;
Our heart is proud, and God must humble it.
Before good *Seed*, in us will rooting take,
Afflictions ploughes and harrowes, must prepare us:
And, that the truer *levell*, he may make,
When we are *suck* too low, Gods hand must reare us.
Then, neither stormings of *Adversitie*,
Shall drowne the *Seedes of Hope*, which we have sowne;
Nor shall the *Sunne-beams* of *Prosperitie*,
Drie up their moisture, ere they ripe are growne.

Oh *Lord*, thou know'st the nature of my *minde*;
Thou know'st my *bodys* tempers what they are;
And, by what meanes, they shall be best inclin'de
Such *Fruits* to yeeld, as they were made to beare.
My barren *Soule*, therefore, *manure* thou so;
So, *harro* w it; so *emptie*, and so *fill*;
So *raise* it *up*, and bring it *downe*, *low*
As best may lay it *levell* to thy *Will*.

In *this De fire*, the worke is well begunne;
Say thou the *Word*, and all is fully done.



ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. 3

BY viewing this *fixt-Head*, enwreath'd with *Bayes*,
(And, what the *Motto* round about it sayes)
Your Apprehension's eye, may partly see
What *constant Vertues*, in true *Knowledge* be.
For, if right plac'd it be, it ever will
Continue in the same condition, still:
And, though it make mens manners to be chang'd;
Yet, never is it, from it selfe, estrang'd:
Nor doth, nor can it, cease to be a *Friend*,
What *Fate* soever, shall on us attend.

When *Wealth* is lost, or faileth to besteed us;
Shee findes out honest meanes to cloath and feede us.
In *farre*, and *forraigne Lands*, shee will become,
As kinde, and as familiar, as at home;
And, *travelleth*, without the costly cumber,
Of Carriages, or Clokebagges full of Lumber.
No *Place* can from our presence, her enclose;
Nor is she frighted from us by our *Foes*.
No *Pickthankes*, of her Favours, can bereave us;
No *Promises*, can woo her to deceive us.
In *Youth*, in *Age*, in *Sicknesse*, and in *Griefe*,
Shee bringeth Consolation and reliefe:
And, is in all estates, a blessing to us,
So constant (and so apt, all helps to doe us)
That, he for whom, such *Knowledge*, God provideth,
Enjoies a *Friend*, that alwaies firme abideth.

Lord, I am *friendlesse* left; therefore, to me,
This *Knowledge*, and this *Friend*, vouchsafe to bee:
For, thou that *Wisdome* art, (from heav'n descending)
Which, neither hath *beginning*, *change*, nor *ending*.



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book. 3



Then Emblems, of too many parts conſiſt,
Their Author was no choice Emblematiſt :
But, is like thoſe, that waſt whole houres, to tell
What, in three minutes, might be ſaid as well.
Yet, when each member is interpreted,
Out of theſe vulgar Figures, you may read
A Morall, (altogether) not unfit
To be remembered, ev'n, by men of wit.
And, if the Kernell prove to be of worth,
No matter from what ſhell we drew it forth.

The Square whereon the Globe is placed, here,
Muſt Vertue be ; That Globe upon the Square,
Muſt mean the World ; The Figure, in the Round,
(Which in appearance doth her Trumpet ſound)
Was made for Fame ; The Booke ſhe beares, may ſhow,
What Breath it is, which makes her Trumpet blow :
The Wreath, incloſing all, was to intend
A glorious Praise, that never ſhall have end :
And, theſe, in one ſumm'd up, doe ſeeme to ſay ;
That, (if men ſtudy in a vertuous way)
The Trumpet of a never-ceaſing Fame,
Shall through the world proclaime their praiſefull Name.

Now Reader, if large Fame, be thy ambition,
This Emblem doth informe, on what condition
She may be gain'd. But, (herein, me beleeve)
Thy ſtudie for meere-praiſe, will thee deceive :
And, if thy Vertues, be, but onely, thoſe
For which the vulgar Fame, her Trumpet blowes,
Thy Fame's a blaſt ; Thy Vertues, Vices be ;
Thy Studie's vaine ; and, ſhame will follow thee.



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 3

E Xalts thou not thy selfe, though, plac'd thou be,
Vpon the topp of that old *Olive-tree*,
From whence the nat'rall branches prun'd have bin,
That, thou, the better, mightst be grafted in.
Be not so *over-wise*, as to presume
The *Gard'ner*, for thy goodnesse, did assume
Thy small *Crab-Olive*, to insert it, there,
Where, once, the *sweetest-berries*, growing were:
Nor let thy *Pride* those few *old-boughes* contemne,
Which, yet, remaine upon their ancient *Stemme*;
Because, thy new-incorporated *Sprayes*,
Doe more enjoy the *Sunnes* refreshing raias:
But, humbled rather, and, more awfull bee;
Lest, *hee* that cut off *them*, doe breake downe *thee*.

Be *wise*, in what may to thy good, belong;
But, seeke not *Knowledge*, to thy neighbours wrong:
Be thankfull for the *Grace* thou hast receiv'd,
But, judge not those, who seeme thereof bereav'd;
Nor into those forbidden *secrets* peepe,
Which *God-Almighty*, to himselfe doth keepe.
Remember what our Father *Adam* found,
When he for *Knowledge*, fought beyond his bound.
For, doubtlesse, ever since, both *good* and *ill*
Are left with *Knowledge*, intermingled still;
And, (if we be not humble, meeke, and warie)
We are in daily danger, to miscary.

Large, proves the fruit which on the *Earth* doth lie;
Winds, breake the twigge, that's grafted *over-high*;
And, he that will, beyond his bounds, be *wise*,
Becomes a very *Foole*, before he dies.



ILLVSTR. XIV.

Book. 3

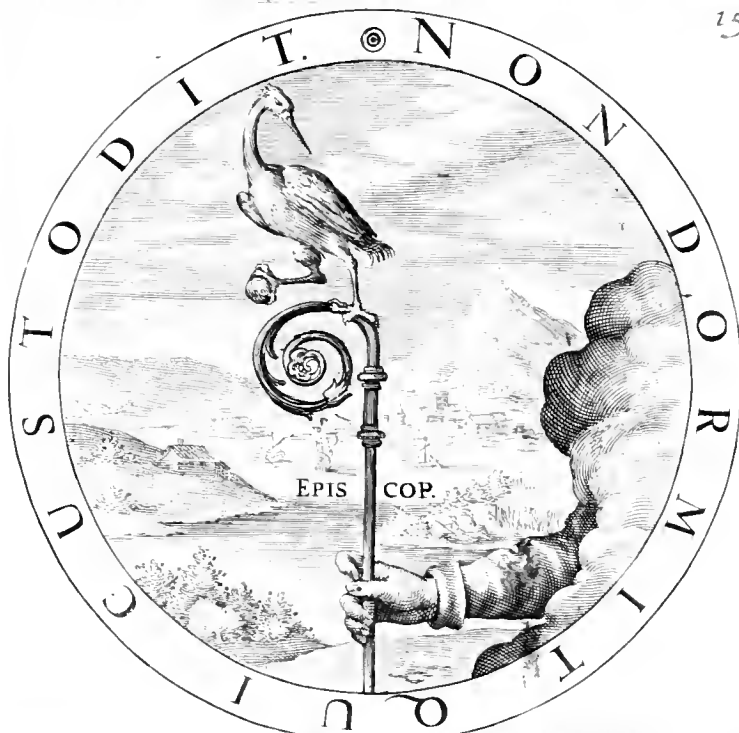
E more should thrive, and erre the seldomer,
 If we were like this honest *Carpenter*,
 Whose *Emblem*, in reproofe of those, is made,
 That love to meddle, farther then their *Trade*.
 But, most are now exceeding cunning growne
 In ev'ry mans affaires, except their owne:
 Yea, *Coblers* thinke themselves not onely able,
 To censure; but, to mend *Apelles* Table.

Great-Men, sometime, will gravely undertake
 To teach, how *Broomes* and *Morter*, we should make.
 Their *Indiscretions*, *Peasants* imitate,
 And boldly meddle with affaires of *State*.
 Some *Houswives* teach their *Teachers* how to pray,
 Some *Clarks*, have shew'd themselves, as wise as they;
 And in their *Callings*, as discreet have bin,
 As if they taught their *Grandames* how to *spinne*:
 And, if these *Customes*, last a few more *Ages*,
 All *Countries* will be nothing els, but *Stages*
 Of evill-acted, and mistaken parts;
 Or, *Gallemaufries*, of imperfect *Arts*.

But, I my selfe (you'l say) have medlings made,
 In things, that are improper to my *Trade*.

No; for, the *MVSSES* are in all things free;
 Fit subject of their *Verse*, all *Creatures* be;
 And, there is nothing nam'd so meane, or great,
 Whereof they have not *Liberty* to treat.

The *Earth* and *Heav'n*, are open unto these;
 (When they take more libertie they please)
 To *create* *Worlds*, and *things*, create, which never were;
 And, when they list, they *play*, and *meddle*, there.



ILLVSTR. XV.

Book. 3



The Figure of a *Storke* in elder dayes,
Was us'd in *Hieroglyphick*, many wayes:
But, when one *Foot*, thus grasp'd a *Peple-stone*,
The *othe* being firmly fixed on
The *Staffe Episcopall*; in that position,
It makes an *Emblem*, of a late edition:
By some, thought not improper, to expresse
Their painfull, and their serious, *watchfulnesse*,
Who take upon themselves, the *Pastorall care*;
And, in that *Function*, truly *watchfull* are.

The *Shepherds-Crooke*, doth some expression make
Of that regard, which, of their *Flocks*, they take.
The *Peble in the Foot*, doth seeme to shewe,
That, these must farther diligence bestowe,
(And, use their utmost pow'r) themselves to keepe
From *slothfull. Ease*; and from intemp'rate *sleepe*:
For, he that hath such *Duties* undertooke,
(And, must the lives of others overlooke)
Shall finde himselfe, unto himselfe become
A burthen, and a Charge more troubleiome
Then all his *Flocke*, unles, he still provide
His owne, aswell as others *waies*, to guide.

Now, though this *Emblems Morall* doth concerne
The *Clergie* most; yet, hence we all may learne
Strict *watch* to keepe; since, unto all that bee,
A *Watchmans* place belongs, in some degree.
Watch, to discharge, if we endeavour, still,
Our *unversall Shepherd* aide us will,

And us from harmes and error he will keepe,
For, *Hee that guardeth* If'ell doth not *sleepe*.



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. 3

AS soone as our first Parents disobey'd,
Forthwith a Curse, for their offence, was layd,
Inforcing them, and their succeeding race,
To get their Food, with sweatings of the Face.
But, afterward, this Doome to mitigate,
(And ease the miseries of their estate)
God gave them Hope, that she might helpe them beare
The burthens of their Travaile, and their care.

A Woman with an Anchor, and a Spade,
An Emblem of that Mystery is made :
And, this Estate, wee all continue in,
By God's free Mercie, and our proper Sinne.
By Sinne, the Labour is on us intail'd ;
By Grace, it is, that Hoping hath not fail'd ;
And, if in Hope, our Labours wee attend,
That Curse will prove a Blessing, in the end.

My Lot is Hope, and Labour ; and, betweene
These Two, my Life-time hath prolonged beene :
Yet, hitherto, the best of all my Paine,
With most of all my Hopes have beene in vaine ;
And to the VVorld-ward, I am like to waft
My time in fruitlesse labours, till the last.

However, I have still my Hopes as faire
As hee, that hath no remptings to Despaire ;
And, change I will not, my last howres for theirs,
Whose Fortune, more desirable appears ;
Nor cease to Hope and Labour, though, of most,
My Hope and Labour be adjudged lost :

For, though I lose the shadow of my Paines,
The substance of it, still, in God, remains.



ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book. 3

¶

 Hen from the harmelesse *Turtle*, and the *Snake*,
 Their most commended *properties* wee take,
 (And, mixe them well) they make a *composition*,
 Which yeelds a *temper* of the best condition.
 Yet, *wickednesse*, or *sorrow*, doth abound,
 Where, any *one* of these, *alone*, is found:
 For, whenlo'e're the *Serpents-braine* we find,
 With which, there is no *Dove-like-meekenesse* joyn'd,
 (Without all *peradventure*) thence proceedes,
 All *harmefull fraud*, and all *injurious deedes*.
 And, where such *meekenesse* as doth seeme to be
 In *harmelesse Doves*, divided you shall see
 From that *discretion*, and that *policie*,
 Which in the *Serpents head*, is thought to lie;
 They liable to *ev'ry wrong* become;
 And, to it *felse*, make *Vertue* burthenfome.
 But, where these two are ioyned, they procure
 A life so *sweet*, so *rich*, and so *secure*,
 That, all the *pow'rs* of *Malice* cannot shake
 Their *out-workes*, nor *within* them, terrors make.

Vouchsafe thou oh my God! vouchsafe, in me,
 That these two *Vertues* may united be.
 Such *Prudence* give, as never will disdain
 The *Dove-like Innocencie*, to retaine.
 That *meekenesse*, grant me, which delighteth not,
 It *felse*, with *indiscretion*, to besot:
 But, let these wo, each other so defend,
 And so, in me continue, till my end,
 That, *simple prudence*, I may still possesse,
 Although the *World* shall count it *foolishnesse*.

Where'er we dwell, the Heav'ns are neere;
Let us but fly, and wee are there.



ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book. 3

Why, with a trembling faintness, should we feare
The face of *Death*? and, fondly linger here,
As if we thought the *Voyage* to be gone
Lay through the shades of *Styx* or *Acheron*?

Or, that we either were to travell downe
Touncouth *Deapthes*, or up some *heights* unknowne?
Or, to some place remote, whose nearest end
Is further then *Earths* limits doe extend?

It is not by one halfe that distance, thither
Where *Death* lers in, as it is any whither:
No not by halfe so farre, as to your bed;
Or, to that place, where you should rest your head,
If on the ground you layd your selfe (ev'n there)
Where at this moment you abiding are.
This *Emblem* shewes (if well you looke thercon)
That, from your *Glasse of life*, which is to run,
There's but one step to *Death*; and, that you tread
At once, among the *Living*, and, the *Dead*.

In whatsoever *Land*, we live or die,
God is the same; And, *Heav'n* is, there, as nigh
As in that *place*, wherein, we most desire
Our *Soules*, with our last breathing, to expire.
Which things, well heeding; let us not delay
Our *Journey*, when we sum'mon'd are away,
(As those inforced *Pilgrims* use to doe,
That know not whither, nor, how farre they goe)
Nor let us dreame that we in *Time*, or *Place*,
Are farre from ending our uncertaine *Race*.

But, let us fix on *Heav'n*, a faithfull eye,
And, still, be flying thither, till wee die.



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. 3

A Travailer, when he must undertake
To seek his passage, o're some *Frozen Lake*,
With *leisure*, and with *care*, he will assay
The glassy smoothnesse of that *Icic-way*,
Lest he may *slip*, by walking over-fast ;
Or, breake the crackling *Pavement*, by his hast :
And, so (for want of better taking heed)
Incurre the mischiefes of *Unwary-speed*.

We are all *Travellers* ; and, all of us
Have many passages, as dangerous,
As *Frozen-lakes* ; and, *Slippery-wayes*, we tread,
In which our Lives may loone be forfeited,
(With all our hopes of *Life-eternall*, too)
Unlesse, we well consider what we doe.
There is no private *Way*, or publicke *Path*,
But rubs, or holes, or slipp'rinesse it hath,
Whereby, wee shall with *Mischiefes* meet ; unlesse,
Wee walke it, with a *stedfast-warinnesse*.

The steps to *Honour*, are on *Pinnacles*
Compos'd of melting Snow, and *Isicles* ;
And, they who tread not nicely on their tops,
Shall on a suddaine slip from all their *hopes*.
Yea, ev'n that way, which is both sure and holy,
And, leades the Minde from Vanities and Folly,
Is with so many other *Path-wayes* crost,
As, that, by *Rashnesse*, it may soone be lost ;
Unlesse, we well deliberate, upon
Those *Tracts*, in which our *Ancestours* have gone :
And, they who with more *haste*, then *heed*, will runne,
May lose the way, in which they well begunne.



ILLVSTR. XX.

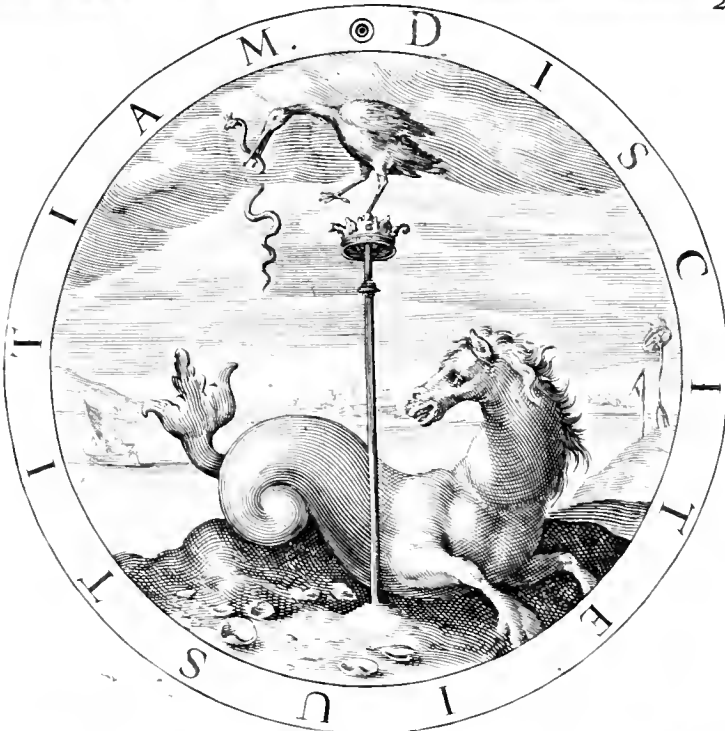
Book. 3

Looke here, and marke (her sickly birds to feed)
How freely this kinde *Pelican* doth bleed.
See, how (when other *Salves* could not be found)
To cure their sorrowes, she, her selfe doth wound ;
And, when this holy *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
Lift up thy soule to him, who dy'd for thee.

For, this our *Hieroglyphick* would expresse
That *Pelican*, which in the *Wilderness*
Of this vast *World*, was left (as all alone)
Our miserable *Nature* to bemone ;
And, in whose eyes, the teares of pittie stood,
When he beheld his owne unthankfull *Brood*
His *Favours*, and his *Mercies*, then, contemne,
When with his wings he would have brooded them :
And, sought their endlessse peace to have confirm'd,
Though, to procure his ruine, they were arm'd.

To be their *Food*, him selfe he freely gave ;
His *Heart* was pierc'd, that he their *Soules* might save.
Because, they disobey'd the *Sacred will*,
He, did the *Law of Righteousnesse* fulfill ;
And, to that end (though guiltlesse he had bin)
Was offered, for our *Vniuersall sinne*.

Let mee Oh *God!* for ever, fixe mine eyes
Vpon the Merit of that *Sacrifice* :
Let me retaine a due commemoration
Of those deare *Mercies*, and that bloody *Passion*,
Which here is meant ; and, by true *Faith*, still, feed
Vpon the drops, this *Pelican* did bleed ;
Yea, let me firme unto thy *Law* abide,
And, ever love that *Flicke*, for which he dy'd.



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. 3

That, which wee call the *Sea-horse*, is a Creature,
Whereby the Priests of *Egypt*, wonted were,
To typify an *Ill-disposed nature*;
And, such, as to their *Parents*, cruell are:
Beacale, this *Monstier* (as their *Authors* write)
When strong he growes, becommeth so ingrate,
That he pursues, with violent despight,
His old and weakly *Sire*, which him begate.

Contrariwise, the *Storke*, they figur'd, then,
When they occasion had, to signifie
The good condition, of those honest men,
Who pleasure take, in workes of *Piety*:
Because, the *Storkes*, not onely harmed none,
But, holpe their aged *Parents* in their need;
And, those offensive *Serpents*, prey'd upon,
Which, in the Fennes of *Egypt*, yearely, breed.

The *Royall Crowne*, therefore, supporting thus
That pious *Fowle*, and overtopping, here,
The wicked, and the fierce *Hypopotamus*,
May serve to *comfort*, and to keep in *fear*.
For, it informes, that, if we pious grow,
And love our *Princes* (who those *Parents* bee,
To whom all *Subjects*, filiall duties owe)
The blessings of their *Favours*, we shall see.
It shewes us, also, that, if we affect
Vnrighteous wayes, no *Wit*, or *Strength* of our,
Nor any *Vnconstruable*, shall us protect
From being reached, by the *Sou'raigne-power*.

The way of *Iustice*, therefore, learne thou still,
For love of *Godnesse*, or for feare of *Ill*.

Take

Take wing, my Soule, and mount up higher ;
For, Earth, fulfills not my Desire.



ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book. 3

Hen *Ganymed*, himselfe was purifying,
Great *Jupiter*, his naked beauty spying,
Sent forth his *Ægle* (from below to take him)
A blest Inhabitant, in Heav'n to make him :
And, there (as Poets feigned) he doth still,
To *love*, and other *God-heads*, *Nectar* fill.

Though this be but a *Fable*, of their feigning,
The *Morall* is a *Reall-truth*, pertayning
To ev'ry one (which harbours a desire
Above the *Starry Circles*, to aspire.)
By *Ganymed*, the *Soule* is understood,
That's washed in the *Purifying flood*
Of sacred *Baptisme* (which doth make her seeme
Both pure and beautifull, in *God's* esteeme.)
The *Ægle*, meanes that *Heav'nly Contemplation*,
Which, after *Washings of Regeneration*,
Lifts up the *Minde*, from things that earthly bee,
To view those *Objects*, which *Faith's* Eyes doe see.
The *Nectar*, which is filled out, and given
To all the blest *Inhabitants of Heaven*,
Are those *Delights*, which (*Christ* hath sayd) they have,
When some *Repensants soule* beginnes to leave
Her foulness ; by renewing of her *birth*,
And, slighting all the *Pleasures* of the Earth.

I aske not, *Lord*, those *Blessings* to receive,
Which any Man hath pow'r to take, or give ;
Nor, what this World affords ; for, I contemne
Her Favours ; and have seene the best of them :
Nay, *Heav'n* it selfe, will insufficient bee,
Vnlesse, *Thou*, also, give *Thy selfe*, to mee.

Through



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. 3

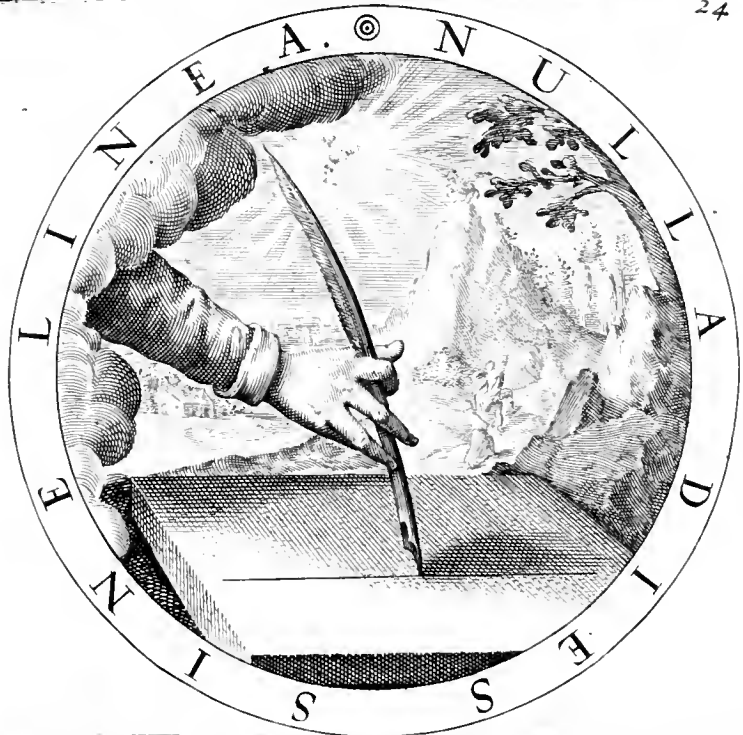
Eld Sages by the Figure of the Snake
Encircled thus) did oft expression make
Of *Annually-Revolutions*; and of things,
Which wheele about in *everlasting rings*;
There *ending*, where they first of all *begun*,
And, there *beginning*, where the *Round* was *done*.
Thus, doe the *Planets*; Thus, the *Seasons* doe;
And, thus, doe many other *Creatures*, too.

By minutes, and by houres, the *Spring* steales in,
And, rolleth on, till *Summer* doth begin:
The *Summer* brings on *Autumne*, by degrees;
So ripening, that the eye of no man sees
Her *Entrances*. That *Season*, likewise, hath
To *Winter-ward*, as leasurely a path:
And, then, cold *Winter* wheeleth on amaine,
Vntill it brings the *Spring* about againe,
With all those *Resurrections*, which appeare,
To wait upon her comming, every yeare.

These *Roundells*, helpe to shew the *Mystery*
Of that immense and blest *Eternitie*,
From whence the *CREATURE* sprung, and, into *whom*
It shall, againe, with full perfection come,
When those *Additions*, it hath fully had,
Which all the sev'ral *Orbes* of *Time* can add.
It is a full, and fairely writren *Scrowle*,
Which up into it selfe, it self doth rowle;
And, by *Unfolding*, and, *Infolding*, shoves
A *Round*, which neither *End*, nor *entrancee* knowes.

And (by this *Emblem*) you may partly see,
Tis that which *IS*, but, cannot uttered be.

Each



ILLVSTR. XXIV.

Book. 3

Fire's but *one Line* ; and, but *one Line a Day*,
Is all the *taske* our *Motio*, ſeemes to lay :
And, that is thought, perhaps, a thing ſo ſmall,
As if it were as good bee nought at all.
But, be not ſo deceiv'd ; For, oft you ſee
Small things (in time) *great matters*, riſe to be :
Yea, that , which when the ſame was firſt begun,
A *Trifle* ſeem'd, (and eaſie to be done)
By long neglect of time, will *burthenſome*,
And, at the laſt, *impoſſible*, become.

Great *Clarks*, there are, who ſhall not leave behinde them,
One good *Weekes* worke, for *Future Times* to minde them,
(In *Callings*, either *Humane*, or *Divine*)
Who, by composing but *each Day a Line*,
Might *Authors*, of ſome famous *Workes* appeare,
In ſixtie, ſeventie, or in eightie yeare ;
To which, ten hundred thouſands have arrived
Of whom, we ſee no ſigne that ev'r they lived.
And, with much pleaſure, wee might all effect,
Thoſe needfull *Workes*, which often we neglect,
(Vntill too late) If we but, now and then
Did ſpare one houre to exerciſe the penn.


For, ſtill, *one-Line*, another draweth on,
And, *Line by Line*, great *Workes* at laſt are done.
Whereas, *diſ-uſe*, and many dayes miſpent,
Without their *Lines*, let in *diſcouragement*,
Or, bring *Deſpaire* ; which doth ſo lottish make us,
That we, to no endeavour can betake us.

Marke this, and, labour in ſome honeſt *Way*,
As much as makes, at leaſt, *One Line a Day*,



ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book.3

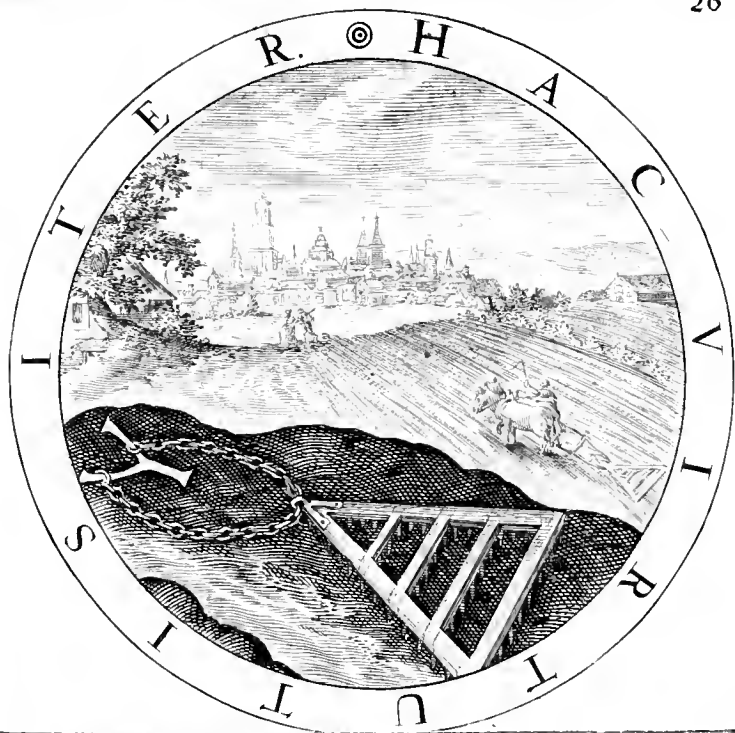
 Hen *Phœbus* with a cheerefull eye, beholds
The Flow'r-embroydred earth, and freely spreads
His beames abroad; behold, the *Marigolds*
Beginne to reare their low-dejected heads:
The *Tulips*, *Dayssies*, and the *Heliotropes*
Of ev'ry kinde, their closed Leaves display;
And (as it were) with new-recover'd hopes,
Attend upon the *Ruler of the Day*.

Again, when either in the *West* he shrowds
His *Rayes* below this *Horizon*, or hides
His *Face* behinde the *Curtaines* of the *Cloudes*;
They lose their beauties, and abate their prides.

Thus fares it with a *Nation*, and their *King*,
'Twi't whom there is a native *Sympathy*.
His *Presence*, and his *Favours*, like the *Spring*,
Doe make them sweetly thrive, and fructify:
Yea (like fresh *Groves*, or *Flow'rs* of pleasing hew)
Themselves in all their jollity they shewe;
But, they, if with displeasure, them he view,
Soone lose their *Glory*, and contemned growe.

All, are not *Heliotropes* that favour'd growe,
In *Princes* Courts; nor *Marigolds*, that beare
The golden blossomes; but some spring below,
Like *Dayssie flow'rs*, that in the *Pathwayes* are:
Yet all shal feele it, when their *Sov'raignes* eye
Doth frowne, or smile, regard, or else neglect:
Yea, it will finde them in *Obscurity*,
By some *Disheartning*, or some sweet *Effect*.

Vouchsafe to shine on Mee, my *Gracious King*,
And then my *Wither'd Leaves*, will freshly spring.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book. 3

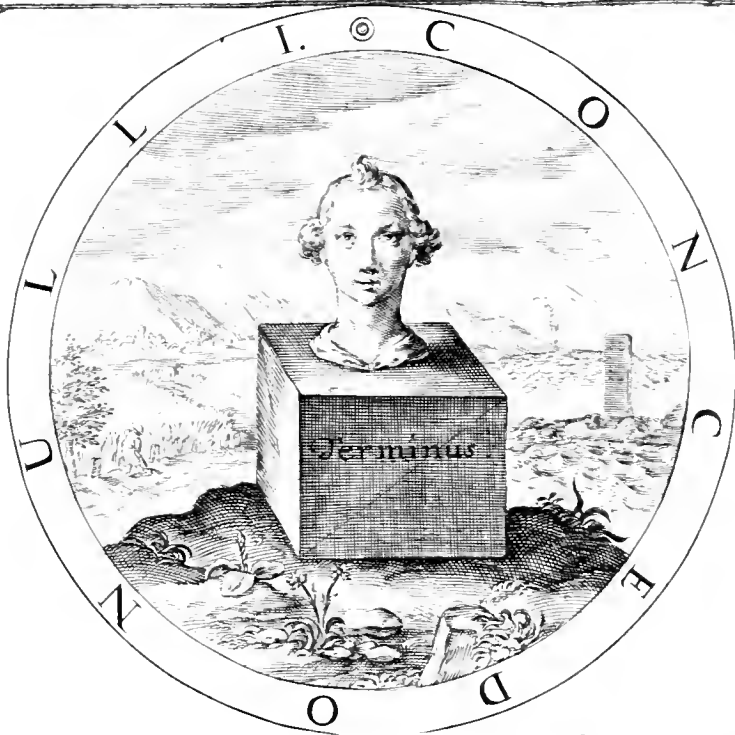
IF any covet knowledge of that *Path*,
Which thither tends, where *Peace* her dwelling hath,
This *Emblem* (being well observ'd) will show
On whether side, it will be best to goe.

The *Left-hand-way*, seemes to be walk'd, at ease,
Through Lawnes, and Downes, and green-swath'd Passages;
And, much allures the *Traveller*, to trie
The many Pleasures, which doe that *Way* lye.

The *Right-hand-course*, is through a *Pathlesse-mound*
Of newly ploughed, and deep-furrow'd Ground;
Which, as uneasie seemeth, to be gone,
As, in appearance, rough to looke upon.
Yet, this is *Vertue's Path*: This *Way* uneven,
Is that, which unto ev'ry man is given,
To travaile in; and, hath a safer ending,
Then those, whereon more *Pleasures* are attending:
And (though it leades us thither, where we see
Few promises of outward *Glories* bee)
It brings (us when we passe the common sight)
Through easy *Tracts*, to gaine our *Hearts-delights*.

The other *Way* (though seeming streight, it lyes,
To *Pleasure's* Pallaces, before our eyes)
Hath many rubs, and perills, which betweene
Our *Hopes*, and *Vs*, will alwayes lurke unscene;
Till we are drawne so farre, that 'twill be vaine,
To seeke, with safety, to returne againe.
This, let us heed, and, still be carefull, too,
Which *Course* it most concerneth us to goe.

And, though the *Left-hand-way*, more smoothnesse hath,
Let us goe forward, in the *Right-hand-path*.



ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book.3

THe *Bounder-Stones*, held sacred, heretofore,
Some did so superstitiously adore,
As, that they did not onely rev'rence doe them,
But, have ascrib'd a kinde of *God-head*, to them:
For, *Terminus* had many a *Sacrifize*,
As well as other senselesse *Deities*.

I am not so prophane, as to desire
Such *Ethnick* zeale should set our hearts on fire:
But, wish I could, Men better did regard
Those *Bounders*, which *Antiquity* hath rear'd;
And, that, they would not, with so much delight,
There, make *incroachments*, where they have no *right*.

That, ev'ry man might keep his owne *Possessions*,
Our *Fathers*, us'd in reverent *Processions*
(With zealous prayers, and with praisefull cheere)
To walke their *Parish-limits*, once a yeare:
And, well knowne *Markes* (which sacrilegious Hands
Now cut or breake) so bord'red out their Lands,
That, ev'ry one distinctly knew his owne;
And, many brawles, now rise, were then unknowne.

But, since neglected, sacred *Bounders* were,
Most men *Incroachers*, and *Intruders* are:
They grieve each other, and their *Dues* they steale,
From *Prince*, from *Parent*, and from *Common weale*.
Nay, more; these bold *Vsurpers* are so rude,
That, they, on *Christ's* *Inheritance* intrude.
But, that will be aveng'd; and (on his *right*)
Though such *incroach*, he will not lose it quite:
For, hee's that *Bounder*, and that *Corner-stone*,
Who all *confines*, and is *confin'd*, of none.



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. 3



Ould God, I could as feelingly intuse
A good effect of what this *Emblem* shewes,
As I can tell in words, what *Moralls* bee,
The life of that, which here you pictur'd see.
Most *Lovers*, minde their *Penny*, or their *Pleasure*;
Or, painted *Honors*; and, they all things meature,
Not as they are, but as they helpfull seeme,
In compassing those toyes, they most esteeme.

Though many wish to gaine a faithfull *Friend*,
They seldome seeke one, for the noblest end:
Nor know they (should they finde what they had sought)
How *Friendship* should be manag'd, as it ought.
Such, as good *Husbands* cover, or good *Wives*
(The deare companions of most happy lives)
Wrong *Courses* take to gaine them; yet, contemne
Their honest love, who rightly counsell them:
And, lest, they unawares the *Marke* may hit,
They blinde their *judgements*, and befoole their *wit*.

He, that will finde a *Friend*, must seeke out one
To exercise unfeigned *love* upon;
And, *mutuall-duties*, must both yield, and take,
Not for himselfe; but, for his *Friendship* sake.
Such, as doe rightly *marry*, neither be
With *Dowries* caught, nor wooe a *Pedigree*;
Nor, meeirely come together, when they wed,
To reape the youthfull pleasures of the *Bed*:
But, seeke that *fitnesse*, and, that *Sympathy*,
Which maketh up the perfectt *Amity*.

A *paire*, so match'd; like *Hands* that wash each other,
As *mutuall helps*, will sweetly live together.



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 3

THe Picture of a *Crowned-king*, here, stands
Upon a *Globe*; and, with outstretched hands,
Holds forth, in view, a *Law booke*, and a *Sword*:
Which plaine and moderne *Figures*, may afford
This meaning; that, a *King*, who hath regard
To *Courts for pleading*, and a *Court of Guard*,
And, at all times, a due respect will carry,
To pious *Lawes*, and *Actions military*;
Shall not be *Monarch*, onely in those *Lands*,
That are, by *Birth right*, under his commands:
But, also, might (if just occasion were)
Make this whole *Globe of Earth*, his power to feare;
Advance his *Favorites*; and, bring downe all
His *Opposites*, below his pedestall.

His conquering *Sword*, in forraigne *Realmes*, he drawes,
As oft, as there is just, or needfull cause:
At home, in ev'ry *Province* of his *Lands*,
At all times, a med are his *Trayned bands*.
His *Royall fleets*, are terrors to the *Seas*;
At all houres, rigg'd, for usefull *Voyages*:
And, often, he his *Navy* doth increase,
That *Warres Provisions*, may prolong his *Peace*.
Nor, by the tenure of the *Sword*, alone,
Delighteth he to hold his awfull *Throne*,
But, likewise, labours, *Mischiefes* to prevent,
By wholsome *Lawes*, and rightfull *Government*.
For, where the *Sword* commands, without the *Law*,
A *Tyrant* keeps the Land in slavish awe:
And, where good *Lawes* doe want an *Armed pow'r*,
Rebellious *Knaves*, their *Princes*, will devoure.

Faire-



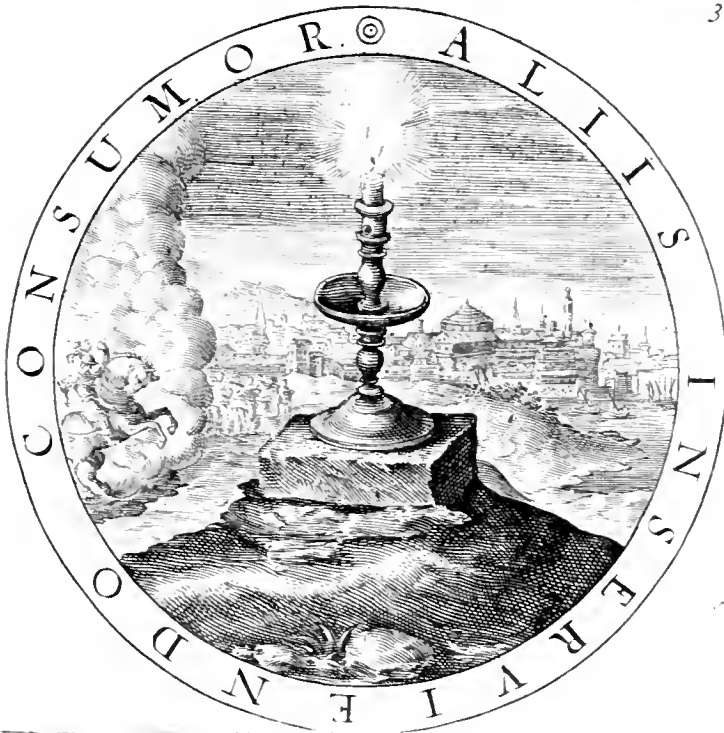
ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book. 3

When wee should use a *Ruler*, or a *Square*,
 Or such like *Instruments*, as usefull are,
 In forming other things; we prize not so
 The carving, or the colourable show
 (Which makes them beautifull in outward sight)
 As when, for *Vsefulnessse*, we finde them right.

A warped *Bowe*, though strung with silken threads,
 And, crooked *Arrowes*, tipped with Golden heads,
 Delight not *Archers*; tyet, such uselesse *Toyes*
 Be fit enough for Bunglers, and for Boyes.
 A skilfull *Artist* (in what Art soe're,
 He seeskes, to make his ablenesse appeare)
 Will give large Prices, with much more content,
 To buy a plaine (if perfect) *Instrument*;
 Then, take for nothing (or, for thanks alone)
 An uselesse *Too*le, though, gay to looke upon.

From whence, observe; that, if there must be sought,
 When meere *Mechanick-workes* are to be wrought,
 Such *Instruments*, as rather have esteeme
 For their *true-being*, then for what they seeme.
 Much more, should all those *Rules* be such, whereby
 Wee goe about, our selves to rectify;
 And, build up, what in *Body*, or in *minde*,
 We may defective, or impaired finde.
 Else, peradventure, that we thinke to mend,
 More faulty may become, at later end.
 But, hence; I chiefly learne, to take a care,
 My *Life*, and *Actions*, rather be *sincere*,
 Then seeming such: And, yet, Ile thinke no shame,
 To seeme, to be as honest, as I am.



ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. 3

IF this nigh-wasted *Candle*, you shall view,
And, heed it well, it may enlighten you
To looke with more compassion, on their paines,
Who rob themselves, to multiply your gaines.
The *Taper* burnes, to give another light,
Ev'n till it selfe, it hath consumed quite ;
And, all the profit, which it thence doth winne,
Is to be snufft, by ev'ry *Commer-tn*.

This is the *Lot* of some, whom I have knowne,
Who, freely, all their life-time, have bestowne
In such industrious labour, as appeares,
To further others profits, more then theirs ;
And, all their *Patrimonies*, well nigh spent,
The ruining of others, to prevent.
The *wit*, the *strength*, and all the *pow'r* they had,
(Which might, by probability, have made
Good means to raise them, in this world, as high,
As most, who climbe to wealthy dignity)
Ev'n these, they have bestow'd, to better them,
Who their indeavours, for their paines, contemne.

These are those *Lamps*, whose *flames*, from time to time,
Have through each *Age*, and through-out ev'ry *Clime*,
To one another, that true *Light* convey'd,
Which *Ignorance*, had, els, long since betray'd
To utter darknesse. These, despightfull *Pride*
Oft snuff ; and, oft, to put them out, hath try'd.
But, from the brightnesse of such *Lights*, as they,
We got our *Light of knowledge*, at this day.

To *them*, God make us kinder ; and to *Him*,
More thankfull, that we gain'd such light by *them*.



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. 3

F He *Horne-of-plenty*, which *Wealth* signifies,
The *Hand-in-band*, which *Plighted faith* implies,
(Together being painted) seeme to teach,
That, such as will be *honest*, shall be *rich*.

If this be so, why then for *Lucre-sake*,
Doe many breake the *Promises* they make ?
Why doe they cheat and couzen, lye, and swear ?
Why practise they all Villanies that are ?
To compasse *Wealth* ? And, how doe such as they
Inlarge their ill-got *Portions*, ev'ry day ?
Or, whence procedes it, that sometimes we see
Those men grow poore, who *faithfull* seeme to bee ?

Thus, oft it proves ; and, therefore, *Falshood* can,
In likelihood, much more enrich a man,
Then blamelesse *Faith* ; and, then, the *Motto* here
Improper to this *Embleme*, doth appeare.
But, well enough they sute ; and, all is true,
Which these things (being thus united) shew.
Should it be then concluded, that all those,
Who poore and honest seeme, have made but shewes
Of reall *Faith* ? And, therefore, plagu'd have bin
With publicke lashes, for their private sin ?

Indeed, sometime it hath succeeded so :
But, know you should, that, most who richest grow,
In *Outward wealth*, are very poore in that,
Which brings true *Plentie*, and a blest *Estate* :
And, that, *Good men*, though poore they seeme to bee,
Have *Riches*, which the *Worldling* cannot see.

Now He, who findes himselfe endow'd with such,
(What e're wee thinke him) is exceeding *rich*.

Poore



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

Book. 3

IF you, this *Emblem*, well have look'd upon,
 Although you cannot helpe it, yet, be none
 The Worlds blacke Impudence; and, if you can,
 Continue (or become) an honest man.

The poore, and petty *Pilferers*, you see
 On *Wheeles*, on *Gibbets*, and the *Gallow-tree*
 Trust up; when they, that farre more guilty are,
 Pearle, Silke, and costly Cloth of Tissue, weare.

Good God! how many hath each *Land* of those,
 Who, neither limbe, nor life, nor credit lose
 (But, rather live befriended, and applauded)
 Yet, have of all their livelihoods defrauded
 The helpless *Widowes*, in their great distresse?
 And, of their Portions, robd the *Fatherlesse*?
 Yet, censur'd others Errours, as if none
 Had cause to say, that they amisse have done?
 How many, have assist'd to condemne
 Poore soules, for what was never stolne by them?
 And, persecuted others, for that Sin,
 Which they themselves, had more transgressed in?

How many worthlesse men, are great become,
 By that, which they have stolne, or cheated from
 Their *Lords*? or (by some practices unjust)
 From those, by whom they had beene put in trust?
 How many *Lawyers*, wealthy men are growne,
 By taking Fees, for *Causes* overthrowne
 By their defaults? How many, without feare,
 Doe rob the *King*, and *God*, yet blamelesse are?

God knowes how many! would I did so, too,
 So I had pow'r to make them better doe.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book.?



When thou beholdest on this *Burying-stone*,
The melancholly *Nights bird*, sitting on
The fleshlesse ruins of a rotten *Skull*,
(Whose Face, perhaps, hath been more beautifull,
Then thine is now) take up a serious thought;
And, doe as thou art by the *Motto* taught;
Remember Death - and minde, I thee beseech,
How soone, these *Fowles* may at thy window screech;
Or, call thee (as the common people deeme)
To dwell in *Graves*, and *Sepulchers*, by them,
Where nothing else, but *Rats*, and *Owles*, appeare;
Or, *Goblins*, form'd by *Fancies*, and, by *Fear*.

If thou shalt be advis'd, to meditate
Thy latter end, before it be too late,
(And, whil'ft thy *friends*, thy *strength*, and *wits* may bee
In likely case, to help and comfort thee)
There may be courses taken, to divert
Those *Frights*, which, else, would terrifie thy heart,
When *Death* drawes neare; and helpe thee plucke away
That *Sing*, of his, which would thy Soule dismay.

But, if thou madly ramble onward, still,
Till thou art sinking downe that *darke some hill*,
Which borders on the *Grave* (and dost beginne
To see the Shades of *Terrour*, and of *Sinne*
To fly acrosse thy *Conscience*) 'twill be hard
To learne this *Lesson*; or, to be prepar'd
For that sad parting; which, will forced bee,
Betwene this much beloved *World*, and *thee*.

Consider this, therefore, while *Time* thou hast,
And, put not off this *Busnesse*, till the last.



ILLVSTR. XXXV.

Book. 3

AS is the head-strong *Horse*, and blockish *Mule*,
Ev'n such, without the *Bridle*, and the *Rule*,
Our *Nature* growes; and; is as mischievous,
Till *Grace*, and *Reason*, come to governe us.
The *Square*, and *Bridle*, therefore let us heed,
And, thereby learne to know, what *helpes* wee need;
Left, else, (they sayling, timely, to bee had)
Quite out of *Order*, wee, at length, bee made.

The *Square*, (which is an usefull *Instrument*,
To shape forth senselesse *Formes*) may represent
The *Law*: Because, *Mankind*, (which is by *Nature*,
Almost as dull, as is the *senselesse-creature*,)
Is thereby, from the *native-rudenesse*, wrought;
And, in the *Way* of honest-living taught.
The *Bridle*, (which *Invention* did contrive,
To rule, and guide the *Creature-sensitive*)
May type forth *Discipline*; which, when the *Law*
Hath school'd the *Wit*, must keepe the *Will* in awe.
And, hee that can by these, his *Passions* bound,
This *Emblems* meaning, usefully, hath found.

Lord, let thy sacred *Law*, at all times, bee
A *Rule*, a *Master*, and a *Glasse* to mee;
(A *Bridle*, and a *Light*) that I may, still,
Both know my *Dutie*, and obey thy *Will*.
Direct my *Feet*; my *Hands*, instruct thou so,
That I may neither *wander*, nor *mis-doe*.
My *Lookes*, my *Hearing*, and my *Wordes* confine,
To keepe still firme; to ev'ry *Word* of thine.

On thee, let also my *Desires* attend:
And, let me hold this *temper*, till mine end.

Wee then have got the surest prop,
When God, alone, becomes our Hope.

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ILLVSTR. XXXVI.

Book. 3

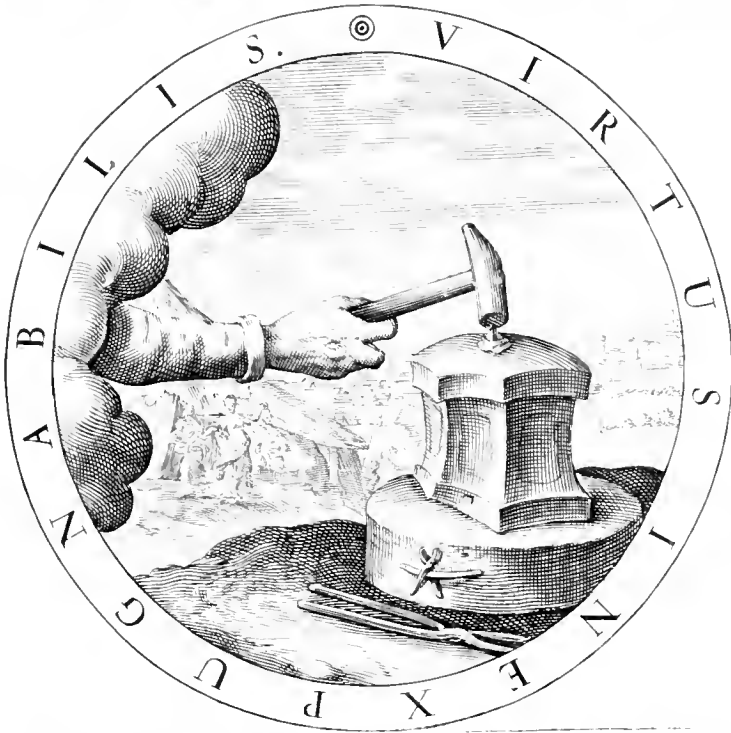
Should not care how hard my *Fortunes* were,
Might still my *Hopes* be such, as now they are,
Of helps divine; nor feare, how poore I bee,
If thoughts, yet, present, still may bide in mee.

For, they have left assurance of such *ayds*,
That, I am of no dangers, now afraid.

Yea, now I see, mee thinks, what weake and vaine
Supporters I have sought, to heipe sustaine
My fainting heart; when some injurious hand,
Would undermine the Station where I stand.
Me thinks, I see how scurvie, and how base,
It is to scrape for favours, and for grace,
To men of earthly minds; and unto those,
Who may, perhaps, before to morrow lose
Their Wealth, (or their abus'd Authoritie)
And, stand as much in want of helpe as I.

Me thinks, in this *new-rapture*, I doe see
The hand of *God* from heaven supporting me,
Without those *rotten-Ayds*, for which I whinde,
When I was of my tother *vulgar-minde*:
And, if in some one part of me it lay,
I, now, could cut that *Limbe* of mine away.
Still, might I keepe this mind, there were enough
Within my selfe (beside that cumbering stiffe
Wee seeke *without*) which, husbanded aright,
Would make mee *Rich*, in all the *Worlds* despite.
And, I have hopes, that, had shee quite bereft mee,
Of those few *rugges* and *toyes*, which, yet, are left me;
I should on *God*, alone, so much depend,
That, I should need, nor *Wealth*, nor other *Friend*.

True



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 3

This is a well-knowne Figure, signifying,
A man, whose *Vertues* will abide the trying:
For, by the nature of the *Diamond stone*,
(Which, *Violence*, can no way worke upon)
That *Patience*, and *long-suffering* is intended,
Which will not bee with *Injuries* offended;
Nor yeeld to any base dejectednesse,
Although some bruising *Pow'r*, the same oppresse;
Or, such hard *streights*, as theirs, that *hammrings* feele,
Betwixt an *Anvile*, and a *Sledge* of *Steele*.

None ever had a perfect *Vertue*, yet,
But, that most *Pretious stone*, which God hath set
On his right hand, in *beaming-Majestie*,
Vpon the *Ring* of blest *ETERNITIE*.
And, this, is that imp. nitrable *Stone*,
The *Serpent* could not leave impression on,
(Nor signe of any *Path-way*) by temptations,
Or, by the pow'r of sly insinuations:
Which wondrous *Mysterie* was of those *five*,
Whose depth King *Solomon* could never dive.

Good God! vouchsafe, ev'n for that *Diamond-fake*,
That, I may of his *pretious-esse*, partake,
In all my *Trialls*, make mee alwayes able
To bide them, with a minde impenitrable,
How hard, or oft so'ere, these *hammrings* bee,
Wherewith, *Afflictions* must new *fashion* mee.
And, as the common *Diamonds* polish'd are,
By their owne dust; so, let my *errours* wear
Each other out; And, when that I am pure,
Give mee the *Lustre*, Lord, that will endure.

Truth,



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

Book. 3

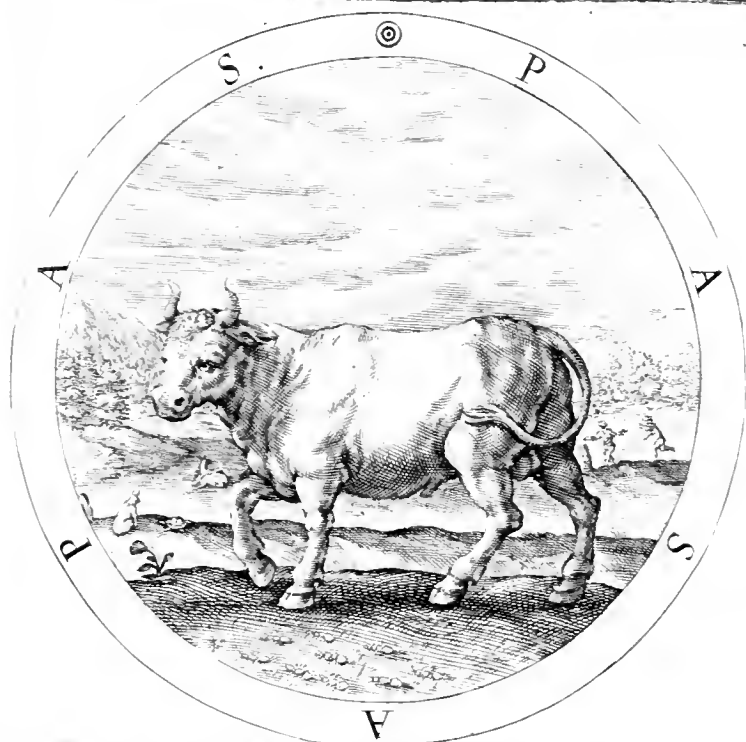
This is that fruitfull *Plant*, which when it growes,
Where wholesome *Water* in abundance flowes,
Was, by the *Psalmist*, thought a likely *Tree*,
The *Emblem*, of a *blessed-man*, to bee:
For, many wayes, it fitly typifies,
The *Righteous-man*, with his proprieties;
And, those true *Vertues*, which doe helpe increase
His growing, in the state of *Blessednesse*.

The *Palme*, (in this our *Emblem*, figur'd, thus)
Depressed with a *Stone*, doth shew to us
The pow'r of *Truth*: For, as this *Tree* doth spread,
And thrive the more, when weights presse downe the head;
So, *Gods* eternall *Truth* (which all the pow'r
And spight of *Hell*, did labour to devoure)
Sprung high, and flourished the more, thereby,
When *Tyrants* crush'd it, with their crueltie.
And, all inferiour *Truths*, the same will doe,
According as they make approaches to
The best *Perfection*; or, as they conduce
To *God's* due *praise*, or some such pious use.

Lord, still, preserve this *Truth's* integritie,
Although on ev'ry side, the wicked prie,
To spie how they may disadvantage it.
Yea, Lord, though *Sinners* in high place doe sit,
(As *David* saith) yet, let them not oppresse
Thy *Veritie*, by their imperiousnesse.
But, make both *Her*, and her *Professors*; bide
The *Test*, like *Silver* seven times purifide.

That, all *Truths* lovers, may with comfort see,
Shee may deprest, but, not, oppressed bee.

They.



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. 3

THe big-bon'd Oxe, in pace is very slow,
And, in his travaile, *step by step*, doth goe,
So leisurely, as if he tir'd had bin,
Before his painfull Iourney did beginne;
Yet, all the day, he stily plodderth on,
Vntill the labour of the day be done:
And, seemes as fresh (though he his taske hath wrought)
As when to worke he first of all was brought.
Meane-while, the *Palfray*, which more swiftnesse had,
Hath lost his breath, or proves a *Resty-jack*.

This *Emblem*, therefore, maketh it appeare,
How much it profitech, to *persevere*;
And, what a little *Industry* will doe,
It wee continue *constant* thereunto.
For, meanest *Faculties*, discreetly us'd,
May get the start, of nobler *Gifts*, abus'd.
This, may obserued be in many a one:
For (when their course of life was first begunne)
Some, whose refined *wits*, aspi'd as high,
As if above the *Spheres*, they were to flie:
By *Sloth*, or *Pride*, or over-trusting to
Their owne *Sufficiencys*, themselves undoe.
Yea, and those *ferward-wits*, have liv'd to see
Themselves inferiours, unto those, to be,
Whom, they did in their jollity, contemne,
As blocks, or dunces, in respect of them.
Then, learne, *Great-wits*, this folly to prevent:
Let *Meane-wits*, take from hence, encouragement:
And, let us all, in our *Affaires* proceed,
With timely *leisure*, and with comely *speed*.



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. 3

FVI Author, peradventure, giveth us
Dame Fortune (for these Reasons) pictur'd, thus:
She hath a Comely body, to declare,

How pleasing shee doth usually appeare
To them, that love her Favours. She is blinde,
(Or, hath still closed eyes) to put in minde,
How blindly, and how heedlesly, she throwes
Her Largeesse, where her Bounty, she bestowes.
She stands upon a Ball; that, wee may learne,
Of outward things, the tottering, to discern:
Her Ball hath wings; that it may signifie
How apt her Favours are, away to flie:

A Skarfe display'd by the wind, she beares,
(And, on her naked-Body, nothing weares)
To shew, that what her Favorite injoyes,
Is not so much for Usefulnessse, as toyes.
Her Head is hairelesse, all, except before;
To teach thee, that thy care should be the more
To hold her formost kindnesse, alwayes fast;
Left, she doe show thee slipp'ry tricks, at last.
And, lastly, that her changing may be showne;
She beareth in her Hand a Wayned-moone.

By this Description, you may now descry
Her true conditions, full as well as I:
And, if you, still, suppose her, worth such honour,
You have my leave to wooe, and may upon her.
Moreover (to her credit) I confesse,
This Motto falsly saith, her Ficklenesse
Is like the Moones: For, she hath frown'd on mee
Twelve Moones, at least; and, yet, no Change I see.


Untill the Steele, the Flint *bill* smite,
It will afford nor Heat, nor Light.

175



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book 3

 Hilt by the High-way-side, the *Flint* stone lies,
Drie, cold, and hard as ste, are the properties
We then perceive: But, when we prove it nigher,
We finde, that, *Goldnesse* doth inclose a *Fire*;
And, that, though *Raine*, nor *cloudie-skie* appeares,
It will be (many times) bedew'd with *teares*.

From hence, I mind, that many wronged are,
By being judg'd, as they, at first, appeare;
And, that, some shou'd bee prais'd, whom wee despise,
If *inward Grace*, were seene with *outward-Eyes*.
But, this is not that *Morall* (wee confesse)
Which this our *Emblem*, seemeth to expresse:
For (if the *Motto* speake the meaning right)
It shewes, that, *hard-afflictions* first must smite
Our hardned hearts, before it will bee seene,
That any *light* of *Grace*, in them, hath beene.
Before the Flint will send forth shining Rayes,
It must bee stricken, by the Steele, (it sayes.)

Another *Morall*, adde we may to this,
(Which, to the *Figure*, suites not much amiss.)
The *Steele*, and *Flint*, may fitly represent
Hard-hearted men, whose mindes will not relent:
For, when in *opposition*, such become,
The *fire* of *Malice*, flames and sparkles from
Their threatning *Eyes*; which elie; close hidden rests,
Within the closets of their flintie breasts:
And, flame out-right it will not, (though it smokes)
Till *Sin*fe breake passage, for it, by her *strokes*.

If any of these *Moralls* may doe good,
The purpose of my paines is understood.

My Wit got Wings, and high had flowne;
But, Povertie did keepe mee downe.



ILLVSTR. XLII.

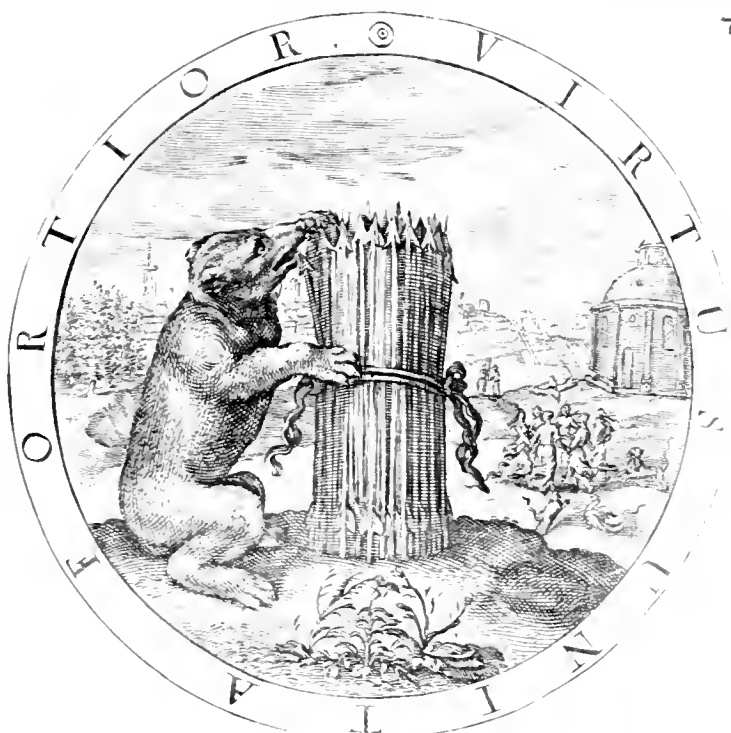
Book. 3

You little thinke, what plague it is to bee,
In plight like *him*, whom pictur'd here you see.
His *winged-Arme*, and his *up lifted-eyes*,
Declare, that hee hath *Wit*, and *Will*, to rise:
The *Stone*, which clogs his other *hand*, may show
That, *Povertie* and *Fortune*, keepe him low:
And, twixt these *two*, the *Bodie* and the *Mind*,
Such labours, and such great vexations finde,
That, if you did not such mens wants contemne,
You could not chuse but helpe, or pitie them.

All Ages had (and, this I know hath some)
Such men, as to this misery, doe come:
And, many of them, at their *Lot*, so grieve,
As if they knew, (or did at least beleve)
That, had their *Wealth* suffiz'd them to aspire
(To what their *Witts* deserve, and they *desire*)
The present Age, and future Ages too,
Might gaine have had, from what they thought to doe.

Perhaps I dream'd so once: But, God be prais'd,
The *Clog*, which kept me downe, from being rais'd,
Was chain'd so fast, that (if such *Dreames* I had)
My *thoughts*, and *longings*, are not now so mad.
For, plaine I see, that, had my *Fortunes* brought
Such *Wealth*, at first, as my small *Wit* hath sought;
I might my selfe, and others, have undone,
Instead of *Courses*, which I thought to runne.
I finde my *Povertie*, for mee was fit;
Yea, and a *Blessing*, greater than my *Wit*:

And, whether, now, I *rich* or *poore* become,
Tis nor much *pleasing*, nor much *troublesome*.



ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 3

U Bserve the *Sheafe of Arrows*, figur'd here ;
And, how the pow'r, and fury, of the *Bear*
(Though hee attempt it) no device can finde
To breake one *slender-shaft*, while they are *joyn'd* :
Whereas, were they *divided*, strength but small,
Like rotten *Kexes*, would soone breake them all.

This *Emblem*, therefore, fitly doth imply
That *Safeguard*, which is found in *Vnity* ;
And, shewes, that, when *Dis-union* is begunne,
It breedeth dangers, where before were none.
The *Psalmist*, numerous *Off-springs*, doth compare
To *Quivers*, that with *Shafts* replenish'd are.
When *Vnity* hath knit them in her *bands*,
They prove like *Arrows* in a *Gyants* hands.
And, though, for these, their *Foes* in wayt have layd,
They shall not be surpriz'd, nor made afraid.

Consider this, yee *Children of one Sire*,
'Twixt whom, is kindled some contentious *fire*,
And, reconciled be, lest you, at length,
Consum'd away the marrow of your *strength* ;
Or, by dividing, of your *joyned-pow'r*,
Make way for those, who studie to devour.
Yea, let us all consider, as we ought,
What *Lesson*, by this *Emblem*, we are taught.
For, wee are *Brethren* all ; and (by a *Bloud*
More precious, than our nat': all *Brother-hood*)
Not knit, alone, but, mingl'd, as it were,
Into a *League* ; which is, by much, more deare,
And, much more dangerous, to be undone,
Then all the *Bands*, that can be thought upon.



ILLVSTR. XLIV.

Book. 3

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This Emblem gives the reason ; for, it shoves,
 That, when Affection, to perfection growes,
 The Fire, which doth inlighten, first, the same,
 Is made an equall, and a mutuall-flame.

These burning Torches, are alike in length ;
 To shew, Love equall, both in time, and strength,
 They, to each otherward, their Flames extend,
 To teach us, that, True-lovers have no end
 Pertayning to Selfe-love ; and, lo, betweene
 These Two, one Flaming-heart, is to be seene ;
 To signifie, that, they, but one, remaine
 In Minde ; though, in their Persons, they are twaine.

He, doubtlesse, then, who Lov'd, and, giveth over,
 Deserveth not the Title of a Lover ;
 Or, else, was unrequited in Affection,
 And, was a Lover, with some imperfection.
 For, Love, that loves, and is not lov'd as much,
 May perfect grow ; but, yet, it is not such,
 Nor can be, till it may that object have,
 Which gives a Heart, for what it would receive :
 And, lookes not so much outward, as to heed
 What seemes within, to want, or to exceed.
 Whether our Emblem's Author, thought of this,
 You need not care ; nor, will it be amisse,
 If they who perfect Lovers, would be thought,
 Doe mind, what by this Morall, they are taught.



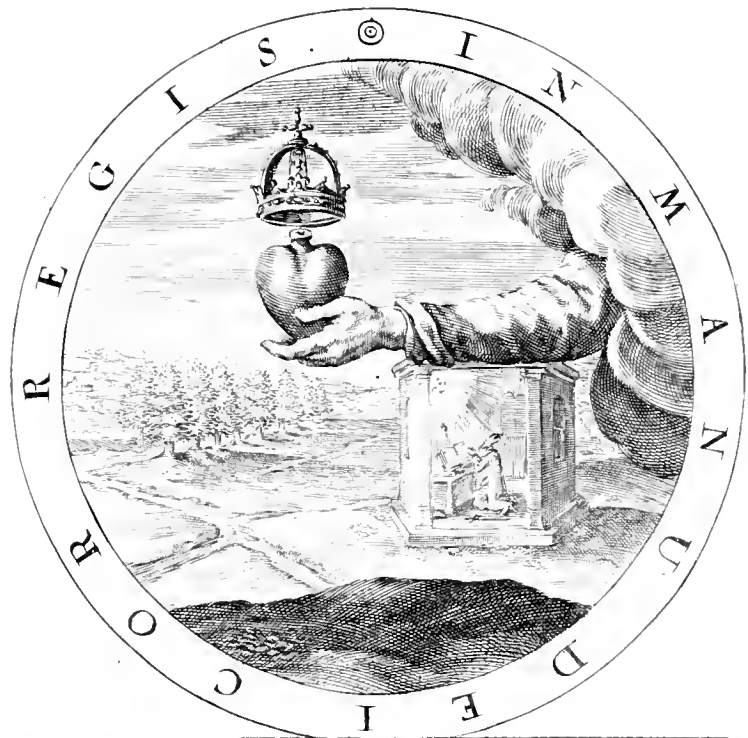
ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book.3

AN Emblem's meaning, here, I thought to conster ;
And, this doth rather fashion out a *Monster*,
Then forme an *Hieroglyphicke* : but, I had
These *Figures* (as you see them) ready made
By others ; and, I meane to *morallize*
Their *Fancies* ; not to mend what they devise.
Yet, peradventure, with some vulgar praise,
This *Picture* (though I like it not) displays
The *Morall*, which the *Motto* doth imply ;
And, thus, it may be sayd to signifie.

He, that hath many *Faculties*, or *Friends*,
To keepe him safe (or to acquire his ends)
And, fits them so ; and, keeps them so together,
That, still, as readily, they ayd each other,
As if so many *Hands*, they had been made ;
And, in *One-body*, usefull being had :
That man, by their *Assistance*, may, at length,
Attaine to an *unconquerable-strength* ;
And, crowne his honest *Hopes*, with whatsoeuer
He seekes for, by a warranted Endeavour.

Or, else, it might be sayd ; that, when we may
Make our *Affections*, and, our *Sense*, obay
The will of *Reason*, (and, so well agree,
That, we may finde them, still, at peace to be)
They'l guard us, like so many *Armed-hands* ;
And, safely keepe us, whatsoere withstands.
If others thinke this *Figure*, here, inferres
A bet or sense ; let those *Interpreters*
Vnri'dle it ; and, preach it where they please :
Their *Meanings* may be good, and so are these.



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Book. 3

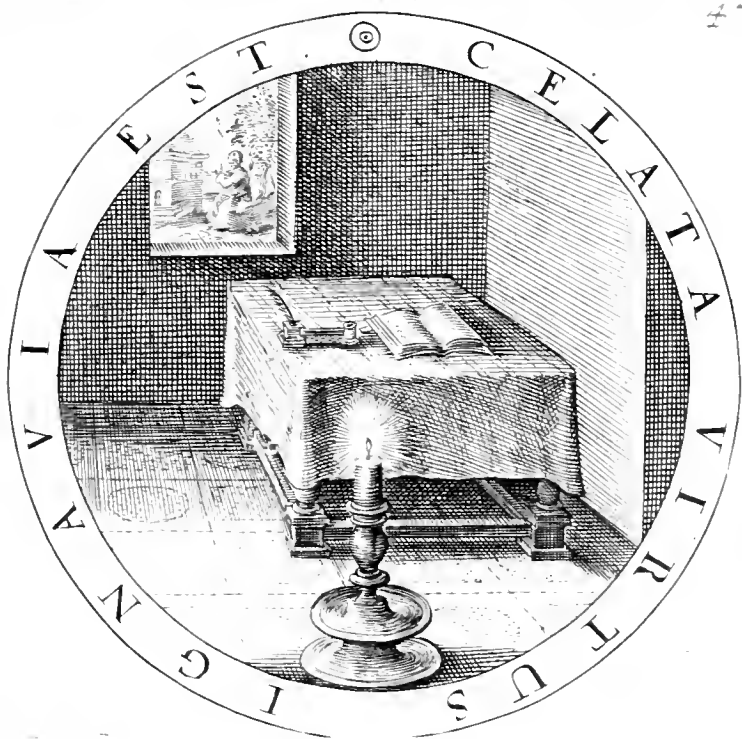
Why doe men grudge at those, who rayسد be,
 By royall Favour, from a low degree ?
 Know this, *Hee should be honour'd, whom the King,*
To place of Dignity, shall please to bring.

Why should they blame their *Kings*, for fav'ring such,
 Whom, they have thought, scarce meriting so much ?
God rules their Hearts ; and, they, themselves deceive,
Who dreame, that Kings exalt, without Gods leave.

Why murmur they at *God*, for guiding so
 The Hearts of *Kings*, as oft they see him doe ?
 Or, at his *Workes*, why should they take offence,
 As if their *Wis*, could teach his *Providence* ?
His just, and his all-seeing Wisdome knowes,
Both whom, and why he crownes, or overthrowes ;
And, for what cause, the Heart of Princes, bee
Inlarg'd, or shut ; when we no cause can see ;

We sometime know, what's well, and what's amisse ;
 But, of those *Truths*, the root concealed is ;
 And, False-hoods, and *Uncertainties*, there are,
 In most of those things, which we *speake*, or *heare*.
 Then, were not *Kings* directed by *God's* hand,
 They, who are best, and wisest in the Land,
 Might oft misguide them, either by receiving
 A *False report*, or, by some *wrong-believing*.

God's *Grace* it is, that *Good men* rays'd have bin :
 If *Sinners* flourish, we may thanke our *Sin*.
 Both *Good* and *Bad*, so like in *out-sides* be,
 That, *Kings* may be deceiv'd, in what they see ;
 And, if *God* had not rul'd their *Hearts* aright,
 The *World*, by this time, had been ruin'd quite.



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book.?

THe World hath shamelesse *Boasters*, who pretend,
In sundry matters, to be skill'd so well,
That, were they pleas'd, so their houres to spend;
They say, they could in many things excell.

But, though they make their hearers to beleeve,
That, out of *Modestie* their *Gifts* they hide,
In them wee very plainly may perceiue,
Or *Sloth*, or *Envy*, *Ignorance*, or *Idle*.

When other mens endeavours they perue,
They either carpe at what they cannot mend;
Or else of *Arrogance* doe those accuse,
Who, to the publike view, their *Workes* commend.

If these men say, that they can *Poetize*,
But, will not; they are false in saying so:
For, he, whose *Wit* a little that way lies,
Will *ding* bee, though hee himselfe *undo*.

If they, in other *Faculties* are learned,
And, still, forbear their *Talents* to imploy;
The truest *Knowledge*, yet, is undiscerned,
And, that, they merit not, which they injoy.
Yea, such as hide the *Gifts* they have received,
(Or use them not, as well as they are able)
Are like *sayre Eyes*, of usefull sight bereaved;
Or, *lighted Candles*, underneath a *Table*.

Their gloriousst part, is but a *Painted cloath*,
Whose *Figures*, to the wall-ward, still are hung.
Their hidden *Vertues*, are apparant *Sloth*;
And, all their life, is to the publike wrong:

For, they doe reape the *Fruits*, by many sowne,
And, leaue to others, nothing of their owne.

The Moone, which is decreasing now,
When shee returnes, will fuller, grow.

#8



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book. 3

Never, yet, did murmuringly complaine,
Although those *Moones* have long been in the *Waine*,
Which on their *Silver Shields*, my *Elders* wore,
In *Battels*, and in *Triumphs*, heretofore.
Nor any mention have I ever made,
Of such *Eclipses*, as those *Crescents* had;
Thereby, to move some *Comet*, to reflect
His *fading light*, or assigne his *good aspect*.
For *... ..* I tell the *World*, how ill I fare,
I tell her too, how little I doe care,
For her *despights*: yea, and I tell it not,
That, helpe, or pitie, might from her be got;
But, rather, that her *Favorites* may see,
I know my *Waynings*, yet, can pleased bee.

My *Light*, is from the Planet of the *Sunne*;
And, though the *Course*, which I obliquely runne,
Oft brings my outward *Fortunes* to the *Waine*,
My *Light* shall, one day, bee renew'd againe.
Yea, though to some, I quite may seeme to lose
My *Light*; because, my follies interpose
Their shadows to eclipse it: yet, I know,
My *Crescents*, will increase, and fuller, grow.

As soone as in the *Flesh*, I beeing had,
I mooved on in *Courses retrograde*,
And, thereby lost my *Splendor*: but, I feele
Soft morions, from that great *Eternall Wheele*,
Which mooveth all things, sweetly mooving mee,
To gaine the *Place*, in which I ought to bee:

And, when to *Him* I backe returne, from *... ..*
At first I came, I shall at *Full* becomee.



ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. 3

Some write (but, on what grounds, I cannot tell)
That they, who neere unto the *Deserts* dwell,
Where *Elephants* are found, doe notice take,
What trees they haunt, their sleeping stocks to make,
That, when they rest against an halfe-sawne stemme,
It (falling) may betray those Beasts to them.

Now, though the part *Historicall*, may erre,
The *Morall*, which this *Emblem* doth inferre,
Is overtrue; and, seemeth to imp'ly,
The *World* to bee so full of Treacherie,
As, that, no corner of it, found can be,
In which, from Fallhoods Engines, wee are free.

I have observ'd the *Citie*; and, I finde
The *Citizens*, are civill, grave and kinde;
Yet, many are deluded by their showes,
And, cheated, when they trust in them repose.
I have been oft at *Court*; where I have spent,
Some idle time, to heare them *Compliment*:
But, I have seene in *Courtiers*, such deceit,
That, for their Favours, I could never wait.
I doe frequent the *Church*; and, I have heard
Gods judgements, by the *Preachers*, there, declar'd,
Against mens fallhoods; and, I gladly heare
Their zealous *Prayers*, and good *Counsell*s there;
But, as I live, I finde some such as they,
Will watch to doe a mischief, if they may.
Nay, those poore sneaking *Clownes*, who seeke their living,
As if they knew no manner of deceiving;
Ev'n those, their witts, can (this way) so apply,
That, they'l soone couzen, wiser men, than I.



ILLVSTR. L.

Book 3

There is no Day, nor minute of the Day,
In which, there are not many sent away
From *Life to Death*; or, many *awaking on*,
Which, must within a litle while, bee gone.
You, often, view the *Grave*; you, often, meet
The *Buriers*, and the *Mourners*, in the street,
Conveying of some Neighbour, to that home,
Which must, e're long, your *dwelling-plase* become.
You see the *Race*, of many a youthfull *sonne*
Is finish'd, e're his *Father's Course* is done;
And, that the hand of *Death*, regardeth neither
Sexe, Youth, nor Age; but, mingleth all together.
You, many times, in your owne houses, heare
The groanes of *Death*; and, view your *Children*, there,
Your loving *Parents*; or, beloved *Wives*,
To gaspe for breath, and, labour for their *lives*.
Nay, you your selves, do sometime find the paines
Of *Sickness*, in your Bowels, and your Vaines.
The *Harbingers* of *Death*, sometime, begin
To take up your whole *Bodie*, for their *Inne*.
You beare their heavie *Aches*, on your back;
You feele their *swinges*, make your heartstrings crack;
And, sometime, lye imprison'd, and halfe dead,
With *Age*, or with *Diseases*, on your bed:
Yet you deferre your ends; and, still contrive,
For temp'ral things; as if you thought to live
Sixe *Agess* longer: or, had quite forgot,
That, you, and others, draw one *common-Lot*.
But, that, you might not, still, the same forget,
This *Emblem*, and this *Motto*, here were set.

Finis Libri tertij.



THE THIRD LOTTERIE.

I

He *Wreathes* of *GLORY*, you affect,
 But, *meanes* to gaine them, you neglect;
 And, (though in *doing*, you delight)
 You *doe* not, alwayes, what is *right*:
 Nor are you growne, as yet, so wise,
 To know, to whom the richest *Prize*
 Doth appertaine; nor what it is.
 But, now, you are inform'd of *This*.

See, *Emblem* I.

2

Though you are *weake*, you much may doe,
 If you will set your *Wits* thereto.
 For, meaner *Powres*, than you have had,
 And, meaner *Wits*, good shift have made,
 Both to contrive, and compasse that,
 Which abler men have wondred at.
 Your *Strength*, and *Wit*, unite, therefore,
 And, both shall grow improov'd the more.

See, *Emb.* I I.

3

Perhaps. thou mayst be one of them,
 Who, *Civill Magistrates* contemne;
 And sleighteth, or else, flouteth at
 The *Ceremonies* of *Estate*.
 That, thou maist, therefore, learne to get,
 Both better *Manners*, and more *Wit*,
 The *Sword*, and *Mace*, (by some despiz'd)
 Is, for thy sake, now *moralliz'd*.

See, *Emb.* I I I.

4

By this thy *Lot*, wee may misdoubt,
 Thou look'st not warily about;
 But, hudlest onward, without heed,
 What went *before*, or may *succeed*;
 Procuring losse, or discontent,
 Which, *Circumspection*, might prevent.
 Therefore, with gratefulnesse, receive
 Those counsells, which our *Moralls* give.

See, *Emb.* I V.

5

Thou hast, unworthily, repin'd,
 Or, been displeas'd in thy mind,
 Because, thy *Fortunes* doe not seeme
 To fit thy *Worth* (in thy esteeme :)
 And loe, to check thy discontent,
 Thy *Lot*, a *Morall*, do'h present;
 And shewes, that, if thou *virtuous* bee,
Good-Fortune, will attend on thee.

See, *Emb. V.*

6

When thy Desires have good successe,
 Thir e owne *Endeavors*, thou dost blesse;
 But, seldome unto *God* thou giv'st
 Due thanks, for that, which thou receiv'st.
 Thine *Emblers*, therefore, tells from whom
 The fruits of good *Endeavors*, come :
 And, shewes (if thou to thrive intend)
 On whom, thou, alwayes, must depend.

See, *Emb. VI.*

7

It may bee, thou art one of those,
 Whose *Faith*, more bold, than fruitfull growes;
 And building on some false *Decree*)
 Disheartnest those, that *Workers* be
 To gaine (with *unfull joy*) that *Prize*,
 Which, unto no man, *God* denies,
 That workes in *Hope*; and, lives by *Faith*.
 Make, therefore, what thine *Emblem* saith.

See, *Emb. VII.*

8

Thou hast been willing, that thy *Name*,
 Should live the life of *Honest-Fame*;
 And, that, thy *labours* (to thy praise)
 Continue might, in future dayes.
 Behold; the *Lot*, thou haprest on,
 Hath showne, how this may well bee done.
 Pursue the *Course*, which there is taught,
 And, thy desires to passe are brought.

See, *Emb. VIII.*

9

Thou, many things, hast well begun;
 But, little, to good purpose, done :
 Because, thou hast a fickle *braine*,
 And, *hands* that love to take no paine.
 Therefore, it chanceth not amisse,
 That, thou hast such a *chance*, as this:
 For, if thou want not *Grace*, or *Wit*,
 Thou maist, in time, have good of it.

See, *Emb. IX.*

10

What ev'r you seeme to others, now,
 It was the *Harrow*, and the *Plough*,
 By which, your *Predecessors* got,
 The fairest portion of your *Lot*:
 And, (that, it may encrease your *Wit*)
 They haunt you, in an *Emblem*, yet.
 Peruse our *Morall*; and, perchance,
 Your *Profit*, it will much advance.

See, *Emb. X.*

11

Much labour, and much time you spend,
 To get an able-constant *Friend*:
 But, you have ever sought him, there,
 Where, no such precious *Jewels* are:
 For, you, *without* have searching bin,
 To finde, what must be found *within*.
 This *Friend*, is mention'd by this *Lot*,
 But, *God* knows where he may be got.

See, *Emb. XI.*

12

Thou seek'st for *Fame*; and, now art showne,
 For what, her *Trumpet* shall be blowne.
 Thine *Emblem*, also, doth declare,
 What *Fame* they get, who *vertuous* are,
 For *Praise* alone; and, what *Reward*,
 For such like *Studies*, is prepar'd.
 Peruse it; And, this *Counsell* take;
 Bee *vertuous*, for *meere Vertues* sake.

See, *Emb. XII*

13

This *Lot*, those persons, alwayes finds,
 That have high *thoughts*, and loftie *minds*;
 Or, such as have an itch to learne,
 That, which doth nothing them concerne;
 Or, love to peepe, with daring eyes,
 Into forbidden *Mysteries*.

If any one of these thou bee,
 Thine *Emblem*, lessons hath for thee.

See, *Emb. XIII.*

14

If all be true, these *Lots* doe tell us,
 Thou shouldst be of those *Fidling-fellowes*,
 Who, better practised are growne,
 In *others* matters, than their *own*:
 Or, one, that covets to be thought,
 A man, that's ignorant of nought.
 If it be so, thy *Morall* showes
 Thy *Folly*, and what from it flowes.

See, *Emb. XIV.*

15

Thou hast some *Charge*, (who e're thou be)
Which, *Tendance* may expect from thee:
And, well, perhaps, it may be fear'd,
Tis often left, without regard:
Or, that, thou dost securely sleep,
When, thou should'st watch, more strictly,
Thou knowest best, if it be so: (keep.
Take therefore heed, what is to doe.

See, *Emb. X V.*

16

In secret, thou dost oft complaine,
That, thou hast *hop'd*, and *wrought* in vaine;
And, think'st thy *Lot*, is farre more hard,
Than what for others is prepar'd.
An *Emblem*, therefore, thou hast got,
To shew, it is our *common-Lot*,
To worke and hope; and, that, thou hast
A *Blessing* by it, at the last.

See, *Emb. X V I.*

17

That thou hast *Honestie*, we grant;
But, *Prudence*, thou dost often want:
And, therefore, some have injur'd thee,
Who farre more *Wise*, than *honest* bee.
That, now, *Discretion* thou mayst add,
To those *good-meanings* thou hast had;
The *Morall* of thine *Emblem*, view;
And, what it counsels, that, pursue.

See, *Emb. X V I I.*

18

To your *Long-home*, you nearer are,
Than you (it may bee) are aware:
Yea, and more easie is the *Way*,
Than you, perchance, conceive it may.
Lest, therefore, *Death*, should grim appeare,
And, put you in a causelesse feare;
(Or out of minding wholly passe)
This *Chance*, to you allotted was.

See, *Emb. X V I I I.*

19

In slippery *Paths*, you are to goe;
Yea, they are full of danger too:
And, if you heedfull should not grow,
They'l hazzard much, your overthrow.
But, you the mischief may eschew,
If wholesome *Counsell*, you pursue.
Looke, therefore, what you may be taught,
By that, which this your *chance* hath brought.

See, *Emb. X I X.*

This

20

This present *Lot*, concernes full neede,
 Not you alone, but all men here;
 For, all of us, too little heed
 His *love*, who for our sakes, did *bleed*.
 Tis true, that *meanes*, hee left behind him,
 Which better teacheth how to minde him:
 Yet, if wee both by *that*, and *this*,
 Remember him, 'tis not a misse.

See, *Emb. X X.*

21

Tis hop'd, you just, and pious are,
 More out of *Conscience*, than for feare;
 And, that you'll vertuous courses take,
 For *Goodnesse*, and for *Vertue*-sake.
 Yet, since the best men, sometimes may
 Have need of helpes, in *Vertues* way,
 Those utetull *Moralls*, sleight you not,
 Which are presented by this *Lot*.

See, *Emb. X X I.*

22

This *Lot* pertaineth unto those,
 (And who they bee, *G d* onely knowes)
 Who, to the world, have no desire;
 But, up to heavenly things aspire.
 No doubt, but you, in some degree,
 Indow'd with such *Affections* bee;
 And, had this *Emblem*, that you might
 Encourag'd bee, in such a *Flight*.

See, *Emb. X X II*

23

The state of *Temp'rall* things to shew,
 Yee have them, still, within your view;
 For, ev'ry object that wee see,
 An *Emblem*, of them, serves to bee.
 But, wee from few things, helps doe finde,
 To keepe *Eternitie* in minde.
 This *Lot*, an *Emblem* brings, therefore,
 To make you thinke upon it more.

See, *Emb. X X III.*

24

Vnlesse you better looke thereto;
Dis-use, and *Sloth*, will you undoe.
 That, which of you despayred was,
 With ease, might have bin brought to passe;
 Had but so much bin done, as may
 Bee equall'd with *One Line a day*.
 Consider this; and, to that end,
 The *Morall* of your *Lot* attend.

See, *Emb. X X IV.*

M 25

If wee mistake not, thou art one,
 Who loves to court the *Rising-Sunne*;
 And, if this *Lot*, thy nature finde,
 Thou to *Preferment* hast a minde:
 If so; learne hence, by whose respect
 (Next God) thou mayst thy hopes effect:
 Then, seeke to winn his grace to thee,
 Of what estate soe're thou bee.

See, *Emb. XXV.*

26

Thou to a *double-path* art come;
 And, peradventure, troublelome,
 Thou findest it, for thee to know,
 On whether hand thou oughtst to goe.
 To put thee out of all suspetch,
 Of *Courses* that are indirect;
 Thy *Morall* points thee to a path,
 Which *hardship*, but, no perill hath.

See, *Emb. XXVI.*

27

You warned are of taking heede,
 That, never, you your *Bounds* exceed;
 And, also, that you be not found,
 To come within your Neighbours *Bound*.
 There may be some concealed Cause,
 That, none but you, this *Emblem* drawes.
 Examine it; And, If you see
 A fault, let it amended be.

See, *Emb. XXVII.*

28

Your *Emblems* morall doth declare,
 When, *Lovers* fitly matchèd are;
 And, what the chiefest cause may be,
 Why, *Friends* and *Lovers* disagree;
 Perhaps, you somewhat thence, may learne,
 Which your *Affection* doth concerne.
 But, if it *Counsell* you too late,
 Then, preach it at your Neighbours gate.

See, *Emb. XXVIII.*

M 29.

Some, vrge their *Princes* on to *Warre*,
 And weary of sweet *Peace*, they are.
 Some, seeke to make them, dote on *Peace*,
 (Till publike Danger more encrease)
 As if the World were kept in awe,
 By nothing else but preaching *Law*.
 Thy *Morall* (if of those thou art)
 Doth act a *Moderators* part.

See, *Emb. XXIX.*

30

Tis feared, thou dost lesse esteeme,
Vpright to bee, than so to *seeme*;
 And, if thine actions, faire *appeare*,
 Thou carest not how foule they *are*.
 Though this bee not thy fault alone,
 Yet have a care of mending *One*:
 And, study thou, *Vpright to grow*,
 As well in *Essence*, as in *Sh.w.*

See, *Emb. XXX.*

31

Some, all their *time*, and *wealth* have spent,
 In giving other men content;
 And, would not grudge to waste their *Blood*,
 To helpe advance the *Common-good*.
 To such as these, you have been thought,
 Not halte so friendly as you ought.
 This *Let* therefore betide, to shew,
 How great *respects*, to such, are due.

See, *Emb. XXXI.*

32

You have been tempted (by your leave)
 In hope of *Lucre*, to deceive:
 But, much, as yet, you have not swerv'd
 From *Faith*, which ought to be observ'd.
 If well, hereafter, you would speed,
 In *dealing-honestly*, proceed:
 For, by your *Emblem*, you shall see,
 That, *Honest-men*, the *richest* bee.

See, *Emb. XXXII.*

33

We hope, no person, here, beleeves,
 That, you are of those wealthy *Theeves*,
 Who, *Chaines* of gold, and pearle doe weare.
 And, of those *Theeves*, that, none you are,
 Which weares a *Rope*, wee, plainly see;
 For, you, as yet *unchanged* bee:
 But, unto God, for *Mercie* crie,
 Else, *hang'd* you may bee, e're you die.

See, *Emb. XXXIII.*

34

You, willing are, to put away,
 The thinking on your *latter-day*:
 You count the mention of it, *Folly*;
 A meanes of breeding *Melancholly*;
 And, neues unfit for men to heare,
 Before they come to *sixtie-yeare*.
 But, minde what Counsels now are sent,
 And, mend, lest you too late repent.

See, *Emb. XXXIV.*

Dd

Your

35

Your *Wits*, your *Wishes*, and your *Tongue*,
 Have run the *Wild geese chase*, too long;
 And (lest all Reason, you exceed)
 Of *Rules*, and *Reines*, you now have need.
 A *Bridle*, therefore, and a *Square*,
 Prime *Figures*, in your *Emblem*, etc.
 Observe their *Morall*, and I pray,
 Be *Wise*, and *Sober*, if you may.

See, *Emb. XXXV.*

36

Because her *Ayd* makes goodly shoves,
 You, on the *World*, your trust repose;
 And, his *dependance*, you despise,
 Who, meerly, on *God's* helpe, relies.
 That, therefore, you may come to see,
 How pleas'd, and safe, those men may bee,
 Who have no ayd, but *God*, alone;
 This *Emblem*, you have lighted on.

See, *Emb. XXXVI.*

37

Some, thinke your *Vertue* very much;
 And, there is caule to thinke it such:
 For, many wayes it hath been tride;
 And, well the *Triall* doth abide.
 Yet, thinke not, but some *brunts* there are,
 Which, your owne *strength* shall never beare.
 And, by the *Morall* of your *Lot*,
 Learne, where, *Assistance* may bee got.

See, *Emb. XXXVII.*

38

Thou hast been grieved, and complain'd,
 Because, the *Truth* hath wrong sustain'd.
 But, that, dismayd thou shouldst not be,
 Thine *Emblem* will declare to thee,
 That, though the *Truth* may suffer spite,
 It shall not bee depressed quite;
 But, by opposing, spread the more,
 And, grow more pow'rfull than before.

See, *Emb. XXXVIII.*

39

By *Rashnesse*, thou hast often err'd,
 Or, else, thou hadst been more prefer'd.
 But, future errors, to prevent,
 Thou to the slow pac'd *Oxe* art sent,
 To learne more *Staynesse*; and, to doe
 Thy *Workes*, with *Perseverance*, too.
 Hee that this creatures *Vertue* scornes,
 May want it all, except his *Hornes*.

See, *Emb. XXXIX.*

40

Dame *Fortunes* favour seemes to bee
 Much lov'd, and longed for, of thee;
 As if, in what, her hand bestowes,
 Thou mightst thy confidence repose.
 But, that, her *manners* may bee knowne,
 This *Chance*, upon thee, was bestowne.
 Consider well, what thou hast got,
 And, on her flatterings, dote thou not.
 See, *Emb. X L.*

41

The *Steele* and *Flint*, declare, in part,
 The Temper of a *Stony-heart*;
 And, shewe, that thence, no *Vertue* flowes,
 Till it be forced out, with blowes.
 Some other, *Moralls* thou maist learne,
 Thereby, which will thy *good*, concerne:
 Marke, therefore, what they doe declare,
 And, minde it, as occasions are.
 See, *Emb. XLI.*

42

Thou thinkst thy *Witt*, had made thee great,
 Had *Povertie* not beene some let:
 But, had thy *Wealth* as ample beene,
 As, thou thy *Witt*, didst overweene;
 Instead of thy desired *Height*,
 Perhaps, thou hadst beene ruin'd quite.
 Hereafter, therefore, be content,
 With whatsoever *God* hath sent.
 See, *Emb. XLII.*

43

To *Discord*, thou art somewhat prone,
 And, thinkst thou mayst subsist alone;
 Regarding not how safe they bide,
 Who, fast, in *Concord's* bands, are tide.
 But, that thou mayst the better heed,
 What *Good*, from *Union* doth proceed,
 An *Emblem* is become thy *Lot*,
 From which, good *Caveats* may be got.
 See, *Emb. XLIII.*

44

Thou wouldst be lov'd; and, to that end,
 Thou dost both *Time*, and *Labour* spend:
 But, thou expect'st (as wee beleeve)
 More *Love*, than thou dost meane to give.
 If so; thou, then, art much to blame:
 For, *Love* affects a *naturall-flame*;
 Which, if it faile on either side,
 Will never, long time, true abide.
 See, *Emb. XLIV.*

45

If all your *pow'rs*, you should unite,
 Prevaile in your Desires, you might:
 And, sooner should effect your ends,
 If you should muster up your *Friends*.
 But, since your *Genius* doth suspect,
 That, you such *Policee* neglect,
 Your *Lot* presenteth to your view
 An *Emblem*, which instructeth you.

See, *Emb. XLV.*

46

Because, thou mayst be one of them,
 Who dare the deeds of *Kings* condemne;
 (As if such eyes as theirs and yours
 Could view the depth of *Sov'raigne pow'rs*;
 Or, see, how in each *Time*, and *Place*,
God rules their hearts, in ev'ry case.)
 To check thy sawcinesse, in this,
 An *Emblem* comes not much amisse.

See, *Emb. XLVI.*

47

Of many goodly parts thou vauntst;
 And, much thou hast, though much thou wantst:
 But, well it were, that, lesse, thou hadst,
 Vnlesse more use thereof thou mad'st.
 That, therefore, thou mightst come to see,
 How vaine *unpractiz'd. vertues* bee,
 Peruse thine *Emblem*, and, from thence,
 Take usefull heed of thy *Offence*.

See, *Emb. XLVII.*

48

By this thy *Lot*, it may appeare,
 Decayd thy *Hopes*, or *Fortunes* are.
 But, that, thou mayst no courage lose,
 Thine *Emblem*, by example, shoves,
 That, as the *Moone* doth from the *Waine*
 Returne, and fill her *Orbe* againe:
 So, thou thy *Fortunes* mayst renew,
 If, honest *Hopes*, thou shalt pursue.

See, *Emb. XLVIII.*

49

Some *Foes*, for thee, doe lie in wait,
 Where thou suspectest no *Deceit*;
 Yea, many a one, thy harne intends,
 Whom thou dost hope will be thy *Friends*:
 Be, therefore, heedfull, whom to *trust*;
 What *walke* thou tak'st, and what thou dost;
 For, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
 That, *warinesse*, will needfull bee.

See, *Emb. XLIX.*

50

It seemes, by drawing of this *Lot*,
 The day of *Death*, is much forgot;
 And, that, thou needst a faithfull *Friend*,
 To minde thee of thy *latter-end*.
 Vnheeded, therefore, passe not by,
 What now thine *Emblem* doth imply;
 So, thou shalt heare (without affright)
Death's message; though it were to night.
 Sec, *Emb. L.*

51

Thou seek'st by fickle *Chance*, to gaine,
 What thou by *Virtue* might'st attaine.
 Endeavour well, and, nothing shall
 To thee, unfortunately fall:
 For, ev'ry variable *Chance*,
 Thy firme contentment, shall advance.
 But, if thou, yet, remaine in doubt,
 Turne *Fortunes-wheele*, once more, about.

52

Thy *Lot*, no Answer will bestow,
 To that, which thou desir'st to know;
 Nor canst thou, here, an *Emblem* find,
 Which to thy purpose is inclinde.
 Perhaps, it is too late to crave,
 What thou desirest, now, to have:
 O, but in vaine, to mention that,
 Which thy *Ambition* aymeth at.
 Then, rake it not in evill part,
 That, with a *Blanck*, thou answer'd art.

53

Although you now refused not,
 To trie the *Fortune* of your *Lot*;
 Yet, you, perhaps, unwilling are,
 This company the same should heare,
 Left, some haish *Morall* should unfold
 Such tricks, as you could wish untold.
 But, loe, you need not stand in awe;
 For, 'tis a *Blanck*, which now you draw.

54

It proves a *Blanck*; for, to what end,
 Should wee a serious *Morall* spend,
 Where, *teachings*, *warnings*, and *advise*,
 Esteemed are of little price?
 Your onely purpose, is to looke
 Upon the *Pictures* of this *Booke*,
 When, more discretion you have got,
 An *Emblem* shall attend your *Lot*.

53

You might have drawne an *Emblem*, here;
 In which your *manners* pictur'd were:
 But, some will vexe, when they shall see
 Themselves, so painted out to bee,
 And, blame this *Booke*, as if it had
 By some unlawfull *Art* been made:
 (Or, was contriv'd, that, to their shame,
 Men, on themselves, might *Libels* frame)
 And, lest you may bee so unwise,
 Your *Lot*, an *Emblem*, now, denies.

56

Because, *Good Chances*, others drew,
 To trie these *Lots*, it pleased you.
 But, had you such an *Emblem* found,
 As fits you rightly, you had froun'd;
 Or, *inwardly*, you would have *chast*,
 Although you *outwardly* had laugh'd.
 You, therefore, very glad may bee,
 This proves a *Blanck*; and, so may wee.

FINIS.



A
COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both
Morall and Divine: And disposed into
LOTTERIES,

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered
by an *Honest and Pleasant Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The fourth Booke.



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T O
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILLIP, Earle of PEMBROKE, and
MOUNTGOMERIE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine of the
Houshold, Knight of the most honourable Order of
the Garter, and one of his Majesties most Ho-
nourable Privie-Councill.

My Honourable LORD,

THough, *Worthlesse* in my owne repute I am ;
And, (though my *Fortune*, so obscures my Name
Beneath my *Hopes* ; that, now, it makes me seeme
As little worth, in other mens esteeme,
As in mine owne;) yet, when my *Merits* were
No better, than, to most, they now appeare,
It pleased some, ev'n some of those that had
The *Noblest Names*, (and, those of whom was made
The best Account) so lowly to descend,
As, my well-meaning *Studies*, to befriend.

Among those *WORTHIES*, I may both bemone
(My selfe in *HIM*) and memorize, for *One*,
Your much renowned *BROTHER*, as a *Chiefe*
In bringing to my waned *Hopes*, reliefe ;
And, in my *Faculties*, were I as able
To honour *Him*, as he was honourable,
I would have showne, how, all this *Emperie*
Hath lost a *Friend*, in *HIM*, as much as I.

To *MEE*, so freely, of his owne accord
It pleased *HIM*, his *Favours*, to afford ;
That, when our learned, and late *Sov'raigne-Prince*,
(By others mis-informed) tooke offence
At my *Free Lines*; *HEE*, foun'd such *Meanes* and *Place*
To bring, and reconcile mee to his *Grace*;
That, therewithall, his *Majestie* bestow'd
A Gift upon mee, which his *Bountie* show'd :
And, had enrich'd mee ; if, what was intended,
Had not, by other some, beene ill befriended.

But, as I long time, suffred have by those
Who labour'd much, my thrivings, to oppose :
So, *I my selfe*, (although not out of pride,
As many thinke it) have so much relide
Upon the *Royall-Gift*, neglecting so
To fortifie the same, as others do
By making *Friends*; that my estate grew lesse
(By more than twice five hundred Marks decrease)
Through that, which for, my profit was bestowne.
And, I ere this, had wholly been undone ;
But, that the *Wealth*, which I relie on, most,
Consists in things, which never can be lost.

Yet, by this *Losse*, I have *Occasions* had
 To feele, why other men are often sad.
 And, I, (who blushed, to be troublesome
 To any *Friend*) therby, almost am come
 To such a passe ; that, what I wish to have,
 I should grow impudent enough to *Crave*,
 Had not impartiall *Death*, and wasting *Time*,
 Of all my *Friends* quite worne away the *Prime*;
 And, lest mee none, to whom I dare present
 The meanest suite without encouragement :
 Although, the greatest *Boone*, I would implore,
 Should cast them, but a *Word*, or little more,
 Yet, some there are, no doubt, for whose respect
 I might endeavour, with no vaine effect;
 Had I but cause, to have as high esteeme,
 Of mine owne *Merits*, as I have of them.
 And, if your *Honour* should be so inclin'd,
 As I desire; I, now am sure to finde
 Another *Pembrooke*, by whose ayde sustain'd,
 I may preserve, what by the *Last* I gain'd.

To make adventure, how it will succeed,
 I now am come. And lo, my *LORD*, instead
 Of better *Advocates*, I first begin,
 Mine *EMBLEMS*, by these *Lines*, to *Vsher* in;
 That, *they*, by their admittance may effect
 For *Mee*, and for *themselves*, your kinde respect.

That, which in *them*, best *Worthy* you shall find,
 Is this ; that, they are *Symptomes* of a *Minde*,
 Affecting honestie: and of a *Heart*,
 So truly honouring a true desert,
 That, I am hopefull made, they will acquire
 As much respect as I can well desire :
 And, *SIR*, your *Candor*, your knowne *Courtesies*,
 With other praisefull *Vertues*, make mee rise
 To this Believe; that, *You* by fav'ring mee
 Hereafter, may as highly honour'd be,
 As by some former *Bounties*; and encrease
 My *Future Merit*, by your *Worshinesse*.

However, what I *am* or shall be knowne
 To *Be*, by *Your Deservings*, or mine owne,
 You may command it; and, be sure to finde
 (Though false my *Fortunes* prove) a Faithfull *Mind*.

Thus, unfainedly, professeth

Your Honours

truest Honourer,

GEO: WITHER.

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
HENRIE, Earle of HOLLAND, &c.

*Captaine of the Guard ; Lord-chiefe-Iustice in Eyre
of all his Majesties Forrests, Parkes and Chases
on this side Trent ; Knight of the most noble Or-
der of the Garter, and one of his Majesties
most Honourable Privie Counsell.*

Right Noble SIR,

H*aving, of late, some Cause, to overlooke
That thankfull Register, wherein I booke
My noblest Friends ; I found so many Names
Possessing nothing, but their honour'd Fames,
(Whose living Persons, wee injoyed, here,
A while agoe ;) that, I began to feare,
I might grow Friendlesse ; (having now so few)
Vnlesse I sought, their Number to renew.*

*By some Disasters, also, gaining prooffe,
How much this Course would make for my behooffe ;
I call'd my Wits to Counsell, Where, and How
I might, with hopefulnesse, begin to sow
The seeds of such a Blessing : And, me thought
Within mee, something said : Where should be sought
What thou so gladly wouldst renewed finde,
But, from some BRANCHES of the selfe-same kinde ;
Whose faire Aspects may seeme to promise fruit,
According to the Virtues of the Roote ?*

*Assoone as Fancie had inform'd me so,
Your Lordship, came to my remembrance, too,
With what our Sovereigne's Favour, Vulgar Fame,
Or, your owne Merits, addeth to your Name.
Which, having weigh'd, no doubts at all I had
Of Worth in You ; But, rather, doubtings made
That, all my Wits would insufficient be,
To make that Worth, become a Friend to mee.
For, I have oft observ'd, that, Favour shunnes
The best Desert, if after her, it runnes.*

*Yet, who can tell what may befall ? thought I :
It is no great Adventure, if I try
Without successe : And, if, I gaine my End,
I am assured of a Noble Friend.*

*His honourable FATHER, deem'd mee worth
So much respecting as to seeke me forth,
When, I was more Obscure : And, MEE, for nought
But, onely to Befriend mee, forth HEE sought.
Then, wherefore, of his SONNE, should I suspect
That (seeking HIM) hee can my love reject ?
Since, Courtesie doth alwaies, there, abound,
Where such a lovely Personage is found ?*

My LORD, these were my Fancies : But I take them
To be of no more worth, than, you shall make them
By your Acceptance : Nor, is't my intent
To Court you, with a fruitlesse Complement :
But, to attempt your Favour with a mind,
As readily, and really, inclinde
To serve you, when my services may steed ;
As to expect your Favours, in my need.
For, had my Fates enabled me so much,
I should more willingly have sought out such
On whom I Courtesies might have bestowed,
Than, seeke to cure Misfortunes of mine owne.

No doubt, but, every day, your Lordship beares
Inventions which may better please your eares
Than these I now present; And, yet you might
(For ought I knew) finde profit, or delight,
By our plaine EMBLEMS, or, some uses in them,
Which from your Honour, some respects may win them ;
Evn for that good Moralitye, which they
To Vulgar Vnderstandings will conway.

But, Truth to speake, the chiefest cause which drew
My minde, to make them PRESENTS, for your view,
Was, but to take Occasion to professe,
That, I am Servant, to your WORTHINESSE.
In which, if YOU are pleased ; All is got
At which I ay'm'd : And, though you like it not,
It shall but teach Mee (for the time to come)
To take more heed, where I am troublesome.

And, I shall be, neverthelesse,

your Honours to be commanded,


as becommeth your Servant,

GEO: WITHER.



ILLVSTR. I.

Book. 4.


 Hen, with a ſerious muſing, I behold
 The gratefull, and obſequious *Marigold*,
 How duely, ev'ry morning, ſhe diſplayes
 Her open breſt, when *Titan* ſpreads his Rayes ;
 How ſhe obſerves him in his daily walke,
 Still bending towards him, her tender ſtalke ;
 How, when he downe declines, ſhe droopes and mournes,
 Bedew'd (as 'twere) with teares, till he returnes ;
 And, how ſhe vailes her *F'ow'rs*, when he is gone,
 As if ſhe ſcorn'd to be look'd on
 By an inferiour *Eye* ; or, did contemne
 To wayt upon a meaner *Light*, then *Him*.
 When this I meditate, me thinks, the *Flowers*
 Have ſpirits, farre more generous, then ours ;
 And, give us faire Examples, to deſpiſe
 The ſervile Fawnings, and Idolatries,
 Waerewith, we court theſe earthly things below,
 Which merit not the ſervice we beſtow.

But, oh my God ! though groveling I appeare
 Vpon the Ground, (and have a rooting here,
 Which nales me downward) yet in my deſire,
 To that, which is above mee, I aſpire :
 And, all my beſt *Affections* I profeſſe
 To *Him*, that is the *Sunne of Righteouſneſſe*.
 O ! keep the *Morning* of his *Incarnation*,
 The burning *Noone tide* of his bitter *Paſſion*,
 The *Night* of his *Descending*, and the *Haight*
 Of his *aſcenſion*, ever in my ſight :

That imitari g him, in what I may,
 I never follow an inferiour *Way*.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. 4

Hong since, the sacred *Hebrew Lyrick* sayd,
(A Truth, which never justly was denyd)
That, *All the world is God's*; and that his hands
Enclose the limits of the farthest *Lands*.
The selfe same *Truth* affirms, that likewise, there,
By him, their *clodds*, and *furrowes* wated are,
And, that with *dewes* and *showres*, he doth so blesse
The dwellings of the barren *Wildernesse*,
That, those *Inhabitants* (whom some conceiv'd,
Of usefull, and all pleasant things bereav'd)
Their labors, with advantage, doe employ,
And, fetch their yearely *Harvests* home, with joy.

Why then should wee, that in God's *Vineyard* live,
Distrust that all things needfull hee will give?
Why should his *Garden* doubt of what it needs,
Since hee oft waters barren *Rocks* and *Weeds*?
Why should his *Children*, live in slavish feare,
Since hee is kind to those that strangers are?
Or, whither from his presence, can we flie,
To whom the furthest *hiding-place* is nigh.

And, if I may, from lower objects clime,
(To questioning, in matters more sublime)
Why should I thinke, the *Soule* shall not bee fed,
Where God affoords, to *Flesh*, her *daily Bread*?
Or, dreame, that hee, for some, provided none,
Because, on us, much *Mercie* is bestowne?
'Tis true enough, that *Hell* devoureth all,
Who shall be found without the *Churches* pale;
But, how farre that extends, no Eye can see,
Since, in *Gods hands*, *Earth's* farthest *Corners* bee.



ILLVSTR. III.

Book.4

THe World is much for *Shewes*, and few there are
So diligent to *bee*, as to *appeare* ;
Although a little travaile more, would make them
Tho' e men, for which, the *look.rs.on* mistake them.
Some, have so toyled, and consum'd so much,
To get a false repute of being *Rich*,
That, they have spent farre more, than would have bought,
The *substance* of the *shadow*, they have sought ;
And, caused those, who deem'd them rich before,
To know them, to bee miserably *poore*.

Some others, would so faine be counted *Wise*,
That, they consume in *Curiosities*,
In *Sophistries*, and superficiall *shewes*,
More pretious Time, than would have made them those,
They long to seeme, (had halfe that meanes been spent,
In seeking *Wisdom*e, with a pure intent)
Whereas, the gloriousst purchases of such,
(Though by their Peeres they seeme applauded much)
Are still so vaine, that little they possesse,
But fruitlesse *leaves*, of *learned foolishnesse* :
Yea, by affecting more than is their due,
They lose ev'n both the *substance*, and the *shew* ;
And, so, instead of honours *Crowne*, have worne
The *Coxcombes*, of a well-deserved *scorne*.

But, of all *Fooleries*, the grossest *Folly*
Is theirs, who wear those *garbes* of *seeming-holy*,
Which paine them sore, yet make them still *appeare*,
To *God* and *Men*, as wicked as they are.

Be, therefore, what, to be, thou hast profest ;
But, bee not of this last, of all the rest.



ILLVSTR. IIII.

Book. 4

Hough this bee but the picture of that *Glasse*,
By which thou measur'st how thine *houres* doe passe,
Yet, sleight it not; for, much 'twill profit thee,
To ponder what the *Morals* of it bee.

And, 'tis an *Emblem*, whence the *Wise* may learne,
That, which their persons, neerely doth concerne.

The brittle *Glasse*, serves fitly to expresse
The *Bodie's* frailtie, and much crasinesse.
Foure *Pillars*, which the glassie worke empale,
Instruēt thee, that the *Vertues* Cardinall,
To guard the *Manhood*, should bee still employ'd,
Left else the feeble fabrick bee destroy'd.

The *Sand*, still running forth, without delay,
Doth shew, that *Life-time*, passeth fast away,
And, makes no stop: yea, and the *Motto* too,
(Left thou forgetfull prove) informes thee so.

By viewing this, Occasion, therefore, take,
Of thy fast-flying *Houres*, more use to make;
And, heedfull bee, to shunne their common crime,
Who take much care to trifle out the time;
As if it merited their utmost paine,
To lose the gemme, which most they seeke to gaine.

Time-past is lost already: *Time-to come*,
Belongs, as yet, thou knowst not unto whom.
The *present-houres* are thine, and, onely those,
Of which thou hast *Commission* to dispose;
And, they from thee, doe flye away so fast,
That, they are scarcely knowne, till they are past.

Lord, give mee grace, so minde; and use *Time* so,
That, I may doe thy worke, before I goe.

Repent,



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. 4

MArke well this *Emblem* ; and, (when in a *thread*,
You see the *Globe*, there, hang above their head,
Who in securie, beneath it sit)

Observe likewise, the *Knife*, that threatens it;
The smallnesse of the *Twine* ; and, what a death
Would follow, should it fall on those beneath:
And (having well observ'd it) mind, I pray,
That, which the word about it, there, doth say :
For, it includes a *Caveat*, which wee need
To entertaine, with a continuall heed.

Though few consider it, wee finde it thus
(Throughout our lives) with ev'ry one of us.
Destruction hangeth in a *single thread*,
Directly over every *Sinner's* head.
That *Sentence* is gone forth, by which wee stand
Condemn'd to suffer death. The dreadfull hand,
Of God's impartiall *Justice*, holds a *Knife*,
Still ready, to cut off our *thread of life* ;
And, 'tis his *mercie*, that keeps up the *Ball*
From falling, to the ruine of us all.

Oh ! let us minde, how often wee have bin,
Ev'n in the very act of *Deadly-sinne*,
Whilst this hung over us ; and, let us praise,
And love him, who hath yet prolong'd our dayes :
Yea, let our thankfulnessse, bring forth such fruit,
As, to the benefit may somewhat suit:
For, though a *sudden-Death* may not ensue,
Yet, (since *Times Axe*, doth every minute hew
The *Root of Life*) the *Tree*, e're long, must fall ;
And, then perhaps, too late, repent wee shall.

When



ILLVSTR. VI.

Book. 4

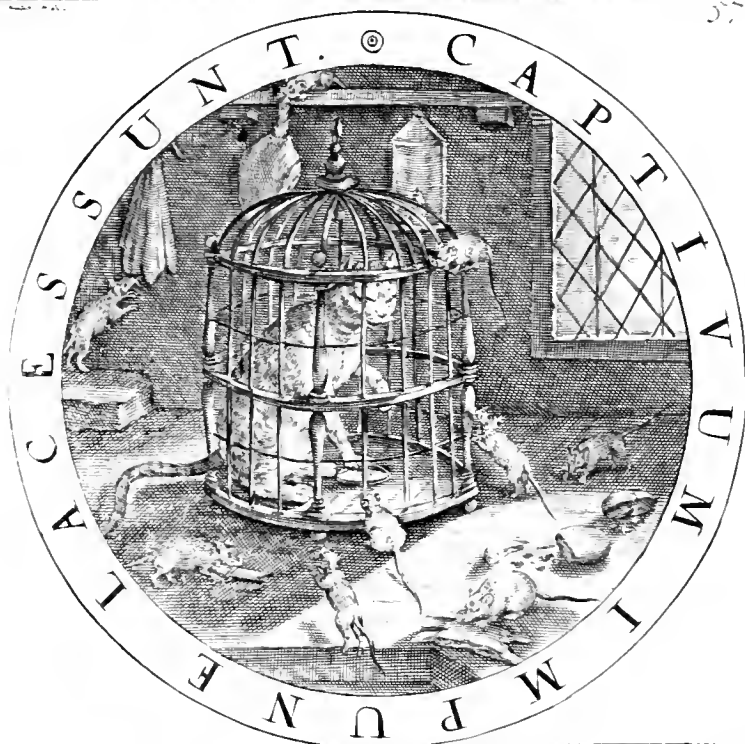


Oore *Hart*, why dost thou run so fast? and why,
Behind thee dost thou looke, when thou dost fly?
As if thou seem'dst in thy swift flight, to heare
Those dangers following thee, w^{ch} thou dost feare?

Alas! thou labour'st, and thou runn'st in vaine,
To shunne, by *flight*, thy terrors, or thy paine;
For, loe, thy *Death*, which thou hast dreaded so,
Clings fast unto thee, wherefoere thou goe:
And while thou toyl'st, an *outward ease* to win,
Thou draw'st thine owne *destruction* further in;
Making that *Arrow*, which but prickes thy hide,
To pierce thy tender entrailes, through thy side.

And, well I may this wounded *Hart* bemoane;
For, here, me thinkes, I'm taught to looke upon
Mine owne condition; and, in him, to see
Those deadly wounds, my *Sinnes* have made in mee.
I greatly feare the *World*, may unawares
Intangle mee, by her alluring snares:
I am afraid, the *Devill* may inject
Some poyfnous fume, my *Spirit* to infect,
With ghostly *Pestilence*; and, I assay,
To flie from these, with all the pow'rs I may.
But, oh my *Flesh*! this very *Flesh* I weare,
Is worse to mee, than *Worlds*, and *Devils* are:
For, without this, no pow'r on mee, they had.
This is that *Shirt*, which made *Alcides* mad.
It is a *griefe*, which I shall never cure,
Nor flie from, whilst my life-time doth endure;
From thence, oh *Lord*, my greatest sorrowes bee,
And, therefore, from my *Selfe*, I flie to *Thee*.

When



ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. 4



Tyrannous, or wicked *Magistrat*,

Is fitly represented by a *Catt* :

For, though the *Mice* a harmfull vermine bee,

And, *Cats* the remedie ; yet, oft wee see,

That, by the *Mice*, far lesse, some house-wives leese,

Then when they set the *Catt* to keepe the *Cheese*.

A ravenous *Cat*, will punish in the *Mouse*,

The very same Offences, in the house,

Which hee himselfe commits ; yea, for that *Vice*,

Which was his owne (with praise) he kills the *Mice*;

And, spoyleth not anothers life alone,

Ev'n for that very *fault* which was his *owne*,

But *feeds*, and *fattens*, in the spoyle of them,

Whom hee, without compassion did condemne.

Nay, worse than so; hee cannot bee content,

To slaughter them, who are as innocent,

As hee *himselfe* ; but, hee must also play,

And sport his wofull *Pris'ners* lives away;

More torturing them, 'twixt fruitlesse *hopes* and *feares*,

Than when their bowels, with his teeth he teares :

For, by much terrour, and much crueltie,

Hee kills them, ten times over, e're they die.

When, such like *Magistrates* have rule obtain'd,

The best men with their powre might be restrain'd :

But, they who shun enormities, through *Feare*,

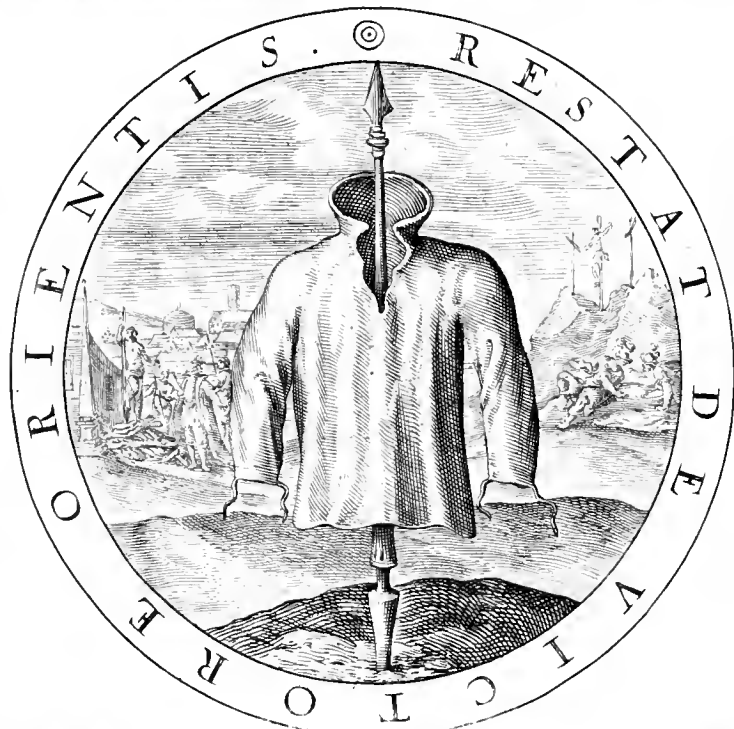
Are glad when *good-men* out of Office are.

Yea, whether *Governours* bee good or bad,

Of their displacings *wicked-men* are glad,

And, when they see them brought into disgraces,

They boldly play the *Knaves* before their faces.



ILLVSTR. VIII.

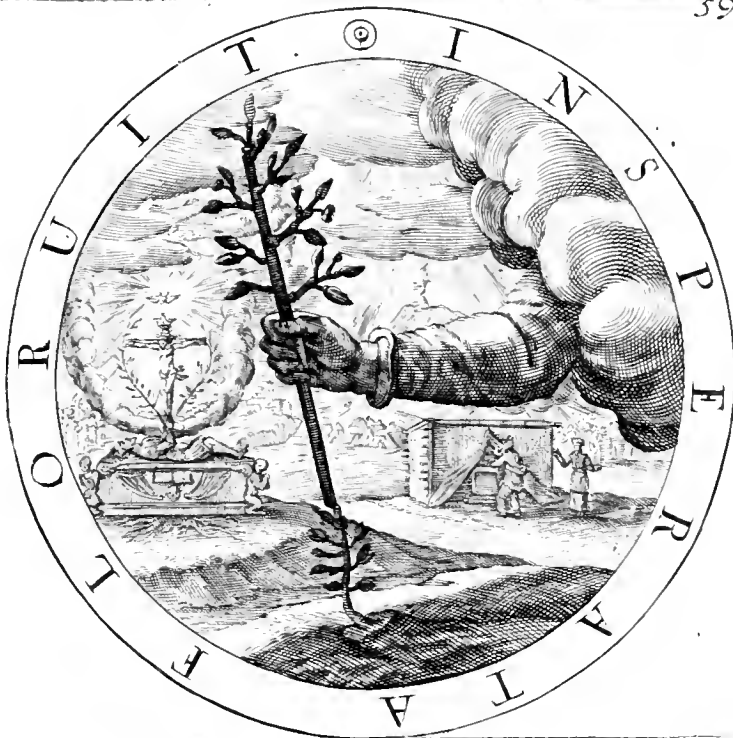
Book. 4



Hen hee, who by his conquering Arme, possesseth
 The rich, and spacious Empires of the *East*,
 Felt his approaching end; he bade them beare
 A *Shirt* throughout his *Armie*, on a *Speare*,
 Proclaiming, that of all his large estate,
 No more was left him, then, but only that:
 Perhaps intending, thereby, to exoresse,
 A sorrow for his wilde *Ambitiousnesse*;
 Or, hoping, by that *Spectacle*, to give
 Some good *Instructions* unto those that live.

However, let it serve us, to declare,
 How vaine their toyings, and ambitions are,
 Who rob themselves, and other men of rest,
 For things that are so little while possesseth.
 And, if that powerfull King, could nothing have,
 That was of use, to carry to his *Grave*,
 (Of all his conquered *Kingdomes*) but, one *Shirt*,
 Or, *Winding sheet*, to hide his Royall durt;
 Why should we pinch, and scrape, and vex become,
 To heap up Riches, for we know not whom?
 Or, macerate the *Flesh*, by raising strife,
 For more, than will bee usefull during life?
 Nay, ev'n for that, which sometimes shortens *breath*,
 And makes us, also, wretched after *Death*.

Let mee, oh God! my labour so employ,
 That, I, a *competencie* may enjoy.
 I aske no more, than may Lites want supply,
 And, leave their due to others, when I die.
 If this thou grant, (which nothing doubt I can)
 None ever liv'd, or dy'd a richer man.



ILLVSTR. IX.

Book. 4

Tis true, a *wither'd-branch* I am, and seeme
To some, as voyd of *Hopes*, as of esteeme;
For, in their judgements, I appeare to be
A saplesse *Bough*, quite broken from the *Tree*,
(Ev'n such as that, in this our *Emblem*, here)
And, yet, I neither feele *Despaire*, nor *Feare*,
For, I have seene (e're now) a little *Spray*,
(Rent from her *Stemme*) lye trodden by the way,
Three monerhs together; which, when *Spring* drew on,
To take an unexpected *Root* begun;
(Yea, grew to bee a *Tree*) and, growing, stood,
When those great *Groves*, were fell'd for firing-wood,
Which once had high esteeme; and sprung unhurt,
While that poore *Branch*, lay sleighted in the dirt.
Nay, I have seene such *twiggs*, afford them shade,
By whom they were the meanest shrippings made,
Of all the *Wood*; And, you may live to see,
(For ought yet knowne) some such event in mee.

And, what if all who know mee, see me dead,
Before those *hopes* begin to spring and spread?
Have therefore they that hate me, cause to boast,
As if mine expectations I had lost?
No sure: For, I, who by *Faith's* eyes have seene,
Old *Aarons* wither'd *Rodd* grow fresh and Greene;
And also viewed (by the selte-same *Eyes*)
Him, whom that *Rodd*, most rightly typifies,
Fall by a shamefull *Death*, and rise, in spight
Of *Death*, and *Shame*, unto the glorioust beight.
Ev'n I, beleeve my *Hope* shall bee posselt,
And, therefore, (ev'n in *Death*) in *Hope* I'll rest.



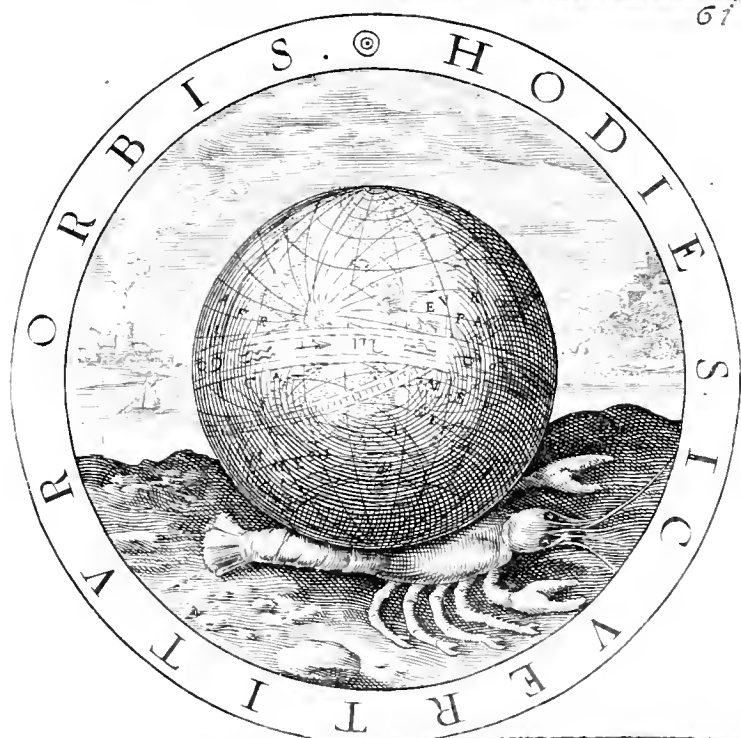
ILLVSTR. X.

Book. 4

¶ Hen, in this *Emblem*, here, you have espide,
 The shape of a triangled *Pyramide*,
 And, have observed well, those mightie *Rockes*,
 Whose firme foundation bides the dreadful shoces
 Of angry *Neptune*; you may thereby see,
 How firmly fetled, *Vertues* reall bee.
 For, as the raging *Seas*, although they roare,
 Can make no breach upon the *Rockie* shore;
 And, as a true triangled *Pyramide*,
 Stands fast, and shewes alike, on ev'ry side:
 So, howsoever *Fortune*, turnes or winds,
 Those men, which are indow'd with vertuous minds,
 It is impossible, to drive them from
 Those *Formes*, or *Stations*, which those minds become.
 And, as the raging *Sea*, with foming threats,
 Against the *Rockie-shore*, but vaineiy bears,
 So, *Envie* shall in vaine, loud blustrings make,
 When vertuous resolutions they would shake.
 For, *Vertue*, which receives an overthrow,
 Was *Vertue*, not indeed, but in the show.

So farte am I, oh *Lord*! from laying claime
 To have this *Vertue*, that, I doe but ayme
 At such *perfection*; and, can come no nigher
 As yet, than to obtaine it in *desire*.
 But, fixe thou so, this weake desire of mine,
 Vpon the *Vertues* of thy *Rocke* divine,
 That I, and that invaluable *Stone*,
 May bee incorporated into *One*:

And, then, it will bee neither shume, nor pride,
 To say, my *Vertues*, will unmov'd abide.



ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. 4

WHat was this *Figures* meaning, but to show,
That, as these kinde of *Shell-fish* backward goe,
So now the *World*, (which here doth seeme to take
An arseward *Journey* on the *Cancer's* backe)
Moves counterwise; as if delight it had,
To runne a race, in *Courses retrograde*:
And, that, is very likely to be true,
Which, this our *Emblem*, purposeth to shew.

For, I have now, of late, not onely seene,
What backward motions, in my *Friends* have beene;
And, that my outward *Fortunes* and *Affaires*,
Doe of themselves, come tumbling downe the *staires*:
But, I have also found, that other things,
Have got a wheeling in contrary *Rings*;
Which *Regresses*, holding on, 'tis like that wee,
To *towes*, or *Estmacks*, backe shall turned bee.

Some ounie *Clerkes*, presume that they can teach
The ancient holy *Doctors*, how to preach.
Some *Laicks*, learne their *Pastors* how to pray.
Some *Parents*, are compelled to obey
Their *Sonnes*; and, so their *Dignitie* to lose,
As to be fed and cloth'd, at their dispose.
Nay, wee have some, who have assay'd to draw,
All backward, to the *Bondage* of the *Law*;
Euen to those abrogated *Rites* and *Dayes*,
By which, the wandring *Jew* markes out his wayes.
And, to pursue this *Round*, they are so heady,
That, they have made themselves, and others giddy.

Do thou, these froward *Motions*, LORD, *restrain*;
And, set the *World* in her due course againe.



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book. 4

From these well-order'd Arrows, and the Snake,
This usefull Observation you may make;
That, where an able Prudence, doth combine
Ward forces, by good *Discipline*,

It maketh up a pow'r, exempted from
The feare, or perill, to be overcome:
And, if you covet *safetie*, you will seeke
To know this *Ward*, and to acquire the like.

For, doubtlesse, neither is it in the force,
Of iron *Chariots*, or of armed *Horse*,
In which, the *King*, securitie may finde,
Unlessse the *Riders* bee well *Disciplinde*.
Nor, lyes it in the *Souldiers* common *Skill*
In warlike *Postures*; nor in theirs, who drill
The *Ranks* and *Fyles*, to order them aright,
According as *Occasion* makes the *Fight*.

But, men must use a further *Prudence* too,
Or else, those *vulgar-Arts* will all undoe.
For, these, are onely *Sciences* injoynd,
To order well the *Body*, not the *Mind*:
And, men best train'd in these (oft times) we see,
The *Hare-brain'dst-fooles*, in all our *Armies* bee.

To *strength*, and *skill*, unite we must, therefore,
A manly *Prudence*, comprehending more,
Than all these *Powr's*: ev'n such, as when shee please,
To all her ends, can use and mannage these;
And, shew us how to cure, or to prevent
All *Hazards*; or, withall to bee content.

Hee that's thus arm'd, and trusts in *God* alone,
May bee oppos'd, but, *conquered* of none.

When



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 4.



When I beheld this Picture of a *Boat*,
(Which on the raging *Waves* doth seeme to float)
Forc'd onward, by the current of the *Tide*,
Without the helpe of *Anchor*, *Oare* or *Guide*;

And, saw the *Mast* to be, which doth imply,
Thy (hee) commits her selfe to *Destinie*;
Me hinkes, this *Emblem* set out their estate,
Who have ascribed every thing to *Fate*;
And dreame, that howso'e're the businesse goe,
Their *Worke*, nor hinder neither helps thereto.
The leaking *Ship*, they value at the sound:
Hee that's to hanging borne, shall ne're bee drown'd;
And, men to happineite ordain'd (say these)
May set their *Ship* to float, as *Fate* shall please.

This *Fancie*, springing from a mil-deceiving
Of God's *Decrees*; and many men deceiving,
With shewes of *Truth*, both caus'd much offence
Against God's *Mercies*, and his *Providence*,
And brings to passe, that some to ruine ruine,
By their neglect of what they might have done.
For, *Meanes* is to bee us'd, if wee desire,
The blessing of our (safer) to acquire)
Whose naturall effects, if God deny,
Vpon his *Providence* wee must relye,
Still practising what naturall aydes may bee,
Vntill no likely ayd untide wee see.
And, when this *Non plus* wee are forc'd unto,
Stand still, wee may, and wayt what God will do.
Hee that shall thus to *Fate*, his fortunes leave,
Let mee bee ruin'd, if Shee him deceive.



ILLVSTR. XV.

Book. 4

HHe Gift of *Kingdomes*, *Children*, and *good-Wives*,
Are three of God's most choice *Prerogatives*,
In temp'rall Blessings; and, of all these three,

The gifts of *Kingdomes*, his rar'st Favours bee:
For, in five hundred Millions, there's not one,
Whom this high *Honour* is conferr'd upon;
Nor is there any knowne *Estate* on earth,
(Whereto wee come, by *Merit*, or by *Birth*)
Which can, to any man assurance bring,
That, hee shall either *live*, or *die* a *King*.
The *Morning-Starre*, that's Heire unto a *Crowne*,
Off sets, before the *Shining-Sunne* is downe;
And, some, that once a glorious *Empire* swayd,
Ded lose their *Kingdomes*, e're their heads were layd.

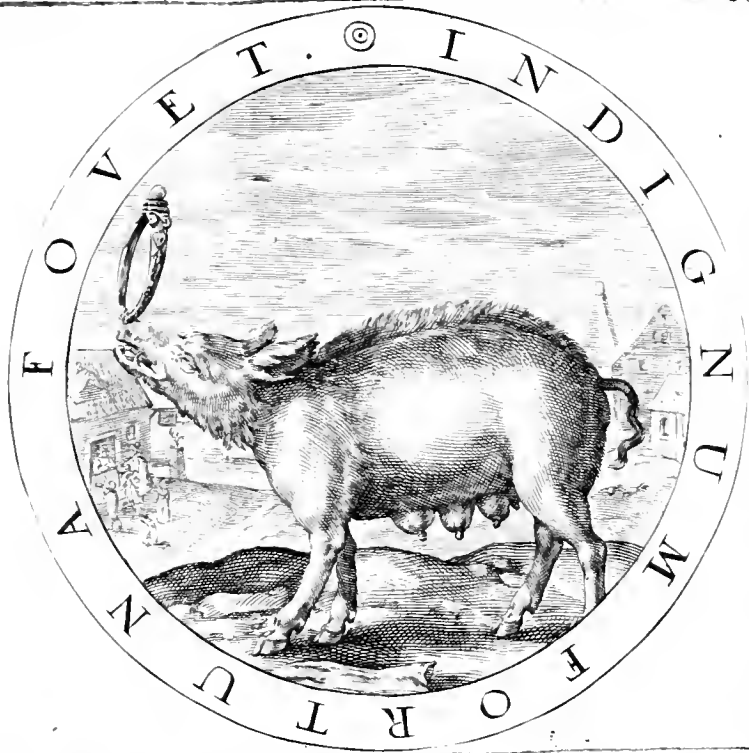
The g' carest earthly *Monarch* hath no powre,
To keepe his *Throne* on minute of an houre,
(Use all the means, and policies hee can)
If God will give it to another man.

Hee, when *Bisbazzar* was in high'st estate,
His *Kingdome* to the *Persians* did translate.
King Saul, and *Reboboam*, could not stay
The *Royalities*, which God would give away;
And, Hee that was the proudest of the rest,
God, changed from a *King*, into a *Beast*.

Nor is there any man so meane, but hee,
When God shall please, an *Emperour* may bee.
Some, from the *Por kilne*, from the *Sheep cote*, some,
Hee raised hath. great *Princes* to become:

Yea, hee o're heav'n and earth, hath rear'd his *Throne*,
That was on earth, the most *despised*. one.

Her favours, Fortune, oft imparts,
To those that are of no deserts.



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Beak.4



Would you not laugh, and thinke it beastly fine,
To see a durtie, and ill-favour'd Swine,
Weare on her snout, a *Diamond*, or a *Pearle*,
That might become the *Ladie* of an *Earle*?

And hold it head, as if it meant to show
It were the *Pigg* of some well-nurtur'd *Sow*?
Perhaps, you thinke there be not any where
Such *Antickes*, but in this our *Emblem* here.
But, if you take these *Charmes*, and then goe forth
Among some troupes, which passe for folkes of worth,
You shall discover, quickly, if you please,
A thousand sights, as mimickall as these.

Here, you shall see a noble *Title* worne,
(That had not mis-beseem'd one better borne)
By him, whose vertues are of little price,
And, whose estate, was gotten by his *Vice*.
You shall behold another *Mushrome*, there,
Walke with our *Lords*, as if hee were their *Peere*,
That was well knowne, to be but tother day,
No fit companion for such men as they;
And, had no other meanes to climbe this height,
But *Gaming*, or to play the *Parasite*.
Yet (though he neither hath his *Trade*, nor *Lands*,
Nor any honest *In-come*, by his *hands*,
Hee, oft consumes at once, in *Games* or *Cheare*,
More than would keepe his *Better* all the yeare.
Yea, many such as these, thou shouldst behold,
Which would bee vex, if I describe them should :

For, thus, unworthily, blind *Fortune* flings,
To *Crowes*, and *Geese*, and *Swine*, her precious things.



ILLVSTR. XVII.

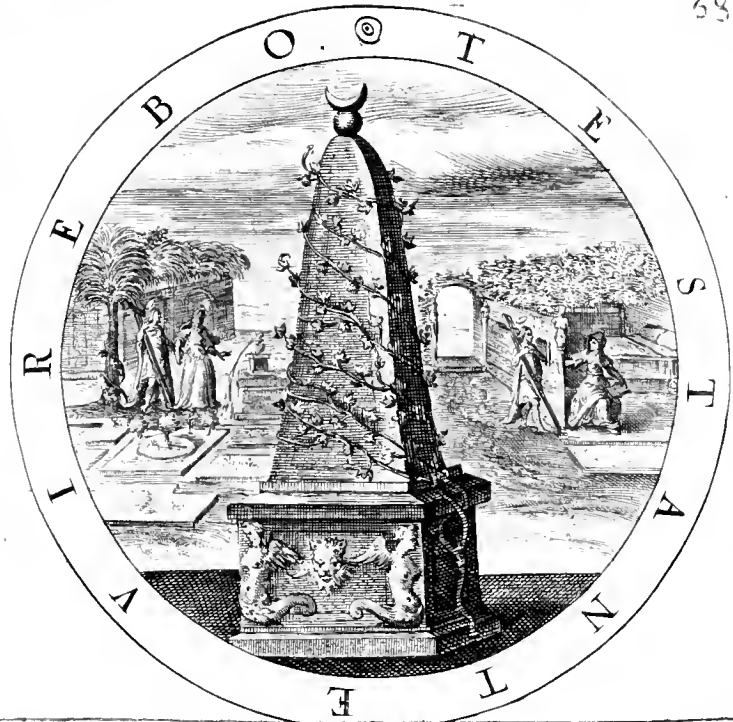
Book.4

A Foole, sent forth to fetch the *Goslings* home,
 When they unto a Rivers brinck were come,
 (Through which their passage lay) conceiv'd a feare
 His Dames best *Brood*, might have been drowned there;
 Which, to avoyd, hee thus did shew his wit,
 And his good nature, in preventing it.
 Hee underneath his *girdle*, thrusts their heads,
 And, then the *Coxcombe* through the water wades.

Here learne, that when a *Foole* his helpe intends,
 It rather doth a mischief, then befriends;
 And, thinke, if there be danger in his love,
 How harmefull his *Maliciousnesse* may prove:
 For, from his *kindenesse*, though no profit rise
 To doe thee spight, his *Malice* may suffice.
 I could not from a *Prince* beseech a boone
 By suing to his *Iester* or *Buffoone*:
 Nor, any Fooles vaine humor, sooth or serve,
 To get my bread, though I were like to starve.
 For, to be *poore*, I should not blush so much,
 As if a *Foole* should raise me to be *rich*.

Lord, though of such a kinde my faults may be,
 That sharpe *Affliction* still must tutor mee,
 (And give me due *Correction* in her Schooles)
 Yet, oh preserve me from the scorne of *Fooles*.
 Those wicked *Fooles*, that in their hearts have sed
 There is no God; and, rather give me *Bread*
 By *Ravens*, LORD, or in a *Lions Den*,
 Then by the Favours of such foolish men:

Least, if their *dumies* I should swallow downe,
 Their smile might more undoe, me, then their *frowne*.



ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book.4



Although there bee no Timber in the *Vine*,
Nor strength to raise the climbing *Ivie-twine*,
Yet, when they have a helper by their side,
Or, prop to stay them, like this *Pyramide*,
One roote sometime, so many *Spraves* will beare,
That, you might thinke, some goodly *Grove* it were :
Their tender stalkes, to climbe aloft, are seene ;
Their boughs are cover'd with a pleasant greene ;
And, that, which else, had crept upon the ground,
Hath tops of loftie trees, and turrets crown'd.

This *Emblem*, fitly shadowes out the Natures
Of us, that are the *Reasonable-creatures* :
For, wee are truly by our *nat'rall-birth*,
Like *Vines* undrest, and creeping on the earth ;
Nor free from spoyling, nor in case to beare
Good *fruits*, or *leaves*, while we are groveling there.
But, if *new-borne* by *Grace*, streight borne are wee,
From earthly creepings, by that *Living-tree*,
Which, here, was planted, meereley to this end,
That, by his *pow'r*, our *weaknesse* might ascend.
And, hee our *frailtie* to himselfe so takes,
So, of his *might*, the partners us hee makes ;
That, hee, in us, doth seeme to hide his *pow'rs*,
And, make the *strength* hee gives, appeare as ours.

Continue, *Lord*, this *Grace*, and grant wee may,
Firme hold, on our *Supporter*, alwayes lay :
So climbing, that wee nor neglect, nor hide
His *Love* ; nor over-climbe it, by our *Pride*.

Thus, our yet staggering *weaknesse*, shall at length,
Bee fully changed into perfect *Strength*.



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. 4

Good Folkes, take heede ; for, here's a wanton *Wagge*,
Who, having *Bowes* and *Arrowes*, makes his bragg
That, he hath some unhappy trick to play ;
And, vows to shoot at all he meets to day.
Pray be not carelesse ; for, the *Boy* is blinde,
And, sometimes strikes, where most he seemeth kinde.
This rambling *Archer* spares nor one, nor other :
Yea, otherwhile, the *Monkey* shoots his Mother.

Though you be little *Children*, come not neere ;
For, I remember (though't be many a yeare
Now gone and past,) that, when I was a *Lad*,
My Heart, a pricke, by this young Wanton had,
That, pain'd me seven yeates after : nor had I
The grace (thus warn'd) to scape his waggery ;
But many times, ev'n since I was a man,
He shot me, oftner then I tell you can :
And, if I had not bene the stronger-hearted,
I, for my over-daring, might have smarted.

You laugh now, as if this were nothing so ;
But, if you meet this *Blinkard* with his Bow,
You may, unlesse you take the better care,
Receive a *wound*, before you be aware.
I feare him not ; for, I have learned how
To keepe my heart-strings from his *Arrowes* now :
And, so might you, and so might ev'ry one
That vaine *Occasions*, truely seekes to shunn.
But, if you sleight my *Counsell*s, you may chance
To blame at last, your willfull ignorance :

For, some, who thought, at first, his wounds but small
Have dyed by them, in an *Hospitall*.

On whether side soe're I am,
I, still, appeare to bee the same.



ILLVSTR. XX.

Book. 4

His *Cube*, which is an equall-sided-square,
Doth very well, in *Emblem*-wise, declare
The temper of that vertuoud minded man,
Whose resolutions nothing alter can.
For, as the *Cube*, which way soever plac't,
Stands ever in one *posture*, firmly fast,
And, still, appears the same in forme and size,
Vpon what side or part soe're it lyes:
So, men well formed by the *Word* divine,
And, truly squar'd by vertuous *Discipline*,
Will keepe (though *changes* them shall turne & wind)
The *forme* and *firmnesse* of an *honest-minde*.

If, digging deepe, his *Fortunes* lay him, there,
Where he his owne, and others weights must beare,
(There, many yeares compelling him to lie,
Opprest with dil-respect or povertie)
Hee keepe the place to which hee stands enjoyn'd,
And brooks his chances with a constant mind.
If shee remoove him thence, and set him up
On temporall *Prosperities* high top,
The *Squarenesse* of *Plaine dealing* hee retaines,
And, in the same integritie remaines:
Nor coveting vaine *Wealth*, or false *estemes*;
Nor, being any other than he seemes.

Although by Nature, wee are wondrous hard,
Lord, let us into such like *Stones* be squar'd:
Then, place us in thy spirituall *Temple*, so,
That, into one firme *Structure*, we may grow;
And, when we, by thy *Grace*, are fitted thus,
Dwell *Thou thy selfe*, for evermore, in us.

Defor-



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. 4

LOoke well, I pray, upon this *Beldame*, here,
For, in her *babie*, though shee gay appeare,
You, through her youthfull *vizard*, may espy
Shee's of an old *Edition*, by her *Eye*:

And, by her waincoat face, it may bee seene,
Shee might your *Grandams* first *dry nurse* have beene.

This is an *Emblem*, fitly shadding those,
Who making faire, and honest outward shewes,
Are inwardly deform'd; and, nothing such,
As they to bee suppos'd, have strived much.

They chuse their *words*, and play well-acted *parts*,
But, hide most loathsome projects in their hearts;
And, when you think sweet *Friendship* to embrace,
Some ugly *Treason*, meets you in the face.

I hate a pained *Brow*; I much dislike
A *Mayden-blush*, dawb'd on a furrowed *Cheeke*:

And, I abhorre to see old *Wantons* play,
And, suite themselves, like *Ladies of the May*.

But, more (yea, most of all) my soule despiseth
A *Heart*, that in *Religious formes*, disguiseth
Prop'ane intentions; and arrayes in white,
The coale-blacke conscience of an *Hypocrite*.

Take heed of such as these; and, (if you may)
Before you trust them, tract them in their way.

Observe their footsteps, in their private *paths*:
For, these (as 'tis beleev'd, the *Devill* hath)
Have *cloven feet*; that is, *two wayes* they goe;
One for their *ends*, and tother for a *show*.

Now, you thus warned are, advise embrace;
And, trust nor gawdy *Clothes*, nor painted *Face*.

*My Hand and Heart, in one agree,
What can you more desire of mee?*



ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book. 4.

A Heart with Hand-in-hand, united thus,
 Makes here an Emblem not unknowne to us;
 And, 'tis not hard for any Vulgar wit,
 Without a Comment, to interpret it.
 But, though of ev'ry man confest it be,
 That Hand and Heart together should agree;
 And, that, what we in outward shew expresse,
 Perform'd should be, with inward heartinesse.
 (Since, now the World, to such a passe is growne,
 That, all is not consider'd, which is knowne)
 I cannot thinke it altogether vaine,
 To speake of that, which may appeare so plaine.
 When thou dost reach thy hand unto thy friend,
 Take order, that thy heart the same intend:
 For, otherwise in Hand, or Heart, thou lyest,
 And, cuttest off a Member, e're thou dyest.
 Some, give their Hearts (as many Lovers do)
 Yet, are afraid, to set their hands thereto.
 Some give their Hands; and, then by many a deed,
 To ratifie the gift, they dare proceede;
 Yet, keep their tongues from saying what they meant,
 To helpe excuse their hearts, when they repent.
 Yea, some can very cunningly expresse,
 In outward shew, a winning heartinesse,
 And, steale the deare affections they have sought,
 From those, to whom they meant, nor promis'd ought.
 Then, will they, if advantage come thereby,
 Make all their Deeds, for want of Words, a ly.
 Among Dissemblers, in things temporall,
 These Raskalls are the ver'est Knaves of all.



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. 4

Some, thinke this *Emblem* serveth to expresse
No more, but onely *Womens* ficklenesse;
And, they will most desire to have it so,
Who, like those best, that most inconstant grow.
Although my *Fortunes* were, in some things, bad,
I never in my life, experience had
Of an *inconstant woman*: Wherefore, then,
Should I condemne the *Females*, more than men?


I heare some talke, that *Women* fickle be:
And so I thinke; and so I know are wee.
And (being put together) say I dare,
That, they and wee, in eq all manner, share
A *giddnesse*, and *ficklenesse* of minde,
More wavering, than a *Feather*, or the *Winde*.
The *Woman*, heere, is plac'd, to typifie
A minde distracted with much levitie:
Not, that the womans *Wav'rings* are the more;
But, for this cause: Most *Vices*, heretofore,
And *Vertues* too, our *Ancestors* did render,
By words declined in the *female-gender*.
The *winged-Ball*, (whose tottering Foundation,
Augments the causes of our *variation*)
Meanes, here, those uselesse, and vaine *temp'rall things*,
That come and goe, with never-staying *wings*;
And, which (if thereupon our hearts we set)
Make *Men* and *Women*, the *Vertigo* get.

Hereafter, then, let neither *Sexe* accuse
Each other; but, their best endeavours use,
To cure this *Maladie* in one another,
By living well, and lovingly together.



ILLVSTR. XXIV.

Book. 4


 What meanes this *Country-peasant*, skipping here
 Through prickling *Thistles* wth such gamelom cheere
 And, plucking off their tops, as though for *Possies*,
 He gather'd *Violets*, or toothlesse *Roses* ?
 What meaneth it, but onely to expresse
 How great a joy, well-grounded *Patientnesse*
 Retaines in *Sufferings* ? and, what sport she makes,
 When she her Journey through *Affliction* takes ?

I, oft have sayd (and, have as oft, beene thought
 To speake a *Paradox*, that favours nought
 Of likely truth) that, some *Afflictions* bring
 A *Honey-bag*, which cureth ev'ry *Sting*
 (That wounds the *Flesh*) by giving to the *Mind*,
 A pleasing taste of *Sweetnesses* refin'd.
 Nor can it other be, except in those,
 Whose Better part, quite stupifyed growes,
 Ey being *Cauterized* in the *Fires*
 Of childish *Feares*, or temporall *Desires*.

For, as the *Valiant* (when the *Coward* swoonds)
 With gladnesse lets the *Surzion* search his *Wounds* ;
 And, though they smart, yet cheerefully indures
 The *Plasters*, and, the *Probe*, in hope of *Cures* :
 So, Men, assured that *Afflictions* paine
 Comes not for vengeance to them, nor in vaine ;
 But, to prepare, and fit them for the place,
 To which, they willingly direct their pace ;
 In *Troubles*, are so farre from being sad,
 That, of their *Suffering*, they are truly glad.
 What ever others thinke, I thus beleeve ;
 And, therefore, *joy*, when they suppose I *grieve*.

All is not Gold, which makes a show ;
But, what the Touchstone findeth so.

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ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book. 4

When Silver Medalls, or some coynes of Gold,
Are by the Gold-smith either bought or sold,
Hee doth not only search them with his Eye,
But, by the Scale, their weight will also trie ;
Or, by the Touchstone, or the Test, assay
The trueneffe of them, and their just alay.
Now, by their warinesse, who thus proceed,
Wee fairely are admonished, to heed
The faithfulnesse of him wee make our Friend ;
And, on whose love wee purpose to depend :
Or else, when wee a Jewell thinke to get,
Wee may bee cheated by a Counterfet.

All is not Gold that glisters : Otherwhile,
The Tincture is so good, it may beguile
The cunningst eye : But, bring it to the Touch,
And, then, you find the value not so much.
Some, keepe the Tincture, brooking, likewise, well
An ordinarie Touch ; but, yeeld a Smell,
Which will discover it, if you apply
Vnto your Nose, that piece of Chymistrie.
Sometime, when there's enough to give content,
In Colour, in the Touch, and in the Scent,
The Bulke, is more than answers Gold in weight,
And, proves it a sophisticall deceit.
Nay, some, is fully that which you desire,
In all these Properties ; and, till the fire
Hath made assays, you'l thinke you might be bold
To pawne your life, it had been Ophir-gold :

But, to bee false, the Metall's then descride ;
And, such are many Friends, when they are tride.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book 4

Here are a sort of people so severe,
That, *foolish*, and *injurious* too, they are;
And, if the world were to bee rul'd by these,
Nor *Soule*, nor *Bodie*, ever should have ease.
The *Six* dayes, (as their wisdomes understand)
Are to bee spent in *Labour*, by command,
With such a strictnesse, that they quite condemne
All *Recreations* which are us'd in them.
That, which is call'd the *Sabbath*, they confine
To *Prayers*, and all *Offices-divine*,
So wholly, that a little *Recreation*,
That *Day*, is made a marke of *Reprobation*:
And, (by this meanes) the reason is to seeke,
When their poore *Servants* labour all the *weeke*,
(Of which, they'l bite them nothing) how it tyes
Them, to observe the sixe-fold *Sacrifice*
Py some injoynd; and gives them such due *Rest*,
As *God* allowed, both to *Man* and *Beast*.

Hee, gave the *Woods*, the *Fields*, and *Meddowes*, here,
A time to *rest*, as well as times to *bear*.
The *Forrest Beasts*, and *Heards*, have howres for *play*,
As well as time to *graze*, and hunt their prey:
And, ev'ry *Bird* some leasure hath to sing,
Or, in the *Aire*, to *sport* it on her wing.
And, sure, to *him*, for whom all these were made,
Lesse kindnesse was not meant, then these have had.
The *Flesh* will faint, if pleasure none it knowes;
The *Man* growes madd, that alway musing goes.

The *Wiseest men*, will sometimes *werry* bee:
And, this is that, this *Emblem* teacheth me.

Live, ever mindfull of thy dying;
For, Time is alwayes from thee flying.

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ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book. 4

His vulgar Figure of a winged glasse,
Doth signifie, how swiftly *Time* doth passe.
By that leane *Skull*, which to this *houre-glasse* clings,
We are informed what effect it brings;

And, by the *Words* about it, wee are taught
To keepe our latter ending still in thought.
The common *houre-glasse*, of the *Life* of *Man*,
Exceedeth not the largeness of a *span*.
The *Sand-like Minutes*, flye away so fast,
That, *yeares* are out, e're wee thinke *months* are past :
Yea, many times, our *nat'vall day* is gone,
Before wee look'd for *twelve a clocke* at *Noone*;
And, where wee sought for *Beantie*, at the *Full*,
Wee finde the *Flesh* quite rotted from the *Skull*.

Let these Expressions of *Times* passage, bee
Remembrancers for ever, *Lord*, to mee ;
That, I may still bee guiltlesse of their crime,
Who fruitlesly consume their precious *Time*.
And, minde my *Death* ; not with a slavish feare,
But, with a thankfull use, of *life-time*, here :
Not grieving, that my *dayes* away doe post ;
But, caring rather, that they bee not lost,
And, lab'ring with *Discretion*, how I may
Redeeme the *Time*, that's vainely slipt away.
So, when that *moment* comes, which others dread,
I, undismay'd, shall climbe my *dying-bed* ;
With joyfull *Hopes*, my *Flesh* to dust commend ;
In *Spirit*, with a stedfast *Faith* ascend ;
And, whilst I *living* am, to sinne so dye,
That *dying*, I may live eternally.



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book.4



What thing soever some will have exprest,
As typified by this *Halcyons-nest*,
I shall not thinke this *Embleme* ill-appli'd,
It, by the same, the *Church* bee signifi'd.

For, as it is (by some) affirm'd of these,
That, whilst they breed, the fury of the seas
Is through the world alayd; and, that their *Brood*
Remaines in safctie, then, amidst the flood:
So, when the *Christian Church* was in her birth,
There was a generall *Peace* throughout the earth;
And those tumultuous *Waves*, which after that
Began to rise, and be enrag'd thereat,
Were calmed so, that *Hee* was borne in peace,
From whom, the faithfull *Off-spring* did increase.

They, likewise, on a *Rocke*, their dwellings have,
As here you see; and, though the raging *Wave*,
Of dreadfull *Seas*, hath beaten, ever since,
Against the *Fortresse* of their strong defence,
Yet still it stands; and, safe, it shall abide,
Ev'n in the midst of all their foming pride.

Vp on this *Rocke* to place me, oh my *God*!
That, whatsoever *Tempests* bee abroad,
I may not feare the fury of my *Foe*;
Nor bee in danger of an overthrow.
My life is full of *Stormes*; the *Waters* roule,
As if they meant to swallow up my soule.
The *Tides* oppose; the furious winds doe roare;
My *Cab'e's* weake, my *tacklings*, Lord, are poore,
And, my fraile *vessell* cannot long endure;
Yet, reach to mee thy hand, and I'm secure.



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 4

That's Love in earnest, which is constant found,
When Friends are in Affliction, or in Bands;
And, their Affection merits to be crown'd,
Whose hearts are fastned where they joyne their
Tis casie to be friendly, where wee see (hands.

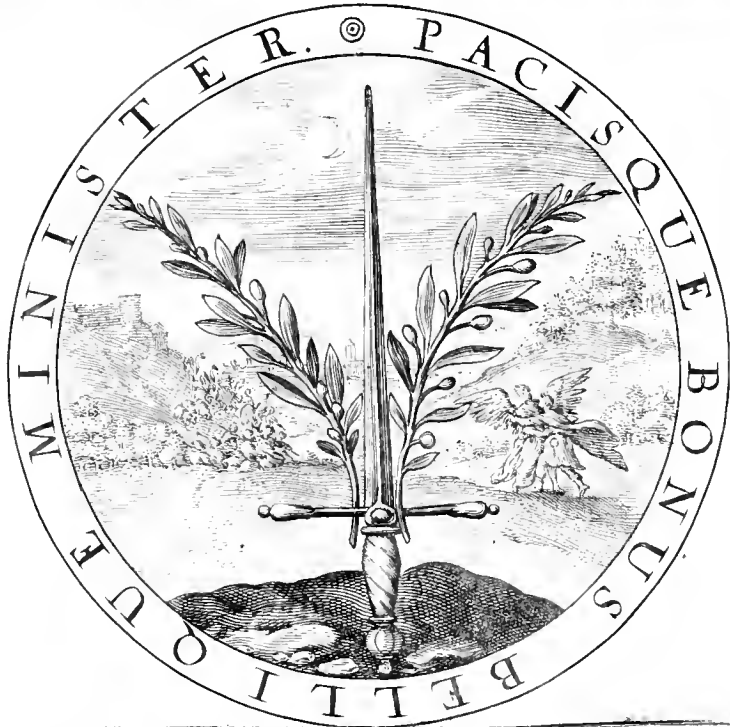
A Complement or two will serve the turne;
Or, where the kindnesse may required bee;
Or, when the charge is with a trifle borne.
It is as easie too, for him to spend
At once, the full Revenues of a yeare,
In Cates, for entertainment of his Friend,
Who thinks his glorie, is expensive-cheere:
For, 'tis his pleasure; and, if none should come
Like fashionable Friends, for him to court,
Hee would with Rogues, and Canters, fill the Roome,
Or, such as should abuse, and flout him for't.

But, hard it is to suffer, or to spend
For him (though worthy) that's of meane estate,
Unlikely our occasions to befriend,
Or, one unable to remunerate.
Few men are liberall, whom neither Lust,
Vaine glorie, Prodigalitie, nor Pride,
Doth forward in a foolish Bountie thrust;
As may, by Observation bee espide.
For, when a slender Bountie would relieve
Their vertuous Friend, whole wants to them are knowne,
To their Buffoone, a Knights estate they'l give,
And, this ke on t'other trifles ill bestowne.

Yet, this Ile say; and, give the Devill his due;
These Friends, are to their lusts, and humours, true.

The

The Sword hath place, till War doth cease;
And, usefull is, in time of Peace.



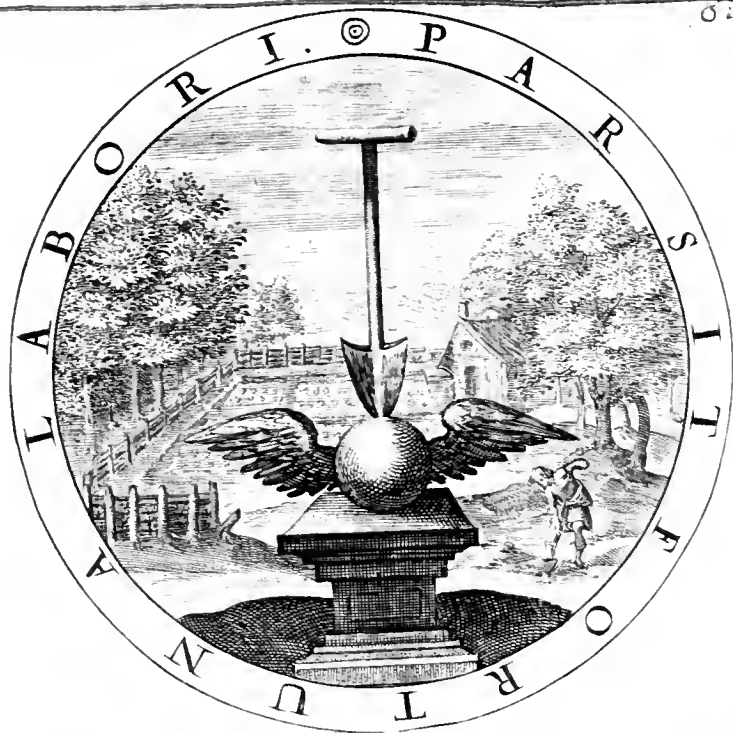
ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book 4

THe *Sword*, to bee an *Emblem*, here, we draw,
Of that *Authoritie*, which keeps in awe
Our *Countries Enemies*; and, those that are
The *Foes of Peace*, as well as those of *Warre*;
That, *Peace* may give the *Law of Armes* her due,
And, *Warre*, to *Civill pow'rs*, respect may shew.
For, *Kingdomes*, nor in *Warre* nor *Peace*, can stand,
Except the *Sword* have alway some command:
Yea, that, for which our *forraine Spoylers* come,
Domesticke Foes, will else devoure at home;
And, *stranger-drones* the *peacefull Bees* will harme,
Vnlesse with *warlike stings*, themselves they arme.

Considering this, let none bee so unwise,
The *Swords* well-us'd protection to despise:
Or, thinke the practice of this *double-guard*,
In any place, or age, may well bee spar'd.
Let not the *Sword-man* sleight the *pow'rfull Gowne*;
Nor *Gowne-men* cast the *Sword* out of their *Towne*,
Because it terrifies, or draweth *Blood*;
For, otherwhile *Phlebotomy* is good:
And, though to kill a *Lowe*, the *Banians* feare;
(Though *Anabaptists* love no *Sword* to weare)
Yet, being drawne, to fright, or cut off *Sinne*,
It may bee brandish'd by a *Cherubin*.

However, from the *Sword* divide not you
(In any case) the *peacefull Olive bough*:
That is, let *Peace*, at all times, be that *End*,
For which, to draw the *Sword* you doe intend;
And, for *well-doing*, bee as ready, still,
To give *rewards*, as *blowes*, for *doing-ill*.



ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. 4

THe Spade, for Labour stands. The Ball with wings,
Intendeth sitting-rowling-woraly things.

This Altar-stone, may serve in setting foorth,
Things firmer, sollid, and of greater worth:
In which, and by the words inclosing these,
You, the e may read, your Fortune, if you please.

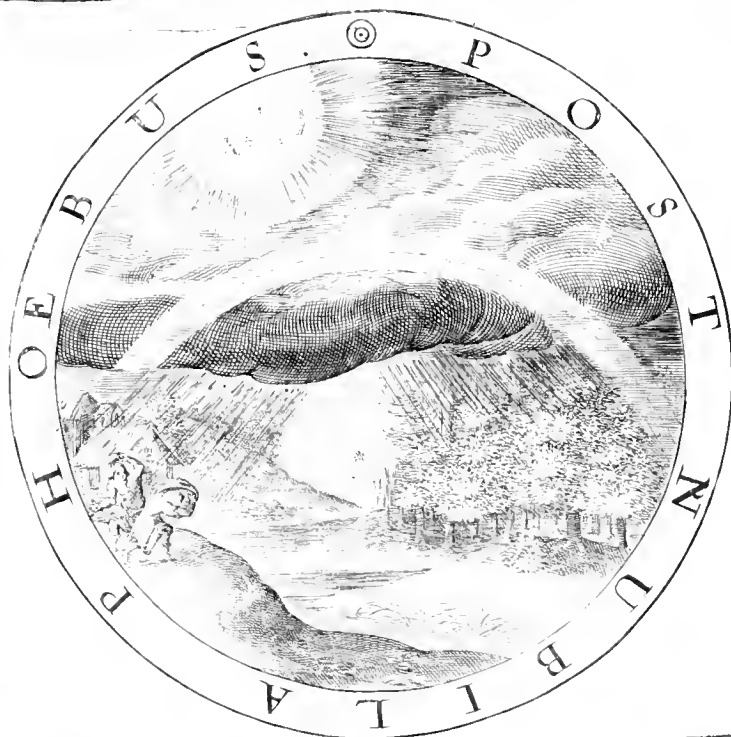
If you, your labour, on those things bestow,
Which royle, and flatter, alwaies, to and fro,
It cannot be, but, that which you obtaine,
Must prove a *wavering*, and unconstant gaine:
For, he that soweth *Vanitie*, shall finde,
At reaping-time, no better fruit then *Winde*,

Your houres, in serions matters, if you spend,
Or, such, as to a lasting purpose tend,
The purchase of your paises will ever last;
And, bring you *Pleasure*, when the *Labour's* past.
Yea, though in teares, your *Seed-time* you employ,
Your *Harvest* shall be fetched home, with ioy.
If much be wrought, much profit will ensue;
If little, but a little meede is due.

Of *nothing*, nothing comes: On *evill deedes*
An *evill* conscience, and, ill fame succedes:
An *honest-life*, still findes prepared for,
Sweet *Hopes* in Death; and, after, *good report*.
Of *Sexe*, or of *Degree*, there's no regard:
But, as the *Labour*, such is the *reward*.

To worke aright, oh Lord, instruct thou mee;
And, ground my *Workes*, and *buildings* all on thee:
That, by the fiery *Test*, when they are tride,
My *Worke* may stand, and I may safe abide.

Let none in troublous times repine;
For, after Stormes, the Sun will shine.



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. 4

Discourage not your selves, although you see
The weather blacke, and stormes prolonged be.
What though it fiercely raines, and thunders loud:
Behold, there is a *Raine-bow* in the *Cloud*,
Wherein, a trustfull promise may be found,
That, quite, your *little-worlds*, shall not be drown'd.
The *Sun-shine*, through the foggy mists appeare,
The lowring *Skie*, begins againe to cleare;
And, though the *Tempest*, yet, your eyes affright,
Faire weather may befall you, long ere night.

Such comfort speaks our *Emblem*, unto those,
Whom stormie *Persecution* doth enclose;
And, comforts him, that's for the present sad,
With hopes, that better seasons may bee had.
There is nor trouble, sorrow, nor distresse,
But mitigation hath, or some release.
Long *use*, or *time*, the storme away will turne,
Else, *Patience* makes it better to be borne.
Yea, *sorrowes* lowring dayes, will come and goe,
As well as prosp'rous houres of *Sunshine* doe;
And, when 'tis past, the *paine* that went before,
Will make the following pleasure seeme the more.
For, hee, hath promis'd, whom we may beleeve,
His blessing, unto those that *mourne* and *grieve*;
And, that, though sorrow much dejects their head,
In ev'ry need, wee shall be comforted.

This promise I beleeve; in ev'ry griefe,
Performe it, *Lord*, and helpe my unbelieve:
So, others viewing how thou cheereft mee,
Shall, in all *sorrowes*, put their trust in thee.



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

Book. 4

Vhen on the *Sword*, the *Olive-branch* attends,
(That is, when bloody *Warres*, have peacefull *Ends*)
And, whensoever *Victories* are gained;

This *Emblem* shewes, by whom they are obtained:
For, that all *Victorie*, doth onely from
The pow'rfull hand of *God-Almightie*, come,
The Boughes of *Bayes* and *Olives*, doe declare,
Which round the *Tetragrammaton* appeare.
Nor must we thinke, that *God* bestowes, alone,
The *Victories* of *Warre*, on any one;
But, that, when we contend in other things,
From him, th' event that's wisht for, also springs.

This being so, how dare wee, by the *Laws*,
Or, by the *Sword*, pursue a wicked *Cause*?
How dare wee bring a matter that's unjust,
Where hee (though few perceive him) judge it must?
Or, prosecute with fury, or despite,
Against the person of his *Favourite*?
What *Fooles* are they, who seeke the *Conquest*, by
Oppression, Fraud, or hellish *Perjurie*?
How mad are those, who to the *Warres* prepare,
For nothing, but to spoyle and murder there?
Who, nor ingag'd by Faith to their *Alies*,
Nor urg'd by any private injuries,
(Nor sent, nor tolerated, by their *Prince*,
Nor caring whether side hath giv'n offence)
Run rambling through the *World*, to kill and slay,
Like needie *Butchers*, for two groats a day?

These men may side, where *Conquests*, *God* bestowes;
Yet, when the *Field* is wonne, these men doe lose.

Since overmuch, will over-fill,
Powre out enough; but doe not spill.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book.4

Tis this *Emblems* meaning, to advance
The love and practise, of true *Temperance*.
For, by this *Figure* (which doth seeme to fill,
Vntill the liquor overflow, and spill)
Wee are, as by example, taught to see
How fruitlesse our *Intemperancies* bee:
Thus by the *Rule of Contrarieties*,
Some *Virtues*, best are showne to vulgar eyes.

To see a nastie *Drunkard*, reele and spew,
More moves to *Sob. rnesse*, than can the view
Of twentie civill men; and, to behold
One *Prodigall*, (that goodly lands hath sold)
Strand torne and louzie, bagging at the dore,
Would make *Intemperance* adhorred more,
(And, manly *Sob. rnesse*, much berter, each)
Than all that fixe *Philosophers* can preach:
So, by the *Vessels* overflowing, here,
True *Moderation* doth more prais'd appeare,
Than by the *meane* it selfe: And, without sinne,
That's *pic'tur'd*, which to *d. e.* had wicked bin,
For, though to vertuous ends; wee doe deny
The *Doing. ill*, that *Good* may come thereby.

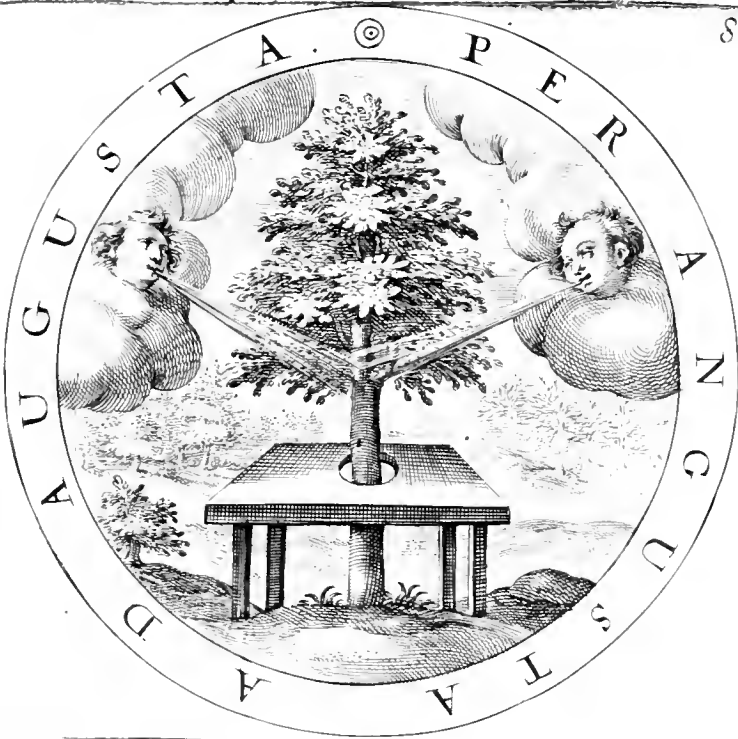
From hence, let us be taught, that carefull heed,
Whereby wee should both *Minde* and *Bodie*, feed.
Let us, of our owne selves, observe the size;
How much wee want, how little will suffice;
And, our owne *longings*, rather leave unfill'd,
Than suffer any porrion to bee spill'd:

For what we *marre*, shall to account be layd,
And, what wee wisely *spend*, shall be repayd.

They

They passe through many stormes, and streights,
Who rise to any glorious heights.

243



ILLVSTR. XXXV.

Book. 4

THis Tree, which here doth largely seeme to grow,
(And spreads *above*, though streightned in *below*)
Through aduerse Winds, and many a Winters blast,
Hath gain'd a faire proportion at the last ;
And, from a lowly *shrub*, is growne to bee
A well-esteemed, and a goodly Tree.
Thus, hath it chanced unto many a man :
And, he that first in misery began,
(So poore and meane, that very few or none
Have judg'd him to be worth the looking on)
Ev'n he, through scornes, through wrongs, and povertie,
Hath crept, and scrow'd, and rais'd himselfe so high,
That, he hath placed been among the prime,
Of those, who seem'd the *Worthies* of the time ;
Yea, overtopt and aw'd, the best of those,
Who sought to curbe him, when he first arose.

This, I have seene; And, as wee seldome find
A Tree grow faire, that cannot brooke the *Wind*,
Or, must be hous'd at Winter ; or, on whom
The *Gardners* pruning-knife, did never come :
So, I have rarely knowne those men to rise
To any good, or noble qualities,
Who feele not, first some *hardship*, or some *storme*,
To prune, to discipline, and to reforme
Their wits and manners. For, prosperitie,
Ease, plentie, and too large a libertie,
Doth often blast them ; and, sometime bereave them,
Of what their *Predecessors* worth's, did leave them.

Let, therefore, no man, feare when this he knowes,
Although in *tempests*, and through *streights* he goes.

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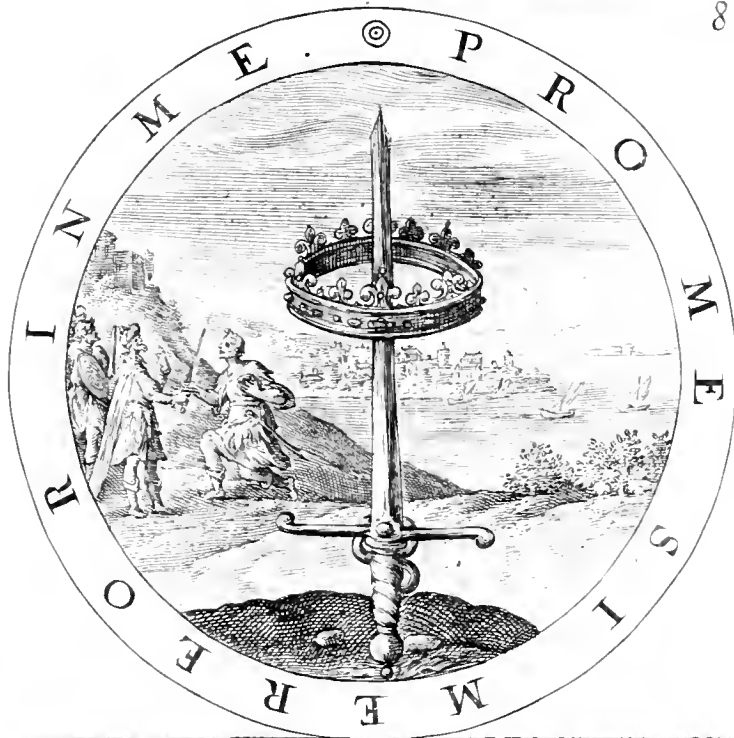
God,



ILLVSTR. XXXVI.

Book. 4

A Fixed Palme, (whole *Fingers* doe appeare,
 As if displayed, and advanc'd they were)
 Intended by our *Author*, here, wee see,
 To shadow out agreeing *Minds*, that bee
 Establish'd in one *Trust*. And, well it may,
 That *Virtue*, of the holy *Church* display.
 For, as our *hands*, the bet'er meanes can make,
 To gaine, as well as to *retaine*, or *take*,
 The *benefits* we seeke; when wee intend,
 Our differing *Fingers*, all, to worke one end:
 So, when the *Church* of *Christ* (wherein wee finde
 A difference of *Degrees*) shall with one *minde*,
 Pursue a faithfull hope; they'l soone obtaine,
 That wished benefit, they seeke to gaine:
 For, when but two or three shall in *Gods* name,
 Request a *blesing*, he will grant the same.
 Let all thy sev'ral *Churches*, *LORD* (that stand
 Like many *Fingers*, members of one *Hand*)
 Thy *Will* *Essentiall* with joynt love obey,
 Though circumstantially, they differ may.
 Some have the larger *Circuit*, some are *stronger*,
 Some are of short *continuance*, some of longer;
 Bur, though their *Guises* may differ, yet provide,
 That, still, on one *Foundation*, they may bide;
 And, that, all those, who in one *Faith* agree,
 May, in one *Band* of *Love*, united bee:
 Till our confined *Wisdom* comes to know,
 That, many things, for which wee wrangle so,
 Would further that, whose hindrance wee doe feare,
 If more our *Faith*, and lesse our *Discord* were.



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 4



His Emblem, forth unto your view hath set,
A Sword, together with a Coronet;
To shew the prudent Reader, what Reward
For ill, and for well doing, is prepar'd;

That they, who heretofore, amisse have done,
May learne, their threatned punishments to shun:
That they, whose Actions warrantable were,
May, in their honest Courses, persevere:
And that those men, who great and pow'rfull bee,
Should punish and reward, as cause they see.

Men are of differing tempers: Some, are wonne
By promises, and gentle meanes alone:
Some, moved are by shame; and, some through dread,
To bee in purse, or bodie punished.
And, some, their duties are allur'd to doe,
No way, but by a mixture of these two.
They, therefore, neither Wise, nor Honest bee,
Who dandle all Offenders on their knee;
Or, punish onely with a God-forbid;
Or, Doe not so, my sonnes, as Ely did.
Nor wiser ought, are they, nor honest,
Who alwayes fright, and threaten those that erre;
No mercie joyning, to the chastisement
Of them, whose faults are worthy to bee shent.
Nor are they lesse to blame, who carry Swords,
To punish errors; but, nor lookes, nor words,
To cherish well deservings: And, in this,
Most men, that punish others, doe amisse.
Sure, if the Sword misdoing, may pursue,
For doing-well, the Coronet is due.



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

Book. 4

THe Barrell, from whose bottome, sides, and bung,
The liquor (as in this our *Emblem*) flowes,
May fitly typifie the babling *Tongue*,
Of him that utters ev'ry thing hee knowes.
For, such as are their taskes, who strive to fill
An ever-leaking *Vessell*, to the brim;
Ev'n such are his, who laboureth to still
A *tasters* tougue; for, paines are lost on him.
This *Figure*, also, serveth to expresse,
The truttlesse nature of a *whorish* woman;
For, shee to all displays her wantonnesse,
And, cares to keepe her secrecies, from no man.
Within her bolome, nothing long shee keeps,
But, whatsoever shee conceives or knowes,
Streight, from the heart, up to her tongue, it creeps;
And, round about the *Citie*, then, it goes.

Bee warned therefore, and commit thou not
Thy person, state, or fame, to such as these;
Lest, they thy *Reputation* doe bespot,
Consume thy *Substance*, or thy *Minde* diseate.
But, most of all, bee wary, lest the crime,
Which here wee doe reprove, thy mind infect:
For, *Vice*, like *weeds*, will grow in little time,
And, out-grow *Vertues*, if wee them neglect.
The surest way to keepe such errors out,
And, in our selves true *Vertnes* to maintaine;
Is, to bee *hoopt* with *Temp'rance*, round about,
And, our out-flowing humors to restraine.

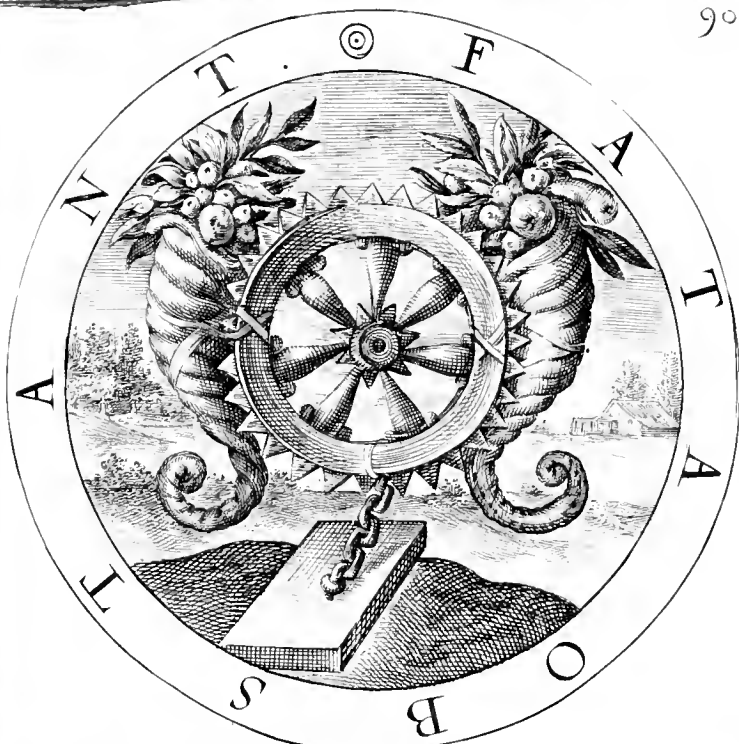
It thus we practise, 'twill prevent the wrongs
Of our owne errors, and of others tongues.



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book.4

THis Figure warnes us, that wee meddle not
With matters, whereby nothing may bee got,
Save *harme* or *losse*; and, such as once begun,
Wee may, nor safely *doe*, nor leave *andone*.
I should bee loath to meddle in the strife
Arising 'twixt a *Husband*, and his *Wife*;
For, *Truth* conceal'd, or spoke, on either side,
May one or th'other grieve, or both divide.
I would not with my most familiar *Mate*,
Be *Partner* in the whole of my estate;
Lest I, by others errors, might offend,
Or, wrong my *Family*, or, lose my *Friend*.
I would not, willingly, in my distresse,
From an unworthy hand, receive redresse;
Nor, when I need a *Surette*, would I call
An *Vnthrift*, or a roaring *Prodigall*:
For, either these I chanklessly must shun,
Or, humour them, and be perhaps undone.
I would not heare my *Friend* unwisely prate
Those things, of which I must informe the *State*:
An I, seeme unfriendly; or, else leave to doe,
That, which a stronger *Band* obligeth to.
Nor would I, for the world, my heart should bee
Enthrald by one, that might not *marry mee*;
Or, such like *passions*, bee perplexed in,
As hang betwixt a *Virtue*, and a *Stinne*;
Or, such, as whether way soe're I went,
Occasion'd guilt, or shame, or discontent:
For, how soe're wee mannage such like things,
Wee handle winding *Vipers*, that have stings.



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. 4.

Q Bserve this *Wheele*, and you shall see how *Fate*
Doth limit out to each man, that *Estate*
Which hee obtaines; Then, how hee doth aspire
To such a height; and, why hee mounts no higher:
For, whatsoere their *Autors* understood,
These *Emblems*, now, shall speake as I thinke good.

The *Cornucopias* fastned to a *Round*,
Thus fixt, may shew, that *Riches* have their *bound*;
And, can be raised, by mans pow'r or wits,
No higher than *Gods* Providence permits.
The placing of them on that *Wheele*, doth show,
That, some waxe *Poore*, as others *Wealthy* grow:
For, looke how much the higher, one doth rise,
So much the lower, still, the other lies;
And, when the height of one is at an end,
Hee sinke againe, that others may ascend.
The many stops, which on this *Wheele* you spie,
Those many *obstacles* may typifie,
Which barre all those that unto *Wealth* aspire,
From compassing the *Round* of their desire.

The want of *Wit*, from *Riches*, barreth some;
Some, cannot rich, because of *Sloth*, become.
Some, that are *wise*, and *paine*full, are deny'd
Encrease of wealth, through *Pleasure*, or through *Pride*.
Some, lose much profit, which they else might make,
Because of *Conscience*, or for *Credit* sake.
If none of these did hinder, wee have store,
That might bee *Rich*, who, yet, are very *Poore*.

And, these, indeed, doe come to be those *Fates*,
Which keepe most men, from getting large *Estates*.

In all



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. 4

THe *Virgine*, or the *Wife*, that much desires,
To please her *Lovers*, or her *Husband's Eyes*,
In all her costl'est *Robes*, her selfe attires;
And, seekes the coml'est *Dresse*, shee can devise.
Then, to her trustie *Looking-glasse*, shee goes,
(Where, often, shee her person turnes and winds)
To view, how seemely her attiring shoves;
Or, whether ought amisse therein shee finds.
Which praisefull *Diligence*, is figur'd thus
In this our *Emblem*, that, it may be made
A documentall signe, remembring us,
What care of all our *Actions*, must bee had.
For, hee that in *God's* presence would appeare
An acceptable *Soule*; or, gracious grow
With men, that of approv'd conditions are,
Must by some faithfull *Glasse*, be trimmed so,
The good Examples of those pious men,
Who liv'd in elder times, may much availe:
Yea, and by others evils, now and then,
Men see how grossely, they themselves, doe faile.

A wife Companion, and, a loving Friend,
Stands nearer, than those ancient glasses doe;
And, serveth well to such an usefull end:
For, hee may bee thy *Glasse*, and *Fountain* too.
His good *Example*, shewes thee what is fit;
His *Admonition*, checks what is awry;
Hee, by his *Good-advice*, reformeth it;
And, by his *Love*, thou mend'st it pleasedly.

But, if thou doe desire the perfect'st *Glasse*,
Ioyne to the *Morrall-Law*, the *Law of Grace*.

Wee bring the Hony to the Hive ;
But, others, by our labours thrive.



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book. 2.

The pretie *Bees*, with daily paines contrive
Their curious *Combes*, and from the flowry *Fields*,
Doe bring that pleasant sweetnesie to their *Hive*,
Which *Nectar*, and *Ambrosiack* dainties yeelds,
Yet, when themselv's with labours they have tū'd,
The following *Winters* famine to prevent,
For their good service, either they are fir'd,
Or thrust into an emprie *Hive* are sent:
And there, with slender diet they are served,
To leave another *Summers* worke, to those
Who take no care, though all the *swarme* be starved,
If weake and quite past labour once it growes.

As with such *Bees*, it fares with many a one,
That spends his youthfull time in honest thrift;
And by the *Wasse*, the *Hornet*, or the *Drone*,
Of all their labours, they are soone bereft.
Sometime, the *ordring Flies*, much wrong this brood,
Through *hidle visitings*; or, them despoyle,
By making friendly thewes of *neig'bourhood*;
When, all their *Complements*, are nought but guile.
Sometime, their powerfull *Foes* doe rob them quite;
Some come, their *Lords*, or *Landlords*, with pretence,
Of claiming only what is just and right,
Or pacifie them without *mercie*, or *defence*.
Thus by one course or other, daily, some
(That are laborious in an honest way)
The prey of *Pride*, or *Idlenesse* become:
And, had but these, may therefore truly say,
That whatsoever they to passe have brought,
Not for themselves, but others, they have wrought.



ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 4

Some say, (and many men doe these commend)
That, all our *deeds*, and *Fortunes* doe depend
Vpon the motions of celestiall *Spheres*;
And, on the constellations of the *Starres*.

If this were true, the *Starres*, alone, have bin
Prime cause of all that's *good*, and of all *sinne*.
And, 'twere (me thinkes) injustice to *condemne*,
Or, give rewards to any, but to *them*.

For, if they made mee *sinne*, why for that ill,
Should I be damn'd, and they shine brightly, still?
If they inforc'd my *goodnesse*, why should I
Bee glorified for their *Piccie*?

And, if they neither *good* nor *ill* constraine,
Why then, should wee of *Destinie* complaine?

For, if it bee (as tis) absurd to say,
The *starres* enforce us (since they still obay
Their just *Commander*) 'twere absurder, farre,
To say, or thinke, that God's *Decree* it were,
Which did *necessitate* the very same,
For which, we thinke the *starres* might merit blame.
Hee made the *starres* to bee an ayd unto us,
Not (as is fondly dream'd) to helpe undoe us:
(Much lesse, without our fault, to ruinate,
By doome of irrecoverable *Fate*)

And, if our good *Endeavors*, use wee will,
Those glorious creatures will be helpfull still
In all our honest ways: For, they doe stand
To helpe, not hinder us, in God's command;
And, hee not onely rules them by his pow'rs,
But, makes their *Glory*, servant unto ours.

Who, *Patience* tempts, beyond her strength,
Will make it *Fury*, at the length.



ILLVSTR. XLIIII.

Book 4

Although wee know not a more patient creature,
Than is the *Lambe*, (or, of little harmfull nature)
Yet, as this *Emblem* shewes, when childish wrong,
Hath troubled, and provok'd him overlong,
Hee growes enraged; and makes the wanton *Boyes*,
Beghd to leave their sports, and run their wayes.

Thus have I seene it with some *Children* fare,
Who, wach their *Parents* too indulgent were,
Have urg'd them, till their *Doting* grew to *Rage*,
And shot them wholly from their *Heritage*.
Thus, many times, a foolish man doth loie
His faithfull *Friends*, and justly makes them foes.
Thus, froward *Husbands*; and, thus, peevish *Wives*,
Doe foole away the comfort of their lives;
And, by abusing of a *patient Mate*,
Turne dearest *Love*, into the deadliest *Hate*:
For, any wrong may better bee excused,
Than, *Kindnesse*, long, and wilfully abused.

But, as an injur'd *Lambe*, provoked, thus,
Well typifies how much it moveth us,
To finde our *Patience* wrong'd: So, let us make
An *Emblem* of our selves, thereby to take
More heed, how *God* is moved towards them,
That, his *long suffering*, and his *Love*, contemne.
For, as wee somewhat have of every creature,
So, wee in us, have somewhat of his *Nature*:
Or, if it bee not sayd the same to bee,
His *Pictures*, and his *Images* are wee.

Let, therefore, his *long-suffering*, well be weigh'd,
And, keepe us, to provoke him, still afraid.

Hee

Hee that is blind, will nothing see,
 What light soe're about him bee.

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ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. 4

Tis by some supposed, that our *Owles*,
 By Day-time, are no perfect sighted *Fowles*;
 And, that, the more you doe augment the *light*,
 The more you shall deprive them of their *sight*.

Nor *Candles*, *Torches*, nor the *Sunne at noone*,
 Nor *Spectacles*, nor all of these in one
 Can make an *Owlet* in the day-time see,
 Though none, by *night*, hath better eyes than shee.

This *Emblem*, therefore, sets their *blindnesse* forth,
 Who cannot see, when an apparant *worth*
 Illustrates vertuous Men; yet, seeme to spie
 Those faults, wherewith ill-willers them belie.
 Th. *blindnesse*, also, well it may declare,
 Of *Hereticks*, who Eagle-sighted are,
 In *Sophistries*, and in the cloudie-*night*,
 Of those darke *Errors*, which delude the *sight*;
 Yet, cannot see the *Rayes of Truth* divine,
 Though, brighter than the *Day-light*, shee doth shine.

It likewise, very fitly typifies,
 Those, in our *daves*, who spie out *mysteries*,
 Beyond the *Moses*; yet, cannot gaine the view
 Of that, which common *Reason* proveth true:
 And, therefore, onely, crie it (madly) downe,
 Because, by *Reason*, light, it may be knowne,

That, when 'twas offered, first, the light refused;
 And they have now the *darknesse* which they chused.
 Till, onefore, God shall offer *Grace* againe,
 Maye they be able to see, in vaine:
 For, what are *Lights* to those, who *blinded* bee?
 Or, what so *blinde*, as they that will not see?

None



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Book 24

V While these two Champions for the Conquest fight,
Betwixt them both *Victoria* takes her flight,
On doubtfull wings; and, till the fray bee past,
None knowes, to whether, shce the *Wreath* will cast.
Which *Emblem* serves, not onely, to expresse
The danger, and the illues doubtfulnesse,
In all *Contentions*; but, may waive us too,
That, wee no strivings rashly undergoe;
Since they, who long with painfull skill have striv'd,
Of likely *Conquests*, are at length depriv'd.

Force, much prevales; but *Sleight* and *Wit* hath pow'r,
Sometime, to hurle downe *Strength* upon the floore.
Sometimes againe, our *Ingineeres* doe faile;
And, *Blowes*, doe more than *Stratagems*, prevaile.
Though, I, upon mine *honest-Cause* depend,
Another may o'rethrow it, by his *Friend*:
And, hee that boasteth of his *Patrons* grace,
May lose his hopes, if *Bribing* come in place.

To say the Truth, in whatsoever Cause,
Wee by the *Sword* contend, or by the *Lawes*,
There's no event or issue more assured,
Than this, that, losse to both shall bee procured:
And, that, sometime, as well an *innocent*,
As *guilty cause*, may finde an ill event.

Let, therefore, our endeavours be, to strive,
Who, shall hereafter, least occasion give
Of those *contentions*, and of those *debates*,
Which hurt our honor, safetic, or estates:
That, we, a *Conquest*, may be sure to gaine,
And, none repine, at that which we obtaine.



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Embl. 4

THe faithlesse Jew's repining curriſhneſſe,
The bleſſed *Psalmiſt*, fitly did expreſſe,
By *grinning-dogs*, which howling roame by night,
To ſatiſſie their grudging appetite,
Here, therefore by an *Emblem*, wee are ſhowne,
That *God*, (who as hee liſts, beſtows his owne)
Providing ſo, that none may bee unſed,
Do offer to the *Doggs*, the *Childrens* bread.

And, by this *Emblem*, we advised are,
Of their preſumptuous boldneſſe to beware,
W^ho board *God's* *Mercie*; and, have ſhut our ſome
In hope of *Grace*, before the *Night* is come:
Seeing that the *Dogs*, his meat is not denide,
If *God* reſtore, (though not till *Evening* tide.)

Moreover, wee ſome notice hence may take,
That if providon *God*, vouchaſes to make,
For *Lynx*, *Dogs*, and *Rave*s, in their need,
He will his *Lambes*, and ha'mleſſe *Turtles* feed:
And ſo provide, that they ſhall alwayes have
Sufficient, to maintaine the *Life* hee gave.

I ſu'ceſſe, I never merit ſhall,
The *Crannet*, which from thy *Childrens* table fall:
Yet, thou haſt fed, and feed me, *Lord*,
As ſong thy *Children*, at thy *Table* board:
For I have I, there, been fill'd with *Bread* alone,
From the bleſſed *Boſh*, of thy *Sonne*,
My *Soule* hath receiv'd. And, if thou doſt grant
Such favours, *Lord*! what can I feare to want?
For, I could liſt, if thy *Sonne* thou pleaſe to give,
All other things with him, I ſhall receive.

All Flesh, is like the wither'd Hay,
And, so it springs, and fades away.



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book. 4

His *Infant*, and this little *Trusse of Hay*,
When they are moralized, seeme to say,
That, *Flesh* is but a tuft of *Morning-Grasse*,
Both greene, and wither'd, ere the day-light passe.
And, such we truly finde it; for, behold,
Asloone as Man is borne, hee waxeth old,
In Griefes, in Sorrowes, or Necessities;
And, withers ev'ry hour, untill hee dyes:
Now, flourishing, as *Grasse*, when it is growne,
Straight perishing, as *Grasse*, when it is mowne.
If, wee with other things, mans *Age* compare,
His *Life* is but a *Day* (For, equall'd are
His *Teares* with *Houres*: His *Months*, with *Minutes* bee
Fit parallels; and, ev'ry *breathing*, wee
May tearme a *Day*) yet, some, ev'n at the *Nights*
Of that short *Day*, are dead, and witherd quite.
Before the *Morning* of our lives bee done,
The *Flesh* oft fades: Sometime, it growes till *Noone*:
But, there's no mortall *Flesh*, that will abide
Vnparched longer, than till *Evening-tide*.
For, in it selfe, it alwayes carries that,
Which helpeth so, it selfe to ruinate;
That, though it feele, nor *storme*, nor *scorching flame*,
An inbred *Canker*, will consume the same.
Considering well, and well remembreing this,
Account the *Flesh* no better than it is:
Wrong not thine everlasting *Soule*, to cherish
A *Gourd*, which in a moments time will perish.
Give it the tendance, fit for fading *Crops*;
But, for *Hay-harvest*, lose not better hopes.

Make

Make use of Time, that's comming on ;
For, th.it is perisb'd, which is gone.

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ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. 4

T'his Glasse declares, how Time doth passe away ;
And, if the Words, about it, rightly say,
Thy Time that's gone, is lost: and, proote will shew,
That, many find both Words, and Emblem, true.
How fast their Time departs, they best perceive,
From whom it steales, before they take their leave,
Of what they love ; and, whose last *houre* is gone,
Before their chiefest *businesses* are done.

How fast it slides, ev'n they are also taught,
(Too late, perhaps) who never kept in thought
Their *ending-day* ; but, alwayes did presume,
Or, largely hope upon the *Time to come* ;
The *present-houres*, nor thankfully enjoying,
Nor, honestly, nor usefully employing.

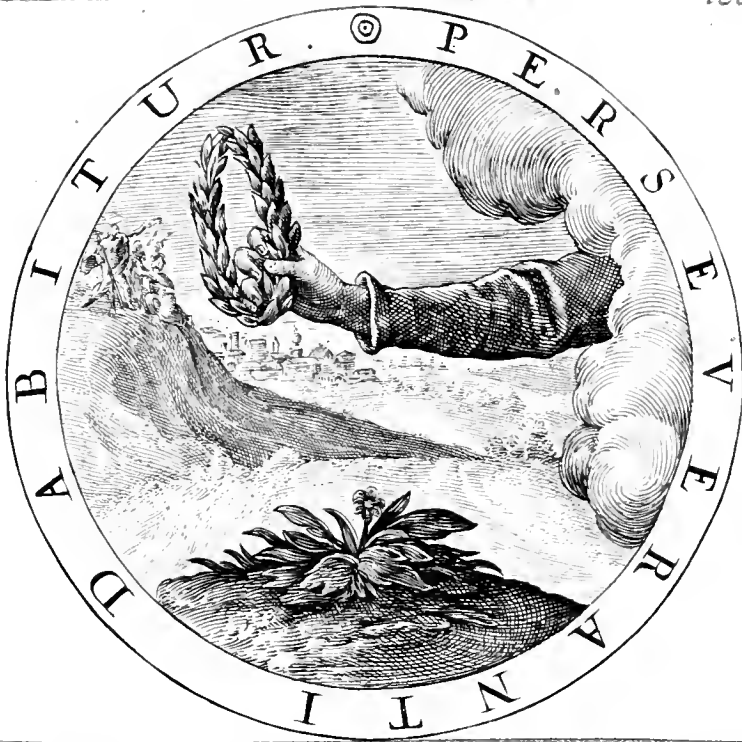
That *yeares expir'd, are lost*, they likewise find :
For, when their understinding brings to mind,
How fondly (or, how ill perchance,) they spent
Their *passed age* ; they see, with discontent,
The *Time*, not onely *lost*, but, worse than so ;
Lost, with a thousand other *Losses* mee :
And, that, when they shall need it, *wealth* nor *pow'r*,
Can purchase them, one *minute* of an *houre*.

Consider this, all ye that spend the *prime*,
The *noone-tide*, and the *twilight* of your *Time*,
In childish play-games, or meere worldly things ;
As if you could, at pleasure, clip *Times* wings,
Or turne his *Glasse* ; or, had a *Life*, or twaine
To live, when you had fool'd out *this* in vaine.

Short is the *presens* ; lost *Times-passed* bee ;
And, *Time to come*, wee may not live to see.

M in

The



ILLVSTR. L.

Book. 4

AN Arme is with a Garland here extended ;
And, as the *Motto* saith, it is intended,
To all that persevere. This being so ;
Let none be faint in heart, though they be slow :
For, he that *creepes*, untill his *Race* be done,
Shall gaine a *Wreath*, aswell as they that *runne*.
This being so ; let no man walke in doubt,
As if Gods *Arme* of *Grace* were stretched out
To some small number : For, whoe're *begins*
And *perseueres*, the profer'd *Garland* winns :
And, God respects no persons ; neither layes
A stumbling blocke in any of our *Waies*.
This being so, let no man think't enough
To set his hand, a little, to the *Plough*,
And, then desist ; but, let him still pursue,
To doe that *Worke*, to which that *Wreath* is due :
For, nor on *Good. beginners*, nor on those
That, *walke halfe-way*, (much lesse on him, that goes
No stepp at all) will God this *gift* conferre ;
But, onely, unto those that *persevere*.

LORD, by thy *Grace*, an entrance I have made
In honest *Pathes* ; and, thy assistance had,
To make in them, some slow *proceedings* too.
Oh grant me, full abilitie, to doe
Thy sacred *Will* ; and, to *beginn*, and *end*
Such *Workes*, as to thy *glory*, still, may tend.
That (*Walking*, and *continuing* in the *Path*,
Which evermore, thine approbation hath)
I may that *Garland*, by thy *grace*, obtaine,
Which, by mine owne *desert*, I cannot gaine.
Glory be to God.



THE FOURTH LOTTERIE.

1

THou, of a noble minde, art thought,
Which, heav'nly things, hath chiefly sought,
And, scorn'ſt thy vertue to debase,
By loving thoſe of lower place.
If ſo, thine *Emblem* doth expreſſe
Thy *Wiſdome*, and thy *worthyneſſe*.
But, if to earthward thou incline ;
Thence, learne *Affections* more Divine.
See, *Emb. I.*

2

Some *words* or *thoughts*, perhaps, of your
Have wrong'd Gods *providence*, or *Pow'r*
Els, you (it may be) to ſome *place*,
Confine his unconfined *Grace* ;
Or, thinke, he never taketh care,
Of any *Realme*, but where you are.
Your *Lot*, now, therefore, doth provide,
To have your *Judgements* rectifide.
See, *Emb. II.*

3

Thou maift be *wiſe*, but, there is, yet,
Some crack, or failing in thy *wit* :
For, thou doſt *perſonaſe* a *part*,
That, ſhoves thee other, then thou *art*.
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, doth declare,
What *Habit*, ſuch deſerve to weare ;
And, that, he merits *Aſſes* eares,
Who *is not*, that, which he *appeares*.
See, *Emb. III.*

4

You have, as yet, much *worke* to doe,
But, you have *little time* thereto :
That, *little*, flies away with ſpeed,
And, you the *Loſſe*, as little heed.
Leſt, therefore, all your time be gone,
Before you duely thinke thereon,
A *memorandum* you have got,
By drawing, of this luckie *Lot*.

See, *Emb.*

IV.

5

Though you, perhaps, no *perill* dread,
 A *mischiefe* hangs above your head;
 By which, you (taking little care)
 May perish ere you be aware.
 To minde you, therefore, to eschew
 Such Miseries as may ensue;
 Your *Lot*, this warning-*Emblem* sent;
 Observe it, and your *harmes* prevent.
 See, *Emb. V.*

6

Thou *fly'st*, in hope, to shun thy grieffe;
 Thou *changest place*, to seeke reliefe;
 And, many blamelesse things are shent
 As, causers of thy discontent.
 But trouble, now, no more thy minde,
 The root of thy disease to finde;
 For, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
 The *Fountaine*, whence thy torments bee.
 See, *Emb. VI.*

M

7

Thou art, or els thou wert, of late,
 Some great, or petty, *Magistrate*;
 Or, *Fortune* thereunto, perchance,
 In time to come, will thee advance.
 But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
 That, when restrain'd, thy *pow'r* shall be,
 Offenders, thereof will be glad,
 And skoffe the *pow'r* which thou hast had;
 Observe it; and be so *upright*,
 That, thou maist laugh at their *despight*.
 See, *Emb. VII.*

8

Promotion thou dost much desire,
 And, spacious *Fortunes* to acquire;
 As if thou thoughtst, thou mightst attaine,
 True *Blessednesse*, by such a *gain*:
 To shew thee, therefore, what event,
 What *happinesse*, and what *content*,
 Such things, will bring vs, at the last,
 An usefull *Object*, now, thou hast.
 See, *Emb. VIII.*

9

Disheartned be not, though thou see,
 Thy *Hopes*, quite frustrate seeme to be;
 For, many *Hopes*, appearing past,
 Have, beene renew'd againe, at last;
 And, grew far greater, then before,
 When, they seem'd lost, for evermore.
Examples, therefore, now are brought,
 That, still, to *Hope*, thou mayst be taught.
 See *Emb. IX.*

M IO

Most men desire to gaine the *Fate*,
Which keeps them safe, in ev'ry state ;
And, you, no doubt, would faine provide,
A *Station*, which might firme abide.
If so you meane ; your *Lot* hath brought,
Some newes of that, which you have sought:
For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,
What men shall most unmooved be.

See, *Emb. X.*

II

You seeme, to wonder, much of late,
That, some goe *backward* in *Estate*,
Who seeme to thrive ; and, why, we finde,
Those *Friends*, who seemed very kinde,
(And, forward, good respects to show)
Doe, now unkinde, and froward grow.
But, when your *Emblem* you shall see,
No wonder, then, such things will be.

See, *Emb. XI.*

12

Thou seek'st a *Conquest* ; or, (at least)
Of such a Pow'r to bee possesse,
As none can conquer ; And, behold,
Thou, in an *Emblem*, shalt be told
The meanes to get thy hearts desire.
Yet, know, that if thou come no nigher,
Then but to *know* the meanes of *blisse*,
The farther off, the *blesing* is.

See, *Emb. XII.*

13.

Thou liv'st, as one who thinks, that, *Fate*
All Actions did *nescesitate* ;
And, that to *doe*, or leave *undone*,
Thy *Busineses*, came all to one.
If, thus thou thinke, perhaps, this *Chance*
May helpe to cure thine *Ignorance* ;
And, thow, when 'twill be, wholly, fit
To *Fate*, our matters, to commit.

See, *Emb. XIII.*

14

Thy Neighbors *house* when thou dost view,
Welsfurnisht, *pleasant*, *large*, or *new*,
Thou thinkst good *LARES*, alwaies dwell,
In Lodgings that are trimm'd so well.
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou art showne,
That (if thou lov'dst what is thine *owne*)
Thatcht Roofes, as true Contentments yeeld,
As those, that are with *Cedar* seeld.
Vaine *Fancies*, therefore, from thee cast ;
And, be content with what thou hast.

See, *Emb. XIV.*

Thou

15

Thou seek'st *Preferment*, as a thing,
Which *East*, or *Westerne-winds* might bring;
And, thinkst to gaine a temp'ral *Crowne*,
By *Powres* and *Vertues* of thine owne:
But, now, thy *Lot* informes from whom,
The *Scepter*, and *preferments* come;
Seeke, thence, thy lawfull *hopes* fruition,
And, cherish not a vaine *ambition*.

See, *Emb. XV.*

16

This *Lot*, though rich, or poore, thou bee,
Presents an *Emblem*, fit for thee.
If *Rich*, it warnes, not to be *proud*;
Since, *Fortunes* favours are allow'd
To *Swinish-men*: If thou be *poore*,
Deject thou not thy selfe, the more;
For, many worthy men, there are,
Who, doe not *Fortunes* Jewels weare.

See, *Emb. XVI.*

17

Thou, dost not greatly care, by whom
Thy *wealth*, or thy *Preferments*, come:
So, thou maist get them, *Foole* or *Knave*,
Thy *prayers*, and thy *praise* may have;
Because, thou dost nor feare, nor dreame,
What disadvantage comes by them:
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
That, *Mischieues*, in their *favours* bee.

See, *Emb. XVII.*

18

You boast, as if it were unknowne,
The power you have were not your owne:
But, had you not an able *Prop*,
You could not beare so high a *Top*;
And, if that *Ayde* forsake you shall,
Downe to the ground, you soone will fall.
Acknowledge this; and, humble grow,
You may be, still, supported so.

See *Emb. XVIII.*

19

This *Lot* of yours doth plainly show,
That, in some danger now you go.
But, *wounds* by *Steele*, yet, feare you not;
Nor *Pistoling*, nor *Cannon-shot*;
But, rather, dread the *shafts* that fly,
From some deepe-wounding *wantons* eye.
Your greatest perills are from thence;
Get, therefore, Armour of defence.

See *Emb. XIX.*

20

Thy Vertues, often, have beene tride,
 To si ide what proofes they will abide:
 Yet, thinke not all thy *Trialls* past,
 Till thou on ev'ry side art cast;
 Nor, feare thou, what may chance to thee,
 If truely, square, thy dealings be:
 For, then, what ever doth befall,
 Nor *harm*, nor *shame*, betide thee shall.

See, *Emb. X X.*

21

Fine *Clothes*, faire *Words*, enticing *Face*,
 With *Masks* of *Pietie* and *Grace*,
 Oft, cheat you, with an outward show,
 Of that, which prooveth nothing so.
 Therefore, your *Emblems* Morall read;
 And, ere too farre you doe proceed,
 Thinke, whom you deale withall, to day,
 Who, by faire shewes, deceive you may.

See, *Emb. XXI.*

22

You, are accus'd of no man, here,
 As, if to any, filse, you were
 In *word*, or *Deed*; and, wilst, we doe,
 Your *Conscience* may acquit you too,
 But, if your selfe you guilty finde,
 (As, unto such a fault inclin'd)
 The crime, already *past*, repent;
 And, what is yet *undone*, prevent.

See, *Emb. XXI I.*

M

23

You haue delighted much, of late,
 Gainst *Womens* ficklenesse, to prate;
 As if this frailty you did find,
 Enrail'd, alone, on *Womankind*:
 But, in your selfe, ther's now and then,
 Great proofes, of wav'ring minds, in men:
 Then, iudge not faults which are unknown;
 But, rather learne to mend your owne.

See, *Emb. XXI I I.*

24

At you *Afflictions*, you repine,
 And, in all troubles, cry, and whine;
 As if, to *suffer*, brought no *loy*;
 But, quire, did all contents destroy.
 That, you might, therefore, *patient* grow,
 And, learne, that Vertues pow're, to know,
 This *Lot*, unto your view, is brought:
 Peruse, and practise what is taught.

See, *Emb. XXI I V.*

25

On out-side *Friends*, thou much reli'st,
 And, *trustest*, o't, before thou try'st;
 By which, if *Cousnage* thou escape,
 Thy *Wit* wee praise not, but thy *Hap*:
 But, left by *trust*, (e're *triall due*)
 Thou, overlate, thy *Trusting* rue;
 Observe the *Morall* of thy *Lot*,
 And, looke that thou forget it nor.

See, *Emb. XXV.*

26

By this your *Lot*, it should appeare,
 That, you your selfe are too severe;
 Or, have, by some, perswaded bin,
 That, ev'ry *Pleasure* is a *sinne*.
 That, wiser therefore, you may grow,
 You have an *Emblem*, now, to show,
 That, *Hee*, whose wisdom all men praise,
 Some time, layes downe his *Bow*, and *playes*.

See, *Emb. XXVI.*

27

Thou little heedst how *Time* is lost,
 Or, how thine *Howres* away doe post;
 Nor art thou mindfull of the day,
 In which thy life, will breath away.
 To thee this *Lot*, now, therefore, came,
 To make thee heedfull of the same.
 So, of thy *Dutie*, let it mind thee, (thee.
 That, thou maist *live*, when *Death* shall finde

See, *Emb. XXVII.*

28

A safe-abiding, wouldst thou know,
 When *Seas* doe rage, and *winds* doe blow?
 If so; thine *Emblem* shewes thee, where
 Such *Priviledges* gained are.
 Observe it well; then, doe thy best,
 To bee a *Yongling*, in that nest
 There *Moraliz'd*; and, mocke thou not
 At what is taught thee, by this *Lot*.

See, *Emb. XXVIII.*

29

Beleeve not, alwayes, as thy *Creed*,
 That, *Love-profess*, is *Love-indeed*;
 But, their *Afflictions* entertaine,
 Who in thy *need*, firme *Friends* remaine.
 Perhaps, it much may thee concerne,
 This *Lesson*, perfectly, to learne.
 Thine *Emblems* morall, therefore, view,
 And, get true *Frienas*, by being, *true*.

See, *Emb. XXIX.*

30

The *Conscienc*es, of some, afford
 No Lawfull use unto the *Sword*:
 Some dreame, that, in the time of peace,
 The practise of all *Armes* may cease;
 And, you, perhaps, among the rest,
 With such like fancies are possesst.
 However, what your *Morall* sayes
 Observe; and, walke in blamelesse wayes.
 See, *Emb.* XXX.

31

A better *Fortune* you might gaine,
 If you, could take a little *paine*:
 If you have *Wealth*, you should have more,
 And, should be Rich, (though you are *poore*)
 If to the *longings* you have had,
 A true *endeavour* you would adde:
 For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,
 Such, as your *Paines*, your *Gaines* will be,
 See, *Emb.* XXXI.

32

When any troublous Time appeares,
 Your *Hope* is ouercome, with *fear*es,
 As, if with every *Floud* of *Raine*,
 The *World* would quite be drown'd againe.
 But, by your *Emblem*, you shall see,
 That, *Sunshine*, after *Stormes* may be:
 And, you this *Lot*, (it may be) drew,
 In times of neede, to comfort you.
 See, *Emb.* XXXII.

33

When, you to ought, pretend a right,
 You thinke to winne it by your *might*.
 Yea, by your strength, your purse or friends,
 You boast to gaine your wished *Endes*:
 But, such *Presumptions* to prevent
 You to an *Emblem* now are sent
 That, shoves, by whom he *Victor* growes,
 That winnes, by giving overthrowes.
 See, *Emb.* XXXIII.

34

If, truly *temperate*, thou be,
 Why should this *Lot*, be drawne by thee?
 Perhaps, thou either dost exceed,
 In costly *Robes*; or, drinke, or feede,
 Beyond the *meane*. If, this thou finde,
 Or, know'st, in any other kinde,
 How thou offendest by *excesse*,
 Now, leave off, that *intemp'ratnesse*.
 See *Emb.* XXXIV

35

Thou hop'st, to climbe, to honor'd *heights*,
 Yet, wouldst not passe through stormes or *streights*;
 But, shun'st them so, as if there were
 No way to *blisse*, where *troubles* are.
 Lest, then, thou lose thy hop'd-for praise,
 By, seeking wide, and easie wayes;
 See what thine *Emblem* doth disclose.
 And, feare not ev'ry *winde* that blowes.

See, *Emb.* XXXV.

36

Sometimes, it may be, thou dost finde,
 That, God, thy *prayers*, doth not minde,
 Nor, heede, of those *Petitions* take,
 Which, men and *Congregations* make.
 Now, why they take so ill effect,
 Thou, by our *Morall*, maist collect:
 And, by the same, shalt also see,
 When, all thy *suits* will granted be.

See, *Emb.* XXXVI.

37

Thou, hast been very forward, still,
 To *punish* those, that merit ill;
 But, thou didst never, yet, regard
 To give *Desert*, her due *Reward*.
 That, therefore, thou maist now have care,
 Of such *Injustice*, to beware,
 Thine *Emblem*, doth to thee present,
 As well *Reward*, as *punishment*.

See, *Emb.* XXXVII.

38

Thou, either hast a *babling tongue*,
 Which, cannot keepe a *secret*, long;
 Or, shalt, perhaps, indanger'd growe,
 By such, as utter all they know.
 In one, or other, of the twaine,
 Thou maist be harm'd; and, to thy gaine,
 It may redound, when thou shalt see,
 What, now, thine *Emblem*, counsels thee.

See, *Emb.* XXXVIII.

39

By this, thy *Lot*, we understand,
 That, somewhat, thou hast tooke in hand,
 Which, (whether, further, thou *Proceed*
 Or quite *desist*) will danger breed.
 Consider, then, what thou hast done,
 And, since the *bazzard* is begun,
 Advised be to take the *Course*,
 Which may not make the danger worse.

See, *Emb.* XXXIX

40

The *Destinies*, thou blamest, much,
 Because, thou canst not be so rich,
 As others are: But, blame no more
 The *Destinies*, as heretofore ;
 For, if it please thee to behold,
 What, by thine *Embleme*, shall be told,
 Thou, there, shalt find, which be those *Fates*,
 That, keepe men low, in their *estates*.

See, *Emb. XL.*

41

Thou thinkst, that thou from *faults* art free;
 And, here, unblamed thou shalt be.
 But, if to all men, thou wilt seeme
 As faire, as in thine owne esteeme,
 Presume thou not abroad to passe,
 Vntill, by ev'ry *Looking-Glasse*,
 Which, in thy *Morall*, is exprest,
 Thou hast, both *Minde*, and *Body* drest.

See *Emb. XL I.*

42

Some, *labour* hardly, all their daies,
 In painefull-profitable wayes ;
 And, others taste the sweetest *gaine*,
 Of that, for which these tooke the *paine* :
 Yet, these, they not alone undo,
 But, having *robd*, they *murder* too.
 The wrongs of such, this *Emblem* shewes,
 That, thou mayst helpe, or pitty those.

See, *Emb. XL II.*

43

Thou, often hast observ'd with feares,
 Th' *aspects*, and *motions* of the *Starres*,
 As if, they threatned *Fates* to some,
 Which, *God* could never save them from.
 If this, thy dreaming Error be,
 Thine *Emblems* *Morall* shewes to thee,
 That, *God* restraines the *Starry-Fates*,
 And, no mans harme, *necessitates*.

See, *Emb. XL III.*

44

Thou, hast provoked, over long,
 Their *patience*, who neglect the wrong ;
 And, thou dost little seeme to heede,
 What *harme* it threats, if thou proceed.
 To thee, an *Emblem*, therefore, shewes,
 To what, *abused-Patience* growes.
 Observe it well ; and, make thy *Peace*,
 Before to *Fury*, *Wrath* increase.

See, *Emb. XLIV.*

45

Thou hast the helps of *Natures* light ;
Experience too, doth ayde thy fight :
 Nay more, the *Sun* of *Grace-divine*,
 Doth round about thee daylie shine ;
 Yet, *Reasons* eye is blind in thee,
 And, clearest *Objects* cannot see.
 Now, from what cause, this *Blindnesse* growes
 The *Morall* of thine *Emblem* showes.

See, *Emb.* XLV.

46

Thy *cause*, thy *Money*, or thy *Friend*,
 May make thee forward to *contend* ;
 And, give thee *Hopes*, that thy *intents*,
 Shall bring thee prosperous *events*.
 But view thy *Lot* ; then, marke thou there,
 'T hat *Victories* uncertaine are ;
 And rashly venture not on that
 Whole *End* may be, *thou knowest not what*.

See, *Emb.* XLVI.

47

To them who grudgingly repine,
 As soone as their *estates* decline,
 This *Lot* pertaines ; or, unto those,
 Who, when their neighbour needy growes,
 Contemne him ; as if he were left,
 Of *God* ; and, of all *hopes* bereft.
 If this, or that, be found in thee,
 Thou, by thy *Morall*, taught shalt be,
 That, there is none so ill besped ;
 But may have hope, he shall be fed.

See, *Emb.* XLVII.

48

Thy *Flesh* thou lov'st, as if it were,
 The chiefest *Object*, of thy *Care* ;
 And of such value, as may seeme,
 Well meriting, thy best esteeme.
 But, now, to banish that conceit,
 Thy *Lot* an *Emblem* brings to fight,
 Which, without flattery, shewes to thee
 Of what regard it ought to be.

See, *Emb.* XLVIII.

49

It may suspected be, thou hast,
 Mispent the *Time*, that's gone and past ;
 For, to an *Emblem* thou art sent,
 That's made, such folly to prevent :
 The *morall* heed ; Repent thy *Crime* ;
 And, Labour, to *Redeeme the Time*.

See, *Emb.* XLIX.

With

50

With good applause thou hast begunae,
 And, well, as yet, proceedest on :
 But, e're the *Lawrell*, thou canst weare,
 Thou to the End ma't *persevere*.
 And, lest this darie, be forgot,
 Thou hast a *Caveat*, by this *Lot*.

See, *Emb. L.*

51

Although, this time, you drew it not,
God Fortune, for you, may be got.
 Perhaps, the *planets* ruling now,
 Have cast no good *Aspects* on you.
 For, many say, that, now and then,
 The *Starres* looke angerly on men :
 Then, try your *Chance* againe anon ;
 For, their displeasure soone is gone.

52

If, by your *Lot* you had beene prais'd
 Your minde, perchance, it would have rais'd,
 Above the *meane*. Should you receive
 Some check, thereby, It would bereave
 Your *Patience*: For, but few can beere,
Reproofes, which unexpected are.
 But, now prepar'd you have beene,
 To draw your *Lot* once more begin ;
 And, if another *Blancke* you get,
 Attempt your *chance*, no more, as yet.

53

To crosse your hopes, *Misfortune* sought ;
 And, by your *Lot*, a *Blanck* hath brought :
 But, he who knew her ill intent,
 Hath made this *Blanck* her spight prevent ;
 For, if that *Number* you shall take,
 Which these two *signes*, backward, make,
 And view the place to which they guide ;
 An *Emblem*, for you, they provide.

54

These *Lots* are almost *Ten to One*
 Above the *Blankes*, yet, thou hast none.
 If thus thy *Fortune* still proceed,
 Tis *Ten to One* it well thou speed.
 Yet, it thou doe not much neglect,
 To doe, as *Wisdome* shall direct,
 I is a *Thousand* unto *ten*
 But all thy *Hopes* will prosper, then?

55

It seemes, Dame *Fortune*, doth not know,
 What *Lot*, on thee, she should bestow ;
 Nor, canst thou tell, (if thou mightst have
 The choice) what *Fortune*, thou shouldst crave.
 For, *one thing*, now, thy minde requires ;
 Anon, *another* it desires.
 When Resolution thou hast got,
 Then, come againe, and draw thy *Lot*.

56

The *Chance*, which thou obtained hast,
 Of all our *Chances*, is the last ;
 And, casting up the totall *summes*,
 We finde thy *Gain*e, to *Nothing* comes.
 Yet if it well be understood,
 This *Chance* may chance to doe thee good ;
 For, it inferres what *Portion* shall,
 To ev'ry one, (at last) befall ;
 And warnes, while *something*, is enjoyd,
 That, well it (alwaies) be imployd.

FINIS.





*A Table for the better finding out of the
principall things and matters, mentioned in
these Foure Bookes.*

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O o 2



A Superfedeas to all them, whose custome
it is, without any deserving, to importune
Authors to give unto them their
Bookes.

IT merits nor your Anger, nor my Blame,
That, thus I have inscrib'd this *Epigram*:
For, they who know me, know, that, *Bookes* thus large,
And, fraught with *Emblems*, do augment the Charge
Too much above my *Fortunes*, to afford
A *Gift* so costly, for an *Aerie-word*:
And, I have prov'd, your *Begging Qualitie*,
So forward, to oppresse my *Modestie*;
That, for my future ease, it seemeth fit,
To take some Order, for preventing it.
And, peradventure, other Authors may,
Find Cause to thanke me for't, another day.

These many years, it hath your *Custom* bin,
That, when in my possession, you have seene
A *Volume*, of mine owne, you did no more,
But, *Aske* and *Take*; As if you thought my store
Encreast, without my Cost; And, that, by *Giving*,
(Both *Paines* and *Charges* too) I got my living;
Or, that, I find the *Paper* and the *Printing*,
As easie to me, as the *Bookes* Inventing.

If, of my *Studies*, no esteeme you have,
You, then abuse the *Courtesies* you crave;
And, are *Vnthankfull*. If you prize them ought,
Why should my *Labour*, not enough be thought,
Vnlesse, I adde *Expences* to my paines?
The *Stationer*, affords for little *Gaines*,
The *Bookes* you crave: And, He, aswell as I
Might give away, what you repine to buy:
For, what hee *Gives*, doth onely *Mony* Cost,
In mine, both *Moxy*, *Time*, and *Wit* is lost.
What I shall Give, and what I have bestow'd
On Friends, to whom, I *Love*, or *Service* ow'd,
I grudge not; And, I thinke it is from them,
Sufficient, that such *Gifts* they do esteeme:
Yea, and, it is a *Favour* too, when they
Will take these *Trifles*, my large *Dues* to pay;
(Or, *Aske* them at my hands, when I forget,
That, I am to their *Love*, so much in debt.)

But, this inferres not, that, I should bestow
The like on all men, who, my *Name* do know;
Or, have the Face to aske: For, then, I might,
Of *Wit* and *Mony*, soone be begger'd quite.

So much, already, hath beene *Beg'd* away,
(For which, I neither had, nor looke for pay)
As being valn'd at the common Rate,
Had rais'd, *Five hundred Crowes*, in my Estate.

Which

Which, (if I may confesse it) signifies,
That, I was farre more *Liberall*, than *Wise*.

But, for the time to come, resolv'd I am,
That, till without denyall (or just blame)
I may of those, who *Closh* and *Clothes* do make,
(As oft as I shall need them) *Aske*, and *Take*;
You shall no more befoole me. Therefore, *Pray*
Be Answer'd; And, henceforward, keepe away.



A Direction, shewing how they who are so
disposed, shall find out their Chance, in the
Lotteries aforegoing.

TUrne about one of the *Indexes* in the Figures, which are in the following Page, without casting your eyes thereupon, to observe where it stayeth untill your hand ceaseth to give it motion. If it be the upper *Figure*, whose *Index* you moved; than, that *Number* whereupon it resteth, is the number of your *Lot*, or *Blancke*.

This being knowne, move the other *Index* in like manner, and that *Quarter* of the said *Figure* whereon the same standeth (when your hand is taken away) sheweth in which of the foure Bookes, or *Lotteries*, that *Chance* is to be expected, whereunto your *Number* doth send you, whether it be *Lot*, or *Blancke*. If it be any Number above Fifty, it is a *Blancke Chance*, and you are to looke no further. If it be any of the other *Numbers*, it sends you to the *Emblem* answering to the same *Number*, in the *Booke* next before the same *Lotterie*.

If the letter *M.* be placed before the allotted *Number*; then, that *Lot* is proper onely to a *Man*: If *W.* stand before it, it is proper onely to a *Woman*: If there be no letter, it is indifferent to both *Sexes*: And, therefore, when a *Man* or *Woman* happneth on a *Chance* impertinent to their proper *Sexe*, they are then, to take the next *Chance* which pertaineth properly to their *Sexe*, whether it be *Blancke* or *Lot*; the triall whereof, I have thus contrived, without the use of *Dice*; lest by bringing them into fight, they might, sometimes, occasion worse *Gaming*.

*If King, Queene, Prince, or any one that springs
From Persons, knowne to be deriv'd from Kings,
Shall seeke, for Sport sake, hence to draw their Lot;
Our Author sajes; that, hee provided not
For such as those: Because, it were too much
For him, to find out Fortunes, fit for such,
Who, (as hee thinkes) should, rather, Ayde supply
For him, to mend his evill Fortunes by.
To them, hee, therefore pleased is to give
This noble, and this large Prerogative;
That, they shall chuse from hence, what Lots they please,
And make them better, if they like not these.*

*All other Personages, of High degree,
That, will professe our Aushors friends to be,
This Freedome, likewise, have; that till, they find
A Lot, which is agreeing to their mind,
They shall have libertie, anewe, to try
Their sought-for Chance: And, ev'ry time, apply
The Morrals they disliked, unto those,
Which are, ill-quall fide, among their Foes.
All others, who this Game, adventure will,
Must beare their Fortunes, be they Good, or Ill.*

