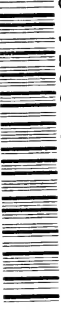


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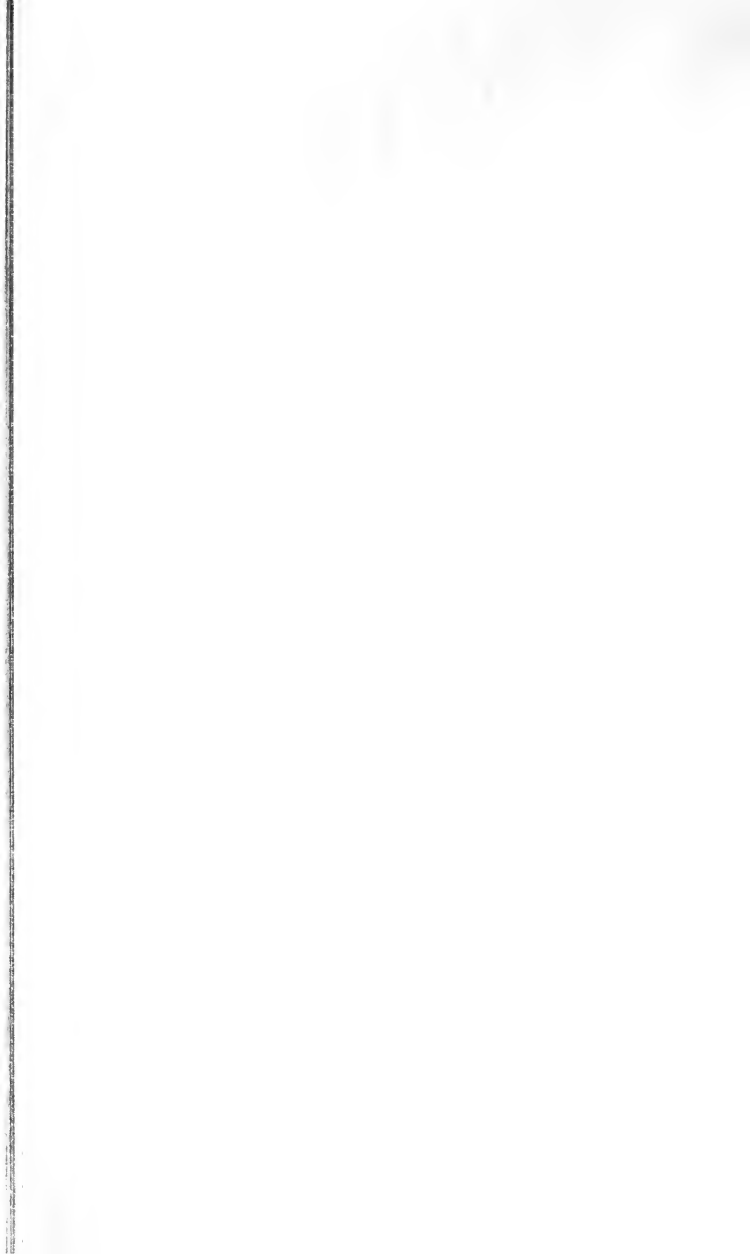


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I



EDMUND HALLEY.

*From a Picture by Vandike in the Collection of
the Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon*

Facetiae.

III

urum Deliciæ :

or,

The Muses Recreation.

containing severall pieces of poetique wit.

By Sr. J. M. and Ja: S. 1656.

Wit Restor'd,

in severall select poems, not formerly publish't. 1658.

Wits Recreations,

selected from the finest fancies of moderne muses.

with a thousand out-landish proverbs. 1640.

The whole diligently compared with the Originals; with all the Wood Engravings, Plates, Memoirs, and Notes.

New Edition.

With additional Notes, Indexes, and a portrait of Sir John Mennis, Kt.

In two Volumes.

Vol. I.

London :

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.

5346
1902

ADVERTISEMENT.

OF the poets of the Restoration there are none whose works are more rare than those of Sir John Mennis, and Dr. James Smith. The small volume entitled "*Musarum Deliciæ or the Muses Recreations*," which contains the productions of these two friends, was not accessible to Mr. Freeman when he compiled his "*Kentish Poets*;" and has since become so rare that it is now only to be found in the cabinets of the curious.*

A reprint (limited to 150 copies) of the "*Musarum Deliciæ*," together with several kindred pieces of the same period, appeared in 1817, forming two volumes of *Facetiae*, edited by Mr. E. Dubois, author of "*The Wreath*," &c., and these volumes have in turn become exceedingly scarce.†

The publisher has therefore ventured to put forth the present New Edition, in which it will be found that, while nothing has been omitted, great pains have been taken to render it more complete and elegant than any that has yet appeared. The type, plates, and woodcuts of the originals have been accurately followed, and the notes of the editor of 1817 considerably augmented. Indexes have also been added, together with a portrait of Sir John Mennis from a painting by Vandyke in Lord Clarendon's collection.

* This small volume, a 12mo of 101 pages, realized £2 13s. at the sale of the Rev. T. Corser's library by Messrs. Sotheby and Co. in 1870, and has since fetched £3 10s.

† A copy was recently catalogued at £5 5s.

P R E F A C E

T O

T H E E D I T I O N O F 1817.

T H E S E F A C E T I Æ , or *drolleries*, having been committed to the care of the present editor by the publishers, who were desirous of a limited reprint of them for the convenience and satisfaction of the curious in such rarities of "th' olden time," it now becomes his duty more minutely to explain the nature of the undertaking.

It is here proposed to form two volumes of three distinct publications ; M U S A R U M D E L I C I Æ ; W I T R E S T O R ' D ; and W I T ' S R E C R E A T I O N S . The first and second are given entire, as they appear in editions 1656 and 1658. The third, *Wit's Recreations*, is reprinted after the collation of four editions, 1640-41-54 and 63, for the purpose of bringing together in one body all the various articles spread throughout, and not to be found in any one edition. For instance, there are many pieces in ed. 1640 that are not in 1641, many in 1641 not in 1640, and many in 1640 and 1641 not in 1654, and *vice versâ*. The edit. 1663* is a reprint of 1654, with a

* There are, as the editor reads in the *Censura Literaria*, two later editions, one of 1667 and the other of 1683, but he has been unable to

small addition towards the end, from "*On a patched up Madam,*" to "*The farewell to love and to his mistress,*" inclusive. The first edition, 1640, contains neither the plates,* nor the *Fancies and Fantasticks*, nor the lines "*ad Lectorem.*"

The titles to these books are replete with delightful promise. *Musarum Deliciæ* is potently attractive; *Wit's*

meet with them. A MS. note remarks that the frontispiece in edit. 1667 is retouched, and *Marshall's* name erased. It is to be observed that the date at the end of ed. 1654 is 1667.

* This statement was made on the authority of several copies of the date 1640, when the editor accidentally met Mr. P. BLISS, of St. John's, Oxford, to whom he is obliged for the information, that the copy 1640, in the *Bodleian*, has a *frontispiece*, which differs from the one here engraved in the following particulars. The two compartments on the right (as it is viewed) of the plate 1640, represent, the one above, a beehive and a swarm, with the words "*non nobis*" inscribed on it; and the lower one, "*windy musick,*" such as a bag-pipe, flute, trumpet, &c. On the opposite page is an explanation in twelve verses, where, instead of the couplet:

"This *foole*, that *knave*, stands here to th' view of others,
"To shew that in the book th'ave many brothers,"

are introduced, or rather there stood originally, these four lines explanatory:

"*These painefull Bees, presented to thy view,*
"Shewes th' Author works not for himselfe, but you.
"The windy musick, that salutes thine eye,
"Bespeakes thine care, thy judgement standing by."

The title on the table in the middle runs thus:

"WITTS RECREATIONS, selected from the finest fancies of moderne Muses. With a Thousand out-Landish Proverbs."

These *Proverbs*, a copy in the valuable collection of Mr. JAMES PERRY has, with his kind permission, supplied.

Recreations exceedingly fascinating: and *Wit Restor'd* is enough to make one jump for joy. The reader really "*stupet in TITULIS.*" Yet is it to be feared that what was said of *Sulpicia's*, often but too truly describes our author's

"——— DELICIAS, FACETIASQUE.

"*Cujus Carmina qui bene aestimarit,*

"*Nullam dixerit esse nequiores.*"

It is confessed that there are pieces, which display some very poetical and harmonious numbers, and it may also be affirmed that there is no want of wit and pleasantry, but the lack of grace and *bienséance* is superabundant; for which it may be doubted whether by any, except the black-letter tribe, *Sir William Pady's* excuse will be received:

"——— I dare assure 'em,

"Though't be *contra modestiam*, 'tis not *contra naturam.*"

Mus. Del. p. 69.

No apology is necessary to those for whom this publication is almost exclusively intended, as the editor has frequently remarked that very grave collectors can smile with infinite complacency on impurities in an old book, no particle of which would for an instant be endured by them in a new one. This love and reverence for the antique mother is not however peculiar to them, as it is not rarely seen in classical old gentlemen of much piety and worth, who, though they would frown the utterer of an English *double entendre* into dust, will chuckle at and enjoy a quotation from Juvenal, or Horace, or certain Latin epigrams, which, if translated and delivered in societies, by

no means puritanical, would speedily send the speaker on his travels by the nearest outlet, door or window.

The wits of other days were remarkably facetious and happy in the formation of *title-pages*; like signs at a fair, they are often the best part of the exhibition; and there you may stop if you please—

“*Lemmata si quæris cur sint adscripta, docebo :
“ Ul, si malueris, lemmata sola legas.”*”

To the title and frontispiece of a copy of “*Witts Recreations*, 1641,” is suffixed this couplet in MS.

“*Take my advice, no further look,
“ This only page is worth the book,”*”

which seems to have been borrowed from some other title-page, probably more worthy of it. But as these titles are such important matters, it will be just not to defraud the reader of the variety of the editions of *Witts Recreations*.

Edit. 1641.

“WITS RECREATIONS. Containing
630 Epigrams.
160 Epitaphs.

Variety of { Fancies
 and
 Fantasticks

Good for melancholly humours.

MART. *Non cuique datur habere nasum.*

London, Printed by Thomas Cotes, for Humphry
Blunden at the Castle in Corn-hill. 1641.”

Edit. 1654.

“RECREATION for ingenious Head-peeces. Or a PLEASANT GROVE for their Wits to walk in.

Of { Epigrams 700.
Epitaphs 200.
Fancies, a number.
Fantasticks, abundance.

With their addition, multiplication, and division.

MART. *Non cuique datur habere nasum.*

London, Printed by M. Simmons, in Aldersgate-Street,
1654.”

At the end we have the date “1667.”

Edit. 1663 differs from the last in nothing but the date, and “S.” for M. Simmons. The date 1663 is repeated after *Finis.*

WIT'S RECREATIONS being a mass of *jeux d'esprit*, written and collected at various periods, it would be idle to attempt to speak of the authors; but the editor has given some account of Sir JOHN MENNIS and Dr. JAMES SMITH, which, as their names respect the *Musarum Deliciæ*, and *Wit Restor'd*, will, it is hoped, at this hour of the day, be found reasonably satisfactory.

Notes might be written, as they have been in better cases, to a surfeit, supplying a gloss to obsolete terms, explaining allusions, and pointing out borrowers, who have exercised all the freedom of Englishmen, perfectly uncontaminated with their honesty.* This would here however be “*in tenui*

* This literary freebooting has always obtained, but it undoubtedly appears in a very uncommon point of view, when we find some of

labor," and very small the glory. Still, as a specimen, which may be agreeable to those, who make researches into such trifles, for there are yet some, who praise

“————— a note

“More than the verse, on which the Critic wrote,”*

a few illustrative comments shall be offered.

Remembering the fatal consequence of scouring the CONNOISSEUR'S *Roman Vase*, the editor has not presumed to brush off any of the sacred dust from these volumes. Here is the ancient metal with all its precious *æru*go—the spelling and what not being carefully preserved, and sent forth, according to the edition printed from, with rarely a single imperfection removed to warrant the gentlest sigh of doting lamentation.

“CARMINE. *The very mutilations of this piece are worth all the most perfect performances of modern artists.*

BARON DE GRONINGEN. Upon my honour, 'tis a very fine bust ; but where is *de* nose ?

our most approved *Irish Bulls* in the *astreia* of HIEROCLES, *the platonic philosopher!* Take, for a sample, the first in his collection, which shall be given in his own words, as it can have no claim to novelty in any other shape.

Σχολαστικος κολυμβαν βουλομενος παρα μικρον επνιγη. Ωμοσεν ουν μη ἀψασθαι ὕδατος, εαν μη πρωτον μαθη κολυμβαν.

* LORD BYRON'S *Thoughts suggested by a College Examination.* 1807.

NOVICE. The nose ; what care I for the nose? Where is
de nose? Why, sir, if it had a nose, I would not give six-
 pence for it—*How the devil should we distinguish the works*
of the ancients, if they were perfect?" FOOTE'S *Taste*, act ii.

This is the inscription, which these authors ought to have
 placed over their threshold :

Si quis tam ambitiosè tristis est, ut apud illum in nullâ
paginâ Latinè loqui sat est, potest TITULO contentus esse.
Epigrammata illis scribuntur, qui solent spectare Florales.
Non intret CATO theatrum nostrum.

MART. *Epist. ad Lectorem.*

January, 1817.

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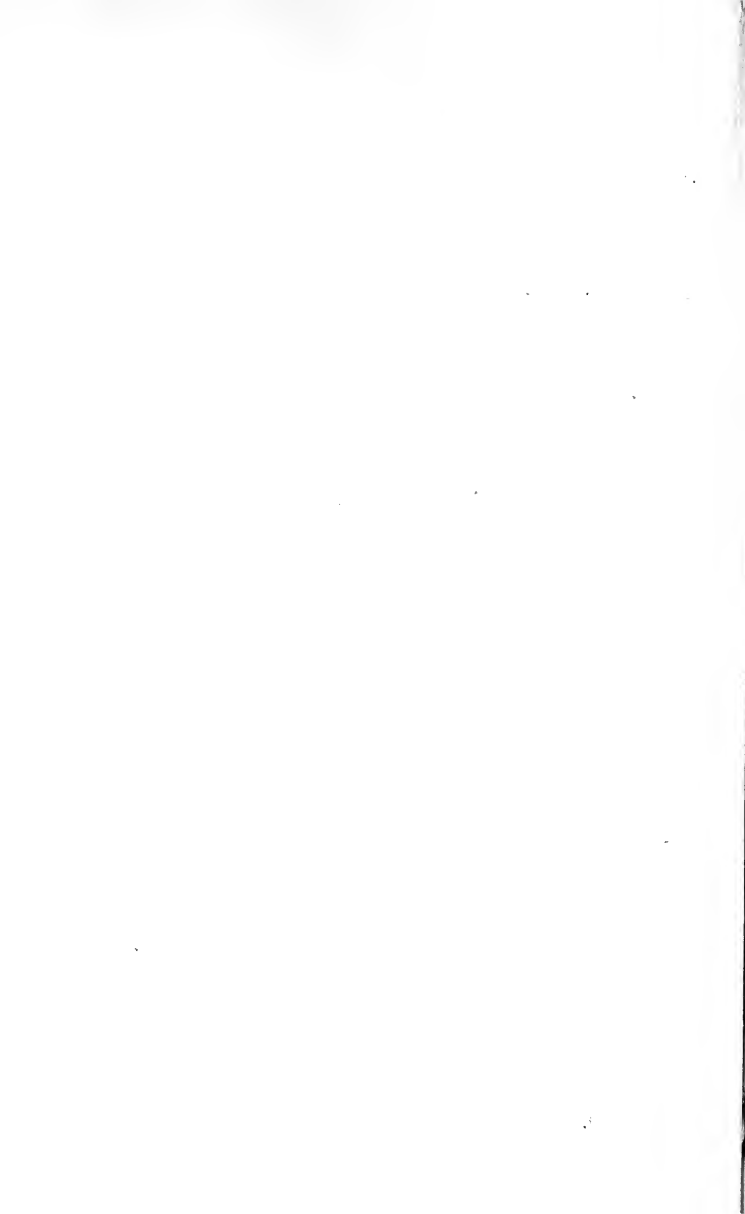
MEMOIRS

OF

SIR JOHN MENNIS,

AND

DR. JAMES SMITH.



MEMOIRS OF SIR JOHN MENNIS.

THE slight memoirs, which we have to present of Sir John Mennis, (as the name is properly spelt) are collected from ANTHONY WOOD ; with such additions as our best researches could supply.

“JOHN MENNES, the third son of *Andrew Mennes*, Esq. ; (by Jane, his second wife, daughter of *John Blenchendon**, Esq. ;) son of Matthew Mennes, was born in the parish of S. Peter, in Sandwich, in Kent, on the 11th of May, 1598, and was educated in grammar learning in the free-school there. In the 17th year of his age, or thereabouts, he became a Com. of Corp. Ch. Coll. where continuing for some years did advance himself much in several sorts of learning, especially in humanity and poetry, and something in history. Afterwards he became a great traveller, a most noted seaman, and as well skilled in marine affairs, in building of ships, and all belonging thereunto, as any man in his time. In the reign of King James I. he had a place in the Navy-office,

* Blenchenden is the spelling, and not Blenchendon, as Wood writes it. The Blenchendens are an ancient family of Monkton, in the Isle of Thanet ; but we believe that this John Blenchenden was of Aldington, in Kent, who married his cousin Frances, daughter of Thomas Blenchenden, Esq., of Monkton, widow of Thomas Epps, of New Romney, Kent, and widow and relict of Nich. Robinson. So says the monument of this “modest gentlewoman,” who had issue by each of her husbands. She died Dec. 25, 1611, wanting only twenty-eight days of forty-eight years : and what may perhaps be thought a little oddly expressed on the marble, “*She enjoyed three Husbands.*”—*Ed.*

and in the reign of King Charles I. was made Controller of it.* In 1636 I find him a militia captain, and in 1639 he was captain of a troop of horse in the expedition against the Scots. In 1641 I find him a vice-admiral, and by that title did he receive the honour of Knighthood from his Majesty at Dover, in the month of February the same year. Afterwards upon the breaking out of the rebellion, he closely adhered to the cause of his majesty, and in 1642 I find him captain of a ship called the *Rainbow*, for his majesty's service, while Robert, Earl of Warwick, was vice-admiral, but how long he continued in that employment I cannot tell; sure I am that when his majesty's cause declined, he left the nation, and for a time adhered to Prince *Rupert*, while he roved on the seas against the usurpers in England; who being unsuccessful, he retired to King Charles II. in exile, took his fortune as other royalists did, yet always in a gay, cheerful, and merry condition. After the return of his majesty from his exile, he was made governor of *Dover† Castle*, and had the place of Chief Comptroller of the *Navy* conferred on him, which he kept to his dying day, being accounted by all that knew him to be an honest and stout man, generous and religious, and well skilled in physic and chymistry. This person, who was always poetically given, and therefore his company was delightful to all ingenious and witty men, was author of the greater part of a book entit.

“MUSARUM DELICLÆ: or, *the Muses recreation*, containing several pieces of poetic wit. Lond. 1655. oct. 2d. edit. 1656. JAMES SMITH, whom I have mentioned under the year 1667, had so great a hand in that book that he is esteemed the author almost of half of it. *Sir John Mennes* hath also written :

“*Epsom Wells*, a poem, printed in qu. and divers other poems, scattered in other men's works. He hath also extant a mock poem on *Sir Will. Davenant* and his *Gondibert*; and did assist, as I have been credibly informed, *Sir John Suckling* in the composition of some of his

* 1661, Nov. 2nd.—“At the office all the morning; where *Sir John Minnes*, our new Comptroller, was fetched by *Sir Wm. Pen* and myself from *Sir Wm. Batten's*, & led to his place in the office. The first time that he had come thither, and he seems in a good fair condition, and one that I am glad hath the office.”—*Pepys' Diary*.

† Not Dover but Walmer. “Captain of *Walmer Castle*. *John Mennes*, appointed Nov. 10. 1637.”—*Hasted, Kent*. Aug. 11, 1662—“Petition of *Sir John Mennes*, governor of *Walmer Castle*.”—*Calendar of State Papers*.

poetry; on whom, and his fine troop of horse that ran away, when they were to engage with the enemy, he wrote a scoffing ballad. At length, he having lived beyond the age of man, concluded his last day in the *Navy Office*, in *Seething Lane*, within the city of London, on Saturday, the 18th of February, 1670: whereupon his body was buried at the upper end of the chancel of the church of *S. Olaves*, in *Hart Street*, on the 27th day of the same month. Soon after was a neat monument erected over his grave, with an inscription thereon, much becoming the person for whom it was set up. His eldest brother, which his father had by his first wife *Elizabeth Warham**, was named *Matthew†*, who was created Knight of the Bath at the coronation of K. Charles I. The second was named *Thomas*, who was buried in the church of *S. Peter*, in *Sandwich*, in Jan. 1631."—*Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 482.

We have, out of respect for Anthony Wood, transcribed all that he has said on this head, and more might be added from other sources, but we refrain from giving any further taste of the family tree.

After a diligent search through all the histories of the civil wars, and the state papers, we can gather nothing to our purpose prior to the *Restoration*, except from LORD CLARENDON.

Of the revolt of the fleet in the reign of Charles I. his lordship observes:

"The rear-admiral, *Sir John Mennes*, who was of unquestionable integrity, and Captain *Burly*, were the only two who refused to submit to the Earl of Warwick, the Parliament high-admiral. They were quickly discharged, and set on shore, and the rest, without any scruple or hesitation, obliged themselves to obey the Earl of Warwick in the

* No doubt related to *Archbishop Warham*.—*Ed.*

† *Sir Matthew Mennis* is, in *Anstis Garter's Observations* introductory to an *Historical Essay upon the Knighthood of the Bath*, erroneously called *Sir Matthew Monins*. The *Mennis* family bore gules, a chevron vairy azure and or, betw. three leopards' faces of the last; and were mentioned in a visitation of Kent by the heralds in 1619. *Hasted*, the Kentish historian, had the MS. but it was burnt.—*Ed.*

service of the parliament : so that the storm was now over, and the parliament fully and entirely possessed of the royal navy and militia by sea, for they quickly disposed of two other honest captains, Kettleby and Stradlin, whom they could not corrupt, who guarded the Irish seas, and got those ships likewise in their service. And thus his majesty was without one ship of his own in his three kingdoms, at his devotion."

This noble fidelity is a lasting honour to Sir John and the three brave captains, who durst remain loyal and true in a time of universal treason. When Prince Rupert undertook the care of the little but faithful fleet, which he had collected together, he appointed Sir J. Mennis commander of the *Swallow*, a ship of which he had many years before been captain. This squadron sailed to Helvoetsluys, but the prevailing party defeated the great object of the expedition. Sir John afterwards appears to have been appointed to co-operate with the loyal Colonel Penruddock, in the revolt against Cromwell, but the cause was weakly supported, and terminated in the ruin of several on land—happily Sir John was safe. He continued with his sovereign till the Restoration, when his merit was well remembered. The gaiety of his spirits, and his mental abilities, greatly assisted his interest. Nautical men are generally sent to sea with very little learning ; but he, being both a scholar and a gentleman, was probably the most accomplished seaman in the fleet, with the exception of the Earl of Sandwich, who was able to distinguish himself by his pen and his pencil, as well as by his sword, as his MSS. abundantly testify. By these MSS. it is evident that his lordship highly valued Sir John *Minns*, as he writes the name. In 1661-2 he was with that nobleman at Tangier, when a mole was to be formed

there. In 1662 we find him with Lord Sandwich at Lisbon, to whose court he went to receive *Catherine*, the infanta, the consort of Charles II. We here see him employed in taking and valuing the jewels, which composed a part of the queen's fortune. At this period he was vice-admiral of the fleet, and without doubt received some valuable presents, as well from the court of Portugal, as from his own. Whatever his gallantry, however, it must have been put exceedingly to the test by the *Portuguese maids of honour*, who accompanied her majesty to England, for they seem to have been carefully and most skilfully selected for their extreme ugliness.

We hear little of him after this time, when indeed his age and services required retirement. He had outlived the wits of his youthful days, and England was more strange to him than the continent, where he had spent so large a portion of his life. Were it worth the enquiry, many notices of him and Dr. SMITH might perhaps be found in the writings of their contemporaries*. Neither Sir John, nor any of his family, sat in parliament after the return of Charles II.

The monument referred to by Anthony Wood is fixed to

* In *Sir John Denham's* poems is an epistle "To *Sir John Mennis*, being invited from Calais to Bologne to eat a pig." It begins thus :

" All on a weeping Monday
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
Little *Admiral John*
To Bologne is gone," &c.

And in *Rich. Fleckno's Diarium*, 1656, are these lines :

—" our English *Dr. Smith*,
Whose muse so bonny is and blithe ;
Or, in fine, of *Sir John Mennis*,
For excellence yieldeth not to anys."

the south angle of the chancel wall in the church of St. Olave, Hart Street, and bears this inscription :

Hic situs est
 D. Johannes Mennesius Eq Aurat. Sandovisi Cantianus
 Andræ Mennes Ar (Matthæi filii) filius
 Ex Janâ Johannis Blenchenden Ar Filiâ
 Vir probus, Fortis, Benignus, Pius
 Rei, Medicæ, Chymicæ, Poeticæ, Gnarus
 Omnium quibus notus deliciæ
 Vix adultus orbis omnes ferè oras appulit
 Situs Regiminis comercii, morum explorator
 Terrâ marique et peduelles
 Jacobo, Carolo primo & secundo Regibus
 Hypparchus, Strategus, Hypo-Thalarsiarcha
 Rei Classiariæ Inspector summus ;
 Variis et arduis confectus ;
 Claræ prosapiæ decus nominis ultimus
 Natus 1 Martii 1598
 18^{vo} Febr 1670 Denatus

The *Censura Literaria*, vol. iv. p. 398–9, quotes a curious tract, entitled “A Relation of this Insurrection,” 1650, 12mo. by Matthew Carter, which relates to the Kentish insurrection, 1648, in favour of the king, in which Sir John was implicated; and also gives, from *Topogr.* iii. p. 154, this epitaph on a mural tablet at Nonington, Kent, to the memory of his wife :

Hic sunt depositæ Janæ reliquiæ
 Ab antiqua generosorum Liddellorum familia oriundæ
 Ex castello de Ravensworth in agro Dunelmensi
 Johannis Mennes Equitis aurati
 Anglo-Cantiani conjugis, maris Anglicani Vice-Admiralli.
 Illa, absente sub velis Marito Regiis
 Reginam ex Gallia Mariam revehentibus
 Apud Fredville Johannis Boys armigeri occumbens
 Hospitali istius humanitate
 Hic inhumatur
 In sacram dilectissimæ consortis memoriam
 Mariti pietate hoc marmor erigitur.
 Nata anno circiter 1602, Julii 23, 1662, Denata.

Arms, Mennes, impaling arg. fretty gules on a chief of the second, three leopards' heads for Liddle.

The will of Sir John Mennis, of which an abstract is here given, is deposited in the Principal Registry of the Court of Probate, Doctors' Commons.

Sir John Mennes, Kt., dated 15 May, 1669. "All my messuages, lands, tenements, &c., in Loughton or elsewhere in co. Essex, holden of the manor there, to my nephew Francis Hammon, son of my late sister, Mary Hammon, deceased, and to his heirs for ever ; also to said Francis Hammon my right, &c., in the moiety of the rectory of Woodnesborrow in Kent, on condition that he assign to my executrix his lease of the rectory and Grange of Walmer, in said co. Kent, my said executrix, her executors, &c. to hold same to use of my niece Mrs. Jane Moyle, wife of Anthony Moyle, Esq., for her life, remainder to use of her children living at her decease, my executrix to expend £100 in placing out to some good calling John Moyle, son of said Jane Moyle ; to my niece, the Lady Heath, my great Portugal jewell containing 180 diamonds set in gold ; to my goddaughter Margaret Heath, daughter of mysaid niece Heath, a small gold cross with seven diamonds in it, and the monie due as a bond of Col. Robt. Phillipps ; to Mrs Turner, wife of Mr. Thos. Turner, of Deptford in Kent, £100 ; to my servant, George Arrington, £20 ; and each other servant half a year's wages ; to building and repairing the parish church of St. Peter in Sandwich, co. Kent, £50 ; to my cousin, John Cason the elder, of Woodnesborrow, co. Kent, Esq., £50. Appoint executrix my niece, Elizabeth Hammon, one of the daughters of my said late sister, Mary Hammon, deceased, and give her residue of all my personalty."

Proved 9th March 1670-1 by executrix.

MEMOIRS OF Dr. JAMES SMITH.

JAMES SMITH, son of Tho. Smith, rector of Merston, in Bedfordshire, and brother to Dr. Tho. Smith, sometimes an eminent physician of Brasen Coll. was born," says Wood, "in the said town of Merston, matriculated as a member of Ch. Ch. in Lent term 162 $\frac{2}{3}$, aged 18 years, and soon after was transplanted to *Linc. Coll.*, where he continued for some years a commoner. Thence he was preferred to be chaplain at sea to *Henry*, Earl of Holland, who was admiral of a squadron of ships sent for a supply to the Isle of Ree. Afterwards he was domestic chaplain to Tho. Earl of Cleveland, who had an especial respect for him for his ingenuity and excellent parts. In his service he continued six years, had a benefice in *Lincolnshire* which he kept for a time, and in 1633 took the degree of Bach. of Div. by accumulation, being then much in esteem with the poetical wits of that time, particularly with *Philip Massenger*, who called him his son, *Will. D'avenant*, *John Mennes*, &c. From his benefice in *Lincolnsh.* he removed to *Kings Nympton*, in *Devonsh.*, and leaving a curat there, he went as chaplain to the before-mentioned Earl of Holland, lieutenant-general of the English forces in the first expedition against the *Scots*. Returning

thence soon after, he settled at Kings Nympton, where he resided during all the changes of government, by compliance with the power that was uppermost. After his majesty's return he was made one of the canons of *S. Peter's* cathedral in *Exeter*, archdeacon of *Barnstaple*, chaplain to *Edw.* Earl of Clarendon, and in July, 1661, he was actually created Doct. of Divinity. In the next year he became chauntor of *Exeter*, in the place of Dr. S. Ward, promoted to the episcopal see of that place, and in 1663 was presented to the rectory of *Alphyngton*, in Devonshire, (at which time he resigned Kings Nympton, and his archdeaconry), where he finished his course. His chief works that are of poetry, are in

“MUSARUM DELICIE: or, the *Muses Recreation*, containing several pieces of poetic wit. *Lond.* 1656, oct. second edit. and also in another book, entit.

“WIT RESTORED, in several select Poems. *Lond.* 1658. oct. Which book, I say, is mostly of our author *Smith's* composition. At the end of which is his translation, or poem, called *The innovation of Penelope and Ulysses*, a mock poem. *Lond.* 1658. oct. And at the end of that also, is *Cleveland's Rebel Scot*, translated into Latin. He also composed

“Certain *Anthems*—not the musical, but poetical part of them—which are to this day used and sung in the cath. ch. at *Exeter*. At length paying his last debt to nature at *Alphyngton*, on the 20th day of June, 1667, his body was conveyed to Kings Nympton before mentioned, and was buried in the chancel belonging to the church there, near to the body of *Elizabeth*, his first wife. Over their graves was soon after put a comely monument, with an inscription

thereon (enlarged after the death of his second wife, who died four years after him) the contents of which shall now for brevity's sake be omitted." *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 398.

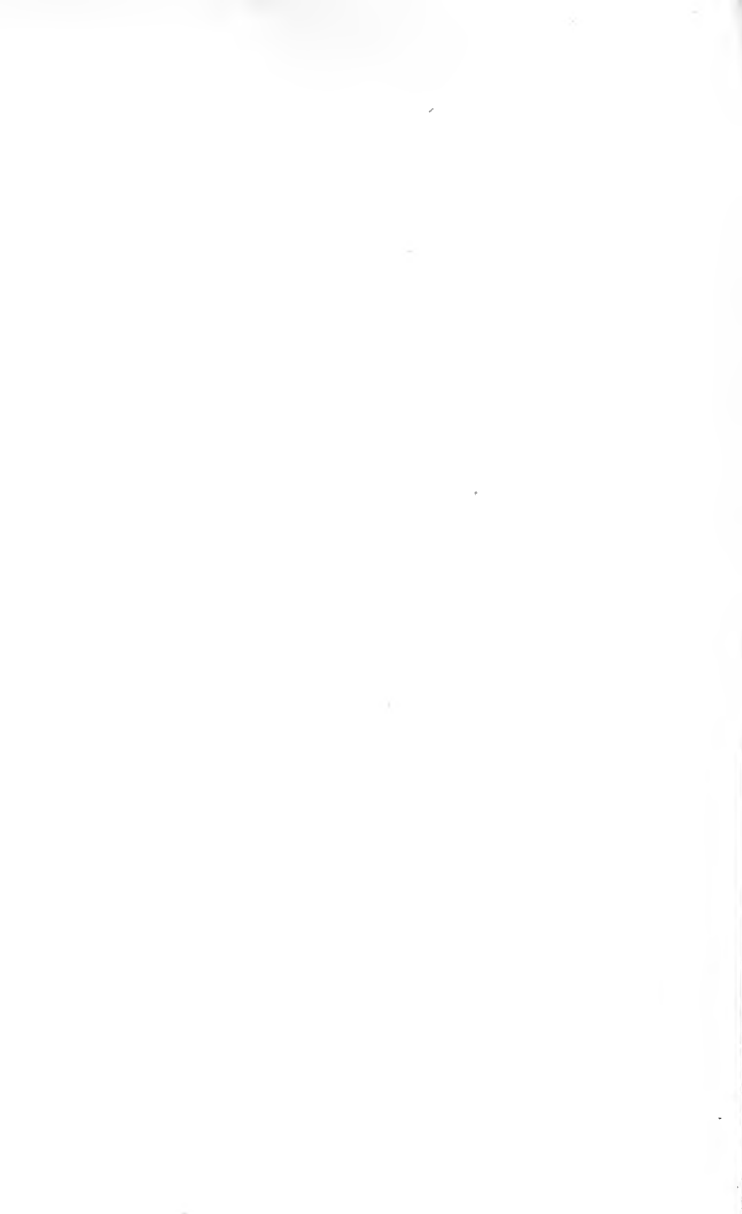
The name of *Smith* is so common that it almost defies the possibility of identifying persons. We have no means of consulting the history of any part of *Bedfordshire*, whence he sprung, and Ritson's Survey of *Devon*, the county in which he died, says nothing of him. The place, where he lies buried, is now spelt *King's Nympton*. His easy compliance with the times, not making him a *Confessor*, is the reason why he is unnoticed by either party. Walker and Calamy leave him and his history in silent neglect. Le Neve, in his *Monumenta Anglicana*, makes no mention of him, nor does Smith, in his obituary, either touch on him or *Sir John Mennis*: and, what is more surprising, their works are omitted in the *Catalogue* of the most vendible Books in England, printed in London 1658. Bishop White Kennet, in his Register and Chronicle Ecclesiastical and Civil, notices him as S. T. P. and as installed precentor of the church of Exeter by proxy Feb. 7, 1661, and in person April 12, 1662, and agrees with Wood and Isaak, in his *Antiquities of the City of Exeter*, in the date of his decease.

Dr. Smith lived in cheerless times, and amongst a sour people. Mirth was then a mortal sin, and however innocent a fair, fat, laughing face might be, it was considered as the portrait of Lucifer; and poetry, except Sternhold and Hopkins', (if that be an exception) as little less than the sign of a reprobate mind, void of all grace. It is strange that he had the hardihood to publish his poems during the usurpation; but the restoration was at hand, when such a

muse could breathe freely, in an atmosphere perfectly congenial to her.

Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba est—seems, from all we can learn of them, very applicable to Sir J. Mennis and Dr. Smith; and it must be owned that the admission leaves an abundance to marvel at in a “*religious*” Knight, and a *Doctor of Divinity*.





OR,

THE MUSES
RECREATION.

Conteining severall select
Pieces of Poetique VVit.

The Second Edition.

By S^r J. M. and J^a: S.



LONDON,

Printed by J.G.for *Henry Herringman*, and are
to be sold at his Shop, at the Signe of the
Anchor in the New Exchange, 1656.





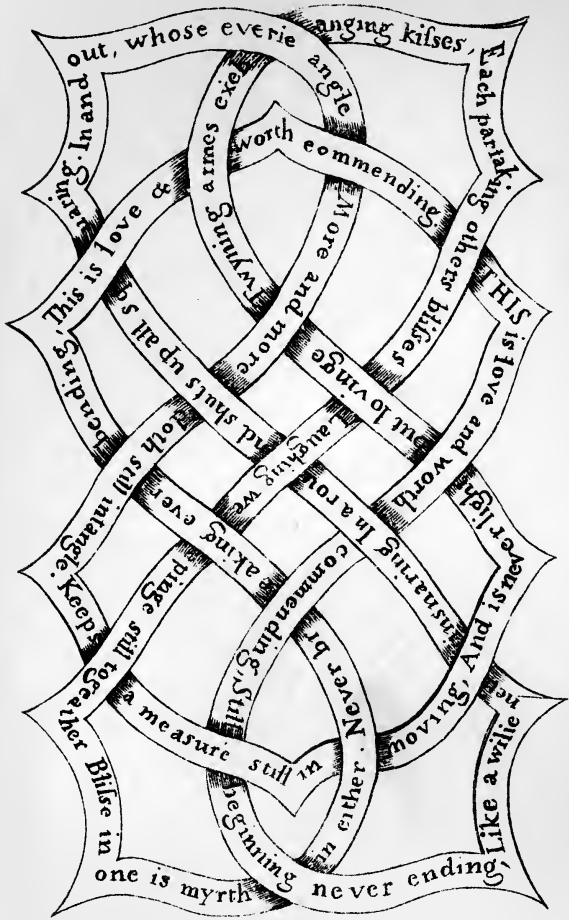
THE
STATIONER

TO THE
CANDID AND COURTEOUS READER.

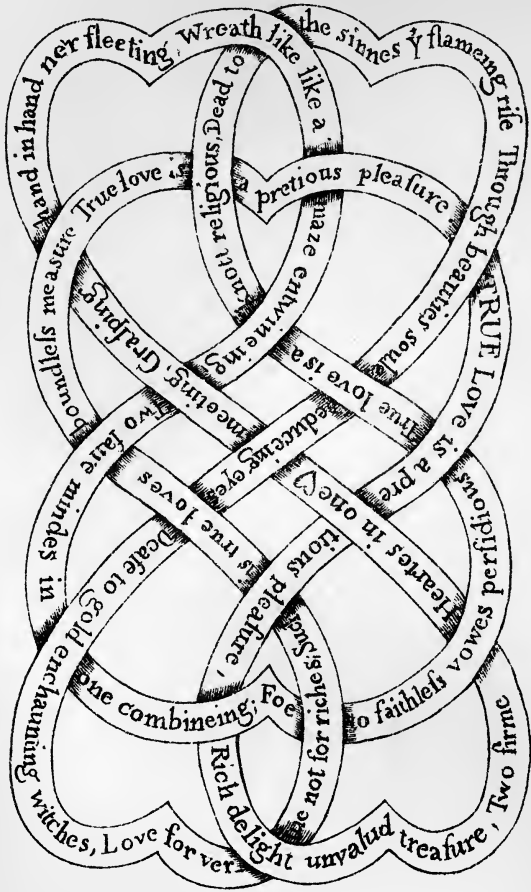
THE following lines once more present themselves unto your view, being confident in their owne ingenuity and innocence : That kinde reception which they generally found in their first impression, is encouragement enough to put them upon this second adventure : To your hands may this finde an easie and a welcome accesse. The worke speakes its owne worth, and stands in need of no encomiums : That it may prove an addition to your contentment, is the ambition and designe of

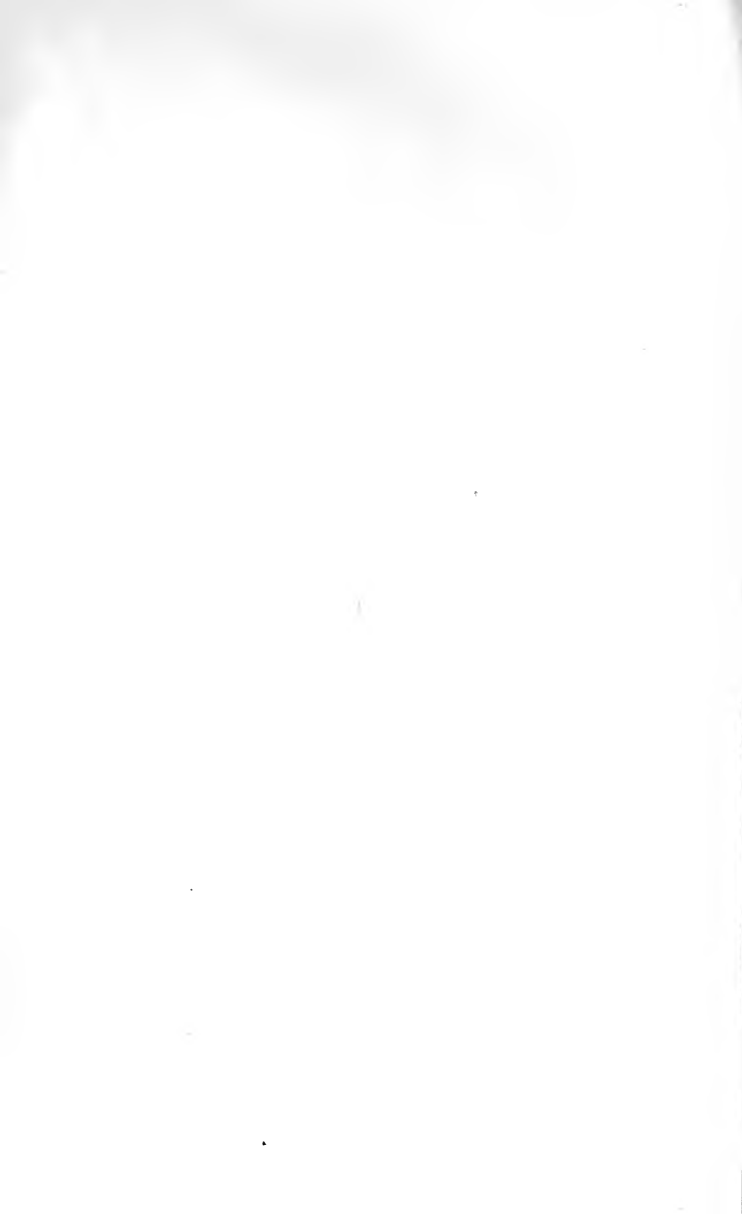
H. H.











Time that all things doth inherit,
Rankers each desert his merit,

Without protesting,
Youth is best combined,
With youth is best combined,

Each one with his like is twined,
Beauty should have braver
Meaning, liver that hope
Gives cause,

Contesting, Faith is faith
I love not with
Love's

Playing, Do so
Love to love
Else each
it will be burning

Never yet was found
O then let my plaints be
Loving,

Such a face so fine a feature,
Kindest, fairest, sweetest creature,

Let fates be tying,
I came to love & leave
Loving Endless knots

Such a face so fine a feature,
Kindest, fairest, sweetest creature,

Let fates be tying,
I came to love & leave
Loving Endless knots

Let fates be tying,
I came to love & leave
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MUSARUM DELICIAE:

OR,

The Muses Recreation.

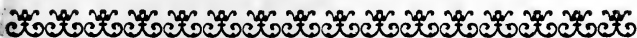
*To Parson WEEKS. An Invitation
to London.*

How now, my *John*, what, is't the care
Of thy small Flock, that keeps thee there?
Or hath the Bishop, in a rage,
Forbid thy coming on our Stage?
Or want'st thou Coyn? or want'st thou Steed?
These are impediments indeed:
But for thy Flock, thy Sexton may
In due time *ring*, and let them *pray*.
A Bishop, with an Offering,
May be brought unto any thing.
For want of Steed, I oft see Vic
Trudge up to Town with hazle stick;
For Coyn, two Sermons by the way,
Will Host, Hostesse, and Tapster pay.
A willing minde pawns Wedding-ring,
Wife, Gown, Books, Children, any thing.

No way neglected, nought too deare
 To see such friends, as thou hast here.
 I met a Parson on the way,
 Came in a Wagon t'other day,
 Who told me, that he ventur'd forth
 With one Tythe Pig, of little worth ;
 With which, and saying grace at food,
 And praying for Lord Carriers good :
 He had arriv'd at's Journeys end,
 Without a penny, or a friend.
 And what great businesse doe you think ?
 Onely to see a friend, and drink.
 One friend ? why thou hast thousands here
 Will strive to make thee better chear.
 Ships lately from the islands came
 With Wines, thou never heardst their name.
Montefiasco, Frontiniac,
Viatico, and that old Sack
 Young *Herric* took to entertaine
 The Muses in a sprightly vein.

Come then, and from thy muddy Ale,
 (Which serves but for an old wife's-Tale :
 Or, now and then, to break a jest,
 At some poor silly neighbour's Feast)
 Rouze up, and use the meanes, to see
 Those friends expect tly wit, and thee.
 And though you cannot come in state,
 On Camels back, like *Coryat* :
 Imagine that a pack horse be
 The Camell in his book you see.

I know you have a fancy, can
Conceive your guide a Caravan.
Rather than faile, speak Treason there,
And come on charges of the Shire ;
A *London* Goal, with friends and drink,
Is worth your Vicaridge, I think,
 But if besotted with that one
Thou hast, of ten, stay there alone ;
And all too late lament and cry,
Th'hast lost thy friends, among them, I.



To a friend upon a journey to Epsam Well.

SIR, though our flight deserves no care
Of your enquiry, where we are ;
Yet for to put you out of doubt,
Read but these Lines, you'l smell us out.
We having at the *Mazard* din'd,
Where Veal and Mutton open chin'd,
Hang on the Shambles ; thence we pace
To *Putney's* Ferry : *Coomes* old Chase
We next pass'd o're, then to the town
Which name of King doth much renowne ;
Where having supp'd we went to bed,
Our selves and Cattell wearied.
Next morning e're the sun appear'd,
Our horses and our selves well chear'd ;

To *Epsam* Well we asked the way,
 Of young and old, of poor and gay :
 Where, after five or six mistakes,
 We found the Spring, neer hid with brakes.
 These waters cleer, two Hermits keep,
 Who alwaies either wake, or sleep ;
 And by alternate courses, wait
 On Man or Beast, if here you bait.
 'Tis here the people farre and neer,
 Bring their diseases and go clear,
 Some drink of it, and in an houre,
 Their Stomach, Guts, and Kidneys scower :
 Others doe Bathe, and Ulcers cure,
 Dry Itch, and Leprosie impure ;
 And what in Lords you call the Gout,
 In poor the Pox, this drives all out.
 Close by the Well, you may discerne
 Small shrubs of *Eglantin* and *Fern*,
 Which shew the businesse of the place ;
 For here old *Ops* her upper face
 Is yellow, not with heat of summer,
 But safroniz'd with mortall scumber.
 But then the pity to behold
 Those antient Authors, which of old
 Wrote down for us, Philosophy,
 Physick, Music, and Poetry,
 Now to no other purpose tend,
 But to defend the fingers end.
 Here lies *Romes Naso* torn and rent,
 Now reeking from the fundament :

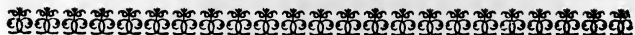
Galens old rules could not suffice,
Nor yet *Hippocrates* the wise.
Not teaching, how to clense, can doe,
Themselves must come and wipe it too.
Here did lye *Virgil*, there lay *Horace*,
Which newly had wip'd his, or her Arse.
Anacreon reeled too and fro,
Vex'd, that they us'd his papers so.
And *Tully* with his Offices,
Was forc'd to do such works as these.
Here lies the Letter of a Lover,
Which piece-meale did the thing discover.
Sonnets halfe written would not stay,
But must necessity obey.
This made us for a while to think,
The Muses here did seldome drink :
But hap what would, we light from stirrup,
And streight descend to drinke the syrrup.
The good old Father takes a cup,
When five times wash'd, he fills it up
With this priz'd Liquor, then doth tell
The strange effects of this new Well.
Quoth he, my friends, though I be plaine,
I have seen here many a goodly train
Of Lords and Ladies, richly clad,
With Aches more then ere I had :
These having drunk a week, or so,
Away with health most jocund go :
Meanwhile the Father thus did prate,
We still were drinking as we sat ;

Till Gut by rumbling, us beseeches,
 My boyes, beware, you'l wrong your Breeches.
 Ah, doth it worke? the old man cryes,
 Yonder are brakes to hide your thighs.
 Where, though 'twere near we hardly came,
 Ere one of us had been to blame.

Here no Olympick games they use,
 No wrestling here, Limbs to abuse,
 But he that gains the glory here
 Must scumber furthest, shite most clear.
 And, for to make us emulate,
 The good old Father doth relate
 The vigour of our Ancestors,
 Whose shiting far exceeded ours.
 Quoth he, doe you see that below?
 I doe, quoth I, his head's now low,
 But here have I seen old *John Jones*,
 From this hill, shite to yonder stones.
 But him Heaven rest, the man is dead,
 This speech of his me netled ;
 With that my head I straightway put
 Between my knees, and mounting scut,
 At chiefest randome, forty five,
 With Lyon's face, dung forth I drive,
 The ayre's divided, and it flies,
 Like *Draco volans* to the skies.
 Or who had seen a Conduit break,
 And at the hole with fury reack :
 Had he but hither took the paine
 To come, had seen it once againe.

Here *Colon* play'd his part indeed,
And over-shit the stones a reed.
Whereat the Father, all amaz'd,
Limps to the place, where having gaz'd
With heav'd up hands, and fixed eyes,
Quoth he ; Dear, let me kisse those thighs,
That prop the taile will carry hence
Our glory and magnificence.
His suit being granted, home he walkes,
And to himselfe of wonders talkes ;
From whence he brings a painted stake,
High to be seen, above the Brake :
And having ask'd my name, he writ
In yellow letters, who 'twas shit,
Which still stands as a Monument,
Call'd Long-taile, from the man of *Kent*.
This being all the first day did,
We home retir'd, where we lay hid
In Alehouse, till another day
Shall prompt my Muse ; then more I'le say.
Till when, take this, to make an end,
I rest your servant, and your friend.





To a friend upon his Marriage.

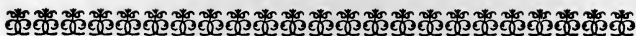
S Ince last I writ, I heare dear honey,
 Thou hast committed Matrimony ;
 And soberly both Morn and Even,
 Dost take up smock in fear of Heaven.
 Alas poor soul, thy marriage vow
 Is as the Rites, unhallowed now :
 Sleighted by Man, ordain'd by Bishop,
 Not one, whom zeal hath scar'd from his shop.
 The Ring prophane, and Surplice foule,
 No better than a Friers Cowl,
 With Poesie vile, and at thy Table
 Fidlers, that were abhominable,
 Who sung, perhaps, a song of *Hymen*,
 And not a Psalm to edifie men.

It is th' opinion of this place,
 Thou canst not get a Babe of Grace.
 This story is sad ; to make amends,
 I'le tell thee news, to tell thy friends.
 You heard of late, what Chevaliers
 (Who durst not tarry for their eares)
 Prescribed were, for such a plot
 As might have ruin'd Heaven knows what :
 Suspected for the same's *Will D'avenant*,
 Whether he have been in't, or have not,

He is committed, and, like Sloven,
Lolls on his bed, in garden Coven ;
He had been rack'd, as I am told,
But that his body would not hold.
Soon as in *Kent* they saw the Bard,
(As to say truth, it is not hard,
For *Will* has in his face, the flaws
Of wounds receiv'd in Countreys cause :)
They flew on him, like Lions passant,
And tore his Nose, as much as was on't ;
They call'd him Superstitious Groom,
And Popish Dog, and Curre of *Rome* ;
But this I'm sure, was the first time,
That *Wills* Religion was a crime.
What ere he is in's outward part,
He is sure a Poet in his heart.
But 'tis enough, he is thy friend,
And so am I, and there's an end.

From *London*, where we sit and muse,
And pay Debts when we cannot chuse ;
The day that Bishops, Deans and Prebends,
And all their friends, wear mourning Ribbands
If this day smile, they'l ride in Coaches,
And, if it frown, then *Bonas Noches*.





*In answer to certaine Letters, which he received
from London, whilst he was engaged to fol-
low the Camp.*

WHat, Letters two, on New-years-day?
 'Tis signe, thy Muse hath leave to play,
 And swelling grape distills his Liquor,
 Which makes thy pulse and muse flow quicker.
 Alas poor Soules ! in Mud we travell,
 And each day vex'd with Martch and Gravel ;
 And when at night we come to quarter,
 Drink, what thou wouldst not give to Porter.
 From Northern soyl, I lately came,
 With Horses two of mine, one Lame ;
 But when I came to house of state,
 Where *quondam* fled his grace in plate ;
 Expecting after journey scurvey,
 Solace, I found all topsie turvy.
 New Orders bid me thence away,
 The people grumble, they want pay ;
 And now, like wandring Knights we wend
 Without a penny, or a friend :
 Our score grows great, from whence we goe,
 And every Alehouse turn'd a foe.
 These give their friends intelligence
 That we are coming, without pence ;
 And those we feare, will shut the door
 At wandring Prince, when known so poor.

However, we march on to morrow,
And here, and there, small summes we borrow.

Judge, if thy Muse could soar so high,
When pinion's clip'd, what Bird can fly ?
No, no, good Wine and ease I'm bar'd of,
Which makes my Muse to come so hard off ;
And hearing fellowes nine in *London*,
Get cash, carouse, while I am undon :
While not one Captaine here will tarry
But *John*, with horse of Commissary ;
And here he spends his time and pence,
Without a hope of recompence,
And scarce sees friends, but such as grutch him,
If he have coyn, they none, they catch him
With that old beaten trodden way,
Jack, canst thou lend, till next pay-day ?
Till now, at length my pocket's grown
Like Nest defil'd, when Bird is flown.

Judge, from such stories, if you can
Expect a Muse from any man.

Yet have I still respects from them,
Who weekly think upon J. M.

To noble *Kenelm*, say, I drink,
And unto Lord of *Downe*, I thinke
The day, when *Janus*, with face double,
Looks on the pass'd and coming trouble.
The first day ever rich or poor,
Wrote forty yeares, and one before.
The House, the Talbot, *Corney* host,
My liquor now, but ale and tost.

*The Answer.*

WHy seeks my friend so vain excuse,
 For the long silence of his Muse ;
 As if her faculty were worse,
 Because joyn'd with an empty purse ?
 Lines may accrew, although the pence
 That use to purchase Influence
 From constellation of *Corney*,
 Be fewer, then will fee Attorney.
 Thou knowst that *Vacuis cantabit*,
 (Ther's Latin for thee, though but a bit)
 Sing then, and let's be free from blame,
 Thy Verse is fat, though horse be lame.
 Seest thou not, *Ovid, Homer, Virgil*,
 With Muse more needy, *John*, then your *Gill*,
 Indite things high, and rest the Ivie,
 From wealthy *Tacitus* and *Livie* :
 From *Cicero*, (that wrote in Prose)
 So call'd, from Rouncival on's nose ?
 For, though 'twas hid, till now of late,
 Yet 'tis a truth, as firme as fate,
 That Poets, when their Money scants,
 Are oft inspired by their wants.
 Want makes them rage, and rage Poetick
 Makes Muse, and Muse makes work for Critick.

As for thy pocket, which thou say'st,
Is like to a defiled Nest,
A Nest, that is of all bereft,
Save what the Cat in Maulthouse left ;
There is a Proverb to thy comfort,
Known as the ready way to *Rumford*,
That, when the pot ore fire you heat,
A Lowse is better than no meat ;
So, in your pocket by your favour,
Something you know, will have some savour.
But soft, the word is now come forth,
We all must pack into the North ;
When minde of Man was set to play,
And riding Boot lay out o'th' way ;
We were commanded in a Minute,
To journey base, the Devil's in it ;
For now I have no more minde to't,
Then is an Apple like a Nut :
Yet look I must for riding tackle,
In corners of my Tabernacle ;
And look, as men for slanders heark,
Or one that gropes in privy darke,
So must I search with fear of minde,
And seek for what I would not finde.
Had I two faces, like to *Fanus*,
(A month that now hath overtane us.)
With one of them I'le smile in Town,
While tother 'mong my foes did frown.
But wishes help not, nor can with-
Hold, from embracing thee, *James Smith*,

Long Aker, from the Angel Tavern,
 Two hundred miles from head of *Severn*.
 Where, for my shillings twain, I dine,
 With Tongue of Neat, far worse then mine :
 The tenth of *January* day durty,
 One thousand, hundreds six, and forty.



Description of three Beauties.

P*Hiloclea* and *Pamela* sweet,
 By chance in one great house did meet,
 And meeting did so joyne in heart,
 That t'one from t'other could not part.
 And who, indeed, not made of Stones,
 Would separate such lovely ones ?
 The one is beautifull, and faire,
 As Lillies and white Roses are ;
 And sweet, as after gentle showers,
 The breath is of ten thousand flowers.
 From due proportion, a sweet aire
 Circles the other, not so faire ;
 Which so her Brown doth beautifie,
 That it inchants the wisest eye.
 Have you not seen, on some bright day,
 Two goodly Horses, White, and Bay,
 Which were so beauteous in their pride,
 You knew not which to chuse, or ride ?

Such are these two, you scarce can tell,
Which is the daintier Bonny bell?
And they are such, as, by my troth,
I had been dead in love with both,
And might have sadly said, goodnight
Discretion, and good fortune quite,
But that God *Cupid*, my old Master,
Presented me a Sovereigne plaister :
Mopsa, even *Mopsa*, pretty Mouse,
Best piece of Wainscot in the House ;
Whose Saffron Teeth, and Lips of Leeks,
Whose Corall Nose, and Parchment Cheeks ;
Whose Past-board forehead, eyes of Ferret,
Breast of brown Paper, Neck of Caret ;
And other parts, not evident,
For which dame nature should be shent,
Are Spells and Charms of great renown,
Concupiscence to conjure downe.
How oft have I been reft of sence,
By gazing on their excellence,
Till meeting *Mopsa* in my way,
And looking on her face of Clay,
I soon was cur'd and made as sound,
As though I never had a wound.
And when, in Tables of my heart,
Love with such things as bred my smart ;
My *Mopsa*, with her face of Clout,
Would in an instant wipe them out :
And when their faces made me sick,
Mopsa would come with hers of Brick,

A little heated by the fire,
And break the neck of my desire.
Now from their face I turne mine eyes,
But (cruel *Panthers*) they surprize
Me with their breath, that incense sweet,
Which onely for the gods is meet ;
And jointly from them doth respire
Like both the *Indies* set on fire,
Which so orecomes mans ravish'd sence,
'That Soules to follow it, fly hence.
Nor such like smell you, as you range
By th'Stocks, or Old, or New Exchange.
Then stood I still as any Stock,
Till *Mopsa* with her puddle Dock,
Her Compound or Electuary,
Made of old Ling, or Caviary,
Bloat Herring, Cheese, or voided Physick,
(Being sometimes troubled with the Tysick)
Did Cough, and fetch a sigh so deep,
As did her very bottom sweep ;
Whereby to all she did impart,
How Love lay rankling at her heart ;
Which when I smelt, desire was slaine,
And they breath forthe perfumes in vaine.
Their Angels voice surpriz'd me now,
But *Mopsa's* shrill ; To whit to whoo
Descending through her hollow Nose,
Did that distemper soon compose.
And therefore, Oh thou vertuous Owle,
The wise *Minerva's* onely fowle :

What at thy shrine shall I devise
To offer up for Sacrifice?
Hang *Æsculapius*, and *Apollo*,
Hang *Ovid* with his precepts shallow:
With patience who will now indure
Your slow and most uncertaine cure,
Seeing *Mopsa's* found, for Man and Beast,
To be the sure *probatum est*?
Oh thou, Loves chiefest Medicine,
True water to Dame *Venus* wine,
Best Cordiall, soundest Antidote,
To conquer Love, and cut his throat;
Be but my second, and stand by,
And I their beauties both defie,
And all else of those Faery races,
That wear infection in their faces;
For I'll come safe out of the Field
With this thy face, *Medusa's* shield.



A journey into France.

I Went from *England* into *France*,
Neither to learn to sing, nor dance,
To ride, nor yet to Fence:
Nor did I goe like one of those
That doe returne with halfe the nose
They carried from hence.

But I to *Paris* rid along
 Much like *John Dory* in the song,
 Upon a holy Tide :
 I on an ambling Nag did get,
 I thinke he is not paid for yet,
 And spurr'd him on each side.

And to S. *Denis* first we came,
 To see the sights at *Nostredame*,
 The man that shewes them snuffles ;
 Where who is apt for to believe,
 May see our Ladies right arme sleeve,
 And eke her old Pantofle.

Her Breasts, her Milk, her very Gown,
 Which she did weare in *Bethlem* town,
 When in the *Inne* she lay ;
 Yet all the world knowes, that's a fable,
 For so good Cloaths ne'r lay in stable,
 Upon a lock of Hay.

No Carpenter could by his Trade
 Gaine so much Coyn, as to have made
 A Gowne of so rich Stuffe ;
 Yet they (poor fools) thinke for their credit,
 They must believe old *Joseph* did it,
 . Cause she deserv'd enough.

There is one of the Crosses Nailes,
 Which who so sees, his Bonnet vailes ;
 And, if he will, may kneel :

Some say, 'tis false, 'twas never so,
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as Steel.

There is a Lanthorne which the *Jewes*,
When *Judas* led them forth did use ;
It weighed my weight down right :
But to believe it, you must think
The *Jewes* did put a Candle in't,
And then 'twas wondrous light.

There's one Saint that hath lost his Nose,
Another's head, but not his Toes,
His Elbow, and his Thumb ;
But when w'had seen the holy rags,
We went to th'Inne, and took our Nags,
And so away did come.

We came to *Paris*, on the Seyn,
'Tis wondrous faire, but nothing clean,
'Tis *Europes* greatest town ;
How strong it is, I need not tell it,
For any man may easily smell it,
That walkes it up and down.

There many strange things you may see,
The Palace, the great Gallery,
Place royal, doth excell :
The New Bridge, and the Statue's there,
At *Nostredame*, Saint *Christopher*,
The Steeple beares the Bell.

Musarum Deliciæ : Or,

For Learning, th'University,
 And for old Clothes, the Frippery,
 The house the Queen did build.
 Saint *Innocents*, whose earth devoures
 Dead Corps, in foure and twenty houres,
 And there *the * King was kill'd.*

The *Bastile* and St. *Denis* street,
 The *Chastelet*, just like *London Fleet*,
 The *Arsenal*, no Toy ;
 But if you'l see the prettiest thing,
 Goe to the Court, and view the King,
 Oh 'tis a hopefull Boy.

Of all his Nobles, Dukes and Peers,
 He's reverenc'd for his wit and years,
 Nor must you thinke it much :
 For he with little switch can play,
 And can make fine Dirt-pies of Clay,
 Oh never King made such.

A Bird that doth but kill a Flye,
 Or prates, doth please his Majesty,
 'Tis known to every one ;
 The Duke of *Guise* gave him a Parret,
 And he had twenty Cannons for it,
 For his new *Galleon.*

* *Hen.* the Great, by *Raviliac.*

Oh that I e're might have the hap
To get the Bird, that, in the Map,
 Is called the *Indian* Ruck ;
I'le give it him, and hope to be
As great as *Guise* or *Luyne*,
 Or else I had ill luck.

Birds round about his Table stand,
And he them feeds with his owne hand,
 'Tis his humility ;
And if they doe want any thing,
They need but chirp for their kind King,
 And he comes presently.

And now, for those rare parts he must
Entituled be, *Lewis* the Just,
 Great *Henries* lawfull heire ;
When to his style, to adde more words,
Th'ad better call him King of Birds,
 Then King of lost *Navarre*.

He hath besides a pretty firk,
Taught him by nature how to worke,
 In Iron, with much ease ;
Sometimes into the Forge he goes,
And there he knocks, & there he blows,
 And makes both Locks and Keys.

Which moves a doubt in every one
Whether he's *Mars* or *Vulcans* Son,
 Some few believe his Mother ;

But let them all say what they will,
I am resolv'd and doe think still,
As much the one as th'other.

'The people doe dislike the youth,
Alledging reason, for, in truth,
Mothers should honour'd be ;
Yet others say, he loves her rather ;
As well as ere she lov'd his Father ;
That's a notorious lye.

His Queen's a little pretty Wench,
Was born in *Spain*, speaks little French,
Not like to be a Mother :
For her incestuous house would not
Have any Children, but begot
By Unkle, or by Brother.

Now why should *Lewis*, being so just,
Content himselfe to take his Lust
With his lascivious Mate,
And suffer his little pretty Queen,
From all her race, that e're hath been,
Once to degenerate ?

'Twere Charity for to be known
Love others Children, as his owne,
And why? it is no shame :
Unlesse that he would greater be
Than was his father *Henry*,
Who (men thought) did the same.

Oft have I perboy'd been with blubbering grief,
 Season'd and sows'd with brine of bitter tears,
 With Salads slic'd, and Lettuc'd up with Beef,
 With Vinegar and Sugar, hopes and feares.
 Undone like Oysters, pepper'd with despair,
 All for this Laundes fair,
 Who now she thinkes, a bitter bit had got
 To furnish her flesh-pot.

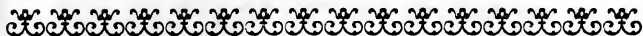
My Kitchen dore, like *Pluto's* gates still ope,
 Down coms this beauteous Queen, like *Prosperpin*,
 I smear'd with soot, and she with suds of Sope,
 Was ever match more necessary seen?
 And faith we swore, I by my Oven and Peel ;
 She by her Starch and Steel ;
 Which sacred Oath I kept, but she hers broke,
 And turned into smoak.

Hartford, now *Hatesford*, which my *Heartsford* was,
 Be ever ruinous, as thou art this day,
 Because thou bredst this well-wash'd Laundry Lass,
 Let *Ware* beguile thee of thy rich road way ;
 And may thy *Craifish* River fall from thee
 As she forsaketh me :
 But he that hath her I doe wish no worse,
 Then a true *Sedgely* curse.

You Chargers from my hands that lustre drew,
 To brighten you to Starres, but spotless faire ;
 Your twinkling Sawcers, Constellations new,
 And glazing Platters, which like Comets are,

Be ever dark, let neither Chalk nor Sand,
Nor the Oily circling hand
For evermore re-kindle you againe,
But mourn you for my pain.

Draw me the bravest Spit that e're was bent
With massy Member of laborious beast ;
Drill me from Mouth to Taile incontinent,
Dresse me and dish me at the Nuptiall Feast,
Thus for her Love and losse ; poor *Hankin* dyes,
His amorous Soule down flies
To th'bottom of the Cellar, there to dwell ;
Susan, farewell, farewell.



*Some Gentlemen shut out of their seats in Pauls,
while they went to drinke.*

NOwnes, Gentlemen, how now ? shut out ?
Must we, mix'd with the zealous rout,
Stand hoofeing on the vulgar stone,
To hear the *Cheuri-illeson* ?
First, Let the Organs, one by one,
Treble their Lamentation ;
And the Quyrises sing, till they
For want of moisture fall to play,
Ere it shall be said, that I
Let my choice devotions fly

Up from hence, in th'foul-mouth'd peal
 Of Prentice Orisons, where my zeal
 Shall stand cheap-rated, faith, for why?
 The best seat's shut, and we put by.
 We did but step aside awhile
 With juyce of Grapes our Lamps to oyl;
 Where staying long, we came too late,
 And shar'd the foolish Virgins fate.
 Yet saw I two or three within,
 Faire Virgins, such as had no sin:
 Or if they had, their worths high rate
 Might it soon transubstantiate
 Into a Vertue, whose least share,
 A branch of holy Saints might wear.
 Should great Saint *Peter* me deny
 Passage, t'enjoy such company,
 We should fall foule, unlesse that he
 Put me to them, or them to me.

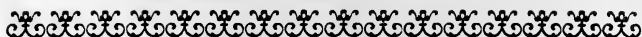


Upon a lame tired Horse.

A Bout the time——
Aurora in her Mantle wrapp'd the clime,
 When the bright Day, and thirsty Sun had quast
 A thousand Flagons, for his mornings draught,

Brim full with Pearly dew ; I got me up,
And tasted freely of a liberall cup ;
Pursu'd my journey, on a Horse as poor
As is a sterved Beggar at the door,
Or *Pharaoh's* leanest Cow ; there was as much
Flesh on his back, as an old mans Crutch.
Now men observing, that I was so fat,
And durst ride on a Horse so lean as that,
Did scoff and jeer me, as I pass'd the way,
And, as I thought did one to th'other say,
The horse has strip'd his flesh, and on his back
Does carry it, as Pedlers doe a Pack.
For I have often seen upon my troth,
Poor ragged Pedlers carry packs of Cloth,
Another swore, that I was some Saint *Paul*,
Because my Horse was so spirituall.
A Clown unto his fellowes cryes, God soes,
I think this Horse has Corns upon his Toes.
Another swore, that I no more did ride,
Then Children, that a Hobby-horse bestride ;
Another said, my horse did sure intend
To tell each step unto his journeyes end.
But, e're I got out of a Lane to th'Heath,
I'le take my oath, they jeer'd my Horse to death.





*Upon a Surfeit caught by drinking bad Sack,
at the George Tavern in Southwark.*

WHO thought that such a storm, *Ned*, when our Souls,
 From the Calme Harbour of Domestick Bowles,
 Would needs aboard the *George*, t'embark our brain,
 To the *Cantabrian* Calenture of *Spain* ?
 Oh hadst thou seen, (and happy are thy eyes
 That did not see) that Fridayes Crudities,
 Such *Hecatombs* of indigested Sack
 Retreated up my throat, oh what a wrack
 'Twas, to a thick-brain'd paper Boat of wit,
 In a Canary voyage to be split ?
 We drank old Lees, gave our heads a fraught,
 Of that *Don Pedro* left in Eighty Eight :
 A bawdy-house would scorne it, 'twas too poor
 For those that play at Noddy on the score.
 Felt-makers had refus'd it ; Nay, I think
 The Devill would abhorre such posset-drink,
Bacchus, I'm sure detests it, 'tis too bad
 For Hereticks, a Friar would be mad
 To blesse such vile unconsecrable stufte,
 And Brownists would conclude it good enough
 For such a Sacrifice : I'd wish no worse
 A draught unto the Ignorant, nor curse
 My foes beyond it. Not a Beads-man sure
 At a Town Funerall would it endure,

Much lesse a Man of sence ; 'twere an affront,
To put an understanding Fur upon't,
Or *Burgo-Mistris*: It is such a thing
Would dam a Vintner at a Christening.
Yet we must quaff these dregs, and be constrain'd
To what the Laety, seven years since disdain'd.
Oh would I might turne Poet for an houre,
To Satyrize with a vindictive power
Against the Drawer : or I could desire
Old *Johnsons* head had scalded in this fire ;
How would he rage, and bring *Apollo* down
To scold with *Bacchus*, and depose the Clown,
For his ill government, and so confute
Our Poet Apes, that doe so much impute
Unto the grapes inspirement ! Let them sit,
And from the winepresse, squeeze a bastard wit,
But I, while *Severn*, and old *Avon* can
Afford a draught ; while there's a *Cider-Man*,
Or a *Metheglenist*, while there's a Cup
Of *Beer* or *Ale*, I do forswear to sup
Of wicked Sack : Thus Solemn I come from it,
No dog would e're return to such a vomit.





The Lowse's Peregrination.

Discoveries of late have been made by adventure,
 Where many a pate hath been set on the Tenter,
 And many a Tale hath been told more then true is,
 How Whales have been serv'd whole, to Saylor's in Brewis.
 But here's a poor lowse, by these presents defies
 The Catalogue of old *Mandevils* Lyes :
 And this I report of a certaine.

My Father and Mother, when first they join'd paunches,
 Begot me between an old Pedlers haunches ;
 Where grown to a Creeper, I know how a pox I
 Got to suck by chance of the bloud of his doxie.
 Where finding the sweetness of this my new pasture,
 I left the bones of my pockified Master,
 And there I struck in for a fortune.

A Lord of this Land that lov'd a Bum well,
 Did lie with this Mort one night in the Strummel,
 I cling'd me fast to him, and left my companions,
 I scorn'd to converse more with Tatterdemalians ;
 But sued to Sir *Giles*, to promise in a Patent,
 That my Heires might enjoy clean Linnen and Sattin ;
 But the Parliament cross'd my Intention.

This Lord that I follow'd delighted in Tennis,
 He sweat out my fat with going to *Venice*,

Where with a brave *Donna*, in single *Duello*,
He left me behind him within the *Burdello* ;
Where lecherous passages I did discover,
Betwixt *Bona Roba*, and *Diego* her Lover,
You'l'd wonder to heare the discourse of't.

The use of the *Dildo* they had without measure,
Behind and before, they have it at pleasure ;
All *Aretines* wayes, they practice with labour,
An *Eunuch* they hate like *Bethlem Gabor*,
Counting the *English* man but as a Stallion,
Leaving the Goat unto the *Italian* :
And this is the truth that I tell you.

Thus living with wonder, escaping the talent,
Of Citizen, Clown, Whore, Lawyer, and Gallant,
At last came a Soldier, I nimbly did ferk him,
Up the greazy skirts of's robustuous Buff Jerkin ;
Where finding companions, without any harm I
Was brought before *Breda*, to *Spinola's* army :
And there I remaine of a certain.

King Oberon's Apparell.

WHEN the Monthly horned Queen
Grew jealous, that the Stars had seen
Her rising from *Endymions* armes,
In rage, she throws her misty charmes

Into the bosome of the night,
 To dim their curious prying light.
 Then did the dwarfish Faery Elves
 (Having first attir'd themselves)
 Prepare to dresse their *Oberon* King
 In highest robes, for revelling.
 In a Cobweb shirt, more thin
 Then ever Spider since could spin,
 Bleach'd by the whitenesse of the Snow,
 As the stormy windes did blow
 It in the vast and freezing aire ;
 No shirt halfe so fine, so faire.

A rich Waistcoat they did bring
 Made of the Trout flies gilded wing,
 At that his Elveship, 'gan to fret,
 Swearing it would make him sweat,
 Even with its weight, and needs would wear
 His Waistcoat wove of downy haire,
 New shaven from an *Eunuch's* chin ;
 That pleas'd him well, 'twas wondrous thin.
 The out-side of his Doublet was
 Made of the four-leav'd true love grasse,
 On which was set so fine a glosse,
 By the oyle of crispy mosse ;
 That through a mist, and starry light,
 It made a Rainbow every night.
 On every Seam, there was a Lace
 Drawn by the unctuous Snails slow trace ;
 To it, the purest Silver thread
 Compar'd, did look like dull pale Lead.

Each Button was a sparkling eye
T'ane from the speckled Adders Frye,
Which in a gloomy night, and dark,
Twinckled like a fiery spark :
And, for coolnesse, next his skin,
'Twas with white Poppy lin'd within.

His Breeches of that Fleece were wrought,
Which from *Colchos Jason* brought ;
Spun into so fine a Yarne,
That mortals might it not discern ;
Wove by *Arachne*, in her Loom,
Just before she had her doom ;
Dy'd crimson with a Maidens blush,
And lyn'd with *Dandelyon* Plush.

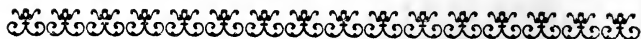
A rich mantle he did wear
Made of *Tinsel Gossamer*,
Bestarred over with a few
Dyamond drops of morning dew.

His Cap was all of Ladies love,
So passing light, that it did move,
If any humming Gnat or Fly
But buzz'd the ayre, in passing by ;
About it was a wreath of Pearle,
Drop'd from the eyes of some poor girle
Pinch'd, because she had forgot
To leave faire water in the pot.
And for Feather, he did weare
Old *Nisus* fatall purple haire.

The sword they girded on his Thigh,
Was smallest blade of finest Rye.

A paire of Buskins they did bring
 Of the Cow Ladye's Corall wing ;
 Powder'd o're with spots of Jet,
 And lin'd with purple-Violet.

His Belt was made of mirtle leaves,
 Plaited in small curious threaves,
 Beset with *Amber* Cowslip studds,
 And fring'd about with Daizy Budds.
 In which his Bugle horne was hung,
 Made of the babbling Eccho's tongue ;
 Which set unto his Moon-burn'd lip,
 He windes, and then his Faeries skip :
 At that, the lazy dawn 'gan sound,
 And each did trip a Faery round.



A Poets farewell to his thred bare Cloak.

C Loak (if I so may call thee) though thou art
 My old acquaintance, prithee now let's part ;
 Thou wer't my equall friend in thirty one,
 But now thou look'st like a meer hanger-on,
 And art so uselesse to me, I scarce know
 Sometimes whether I have thee on or no.
 But this I needs must say, when thou go'st from me,
 These ten years thou hast been no burden to me :
 Yet that's thy accusation ; for if I
 Divorce thee from me, 'tis for Levity.

Thou hast abus'd my Bed, that is, thou hast
Not kept me warme, when thou wer't over-cast.
Transparent garment, proof against all weather,
Men wonder by what art thou hang'st together ;
Nor can the eyes of the best reason pry
Into this new Occult Geometry.
A fellow t'other day but cast his eye on,
And swore I was mantled in *Dent de lion*.
Another ask't me (who was somewhat bolder)
Whether I wore a Love-bagge on my shoulder ?
I feare a fire, as faire maids the small poxe,
And dare not look towards a Tinder-boxe,
Nor him that sells 'em up and downe ; I know,
If he comes neer me, 'tis but touch and goe.
A red-fac'd fellow frights me, though some fear
That w^{ch} makes his *nose* red, makes my *cloak* bare.
They say my thick Back, and thin Cloak appear,
Very like powder'd Beef, and Vinegar.
An other vow'd (whose tongue had no restriction)
It was no garment, but the Poets fiction.
Did ever man discover such a knack,
To walke in *Querpo* with a Cloak on's back !
A very zealous brother did begin
To jeer and say, Sir, your Original sinne
Is not wash'd off (pray do not take it ill)
I see, you weare your Fathers Fig-leaves still.
A Scholar (in an elevated thought)
Protested, 'Twas the Webbe *Arachne* wrought
When she contended with *Minerva* : but
Another Raschal had his finger cut,

And begg'd a piece to wrap about it. Thus
 You see (kind Cobwebs) how they laugh at us.
 Good Cambrick Lawn, depart ; let me not be
 For ever fetter'd thus in Tiffany.

Although I never yet did merit praise,
 I'de rather have my shoulders crown'd with Bays
 Than hung with Cypresse. If this fortune be
 Always dependant on poore Poetry,
 I would my kinder destiny would call
 Me to be one o'th' Clerks of *Blackwell-hall* ;
 For though their easie studies are more dull,
 Yet what they want in wit, they have in wool.
 Once more farewell, these are no times for thee,
 Thick Cloaks are onely fit for knavery.

The onely Cloaks that now are most in fashion
 Are Liberty, Religion, Reformation :
 All these are fac'd with zeal, and button'd down
 With Jewels dropt from an imperiall Crowne.
 He that would Cloak it in the new Translation,
 Must have his Taylor cut it Pulpit-fashion.

Doe not appear within the City ; there
 They minde not what men are, but what they weare.
 The habit speaks the Man. How canst thou thrive
 When a good Cloak's a Representative ?

The Females will not wear thee, they put on
 Such Cloaks as doe obscure the rising Sunne.
 How can'st thou hope for entertainment, when
 Women make Cloaks ev'n of Committee men ?
 Farewell good Cover-wit, upon the bryer
 I'le hang thee up, if any doe enquire

Where his braines were that let his Cloak thus swing,
Tell him, his wits are gone a wool-gathering.

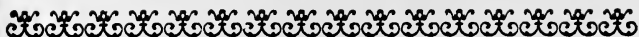


Upon a Fart unluckily let.

WELL Madam, wel, the Fart you put upon me
Hath in this Kingdome almost quite undone me.
Many a boystrous storm, & bitter gust
Have I endur'd, by Sea, and more I must :
But of all storms by Land, to me 'tis true,
This is the foulest blast that ever blew.
Not that it can so much impaire my credit,
For that I dare pronounce, 'twas I, that did it.
For when I thought to please you with a song,
'Twas but a straine too low that did me wrong ;
But winged Fame will yet divulge it so,
That I shall heare of't wheresoe're I goe.
To see my friends, I now no longer dare,
Because my Fart will be before me there.
Nay more, which is to me my hardest doom,
I long to see you most, but dare not come ;
For if by chance or hap, we meet together,
You taunt me with, what winde, Sir, blew you hither?
If I deny to tell, you will not fayle,
I thought your voice, Sir, would have drown'd your Taile ;
'Thus am I hamper'd wheresoe're you meet me,
And thus, instead of better termes you greet me.

I never held it such a heinous crime,
 A Fart was lucky held, in former time ;
 A Foxe of old, being destitute of food,
 Farted, and said, this newes must needs be good,
 I shall have food, I know, without delay,
 Mine Arse doth sing so merrily to day ;
 And so they say he had. But yet you see
 The Foxes blessing proves a curse to me.
 How much I wronged am, the case is cleare,
 As I shall plainly make it to appear.
 As thus, of all men let me be forsaken,
 If of a Fart can any hold be taken :
 For 'tis a Blast, and we Recorded finde,
 King *Æolus* alone commands the winde.
 Why should I then usurp, and undertake
 The Subject of a Royall Prince to make
 My Prisoner? No, but as my duty bindes,
 Leave that command unto the King of windes.
 So, when I found him struggling to depart,
 I freely gave him leave with all my heart.
 Then judge you, gentle Ladyes, of my wrong,
 Am I not well requited for my Song?
 All the revenge that I require is this,
 That you may Fart as oft as e're you pisse ;
 So may you chance, the next time that we meet,
 To vie the Ruffe, and I dare not to see't.

In the meane time, on knees devoutly bended,
 My *Tongue* craves pardon, if my *Taile* offended.

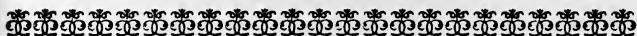
*A young Man courting an old Widow.*

DAME *Hecuba*, fye, be not coy, that look
How it drew up your wrinkles, like a Book
Of *Vellam*, at a fire? glazen your eyes
And view this face, these limbs, here vertue lies
Restorative, will make you smooth and straight,
As you were in the sixth of *Henry* th'eighth.
Come, let us kisse, that solitary Tusk,
As Garlick strong, but wholsomer then Musk,
Invites me neerer yet ; the hottest fires
Ne're scorch'd, as doe your ashes my desires.
Time was, I've heard my Grandfather report
When those eyes drew more company to Court
Then hope of Honour ; they have vertue still,
And work upon my breast, for as they dril
That humour down your yawning cheeks, my blood
Grows dull, congeals, & thickens with your Mud.

Somewhat you'd say now ! I perceive your gums
Are labouring for't, as when we brace our Drums,
To make them sound the better : oh take heed,
A little winde shivers a cracking reed.
One syllable will fetch your lungs up ; stay
And make but signes, I'le guesse what you would say.
Good Granam, doe but nod your tottering head,
And shake your bunch of keys, you'l raise the dead.

Why may not you and I be one? there be
 In one world, severall tempers, Harmony
 Is made up thus, and Contraries preserve
 That subject, where they doe each other serve.
 Nor are we therefore over-neer akin,
 Because your Granchilds niece hath married bin
 To my great Unkle; 'Twas a lovely paire,
 They say, who knew them then, equally faire
 In yeares and Fortune: this a Priest may doe,
 Spight of sterne Natures Laws, 'twixt me & you.
 He can take you as y'are, me in my prime,
 And tye up in one knot both ends of Time;
 'Mongst all your Coffers and your bags of Gold,
 A cunning Goldsmith ever likes the old.
 The new may prove as currant, and may passe
 From hand to hand, as fast as a young Lasse.
 But you'r more grave and stay'd, come, pray consent,
 And blaze but one good snuff, e're you be spent.
 Touch-wood should take fire soonest, as it falls,
 Fresh joy clings fully close to aged walls.
 So let us joyn thus in one volume bound,
 A *Chronicle* and *Corant* may be found.





Upon Chesse-play. To Dr. Budden.

TO thee Laws Oracle, who hadst the power
 To wage my pens imployment for an hour,
 I send no Frogs, nor Mice, Pigmees, nor Cranes,
 Giants nor Gods, which trouble so the braines
 Or feighning Poets ; nor my leisure sings
 The Counterbuffs of the foure painted Kings :
 Those worthy Combatants have had their times,
 And Battells sung in thousand curious rimes.
 I sing the fierce Alarme, and direfull stroke
 Of passing timbred men, all hearts of Oake ;
 Men that scorne Armes defensive, nor, in heat
 Of bloody broiles, complaine of dust or sweat.
 Men that doe thinke, no victory is fit
 That's not compacted by the reach of wit.
 Men that an *Ambuscado* know to lay,
 T'entrap the Foe in his retiring way ;
 Plot Stratagemes, and teach their braines t'indite
 What place is fittest to employ their might.
 Dull down-right blowes, are fit for rustick wits,
 Within the compasse of whose scalp there sits
 A homebred sense, weak apprehension,
 That strike the first they cast their eye upon ;
 Those are the Chaff of Soldiers, but this Corn
 Of choicest men, at highest rate is born.

Here life is precious, where the meanest man
 Is guarded by the Noblest, who doe scan,
 (Not what a poor man is, but) what may prove,
 If bravely to the Armies head he move ;
 Such may his valour be, he may of right
 Be an Executor to Rook or Knight,
 Whose Lands fall to the King (their Master dead)
 With which this Pawn lives to be honoured,
 And doe his Prince good service. Tell me then,
 Thou that dost distribute Justice to men,
 Must Honours ever follow blood? or should
 Vertue be grac'd, though in the meanest Mould?
 Tell me, thou Man of Peace, are not these Wars
 Lawfull and commendable, where the scars
 Are for Command, where either Enemy
 Seeks to himselfe a fifth great Monarchy?
 Where neither knows his confines, but each foot
 Is his, where he or his, can take firme root?
 Pity with me, the fortunes of those Kings,
 Whose battell such an untaught Poet sings.
 Know, that great *Alexander* could not have
 An *Homer*; and remember, in wars brave,
 Each deeds a Poem, and he writes it best
 Who doth engrave it on a conquered Crest.
 If I offend, part of the blame is thine,
 Thou gav'st the Theam, I did but frame the Line.

Two angry Kings weary of lingring peace,
 Challenge the field, all Concord now must cease ;
 So do their stomacks with fir'd anger burn,
 Nothing but wounds, bloud, death, must serve the turne.

They pitch'd their field in a faire chequer'd square,
Each form two Squadrons, in the former are
The common Soldiers, whose courageous scope
Is venturing their lives, like a Fortune, Hope.
These stil march on, & dare not break their rank,
But for to kill a Foe, then 'tis their prank
To make the ground good 'gainst the Enemy,
Till by a greater force subdu'd, they dye.

The Kings for safety, in mid battell stand,
And Marshal all their Nobles on each hand.
Next either King, an *Amazonian Queen*,
Like our sixt *Henryes Margaret* is seen,
Ready to scoure the Field, corner, or square,
She succours, where the Troops distressed are.

Next stand two *Mytred Bishops* which in War
Forget their Calling, vent'ring many a scar
In Princes cause, yet must no Bishop stray,
But leave the broad, and keep the narrow way.

Next are two ventrous Knights, whose nimble feet
Leap o're mens heads, scorning to think it meet
They should stand Centinells, while the poor Pawnes,
With danger of their lives do scour the Lawnes.

The Battells out-spread wings, two Rooks doe guard,
These flanke the field so well, that there is barr'd
All side assaults ; these, for their valours grace,
(The King in danger) with him change their place.
But Majesty must keep a settled pace,
Rides not in post, moves to the nearest place,
That's to his Standart ; If there be report
Of the Kings danger, all troops must resort.

But now they sound Alarme, each heart doth swell
 With wrath, strikes in the name of *Christabel*,
 Strike, strike, be not agast, Soldiers are bound
 To fear no death, much lesse to dread a wound.
 Now without mercy dies the common Troop,
 A Rook, a Bishop, and a Knight doth droop ;
 Yet neither boasts of Conquest, though each hope
 To win the field, which now is halfe laid ope
 By Soldiers death ; now dares a martial Queen
 Check her Foe King, when streight there steps between
 A vent'rous Soldier, or a Noble man
 Who cares not for his life, so that he can
 From danger keep his King ; he feares not death,
 In Princes cause, that gives each Subject breath.

But this *Virago* dyes, being left alone,
 When straight a nimble Soldier steppeth on,
 And through the thickest Troops hews out his way
 And till he come to th'head doth never stay.
 This brave attempt deserves the honouring ;
 The Queens colours are his, given by the King ;
 Who knows that valour should not want reward,
 And vent'rous spirits, best keep a Princes guard.

Now is the War in heat, bloody the Field,
 Mercy is banish'd, none hath thought to yeild,
 Basely to beg his breath ; the fame now ran,
 That they must fight it out, to the last man.
 All Soldiers dye, but one, who to his King,
 Griev'd with his great losse, doth this comfort bring,
 That their great Foe, whose Troops are all now dead,
 Must to their swords, yeild up his Conquer'd head.

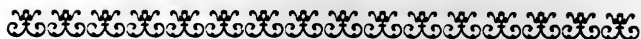
Then with their Check, and Check on either hand,
The poor disheartned King doth mated stand:
Though thus to dye it be the Princes fate,
Who dares pronounce he had a whisking mate ;
Who, rather then mumping forgoe the Field,
Joyes in the place he stands, his breath to yeild ?

But now the conquering couple want their breath,
Their festered wounds doe rankle, & grim death
Peeps through the gashes, down the Victors fall,
And then one generall Herse entombs them all.

*The loose Wooer.*

THOU dost deny me, cause thou art a Wife,
Know, she that's Married lives a single life
That loves but one ; abhor that Nuptiall curse,
Ty'd thee to him, for better and for worse.
Variety delights the active blood,
And Women the more common, the more good,
As all goods are ; there's no Adultery,
And Marriage is the worst Monopoly.
The Learned *Roman Clergy* admits none
Of theirs to Marry : they love all, not one :
And every Nun can teach you, 'tis as meet,
'To change your Bedfellow, as smock or sheet.
Say, would you be content onely to eate
Mutton or Beef, and tast no other meat ?

It would grow loathsom to you, and I know
 You have two palats, and the best below.



Upon the biting of Fleas.

SUmmon up all the terrifying paines
 That ever were invented by the braines
 Of earthly Tyrants ; Then descend to Hell,
 And count the horrid tortures that doe dwell
 In the darke Dungeon, where the horrid stone
 Makes *Sisiphus* his panting entrailes groane.
 Where *Tantalus* (in th'midst of plenty curst)
 Is doom'd to famine, and eternall thirst ;
 Where the pale Ghosts are lash'd with whips of steel,
 Yet these are gentle, to the paines I feel.
 Vex'd with a Thousand *Pigmy* friends, and such,
 As dare not stand the onset of a touch.
 Strange kind of Combatants, where Conquest lies
 In nimble skipping from their Enemies,
 While they, with eager fiercenesse lay about
 To catch the thing they faine would be without.
 These sable furies bravely venture on,
 But when I 'gin t'oppose them, whip, th'are gone.
 Doubtlesse I think each is a *Magick Dauncer*,
 Bred up by some infernall *Necromancer*,
 But that I doe believe, none ere scarce knew
 ('Mong all their Spirits) such a damned crew.

Some, when they would expresse the gentle sting
Of a slight paine, call it a Flea-biting.
But were they in my place, they soon would finde
A cause sufficient for to change their minde.
Some, telling how they vex'd another, say
I sent him with a Flea in's eare away,
Onely to shew what trouble hath possest
Him, whom this little creature doth molest.
It is reported, that a Mouse can daunt
The courage of the mighty *Elephant*.
Compare my bignesse, and the Fleas to theirs,
And I have smaller reason for my feares,
And yet I tremble when I feel them bite ;
Oh how they sting my flesh ? was black-browed night,
And the whist stillnesse of it, made my Fate,
To make man happy or unfortunate ?
If there be any happinesse or rest
In pangs of torture, I am fully blest.
All my five sences are combin'd in one,
For, but my sence of feeling, I have none,
And that is left me, to increase my smart ;
Bloud-sucking Tyrants, will you nere depart ?
Why doe you hang iu Clusters on my skin ?
Come one to one, and try what you can win.
You Coward *Æthiop* Vermine ! Oh you Gods,
You are unjust, to load me with such odds.
If *Jove*-born *Hercules* can't deale with two,
Then what can I against a Legion doe ?
Their number freights me, not their strength ; I'll dare
The *Lion*, *Panther*, *Tiger*, or the *Beare*

To an encounter, to be freed from these
Relentlesse demy, Devills, cursed Fleas.

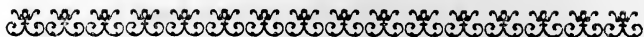


*Upon Madam Chevereuze swimming
over the Thames.*

'T Was calm, and yet the Thames touch'd heaven to day,
The water did find out the Milky way,
When Madam *Chevereuze* by swimming down,
Did the faire Thames the Qu. of Rivers crown.
The humble Willows on the shore grew proud
To see her in their shade her body shroud ;
And meeting her the Swan (wont to presume)
Bow'd to her whiter neck his sullyed Plume.
Was not great *Jove* that Swan? so shap'd, he came
To *Leda's* sight ; but Gods and Courtiers shame
Twice to appeare like ; I rather dream
Jove was not here, the Swan might be the stream,
And took far greater pleasure to be cool'd
In silver drops, then in his showre of gold.
And now let *Aristotle's* Schollers tread
Their Masters timeless footsteps to the dead,
In searching out the deepest secret, which
Or earth or water may be thought most rich.
Venus by Proxie from the floud ascends,
Bright *Chevereuze* the whole difference ends,
Adding so great a treasure to the waves,
As the whole earth seemes useless, but for graves.

Water above the Earth by natures lyes,
But she hath plac'd it now above the skies.
The flame she took, a spirit of water drew,
Fram'd opall Raine, out of extracted Dew.
But her chast breast, cold as the Cloyster'd Nun,
Whose Frost to Chrystal might congeal the Sun,
So glaz'd the stream, that *Pilots* then afloat,
Thought they might safely land without a Boat.
Iuly had seen the *Thames* in Ice involv'd,
Had it not been by her own beames dissolv'd :
But yet she left it Cordiall, 'twas no more
Thaw'd to so weake a water as before,
Else how could it have born all beauties fraight ?
Of force it must have sunke so great a weight.
Have sunk her ? where ? how vainly doe I erre ?
Who know all depths are shallow unto her.
She dreads not in a River to be drown'd,
Who, then the Sea it selfe, is more profound.
Small Vessells shake, the great Ship safely Tydes,
And, like her Royall builder, awes their Tydes.
Above their fome, or rage, we see her float,
In her bright scorn, and, Madam, here's my Vote :
So may all troubled waves beneath you shrink ;
So may you swim for ever, your foes sinke.



*Upon Aglaura in Folio.*

BY this large Margent did the Poet meane
 To have a Comment writ upon the Scene?
 Or is it that the Ladyes (who ne're look
 In any, but a Poem or Play-book)
 May in each Page, have space to scribble down
 When such a Lord or Fashion came to town?
 As *Swaines* in *Almanacks* accompt doe keep
 When their Cow calv'd, and when they bought their Sheep?
 Ink is the life of Paper; 'tis meet then
 That this, w^{ch} scaped the *Press*, should feel the *Pen*.
 A Room with one side furnish'd, or a Face,
 Painted half way is but a foule disgrace.
 This great Voluminous Pamphlet may be said
 To be like one that hath more haire then head,
 More excrement than body. Trees that sprout
 With broadest leaves, have still the smallest fruit.
 When I saw so much white, I did begin
 To think *Aglaura* either did lye in,
 Or else did Penance, never did I see
 (Unlesse in Bills dash'd in the Chancery)
 So little in so much, as if the feet
 Of Poetry, like Law, were sold by th'sheet.
 If this new fashion doe but last one year,
 Poets, as Clerks, would make our Paper deare.

Doth not that Artist erre, and blast his fame,
Who sets our pictures lesser than the frame?
Was ever Chamberlain so mad, to dare,
To lodge a child in the great bed at *Ware*?
Aglaura would please better, die she lie
In th' narrow bounds of an Epitome;
Pieces that are weaved of the finest twist,
As Silk and Plush, have still more stuff than list.
She that in *Persian* habits, made great brags,
Degenerates in this excesse of rags,
Who by her Gyant bulk, this onely gaines,
Perchance in Libraries to hang in chains.
'Tis not in Books, as Cloath; we never say,
Make *London* measure, when we buy a Play;
But rather have them par'd; those leaves be fair
To the judicious, which much spotted are.
Give me the sociable pocket books,
These empty Folio's onely please the looks.



Upon Lute-strings Cat-eaten.

ARe these the strings that Poets feigne,
Have clear'd the Air, & calm'd the Maine?
Charm'd Wolves, and from the Mountain crests
Made Forrests dance, with all their Beasts?
Could these neglected shreds you see,
Inspire a Lute of Ivorie,

And make it speak? oh then think what
 Hath been committed by my Cat,
 Who in the silence of this night,
 Hath gnawn these cords, and marr'd them quite,
 Leaving such relicts as may be
 For frets, not for my Lute, but me.
 Pusse, I will curse thee, maist thou dwell
 With some dry Hermit in a Cel,
 Where Rat ne're peep'd, where Mouse ne'er fed,
 And Flies go supperlesse to bed :
 Or with some close-par'd Brother, where
 Thoult fast each Sabbath in the yeare,
 Or else, profane, be hang'd on Monday,
 For butchering a Mouse on Sunday.
 Or maist thou tumble from some tower,
 And misse to light upon all foure,
 Taking a fall that may unty
 Eight of nine lives and let them fly.
 Or may the midnight embers sindge
 Thy dainty coat, or *Iane* beswinge
 Thy hyde, when she shall take thee biting
 Her Cheeseclouts, or her house be—
 What, was there ne're a Rat nor Mouse,
 Not Butery ope ; nought in the house
 But harmlesse Lutestrings, could suffice
 Thy paunch, and draw thy glaring eyes?
 Did not thy conscious stomach finde
 Nature profan'd, that kind with kind
 Should staunch his hunger? think on that,
 Thou Canniball and *Cyclops* Cat.

For know, thou wretch, that every string
Is a cats gut, which Art doth bring
Into a thread ; and now suppose
Dunstan, that snuff'd the Devills nose,
Should bid these strings revive, as once
He did the Calfe, from naked bones ;
Or I to plague thee for thy sin,
Should draw a Circle, and begin
To Conjure, for I am, look to't,
An *Oxford* Scholer, and can doe't.
Then with three sets of *Mops* and *Mowes*,
Seaven of odd words, and *Motley* showes,
A thousand tricks, that may be taken
From *Faustus*, *Lambe*, or *Frier-Bacon* ;
I should begin to call my strings
My Cattlings, and my Minikins ;
And they re-catted, streight should fall
To mew, to purre, to Caterwawle ;
From Pusses belly, sure as death,
Pusse should be an Engastrumeth.
Pusse should be sent for to the King,
For a strange Bird or some rare thing.
Pusse should be sought to farre and neer,
As she some cunning woman were.
Pusse should be carried up and downe,
From Shire to Shire, from Town to Towne,
Like to the Cammell, leane as Hag,
The Elephant or Apish Nag,
For a strange sight ; Pusse should be sung
In Lowsie Ballads, midst the throng,

At Markets, with as good a grace
 As *Agincourt*, or *Chevy Chace*.
 The *Troy-sprung Britain* would forgoe
 His Pedigree, he chanteth so,
 And sing that *Merlin* (long deceast)
 Return'd is in a nine liv'd beast.
 Thus Pusse thou seest, what might betide thee,
 But I forbear to hurt or chide thee.
 For't may be Pusse was Melancholy,
 And so to make her blythe and Jolly,
 Finding these strings, shel'd have a fit
 Of Mirth; nay, Pusse, if that were it;
 Thus I revenge me, that as thou
 Hast plaid on them, I on thee now;
 And as thy touch was nothing fine,
 So I've but scratch'd these notes of mine.



To a Lady vex'd with a Jealous Husband.

WHEN you sit musing, Lady, all alone
 Casting up all your cares with private moan,
 When your heart bleeds with griefe, you are no more
 Neer unto comfort, than you were before.
 You cannot mend your state with sighes or tears,
 Sorrow's no Balsome for distrustfull feares.
 Have you a Foe you hate, wish him no worse
 A Plague or Torment, then the Pillowes curse.

Observe your Lord with ne're so strict an eye,
You cannot go to piss without a spy.
If but a Mouse doth stir about his bed,
He starts, and swears he is dishonoured,
And when a jealous dream doth craze his pate,
Straight he resolves he will be separate.
Tell me, right worthy Cuckolds, if you can,
What good this folly doth reflect on man?
Are women made more loyall? hath it power
To guard the Tree, that none can pluck the Flower?
It is within the power of jealous heads,
To banish lust from Court, or Country beds?
I never knew, that base and foul mistrust
Made any chast, that had a mind to lust.
It cannot make her honest, that by kind,
To loose and wild affections is inclin'd.
Debar her Lord, she, to supply his room,
Will have a Horse-boy, or a Stable-groom.
Keep her from youth of lower rank and place,
She'l kiss his Scullion, and with Knaves embrace:
Suspect her faith withall, and all mistrust,
She'l buy a Monkey to supply her lust:
Lock her from Man and Beast, and all content,
She'l make thee Cuckold with an instrument:
For women are like angry Mastives Chain'd,
They bit at all, when they are all restrain'd.
We may set locks and guards to watch their fires,
But have no meanes to quench their hot desires.
Man may as well, by cunning, go about,
To stop the Sun in motion, as by doubt,

To keep a nettled woman, if that she
Strongly disposed be to Venery.

How many thousand women that were Saints,
Are now made sinfull by unjust restraints?
How many do commit, for very spight,
That take small pleasure in that sweet delight?
Some are for malice, some for mirth unjust,
Some kisse for love, and some do act for lust.
But if the fates intend to make me blest,
And *Hymen* bind me to a female breast,
(As yet, I thank my starres, I am not ty'd
In servile bonds to any wanton Bride)
Let *Cinthia* be my Crest, and let me wear
The Cuckolds badge, if I distrust, or fear.

'Tis told me oft, a smooth and gentle hand
Keeps women more in aw of due command,
Than if we set a Ganneril on their Docks,
Ride them with Bits, or on their geer set Locks.
For then, like furious Colts, they'l frisk and fling,
Grow wild and mad, and will do any thing.
But if we slack our reyns, to please their will,
Kindnesse will keep them from committing ill.

You blessed creatures, hold your female rights,
Conquer by day, as you o'recome by nights,
And tell the jealous world thus much from me,
Bondage may make them bad, whose mindes are free.
Had *Collatin* been jealous (say this more)
Without a rape, *Lucrece* had dy'd a whore.



Invitation to dalliance.

BE not thou so foolish nice,
As to be intreated twice ;
What should Women more incite,
Than their own sweet appetite ?

Shall savage things more freedom have
Than nature unto Women gave ?
The Swan, the Turtle, and the Sparrow
Bill a while, then take the marrow.

They Bill, they Kisse, what else they doe
Come Bill, and Kisse, and I'le shew you.



The Countrey mans Song in the Spanish Curate.

LEt the Bells ring, and the Boyes sing,
The young Lasses trip and play,
Let the Cups goe round, till round goes the ground,
Our learned Vicar wee'le stay.

Let the Pig turn merrily hey,
And let the fat Goose swim,
For verily, verily, hey,
Our Vicar this day shall be trim.

The stew'd Cock shall Crow, Cockadoodle doe,
 Aloud Cockadoodle shall Crow ;
 The Duck and the Drake that swim in the Lake
 Of Onions and Clarret below.

Our Wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat,
 To thee, our Noble Adviser,
 Our paines shall be great, and our pottles shall sweat,
 And we our selves will be wiser.

Wee'l labour and swink, wee'l kisse and wee'l drink,
 And Tithes shall come thicker and thicker ;
 Wee'l fall to the Plough, and get children enow,
 And thou shalt be learned, Oh Vicar !



*Upon the sight of an old decay'd patch'd Bed,
 with a Pillow having T. R. as a marke on it.*

Prologue.

Mervail not (*Reader*) though the Sun shine bright
 About you, if I bid you all good night,
 I'll tell how't may properly be sed,
 Though you are up, yet I am going to bed.

Poetaster.

My slumbring Muse upon thy drowsie bed,
 Rest once againe thine unattired head

Where, for thy great *Mecenas* so commands,
Thy best assayes with saporiferous bands.
While darknesse did thine outward senses blind,
Tell me what fancies did usurp thy minde.

Muse.

What think you Sir, while sleep enthral'd my head,
What subject could I have, except my bed?

Poetaster.

A bed no subject to be written on,
But lain, yea by the Muses trod upon.

Muse.

The pillow from the bed I think's nor farre,
And yet on that were written T. and R.
But to be lien on, right I like it well,
For why in lying, Poets bear the Bell,
And to be trod upon, tis not unmeet,
The Muses scand their subjects with their feet.

Poetaster.

The R. O muse thou there saw'st (to be brief)
Was nothing but a Rogue, the T. a Thief:
In the next verse, but two, I blush to tell,
Thou first broughtst forth a *Lie*, & then a *Bell*.
Take heed of *Libels* Muse, thy Poet feares,
If thy feet stumble, he may lose his eares.
To sever Thieves and Poets I am loath,
Because I know *Mercurius* was both.

Muse.


Within thy verses as Birds of a feather,
 Liars, rogues, thieves, and Muses flock together,
 By whom I'm softly to my subject led,
 For flocks and feathers do fill up the bed.
Bacchus his merry boules may humour breed,
 But divine raptures from the bed proceed.
 Let the Pot Poets in their fury try,
 With dipping their Malignant pens to dry
 The Muses fountain, my inventions streams
 Can never faile, while beds procure me dreams. ♪
 If we one Science justly may admire,
 What shall we here where all the Seven conspire ;
 The letters on the pillow witsnesse may
 That on this bed some Grammer lately lay ;
 In Logick also it must needs be able,
 For 'twas a Cord would make a pretty Cable :
 That beds have Rhetorick we need not fear,
 While to his pillow each man lends his eare :
 Who number all the feathers in it can,
 Must be a good Arithmetitian.
 The joynts cry creek when on them any lie,
 As if the stocks hung by Geometry.
 Its musick sure is pleasant which can keep
 In spite of snorting eyes and eares asleep.
 The bed I take for deep Astronomy,
 Which alwaies studies to eclipse the eye.
 If you seek Planets, this is *Vulcans* gin,
 That *Mars* and *Venus* were so fetter'd in.

Astrologie in this doth also dwell,
For men by Dreames may future things foretell :
To read strong lines, if any minde be bent,
Herein the bed can also give content.
Not sage *Apollo*, nor the sacred Nine
Can then this Bed-cord shew a stronger line.
Methinkes I'me very sleepy still, and loath
To rise, but that I've on me ne're a cloath.
'Twas T. and R. as sure's I live, 'twas they
That stole the Coverlet and Sheets away.
Out ! a Roap choak you both, y'are arrant knaves,
I'de knock you soundly had I but Bed-staves.

Epilogue.

IF ought obscure you in my Verses, marke,
Poets use not their Beds but in the darke.
If false or foolish any thing you deem,
Sith't came from Bed, account it for a Dream.
If in my Verses boldly any catches,
The Bed, my subject, was as full of patches :
The blurs and blots I make, let none disdaine,
The Bed in one place had an ugly staine.
If my unpollish't lines being dull and dry,
Doe make you heavy, I will tell you why.
Some subjects make men laugh, some make them weep
But the Bed-post is to bring all asleep.





A Letter to Sir *John Mennis*, when the Parliament denied the King Money to pay the Army, unlesse a Priest, whom the King had reprieved, might be executed. Sir *John* at that time wanting the Money for provisions for his troop, desired me by his Letter to goe to the Priest, and to perswade him to dye for the good of the Army ; saying,

*What is't for him to hang an houre,
To give an Army strength and power ?*



The Reply.

BY my last Letter *John* thou see'st
 What I have done to soften Priest ;
 Yet could not with all I could say,
 Perswade him hang to get thee pay.
 Thou Swad, quoth he, I plainly see,
 The Army wants no food by thee,
 Fast oftner, friend, or if you'l eate
 Use Oaten straw, or straw of Wheat ;
 They'l serve to moderate thy jelly,
 And (which it needs) take up thy belly.
 As one that in a Taverne breaks
 A Glasse, steales by the Barre, and sneaks :
 At this rebuke, with no lesse haste, I
 Trudg'd from the Priest, and Prison nasty :

The truth is, he gave little credit
To'th'Armies wants, because I said it.
And, if you'l presse it further, *John*,
'Tis fit you send a leaner man.
For thou with ease can'st friends expose
For thy behoof to fortunes blows.
Suppose we being found together
Had pass'd for Birds of the same feather?
I had perchance been shrewdly shent,
And maul'd too, by the Parliament.
Have you beheld th'unlucky Ape
For roasted Chesnuts mump and gape,
And off'ring at them with his pawes,
But loath he is to scorch his clawes
When viewing on the Hearth asleep
A Puppy, gives him cause to weep :
To spare his owne, he takes his help,
And rakes out Nuts with foot of whelp.
Which done, (as if 'twere all but play)
Your Name-sake looks another way.
The Cur awakes, and findes his thumbs
In paine, but knows not whence it comes ;
He takes it first to be some Cramp,
And now he spreads, now licks his vamp ;
Both are in vaine, no ease appeares,
What should he doe ? he shakes his eares,
And hobling on three legs he goes,
Whining away with aking toes.
Not in much better case perhaps,
I might have been to serve thy chaps,

Such a fart as this ne're before was seen,
Quoth the most learned Council of the Queen.
Quoth Mr. *Daniel*, this young man's too bold,
This priviledge belongs to us that are old.
Then wo the time, quoth Sir *Laurence Hyde*,
That these our priviledges are deny'd.
Quoth Mr. Recorder a word for the City,
To cut off the Aldermans right, were great pity.
Well, quoth *Kit Brook*, wee'l give you a reason,
Though he had right by descent, he had not livery
and seisin.

Yet, quoth M. *Peak*, I have a president in store,
His father farted last Sessions before.
Then said Mr. *Noy*, this may very well be done,
A fart may be entail'd from the father to the son.
Saith Mr. *Moore*, let us this motion repeale,
What's good for the private, is ill for the Common weal.
A goodyear on this Fart, quoth gentle Sir *Harry*,
He hath caus'd such an Earth-quake, that my Coal-
pits miscarry.

It is hard to recall a Fart when tis out,
Quoth Sir *William Lower* with a loud shout.
Yes, quoth Sir *Laurence Hide*, that we may come by it,
Wee'l make a *proviso*, time it and tye it.
Qd. Sir *Harry* the hardy, look well to each clause,
As well for *Englands* Liberty as Lawes.
Now then the knightly Doctor protests,
This Fart shall be brought into th'Court of Requests.
Nay rather, sayes Sir *Edwin*, I'le make a digression,
And fart him a project, shall last him a Session.

Then Sir *Edward Hoby* alleadg'd with the spigot,
 If you fart at the Union, remember *Kit Pigot*.
 Swooks quoth Sir *John Lee*, is your Arse in dotage?
 Could you not have kept this breath to cool your pottage?
 Grave Senat quoth Mr. *Duncomb*, upon my salvation
 This Fart had need of great Reformation.
 Quoth the Countrey Courtier upon my Conscience,
 It might have been reformed with Frankinsence.
 We must have this Fart by Parliament enacted,
 Said another, before this businesse be transacted.
 And so we shall have (oh do not abhor it!)
 A Fart from *Scotland* reciprocally for it.
 A very good jest it is by this light,
 Quoth spruce Mr. *James* of the *Isle of Wight*.
 Quoth Sir *Robert Johnson*, if you'll not laugh
 I'll measure this Fart with my *Jacobs* staffe.
 Now by my troth, quoth sage Mr. *Bennet*,
 We must have a selected Committee to pen it.
Philip Gawdy stroak'd the old stubble of his face,
 Said, the Fart was well penn'd, so sat downe in his place.
 Then modest Sir *John Hollis* said, on his word,
 It was but a Shoo that creak'd on a board.
 Not so, quoth Sir *John Ackland*, that cannot be,
 The place underneath is matted you see.
 Before God, said Mr. *Brooke*, to tell you no lye,
 This Fart, by our Law, is of the *Post-nati*.
 Fye, quoth M. *Fotherby*, I like not this Embassage,
 A Fart Interlocutory in the midst of a Message.
 In all your Eloquence then, quoth Mr. *Martin*,
 You cannot finde out this figure of Farting.

Nay, quoth Dr. *Crompton*, can any man draw
This Fart within compasse of the Civill Law?
Then Sir *William Pady*, I dare assure'm,
Though't be *Contra modestiam*, 'tis not *Contra naturam*.
Up starts *Ned Weymark* the Pasquil of *Powls*,
And said, this Fart would have fitted the Master of the Rolls.
Said *Oxenbridge*, there is great suspition,
That this Fart savours of Popish Superstition.
Nay, said Mr. *Good*, and also some other,
This Fart came from som reformed Brother.
Then up start Sir *John Yong*, and swore by Gods nailes,
Was nere such a Fart let in the Borders of Wales.
Sir *Walter Cope* said, this Fart as 'twas let,
Might well have broke ope his privy Cabinet.
Sir *Ierome* in Folio, swore by the Masse,
This Fart was enough to have broke all the Glasse.
And Sir *Ierome* the lesse said, such an abuse,
Was never committed in *Poland* or *Pruce*.
In compasse of a thousand miles about,
Sir *Roger Owen* said, such a Fart came not out.
Quoth Sir *John Parker*, I sweare by my Rapier,
This Bombard was stuff'd with very foul Paper.
Now quoth Mr. *Lewknor*, we have found such a thing
As no Tale-bearer dares carry to the King.
Quoth Sir *Lewis* his Brother, if it come of Embassage,
The Master of the Ceremonies must give it passage.
I, quoth Sir *Robert Drury*, that were your part,
If so it had been a forrein Fart.
Nay, said Sir *Richard Lovelace*, to end the difference,
It were fit with the Lords to have a conference.

Hark, quoth Sir *John Townsend*, this Fart had the might,
 To deny his owne Master to be dubbed Knight,
 For had it ambition, or *orationis pars*,
 Your Son could have told him, *quid est Ars*.
 Quoth Sir *Thomas Lake*, if this house be not able
 To censure this Fart, I'le have it to the Councel Table.
 It were no great grievance, qd, M. *Hare*,
 If the Surveyour herein had his share.
 Be patient Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*,
 There's none of us all but may be thus mistaken.
 Silence, quoth *Bond*, though words be but wind,
 Yet I doe mislike these Motions behinde.
 Then, quoth Mr. *Price*, it stinks the more you stir it,
Naturam expellas furca, recurrit.
 Then gan sage *Mounson* silence to break,
 And said, this Fart would make an Image speak.
 Up rises the *Speaker*, that noble *Ephestion*,
 And sayes, Gentlemen, I'le put you a question :
 The question propounded the eares did lose,
 For the Major part went there with the nose.
 Sir *Robert Cotton*, well read in old stories,
 (Having conferred his notes with Mr. *Pories*,
 I can well wisse that these are no fables)
 Said, 'twas hard to put the Fart in his Tables.
 If 'twould bear an Action, saith Sir *Tho: Holcroft*,
 I'd make of this Fart a Bolt or a shaft.
 Quoth Sir *Roger Ashton*, 'twould mend well the matter,
 If 'twere shav'd and well wash'd in rose water :
 Why, quoth Sir *Roger Acton*, how should I tell it,
 A Fart by hearsay, and neither hear it nor smell it?

Quoth Sir *Thomas Knevet*, I fear here doth lurk
In this Hallow Vault, some more powder work.
Then precisely rose Sir *Anthony Cope*,
And pray'd to God, 'twere no *Bull* from the Pope.
Quoth Sir *Tho: Chaloner*, I'll demonstrate this fart
To b'a voice of the Belly, and not of the heart.
Then by my Faith saith Sir *Edwin Sandyes*,
He playes not by th'line, this Gentleman bandies.
Then said Sir *George More*, in his wonted order,
I mean but to speak against the houses disorder.
The Fart which we favour far more then is fit,
I wish to the Sergeant you would commit.
The Sergeant refus'd it, humbly on's knees,
For Farts break Prison, and never pay Fees :
Wherefore this motion without reason stands
To charg me with what I can't hold in my hands.
Then quoth the Clerk, I now plainly see
That a private Act is some gaine for me.
All which was admitted by Sir *Thomas Freak*,
This Gentleman saith, his Shoo did but creak.
Then said Sir *Richard Gargrave* by and by,
This Gentleman speaketh as well as I.
But all at last said, it was most fit,
The Fart as a Traitor, to the Tower to commit :
Where as they say, it remaines to this houre,
Yet not close prisoner, but at large in the Tower.





The Farts Epitaph.

R*Eader, I was borne and cryed,
 Crackt so, smelt so, and so dyed.
 Like to Cæsars was my death,
 He in Senat lost his breath ;
 And alike inter'd doth lye,
 Thy famous Romulus and I.
 And, at last, like Flora faire,
 I left the Common wealth mine Aire.*



Will Bagnalls Ballet.

A Ballet, a Ballet, let every Poet,
 A Ballet make with speed,
 And he that hath wit, now let him shew it,
 For never was greater need.
 And I that never made Ballet before,
 Will make one now, though I never make more.
*O Women, monstrous women,
 What doe you meane to doe ?*

It is their pride and strange attire
 That bindes me to this taske,
 Which King and Court did much admire,
 At the last Christmas Maske :

But by your entertainment then,
You should have small cause to come there agen.
O Women, &c.

You cannot be contented to goe,
As did the Women of old,
But you are all for pride and shew,
As they were for weather and cold.
O women, women, Fie, Fie, Fie,
I wonder you are not ashamed, I.
O Women, &c.

Where is the decency become
That your fore-mothers had ?
In Gowns of Cloth, and Caps of Thrum,
They went full meanly clad ;
But you must jet it in silks and Gold,
Your pride in Winter is never acold.
O Women, &c.

Your Faces trickt and painted be,
Your Breasts all open bare,
So farre, that a man may almost see
Unto your Lady ware.
And in the Church to tell you true,
Men cannot serve God for looking on you.
O Women, &c.

But many there are of those that goe,
Attir'd from head to heel,
That them from men you cannot know,
Unlesse you doe them feel.

But oh for shame, though you have none,
 'Tis better to believe, and let them alone.

O Women, &c.

Both round and short, they cut their haire,
 Whose length should Women grace,
 Loose like themselves, their hats they wear ;
 And when they come in place
 Where Courtship and complements must be,
 They doe it like Men, with Cap and Knee.

O Women, &c.

They at their sides, against our Lawes,
 With little Ponyards goe ;
 Which surely is, I thinke, because
 They love Mens weapons so :
 Or else it is, they'le stab all Men
 That doe refuse to stab them agen.

O Women, &c.

Doublets like to Men they weare,
 As if they meant to flout us,
 Wast round, like Points and Ribbons too,
 But I pray let's look about us.
 For since the Doublet doth so well fit 'um,
 They will have the Breeches and if they can get 'uni.

O Women, &c.

And when the Maske was at the Court
 Before the King to be showne,
 They got upon seats to see the sport,
 But soone they were pull'd downe :

And many were thrust out of dores,
Their coats well-cudgeld, and they call'd whores.

*Oh King, Religious King,
God save thy Majesty.*

And women all whom this concernes,
Though you offended be,
And now in foule and ratling tearms
Doe swagger and sweare at me :
Ile tell you, if you mend not your wayes,
The Devill will fetch you all one of these dayes.

*O Women, monstrous women,
What doe you meane to doe ?*



Dr. Smiths Ballet.

Will Womens vanities never have end,
Alack what is the matter ?
Shall Poets all their spirits spend,
And Women yet never the better ?
Will Bagnalls Ballet hath done no good
To the head that is hid in the Taffety hood,
Which makes the vertuous chew the Cud,
And I till now their Debter.

I once resolved to be blinde,
And never set pen to sheet,
Though all the race of Women kinde
Were mad I would not see't.

But now my heart is so big, it struts,
 And hold I cannot for my guts ;
 With as much ease as men crack Nuts
 My rimes and numbers meet.

And first I will begin to touch
 Upon their daubing paint ;
 Their pride that way it is so much,
 It makes my muse grow faint.
 And when they are got into a new Suit,
 They look as though they would straight go to't.
 The Devill's in't, and's dam to boot,
 'Twould anger any Saint.

Their soaring thoughts to book advance,
 'Tis odds it may undoe um,
 For ever since Dame *Eves* mischance,
 That villanous itch sticks to um ;
 And when they have got but a little smack,
 They talke as if nothing they did lack,
 Of *Wither Draiton* or *Balzack*,
 'Twould weary a Man to woe um.

Their Faces are besmear'd and pierc'd,
 With severall sorts of Patches,
 As if some Cats their skins had flead
 With Scarres, half Moons and Notches.
 Prodigious signes there keep their stations,
 And meteors of most dreadfull fashions.
Booker hath no such Prognostications :
 Now out upon them wretches !

With these they are disguised so,
They look as untoward as elves,
Their Husbands scarce their Wives can know,
Nor they sometimes themselves.
And every morn they feed their chaps,
With Caudles, Broths, and Honey-sops :
And lap it up as thick as hops,
Nere thinke on him that Delves.

Sometimes I thinke them quite subdu'd,
They let me use such freedome,
And by and by they call'd me rude,
And such a word makes me dum.
They are so fickle and shy God save um
That a Man can never tell where to have um.
I would we were all resolved to leave um,
While we hereafter need um.

Their kinde behaviour is a trap
For Men wherein to catch um,
With Sugered words they lye at snap,
But I'le be sure to watch um ;
And when with every quaint devise,
They get us into fooles Paradise,
They laugh and leave us in a trise,
The Fiend will one day fetch um.

Sometimes they in the water lurk
Like fish with Silver finns ;
And then I wish I were the Turke,
And these my Concubines.

But to tell you the truth without any erring,
 They are neither Fish, Flesh, nor good red Herring :
 And when so e're you find them stirring,
 They will put you in minde of your sins.

A *Syren* once had got a drone,
 And she began to chatter,
 Quoth she, sweet heart I am thine owne,
 But I Faith it was no such matter.
 But when he thought her as sure as a gun,
 She set up her taile and away she run,
 As if she did mean to out-strip the Sun,
 The Devill could never have set her.

Or if some Women mean good sooth,
 And purpose lawfull marriage ;
 'Tis ten to one they have never a tooth,
 And then poor man must forrage.
 Who so is sped, is matcht with a Woman,
 He may weep without the help of an Onyon.
 He's an Oxe and an Asse, and a slubberdegullion,
 That woos and does not bar Age.

Your zealous Lecturers often preach,
 And Homilies eke expound,
 But Women as if they were out of their reach,
 Persevere and stand their ground.
 They may preach as well to the Walls or roof,
 There's not one amongst ten that are Sermon proof,
 Their hearts are as hard as a Horses hoefe,
 And as hollow, but not so sound.

And when doe you thinke this yeare may mend,
And come to a better passe?
In truth, I thinke, it will never have end,
What never? then out, Alas!
They hold such wicked Counsells between um,
We can doe little else but make Ballads against um,
Ten thousand furies I think are in um,
Is not this a pittifull case?

I thinke it were not much amisse,
To bring them into a Play,
There's matter enough and enough I wisse,
And I'le have the second day;
Where some shall be attir'd like Pages,
The rest shall be as they are Bagages;
He that sets them awork, will pay them their wages,
Troth that's the onely way.

And now we have brought them upon the stage,
All sorts of people among;
I'le there expose them like Birds in a Cage,
To be gap'd on in midst of the throng.
Nay, now I have got them within my Clutches,
I'le neither favour Lady nor Dutches,
Although they may think this over-much is,
They are no more to me, then those that goe on
crutches.

I made this staffe too long.

Now Lord preserve our gracious Queen,
That gives her cautions ample,

Yet they as if it never had been,
 On all good precepts trample.
 But heres the spite, it would anger a stone,
 That a Woman should goe to Heaven alone :
 But it will never be by hope that's bred in the bone,
 They'l never mend by example.



*Upon Sir John Sucklings most warlike
 preparations for the Scottish Warre.*

SIr *John* got him on an Ambling Nag,
 To *Scotland* for to ride a,
 With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore
 To guard him on every side a.

No Errant Knight ever went to fight
 With halfe so gay a Bravado,
 Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book
 Hee'd have conquer'd a whole Armado.

The Ladyes ran all to the windowes to see
 So gallant and warlike a sight a,
 And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
 Sir *John*, why will you go fight a ?

But he like a cruel Knight, spurr'd on,
 His heart did not relent a,
 For, till he came there, he shew'd no fear,
 Till then, why should he repent a ?

The King (God bless him) had singular hopes
Of him and all his Troop a,
The Borderers they, as they met him on the way
For joy did hollow and whoop a.

None lik'd him so well as his own Colonel,
Who toke him for *John de Weart a*,
But when there were shows of gunning and blows
My gallant was nothing so peart a.

For when the Scots Army came within sight
And all men prepar'd to fight a,
He ran to his Tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs go shite a.

The Colonel sent for him back agen
To quarter him in the Van a,
But Sir *John* did swear he came not there
To be kill'd the very first man a.

To cure his fear he was sent to the Rere,
Some Ten miles back, and more a,
Where he did play at Tre trip for Hay
And nere saw the enemy more a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increse
His money, which lately he spent a,
But his lost honour must still ly in the dust,
At *Barwick* away it went a.





The Old Cloaks reply to the Poets Farewell.

Will you be guilty (Master) of this wrong,
 As thus to sell your Servant for a Song,
 And now when I am fitter for your wear?
 A Poets habit ever is thred bare.
 (Master) if still you love the good old way,
 Then why not me? why not old Cloaks I pray?
 Let Revels rant in silkes : this ragged dresse,
 Sets forth a loyall Subjects comelinesse.
 Oft have I seen boyes point when you came neer,
 And say, There goes an honest Cavaliere.
 But when some Gold-bedawb'd favourite,
 Ruffling in Silkes hath glister'd in their sight,
 Then have I seen the boyes to stamp and rave,
 And cry Pox on him, there's a round-head knave.
 It is some comfort (Master) then I see,
 A good name you shall gaine by wearing me.
 Then hang good cloaths, it is the worst of crimes
 To weare good garments in such wicked times.
 A newer Cloak you might have long since got,
 But (pardon me) a fitter you could not.
 You are agriev'd, 'cause I am thin and light,
 And truly (Master) you your self are slight :
 How can't be otherwise, when as you see,
 Your best friends sleight you? All your friends but me.

I have stuck to you in all sorts of weather,
Though (I confesse) I can scarce hold together.
I did not thrust my selfe upon you 'tis confest,
I first was drawn, and afterwards was prest ;
Then bound, then hang'd, and now I may speak true,
I'le first be hang'd ere I do part from you.
The most in me that you can reprehend,
Is, that I have been onely your back friend,
And is not this that now all good men lack ?
I have conceal'd your shame behinde your back.
And when some foule reports have broken out,
'Twas I that kept them from being blown about.
I patiently have suffer'd much distast,
Rather then have your worship be disgrac't.
I have endur'd with you all times, all weather,
And shall we part now ? No, wee'l hang together.

Partus Chauceri Posthumus
Gulielmi Nelson.

L Isten you Lordlings to a noble game,
Which I shall tell you, by thilk Lord *S. Jame* ;
Of a lewd Clerk, and of his behaviour bold,
He was I trow, some threescore winters old.
Of *Cambridge* was this Clerk, not *Oxenford*,
Well known at *Stilton*, *Stewkey*, and *Stamford*.
He haunted fenney *Staunton*, and Saint *Ives*,
And fair could gloze among the Country Wives.

A lusty Runnyon ware he in his hose,
Lowd could he speak, and crackle in the Nose.
For Schollarship him car'd him light or nought,
To serve his turn, he English Postills bought.
He us'd no colour, nor no Rhetorick,
But yet he couth some termes of art Logick,
He was full rude and hot in disputation,
And wondrous frequent in his predication.
Full gravely couth he spit, fore he gan speak
And in his mouth some Sugar-Candy break,
But yet his preaching was to small effect,
Though lowd he roar'd, in th'Northern Dialect.
He ware a Cassock deep, but of small cost,
His state was spent in Nutmeg, Ale and Toast.
A gauld back'd spittle Jade for travelling
He kept in summer, but the wintering
Too costly was, rode he early or later,
Nought was his provender but grass and water.
Well liquour'd were his boots, & wondrous wide,
Ne Sword ne Rapyer ware he by his side,
A long vast Cloak-bag was his Caryage
Ther nis the like from *Hull* unto *Carthage*.
But, sooth to say, he was for ay formall,
And ware a thred-bare Cloak Canonicall.
He had a Deanship and a Parsonage,
Yet was in debt and danger all his age,
His greater summe he payes by borrowing,
And lesser scores, by often punishing.
If that a Problem, or a common place
Come to his share, he is in jolly case ;

Then to a Nape of Ling he would invite
Some Rascall Tapster, hardly worth a Mite.

Well was he known in every Village Town,
The good Wives clep'd him Gossip up & down ;
Oft was he Maudlin-drunk, then would he weep,
Not for his sinnes, of them he took small keep :
It was the humour fell down from his eyn,
Distill'd from Ale, he drank but little wine ;
And being asked why those teares did fall,
Soothly he preached at a Funerall.
And when with drinking he was some deal mellow,
His motto was, *Faith Lad, I's halfe good fellowe.*
Thus preach'd he often on an Ale-house Bench,
And, when the Spirit mov'd, cough'd for his Wench,
And Bastards got, which, if God send them grace,
They may succeed him in his Seniors place.
He was an ide Senior for the nonce,
Foul may befall his body, and his bones.



Upon the same.

TWice twenty Sermons, & twice five, I ween,
(And yet not one of them in print is seen)
He preach'd, God and St. *Mary's* witnesseth,
Where loud he roar'd, yet had but little pith.



*Imitatio Chauceri altera,
In eundem.*

LEave, *Jeffrey Chaucer*, to describen a Man
 In thine old phrason, so well as I can.
 I ken no glozing, for my wit is rude,
 Nath'lesse I'le limb out his similitude.
 Fierce was his look, 'twas danger him to meet,
 He passed like a Tempest through the street.
 Narrow his eyn, his Nose was Chamised,
 Sawfleum his Face, forked his Beard and head.
 Pardie I wot not what men doe him call,
Dan Thomas, ne *Dan Richard*, n'of what Hall
 He is, ne Colledge ; but by th'holy Mattin,
 He was a frequent guest at *John Port Lattin* ;
 And eke at all other dayes festivall,
 He had a liquorous tooth over all ;
 Ne was there any Wight in all this Town,
 That tasted better a Pasty of Venisoun,
 Ybaked with Gravy Gods plenty,
 It relished better then *Austin's* works or *Gregory*.
 Yet politick he was, and worldly wise,
 And purchac'd hath, a double Benefice.
 Small was his Wage, and little was his hire,
 He let his sheep accumber in the mire ;
 And solac'd at *St. Johns*, or at *St. Pauls*,
 That was a Sanctuary for his Soules.

Sir *John* of them, must alwaies taken keep,
A shitten Shepherd cannot make clean sheep.
Ne God *Mercurius*, ne *Melpomene*,
E're look'd upon him at's Nativity :
Or if they look'd, they looked all ascaunce,
So was he made a Priest by foule mischance.
Pardie he was of the worst clay y'maked,
That e're Dame Nature in her Furnace baked.
For in his youth he was a Serving-man,
And busily on his Masters errand ran ;
And fairly fore a Cloak-bag couth he ride,
Algates a rusty whinyard by his side ;
And he that whilom could not change a groat,
Hath changed, for a Cassock, his blew Coat.
One cannot see the Body, nor the Bulke,
That whilom did attend on aged Fulk ;
A larger Gown hath all y'covered,
And a square Cap doth pent-house his swynes head.

Yet notes he got, when his Master disputed,
And when the learned Papists he confuted.
The Borel men sayn, he preach well ynough,
But others known, that he stoln all his stuffe.

Lustfull he was, at Forty needs must wed,
Old *January* will have *May* in bed,
And live in glee, for, as wise men have sayn,
Old Fish, and young Flesh, would I have fayn,
And thus he swinketh ; but, to end my story,
Men sayn, he needs no other Purgatory.

The Nightingale.

MY Limbs were weary, and my head opprest
 With drowsiness, and yet I could not rest.
 My Bed was such, as Down nor Feather can
 Make one more soft, though *Love* againe turn Swan ;
 No fear-distracted thoughts, my slumbers broke,
 I heard no Screech Owl shreek, nor Raven croak ;
 Sleep's foe, the Flea, that proud insulting Elfe,
 Is now at truce, and is asleep it selfe.
 But 'twas nights darling, and the worlds chief Jewell,
 The Nightingale, that was so sweetly cruell.
 It woo'd my eares to rob my eyes of sleep,
 That whilst she sung of *Tereus*, they might weep ;
 And yet rejoyce the Tyrant did her wrong,
 Her cause of woe, was burthen of her song.
 Which while I listened to, and strove to heare,
 'Twas such, I could have wish'd my selfe all eare.
 'Tis false that Poets feign of *Orpheus*, he
 Could neither move a beast, a stone, or tree
 To follow him, but wheresoe're she flies,
 The Grovy Satyr, and the Faery hyes
 Afore her Perch, to dance their Roundelayes,
 For she sings *Distichs* to them, while *Pan* playes.
 Yet she sung better now, as if in me
 She meant with sleep to try the Mastery.
 But while she chaunted thus, the Cock for spight,
 Dayes hoarser Herald, chid away the night ;
 Thus rob'd of sleep, my eye-lids nightly guest,
 Methought I lay content, though not at rest.

*Epitaph on Mistrisse Mary Prideaux.*

H Appy Grave thou dost enshrine
That which makes thee a rich Myne,
Yet remember, 'tis but loane,
And we look for back our owne.
The very same, marke me, the same,
Thou shalt not cheat us with a Lane
Deformed Carcasse ; this was faire,
Fresh as morning, soft as Ayre ;
Purer then other flesh as faire
As other Soules their bodies are :
And that thou maist the better see
To finde her out, two starres there be
Eclipsed now ; uncloud but those,
And they will point thee to the Rose
That dy'd each Cheek, now pale and wan,
But will be, when she wakes againe
Fresher then ever ; and how ere
Her long sleep may alter her,
Her Soul will know her Body streight,
'Twas made so fit for't, no deceit
Can suit another to it, none
Cloath it so neatly as its owne.





Upon Drinking in the Crown of a Hat.

WELL fare those three, that when there was a Dearth
 Of Cups to drink in, yet could finde out mirth,
 And spight of Fortune, make their want their store,
 And nought to drink in, caused drinking more.
 No brittle glasse we used, nor did we thinke
 'Twould help the taste, t'have windows to our drinke.
 We scorn'd base Clay, w^{ch} tortur'd in the wheel,
 Martyr'd at last, the force of fire doth feel.
 Both these doe faile, we drink not morally,
 In such like Emblems of mortality.
 The Cups that Brewers use, and long use may,
 But us'd by women the contrary way,
 Polluted not our Pallats ; nor the horn,
 Due to the forehead, by our lips was worne.
 We did abhor these hell-bred, bloud-bought Mettals,
 Silver and gold ; nor should that which makes Kettles
 Serve us for cups ; nor that which is the Newter
 Betwixt these five, and is ycleped Pewter ;
 But twas as rare a thing, as often tryed,
 As best of these, though seven times purified
 A seven times scoured Felt, but turned never,
 And pity tis, I cannot call it Bever.

The circumlated Crown, somewhat deprest,
 And by degrees, toward the one side thrust,

That to our lips it might the better stoop,
Varyed a little th'figure of a Hoop ;
From a just Circle drawing out an Angle,
And that we might not for our measure wrangle,
The Butlers self, whose Hat it was and Band,
Fill'd each his measure with an even hand.
Thus did we round it, and did never shrink,
Till we that wanted Cups, now wanted drink.



An Epitaph upon Doctor Prideaux's Son.

Here lyes his Parents hopes and fears,
Once all their joyes, now all their tears,
He's now past sence, past fear of paine,
'Twere sin to wish him here againe.
Had it liv'd to have been a Man,
This Inch had grown but to a span ;
And now he takes up the lesse room,
Rock'd from his Cradle to his Tomb.
'Tis better dye a child, at four,
Then live and dye so at fourscore.
View but the way by which we come,
Thou'lt say, he's best, that's first at home.





On his Mistrisse having the Green-sickness.

WHite Innocence, that now lyes spread
 Forsaken on thy widdow'd Bed,
 Cold and alone ; for fear, love, hate,
 Or shame, recall thy crimson mate
 From his dark Mazes, to reside
 With thee, his chast'and Maiden-bride :
 And lest he backward thence should flow,
 Congeale him in thy Virgin-snow.
 But if his owne heat, with thy paire
 Of Neighbouring Suns, and flaming haire,
 Thaw him into a new Divorce,
 Lest to the heart he take his course :
 O lodge me there where I'le defeat
 A future hope of his retreat ;
 And force the fugitive to seek
 A constant station in thy cheek.
 So each shall have his proper place,
 I in your heart, he in your face.



Upon the naked Bedlams, and spotted Beasts,
we see in Covent Garden.

When *Besse* ! she ne're was halfe so vainly clad,
Besse ne'er was halfe so naked, halfe so mad.
Again, this raves with Lust, for Love *Besse* ranted,
Then *Besses* skin was tan'd, but this is painted :
No, this is Madam Spots, 'tis she, I know her,
Her face is powdred *Ermin*, I'll speak to her ;
How does your most enamell'd Ladyship ?
Nay pardon me, I dare not touch your Lip.
What kisse a Leopard ! he that Lips will close,
With such a Beast as you, may lose his Nose.
Why in such hast ? before we part 'tis meet,
You should doe penance Madam in a Sheet :
'Tis time when Schism and Error so lowd cries,
To punish such notorious Sectaries.
I publickly appeare halfe *Adamite*,
In private practice you are one outright.
But Dapl'd Ladyes, if you needs must show
Your nakednesse, yet pray why spotted so ?
Has beauty think you lustre from these spots ?
Is Paper fairer when 'tis stain'd with blots ?
What have you cut your Mask out into sippets,
Like wanton Girles, to make you Spots and Tippetts ;

As I have seen a Cook, that over-neat,
 To garnish out a dish hath spoil'd good meat?
 Pride is a Plague, why sure these are the soares,
 I will write (*Lord have mercy*) on your doors.
 Devills are black who doubt it, but some write
 That there are likewise Devills that are white :
 Well, I have found a third sort that are neither,
 They are Py'de Devils, black and white together.
 Come, tell me true, for what these Spots are set,
 Are they Decoyes to draw fools to your net?
 Are they like Ribons in the Mane and Tayle,
 Of an old wincing Mare that's set to sale?
 You that use publick trade must hang out Signes,
 Bushes you think will vent your naughty Wines.
 I'll tell you (*Ladyes*) never give me trust,
 If these baites move not more to scorn than Lust.
 Perhaps they may a stomach tempt, that loves
 A Gammon of Bacon that's stuff with Cloves ;
 Or White-broath with Pruines, but never hope,
 That Love or Lust, to this patch't Lure should stoop,
 Unlesse of such rude Ruffians, as nere blush,
 To enter wheresoe're they see a bush.
 Whose Breeches and whose Shirts make plain report,
 That they as ready are as you for sport.
 Take my advice to be secure from jeers,
 Wash off your stinking Spots with bitter teares.

O you sweet Rurall beauties who were never
 Infected with this ugly spotted Feaver,
 Whose face is smoother then the ivory plaine,
 Need neither spots from *France*, nor paint from *Spaine*.

Whose snowie Mountaines never saw the light,
And yet the Sun never saw Snow so white ;
Whose dresse the Emblem is of Modesty,
Whose looks secure you from attempts ; whose Eye
Has made *Iobs* Vow, and kept it, and whose whole
Behaviour chaste is, as your Virgin-soule :
Which to adorn, take up your choicest thoughts,
Not to get Pendants, Paintings, Ribonds, Spots :
Trust me (sweet Ladies) I that never thought
To love againe, do now extreemly dote ;
Men that have Wit, Religion or Estates,
Will be ambitious to make you their Mates :
Whilst all those naked Bedlams, painted Babies,
Spottified Faces, and Frenchified Ladies,
With all their proud phantasticall disguises,
Will prove at last, but fooles and beggars prizes.

Dear Coz : the want of thy sweet company,
Puts me upon this idle Poetry :
May you returne with *Olive* in your hand,
Bring thy deare self to me, peace to the Land.





*To Sir John Mennis, on a rich prize which
he took on the Seas.*

Walking last Friday morning in my Garden,
Where stands a house that I have grunted hard in
And finding there sweet *William* by my Bower,
It made me thinke of *John* for halfe an houre.
Thou art (I heare) where thou dost play Carnoggin
Thou broughtest from *Wales*, 'gainst flute of *Hogan Mogan*
And where thou richly dost abound in Ghelt,
And ropes of Pearl now strip't off from thy Belt ;
But now laid up in safety on the shelve,
Pearl that's more orient, then the East it self ;
A Bag of Diamonds too : and I Divine,
That long ere this, all the Hauns Townes are thine :
After thine own thou needst not call these Lands,
For they are ready Christned to thy hands,
Whiles thus in thy *Seraglio* thou dost bristle,
Poore Lady at *New-castle* may go whistle,
Or gnaw the sheets for anguish, no *John* comes,
He weares out all he hath in forraine bums,
Hee's not at all concern'd in us (poor souls)
His friends may hang and who's will carry coles.

Nay never tosse your nose ; I knew thee man
When thou wer't little better then poor *John* :
The worlds well mended since the warre began,
Thou'rt now become the great *Leviathan* :

And as that monster when he hath got a prize
Now eats, then farts out Pilchards as he lies.
So thou devour'st at Sea, making no bones
Of smaller vessells, and their precious Stones.
We have no booties brought us in from Sea,
To furnish us for rates or monthly pay.
No Jewels, nor rich prizes, no such matter,
When Troopers come, we run & pawn a Platter,
Than we can spare, for we have little meat,
If this world hold, we shall forget to eate.
We shall be free-born people then (*Oh Hector*)
When we have nothing left but a ——
Hard-hearted Knight, how canst thou heare this tale
And not be pisse thy self with grief or Ale?
Hast thou no moisture, no relenting left?
Wilt thou sit always brooding ore thy theft,
And part with never a penny to the Muses,
Nor to thy friends, nor yet to pious uses?
Wee'le draw thy picture (*Churle*) and thy shape both
Standing like *Dives* in the painted cloth.
One that nere thought upon his friends till then,
When he was in the Devills frying pan.
Then when it is too late thou wilt confesse,
Thou hast more sinn'd in Friendship then

I. S.



A Defiance to K. A. and his round Table.

Incipit J. A.

AS it befell on a Pentecost day,
 King *Arthur* at *Camelot*, kept his Court royall
 With his faire Queen dame *Guinever* the gay,
 And many Princes and Lords in Hall.
 Heralds with Hukes, hearing full hie
 Cryed *largesse, largesse, Chevaliers tres hardy.*
 A doubty Dwarfe to the uppermost Deske,
 Boldly gan wick kneeling on knee ;
 Cry'd, King *Arthur* God thee save and see.

Sir *Rhines* of *Northgales* greeteth well thee,
 And bids that thy Beard anon thou him send,
 Or else from thy jawes he will it off rend.

For his Roabe of State is a rich Scarlet Mantle,
 With eleven Kings Beards bordered about,
 And there is room left in a Cantell,

For thine to make it out.

This must be done, be thou never so stout,
 This must be done, I tell thee no Fable,
 Maugre the teeth of all thy round Table.

When this doubty dwarfe his dismall message had said,
 The King fum'd, Queen screek'd, Ladyes were agast,
 Princes puff'd, Barons bluster'd, Lords began to lowre,
 Knights and Squires storm'd, like Steeds in a flowre,

Yeomen and Pages yelld out in hall,
With that came in Sir *Guy* the Seneschall.
Silence my Sovereigne, quoth this Courteous Knight,
And therewithall the stowre began to still.
The Dwarfes dinner was full dearly deight,
Of Wine and Wassell he had his will.
And when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
A hundred pieces of fine Coined Gold,
Was given the Dwarf for his Message so bold.

But say to Sir *Rhines* thou Dwarf quoth the King,
That for his bold Message, I him defie,
For shortly I meane with Basons him to ring
Out of Northgales where he and I
With Swords, and no Razors shall quickly try,
Which of us two is the best Barber.

And then withall he shook his good Sword.

Excutitur

Sic Explicit, *I. A.*

FINIS.

WIT
RESTOR'D

In feveral Select

P O E M S

Not formerly publish't.



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WIT RESTOR'D.

*Mr. Smith, to Captain Mennis
then commanding a Troop of Horse in the North,
against the Scots.*

WHy what (a good year) means my *Fohn* ?
So staunch a Muse as thine ner'e won
The Grecian prize ; how did she earne ?
The bayes she brought from *Epsom* Fearné ?
There teem'd she freely as the hipps,
The Hermit kist with trembling lipps.
And can she be thus costive now
While things are carried (heaven knowes how)
While Church and State with fury parch,
Or zeal as mad as hare in March ?
While birds of *Amsterdam* do flutter
And stick as close as bread and butter :
As straw to Jett, or burre to squall,
Or something else unto a wall.
Can such a dreadfull tempest be,
And yet not shake the North and thee ?

Where is thy sense, of publike feares?
 Will't sit unmov'd as Roman Peeres,
 Till some bold Gaule pluck thee by th' beard,
 Thou and thy Muse (I think) are sear'd,
 As I have heard Divines to tell
 The conscience is that's mark't for hell.
 Ah Noble friend, this rough, harsh way
 May pinch where I intended play.
 But blame me not, the present times
 So serious are, that even my Rymes
 In the same hurry rapt, are so,
 Indeed whether I will or no.
 And otherwise my Numbers flie
 Than meant, in spight of Drøllerie :
 Tis good to end when words do nipp
 And thus out of their harnessse slipp.
 Besides, the thing which men mispend
 Call'd Time, as precious is as friend,
 Tak't not unkindly, I professe
 None loves you better then *I. S.*
 From *London* where the snow hath bin
 As white as milke, and high as shin
 From Viscount *Conwaies* house in street
 Of woman Royall, where we meet :
 The day too cold for wine and Burrage
 The fourth precedent to Plum-pottage
 December moneth, and yeare of grace
 Sixteene hundred and forty to an Ace.
 To friend of mine, Captaine *John Mennis*
 At town of *York* that now and then is,

Or if you misse him there, go look
 In company of *Hunkes* Sir *Fook*;
 They two perhaps may have a pull
 At *Selbie*, *Beverley*, or *Hull*,
 Or else you'l finde him at his quarter,
 Send it, and let him

Pay the Porter.

The same, To the same.

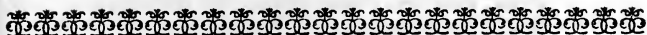
MY doubtie Squire of *Kentish* crew
 that ha'st read stories old and new
 prick up thine eares unto a tale
 that will un-nerve and make thee stale :
 When thou shalt heare how manie pears,
 The parliament hath had by th' eares.
 Comming as close as shirt of *Nessus*,
 To privie Councillors (god blesse us)
 The Judges they are deep in bond,
 And fart for fear they shall bee Connd,
 The *Ren* of *Elie*, and the prelate
 Of *Bath* and *Wells* have had a pellet
 And they have plac't (his grace's) cod
 Under the lash of *Maxwoll's* rod.
 But I am told the *Finch* is warie
 And fled after the Secretarie,

And all this is, that men may see
 Others can runne as well as wee.
 I hitherto have told, dear Captain,
 Of prisons that our peeres are clapt in :
 And all I wrote was like a groane
 Sadd as the melanchollie droane.
 Of Countrie baggpipe, now I sing
 Matter as chearfull as the spring,
 Of wine (deare freind) will make us wanton
 Better nere drunck by *Iohn of Gaunt*, one
 That at third glasse did mount his Launce
 And got a boy whose sonne got Fraunce :
 Besides, the reckoning will bee more
 (Humble I meane) then heretofore ;
 For now the Alderman hight *Abell*
 Has given his parchment up with labell,
 To no more purpose is his pattent
 Then that the fool had shitt and sate in't :
 Now may wee freely laugh, and drink,
 And overcharg'd goe pisse i'th sinck
 Then too't again, beginne a health
 Of twelve goe-downes to th'Com-monwealth
 Then mount a stall, and sleep, and when
 Wee rise againe bee nere th' worse men :
 This fitt's my freindshipp, but not mee,
 I must bee sober as the Bee
 That often sippes, yet doth not stray
 But to his owne hive findes the way,
 Soe shalt thou not blush to acknowledge
 Him that was once of *Lincolne-Colledge*,

But now of Bromely Hall neere Bow
Look, and you'l find his name below.

J. Smith.

From spacious lodgings of Lord mine
In street of female majesty, past nine ;
The day whereon wee whett our knives
As men to eat even for their lives.
He that ha's none tis time to borrow,
For Christmas day is ee'ne to morrow.



The same, to the same.

MY note which cost thee pennies Sixe
(It seeme's) still in thy stomack stick's
O had'st thou but beheld how willing
I was for thine to pay a shilling
(For footeman forth the money layd
Which must with int'rest bee defrayd)
Hereafter thou wouldst not bee nice
For everie note to part with sice.
Thy journey to the foe with Coyne
Would madded have a saint or twayne,
So sillie Bee with wearie thighes
Home to her master's storehouse hie's ;
Whence (her rich fraught unladed) shee
Agaïne returne's an emptie Bee.

I joy to heare thou raign'st in place
 Of the defunct Arch bishop's grace,
 For thou (I doubt not) wilt bee grea'st :
 By freind for prebendry i th' fist :
 Mee thinkes I fancie prester *James*
 In Cope envelop't without seames.
 With silke and golde embroydred ore,
 And brestplat like a belt before :
 As Pedler ha's to bear his pack,
 Or Creeple with a childe at's back.
 Else when my *Bettie* dropp's away
 (That fourteen yeares hath been my Toy)
 Some one Il'e marrie that's thy Neece
 And Livings have with *Bellie*-peece,
 This some call *Symonie* oth'smock,
 Or *Codpeece*, that's against the Nock.
 The health you meant mee in the Quart
 I have, and partly thanke you for't,
 But yet I muse (as well I may)
 At pot so funish't, without pay,
 For at that time wee were told here
 You all were sixe weeks in arreare ;
 Ha'st thou made merchandise, of Crop ?
 Or solde some landes, lef't out oth' mapp ?
 Or ha'st thou nimm'd from saddle bow
 A pistoll through thy troope, or so ?
 Leaveing halfe-naked horses Crest
 Like *Amazon* with but one brest ;
 Well, lett it goe : I thinke this geare
 Fitt to bee scann'd, but not too neare.

However, sure I should finde *John*
 Thriftie, but yet an honest man,
 Yet tak heed in these pinching times
 And age so catching after crimes,
 It bee not given out how you quaf't
 Sugar, and eggs, in morning's draught ;
 I grudge thee not ; for if I met
Vulpone's potion, or could get
 Nectar, or else dissolv'd to dew
 Th'Elixir, which the gods n'ere knew :
 'Twere thine, yea I would save the dropps
 For thee that fell besides thy chopps :
 But yet the needy state (I feare)
 May think much of thy costly cheare ;
 The best is, if they barre thy maw
 From sodden drink, thou't have it raw :
 And reason good, the heavens defend,
 That thou should'st want, and I thy friend.

I. S.

From house of Viscount *Conway*, where
Kenelme hath food, and *Down's* Count Lare,
December moneth, day of St. *Fohn*
 That 'mongst th' Evangelists made one,
 Forty, (besides the sixteen hundred)
 We count yeares past since Fiend was founded,
 And this Bissextile, that, sans pumps,
 Frisk's, and is call'd the yeare that Jum'ps.



The same, to the same.

I Must call from between thy thighs
 Thy urine back into thine eyes,
 And make thee when my tale thou hear'st
 Channell thy cheekes with Launt rever'st ;
 Thy Landladie that made thee broth
 When drugge made orifice to froath,
 That every fortnight shifted sheet
 To keep thy nest, and bodie sweet ;
 That heard thee knock at peepe of day
 When boy snor'de that on pallat lay ;
 Rose in her smock, and gave thee counsell
 To lift thy foot for feare of groundsell,
 That often warnd thee of the quart
 And praid (in vain) to turn thy heart,
 This Landladie in grave is pent
 Now shedd thy moysture, man of Kent :
 Two rings shee left, for thee tone, to' ther
 For *Andrew* that does call thee brother.
 This dries thy teares that were a brewing ;
 Now li'st to newes of State ensuing.
 Iudge *Littleton* is made Lord Keeper.
 And feeds on chick and pigeon peeper,
 The kings Attourney *Sr John Bancks*
 Succeds him, but may spare his thankes.

Herbert is thought the meetest man
 To fill the place of *Bancks Sr John*,
 London-Recorder thence doth jogge,
 In *Herberts* roome to trudge, and fogg :
 And *St Johns* one that's sharp and wittie
 Is made winde-instrument o'th'City.
 Thus tis in towne, but in the Camp
 There's one preferrd will make thee stamp,
 For *Sr John Berkly's* Sergeant Maior
 To *Willmott*, let it not bread Jarre,
 Nor can the Viscount whom *John* putts
 In trust, prevent it for his gutts
 More shalt thou know when tis more fitt,
 When thou and I in Tavern sitt ;
 Till when, and ever, heaven thee send
 The wishes of thy constant freind,

I. S.

In street of Coleman from swanne Ally
 Where while I stay in towne, I shall lye
 In house of Mistresse *Street*, relict
 Of *Robert*, whom for mate shee pickt :
 And where, with eeles, and flounders fryde,
 And tongve of Neat that never lyed
 I filld my paunch, but when I belsh,
 It utter's language worse than welsh.
Fanus the moneth that holdes us tack,
 One, with a face be hinde his back :
 Full sixteene hundred yeares wee score
 And fiftie, (bateing six, and fowr)

And this leape-yeare wee count to bee,
A yeare that come's but once in three.



The same, to the same.

Thy wants wherewith thou long hast tug'd,
And been as sad as Bear that's lug'd,
Thou'lt laugh at, when thou hear'st how odly
Thy fellowes shift in Town ungodly.
Commodities we took on trust,
And promis'd Tradesmen payment just,
To be return'd from Northern part,
When treasure hence arriv'd in Cart.
And, but till now of late, they crep
From stair to stair, with trembling step ;
So modest, that they blush'd to name,
For what they to our Chambers came.
Impatient now, both young and old,
Assault my fort with knuckle bold.
And as in bed perplex'd I lie,
I hear one say, The Cart's gone by.
With that they all attempt my dore,
With pulse more daring then before ;
And of their parcells make a dinne
Louder, then when they drew me in.
Rouz'd with this rudenesse, first, I chop
Upon some foreman of the shop ;

Take him by'th'hand aside, and there
 I tell him wonders in his ear.
 So by degrees I send them jogging,
 Suppled with Ale, and language cogging.
 But newes of this makes Scrivener wary,
 And eight i'th hundred Don look awry
 That we do stoop to sums as small,
 As children venture at Cock-all.
 And lives we lead, (I cry heaven mercy)
 Worse then a Troop that has the Farsie,
 While man that keeps the Ordinary,
 Will not believe, nor Landlord tarry.
 O happy Captain, that may'st houze
 In Quarter free, and uncheckt brouze
 On teeming hedge, when purse is light,
 Or on the wholsom Sallat bite :
 While we have nought, when mony fails,
 To bite upon, but our own nails ;
 And they so short with often tewing,
 There's not much left to hold us chewing ;
 Or if there were, 'twould onely whet
 Stomack, for what it could not get,
 And make more keen the appetite,
 Like tiring-bitt for Faulkner's Kyte.
 To mend my commons, clad in jerkin,
 On *Friday* last I rode to *Berkin*,
 Where lowring heavens with welcom saucst us
 As when the Fiends were sent for *Faustus* ;
 Such claps of thunder, and such rain,
 That Poets will not stick to feign,

The gods with too much Nectar sped,
 Their truckles drew, and piss'd a bed,
 And that they belsh'd from stomack musty
 Vapour, that made the weather gusty.
 Well, 'tis a sad condition, where
 A man must fast, or feed in fear.
 I lately thee from North did call,
 Now stay, or else bring wherewithall,
 Unlesse thy credit here prove better,
 Than does thy friend's, that wrote this Letter.

I. S.

Day tenth thrice told, the morning fair,
 The month still with a face to spare.



The same, to the same.

NO sooner I from supper rose,
 But Letter came, though not in prose,
 Which tells of fight, and Duell famous,
 Perform'd between a man and a mouse.
 An English Captain, and a Scot,
 The one disarm'd, the other not.
 It speaks moreover of some stirring,
 To make a Cov'nant new as Herring.
Carr, and *Mountrosse*, and eke *Argile*:
 Well was that Nation term'd a Boyl,
 In breach of *England*, that doth stick,
 And vex the body Politick.

But (whatsoe're be the pretence)
 Doubtlesse they strive about the pence ;
 While English Trooper, like a Gull,
 Serves but to hold the Cow to th'Bull.
 Pray tell me, *Fohn*, did it not nettle
 Thee, and thy Myrmidons of Mettle,
 To see the boy with country-lash,
 Drive on the jades that drew the cash ?
 And by thy needy quarters go,
 Asking the way to Camp of fo ?
 So *Tantalus* with hungry maw,
 And thirsty gullet, daily saw
 Water and fruit swim by his chaps,
 While he in vain at either snaps.
 Or else as *Phæbus*, when full fraught,
 And tiple with his mornings draught,
 Reels like a drunken Jackanapes,
 With bladder tight, o're soyl that gapes :
 And afterwards in corner odd,
 Perhaps lesse thirsty, empties codd.
 So fares it with my friends, (god wot)
 Whom treasure skips t'enrich the Scot.
 Leave then that wretched Climate, where
 Thy wants have rid thee like the Mare ;
 And haste to Town, where thou shalt find
 Thy friend, that now hath newly din'd.

I. S.

Day twenty sixt, and when *Fohn* saies,
Faces about, the Month obays.



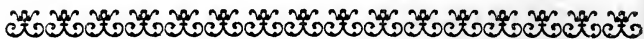
The same, to the same.

WHY how now friend, why com'st not hither?
 Hast thou not leave as light as feather?
 Here have I mark't a Butt of Sack
 Whose maiden-head shall welcome *Jack*,
 'Against which when drawer advanc'd gimlet,
 I suffer'd him not, but did him let.
 And yet thou comm'st not ; Why dost pause,
 And there continue, keeping Dawes?
 Does Hostesse stay thy steed perforce,
 For that which was not fault of Horse?
 Thou haste command of more then one,
 For I have seen at tail of *John*,
 Full Palfreys sixty in array,
 (I mean upon the Muster-day)
 Or art thou entertain'd to give
 Physick to one, that else might live,
 Some aged Sir, whose wife is bent
 To change him for a Cock of *Kent*.
 Well, be it what it will, I'le swear,
 There's something in't, that thou stay'st there.
 Howe're, let businesse, wine, or friendship,
 Draw thee from out that Northern endship.
 If none of those provoke thy straddle,
 Take pittty on my riming noddle,

That restlesse runs with numbers fierce,
And's troubled with a flux of verse.
On that condition I'le relate,
Once more to Captain, newes of State :
Judge *Bartlet* sitting on his stall,
In *Westminster*, with's back to the wall,
Was there surpriz'd, and grip'd by th'wrist
By *Maxwell*, with his clouter fist ;
Who truss'd the Judge, and bore him hot,
To the Sheriff's house, but plum'd him not ;
For there he set him down i'th Hall,
And left him to them, robes and all.
As when a pack of eager Hounds,
Hunting full cry along the grounds,
Take o're some common moor, that's fraught
With old cast Jades, and good for nought :
Who, conscious of their fates, do hale up
Their thin short tails, and try to gallop,
Get out o'th way for life and limme,
Each fearing they are come for him.
So far'd the Judges, such fears wrung 'em,
When *Maxwell* spent his mouth among 'em.
Then come away, man, places stoop,
Yet thou remainst in fortune's poop.
If thou wert set to ride the Circuit,
In *Bartlet's* room, how thou wouldst firik it.
The art is, to forget acquaintance,
And break a jest in giving Sentence,
Which thou wilt learn, and then be quick
With Sherif's, and thou hast the trick.

These lessons con, and keep in store,
From *S* that hath an *F* before.

From *Bromely*, where I ghuess by th' *Mill-Dike*
That tis the Moneth sirnamed *Fill-Dike*
Which govern's now, and I beleeve
The day is *Tom of Staffords Eve*,
Full sixteen hundred yeares (I hold)
And fifty (bating five twice told)
Expired are since yeare of grace
I'th Almanack first shew'd his face :
Or (which is nearer to our trade)
Twelve score and two, since Guns were made.



The Gallants of the Times.

*Supposed to be made by Mr. William Murrey of
His Majesties Bed-chamber.*

Come hither the maddest of all the Land,
The *Bear* at the Bridge-foot this day must be baited
Gallants flock thither on every hand
Waggs wantonly minded, & merry conceited
Ther's *Wentworth*, and *Willmott*, and *Weston* and *Cave*,
If these are not mad boys, who the devill, would you
have,
To drink to *Will Murray*, they all doe agree
And every one crys, *To mee, boys, to mee!*

A great Burgandine for *Will Murray's* sake
George Symonds, he vows the first course to take :
 When *Stradling* a Græcian dogg let fly,
 Who took the Bear by the nose immediatly ;
 To see them so forward *Hugh Pollard* did smile
 Who had an old Curr of Canary Oyl,
 And held up his head that *George Goring* might see,
 Who then cryed aloud, *To mee, boys to mee !*

Tis pleasure to drink among these men
 For they have witt and valour good store,
 They all can handle a sword and a pen
 Can court a lady and tickle a whore,
 And in the middle of all their wine,
 Discourse of *Plato*, and *Arretine*.
 And when the health coms fall-down on their knees,
 And hee that wants, cry, *to me boys to mee*

Cornwallais was set in an upper room
 With halfe a duzzen smal witts of his size :
 He sent twice or thrice to have him come down,
 But they would admitt him in no manner wise
 Though, in a full bowle of Rhenish he swear,
 Hee'd never tell more, when woemen were there,
 But they all cry'd alou'd his tongue is too free
 He is not company for such as wee.





The Answer,

By *Mr. Peter Apsley*.

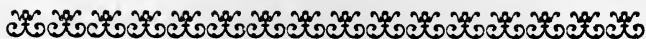
Though *Murray* be, undoubtedlie,
 His country's cheifest wit ;
 And none but those converse with him
 Are held companions fitt :
 Yett I do know som Holland blades
 Shall vie with him for it, hey downe, ho downe
 Hay downe downe derry dery downe !
 Thinke not all praises due,
 For some that buff do weare
 Can whore and rore and sweare
 And drink and talke and fight as well as you.
 Your *Wentworth* and your *Weston*
 Your *Stradling* and your *Tred*,
 I know they are as joviall boys
 As ever Taverne bred
 And can somtimes like souldiers live
 A weeke without a bedd, hey doune &c.
George Generall of Guenifrieds
 He is a joviall Lad ;
 Though his Heart and Fortunes disagree
 Oft times to make him sad :
 Yet give him but a flout or two
 And strait you'l swear hees mad: Hey downe, &c.

There's *Sydenham Crofts* and *Kelligrew*
Must not be left behind
And that old smooth-fac'd Epicure
They call him *Harry Wind*
For if you do discourse with him
Such company you'l finde : hey downe, &c.

There's little *Geofrey Peeters*,
As good as any of those
If hee'd leave his preventing way
Of abusing his great nose
Hee's witt and Poett good enough
That hee can pawne his cloathes : hey downe, &c.

There is a joviall Parson
Who to these men doth preach :
On the week days he does learn of them,
And on Sundays does them teach.
Of books and of good company
Hee takes his share of each, hey down ho down,
Hey down down dery dery down !
Thinke not all prayes due
For if he did not weare
A gowne hee'd roare and swear
And drink and talke and fight as well as you.





The Bursse of Reformation.

WE wil go no more to the old Exchang,
Theres no good ware at all :

Their bodkins and their thimbles too

Went long since to Guild-hall.

But we will to the new Exchange

Where all things are in fashion

And we will have it hence forth call'd

The Bursse of reformation.

Come lads and lasses, what do you lack

Here is weare of all prizes

Here's long & short ; heres wide & straight ;

Here are things of all sizes.

Madam, you may fitt your selfe

With all sorts of good pinns,

Sirs, here is jett and here is hayre,

Gold and cornelian rings,

Here is an english conny furr,

Rushia hath no such stuff,

Which for to keep your fingers warme,

Excels your sables muffle.

come ladds, &c.

Pray you Madam sitt, ile shew good ware
For crowding nere fear that,
Against a stall or on a stool
Youl nere hurt a crevatt.
Heers childrens bawbles and mens too,
To play with for delight.
Heer's round-heads when turn'd every way
At length will stand upright.
Come ladds, &c.

Heer's dice, and boxes if you please
To play at in and inn,
Heers hornes for brows, & browes for hornes,
Which never will be seen.
Heer is a sett of kettle pinns
With bowle at them to rowle :
And if you like such trundling sport
Here is my ladyes hole.
Come ladds, &c.

Heer's shaddow ribbon'd of all sorts,
As various as your mind,
And heer's a Wind-mill like your selfe
Will turne with every wind.
And heer's a church of the same stuff
Cutt out in the new fashion,
Hard by's a priest stands twice a day
Will serve your congregation.
Come ladds, &c.

Heer are som presbyterian things,
 Falne lately out of fashion,
 Because we hear that *Prester John*
 Doth circumcize his nation.
 And heer are independant knacks,
 Rais'd with his spirits humor.
 And heer's cheap ware was sequestred,
 For a malignant tumor. Come ladds, &c.

Heer patches are of every cut,
 For pimples and for scarrs,
 Here's all the wandring planet signs,
 And som oth' fixed starrs,
 Already gum'd to make them stick,
 They need no other sky,
 Nor starrs for *Lilly* for to vew
 To tell your fortunes by,
 Come ladds, &c.

To eject Powder in your hayre,
 Here is a pritty puff ;
 Would for clister case serve too,
 Were it fil'd with such stufte.
 Madam, here are Pistachie nutts,
 Strengthening Oringo roots ;
 And heea's a preserv'd Apricock
 With the stones pendant too't.
 Com Lads, &c.

Here are Perriwiggs will fit all Hayres,
False beards for adisguise ;
I can help lasses which are bare
In all parts, as their thighs.
If you'l engage well, here you may
Take up fine Holland Smocks.
We have all things that women want
Except Italian Locks.
Come Ladds, &c.

Here are hot Boyes have backs like bulls,
At first sight can leap lasses ;
And bearded Ladds hold out like goats :
And here are some like Asses.
Here are Gallants can out-do
Your Usher or your Page ;
You need not go to Ludgate more
Till threescore yeares of age.
Come Ladds, &c.

Madam, here is a Politicus
Was Pragmaticus of late,
And here is an Elenticus
That Fallacies doth prate :
Here is the Intelligencer too,
See how 'bout him they throng !
Whilst Melanchollicus a lone
Walks here to make this song.
Com Ladds, &c.

Then lett's no more to the Old Exchange
 There's no good ware at all,
 Their Bodkins, and their Thimbles too,
 Went long since to *Guild-Hall*.
 But we will to the New Exchange
 Where all things are in Fashion,
 And vve vwill have it henceforth call'd,
 The Burse of Reformation.

Come Ladds, and Lasses, vvhat do you lack ?
 Here is vvare of all prizes ;
 Here's long and short, here's vvide and straight,
 here are things of all sizes.

*The Answer.*

WE will go no more to the new Exchange
 Their Credit's like to fall,
 Their Money and their Loyalty
 Is gone to *Goldsmith's Hall*.
 But we will keep our Old Exchange,
 VVhere wealth is still in Fashion,
 Gold Chaines and Ruffes shalt beare the Bell,
 For all your Reformation.
 Look on our VValls and Pillars too
 You'l find us much the sounder :
 Sir *Thomas Gresham* stands upright
 But Crook-back was your founder.

There you have poynts and pinns and rings,
With such like toyes as those,
There Patches Gloves and Ribons gay,
And O our money goes.
But when a Fammily is sunck,
And Titles are a fading,
Some Merchant's daughter setts you up,
Thus great ones lives by trading.
Look, &c.

Marke the Nobility throughout,
Moderne and Antient too,
You'l see what power the City had
And how much it could do.
Not many houses you'l observe
Of honour true or seeming,
But have received from the Burse
Creation or redeeming.
Look, &c.

Our wonted meetings are at twelve,
VVhich all the world approves,
But you keep off till candle-time,
To make your secret Loves.
Then you come flocking in a maine
Like birds of the same feather,
Or beasts repaying to the Arke
Uncleane and cleane together.
Look, &c,

Wee strike a bargaine on the Exchange,
 But make it good else where,
 And your procedings are alike
 Though not so good I fear.
 For your commodities are naught,
 How ever you may prize them,
 Then corners and dark holes are sought,
 The better to disguise them,
 Looke, &c.

We walke ore cellars richly fill'd,
 With spices of each kind,
 You have a Taverne underneath,
 And so you'r undermin'd.
 If such a building long endure
 All sober men may wonder,
 When giddy and light heads prevaile,
 Both above ground and under.
 Look, &c.

Wee have an Office, to ensure
 Our shipps and goods at sea :
 No tempest, rock, or pyrat, can
 Deprive us of that plea.
 But if your Ladies spring a leake
 Or boarded be and taken ;
 Who shall secure your Capitoll
 And save your heads from aking !
 Look, &c.

Then wee'l go no more to the new Eexchange
Their credit's like to fall,
Their money and their loyalty,
Is gone to Gold-smiths hall.
But wee will keep our old exchange,
Where wealth is still in fashion,
Gold chaines and ruffs shall bear the bell,
For all your reformation.
Look on our walls and pillars too,
You'l finde us much the sounder :
Sir Thomas Gresham stands upright,
But Crook-back was your founder.



On S. W. S. and L. P.

Shee that admires her servant's face,
His stature, limbs, or haire,
Does not conceive the moderne waies
Of Ladies, wise and faire.
Hee's but short,
Care not for't,
There be tall ones enough,
Though his head
Bee all redd,
Let his coyne bee so too.
What though his nose turne in and out
With passage wide and large,
Not much unlike a rainy spout,
His humors to discharge,

Though his back,
 Weare a pack
 Tis a toy among friends,
 So by hook,
 Or by crook,
 We may compasse our ends.

'Tis not your witt nor language charme,
 That takes a femall eare
 A paire of pendants worth a farme
 Are held more welcom there.

You abuse
 Your poor muse,
 When you write us fine fancies ;
 For no love
 Can improve
 Without suppers or daunces.

God dam-mee is a good conceit,
 If they who sweare present us ;
 For that's your only taking baite
 Words nere can circumvent us.

There belongs
 More then songs
 To a necklace or gown,
 When your plays
 And essays
 May be had for a crown.





The Tytre-Tues, or A Mock-Songe

to the tune of Chive-Chase.

By Mr *George Chambers.*

Two madcaps were committed late,
 For treason, as some say ;
 It was the wisdom of the State,
 Admire it all you may.

Brave *Andrew Windsor* was the prince
George Chambers favorite.

These two bred this unknowne offence
 I wo'd they had bine be ———

They call themselves the Tytere-tues
 And wore a blew Rib——bin,
 And when a drie, would not refuse,
 To drink——O fearefull sinn !
 The Councell, which is thought most wise,
 Did sett so long upon't,
 That they grew wearie, and did rise,
 And could make nothing on't.

But still, the common people cri'd,
 This must not be forgot ;
 Some had for smaller matters di'd
 They'd don——wee know not what :

Hang'd, drawne, and quarter'd, must they be,
 So Law doth sett it downe,
 It's punishment for papistrie
 That are of high renowne.

My Lord of *Canterburie's* grace
 This treason brought to light
 El's had it bin a pitious case
 But that his power and might
 Had queld their pride which swell'd to high ;
 For which the child ungot
 May with him live e'ne till hee die
 As silie sheepe that rott.

Let Papist frowne what need wee care
 Hee lives above their reach :
 And will his silver Mitre weare
 Though now forgot to preach.
 If hee were but behind mee now,
 And should this ballad heare ;
 Sure he'd revenge with bended bow
 And I die like a Deere.



A Northern Ballet.

There dwelt a man in faire *Westmerland*
Ionne Armstrong men did him call,
 He had nither lands nor rents coming in,
 Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

He had Horse and Harness for them all,
Goodly Steeds were all milke white,
O the golden bands an about their necks ;
And their weapons they were all alike.

Newes then was brought unto the King,
That there was sicke a won as hee,
That lived syke a bold out-Law
And robbed all the north country.

The King he writt an a letter then
A letter which was large and long,
He signed it with his owne hand,
And he promised to doe him no wrong ;

When this letter came *Ionne* untill,
His heart it was as blyth as birds on the tree,
Never was I sent for before any King
My father, my Grandfather, nor none but mee.

And if wee goe the King before,
I would we went most orderly,
Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak
Laced with silver laces three.

Every won of you shall have his velvett coat
Laced with sillver lace so white,
O the golden bands an about your neck's
Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke.

By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock
 Towards *Edenborough* gon was hee
 And with him all his eight score men,
 Good lord it was a goodly sight for to see,

When *Ionne* came befower the King
 He fell downe on his knee,
 O pardon my Soveraine Leige, he said
 O pardon my eight score men and mee.

Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong
 For thy eight score men nor thee
 For to morrow morning by ten of the clock,
 Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow tree.

But *Ionne* looke'd over his left shoulder
 Good Lord what a greivous look looked hee ;
 Saying asking grace of a graceles face,
 Why there is none for you nor me.

But *Ionne* had a bright sword by his side,
 And it was made of the mettle so Free,
 That had not the king stept his foot aside
 He had smitten his head from his faire bodde.

Saying, fight on my merry men all,
 And see that none of you be taine,
 For rather then men shall say we were hange'd
 Let them report how we were slaine.

Then god wott faire *Eddenburrrough* rose
And so besett poore *Ionne* rounde
That fowerscore and tenn of *Ionnes* best men
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

Then like a mad man *Ionne* laide about,
And like a mad man then fought hee,
Untill a falce Scot came *Ionne* behinde,
And runn him through the faire boddee,

Saying, Fight on my merry men all,
And see that none of you be taine,
For I will stand by and bleed but a while,
And then will I come and fight againe.

Newes then was brought to young *Ionne Armstrong*,
As he stood by his nurses knee,
Who vowed if er'e he live'd for to be a man,
Oth' the treacherous Scots reveng'd hee'd be.



By Mr. *Richard Barnslay*.

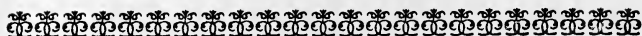
FAme told mee, Lady, your fayr hands would make
A willow garland for me ; O forsake
That dismall office, it do's not agree
With those sweet looks, that fair aspect in thee.
Fayrest of women, canst thou bee my friend?
And with thine owne hand hasten on my end?

If I must loose thee, let mee loose thee so
As not to bee my utter overthrow.

Time lessons sorrow, we endure our crosses,
And happier fortunes may redeem our losses,
But if I wear one branch of that sad tree,
I shall remember it eternally,
What prize I lost ; and then in some sad grove
Of discontent, where fearfull ghosts doe rove
Of the forsaken lovers, there I'le bee
And only they shall keep mee company.
Untill these eyes, in some unpollish'd cave
Running like fountaines, weare mee forth a grave,
And then I'le dye, yet first I will curse thee
Damm'd, unlucky, fruitlesse willow-tree
Still mayest thou withered stand, mayst nev'r bee seen
Clad in sweet summers pride, may'st nev'r grow greene ;
May every bryer, and every bramble bee,
Like a full Cedar, or huge Oake to thee :
And when some cankerd axe shall hewe thee down,
Come never neerer city, house or towne,
But bee thou burnd, yet never mayst thou bee
A christmas block for joviall company.
But bee thou placed neare some ugly ditch
To burne some murderer, or damnd witch.

Cast away Willow, Lady, then, and choose,
Dog-tree, or hemlock, or the mornfull yewes
Torne from some church-yard side, the curs'd thorne
Or else the weed, which still before it's borne
Nine times the devill sees ; if you command
Ile weare them all, compos'd by your fayre hand

So that you'l grant mee, that I may goe free
From the sad branches of the willowe tree.



*Ad Johannuelem Leporem,
Lepidissimum, Carmen Heroicum.*

I Sing the furious battails of the Sphæres
Acted in eight and twenty fathom deep,
And from that (a) time, reckon so many yeares
You'l find (b) *Endimion* fell fast asleep.

(a) There began the *Vtopian* accompt of years, *Mor: Lib. 1. circa finem.*

(b) *Endimion* was a handsome young Welshman, whom one *Luce Moone* lov'd for his sweet breath ; and would never hang off his lips : but he not caring for her, eat a bundance of toasted cheese, purposely to make his breath unsavory ; upon which, she left him presently, and ever since 'tis proverbially spoken [as inconstant as *Luce Moone.*] The *Vatican* copy of *Hesiod*, reads her name, *Mohun*, but contractedly it is *Moone.* *Hesiod. lib. 4. tom. 3.*

And now assist me O ye (c) *Musiques* nine
That tell the Orbs in order as they fight,
And thou dread (d) *Atlas* with thine eyes so fine,
Smile on me now that first begin to write.

(c) For all the Orbes make Musick in their motion, *Berosus de sphaera. lib. 3.*

(d) *Atlas* was a Porter in *Mauritania*, and because by reason of his strength, he bore burthens of stupendious weight, the Poets fain'd, that he carried the Heavens on his shoulders. *Cicero. de nat. Deorum. lib. 7.*

(e) *Pompey* that once was Tapster of *New-Inne*,
 And fought with (f) *Cæsar* on th' (g) *Æmathian* plaines,
 First with his dreadfull (g) *Myrmidons* came in
 And let them blood in the Hepatick veines.

(e) There were two others of these names, Aldermen of *Rome*. *Tit. Liu. hist. lib. 28.*

(f) *Æmathia*, is a very faire Common in *Northamptonshire*, *Strabo. lib. 321.*

(g) These *Myrmidons* were *Cornish-men*, and sent by *Bladud*, sometimes King of this Realme, to ayd *Pompey*. *Cæsar de bello. civili. lib. 14.*

But then an *Antelope* in Sable blew,
 Clad like the (h) Prince of *Aurange* in his Cloke,
 Studded with Satyres, on his Army drew,
 And presently (i) *Pheanders* Army broke.

(h) It seemes not to be meant by *Count Henry*, but his brother *Maurice*, by comparing his picture to the thing here spoken of. *Jansen. de præd. lib. 22.*

(i) *Pheander* was so modest, that he was called the Maiden Knight; and yet so valiant, that a French Cavaleer wrote his life, and called his Book, *Pheander the Maiden Knight*. *Hon. d'Vrfee. Tom. 45.*

(k) *Philip*, for hardiness surnamed *Club*,
 In Beauty equall to fork-bearing (l) *Bacchus*,

(k) This seemes not to be that King, that was Son of *Amintas*, and King of *Macedon*; but one who it seems was very lascivious: for I suspect there is some obscæne conceit in that word *Club* in the third verse following; besides, marke his violence.

(l) *Bacchus*, was a drunken yeoman of the Guard to Queen *Elizabeth*, and a great Archer; so that it seemes the Authour mistooke his halbert, for a forke.

Made such a thrust at (m) *Phæbe*, with his Club,
That made the (n) *Parthians* cry, she will becaek us.

(m) This was *Long-Megg* of *Westminster*, who after this conflict with *Phillip*, followed him in all his warres. *Iustinian. lib. 35.*

(n) These were *Lancashire-men*, and sent by King *Gorbudug* (for this war seemes to have been in the time of the *Heptarchy* in *England*) to the aide of *Cæsar*. *Cæsar. lib. citat. prope finem.*

VVhich heard, the *Delphick* Oracle drew nigh,
To wipe faire *Phæbe*, if ought were amiss,
But (o) *Heliotrope*, a little crafty spye,
Cry'd clouts were needless, for she did but piss

(o) And therefore, the herb into which he was turned, was called *Turnsole*. *Ovid. Metam. lib. 25.*

A subtle Gloworme lying in a hedge
And heard the story of sweet cheek't (p) *Appollo*,
Snatch'd from bright (q) *Styropes* his Antick sledge
And to the butter'd Flownders cry'd out, (r) *Holla*.

(p) *Appollo*, was *Cæsars* Page, and a *Monomatapan* by birth, whose name by inversion was *Ollopa*: which in the old language of that Country, signifies as much as faire youth: but, *Euphonia Gratia*, called *Apollo*, *Gor. Bec. lib. 46.*

(q) *Styropes*, was a lame Smiths-man dwelling in *S. Johns-street*; but how he was called *Bright*, I know not, except it were by reason of the Luster of his eyes.

(r) *Holla*, mistaken for *Apollo*.

Holla you pamper'd Jades, quoth he, look here,
And mounting straight upon a Lobsters thigh

An *English* man inflam'd with (s) double Beere,
Swore nev'r to (t) drink to Man, a Woman by.

(s) *Cervisia (apud Medicos, vinum hordeaceum) potus est Anglis longè charissimus; Inventum Ferrarij Londinensis, Cui nomen Smuggo. Polydor. Virgil, de Invent. rerum. lib. 2.*

(t) *Impp. Germaniæ, antiquitus solebant, statis temporibus, adire Basingstochium; ubi, de more, Jusjurandum solenne præstabant, de non viro propinando, præsentè muliere: Hic Mos, jamdudum apud Anglos, pene vim legis obtinuit; quippe gens illa, longè humanissima morem istum, in hodiernum usque diem, magna Curiositate, pari Comitæte conjuncta, usurpant. Pancirol—utriusque imperij. lib. 6. cap. 5.*

By this time grew the conflict to be (u) hot,
Boots against boots 'gainst (x) Sandals, Sandals, fly.
Many poor thirsty men went to the pot,
Feathers lopt off, spurrs every where did lie.

Cætera desiderantur.

(u) It seemes this was a great battail, both by the furie of it, & the aydes of each side; but hereof read more, in *Cornel. Tacit. lib. de moribus German.*

(x) This is an imitation of *Lucan*—

— *Signis Signa, & pila*—&c.
Pharsalia. lib. 1. in principio.





*Bagnall's Ballet, supplied of what was left
out in Musarum Deliciæ.*

A Ballet, a ballet ! let every Poet,
A ballett make with speed :
And he that has wit, now let him shew it ;
For never was greater need :
And I that never made ballett before ;
Will make one now, though I never make more.
*Oh Women, monstrous women,
What do you meane to doe !*

It is their pride and strange attire,
Which binds me to this taske ;
Which King, and Court, did much admire,
At the last Christmas maske,
But by your entertainment then,
You should have snial cause to come there agen.
Oh Women, &c.

You cannot bee contented to go,
As did the women of old ;
But you are all for pride and show,
As they were for weather and cold,
O Women, women ! fie, fie, fie,
I wonder you are not ashamed.
O Women, &c.

Where is the decency becom,
 Which your fore-mothers had ?
 With Gowns of Cloth, and Capps of Thrum,
 They went full meanly cladd.
 But you must jett it in silkes and gold ;
 Your pride, though in winter, is never a cold.

O Women, &c.

Your faces trick'd and painted bee,
 Your breasts all open bare :
 So farr that a man may almost see
 Unto your Lady ware :
 And in the church, to tell you true,
 Men cannot serve God for looking on you.

O Women, &c.

And at the Devills shopps you buy,
 A dresse of powdered hayre,
 On which your feathers flaunt and fly,
 But i'de wish you have a care,
 Lest Lucifer's selfe who is not prouder
 Do one day dresse up your haire with a powder.

O Women, &c.

And many there are of those that go
 Attyr'd from head to heele,
 That them from men you cannot know
 Unlesse you do them feele,
 But oh for shame though they have none,
 Tis better believe, and let them alone,

O Women, &c.

Both round and short they cut their hayre
Whose length should women grace,
Loose like themselves, their hatts they weare.

And when they come in place,
Where courtshipp and complements must bee,
They do it like men with cappe and knee.

O Women, &c.

They at their sides against our laws,
With little punyards go,
Which surely is, (I thinke) because,
They love mens weapons so ;
Or else it is they'le stobb all men,
That do refuse to stabb them agen.

O Women, &c,

Doublets like to men they weare,
As if they ment to flout us,
Trust round with poynts and ribbons fayre,
But I pray letts look about us ;
For since the doublett so well doth fitt 'um,
They will have the breeches ; and if they can get 'um.

O Women, &c.

Nor do they care what a wise man saith,
Or preachers in their defame.
But jeer and hold him an asse ; but I faith
They'd blush if they had any shame :
For citty and countrey do both deride 'um
And our King, God blesse him, cannot abide 'um.

O Women, &c.

And when the mask was at the court,
 Before the King to be showne,
 They got upon seats to see the sport,
 But soon they were pull'd down ;
 And many were thrust out of dores,
 Their coats well cudgel'd, & they cal'd whores.

*O King, Relligious King,
 God save thy Majestie.*

And so with prayers to God on high,
 To grant his highnesse peace,
 Wee hope we shall finde remedie
 To make this mischief cease :
 Since he in Court has tane so good order,
 The citty leave to the Maior and Recorder,

*O King, Relligious King,
 God blesse thy majestie.*

And women all whom this concerns,
 Though you offended bee ;
 And now in foule and rayling tearms
 Do swagger and scold at mee ;
 I tell you, if you mend not your waies
 The devil will fetch you all, one of these days,

*Oh Women monstrous Women !
 What do you mean to do ?*



Mr. Smith, to Sir John Mennis,
upon the surrender of Conway Castle by the
Ar, B. Y.

ANd how? and how? hast thou cry'd quittance
 With *Mountaine*, Bishop, and his Brittaines
 Who after all his changes, had
 Yet one trick more, to make John mad?
 Hadst thou, for this, charge of the Keyes
 Old as the Castle? and the payes
 Of Men unborne? that never took
 A name, but from thy Muster-Book?
 Hast thou been honour'd with the knee
 Of the Time-aged-Porter? Hee
 Who after reverence, humbly sate
 Below the Salt, and munch'd his Sprat,
 And after all this to be vex't
 Past sufferance, by a Man o'th 'Text!
 Well! now thou'rt come in sight of *Pauls*,
 Hast thou compounded for thy Coales
 And swallowed glib in hope to thrive,
 The Covenant, and Oath Negative
 With hand lift up, like those that are
 Indicted for less crimes at Barre?
 Beleeve me, friend, it is a Burden
 Worse then a close-stoole with a Turd in.
 Yet if from Brittish rocks th' hast brought
 A heard of Goats, or Runts, or ought

That Country yeilds ; Flannel, Carnoggins,
 Store of Metheglin in thy waggons ;
 Less needst thou dwindle to appeare Man
 At *Goldsmiths-Hall* before the Chaire-man :
 Or if th'ast plundered Pedlars-pack
 And truss'd it on thy knightly back,
 Rich in Box-whistles, combs in cases,
 Tape white and blue, points, inkle, laces,
 'T may satisfye those hungry Kings ;
 They'l hang thee else in thine own strings.

And now I call to mind the tale,
 How mounted in thy nights of ale
 Thou rod'st home duely to thy Den
 On back of resty Cittizen,
 Still pressing as the cattle grew
 Weary, at every stage, a new :
 Some thorough-pac'd, and sure of foot
 Some tripping, with string-halt to boot,
 Now 'tis their time, and thou art ore-
 Ridden by them, thou roadst before.
 So have I seen the flyes in Summer,
 Yellow as was the neighbouring scummer,
 With shambling thighs, each other back
 By turns, and traverse o're the rack.
 Ah ! worthy friend, it makes me mad
 To count the dayes, that we have had ;
 When we might freely meet and drink
 And each man speak what he did think.
 Now every step we doubt, and word
 As men to passe some unknown for'd.

As Partridges devide their way
When stoop'd at by the Birds of prey,
And dare not from their coverts peep
Till night's come on, and all's asleep,
Then from their severall brakes they hast,
And call together to repast.

So frighted by these buzzards, flye
Our scattered friends, and sculking lye
Till cover'd in the night, they chant
And call each other to the hant,

Some trusty Taverne, where in bowles
They drown their feares, & chirp poore souls,
What sad plight are we in? what pickles?
That we must drink in conventicles?
Search all the Centuries, there's none
Like this fell Persecution;
But when Time sorts, do but but command,
At noon I'le meet thee, here's my hand.

J. S.

Dated,

From house of Knight, in *Nympton-Regis*,
Where one drinks, and another pledges,
I meane at meales, the day is Jack,
The 15 of the month that's black,
Forty eight yeares, and sixteen hundred
Since that of Grace, away are squandred,
And since Parliament begon
(I hope you'l not forget that *John*)
Nothing remaines, but that I say,
Good morrow; that's the time o'th day.



*An answer to a Letter from Sr. John
Mennis, wherein he jeeres him for
falling so quickly to the use of the
Directory.*

Friend, thou dost lash me with a story,
 A long one too, of Directory ;
 When thou alone deserves the Birch
 That broughtst the bondage on the Church.
 Didst thou not treat for *Bristow* Citty
 And yeld it up? the more's the pittie.
 And saw'st thou not, how right or wrong
 The common prayer-book went along?
 Didst thou not scourse, as if enchanted,
 For Articles *Sir Thomas* granted,
 And barter, as an Author saith,
 The Articles o'th' Christian faith?
 And now the Directory jostles
 Christ out o'th' Church, and his Apostles ;
 And tears down the commnion-rayles
 That Men may take it on their tayles.
 Imagine freind, *Bochus* the King,
 Engraven on *Sylla's* Signet ring,
 Delivering up into his hands
Fugurth, and with him all his Lands,
 Whom *Sylla* tooke and sent to Rome
 There to abide the Senate's doome,

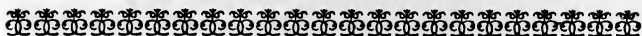
In the same posture, I suppose,
John standing in's doublet and hose,
 Delivering up, amidst the throng,
 The common-prayer and wisdom's song
 To hands of *Fairfax* to be sent
 A sacrifice to the Parliament :
 Thou litle thoughtst what geare began
 Wrap't in that Treaty, *Busie John*,
 There lurk'd the fire, that turn'd to cinder
 The Church ; her ornaments to tinder.
 There bound up in that Treaty lyes
 The fate of all our Christmas pyes,
 Our holy-dayes there went to wrack
 Our Wakes were layd upon their back ;
 Our Gossips spoones away were lurch'd
 Our feasts and fees for woemen church'd,
 All this and more ascribe we might
 To thee at *Bristow*, wretched knight,
 Yet thou upbraidst, and raylst in rime
 On me, for that, which was thy crime,
 So froward Children in the Sun,
 Amid' their sports some shrewd turne donne
 The faulty youth begins to prate,
 And layes it on his harmlesse mate,

Dated

From *Nympton* where the Cyder smiles,
 And *James* has horse as lame as *Gyles*
 The fourth of *May*; and dost thou heare,
 'Tis as I take it, the eighth yeare

Since *Portugall* by *Duke Braganza*
Was cut from *Spaine* without a hand-saw.

I. S.



Mr. Smith's taking a Purge.

I N morne when *Phœbus* peep't through crevis,
Bold as our British *Guy* or *Bevis*
I powder took, and by his beams
Befreinded, made a draught for *Jeames*.
Long had it not in stomach been
But from each part, came powdring in
Of uncouth gear such pregnant store
That gutt 'gan grumble, nock runne ore.
Have yee beheld with eager haste
The trewant Citts when scene is past,
(As if they meant their ribs to burst
While each beares up to get out first)
Cloy up the doore, till passage small
Into one body rammes 'em all,
And then in steed of men and witt
Delivers up a lumpe of citt.
With no lesse furie in a throng
Away these tachie humors flung,
And downwards in a rage they drew
To ramble, and bid nock adieu :
But when they came to portall nastie
Bumme was so straitte, and they so hastie,

That many a worthy pellett must
Into one Booming shott bee thrust,
At rumbling noyse the mastive growles
The frighted mice forsake their holes,
And Souldiers to my window come
Invited thither by my drum,
Tire'd with this hideous coyle behinde
Nocke layd a bout him hard for winde,
Hee chaf'd, and fom'd, as buck embo'st,
And painted like a toad that's tost.
At length he gaind a litle tyme,
And cleard his Organ from the slime ;
Pale was his look, (for to be blunt),
Arse could not sett a good face on't.
But yet hee strove with visage wan
To vent himselfe ; and thus began.
Oh dismall Dose ! oh cursed geere !
Will all thy body runne out here ?
Will vaynes, and sinnews, flesh, and bone
Be gadding, and leave nock alone ?
Is it decreed, oh crewell fates !
So *Mindus* at her citty gates
As was suspected there about
Some time or other might runne out,
A Divell sure bak't, and stale
Was grated in my posset-ale,
Or else 'twas powder of the bones
Of some foote souldier dead for the nonce,
For all the way he travailes North
Through stomack, belly, and so forth.

Some what he seizes in each towne,
 And take's it with him as his owne ;
 Well, what so ere thou wer't, be sure
 Thy vengeance 'ile no more indure,
 Nor shall the head or stomack put
 More then is fitting into gutt.
 Why could not nostrells, eyes, or eare,
 By milde expences vent you there?
 Or vomitt, by a neerer way,
 Discharge what in the stomak lay?
 Or i'st not justice they that pas'd
 The pleasure, should the bitter taste?
 Can you accuse mee? ever came
 Ought in by me did body blame?
 Unlesse your keeping ope my doore
 Drew wind, to make the fabrick roare ;
 I was contented once a day
 While you were temperate, to obay,
 But he is cur'st that's forc't to stand
 All the day long with hose in hand.
 Nor was the spincter muscle put
 At every turne to ope and shut,
 But there to stand, and notice take
 Who pass'd, and when, and for whose sake.
 Therefore bee warn'd keepe better dyet
 That all of us may live at quiett.
 Or ile stopp up the abuse'd course
 And send up fumes will make you worse
 And you (as *Mayerne* doth) they say
 Divert the vent another way,

Then spight of physick, in a word,
I'le make your palate tast a tourd,
And when you belch I'le turne the sent
To perfect smell of fundament.



The Miller and the King's Daughter,
By Mr. Smith.

HERE were two Sisters they went a playing,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe-a-
To see their fathers ships come sayling in
With a hy downe, downe, a downe-o-

And when they came unto the sea-brym,
With, &c,
The elder did push the younger in ;
With, &c.

O Sister, O Sister, take me by the gowne,
With, &c,
And drawe me up upon the dry ground,
With, &c.

O Sister, O Sister, that may not bee,
With, &c.
Till salt and oatmeale grow both of a tree ;
With, &c.

Somtymes she sanke, Somtymes she swam,
With, &c.

Untill she came unto the mil-dam ;
With, &c.

The miller runne hastily downe the cliffe,
With &c,

And up he betook her withouten her life,
With, &c.

What did he doe with her brest bone ?
With, &c.

He made him a viall to play thereupon,
With, &c.

What did he doe with her fingers so small ?
With, &c.

He made him peggs to his Violl withall ;
With, &c.

What did he doe with her nose-ridge ?
With, &c.

Unto his Violl he made him a bridge,
With, &c.

What did he do with her Veynes so blewe ?
with, &c.

He made him strings to his Viole thereto ;
with, &c.

What did he doe with her eyes so bright ?

with, &c.

Upon his Violl he playd at first sight ;

with, &c.

What did he doe with her tongue soe rough ?

with, &c.

Unto the violl it spake enough ;

with, &c.

What did he doe with her two shinnes ?

with, &c.

Unto the violl they danc't *Moll Syms* ;

with, &c.

Then bespake the treble string,

with, &c.

O yonder is my father the King ;

with, &c.

Then bespake the second string,

with &c.

O yonder sits my mother the Queen :

with, &c.

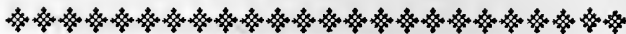
And then bespake the stringes all three ;

with, &c.

O yonder is my sister that drowned mee

with, &c.

Now pay the miller for his payne,
with, &c.
 And let him bee gone in the divels name.
with, &c.



Mr. Smith, *to* Tom Pollard, *and*
 Mr. Mering.

MY hearty commendations first remembred
 To *Tom*, & *Robbin* tall men, and well timberd
 Hoping of both your welfares, and your blisse
 Such as my selfe enjoy'd when I wrote this ;
 These are to let you understand and know,
 That love will creepe there where it cannot go
 And that each morning I doe drink your healths
 After our Generalls, & the Commonwealths ;
 For nothing is more fatall then disorder
 Especially now *Lesly's* on the Border ;
 That done we gather into *Rankes* and files,
 That a farre off we look like greeat wood piles ;
 And then we practise over all our knacks
 With as much ease as men make Almanacks,
 Size all our bulletts to a dram, we hate
 To kill a foe with waste unto the State,
 And for our carriage heere, it hath been such
 Declar't I cannot, but Ile give a touch :
 Here is noe outrage done, not one that Robbs
 Perhaps you think it strange *Tom*, so does *Nobbs*

But tis as true as steele, for on my word ;
 Their worst is drinking Ale, browne as their sword.
 But hark the *fiendes* are come close to *Carlile*,
Lidsdale is cope't with *Rebell-Scotts* the while
 To us they send for helpe, the postboy skudds ;
 And scoures his pallfrie in his proper Sudds,
 More I could write deare friends, but bad's the weather
 And time's as precious as you both to gether.
 But take not this unkindely ; I professe
 There's no man more your servant then *I S.*

Newcastle where the drouth has been
 That makes grasse short, and gelding thin :
Iuly the fifth I wrote this letter
 One thousand six hunderd, & somewhat better.



*Vpon Iohn Felton's hanging in Chaines at
 Ports-mouth, for killing the
 Duke of Buckingham.*

Here uninterd suspends (though not to save
 Surviving friends the expences of a grave
Felton's dead earth, which to the world must bee
 His own sad monument, his Elegye
 As large as fame, but whither bad or good
 I say not, by himself 'twas writ in blood
 For with his body thus entomb'd in ayre
 Arch't o're with Heaven, set with thousand faire

And glorious Diamond-starrs ; a Sepulcher
 Which time can never ruinate, and where
 Th'impartiall worme (which is not brib'd to spare
 Princes when wrapt in Marble) cannot share
 His flesh (which oft the charitable skyes
 Embalme with teares doing those obsequies
 Belong to men) shall last till pittying foul
 Contend to reach his body to his Soule.

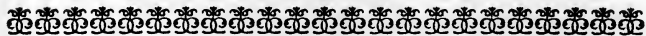


To Felton in the Tower.

ENjoy thy bondage, make thy prison know,
 Thou hast a liberty thou canst not owe
 To such base punishment ; keep't intire, since
 Nothing but guilt shackles they conscience.
 I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to whey
 In feebling it with pitty, nor dare pray
 Thine act may mercy finde, lest thy great story
 Lose something of its miracle and glory.
 I wish thy merit studied cruelty,
 Short vengance befreinds thy memory
 For I would have posterity to heare
 He that can bravely die can bravely beare.
 Torture seemes great unto a cowards eye
 'Tis no great thing to suffer, less to dye.
 Should all the cloudes fall out, & in that strife
 Lightning and thunder send to take my life,

I should applaud the wisdom of my fate
 That knew to value me at such a rate
 As at my fall to trouble all the skie,
 Emptying it self upon me Joves full Armory ;
 Thy soul before was straightned, thank thy doome
 To show her vertue she hath larger Roome,
 Yet sure if every artery were broke
 Thou wouldst finde strength for such another stroke.
 And now I leave thee unto death and fame
 Which lives to shake ambition at thy name,
 And (if it were no sin) the Court by it
 Should hourelly swear before a favorite.
 Farwell, for thy beame sake we shall not send
 Henceforth Commanders that wil foes defend
 Nor will it ever our just Monarch please
 To keep an Admirall to loose the Seas.
 Farwell, undaunted stand, and joy to be
 Of publique sorrow the Epitome,
 Let the Duke's name suffer, and crowne thy thrall
 All we in him did suffer ; thou for all.

And I dare boldly write, as thou darst dye,
Stout Felton, Englands ransome, here doth lye.

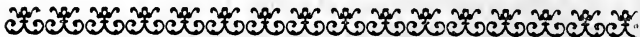


To the Duke of Buckingham.

THe king loves you, you him ; both love the same,
 You love the King, he you, both *Buck-in-game*
 Of sport the King loves game, of game the *Buck*
 Of all men you, why you? Why see your luck.

*To the Same.*

Some say, the Duke was vertuous, gracious, good,
 And *Felton* basely did, to spill his bloud.
 If it be so, what did he then amiss,
 In sending him the sooner to his bliss ?
 All deaths seem pleasant to a good-man's Eye
 And bad men onely are afraid to dye ;
 Chang'd he this Kingdome to possess a better,
 Then is the *Duke* become *John Felton's* debter.

*The Lawyer.*

Lawyers themselves up hold the Common weale,
 They punish such as do offend and steale ;
 They free with subtill art the innocent,
 From any danger, losse, or punishment,
 They can, but will not, keep the world in awe
 By mis-expounded and distorted lawe ;
 Alwayes they have great store of charity,
 And love they want, not keeping amity.





*The Clients Transcription of the same Copy,
having experienced the contrary.*

L Awyers themselves uphold the Common-weale
They punish such as do offend and steale.
They free with subtile art the innocent,
From any danger, losse, or punishment ;
They can, but will not keep, the world in awe
By mis-expounded and distorted lawe
Allwayes they have, great store of charity
And love they want, not keeping amitye.



The reverend Canvase.

S O lowd a lye on Sunday rung,
So thicke a troupe, so grave a thrung,
Assembled in a Church, to laugh,
At nothing ? pardon heavens ; when halfe
Had Gods marke on them ? none so good
To satisfie the hungry croud ;
With holsome doctrine ; none so hardy
With an howers talke to quitt the tardy ?
All silent brethren, and yet none
Can speake by inspiration ?

Dares none so conscious of his merit,
Or presuming on the sperit,
With an edifying greeting
Gratulate this zealous meeting ?
Is this a day or place (O sin !)
For such to have a canvse in ?
Lord ! how we sat like *Queene Candace's*
Eunuch, reading each other faces !
Expecting when some *Philips* heire
Would come to ascend the sacred chaire.
Whilst cousning *Miles* the bell still knockt
T' increase the number of the mockt ?
But in conclusion all the cittie
Was bidden to a *nunc dimitte*,
And yet found no man to supply
The office of dumbe *Zacharie*
In our dismission, till wee tiring
The bell and pullpit both conspiring,
Deprived of sound, and vesture told us
The tenor onely preacht that calld us ;





A non sequitur, by Dr. Corbett.

M Arke how the Lanterns clowd mine eyes
 See where a moone drake ginnes to rise
Saturne craules much like an *Iron Catt*,
 To see the naked moone in a slippshott hatt,
 Thunder thumping toad stooles crock the pots
 To see the Meremaids tumble
 Leather catt-a-mountaines shake their heeles
 To heare the gosh-hawke grumble
 The rustie threed,
 Begins to bleed,
 And cobwebs elbows itches
 The putrid skyes
 Eat mulsacke pies
 Backed up in logicke brecehes
 Munday trenchers make good hay
 The Lobster weares no dagger
 Meale-Mouth'd shee-peacockes powle the starres
 And make the lowbell stagger
 Blew Crocodiles foame in the toe
 Blind meal-bagges do follow the doe
 A ribb of apple braine spice
 Will follow the Lancasheire dice
 Harke how the chime of *Plutoes* pispot cracks,
 To see the rainbowes wheele ganne, made of flax.



*On Oxford Schollers going to Woodstock
to heare Dr. Corbet preach before the King.*

THe King, and the Court
 Desirous of sport,
 At woodstock six dayes did lye
 Thither came the Doctors
 With their velvet sleev'd Proctors,
 And the rest of the learned frie.
 Some faces did shine
 More with ale then with wine ;
 So that each man there was thought
 And judged by their hue
 (As it was then true).
 They were better fed then taught.
 A number beside
 With their wenches did ride
 (For Schollers you know are kind)
 And riding before
 Leand back evermore
 To kisse their wenches behind.
 A number on foot
 Without cloak, or boot
 And yet to the Court they wou'd
 Which was for to show
 How farr they wou'd go
 To doe his Majesty good.

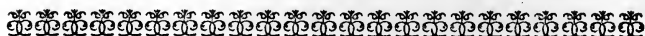
The reverend Deane
With his ruff, starched clean
Did preach before the King
A Ring there was spide
In his band-string tyde
Was not this a pritty thing?
The Ring without doubt
Was the thing put him out:
So oft hee forgot what was next
That all that were there
Did thinke, and dare sweare,
Hee handled it more then his Text.



Horat. 34. Carm. od. 10. ad. Ligurinum.

TIs true (proud boy) thy beauty may presume
Thank Venus for't but when thy cheekes shall plume,
When manly downe shall shade thy Childish pride
And when thy locks (which dangle on each side
Of thy white shoulders) shall no more remain ;
When thy vermilion cheeks (which do disdain,
The glorious colour of the purple rose)
Begin to fade, and Ligarinas loose
His lovely face, being rudely stuck with haire
(Hard hearted boy) then wilt thou say with teares
(When looking for thy faire self in a glass
Thou findest another there) Ah me ! alas !

What do I now perceive? why had not I?
 These thoughts when I was lovely smooth? or why?
 To these my thoughts which I now entertaine
 Doe not my Cheeks grow slik & young again?



To his Mistris.

I'll tell you whence the rose did first grow red
 And whence the lillie whitenesse borrowed
 You blush't and then the rose with red was dight.
 The lillie kist your hands and so came white
 Before that time the rose was but a staine
 The lillie nought but palenesse did containe
 You have the native colour; these they die
 And onely flourish in your livery.

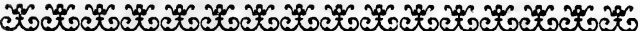


Upon a Cobler.

Come hither, read (my gentle freind)
 And here behold a Coblers End,
 Long in length his life had gone
 But that he had no Last so long.
 O mighty death whose darts can kill.
 The man that made him soules at will.


On the death of the Lord Treasurer.

IMmodest death, that would not once confer
Dispose or part with our Lord Treasurer !
Had he beene thee, or of thy fatall tribe,
He would have spar'd thy life, and tane a bribe,
He that so often had with gold and wit,
Perverted law and allmost conjur'd it.
He that could lengthen causes, and was able
To starve a suitor at the councill-table
At last not having Evidence to show
Was faine (perforce) to take a deadly blow.


The lover's Melancholy.

Hence, hence, all you vaine delights
As short as are the nights
Wherin you spend your folly !
Ther's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't
But only melancholly.
Wellcome folded armes, and fixed eyes,
A sight that pearcing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound,
Fountaines-heades and pathless groves
Places which pale passion loves.

Moone-light walkes when all the fowles
 Are warmly hous'd, save Bats and owls ;
 A midnight knell, a parting groane,
 These are the sounds wee feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley
 Ther's nothing truly sweet, but melancholly ;



The answer, by Dr. Strood.

Returne my joyes and hither bring
 A tounge not made to speake, but sing ;
 A jollye splene, an inward feast,
 A causelesse laugh without a jest ;
 A face which gladnesse doth annoint,
 An arme for joy flung out of joynt ;
 A spritefull gate that leaves no print,
 And make a feather of a flint :
 A heart that's lighter then the ayre
 An eye still dancing in its sphere.
 Strong which mirth nothing shall controul
 A body nimbler then a soul :
 Free wandring thoughts not tied to muse
 Which thinking all things, nothing chuse ;
 Which ere wee see them come, are gone,
 These, life it selfe doth feed upon.
 Then take no care but only to be jolly,
 To be more wretched then we must, is folly.



A Blush.

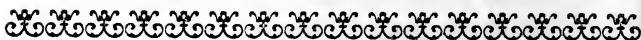
S Tay hasty blood ! where canst thou seek
 So blest a place as in her cheek ?
 How can'st thou from the place retire
 VWhere beauty doth command desire ?
 But if thou canst not stay, then show ;
 Downe to her painting papps below
 Flow like a deluge from her breast
 VWhere *Venus* Swannes have built their nest,
 And so take glory to disteine
 The azure of each swelling vaine ;
 Thence run thou boyling through each part
 Till thou hast warm'd her frozen heart ;
 But if from love she would retire
 Then martyr her with gentle fire
 And having search't each secret place
 Fly back againe into her face ;
 VWhere blessed live in changing those
 VWhite lillyes to a Ruddy rose :





To his Mistris.

Last when I saw thee, thou didst sweetly play
 The gentle theife, and stolst my heart away,
 Render't again or else give me thine owne
 In change, for two for thee (when I have none)
 Too many are, else I must say, Thou art
 A sweet facd creature with a double heart.



*On Christ-church windowe, and
 Magdalen Colledge wall.*

YEe men of *Galilee* why gaze yee so
 On *Maudlins* necessary print, as though
 T'had bin enough for that pure virgin's sonne
 That was incarnate, dyed, & rose, to have done
 Those heavenly acts, that ransom'd al from hell
 And yet no visible effigies tell
 The eye, the manner how. Ye misconceive
 VWho think these sacred mysteryes must leave
 Impression onely in the soul ; how then
 Shall those that bear more shape than mind of men,
 (Unlesse their outward sense informe them) know
 VWhat accidents their Saviour long ago

Sustain'd? each wise man sees 'tis not the fate
Of every ideot to be literate.
And who can then forbid (ye Lay) to look
And read those things without or line or book.
Besides (if modestye may judge) what ist
But a supply to each Evangelist?
Long may the learned study, peace and scratch
Before the forme of th' mainger or the cratch
Wherein Babe Christ was layd be understood.
Each bungling joyner now may ken what wood
The stall was made of where the long eared steed
And his associate Oxe did stand and feed.
Each practis'd oastler knowes their meat, can say
There is their provender, this is their hay.
Yee now may learne the naked shepherds hew
The stripling boy, and him it'h cap of blew,
As perfectly as it had seene the clownes
Each day a sunning on the jewish downes ;
'Tis strange the dogg's not there, perhappes the Curr
VWas left behind, for feare of noise or stirre :
But veiw the venerable face whereon
The horne and candle cast reflection,
Observe it well if ere you chance to meet
In paradise, you'le know't as soon as see't,
Tis reverent *Iosephs* portraiture, see how
The very image seemes to cringe and bow,
Marke well his beard, his eyes, his nose, if ought
Be mist, tis yours, and not the painters fault.
Then lead your eyes unto the beauteous one
Who nere knew man, yet mother to a sonne.

Doth not her face more fully speake her heart
 And joy, than text or comment can impart?
 But oh how little like her selfe when shee
 Whose upcast, downe cast lookes, behold the tree?
 That fatall tree whereon the Lord of breath
 Expos'd himselfe to th' tyranny of death;
 Was ever sorow so set forth? and yet
 To make the quire of heavinessse compleat,
 The lov'd disciple bears his part, and so
 Doth that brave lasse that clips the Crosse below.
 Consult allauthors, English Greek & Lattin,
 You nere saw truer greife or finer sattin.
 Foule fall the bird whose undiscerning mute
 Presumes to turpifye so rich a suite;
 T'was very strange they durst so boldly greeve
 When those untutor'd hacksters of the Shreeve
 Close by sat armed Cap-a-pee with speares,
 And swords, and glittering helmets, or'e their eares
 Bestriding fiery steeds so markt so made
Bucephalus himselfe was but a jade
 Compar'd to these, why? who would be but vext
 To see such palfryes here, and none it'h text?
 Next let your eyes and thoughts be fixt upon
 The sad-sad story of the passion;
 See how from side, from feet, from hands as yet
 The crimson blood trills down, you'l sweare twere wet;
 Were *Thomas* here himselfe, he would not linger
 But sooner trust his eyes then erst his finger.
 Mark how death's sable cloud doth over-spread
 His lips his cheeks, his eyes, his sacred head.

Behold death drawn to th'life, as if that hee
Thus wrackt and stretch't upon th' accursed tree,
Had been of purpose nayld to th' crosse to try
The Painters cunning hand, more than to dye.
He left him dead, but twas not in the power
Of grave, or hell to keep him, there one houre
Beyond his own determination.
Three dayes are past, and *Jonah's* type is done
He walkes, and in full glory leaps from tombe :
As *Lazarus* from th' earths insatiate wombe,
But not to dye againe : meane while the guard
Who vigilantly slept, soon as they heard
Deaths prisoner, and their's so strangely rise
Start up with frighted hearts and gastly eyes.
They stare and muse, and sweare, the heardsmen talke
Strange things, but nere till now saw dead men walke :
Do but take notice how the rascalls look
As if some prodigie had thunderstrook
The villaines hearts, or some strange power had showne
Medusae's head, and turnd them all to stone.
Sure small perswasion would have made the Elves
For feare of further paines to hang themselves :
And blame them not, the Lord was now calcin'd
Bright as the Sun, his body so refin'd
That not the sawcinesse of mortall eye
Could stare upon such lustre and not dye.
His glorifi'd humanity can stay
No more on earth, heaven calls, he must away ;
Yet ere he part hee'le take his leave, th'eleven,
Attend, and see him ravisht into heaven.

Their eyes (untill an interposing cloud
 Did interdict accesse of sight, and shrowd
 His godlike countenance from mortall ken)
 Still waite upon th'ascending Lord ; but when
 Distance had snatcht him from their view, they lift
 Their hands to th' skie, as if they made some shift
 To draw him down againe, such was their love
 Theile scarce assent to his ascent above.
 Where once more, note, the text supplied which tells
 Th'Apostles were spectators and none else
 But count byth' pole you'l find th' eleven increast
 Their troops amount to five or sixe at least.
 Were *Luke* alive, hee'd thank the painters wit,
 Who saw his oversight and mended it.
 Let's yeeld to reason then, let him that lists
 Dispute the number of th' Evangelists ;
 If Judgement ever please this thing to lift
 Or *Greenbury* or none must be the fift
 I 've done, but first Ile pray, hayle holy cloth
 And live in spight of rottennesse or moth.
 Nor time nor vermine ere shall dare to be
 Corruptors of so much Divinitie ;
 But men of *Galilee* why do ye gaze,
 On that which may delight, but not amaze ?
 That's left for us ; let any wise man bend
 His eyes towards our orientall end
 Hee'le blesse himselfe indeed, grow wise ; withall
 Approaching take the window for a wall
 And then conclude that *Wadehams* perspective
 Nor *Lincolnes* stately types can long survive ;

They'le break for envie (spight of wise) to find
Us to transcend themselves so farre behind ;
But Ile not prayse our own, 'tis far more fit
To leave the talke to some fine Maud'lin wit,
Who may enroule in some well languish't staine
As we their walls, so they our lights againe
Only I feare they will, (least we surpasse)
Pull down their hall to build up Eastern glass.



An Elegie.

WHy faire vow-breaker, have thy sinnes thought fit
That I be curst example of thy wit
As well as scornes? (bad womn) have not I
Deserv'd as much as quiet misery?
Be wise and trouble not my suffering fit
For every sin I have repentance yet,
Except for loving thee; do not thou presse
My easie madnesse to a wickednesse
As high as that, least I be driven so
As far from heaven as thou art, which I know
Is not thy ayme, for thou hast sin'd to be
In place, as in affection, farre from me.
Am I thy freind or kinsman? have I ought
That is familiar with thee bettring thought
A dreame and some few letters too, yet lye
Neglected records of my injury.

I know no itch my silent sorrowes moves :
To begg a bridall kisse or paire of gloves
These are the lighter dutyes which they seek
Whose sleepe is sound & constant as the week
Is in her nights, who never met the chaunce
Of love amisse, but in a dreameing traunce
And wak't to gladnesse ; t'is not so with me
My night and day are twins in misery.
These spend-thrift eyes have beene prepar'd with feares
To keep a solemne revelling in teares ;
Hadst thou beene silent I had known the shame
Of that dayes union by my greife, not fame.
Priva'te as sorrowes lodging had I dwelt
Follow'd with my dispaire and never felt
Anger except for livinge hadst thou bin
Content with my undoinge 'Tis a sinn
My love cannot forgive there to upbraid
A wretchednesse which thou thy selfe hast made
Heaven knowes I sufferd, and I sufferd so
That by me twas as infallible to know
How passive man is, fate knew not a curse
Except thy new contempt to make mee worse
And that thou gav'st when I so low was brought
I knew not if I liv'd but yet I thought,
And counted sighs and teares, as if to scann
The aire and water would make up a man.
Hadst thou not broake the peace of my decay
Ere this I thinke I'de wept some sinns away,
Being diseas'd, diseas'd past mine own cure
Thou wouldst needs kill which made mee to indure.

My patience : why (Ioyes murdesse) wouldst thou
prove

VWhether that bee as passive as my love ?

Had woman such a way as shee can give

To man deniall, as of love to live ?

VWhy then th' abhored reason meets me ; why

Successless lovers doe so quickly dye,

So be it with mee, but if any curse

First can be fastned on thee which is worse

Then thy unwept for vow-breach may it come

As my greife heavye ; may the tedious summe

Of thy great sinns stand sentinell to keep

Repentance from thy thoughts reach. May thy

Sleep Be broken as my hopes, 'bove all may he

Thou choolest husband ripe to jealousye.

And find it true, to tell thee ; may the theames

On which thy sleepe doth paraphrase in dreames

Bee my sad wrongs : and when some other shall

(VVhom chance hath made with mee apocryphall

In loveing storyes) search an instance forth

To curse his *Mistris* for her little worth,

May thy name meet him, under whom must be

The Common place of womans perjury.

May heaven make all this : and if thou pray

May heaven esteeme as that thou didst that day

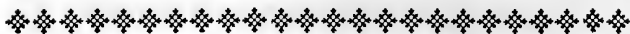
Of thy last promises, I've said, be free

This pennance done, then my dayes destinye

By thee is antedated. But three sighs

Must first pay my admission to the skyes.

One for my madness, loving woman so
 That I could think her true ; the next ile throw
 For wounded lovers, that i'le breath a new ;
 The third shall pray my curses may prove true.



*In imitation of Sir Philip Sydnie's
 Encomium of Mopsa.*

Assist mee Love, and Lov's, great Queen of *Paphos*
 Inspire my muse with straines more rich then *Saphos!*
 Approach you *Heliconian* lasses, even
 Chaste *Erato*, *Thalie* and th' other seaven.
 Direct my quill whilst I her praises caroll out
 Whose paralle's not found in all the world about
 In lovelinesse sh' excells (and 'tis no wonder)
 Those brave *Cicilian*, forgers of Joves thunder,
 For chastity Im'e sure her equall none is
 Not *Venus* selfe that lov'd the faire *Adonis*.
Medea's not more mild, who as the talk is
 Made *Fason* steale the golden fleece from *Cholchos*.
 For modest silence, I dare say shee'l fit ye
 Wherein shee's not an ace behind *Zantippe*,
 But Oh ! the comely graces of her feature
 Great *Plutoes* Cour affords not such a creature,
 Her golden tresses far surpasse *Megara's*
 In compassing her lofty forehead, whereas
 No frown nor wrinckle ere appears to fright ye
 But still more calme than smooth fac'd *Amphirite*.

Beneath those vaulted cells are fixt those torches
 From whence proceeds that flame so fiercely siorches.
 Between both which her precious nose is placed,
 With fairest pearles and rubies rich encased.
 Next comes her heavenly mouth whose sweet composure
 Falls not within expressions, limmits, no sure.
 This even unto her precious eares doth guide us,
 Which makes her full as faire as great King *Mydas*.
 She's smooth as *Pan*, her skin (which you'le admire) is
 Like purest gold, more glorious far then *Iris*,
 And to close up this Magazin of pleasures
 She most exactly treads god-*Vulcans* measures
 This is my Mistris Character, and if in
 These lines her name you misse, 'tis faire *Bess Griffin*.



A Scholler that sold his Cussion.

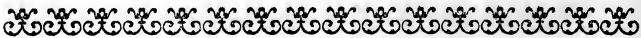
T*Om* I commend thy care of all I know,
 That souldst this Cushion for a pipe of To——
 Now art thou like though not to studdy more
 Yet ten times harder then thou didst before.





On the death of Cut. Cobler.

DEath and an honest Cobler fell at bate
 And finding him worne out, would needs translate ;
 He was a trusty so'le, and time had bin
 He would well liquord go through thick and thin.
 Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
 The Cobler call'd for All, death brought his last ;
 'Twas not uprightly done to cut his thread,
 That mended more and more till he was dead :
 But since hee's gone, 'tis all that can be said,
 Honest *Cut-Cobler* here is underlayd.



A Letter to Ben. Johnson.

DIe *Johnson*, crosse not our Religion so
 As to be thought immortall ; let us know
 Thou art no God ; thy works make us mistake
 Thy person, and thy great creations make
 Us Idoll thee, and cause we see thee do
 Eternall things, think thee eternall too,
 Restore us to our faith and dye, thy doome
 Will do as much good as the fall of Rome :
 'Twill crush an heresie, we ne're must hope
 For truth till thou be gon, thou and the Pope.

And though we may be certaine in thy fall
To lose both wit and judgement, braines and all,
Thou Sack, nor Love, nor Time recover us
Better be fooles then superstitious.
Dye ! to what end should we thee now adore
There is not Schollership to live to more,
Our language is refin'd : professors doubt
Their Greek and Hebrew both shall be put out
And we that Latin studied have so long
Shall now dispute & write in *Johnson's* tongue,
Nay, courtiers yeeld, & every beautious wench
Had rather speak thy English then her French.
But for thy matter fancy stands agast
Wondering to see her strength thus best at last.
Invention stops her course and bids the world
Look for no more ; she hath already hurld
Her treasure all on one, thou hast out-done
So much our wit and expectation,
That were it not for thee, we scarce had known
Nature her selfe could ere so farre have gon.
Dye ! seemes it not enough thy verse's date
Is endlesse ; but thine own prolonged fate
Must equall it ; for shame engross not age
But now (the fith act ended) leave the stage.
And let us clap, we know the Stars that do
Give others one life, give a laureat two.
But thou, if thus thy body long survives,
Hast two eternities, and not two lives.
Die for thine own sake, seest thou not thy praise
Is shortned onely by this length of daies.



On a Welch-man's devotion.

THE way to make a Welch-man thirst for blisse,
 And daily say his prayers on his knees,
 Is, to perswade him, that most certain 'tis,
 The Moon is made of nothing but green cheese :
 Then he'l desire nought else, nor greater boon,
 Then plac'd in heaven, to feed upon the Moon.



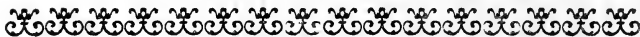
On a Maid's Legge.

FAIR *Betty* us'd to tuck her coats up high,
 That men her foot and leg might soon espy.
 Thou hast a pretty legg, (saith one) fair Duck.
 Yea, two, (saith she) or else I have ill luck.
 They're two indeed, they're twins, I think, quoth he,
 They are, and yet they are not, Sir, said she ;
 They're birth was both at once, I dare be sworn
 And yet between them both a man was born.



*To his Sister.*

Loving sister, every line
 Of your last Letter, was so fine,
 With the best mettall, that the grain,
 Of Scriveners pin-dust had been vain.
 The touch of gold did sure instill
 Some vertue, more than did your quill.
 And since you write no cleanly hand,
 Your tokens make me understand.
 Mine eyes have here a remedy,
 Whereby to read more easily.
 I do but jest ; Your love alone,
 Is my interpretation.
 My words I will recall, and swear,
 I know your hand is wondrous fair.



*On the death of Hobson, the
 Cambridge-Carrier.*

Here *Hobson* lies, amongst his many betters,
 A man not learned, yet of many Letters ;
 The Schollers well can justifie as much,
 Who have receiv'd them from his pregnant pouch.

His carriage is well known, oft hath he gone
An Embassie, 'twixt father and the son.
In *Cambridge* few (in good time be it spoken)
But will remember him by some good token.
From thence to *London* rode he day by day,
Till death benighting him, he lost his way.
Nor wonder is it, that he thus is gone,
Since most men know, he long was drawing on.
His Team was of the best, nor could he have
Them mir'd in any ground, but in the grave ;
And there he sticks indeed, still like to stand,
Untill some Angell lend his helping hand.
So rests in peace the ever toiling Swain,
And supream Waggoner, next *Charls his wain.*



Another on the same.

Here lieth one, who did most truely prove,
That he could never die, whilst he could move.
So hung his destiny, never to rot,
Whilst he could but jogg on, and keep his trot.
Made of Sphear mettall, never to decay,
Untill his resolution made of stay.
Time numbers motion, yet without a crime,
'Gainst old truth, motion numbered out his time.
And like some Engine mov'd, with wheeles and weight,
His principles once ceas'd, he ended streight.

Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath.
 For had his doings lasted as they were
 He had been an immortall Carrier.

*Another.*

Here lies old *Hobson* ! Death hath his desire,
 And here (alasse) hath left him in the mire ;
 Or else the waies being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad that he had got him down.
 For he hath any time this ten years full,
 Dog'dd him 'twixt *Cambridge* and the *London-Bull*.
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd.
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come ;
 And that he had tane up his latest Inne,
 Death in the likenesse of a Chamberlin,
 Shew'd him his room, where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
 If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supt, and newly gon to bed.





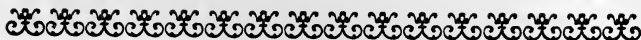
Fr. Clark, *Porter of St. Johns,*
To the President.

H Elp *Silvanus*, help god *Pan*,
 To shew my love to this kinde man,
 Who out of's love and nature good,
 Hath well encreas'd my store of wood.
 And whilest he the same peruses,
 Wood-Nymphs help instead of Muses.
 Oh thou that sitst at *St. Johns* helm,
 I humbly thank thee for my Elme ;
 Or if it chance an Oak to prove,
 With heart of Oak I thank your love.
 This Tree (to leave all *Ovid's* fables)
 Shall be the Tree of Predicables.
 Or if you like not that opinion,
 The kindred Tree of great *Justinian*.
 Thus finer Wits may run upon't,
 But I do mean to make fire on't :
 By which I'le sit and sing, in spite of wealth,
 And drink in Lambs-wool to your Worship's health.



An Epitaph.

H Ere underneath this stone doth lie,
 That worthy Knight, brave *Sir John Drie*;
 At whose funerall there was no weeping,
 He dy'd before *Christmas*, to save house-keeping.

*A Wife.*

A Lusty young wife, that of late was sped,
 With all the pleasures of a marriage-bed,
 Oft a grave Doctor ask'd, whether's more right
 For *Venus* sports, the morning or the night.
 The good old man reply'd, as he thought meet,
 The morn's more wholsom, but the night more sweet.
 Nay then (said she) since we have time and leasure,
 We'l to't each morn for health, each night for pleasure.

*The constant man.*

HE that with frownes is not dejected,
 Nor with soothing smiles erected ;
 Nor at the baits of pleasure biteth,
 He whom no thoughts nor crosse affrighteth
 But, center to himself, controleth,
 Change and fortune when she rouleth.
 Who when the silent night begins,
 Makes even reckoning with his sinns :
 Who not deferreth till to morrow,
 To wipe out his black scores of sorrow.
 Who sets hell-pains at six and seven,
 And feareth not the fall of heaven.

But's full resolv'd without denyall,
To yield his life to any tryall ;
Making his death his meditation,
And longing for his transmigration.
This is the constant man, who never
From himself, nor God doth sever.

*To his Mistris.*

Come let's hug and kisse each other,
Sacrificing to Love's mother :
These are duties which she loves,
More then thousand milky Doves
Fresh bleeding on her altars. We
Will not use our piety
In such slaughters. Cruelty
Is no devotion, nor can I
Believe, that she can pleasure take
In blood, unlesse for *Mars* his sake.
No : Let us to *Cythera's* Queen,
Burn for sacrifice our green,
And tender youth, with those divine
Flames, which thine eyes begot of mine.
And lest the while our zeal catch cold,
In warm embraces we'l enfold
Each other, to produce a heat.
Thus pleasing her, we pleasure get.
Then let's kisse and hugg each other,
Sacrificing to Lov's mother.



Swearing.

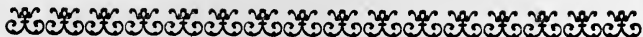
IN elder times, an antient custom was,
 In weighty matters to swear by the Masse.
 And when the Mass was down, as all men note,
 Then swore they by the crosse of the grey Groat.
 And when the crosse was likewise held in scorn,
 Then faith and troth was all the oath was sworn.
 But when they had out-worn both faith and troth,
 Then, Dam my soul, became a common oath.
 So custom kept decorum in gradation :
 Mass, cross, faith, troth out-sworn, then came damnation.



On a good Legg and Foot.

IF *Hercules* tall stature might be guess'd
 But by his thumb, the Index of the rest,
 In due proportion, the best rule that I
 Would chuse, to measure *Venus* beauty by,
 Should be her leg and foot : Why gaze we so
 On th'upper parts, as proud to look below,
 (In chusing Wives) when 'tis too often known,
 The colours of their face are not their own.
 As for their legs, whether they mince or stride,
 Those native compasses are seldom wide

Of telling truth. The round and slender foot,
Is a prov'd token of a secret note,
Of hidden parts, and well this way may lead,
Unto the closet of a mayden-head.
Here emblems of our youth, we Roses tie ;
And here the Garter, love's dear mystery.
For want of beauty here, the Peacock's pride,
Let's fall her train, and fearing to be spy'd,
Shuts up her painted witnesses, to let
Those eyes from view, which are but counterfeit.
Who looks not if this part be good or evill,
May meet with cloven feet, and match the devill.
For this did make the difference between
The more unhallowed creatures, and the clean.
Well may you judge her other parts are light,
Her thoughts are wry that doth not tread aright.
But then ther's true perfection, when we see,
Those parts more absolute which hidden be.
Nature ne're lent a fair foundation,
For an unworthy frame to rest thereon.
Let others view the top, and limbs throughout,
The deeper knowledge is to know the root.
In viewing of the face, the weakest know
What beauty is, the learned look more low :
And in the feet the other parts descry,
As in a pool the Moon we use to spy.
Pardon, sweet-heart, the pride of my desire,
If but to kisse your toe it should aspire.



*Vpon the view of his Mistresse face
in a Glasse.*

AH cruel Glasse ! didst thou not see,
Chloris alone too hard for me ?
 Perceiv'dst thou not her charming sight,
 Did ravish mine in cruell fight ?
 But then another she must frame,
 Whose single forces well might tame
 A lovers heart ; no humane one,
 Is proof against her force alone.
 Yet did I venture, though struck mute,
 The beauteous vision to salute.
 But that like aire in figur'd charms,
 Deceiv'd the ambush of my arms.
 'Twas some wise Angel her shape took,
 That so he might more heavenly look.
 I her old captive, now do yield
 Her shaddowed self another field :
 By such odds overcome, to die,
 Is no dishonoured victory.



On Bond the Userer.

HERE lyes a Bond under this tombe,
 Seald and deliver'd to, god knows whom.

*To the Duke of Buckingham.*

WHen I can pay my Parents, or my King,
For life, or peace, or any dearer thing,
Then, dearest Lord, expect my debt to you
Shall be as truly paid, as it is due.
But as no other price or recompence
Serves them, but love, and my obedience.
So nothing payes my Lord, but whats above
The reach of hands, his vertue, and my love.
For when as goodness doth so overflow,
The conscience binds not to restore but owe,
Requitall were presumption, and you may,
Call mee ungratefull, when I strive to pay.
Nor with this morall lesson do I shift
Like one that meant to save a better gift.
Like very poor or connterfeit poor men,
Who to preserve their Turkey or their hen
Do offer up themselves. No, I have sent
(A kind of gift, will last by being spent)
Thanks-starling, farr above the bullion rate
Of horses, hangings, jewells, coyne, or plate.
Oh you that should in choosing of your owne,
Know a true Diamond from a Bristow stone,
You that do know they are not allwayes best
In their intent, that lowdest do portest

But that a prayer from the Convocation,
 Is better than the Commons protestation,
 Trust them that at your feet their lives will lay
 And know no arts but to performe and pray
 Whilst they that buy perferment without praying
 Begin with bribes, and finish with betraying.



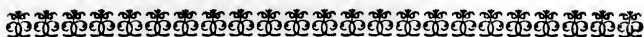
*The Gentlemans verses before he Killed
 himselfe.*

Hast Night unto thy Center, are thy winges
 Rul'd by the course of dull clockt plummetings?
 If so, mount on my thoughts, & wee'le exceed
 All time that's past t'gain midnight with our speed
 The day more favourable hasted on
 And by its death sent mee instruction
 To make thy darknesse tombe my life, let then
 Thy wonted houres seize on the eyes of men
 Make them imagine by their sleepe, what I
 Must truly act, let each starr veyle his Eye
 With masques of mourninge clowdes : methinkes the owles
 Prodigious summons strike me, and she houles
 My Epicedium, with whose tragick quill
 Ile pencill in this map my haplesse ill.
 Caus'd first by her, whose fowle apostacy
 In love for ever brand her ; and when I

Am dead, deare paper (my minds heire) convey
This epitaph unto her veiwe, and pray
Her to inscribe it on my tombe.

Here lyes

*One murdered by a womans perjuryes
Who from the time, she scorn'd him, scorn'd to live
No rivall shall him of his death deprive.*



*A Song in commendation of
Musicke.*

When whispering straines doe softly steale
With creeping passion through the heart
And when at every touch wee feel
Our pulses beat and beare a part
When threads can make
A hart string quake
Philosophy
Can scarce denye
The soule consists of harmony.

When unto heavenly joyes we feigne
What ere the soul affecteth most
Which only thus we can explaine
By musick of the winged host.

Whose layes wee thinke
 Make starrs to winke
 Philosophy
 Cannot deny

Our soule consists of harmony.
 O lull mee, lull mee, charminge ayr
 My senses rockt with wonder sweet
 Like snow on wooll, thy fallings are
 Soft, like a spirit, are thy feet
 Greife who need feare
 That hath an eare
 Downe let him lye
 And slumbring dye
 And change his soule for harmony.



*A Dialogue betwixt Cupid and
 a Country-Swaine.*

AS *Cupid* tooke his bow and bolt
 Some birding-sport to find ;
 He lightt upon a shepherds swaine
 That was some good mans hinde.

Swa. Well met faire Boy, what sport abroad
 It is a goodly day :
 The birds will sitt this frosty morne
 You cannot choose but slay.

Gods-ouches look, your eyes are out

You will not bird I trow :

Alas goe home or else I thinke

The birds will laugh at you.

Cup. Why man thou dost deceive thy selfe

Or else my mother lyes

Who sayd that though that I were blind

My arrowes yet had eyes.

Swa. Why then thy mother is a voole

And thou art but an elfe,

To let thy arrowes to have eyes

And goe with out thy selfe,

Cup. Not, so Sir Swaine, but hold thy prate,

If I do take a shaft

Ile make thee know what I can do

(At this the young Swain laught :)

Then angry Cupid drew his bow

Swa. For Gods sake kill mee not.

Cup. Ile make thy lither liver ake

Swa. Nay Ide be loth of that.

The singing arrow hit the marke

And pierc'd his silly soule

You might see by his hollow eyes

Where love had made a hole.

And so the Swain went bleeding home,

To stay it was no boot :

And found that he could see to hit,

That could not see to shoot.





Sighes.

O Tell mee, tell, thou god of winde
 In all thy cavernes canst thou find
 A vapor, flame, a gale or blast
 Like to a sigh which love doth cast ?
 Can any whirle-wind in thy vault
 Plough up Earths breath with like assault.

*Goe Wind and blow then where thou please
 Yea breathlesse leave mee to my ease.*

If thou bee'st wind, O then refrain
 From wracking me whilst I complain ;
 If thou bee'st wind, then leight thou art
 And yet how heavy is my heart ?
 If thou bee'st wind, then purge thy way
 Let care, that cloggs thy force, obey,

Goe wind and blowe, &c.

These blasts of sighing raised are
 By th'influence of my bright starre ;
 The *Æolus* from whence they came
 Is love that straines to blow the same :
 The angry Sway of whose behest
 Makes hearth and bellows of one brest.

Go wind and blowe, &c.

Know t'is a wind that longs to blow
Upon my Saint where ere she goe,
And stealing through her fanne it beares
Soft errands to her lipps and eares,
And then perhaps a passage makes
Downe to the heart when breath she takes.

Goe wind and blow, &c.

Yea gentle gale, try it againe,
Oh do not passe from me in vaine ;
Go mingle with her soul divine
Engendring spirits like to mine :
Yea take my soul along with thee
To work a stronger Sympathy.

Goe wind and blow, &c.

My soul before the grosser part
Thus to her heaven should depart,
And when my body cannot lie
On wings of wind, she soone shall flye ;
Though not one soul our bodies joyne,
Our bodies shall our soules combine.

*Goe wind and blow thou where thou please,
Yea breathlesse leave me to my ease.*



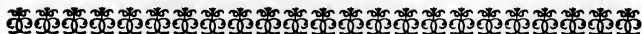
*Weomen.*

WEomen are borne in *Wilsheire*,
 Brought up in *Cumberland*.
 Lead their lives in *Bedfordshcire*
 Bring their husbands to *Buckingame*
 And dye in *Shrewsbury*.

*On a dissembler.*

Could any show where *Plinies* people dwell
 Whose head stand in their brests, who cannot tell,
 A smoothinge lye, because their open heart
 And lipps are joynd so neere. I would depart
 As quicke as thought, and there forget the wrongs
 Which I have sufferd by deceitfull tongues.
 I would depart, where soules departed bee
 Which being freed from clowdy flesh, can see
 Each other so immediately, so cleare,
 That none need tongues to speak nor eares to heare :
 Were tongues intended to expresse the soul
 And can wee better do with none at all?
 Where words first made our meanings to reveale?
 And as they us'd our meaning to conceale ;

The ayre by which we breathe, will that turne fogg?
Or breath turne mist; will that become a Clogg
Which should unload the mind? fall wee upon
Another Babels Sub-confusion?
And in the selfe same language must wee find,
A diverse faction of the wordes and mind?
Dull as I am, that hug such empty aire,
And never markt the deeds, (a phrase more faire
More trusty and univocall) joyne well,
Three or foure actions wee may quickly spell
A hollow heart; if these no sight will lend,
Read the whole sentence and observe the end.
I wil not waite so long: the guilty man
(On whom I ground my speech) no longer can
Delude my sense, nor can the gracefull art
Of kind dissembling, button up his heart.
His well-spoke wrongs, are such as hurtfull words
Writ in a comely hand, or bloody swords,
Sheathd up in velvet, if he draw on mee
My armour proof is incredulity.

*To a Freind.*

Like as the hand which hath bin usd to play
One lesson long, still runs the usuall way:
And waites not what the hearers bid it strike,
But doth presume by custome this will like.

So run my thoughts which are so perfect grown,
 So well acquainted with my passion ;
 That now they do prevent mee with their haste
 And ere I think to sigh, my sigh is past ;
 Is past and flown to you, for you alone
 Are all the object that I think upon ;
 And did not you supply my soul with thought
 For want of action it to none were brought.
 What though our absent armes may not enfold
 Reall embraces ; yet wee firmly hold
 Each other in possession ; thus wee see
 The Lord enjoys his Lands where e're he be.
 If Knights possesst no more then where they sate
 What were they greater then a meaner state ?
 This makes mee firmly yours, you firmly myne
 That something more than bodies us combine.



*A Poeticall Poem, by Mr. Stephen Locket
 to Mistrisse Bess Sarney.*

TO my *Bess Sarney*, quintessence of beauty,
 I *Steven Locket* do present my duty.
 In rythem daigne goddess to accept my verses,
 I wis with worse wise men have wip't their A——
 O thou which able art to take to taske all
 (Pox ! what will rythme to that ?) oh, I'me a raskall,
 But I'me turnd poet late, and for thy credit,
 Have pend this poem, prethee tak't and read it.

Thou needs not be asham'd of't, for it raises
 Trophies as high as maypoles to thy praises.
 But first in order it thy head doth handle
 That's more orbicular than a quadrangle.
 On top of which doth grow a Turff of tresses
 Winter her selfe, rayd in her hoary dresses
 Of frost, lookes not more lovely ; thy browes truly
 Have larger furrowes, than a feild ploughed newly.
 Thy eyes, ha eyes (Zounds I'am so full of clinches)
 Are not sunck in thy head above sixe inches ;
 From which distraining gently, there doth streame
 Rivers of whey, mixed with curdled creame.
 Straight as a Rams horne is thy nose, more marrow
 Lyes in thy nostrills, than would fill a barrow.
 And at your lip to mak't more ornamentall,
 Hangs down a jewell of S— Orientall.
 The bright gold & thy face are of one colour,
 But if compar'd with thine, that is the duller.
 Thy lips are white as tallow, never man did
 Buss sweeter things, (sure they are sugar-candid.)
 Thy teeth more comely than two dirty rakes are,
 Thy breath is stronger than a douzen jakes are.
 A fart for all perfumes, a turd for roses
 Smell men but thee, they wish them selves all noses.
 Thy voyce as sweet, as musically, as fine is,
 As any phlegmy Hagg's, that ninty nine is.
 And when thou speakst, (as if th'had bin the wonder
 Of women kind) thy tongu's as still as thunder.
 But oh thy shoulders large ; 'tis six to seven,
 Should *Atla's* faile, but thou wouldst beare up heaven.

'Thou dost excell, I warrant thee for a button,
Hercules and *Cacus* too, that stole mutton.
 About the wast, there thou art three times fuller,
 Then was the *Wadham Garagantuan Buller*.
 Thy buttock and thy fashion are so all one,
 That I'de a swore thou hadst a Fardingall on
 Thy leggs are Badger like, and goe as even,
 As do Iambick verses or *I Steven*,
 And now I'm come unto thy feet, where I do
 Prostrate my selfe, with reverence to thy shoo,
 Which for antiquity ne're a jot behind is.
Tom Coriats, that travell'd both the Indies.
 For thy sweet sake, I will go down to *Pluto*,
 And in thy quarrel beat him black & blew too ;
 And lest Sr *Cerberus* should be too lusty,
 I have a loafer will hold him pay, 'tis crusty.
 I'll bring the Dev'll back with me in a snaffle,
 For in that kind I scorne to take a baffle.
 And so I take my leave ; pritheee sweet Thumkin,
 Hold up thy coats, that I may kisse thy bumkin.



Thanks for a welcome.

FOr your good looks, and for your Claret
 For often bidding, Do not spare it ;
 For tossing glasses to the top,
 And after sucking of a drop,

When scarce a drop was left behind,
Or what doth nickname wine e'vn wind :
For healthfull mirth and lusty Sherry,
Such as made grave old *Cato* merry ;
Such are our thanks that you may have
In bloud the Claret that you gave.
And in your service shall be spent
The spirits which your Sack hath lent.

*To Phillis.*

FYe on this Courtly life, full of displeasure
Where neither frownes nor smiles keepe any measure,
But every passion governs in extremes,
True love and faith from hence falshod doth banish :
And vowes of friendship here like vapours vanish,
Loyalty's counted but a dreame,
Inconstant favours like rivers gliding,
Truth is despis'd
Whilst flatterie's priz'd,
Poore vertue here hath no certaine abiding.

Then let's no longer stay, my fairest Phillis,
But let us fly from hence where so much ill is ;
Into some some desert place there to abide
True love shall go with us and faith unfained
Pure thoughts, embraces chaste, and vowes unstain'd.
Vertue her selfe shall ever be our guide,

In Cottage poore where neither frowning fortune,
 Nor change of fate
 Can once abate,
 Our sweet content, or peace at all importune.

There will we drive our flocks from hills and vallies,
 And whilst they feeding are, wee'l sit & dally ;
 And thy sweet voyce to sing birds shall invite
 Whilst I with roses, violets, and lillies
 Will flowry garlands make to crown my *Phillis*.
 Or numbred verses to thy praise indite
 And when the Sun is Westwardly declining,
 Our flocks and we,
 Will homewards flee
 And rest our selves untill the Suns next shining.



Women.

O Nce I must confesse I loved
 And expected love againe,
 But so often as I proved
 My expectance was in vaine.

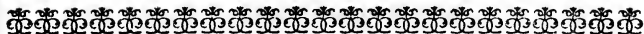
Women joy to be attempted,
 And do glory when they see
 Themselves from loves force exempted,
 And that men captived bee.

If they love, they can conceale it,
And dissemble when they please,
When as men will straight reveale it
And make known their hearts disease.

Men must beg and crave their favour,
Making many an idle vow ;
Whilst they froward in behaviour,
Faine would yeild, but know not how.

Sweet stolne-sport to them is gratefull,
And in heart they wish to have it ;
Yet they do account it hatefull
Upon any termes to crave it.

But would men not goe about it
But leave off at all to woe,
Ere they would be long without it,
They would beg and crave it too.

*The World.*

WHether men do laugh or weep,
Whether they doe wake or sleep,
Whether they feele heat or cold,
Whether they be young or old ;
There is underneath the Sun
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest,
 None are worst and none are best ;
 Greife and joy, and hope and feare,
 Play their pageants every where ;
 Vaine opinion all doth sway
 And the world is but a play.
 Powers above in clouds doth sit,
 Marking our poore apish wit,
 That so lamely without state,
 Their high glory imitate.
 No ill can be felt but paine,
 And that happy men disdain.



On his absent Mistresse.

Absence, heare thou my protestation
 Against thy strength,
 Distance and length ;
 Do what thou canst for alteration :
 For hearts where love's refin'd
 Are absent joynd, by tyme combin'd.

Who loves but where the Graces be,
 His mind hath found
 Affectious ground
 Beyond time place mortality,
 That heart that cannot varie,
 Absence is present tyme doth carry.

By absence this good meane I gaine
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain,
There I embrace her, and there kisse her
And so enjoy her, and so misse her.



The Constant Lover.

I Know as well as you, shee is not faire,
Nor hath she sparkling eyes or curled haire ;
Nor can shee brag of vertue or of truth,
Or any thing about her save her youth.
Shee is woman too, and to no End
I know, I verses write and letters send :
And nought I doe can to compassion move her
Al this I know, yet cannot choose but love her.
Yet am not blind as you and others bee ;
Who think and sweare they little Cupid see
Play in their Mistris eyes, and that there dwell
Roses on cheekes, and that her brest excell
The whitest snow, as if that love were built
On fading red and white' the bodies quilt.
And that I cannot love unless I tell
Wherein or on what part my love doth dwell.
Vaine Hereticks you bee, for I love more
Then ever any did that told wherefore :

Then trouble mee no more, nor tell mee why,
Tis ! because shee is shee, and I am I :



The Irish Beggar.

I Pray you save poore Irish knave,
 A hone a hone
Round about the towne throughout
 Is poore *Shone* gone,
 Master to find,
 Loving and kinde
 But *Shone* to his mind's
 Neare the neere,
Poore *Shone* can find none heere
Which makes him cry for feare,
 A hone a hone.

Shone being poore, his feet being sore,
 For which heele no more
 Trot about,
 To find Master out,
 He had radir go without
 And cry a hone,
I was so curst that I was forc't
 A hone a hone.

To goe bare foot and strips to boot
And no shooes, none,
None English could I speake,
My mind for to breake,
And many laught to heare the moane I made,
I like a tyred jade,
That had no worke or trade,
Cryed, a hone a hone.

In stead of breakfast,
Was faine runn a pace
To gett more stomach to my hungry throate,
And when for freind I sought,
They calld me all to nought,
A hone a hone.

For Ladyes sake some pittie take ;
A hone a hone.
I serv'd a lasse where was no masse
No faith none ;
Oft was I beat 'cause Ide not eat,
On frydayes, beefe and meat,
Twice a day,
And when I went to pray,
Tooke holy bead away ;
A hone a hone.

Make Church to go
Whether will or no
Ile dye, or I doe so,
Grace a Christ,

Poor *Shone* loves Popish Preist,
 Good Catholick thou seest.

A hone a hone.



Answer.

I prithee *Shone* make no more mone
 For thy Mr lost.
 I doe intend something to spend,
 On Catholicks thus Crost.
 Take this small giuft,
 And with it make a shift ;
 And bee not, thou bereft of thy minde,
 Although hee be unkind ;
 To leave thee thus behind
To cry a hone.

Buy thee some beere,
 And then some good cheere,
 There's nought for thee too deare ;
 What ere ensue
 Be constant still and true,
 Thy country do not rue
Nor cry a hone.

Shone

Good shentry men that do intend
 To helpe poore *Shone* at's need
Mine patron heer hath given mee beere
 And meat whereon to feed,
 Yea and money too
 And so I hope that you,
VVill do as he did do for my reliefe,
 To ease my paine and greife ;
 Ile eat no powdred beefe ;
 VVhat ere ensue
 Ile keep my fast
 As in times past,
And all my prayers and vowes I will renew
 Cause friends I find but few,
 Poore *Shone* will still prove true,
 And so adieu.

*A Question.*

I aske thee whence those ashes were
Which shrine themselves in plaits of haire ?
Unknown to me, sure each morne dyes
A Phoenix for a sacrifice.
I aske whence are those aires that flye
From birds in sweetest harmony ?
Unknown to me, but sure the choice
Of accents ecchoed from her voice.

I aske thee whence those active fires
 Take light which glide through burnisht aire?
 Unknown to me, unlesse there flies
 A flash of lightning from her eyes.

I aske thee whence those ruddy bloomes
 Pierce on her cheekes on scarlet gownes?
 Unknowne to me? Sure that which flies
 From fading roses, her cheek dyes.

Ile ask thee of the lilly, whence
 It gaine that type of innocence?
 Unknowne to me, sure natures decke
 Was ravish'd from her snowie necke.



The Reply.

A Ske me no more, whither do stray
 The golden atomes of the day;
 For in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders, to enrich your haire.

Aske me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingal when summer's past;
 For in your sweet devided throat
 She winters, and keeps warme her noate.

Aske me no more where those starres light
VVhich downwards stoop in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sett, and there
Fixed become, as in their spheare.

Aske me no more where *Fove* bestowes,
When *Fune* is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties Orient deep,
All flowers as in their bedds do sleep.

Aske me no more if East or West,
The Phoenix builds her spiced nest ;
For unto you at last she flyes,
And in your fragrant bosome dyes.



The Mock-Song.

I Tell you true, whereon doth light
The dusky shade of banisht night,
For in just vengeance heavens allow
It still should shine upon your brow.

I tell you true where men may seek
The sound which once the owle did shreek,
For in your false deviding throat
It lyes, and death is in its noate.

I tell you true whither do passe
 The smiling look out of a glasse ;
 It leapes into your face, for there
 A falser shadow doth appeare.

Ile tell you true whither are blowne
 The airy wheeles of Thistle down,
 They fly into your mind, whose care
 Is to be light as thistles are.

I tell you true within what nest
 The stranger Cuckoe's eggs do rest,
 It is your bosome which can keepe
 Nor him, nor him, where one should sleepe.



The Moderatix.

I Le tell you where another sun
 That setts, as rising it begun.
 It is my selfe who keepes one spheare
 And were the same if men so were.

What need I tell, that life and death,
 May passe in sentence from one breath ;
 So issue from my equall heart
 Both love and scorn for mens desert.

Ile tell you in what heavenly hell
An Angell and a friend may dwell :
It is myne eye whose glassy book
Sends back the gazers divers look.

Ile tell you in a divers scale
One weight can up and downwards hale :
You call me thistle, you a rose ;
I neither am, yet both of those.

Ile tell you where both frost and fire
In peace of common seat conspire ;
My frozen brest that flint is like,
Yet yeilds a fire if you will strike.

Then you that love, and you that loath,
With one aspect I answer both ;
For round about me glowes a fire,
Can melt and harden grosse desire.



The affirmative answer.

O H no, heaven saw mens fancyes stray
To idolize but dust and clay ;
That embleme gave that they might see,
Your beautye's date but dust must bee.

No *Philomel* when summers gon
 Hasts to the wood her rape to moane ;
 (Unwilling hers) a shamd to see
 Your (unlike hers) unchastity.

Oh no, those starrs flye but the sight
 Of what you act in dead of night,
 A shamd themselves should Pandars prove
 In your unsatiate beastly love.

Oh no, that rose when *June* is past
 Lookes pale as with a poysonous blast ;
 And such your beauty, when as time
 Like winter shall oretake your prime.

Oh no the *Phenix* shuns the place,
 And feares the lustfull fires t'embrace,
 Of your hot brest and barren wombe,
 As death or some perpetuall tombe.



A discourse between a Poet and a Painter.

Poet. **P**Ainter, I prithee pencill to the life
 The woman thou wouldst willingly call wife,
 Fashion her from the head unto the heel,
 So perfect that but gazing thou mayst feel
Pigmaleons passion : colour her faire haire,
 Like amber, or to something else more rare.
 Temper a white shall passe *Pyrenean* snow,
 To raise her temples, and on it bestow

Such artificiall azure, that the Eye,
May make the heart beleeve the marble skye,
To perfect her had melted in soft raines,
Lending a blew to brauch her swelling veines
Then Painter, to come lower, her sweet chin,
I would have small and white, not much trench'd in ;
Nor altogether plain, but such an one
The nicest thought may judge equall to none.
Her nose I would have comely, not too high,
Though men call it, in Physiognomy,
A type of honour ; nor too low, for then
They'l say sha's known (God knowes) how many men ;
Nor broad, nor flat, that's the hard favour'd mould :
Nor thin, nor sharp, for then they'le call her scold.
Apparrell it in such a speaking grace,
That men may read Majesty in her face.
Her lipps a paire of blushing twinnes so red,
Nice fancy may depart away full fed.
But, Painter, when thou com'st unto her eye,
There let thy Pencill play ; there cunningly
Expresse thy selfe, for as at feasts, so here
The dainties I keep last to crown the cheer.
Make her eye Love's sweet argument, a look
That may discourse, make it a well writ book,
Whereas in faire set characters of art,
Men there may read the story of her heart.
Whiter than white, if you would pourtray ought,
Display her neck pure as the purest thought.
To make her gracious give her a broad brest
Topt with two milkie mountains ; down her chest.

Between those hills let Loves sweet vally lye,
 The pleasing thraldome of a Love-sick eye.
 Still, Painter, to fall lower paint her waste
 Straight as the Cedar, or the *Norway* Mast,
 To take a modest step, let men but gesse
 By her neat foot a hidden handsomnesse.
 Thus, Painter, I would have her in each part,
 Remaine unmatcht by nature or by art.

Canst thou doe this?

Painter.—Yes, Sir, Ile draw a feature,
 You shall conclude that art hath out-done nature,
 'The Pencill Sir, shall force you to confesse,
 It can more lively than your pen expresse.

Poet. That by this then let me find,
 To this body draw a mind ;
 O Painter, to your pencill fall,
 And draw me something rationall :
 Give her thoughts, serious, secure,
 Holy, chaste, religious, pure.
 From vertue never known to start,
 Make her an understanding heart.
 Seat the Graces in her mind,
 A well taught truth, a faith refin'd
 From doubts and jelousies ; and give
 Unto her heart a hope may live
 Longer then time, untill it be
 Perfected by Eternity.
 Give her an honest loving mind,
 Neither too coy, nor yet too kind :

But let her equall thoughts so raise her,
Loose thoughts may feare, and the chast praise her.
Then, Painter, next observe this rule,
A principle in *Apelles* Schoole ;
Leave not too much space between
Her tongue and heart, 'tis seldome seen
That such tell truth ; but let there be,
Between them both a sympathy :
For she whose tongue and heart keep even
In every syllable, courts heaven :
If otherwise, this maxim know,
False above's not true below.
Thus mind and body let her be all over,
A golden text bound in a golden cover.
Canst thou doe this ?

Painter.—But Sir, 'Is't your intent
I should draw her in both parts excellent ?

Poet. It is.

Paint. Then in plain words, not in dark sense to
lurk,
Find you the woman ; and 'Ile fall to work.



To B. R. for her Bracelets.

Is not (Deare Love) that Amber twist
Which circles round thy captive wrist,
Can have the power to make me more
Your pris'ner then I was before.

Though I that bracelet dearer hold,
 Than Misers would a chaine of gold.
 Yet this but tyes my outward part,
 Heart-strings alone can tye my heart.

'Tis not that soft and silken wreath,
 Your hands did unto mine bequeath ;
 Can bind with halfe so powerfull charmes,
 As the Embraces of your armes ;
 Although not iron bands (my faire)
 Can bind more fiercely than your haire.

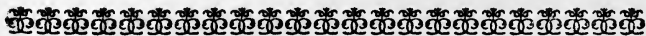
Yet that will chaine me most will be,
 Your heart in True Love's-knot to me.

'Tis not those beams, your haire, nor all
 Your glorious out-side doth me thrall ;
 Although your lookes have force enough
 To make the stateliest Tyrants bow :
 Nor any angell could deny,
 Your person his idolatry.

Yet I do not so much adore
 The temple, but the goddesse more.

If then my soul you would confine
 To prison, tye your heart to mine ;
 Your noble vertues, constant love,
 The only powerfull chaines will prove ;
 To bind me ever, such as those
 The hands of death shall ne're unloose.

Untill I such a prisoner be
 No liberty can make me free.



On Tom Holland and Nell Cotton.

A Light young man lay with a lighter woman,
 And did request their things might bee in common ;
 And gave her (when her good will he had gotten,
 A yard of Holland for an ell of Cotton.



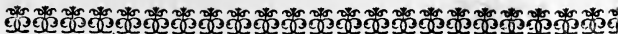
A Welchman.

J *Enkin* a welchman having suites in law
 Journying to *London* chance to steal a Cow ;
 For which (pox on her luck as ere man saw)
 VVas burnt with in the fist, her know not how.
 Being ask'd how well the case did with him stand
 Wee's have her now (quoth *Fenkin*) in her hand.



A Woman that scratcht her Husband.

A VVoman lately fiercely did assail
 Her husband with sharp speech, but sharper nail ;
 On that stood by and saw her, to her sed
 Why do you use him so? he is your head.
 He is my head (quoth she) indeed tis true,
 I do but scratch my head, and so may you.



A Mistris.

HEr for a Mistris, would I faine enjoy,
 That hangs the lipp and pouts for every toy :
 Speakes like a wag, is bold, dares boldly stand
 And bid love welcome with a wanton hand.
 Laughs lowd, and for one blow will give you three
 And when shee's stabbd, will fall a kissing me.
 If shee be modest wise and chast of life,
 Hang her shee's good for nothing but a wife.



One fighting with his wife.

M*Eg* and her husband *Tom*, not long agoe,
 VVere at it close, exchanging blow for blow.
 Both being eager, both of a stout heart,
 Endured many a bang ere they would part.
Peter lookt on & would not stint the strife,
 He's curst (quoth he) that parteth man and wife.



Ambition.

THe whistling windes me-thinkes do witnesse this,
 No greif so great as to have liv'd in blisse.
 Then only this poore plain song will I sing.
 I was not borne, nor shall I dye a King.
 To leape at honour is a daungerous case,
 See but the gudgeons they will bite a pace.
 Untill the fatall hook be swallowed downe,
 Wherewith ambition angles for a crowne :
 Then be content and let the baite passe by,
 He hath enough that lives contentedly.
 But if thou must advancement have, then see
 This is the way thou must advanced be.
 True temporizing is the meanes to climbe
 There is no musick without keeping time.

Upon a Gardiner.

Could he forget his death? that every houre
 Was emblem'd to it by the fading flowre :
 Should he not mind his end? yes needs he must,
 That still was conversant 'mongst bedds of dust.
 Then let no on yon in an handchercher
 Tempt your sad eyes unto a needlesse feare ;
 If he that thinkes on death well lives & dyes,
 The gardner sure is gon to paradise.

*On his first Love.*

MY first love whom all beautyes did adorn
 Fireing my heart, supprest it with her scorn.
 And since like tynder in my heart it lyes
 By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
 Each wanton eye now kindleth my desire
 And that is free to all which was entire.
 For now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd
 Unto one woman, but to woman-kind.
 This for her shape I love, that for her face,
 This for her gesture, or som other grace :
 And somtimes when I none of these can find,
 I chuse her by the kernell not the rinde.
 And so do hope though my cheife hope is gone
 To find in many what I lost in one.
 And like to merchants which have some great losse
 Trade by retayle which cannot do in grosse.
 She is in fault, which caus'd me first to stray
 Needs must he wander, who hath lost his way ;
 Guiltlesse I am, she did the change provoke,
 Which made that charcole which at first was oke
 For as a looking glasse to the aspect,
 Whilst it was whole doth but one face reflect ;
 But cract or broak in peeces, there is showne
 Many lesse faces, where was first but one.

So love unto my heart did first preferre
Her image, and there planted none but her :
But when twas crackt & martyrd by her scorne
Many lesse faces in her seat were borne,
Thus like to tinder I am prone to catch
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

*To his Mistris.*

I Will not doe sacrifice
To thy face, or to thy eyes
Nor unto thy lilly palme
Nor thy breath that wounding balme :
But the part
To which my heart
In vowes is sealed,
Is that mine
Of blisse divine
Which is concealed.
Whats the golden fruit to me
So I may not shake the tree ?
What's that golden architecture
If I may not touch the nectar ?
Bare enjoying all the rest
Is but like a golden feast,
Which at need,
Can never feed

Our love sick-wishes
 Let me eate
 Substantiall meat,
 Not view the dishes.

*To his letter.*

FLy paper, kisse those hands
 Whence I am bard of late :
 She quickly will unloose thy bands,
 O wish me thine estate.

Appeare unto her eyes
 Though they do burne to fumes :
 For happy is the sacrifice,
 Which heaven-fire consumes.

Yet ev'n with this depart
 With a soft dying breath,
 Whisper the truths into her heart,
 And take them on thy death.

Tell her thou canst not now
 New oathes or give or take,
 Or to repeat the former vow
 Wee did each other make.

Say thou cam'st to complain
But not of love, nor her
But on my fortune being faine
Thus absent to conferre.

When thou hast offer'd this
Perhaps then for thy payne,
She will impart to thee a kisse
And read the ore againe.

Perhaps when form my sake,
Her lipps have made thee blest,
That so embalmd thee, she will make
Thy grave within her brest.

Oh never then desire
To rise from such a roome :
Who would not leave his life t'aspire
In death to such a tombe.

And in these joyes excesse,
Melt, languish, faint, and dye ;
For might I have so good accesse
To her, ev'n so would I.





An Epitaph upon Hurry the Taylor.

Within this tombe is honest *Hurry* layd,
 Who in good fashion liv'd, good fashion dy'd.
 T'is strange that death so soon cut off his thread
 Som say his end not full done, he was dead.

But here the knot is, and I thus it scann
 He took a yard, whose due was but a spann.
 How ere hee's happy, and I know full well
 He's now in heaven since here he had his hell.



Scylla toothlesse.

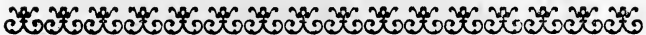
S*Cylla* is toothlesse ; yet when she was young,
 She had both tooth enough, and too much tongue :
 What should I now of toothlesse *Scylla* say ?
 But that her tongue hath worne her teeth away.



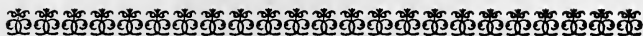
A Vicar.

AN honest Vicar riding by the way,
 Not knowing better how to spend the day
 Did sing unto himself Genevaes psalmes ;
 A blind man hearing him straight askt an almes

To whom (quoth he) with coine I cannot part,
But god bless thee good man with all my heart,
O said the man the greater is my losse,
When such as you do blesse without a crosse.

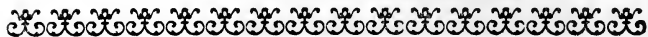
*On a Ribband.*

THIS silken wreath that circles-in my arms
Is but an emblem of your mystick charmes ;
Wherewith the magick of your beauty binds
My Captive soule, and round about it winds ;
Time may weare out these soft weak bands, but those :
Strong chaines of brasse fate shall not discompose
This holy relique may preserve my wrist,
But my whole frame by th'other doth subsist :
To that my prayers and sacrifice, to this
I only pay a superstitious kisse.
This but the idoll, that the deity ;
Religion there is due, here ceremony.
That I receive by faith, this but in trust ;
Here I may tender duty, there I must :
This other like a layman I may bear
But I become loves preist when that I weare ;
This moves like ayre, that as the center stands,
That knot your vertue tyes, this but your hands.
That nature fram'd, but this is made by art
This makes my arme your prisoner, that my heart.



To a Gentlewoman, desiring a copie of Verses.

FAire Madam, cast those Diamonds away,
 What need their torchlight in so bright a day :
 These show within your beauties glorious noon
 No more than spangles fixed in the moon :
 Such jewells then the truest lustre beare
 When they hang dangling in an *Æthiop's* eare
 But placed neere a beauty, thats so bright
 Like starres in day-time they are lost from sight
 In this you do your sex a great abuse,
 These are not pretious stemmes for womens use.
 Nature to men hath better jewells sent,
 Which serve for active use not ornament.
 Then let us make exchange, since that those be
 Fitter for you, and these more fit for me.



On Dr. Corbett's Marriage.

COME all yee Muses and rejoyce,
 At our *Apolloes* happy choice.
Phæbus has conquer'd *Cupids* charme,
 Fair *Daphne* flies into his arme.
 If *Daphne* be a tree, then marke,
Apollo is become the barke.

If *Daphne* be a branch of bay,
 He weares her for a crowne to day :
 O happy bridegrome which dost wed
 Thy selfe unto a virgins bed.
 Let thy love burne with hot desire,
 She lackes no oyle to feed the fire.
 You know not poore *Pigmaleons* lot
 Nor have you a meere idoll got.
 You no *Ixion*, you no proud
Juno makes imbrace a cloud.
 Looke how pure *Dianaes* skin
 Appeares as it is shadow'd in
 A crystall streame ; or looke what grace,
 Shines in fair *Venus* lovely face ;
 Whilst She *Adonis* courts and woes
 Such beautyes, yea and more than those,
 Sparkle in her ; see but her soul,
 And you will judge those beautyes foul.
 Her rarest beautye is within,
 She's fairest where she is not seen ;
 Now her perfection's character
 You have approv'd and chosen her.
 Oh precious she ! at this wedding,
 The jewell weares the marriage ring.
 Her understanding's deep, like the
Venetian Duke you wedd the sea,
 A sea deep, bottomelesse, profound,
 And which none but your selfe may sound.
 Blind *Cupid* shot not this love-dart,
 Your reason chose, and not your heart ;

You knew her little, and when her
 Apron was but a muckender,
 When that same Corral which doth deck
 Her lippes, she wore about her neck :
 You courted her, you woed her not
 Out of a window ; shee was got,
 And borne your wife ; it may be se'd,
 Her cradle was her marriage bed.

The ring too was layd up for it
 Untill her finger was growne fit ;
 You once gave her to play withall
 A babie, and I hope you shall
 This day your auncient guift renew,
 So she will do the same for you :
 In Virgin wax imprint upon
 Her brest your owne impression,
 You may (there is no treason in't,)
 Coine sterling, now you have a mint.
 You now are stronger than before,
 Your side hath in it on ribb more.

Before she was a kin to me
 Only in soul and amity.
 But now wee are, since shee your bride,
 In soul and bodye both allyde.
 T'is this hath made me lesse to doe,
 And I in one can honour two.
 This match a riddle may be styld,
 Two mothers now have but on child ;
 Yet need we not a *Salomon*
 Each mother here enjoyes her owne.

Many there are I know have try'd,
To make her their owne lovely bride ;
But it is *Alexanders* lot,
To cut in twaine the Gordian knot :
Claudia to prove that she was chaste,
Tyed but a girdle to her wast ;
And drew a ship to Rome by land
But now the world may understand ;
Here is a *Claudia* to faire bride,
Thy spotlesse innocence is tryed,
None but thy girdle could have led,
Our *Corbet* to a marriage bed.

Come all ye muses and rejoyce,
At this your nursling's happy choyce :
Come *Flora* straw the bridemayds bed
And with a garden crowne her head,
Or if thy flowers be to seek,
Come gather roses at her cheek.

Come *Hymen* light thy torches, let
Thy bed with tapers be beset.
And if there be no fire by,
Come light thy taper at her eye,
In that bright eye there dwells a starre,
And wisemen by it guided are.

In those delicious eyes there be,
Two little balls of ivory ;
How happy is he then that may
With these two dainty balls goe play,
Let not a teare drop from that eye
Unlesse for very joy to cry.

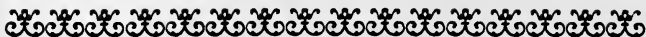
O let your joy continue ; may
 A whole age be your wedding day.
 O happy virgin, it is true,
 That your deare spouse embraceth you,
 Then you from heaven are not farre,
 But sure in *Abrahams* bosome are,
 Come all ye muses and rejoyce
 At our Apollo's happy choice.



Mart : Epigr. 59 lib : 5.

THoul't mend to morrow, thus thou still tell'st me,
 Faine would I know but this, when that will be?
 Where might a man that bliss-full morning finde,
 In vast Armenia, or in utmost Inde?
 This morning comes as slow as *Platoes* yeare,
 What might this morning cost (for sure tis deare?)
 Thoul't mend to morrow : Now's too late ; I say
 He's only wise that mended yesterday.





In Richardum quendam, Divitem, Avarum.

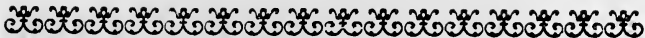
DEvising on a time what name I might
 Best give unto a dry illiberall chuffe,
 After long search on his owne name I light,
 Nay then (said I) No more, I have enough ;
 His name and nature do full well agree
 For's name is *Rich* and *hard*; and so is he.



In Thomam quendam Catharum.

T*Hom*as the puritan, cannot abide
 The name of Christmas, Candlemas, or such
 But calls them ever Christide, Candletide,
 At all to name the masse (forsooth) to much :
Thomas by this your rule the sacred font
 In Baptism must be-wash your limmes againe,
 And a new name you must receive upon't
 For superstitious *Thomas* youl disdaine.
 Then might I be your godsire, or his guide,
 Instead of *Thomas* you shall have *Tom-tyde*.





Epilogus Incerti Authoris.

Like to the mowing tone of unspoke speeches,
 Or like two lobsters clad in logick breeches ;
 Or like the gray fleece of a crimson catt,
 Or like a moone-calfe in a slippshoo hatt ;
 Or like the shaddow when the sunne is gone,
 Or like a thought, that nev'r was thought upon,
 Even such is man who never was begotten,
 Untill his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery touch-hole of a cabbage,
 Or like a crablowse with his bag and baggage.
 Or like the guilt reflection of the winde,
 Or like th' abortive issue borne behind,
 Or like the four square circle of a ring,
 Or like high downe a ding a ding a ding.
 Even such is man who breathlesse without doubt
 Spake to small purpose when his tongue was out.

Like the fresh colours of a withered Rose
 Or like a running verse that's writ in prose.
 Or like the umbles of a tynder box,
 Or like a sound man, troubled with the pox.
 Or like to hobbnayles coyn'd in single pence,
 Lest they should lose their preterperfect-tence
 Ev'n such is man who dyed, and yet did laugh,
 To read these strong lines for his Epitaph.

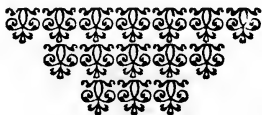
THE
INNOVATION

OF
PENELOPE

AND
VLYSSES,

A Mock-Poem.

By J. S.




LONDON,
Printed *Anno Dom.* 1658.



The Epistle Dedicatory

to the Reader.

ourteous Reader, I had not gone my full time, when by a sudden flight occasioned by the Beare and Wheel-barrow on the Bank-side, I fell in travaile, and therefore cannot call this, a timely Issue, but a Mischance, which I must put out to the world to nurse ; hoping it will be fostered with the greater care, because of its own innocency. The reasons why the Dedication is so generall, is to avoid Carps in the Fishpond of this world, for now no man may reade it, but must patronize it.

And must protect what he would greet perchance,
If he were not the Patron with def-iance.

You see here I have much adoe to hold in my muse from her jumping meeter : 'tis time to let slip. For

as the cunning statuarist did by *Alcides* foot guesse
at the proportion of his whole body, so doe I forbear
the application of this Simile and rest,

Yours ever.

J. S.





To his Worthy Friend Mr. J. S.
upon his happy Innovation of *Penelope* and
Vlysses.

I *T was no idle fancie, I beheld*
A reall obiect, that around did gild
The neighbouring vallies and the mountaine tops,
That sided to Parnassus, with the drops
From her disheveld hayre. I sought the cause.
And loe, she had her dwelling in the jawes
Of pearly Helicon, assign'd to bee
Guide ore the Comick straynes of poetry.
She lowr'd her flight, and soone assembled all,
That since old Chaucer had tane leave to call,
Upon her name in print: But O the rabble
Of pamphleteers even from the court toth' stable,
Knights, and discarded Captaines, with the scribe;
Famous in water-works, besides the tribe
Of the true poets, they attended on
The birth of this great Convocation.
Sacred Thalia, in an angrie heat
That well became her zeale, rose from her seat;
And beckoning for silence, there disclaym'd,
Protection of the poets, and then nam'd

The cause of her revoke, for that (quoth she)
So many panders 'long to poetry :
A crue of Scriblers that with brazen face
Prostitute art and worke unto disgrace
My patronage, each calling out on mee
For midwife to his bastard progenie.
Thus standing as protectresse of that brood
My care's ill construed by the sister-hood.
With that she paused a while, and glanc'dst her eye
Amongst the mingled pen-wrights, to descrie
One to distinguish by a different style,
Dull Latmus from Diviner Pindus soyle,
At length she fix't on thee, and then anon
Proclaym'd the her selected champion.
Then was this worke presented to her eare.
She smiled at it, and was pleas'd to heare
Dunces so well traduc'd ; and by this rule,
Discoverd all that nere were of the schoole
Of noble poesie, and them she threw
Farre from her care and her acquaintance too ;
Thus were they found and lost, and this the test,
They writ in earnest what's here meant in jest.

James Atkins.





To his Precious Friend *J. S.*
upon his choise conceipt of *Penelope* and
Ulysses.

Long-look't for comes at last ; twas sayd of olde,
I'le use the proverb ; herein I am bold :
For if the ancient Poets don't belie us
Nihil jam dictum quod non dictum prius :
But let that passe : the thing I would intend,
With my unpolist lines, is to commend
A worke that may to an ingenious eare
Be its owne orator ; for nothing here,
But grate's this stupid age, wherein each mate
That can but ryme, is poet laureat.
It is the scorne of time, and for my part
That at the best am but a freind to art ;
My senses ake to heare the cry advance
And dote upon the workes of ignorance ;
Let fooles admire folly : while I thee
That into pastime turn'st their poetrie.



To his Sonne, upon his *Minerva*.

T*Hou art my son, in that my choise is spoke ;
Thine with thy fathers muse strikes equall stroke,
It shewed more art in Virgil to relate,
And make it worth th' heareing, his Gnats fate ;
Then to conceive what those great mindes must be
That sought and found out fruitfull Italie.
And such as read and do not apprehend
And with applause the purpose and the end
Of this neat Poem, in themselves confesse
A dull stupiditie and barrenesse.
Methinks I do behold in this rare birth
A temple built up to facetious mirth,
Pleasd Phoebus smiling on it ; doubt not then,
But that the suffrage of juditious men
Will honour this Thalia ; and for those
That praise Sr. Bevis, or whats worse in prose,
Let them dwell still in ignorance. To write
In a new strain, and from it raise delight
As thou in this hast done, doth not by chance
But merit, crowne thee with the laurell branch.*

Phillip Massenger.



To his Deare Friend Mr. J. S.
upon his quaint Innovation of *Penelope* and
Ulysses.

F*Ly, Fly my muse, this is the tyme if ever
To try thy wings, now sore aloft or never ;
Importune fame, for 'tis her hand must owe
A glory to this temple. Bid her blow,
Till her lungs crack, and call the world to see
A worke that else will i'ts owne trumpet be.
I would not have the squeamish Age to jeare
Or slight my muse for bringing up the reare :
Nor let the garish rabble looke a squint,
As though I were one of their tribe in print :
It is a Trust that fitly does become
My matchlesse freindship to have such a Rome
For know no vulgar pen could ever glory
To be the Master of so choise a story.
Blush, Blush, for shame, yee wood-be-poets all,
Here see your faces, let this glasse recall
Your faults to your remembrance, numbers, rym
Your long parentheses, and verse that clime
Up to the elbow ; here you may descry
Such stuffe as weaker wits call poetry :
From hence-forth let no pedling rimers dare
Profane Thalias alters with such ware.
For which great cure, this booke unto thy name
Shallbe a trophy of immortall fame.*

J. M.



The Author to the Author.

To his worthy Friend J. S.
upon his happy Translation of *Ulysses* and
Penelope.

L *Et joy possesse the universall Globe,
The worke is donne, bright Sol is in his robe,
Let time and nature breathe, and let the arts,
Pause here a while, they have perform'd their parts
And as a Man, that from the Alpes doth fall
Being in drinke, and has no hurt at all :
When afterwards hee has considerd well,
And view'd the Altitude, from whence hee fell,
When in his sober thoughts hee has the hint on't
It frights him more then to endure the dint on't ;
Even so our Author, when hee veiwes aright
What time and industry have brought to light,
May more be troubled both in Mind and Wit,
To thinke what's donne, then in the doing it,
If at the spring and Birth-day of Glendour,
Whom storyes treat of for a Man and more,*

*If then I say there was such notice taken,
 That VVales and all her Mountaniers were shaken,
 What Alteration must there needes be now,
 To usher in thine Issue ! who knowes how
 To fadom thought, or tye the starres in strings ?
 Such must his learning be that kens these things.
 Me-thinks the spheares should falter, and the sage
 Should from this time reckon another age,
 Gossips shall make it famous, It shall bee
 The common Meatpole to Posterity :
 The time of Edmonds and of Gertrude's birth,
 Was three yeares after such a worke came forth,
 Then was the great eclipse, and that the time
 When this Mans Granfather was in his prime ;
 Hackster the Back-sword-man then broke his Arme,
 That yeare old Honyman his Bees did swarme,
 And if I guesse aright, began that yeare
 The Hollanders Plantation in York-shire.
 Thus shall all Accidents be brought about,
 And this the onely time to find em out.*

*Men did of old count from the dayes of Adam,
 And Eve the spinster (no newes then of Madam,)
 Some from Diana's Temple, that rare peece,
 Some from the stealing of the Golden fleece ;
 From moderne Matters som their Reckoning make
 From the great voyage of Sr: Francis Drake,
 Other's from 88, and some there are
 That count from bringing of the Brook from VVare.
 But all these things shall be abolish'd quite,
 And no Man now shall aprehend delight,*

*To have a sonne a daughter or a neece,
 Their age not dated with this master-peece.
 More I would say, much more; but that I fear
 My liberall commendations would appeare
 Like to the Gates of Thebes, where all, and some,
 Fear'd lest the citty should run out at 'um,
 Such may my error be, whilst here I sing,
 Great Neptunes Anthems, to salute a spring,
 But such a spring, as all that ere have seene it
 Confesse theres nought but spirit of waters in it.*

*And here let me excuse that prity Elfe
 Thy froward Muse that left thee to thy selfe;
 Whom thou upbraidst for that; which I repleye,
 Was nought but Advantagious Policy;
 T'was a good Omen when she backward went
 That she would arme her selfe with double hint
 And so shee did, they'l say, that doe peruse ore
 This seeming pamphlet which anon ensues your*

Loving Friend.

F. S.





The Author to himselfe. .

High as the Alpes my towering muse dos wing it,
 To snatch the laurell from fames fane, & fling it
 Even at thy crowne, thy crowne ; where may it sit,
 Till time it selfe, being non-plus'd, wither it.
 Each stroake that herein of thy pen made proof,
 Is like the stamp of Pegasus his hoof,
 And does uncurtaine where does sit and sing,
 The Heliconians, round about the spring.
 I wish the world this pamphlet had not seene,
 Or having veiw'd it, it had faulty been.
 Then might I still have lov'd thee, cruell fate
 Has made the now the object of my hate :
 For envy feedes on merit, but believe mee,
 I love thy person, though thy worth does grieve me.

I. S.





*The Preface to that most elaborate piece of Poetry, entituled
Penelope and Ulysses.*

NO, I protest, not that I wish the gaires
 To spoile the trade of mercenary braines,
 I am indifferently bent, so, so,
 Whether I ever sell my workes or no.
 Nor was't my aime when I took pen in fingers,
 To take imployment from the Ballad-singers ;
 Nor none of these : But on a gloomy day,
 My genius stept to me, and thus gan say ;
 Listen to me, I give you information,
 This History deserves a grave translation ;
 And if comparisons be free from slanders,
 I say, as well as *Hero* and *Leanders*.
 This said, I took my chaire, in colours wrought,
 Which at an outcry, with two stooles I bought.
 The stooles of *Dornix*, which that you may know well
 Are certain stuffs, Upholsters use to sell.
 Stuffs, said I ? No : some Linsey-Wolsey-monger mixt them,
 They were not Stuff nor Cloth sure, but betwixt them.
 The Ward I bought them in, it was without
 Hight *Faringdon*, and there a greasie lout
 Bid for them shillings six, but I bid seven,
 A summe that is accounted odd, not even :
 The Cryer thereat seemed to be willing,
 Quoth he, there's no man better then seven shilling,
 He thought it was a reasonable price,
 So struck upon the Table, once, twice, thrice,

My Pen in one hand, Pen-knife in the other,
My Ink was good, my Paper was no other.
So sat me down, being with sadnesse moved,
To sing this new Song, sung of old by *Ovid*.
But would you think, as I was thus preparing
All in a readinesse, here and there staring
To find my implements, that th' untoward Elfe,
My Muse, should steal away, and hide her selfe,
Just so it was, faith, neither worse nor better.
Away she run, er'e I had writ a Letter.
I after her a pace, and beat the Bushes,
Rank Grasse, Firrs, Ferne, and the tall Banks of Rushes
At last I found my Muse, and wot you what,
I put her up, for lo she was at squat.
Thou slut quoth I, hadst thou not run away,
I had made Verses all this live-long day.
But in good sooth, o're much I durst not chide her,
Lest she should run away, and hide her
But when my heat was o're I spake thus to her ;
Why did'st thou play the wag ? I'm very sure.
I have commended thee, above old *Chaucer* ;
And in a Tavern once I had a Sawcer
Of White-wine Vinegar, dasht in my face,
For saying thou deservedst a better grace :
Thou knowst that then I took a Sawsedge up,
Upon the knaves face it gave such a clap,
That he repented him that he had spoken
Against thy Fame, he struck by the same token.
I oft have sung thy Meeters, and sometimes,
I laught to set on others at thy rimes,
When that my Muse considered had this geare,
She sigh'd so sore, it griev'd my heart to heare,

She said she had done ill, and was not blameless,
And *Polyhymney*, (one that shal be namelesse,
Was present when she spoke it) and before her,
My Muses lamentation was the soarer.
And then to shew she was not quite unkinde,
She sounded out these strong lines of her minde.





THE
INNOVATION

OF
Vlysses and Penelope.

O All ye (1) Cliptick Spirits of the Sphæres
That have or (2) sense to hear or (3) use of eares,
And you in number (4) twelve Cælestiall Signes
That Poets have made use of in their lines,
And by which men doe know what Seasons good
To gueld their Bore-piggs, and let Horses blood ;
List to my dolefull glee, ô (5) list I say,
Unto the Complaint of Penelopay.

She was a Lover, I, and so was hee
As loving unto her, and he to (6) she :

- (1.) The harder the word is, the easier it is to be understood.
(2.) (3.) In varying the use of the senses, the Author shewes himselfe to be in his wits.
(4.) There the Author shewes himselfe to be well versed in the Almanack.
(5.) Being twice repeated, it argues an elegant fancy in the Poet.
(6.) To make false English, argues as much knowledge as to make true latin.

But mark how things were alter'd in a moment
Ulysses was a Græcian born, I so meant
 To have inform'd you first, but since 't is or'e,
 It is as (7) well, as had it been before :
 He being as I said, a Greek there rose
 A Quarrell 'twixt the Trojans and their (8) foes,
 I mean the Græcians, whereof he was (9) one,
 But let that pass, he was *Laertes* Sonne.
 Yet least some of the difference be ignorant,
 It was about a (1) Wench, you may hear more (2) on't
 In Virgils *Æneids*, and in *Homer* too ;
 How *Paris* lov'd her, and no more adoe
 But goes and steales her from her Husband : wherefore
 The Græcians took their Toolles, and foughted therefore.

And that you may perceive they were stout (3)
 Signiors,

The Combat lasted for the space of ten (4) years.
 This Gallant bideing where full many a Mother
 Is oft bereav'd of Child, Sister of Brothe,
 His Lady greatly longing for his presence
 (5) Writ him a Letter, whereof this the Sense.

(7.) Better once done then never.

(8.) For sometimes there may happen a quarrell amongst friends.

(9.) Till he was married, he could be but one.

(1.) There is no mischief, but a woman is at one end of it.

(2.) The more you heare on't, the worse you'l like it.

(3.) There was a Spanish regiment amongst them.

(4.) That may be done in an houre, which we may repent all our life after.

(5.) Being up to the Elbowes in trouble, she expressed it in this line.

" *My pretty Duck, my Pigsnie, my Ulysses,*
 " *Thy poor Penelope sends a (6) thousand Kisses*
 " *As to her only Joy, a hearty greeting;*
 " *Wishing thy Company, but not thy meeting*
 " *With enemies, and fiery Spirits in Armour,*
 " *And which perchance may do thy body harme-or*
 " *May take thee Pisoner, and clap on thee bolts*
 " *And locks upon thy legges, such as weare Colts.*
 " *But send me word, and e're that thou want ransome*
 " *Being a man so comely, and so handsome,*
 " *Ile sell my Smocke both from my backe and (7) belly*
 " *E're you want Money, Meat, or Cloathes, I tell yee.*

When that *Ulysses*, all in grief enveloped,
 Had markt how right this Letter was Peneloped.
 Laid one hand on his heart, and said 't was guilty,
 Resting the other on his Dagger-hilty,
 Thus gan to speake : O thou that dost controule
 All beauties else, thou hast so bang'd my soule
 With this thy lamentation, that I sweare,
 I love thee strangely, without wit or fear ;
 I could have wish'd (quoth he,) my selfe the Paper
 Inke, Standish, Sandbox, or the burning Taper,
 That were the Instruments of this thy writeing
 Or else the Stool whereon thou sat'st inditing :
 And so might have bin neer that lovely breech
 That never yet was troubled with the (8) Itch.

(6.) Even Reckoning, makes long friends.

(7.) As a pudding ha's two ends, so a smock ha's two sides.

(8.) As Love doth commonly break out into an itch, yet with her it did not so.

And with the thought of that, his Sorrow doubled
 His heart with wo, was so Cuff'd and Cornubled,
 That he approv'd one of his Ladyes Verses,
 (The which my Author in his booke rehearses)
 'Tis true quoth he, (9) Loves troubles make me tamer,

Res est Soliciti plena timoris Amor.

This said, he blam'd himselfe, and chid his folly
 For being so ore-rul'd with melancholly,
 He call'd himself, Fool, Coxecombe, Asse, and Fop,
 And many a scurvy name he reckon'd up,
 But to himself, this language was too rough,
 For certainly the Man had wit enough :
 For he resolves to leave his Trojan foes,
 And go to see his Love in his best Cloaths.

But marke how he was cross'd in his intent,
 His friends suspected him incontinent :
 And some of them suppos'd he was in love,
 Because his eyes all in his head did move,
 Or more or less then used, I know not which
 But I am sure they did not move so mich
 As they were wont to doe : and then 'twas blasted.

Ulysses was in love, and whilst that lasted
 No other newes within the Camp was spoke of,
 And many did suppose the Match was broke off,
 But he conceal'd himself, nor was o're hasty
 To shift his Cloaths, though now grown somewhat nasty.

But having wash'd his hands in Pewter Bason,
 Determines for to get a Girle or a Son,

(9.) There the Author translates out of Ovid, as Ben Johnson do's in Sejanus out of Homer.

On fair *Penelope*, for he look'd trimmer
 Then young *Leander* when he learn'd his (1) Primer,
 To Græce he wends apace, for all his hope
 Was only now to see fair *Penelope* :
 She kemb'd her head, and wash'd her face in Creame
 And pinch'd her cheeks to make the (2) redde bloud
 stream
 She don'd new cloaths, and sent the old ones packing,
 And had her shoes rub'd over with Lamp (3) blacking,
 Her new rebato, and a falling band,
 And Rings with severall poesies on her hand.
 A stomacher upon her breast so bare,
 For Strips and Gorgets was not then the weare.
 She thus adorn'd to meet her youthfull Lover
 Heard by a Post-boy, he was new come over :
 She then prepares a banquet very neat
 (4) Yet there was not a bit of Butchers meat
 But Pyes, and Capons, Rabbits, Larkes, and Fruit ;
Orion on a Dolphin, with his (5) Harpe,
 And in the midst of all these dishes stood
 A platter of Pease-porridg, wondrous good,
 And next to that the god of Love was plac'd,
 His Image being made out of Rye-paste,

(1.) By this you may perceive, that primers were first printed at Abidos.

(2.) For distinction sake, because many mens noses bleed white blood.

(3.) Black is the beauty of the shoe.

(4.) Because a Cow, was amongst the ancient Græcians called a Neat, Gesner in his Etymolog. lib. 103. Tom 16.

(5.) Better falsifye the Rime, then the Story, &c.

To make that good, which the old Proverb speaks
[The one the Heart, 'tother the belly breaks.]

Ulysses seeing himself a welcome Guest
Resolves to have some Fiddlers at the Feast:
And 'mongst the various Consort choosing them
That in their sleeves the armes of *Agamem-
Non*, in the next verse, wore: Cry'd in a rage
Sing me some Song made in the Iron-Age.
The Iron-Age, quoth he that used to sing?
This to my mind the Black-Smith's Song doth bring
The Black-Smiths, quoth *Ulysses*? and there holloweth,
Whoop! is there such a Song? Let's ha't. It followeth,

The Black-Smith.

*As it was sung before Ulysses and Penelope at their Feast,
when he returned from their Trojan Warrs, collected out of
Homer, Virgill and Ovid, by some of the Modern Familie
of the Fancies.*

OF all the trades that ever I see,
There's none with the *Blacksmith* compar'd may be,
With so many severall tooles workes hee
Which Nobody can deny,

The first that ever thunderbolt made,
Was a Cyclops of the *Blacksmiths* trade,
As in a learned author is sayd,

Which Nobody, &c.

When Thunderingly we lay about
 The fire like lightening flasheth out ;
 Which suddainly with water wee d'out.

Which No, &c

The fayrest Godesse in the skyes
 To marry with Vulcan did devise,
 Which was a *Blacksmith* grave and wise

Which, &c.

Mulciber to do her all right
 Did build her a Towne by day and by night,
 Which afterwards he *Hammersmith* hight

Which, &c.

And that no Enemy might wrong her
 Hee gave her Fort she need no stronger,
 Then is the lane of *Ironmonger*,

Which, &c.

Vulcan farther did acquaint her
 That a pritty estate he would appoynt her,
 And leave her *Seacoale-lane* for a joynture.

Which, &c.

Smithfeild he did free from dirt,
 And he had sure great reason for't
 It stood very neare to **venus court*

{ * *Turne-
 mill street*

Which, &c.

But after in good time and tide,
 It was to the *Blacksmiths* rectified,
 And given'em by *Edmond Ironside*,

Which, &c.

At last * he made a Nett or traine,
 In which the God of warre was t'ane,
 Which ever since was call'd Pauls-chaine

* *Vulcan.**Which, &c.*

The common proverb, as it is read,
 That we should hit the nayle o'the head :
 Without the *Blacksmith* cannot be said,

Which. &c.

There is another must not be forgot
 Which falls unto the *Blacksmiths* lot,
 That we should strike while the I'rons hott,

Which, &c.

A third lyes in the *Blacksmiths* way
 When things are safe as old-wives say,
 They have 'em under lock and key,

Which, &c.

Another proverb makes me laugh
 Because the Smith can challenge but halfe ;
 When things are as Plaine as a Pike staffe,

Which, &c.

But'tother halfe to him does belong ;
 And therefore, do the Smith no wrong,
 When one is held to it hard, buckle and thong,

Which, &c.

Then there is a whole one proper and fit
 And the *Blacksmith's* justice is seene in it,
 When you give a man rostmeat and beat him with spitt,

Which, &c.

A nother proverb does seldome fayle,
When you meet with naughty beere or ale,
You cry it is as dead as a dore nayle,

VWhich, &c.

If you stick to one when fortunes wheele
Doth make him many losses feele
We say such a friend is as true as steele.

VWhich &c,

Ther's one that's in the *Blacksmith's* bookes,
And from him alone for remedy lookes.
And that is he that is offo'the hookes,

Which, &c.

Ther's ner'a slutt, if filth over-smutch her
But owes to the *Blacksmith* for her leatcher :
For without a payre of tongs no man will touch her

Which, &c.

There is a lawe in merry England
In which the Smith has some command
When any one is burnt in the hand ;

Which, &c.

Banbury ale a halfe-yard-pott,
The Devill a Tinker dares stand to't ;
If once the tost be hizzing-hott.

Which, &c.

If any Taylor has the Itch,
Your *Blacksmith's* water, as black as pitch,
Will make his fingers goe thorow-stitch.

Which, &c.

A Sullen-woman needs no leech,
 Your *Blacksmiths* Bellows restores her speech
 And will fetch her againe with wind in her Breech.

Which, &c.

Your snuffling Puritans do surmise,
 That without the *Blacksmith's* mysteries,
St: Peter had never gotten his keyes,

VWhich every one can deny,

And further more there are of those
 That without the *Blacksmiths* help do suppose
St: Dunstan had never tane the Divil by the nose

Which Nobody can deny.

And though they are so rigid and nice
 And rayle against Drabs, and Drinke, and Dice
 Yet they do allowe the *Blacksmith* his vice

Which, &c.

Now when so many Hæresies fly about,
 And every sect growes still more in doubt
 The *Blacksmith* he is hammering it out,

Which, &c.

Though Serjeants at law grow richer far,
 And with long pleading a good cause can marr
 Yet your *Blacksmith* takes more pains at the Barr,

Which, &c.

And though he has no Commander's look
 Nor can brag of those he hath slayn and took,
 Yet he is as good as ever strooke.

Which, &c.

For though he does lay on many a blow
It ruines neither freind nor foe ;
Would our plundering-souldiers had don so,
Which every one can deny.

Though Bankrupts lye lurking in their holes
And laugh at their Creditors, and catchpoles,
Yet your Smith can fetch em over the coales.
Which Nobody can deny.

Our lawes do punish severely still,
Such as counterfit, deed, bond, or bill,
But your Smith may freely forge what he will
Which, &c.

To be a Jockey is thought a fine feat,
As to trayne up a horse, and prescribe him his meat
Yet your smith knowes best to give a heat.
Which, &c.

The Roreing-Boy who every one quayles
And swaggers, & drinks, & swears and rayles,
Could never yet make the Smith eat his nayls.
Which, &c.

Then if to know him men did desire,
They would not scorne him but ranck him higher
For what he gets is out of the fire.
Which. &c.

Though Ulysses himselfe has gon many miles
And in the warre has all the craft & the wiles,
Yet your Smith can sooner double his files.
Which, &c,

Sayst thou so, quoth Ulysses, and then he did call
 For wine to drinke to the *Black-Smiths* all,
 And he vowed it should go round as a Ball

VVhich Nobody should deny.

And cause he had such pleasure t'ane,
 At this honest fiders merry straine,
 He gave him the Horse-Shoe in Drury-lane

Which Nobody can deny.

Where his posterity ever since
 Are ready with wine, both Spanish and French,
 For those that can bring in another Clench

Which Nobody can deny.

The song being don they drank the health, they rose
 They wo'd in verse, and went to bed in prose.



A Prologue to the Mayor of Quinborough.

L Oe I the Maior of *Quinborough Town* by name,
 With all my brethren saving one that's lame;
 Are come as fast as fyery mil-horse gallops,
 To meet thy grace, thy Queene, & her fair Trollops,
 For reason of our comming do no look,
 It must be don, I finde it i'th Town-book:
 And yet not I my selfe, I scorne to read,
 I keep a Clarck to do these jobbs at need.

And now respect a rare conceipt before Thong castle see
thee,
Reach me the thing, to give the King, that other too, I
prethee,
Now here they be, for Queene and thee, the guift's all
steele, and leather,
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they're com
together,
To shew two loves must joyne in one, our Towne presents
to thee,
This gilded scabberd to the Queene, this dagger unto Thee.

*A Song.*

HEe that a happy life will lead,
In these times of distraction,
Let him list'n to me and I will him read
A lecture without faction.
Let him want three things whence misery springs,
They all begin with a letter.
Let him bound his desires to what nature requires,
And with reason his humor fetter.

Let not his wealth prodigious grow,
For that breeds care and dangers ;
Makes him envi'd above, and hated below,
And a constant slave to strangers.

They're happiest of all whose estats are small
 Though but enough to maintain 'um
 They may do, they may say, having nothing to pay,
 It will not quit cost to arraigne u'm.

Nor would I have him clogg'd with a wife,
 For househould care and cumber,
 Nor to one place confine a mans life :
 Cause he cannot remove his lumber.
 They are happier farr that unwedded are,
 And forrage on all in common,
 For all stormes they may flye, & if they should dye
 They undo neither child nor woman.

Nor let his braines overflow with witt,
 That savours on discretion ;
 'Tis costly to get and hard to keep
 And dangerous in the possession.
 They are happiest men that can scarce tell ten,
 And beat not their braines about reason ;
 They may say what will serve, themselves to preserve,
 And their words are neare tak'n for treason.

Of fools there is none like to the Witt
 For he takes paines to show it,
 When his pride and his drinke brings him into his fit ;
 Then straight he must be a poet
 Now his jests he flings at States and at Kings
 For applause of bayes and shaddowes ;
 Thinkes a verse serves as well, as circle or spell
 Till he rhimes himselfe to the Barbadoes.

He that within his bounds will keep,
May baffle all dysasters ;
To fortune and fate commands he may give
Which worldlings call their masters ;
He may dance, he may laugh, he may sing, he may quaffe,
May be mad, may be sad may be jolly,
He may walk without fear, and sleep without care,
And a fig for the world and its folly.



The drunken Lover. J. D. Delight.

I Dote I dote, but am a sott to show't,
I was a very fool to let her know't ;
For now she doth so cuning grow,
She proves a freind worse then a foe :
She will not hold me fast nor let me goe,
She tells me, I cannot forsake her ;
Then straight I endeavor to leave her,
But to make me stay throw's a kisse in my way,
Oh then I could tarry for ever.

Then I retire, salute, and sit down by her,
There do I frye in frost, and freeze in fire,
New Nectar from her lipps I sup.
And though I do not drink all up ;
Yet am I drunk with kissing of the cup :

For her lipps are two brimmers of Clarret,
 Where first I begin to miscarry :
 Her brests of delight, are two bottles of white,
 And her eyes are two cups of Canary.

Drunk as I live, dead drunk beyond reprieve
 For all my secrets dribble through a sive,
 Her arme about my neck she laith,
 Now all is Scripture that she saith
 Which I lay hold on, with my fuddled faith,
 I find a fond lover's a drunkard ;
 And dangerous is when he flyes out,
 With hipps and with lipps, with black eyes and white
 thighes,
 Blind *Cupid* sure tippled his eyes out.

She bids me, Arise, tells me I must be wise,
 Like her, for she is not in love she cryes ;
 Then do I fret and fling and throw,
 Shall I be fettered to my foe ?
 Then I begin to run but cannot goe
 I pray thee, sweet, use me more kindly.
 You had better for to hold me fast,
 If you once disengage your bird from his cage,
 Beleeve me hee'le leave you at last.

Lik a sot I sit that fild the towne with witt,
 But now confesse I have most need of it ;
 I have been drunk with duck and deare,
 Above a quarter of a yeare :
 Beyond the cure of sleeping or small beere,

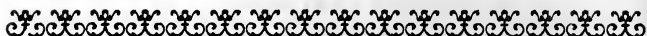
think I can number the months to,
July, August, September, October
Thus goes my account a mischeife upon't
But sure I shall goe when I am sober.

My legs are lame, my courage is quite tam'de,
My heart and all my body is inflamde ;
Now by experience I can prove.
And swear by all the powers above ;
Tis better to be drunk with wine then love.
Good sack makes us merry and witty,
Our faces with jwells adorning ;
And though that we grope yet, there is some hope,
That a man may be sober next morning.

Then with command she throwes me from her hand,
She bids me goe yet knowes I cannot stand ;
I measure all the ground by tripps,
Was ever Sot so drunk in sipps,
Or ever man so over seene in lipps,
I pray, maddam fickle, be faithfull,
And leave off your damnable dodging,
Pray do not deceive me, either love me or leave me,
And let me go home to my lodging.

I love too much but yet my follie's such
I cannot leave, I must love to'ther touch.
Here's a Health unto the King, how now ?
I am drunk and speak treason I vow ;
Lovers and fooles say any thing you knw,

I feare I have tyred your patience,
 But I am sure, tis I have the wrong on't,
 My wit is bereft me ; for all that I have left me
 Will but just serve to make me a song on't,
 My mistris and I shall never comply,
 And there is the short and the long on't.



To the Tune of The beginning of the World.

R. P. Delight.

O Mother, chavé bin a batchelour,
 This twelve and twanty yeare ;
 And I'ze have often beene a wowing,
 And yet cham never the neare :
Jone Gromball chee'l ha' non s'mee,
 Ize look so like a lowt ;
 But I vaith, cham as propper a man as zhe
 Zhee need not be zo stout.

She zaies if ize, cond daunce and zing,
 As *Thomas Miller* con,
 Or cut a cauper, as litle *Jack Taylor* :
 O how chee'd love mee thon.
 But zoft and faire, chil none of that,
 I vaith cham not zo nimble ;
 The Tailor hath nought to trouble his thought
 But his needel and his thimble,

O zon, th'art of a lawfull age,
 And a jolly tidy boy,
 Ide have thee try her once a gaine,
 She can but say thee nay :
 Then O Gramarcy mother,
 Chill zet a good vace o' the matter,
 Chill dresse up my zon as fine as a dog
 And chill have a fresh bout at her.

And first chill put on my zunday parrell
 That's lac't about the quarters ;
 With a paire of buckram slopps,
 And a vlanting paire of garters.
 With my sword tide vast to my zide,
 And my grandvathers dug'en and dagger
 And a Peacocks veather in my capp
 Then oh how I'ch shall swagger.

Nay tak thee a lockrum napkin son,
 To wipe thy snotty nose,
 T's noe matter vor that, chill snort it out,
 And vlurt it athart my cloths :
 Ods, bodikins nay fy away,
 I prethee son do not so :
 Be mannerly son till thou canst tell,
 Whether sheele ha' thee or noe,

But zirrah Mother harke a while
 Whoes that that comes so near ?
 Tis *Ione Grumball*, hold thy peace,
 For feare that she doe heare.

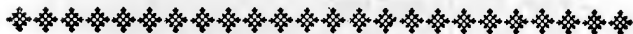
Nay on't be she, chill dresse my words
 In such a scholars grace,
 But virst of all chall take my honds,
 And lay them athwart her vace.

Good morrow my honey my sugger-candy,
 My litle pretty mouse,
 Cha hopes thy vather and mother be well,
 At home at thine own house.
 I'ch am zhame vac't to show my mind,
 Cham zure thou knowst my arrant :
 Zum zen, Jug, that I mun a thee.
 At leasure Sir I warrant.

You must (Sir Clowne) is for the King,
 And not for such a mome,
 You might have said, by leave faire maid,
 And let your (must) alone.
 Ich am noe more nor clowne thats vlat,
 Cham in my zunday parrell,
 I'ch came vor love and I pray so tak't,
 Che hopes che will not quarrell.

O *Robbin* dost thou love me so well?
 I vaith, abomination,
 Why then you should have fram'd your words
 Into a finer fashion.
 Vine vashions and vine speeches too
 As schollards volks con utter,
 Chad wrather speak but twa words plaine
 Thon haulfe a score and stutter.

Chave land, chave houss, chave twa vat beasts,
 Thats better thon vine speeches ;
 T's a signe that Fortune favours fooles
 She lets them have such riches.
 Hark how she comes upon mee now,
 I'd wish it be a good zine,
 He that will steale any wit from thee
 Had need to rise betime.



An Old Song.

Back and sides go bare go bare,
 And feet and hands go cold,
 But let my belly have Ale enough
 Whether it be new or old,
Whether it be new or old,
Boyes, whether it be new or old:
But let my belly have ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

A beggar's a thing as good as a King,
 If you aske me the reason why
 For a King cannot swagger
 And drink like a beggar
 No King so happy as I :

Some call me knave and rascall slave,
 But I know, how to collogue

Come upon Um, and upon 'um ;
 Will your worships and honour um,
 Then I am an honest rogue, then I
 Come upon um, and upon 'um will you worships :

If a fart flye away where he makes his stay,
 Can any man think or suppose ?
 For a fart cannot tell, when its out where to dwell,
Unlesse it be in your nose, unlesse it be in your nose boyes,
Unlesse it be in your nose.

For a fart cannot tell, when its out where to dwell
 Unlesse it be in your nose.



The Sowgelder's Song, in the Beggers-Bush.

I Met with the Divell in the shape of a Ramme,
 Over and over the Sow-gelder came,
 I took him and haltred him fast by the horne,
 And pickt out his stones as you'd pick out your cornes.
 Oh quoth the Divell and with that he shrunk,
 And left me a carkase of mutton that stunk.

Walking alone but a mile and a halfe,
 I saw where he lay in the shape of a calfe ;
 I took him and gelt him e're he thought any evill,
 And found him to be but a sucking Divell.
 Bla quoth the Divell and clapt down his taile,
 And that was sold after for excellent veale.

I met with the Divell in the shape of a Pigge,
I look't at the rogue, and he look't something bigge ;
E're a man cold fart thrice, I had made him a hogge,
Oh quoth the Divell and then gave a Jerke
That the Jew was converted by eating of porke.

In woman's attire I met him full fine,
I took him at least for an Angell divine ;
But viewing his crabb-face I fell to my trade,
And I made him forswear ever acting a maid.
O quoth the Divell, and so ranne away,
And hid him in a Fryers gray weeds, as they say.

For halfe a yeare after it was my great chance
To meet with a gray coate that lay in a Trance,
I took him and I graspt him fast by the codds ;
Betwixt his tongue and his taile I left little odds.
Oh, quoth the Divell, much harme hast thou done,
Thou art sure to be cursed of many a man.

My ram, calfe, my porke, my punk and my fryar,
I have left them unfurnish't of their best Lady ware ;
And now he runs roaring from alehouse to Taverne,
And swears hee'le turn tutor to the swaggering gallant :
But if I catch him Ile serve him no worse
For Ile lib him, and leave him not a peny in his purse.

A Song.

Three merry ladds met at the Rose
To speak the praises of the Nose,

The nose which stands in middle place
 Sets out the beauty of the face ;
 The nose with which we have begunne,
 Will serve to make our verses runne,
Invention often barren growes ;
But still their's matter in the nose.

The nose is of so high a price,
 That men prefer't before their eyes ;
 And no man counts him for his friend,
 That boldly takes his nose by the end.
 The nose that like *Euripus* flows,
 The sea that did the wiseman pose.
Invention, &c.

The nose is of as many kinds,
 As mariners can reckon winds,
 The long, the short, the nose displayd ;
 The great nose which did fright the maid ;
 The nose through which the brother-hood
 Did parley for their sisters good.
Invention, &c.

The flat, the sharp, the roman snout,
 The hawkes nose Circled round about :
 The crooked nose that stands awry,
 The ruby nose of Scarlet dye,
 The Brazen-nose without a face
 That doth the learned Colledge grace ;
Invention, &c.

The long nose when the teeth appeare,
Shews what's a clock if the day be clear,
The broad nose stands in buckler place,
And takes the blowes from off the face ;
The nose being plaine without a ridge,
Will serve sometimes to make a bridge.

Invention, &c.

The short nose is the Lovers blisse,
Because it hinders not a kisse.
The toating nose is a monstrous thing,
That's he that did the bottle bring :
And he that brought the bottle hither,
Will drink ; oh monstrous ! out of measure.

Invention, &c.

The fiery nose, in Lanthornes stead,
Will light its Master to his bed ;
And who so ere that treasure owes,
Growes poore in purse, though rich in nose.
The brazen nose that's o're the gate,
Maintaines full many a Latin-pate.

Invention, &c.

If any nose take this in snuffe,
And think it more then is enough ;
We answer them, we did not fear,
Nor think such noses had been here.
But if there be, we need not care ;
A nose of wax our Statutes are.
Invention now is barren growne ;
The matters out, the nose is blown.



Phillada flouts me.

Oh! what a pain is love,
 How shall I bear it?
 Shee will inconstant prove,
 I greatly feare it.
 Shee so torments my mind,
 That my strength faileth;
 And wavers with the wind,
 As a shippe that saileth.
 Please her the best I may,
 Shee looks another way.
 A lack and well a day
Phillada floutes me.

All the fair yesterday,
 She did passe by me;
 Shee look't another way,
 And would not spye me.
 I woo'd her for to dine,
 But could not get her.
VVill had her to the wine,
 Hee might intreat her.
 With *Daniel* she did dance,
 On me shee look't a sponce.
 Oh thrice unhappy chance,
Phillada floutes me.

Faire Maid, be not so coy,
Doe not disdain me :
I am my mothers joy
Sweet entertain me.
Shee'l give me when she dyes,
All that is fitting,
Her Poultry and her Bees
And her Geese sitting.
A paire of mattresse bedds,
And a bagge full of shreds.
And yet for all this goods,
Phillada floutes me.

She hath a cloute of mine
Wrought with good *Coventry*,
Which she keeps for a signe
Of my fidelitie.
But i'faith, if she flinch,
She shall not weare it.
To *Tibb* my tother wench
I mean to beare it.
And yet it grieves my heart,
So soon from her to part.
Death strikes me with his dart,
Phillada floutes me.

Thou shaltt eat Curds & Cream,
All the year lasting ;
And drink the Christall stream,
Pleasant in tasting ;

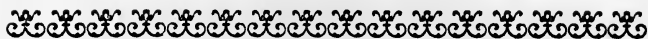
Wigge and whay whilst thou burst,
 And ramble berry ;
 Pye-lid and pasty crust,
 Pears, Plums, and Cherrey.
 Thy raiment shalbe thin,
 Made of a weavers skin,
 Yet all's not worth a pinne,
Phillada floutes me.

Fair maidens, have a care,
 And in time take me :
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me.
 For *Doll* the dairy-maide,
 Laught on me lately,
 And wanton *VVinifrid*
 Favours me greatly.
 One throws milk on my clothes,
 T'other playes with my nose ;
 What wanton signes are those ?
Phillada floutes me.

I cannot work and sleep
 All at a season ;
 Love wounds my heart so deep,
 Without all reason.
 I' gin to pine a way,
 With greife and sorrow,
 Like to a fatted beast,
 Pen'd in a meadow.

I shall be dead I feare,
With in this thousand yeare ;
And all for very feare.

Phillada flouts me.

*The Milk-maids.*

WAlkeing betimes close by a green wood side,
Hy tranonny, nonny with hy tranonny no ;
A payre of lovely milk maides there by chance I spide
With hy tranonny nonny no, with tranonny no,

One of them was faire
As fair as fair might bee ;
The other she was browne,
With wanton rowling eye.

Syder to make sillibubbs,
They carryed in their pailles ;
And suggar in their purses,
Hung dangling at their tailes.
Wast-coats of flannell,
And petty-coats of redd.
Before them milk white aporns,
And straw-hats on their heads,

Silke poynts, with silver taggs,
A bout their wrists were shown ;
And jett-Rings, with poesies
Yours more then his owne.

And to requite their lovers poynts and rings,
 They gave their lovers bracelets,
 And many pretty things.

And there they did get gownes
 All on the grasse so green,
 But the taylor was not skilfull,
 For the stitches they were seen.

Thus having spent the long summers day,
 They took their nut browne milk pailles,
 And so they came away.

Well fare you merry milk maids
 That dable in the dew
 For you have kisses plenty,
 When Ladyes have but few.



The old Ballet of shepheard Tom.

AS I late wandred over a Plaine,
 Upon a hill piping I spide a shephards swaine :
 His slops were of green, his coat was of gray,
 And on his head a wreath of willow & of bay.
 He sigh'd and he pip t,
 His eyes he often wip't,
 He curst and ban'd the boy,
 That first brought his annoy :
 Who with the fire of desire, so inflam'd his minde,
 To doate upon a lasse ; so various & unkinde.

Then howling, he threw his whistle a way,
 And beat his heeles agen the ground whereon he lay.
 He swore & he star'd he was quite bereft of hope,
 And out of his scrip he pulled a rope :
 Quoth he, the man that wooes,
 With me prepare his noose ;
 For rather then I'le fry,
 By hemp Ile choose to dy.
 Then up he rose, & he goes streight unto a tree,
 Where he thus complaines of his lasses cruelty,

A pox upon the divell, that ever twas my lot,
 To set my love upon so wooddish a trot.
 Had not I been better took *Ione* of the mill,
Kate of the creame house, or bony bouncing *Nell* :
 A Proud word I speak
 I had them at my beck ;
 And they on holydayes
 Would give me prick and praise.
 But *Phillis* she was to me dearer then my eyes,
 For whom I now indure these plaguy miseryes.

Oft have I woo'd her with many a teare,
 With ribband for her head tire, and laces from the fayre,
 With bone-lace and with shoone, with bracelets and with pinns,
 And many a toy besides : good god forgive my sinns.
 And yet this plaguy flirt
 Would ding them in the dirte
 And smile to see mee tear,
 The locks from of my haire.

To scratch my chops, rend my slops, & at wakes to sit
 Like to a sot bereft both of reason sense and witt.
 Therefore from this bough *Tom* bids a dew
 To the shepherds of the valley, and all the joviall crew.
 Farewell *Thump*, my ram, and *Cut* my bobtaild curre,
 Behold your Mr, proves his owne murtherer.
 Goe to my *Philis*, goe,
 Tell her this tale of woe.
 Tell her where she may finde
 Me tottering in the winde.
 Say on a tree she may see her *Tom* rid from all care,
 Where she may take him napping as *Mosse* took his Mare.
 His *Philis* by chance stood close in a bush,
 And as the Clowne did sprawle, she streight to him did
 rush.
 She cut in two the rope and thus to him she said,
 Dispairing *Tom*, my *Tom*, thou hast undone a maid.
 Then as one amaz'd.
 Upon her face he gaz'd ;
 And in this wofull case,
 She kist his pallid face,
 He whoopt amaine, swore, no swaine ever more should be,
 So happy in his love, nor halfe so sweet as she.



Obsequies.

DRaw not so near
Unlessse you shed a tear
On the stone,
Where I grone,
And will weepe,
Untill eternall sleepe
Hath charm'd my weary eyes.

Flora lyes here,
Embalm'd with many a teare,
Which the swaines,
From the plaines,
Here have paid,
And many a vestall Maid
Hath mourn'd her obsequies :
Their snowy brests they tear,
And rend their golden hayre ;
Casting cryes.

To Celestiall deities,
To returne
Her beauty from the urne,
To raigne
Unparallel on earth againe.
When strait a sound,
From the ground,

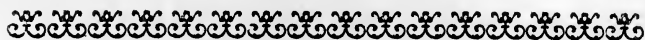
Wit Restor'd.

Peircing the aire,
 Cryes, shee's dead,
 Her soule is fled,
 Unto a place more rare.

You spirits that doe keep
 The dust of those that sleep,
 Under the ground,
 Heare the sound
 Of a swaine,
 That folds his armes in vain,
 Unto the ashes he adores.
 For pity doe not fright
 Him wandring in the night :
 Whilst he laves
 Virgins graves
 With his eyes,
 Unto their memoryes,
 Contributing sad showers.
 And when my name is read,
 In the number of the dead,
 Some one may,
 In Charity repay
 My sad soul,
 The tribute which she gave,

And howle
 Some requiem on my grave.
 Then weep noe more
 Greife willnot restore

Her freed from care.
Though she be dead,
Her soule is fled
Unto a place more rare.



Of a Taylor and a Lowse.

A Lowse without leave a Taylor did molest,
The Taylor was forc'd the lowse to arrest ;
The Taylor of curtesie the lowse did release,
But she bitt the harder and stil broke the peace.
In this doubtfull matter, your counsell I crave,
What law of the lowse the Taylor may have,
A jury of beggers debating the cause,
Decree'd in their verdict that lyce should have lawes,
And therefore they say without further reciting
That lyce must be subject to the law of bacbiting.
Which law doth provide for the party so greived
The lowse so offending not to be reprevied.
But straight to be taken and had to the jayle,
And after to suffer the crush of the nayle.





*The old Ballad of Little Musgrave and the
Lady Barnard.*

AS it fell one holy-day, hay downe,
As many be in the yeare,
When young men and maids
Together did goe,
Their Mattins and Masse to heare,

Little *Musgrave* came to the church dore,
The Preist was at private Masse
But he had more minde of the faire women ;
Then he had of our lady grace

The one of them was clad in green
Another was clad in pale,
And then came in my lord *Bernards* wife
The fairest amongst them all ;

She cast an eye on little *Musgrave*
As bright as the summer sun,
And then bethought this little *Musgrave*
This lady,s heart have I woonn.

Quoth she I have loved thee little *Musgrave*
Full long and many a day,
So have I loved you fair Lady,
Yet never word durst I say.

I have a bower at *Buckelsfordbery*
Full daintily it is geight,
If thou wilt wed thither thou little *Musgrave*
Thou's lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth he, I thank yee faire lady
This kindnes thou showest to me,
But whether it be to my weal or woe
This night I will lig with thee.

With that he heard a little tyne page
By his ladyes coach as he ran,
All though I am my ladyes foot page
Yet I am lord *Barnards* man

My lord *Barnard* shall knowe of this
Whether I sink or sinn ;
And ever where the bridges were broake
He laid him downe to swimme.

A sleepe or wake thou Lord *Barnard*,
As thou art a man of life
For little *Musgrave* is at *Bucklesfordbery* :
A bed with thy own wedded wife.

If this be true thou little tinny Page,
 This thing thou tellest to mee,
 Then all the land in *Bucklesfordbery*
 I freely will give to thee.

But if it be a ly, thou little tinny Page,
 This thing thou tellest to me ;
 On the hiest tree in *Bucklesfordbery*
 Then hanged shalt thou be.

He called up his merry men all
 Come saddle me my steed,
 This night must I to *Buckellsfordbery*,
 For I never had greater need.

And some of them whistl'd & some of them sung,
 And some these words did say ;
 And ever when my lord *Barnards* horn blew,
 A way *Musgrave* a way.

Me-thinks I hear the Thresel-cock,
 Me-thinks I hear the Jaye,
 Me-thinks I hear my Lord *Barnard*,
 And I would I were away.

I,ye still, lye still, thou little *Musgrave*
 And huggell me from the cold,
 Tis nothing but a shephards boy,
 A driving his sheep to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon a perch?
Thy steed eats oats and hay;
And thou fair Lady in thine armes,
And wouldst thou bee away?

With that my lord *Barnard* came to the dore
And lit a stone upon
He plucked out three silver keys,
And he open'd the dores each one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the sheet,
How now, how now, thou littell *Musgrave*
Doest thou find my lady sweet?

I find her sweet, quoth little *Musgrave*
The more 'tis to my paine,
I would gladly give three hundred pounds
That I were on yonder plaine.

Arise arise thou littell *Musgrave*,
And put thy cloth-es on,
It shal ne're be said in my country
I have killed a naked man.

I have two Swords in one scabberd,
Full dere they cost my purse:
And thou shalt have the best of them
And I will have the worse.

The first stroke that little *Musgrave* stroke,
He hurt Lord *Barnard* sore
The next stroke that Lord *Barnard* stroke
Little *Musgrave* ne're struck more.

With that bespake this faire lady,
In bed whereas she lay,
Although thou'rt dead thou little *Musgrave*,
Yet I for thee will pray,

And wish well to thy soule will I
So long as I have life,
So will I not for thee *Barnard*
Although I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her paps from off her brest,
Great pittie it was to see,
That some drops of this ladies heart's blood
Ran trickling downe her knee.

Woe worth you, woe worth, my mery men all,
You were ne're borne for my good :
Why did you not offer to stay my hand,
When you see me wax so wood.

For I have slaine the bravest Sir Knight
That ever rode on steed,
So have I done the fairest lady
That ever did womans deed.

A grave, a grave, Lord *Barnard* cryd
To put these lovers in :
But lay my lady on upper hand
For she came of the better kin.

*The Scots arrears.*

FOwre hundred thousand pounds
A lusty bag indeed !
Was't ever knowne so vast a sum
Ere past the river Twede ?

Great pittie it is, I swear,
Whole carts was thither sent,
Where hardly two in fifty knew,
What forty shillings meant :
But 'twas to some perceiv'd,
Three kingdomes were undone.
And those that sit heere thought it fitt,
To settle them one by one,
Now *Ireland* hath no haste,
So there theile not begin ;
The *Scottish* ayde must first be pai'd,
For ye came freely in,

And *William Lilly* writes —
 Who writes the truth you know ;
 In frosty weather they marched hither.
 Up to the chins in snow.

Free quarter at excesse,
 They do not weigh a feather,
 Those Crowns for coals brought in by shoals ;
 Scarce kept their men together,
 Of plunder they esteeme
 As trifles of no worth,
 Of force ye dote because recruite
 Issued no faster forth.
 If once this cash is paid
 I hope the Scot be spedd,
 He need not steale but fairly deal
 Both to be cloth'd and fedd.
 Our sheep and oxen may
 Safe in their pastures stand,
 What need they filch the cow
 Thats milch to sojourne in their land.

I wonder much the Scot
 With this defiles his hands,
 Because the summ's a price of Rome
 Rays'd out of the Bishops lands,
 But too too wel ye know
 To what intent they in came
 Twas not their paines produc'd this gaines
 Twas sent to packe them home,

Mee thinks I heare them laugh
To see how matters proved,
And give ashout it so fell out,
Ye were more fear'd then loved,
If *Fockey* after this
Reneaginge hath forgott
From antient sires hee much retires
And shows himselfe no Scott.





Rebellis SCOTUS.

C *Uræ Deo sumus, ista si cedant Scoto ?*
Variata spleniis Domina Psyche est suis.
Aut stellionatûs rea. Υ' στερων πρότερον,
Campanulæ omnes ; totus Ucalegon fuo,
Coriaceæ cui millies mille hydricæ,
Suburbicanis pensiles parœciis
Non sint refrigerio. Poeticus furor,
Cometâ non minùs, vel ore flammeo
Commune despunte fatum stellulâ,
Dirum ominatur. Ecquis, è Stoâ, suam
Fam temperet bilem ? patria quando lue
Tam Pymmianâ, id est, pediculosâ, perit ?
Bombamachidisq ; fit bolus myrmeciis ?
Scotos nec ausim nominare, carminum
Nisi inter amuleta, nec meditarier
Nisi cerebello, quod capillitio rubens
(Quale autumo coluberrimum Furiis caput)
Quot inde verba, tot venena prompserit.
Rhadamantheum, fac, guttur esset nunc mihi,
Sulphurque, patibulumque copiosius
Ructans, Magus quàm cœnias bombycinas ;
Poteram ut Agyrta Circulator, pillulas
Vomicas loqui, aut ἀποκολυθίζειν Styga :
Aut ut Genevæ Stentores, Perilleis
Tartara, & equuleos boare pulpitis :

*At machinanti par forem nunquam Scoto,
Cunctis Sclopetis hisce gutturalibus.*

*Ut digna Dii duint, vorem par est priùs,
(Præstigiator ut) sicas, & acinaces.*

Huc, huc, Iambe, gressibus faxo tuis

At huc, Iambe, morsibus faxo magis.

Satyræque tortrices, tot huc adducite

Flagella, quot præsens meretur seculum

Scoti Venificis pares; audax stylum

Horumcruore tinge, sic nocent minus.

Vt Martyres olim induebant belluis

(Quasi sisterent Rogis sacros hypocritas)

En hos eodem Schemate (at retrò) Scotos,

Extrà Scotos, intus feras, & sine tropo.

Fallax Ierna viperæ nihil foves

Scoto Colono? Non ego Britanniam.

Lupis carentem dixerim, vivo Scoto.

Quin Thamesinus pyrgopolinices Scotus

Poterat leones, tigrides, ursos, canes

Proprii inquilinos pectoris spectaculo

Monstrâsse; pro obolis omnibus quibus solet

Spectare monstra Cratis, & Fori simul

Pæne ocreatum vulgus. Et patria fera

Scotos eremus indicat terræ plaga

Vel omnipræsentem negans Deum, nisi

Venisset inde Carolus, cohors nisi

Crafordiana, miles & Montrosseus,

Feritatis eluens notam paganicæ,

Hanc præstitisset semivictimam Deo;

Nec Scoticus est, totus Leopardus, Leo;

Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must (like *Hocus*) swallow daggers first.

Come, keen *Iambicks*, with your badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet
 Help, ye tart Satyrists, to imp my rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this age,
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen;
 Scratch till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake;
 I'le bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes,
 A *Scot*, within a beast, is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmlesse Nation
 Fosters no Venom, since the *Scot's* plantation;
 Nor can our feign'd antiquity maintain;
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
 The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have showne
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingrost
 What all those wild Collegiats had cost:
 The honest high-shooes, in their termly fees,
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
 Nature her selfe doth Scotch-men beasts confesse,
 Making their countrey such a wilderness,
 A Land that brings in question and suspense
 Gods omni-presence, but that *Charles* came thence,
 But that *Montrosse* and *Crawfords* loyal band
 Atton'd their sins, and christ'ned half the Land;

Habent & Aram sicut Arcam fœderis
Velut tabellæ bifidis pictæ plicis
Fert Angelos pars hæc, & hæc Cacodæmonas :
Cui somnianti tartarum suasit pavor
Sic pœnitere, viderat regnum velim
Nigrius Scotorum semel, & esset innocens.
Regio, malignâ quæ facit votum prece,
Relegetur ad Gyares breves nunquam incola !
Punisset ubi Cainum nec exilio Deus,
Sed, ut ille trechedipnum, magis Domicænio.
Vt gens vagans recutita, vel contagium,
Aut Beelzebub, si des ubiquitarium.
Hinc erro fit semper Scotus, certos locos,
Et hos & illos quoslibet citò nauseans,
Vt frustra divisi orbis, & Topographiæ
Mendicitatis offulas, curtas nimis.
Ipse universitatis hæres integræ,
Et totus in toto, natio Epidemica,
Nec gliscit ergò jargonare Gallicè,
Exoticis aut Indicis modis, neque
Iberio nutu negare, nec studet
Callere quem de Belgicis Hoghen moghen
Venter tumens, aut barba canthari refert.
(Quæ Coriatis una mens nostratibus),
Pugna est in animo, atque animus in patinâ Scoto.
Huic Struthioni suggeret cibum chalybs,
Et denti-ductor appetitus, balthæo,
Pro more, pendulos molares inserit.
At interim nostras quid involant dapes ?
Serpens Edenum, non Edenburgum appetit.

Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots ;
 There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots :
 As in a picture, where the squinting paint
 Shews fiend on this side, and on that side saint :
 He that saw Hell in's melancholy dream
 And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proselyte.
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer banishment !
 Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his doom,
 Nor forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
 Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,
 As if the devil had Ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie
 This or that place, rags of Geography.
 They're Citizens o'th' world ; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
 And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad ;
 To return knowing in the Spanish shrug.
 Or which of the Dutch-States a double Jug
 Resembles most, in belly, or in beard.
 (The Card by which the Marriners are steer'd.)
 No ; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat ;
 Their *Estrich-stomacks* make their *swords* their *meat*
 Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choice ;
 The Serpent's fatal still to *Paradise*.

*Aut Angliæ, cui jam malum est Hemorrhois,
 Hæmatopotas hos posteris meatibus
 Natura medica supposuit hirudines
 Cruore satiandos licet nostro priùs,
 Nostro sed & cruore moribundos quoque.*

*Nec computo credant priori, nos item
 Novum addituros, servitutem pristinæ
 Aliam, gemellam nuperæ, fraterculos
 Palpare quando cæperant charos nimis,
 (Suffragiorum scilicet poppysmata)
 Et crustulum impertire velut offam Cerbero
 Subblandiens decreverat Senatulus.*

*Nos æra loculis? arma visceribus priùs
 Indemus usque & usque vel capulo tenus.
 Seri videmus quo Scotum tractes modo.
 Princeps rebelli mitior tergo quasi
 Sellas equino detrahens aptat suo.*

*At jus rapinas hasce defendit vetus?
 Egyptus ista perdit, aufert Israel
 An bibliorum nescis hos satellites?
 Prætorianis queis cohortibus, (novæ
 Hierusalem triariis) spes nititur
 Sororcularum? Cardio, cardio vertitur
 Cupediarum, primitivæ legis, &c.*

*O bone Deus! quanti est carere linteis!
 Orexis ut Borealis, & fames, movet!
 Victuque, vestibusque cassi, hinc Knoxio
 Sutore simul, & Knoxio utuntur coquo,
 Piè quod algeant, quod esuriant piè.*

Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and these
 On the North-posture of the patient seize,
 Like Leeches, thus they physically thirst
 After our bloud, but in the cure shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run o'th score,
 To purchase villenage as once before,
 When an Act pass'd to stroak them on the head,
 Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel must tame
 The stubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yeilding, doth like him, (or worse)
 Who sadled his own back, to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard *Israel* with *Aegypts* spoyl?
 They are the Gospels Life-guard, but for them
 (The Garrison of new *Jerusalem*)
 What would the Brethren do? the cause! the cause!
 Sack possets, and the fundamental Lawes!

Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!
 How a Scotch-stomack, and no meat, converts!
 They wanted food and rayment; so they took
 Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook.

Unmask them well; their honours and estate
 As well as conscience are sophisticate.
 Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
 A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,

*Larvas quin usque detrahas, & nummulis
Titulisque, (ut animabus) subest fallacia.
Libræ, & Barones (detumescant interim
Vocabulorum tympani) quanti valent!
Hic Cantianum pæne, pæne villicum,
Solidosque totos illa, sed gratis, duos.*

*Apagè superbæ fraudulentæ, simul
Prosapiâ pictos, fide & pictos procul:
Opprobrium poetico vel stigmati
Etiam cruci crux. Non aliter Hyperbolus
Hyperscelestus ostracismo fit pudor.*

*Americanus, ille, qui cælum horruit
Quod Hispanorum repat èd sed pars quota!
Viderat in Orco si Scotos, (hui tot Scotos!)
Roterodamus pependerat medioximus:
Sat musa! semissa fercularia
Medullitùs vorans, diabolis invides
Propriam sibi suam Scoti paropsidem.
Vt Berniclis enim Scoti, sic Lucifer
Saturatur ipsis Bernidationibus.*

*Nam lapsus à furcâ Scotus, mox & Styge
Tinctus, suum novatur in Plaut-Anserem.*

FINIS.

When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good sober Two-pence, and well so.
Hence then, you proud Impostors, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion ;
You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.

Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.

The Indian, that heaven did forswear,
Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between :

My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce ;
I wrong the devil, should I pick their bones.
That dish is his ; for when the *Scots* decease,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles,
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Soland Goose.

The End.



MUSARUM DELICIÆ.

NOTES.

POPE, in classing the English poets for his projected discourse on the Rise and Progress of English poetry, has considered Sir J. Mennis and Thos. Baynall as the original of Hudibras; see Dr. Warton's Essays. Some of these pieces certainly partake of the wit, raillery, and playful versification of Butler, and this collection, it is to be remembered, made its appearance *eight* years before the publication of Hudibras. Dr. Farmer has traced much of Butler in Cleveland.

P. 4, l. 1.—“*Charles I.*” Read Charles II. The error has been copied from Anthony à Wood.

P. 7, l. 6.—“*Valuable presents.*” Among them probably “the great Portugal jewel,” which he bequeaths in his will, p. 9, to Lady Heath.

P. 17.—“*H. H.*” Henry Herringham was the Murray of his day. He published the first complete edition of Davenant's works, in the advertisement to which he speaks of the author as “my worthy friend.” We find Pepys, June 22, 1668, “calling at Herringham's,” and discussing Dryden's poetry.

P. 19.—“*Parson Weeks.*” John Weeks, Prebend of Bristol, a facetious character and popular preacher mentioned by Anthony à Wood (*Fasti Oxonienses*, f. 39), and probably the same to whom Herrick dedicated one of his poems under the name of Posthumus.

P. 20, l. 18.—“*Viatico,*” 2nd ed. reads “*Vernaccio.*” “Vernage, sweet wine from Verona.”—*Bailey's Dict.*

P. 20, l. 19.—“*Young Herrick,*” *i.e.*, the author of the *Hesperides*. “And now farewell, *young* Herrick, for young is the spirit of thy poetry, as thy wisdom is old; and mayest thou flourish in immortal youth, thou boon companion and most jocund songster.”—*Retrospective Review*, vol. v.

P. 20, l. 28.—“*Coryat.*” The Eastern traveller and author of the *Crudities*, *vide* Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, p. 422, ed. 1721. He is again referred to, “Wit Restor'd,” p. 220.

P. 21, l. 11.—“*Epsam Well.*” Epsom in Surrey was the Brighton of the days of Charles II. The spring was discovered in 1613, and the water was at first used externally. Later it was esteemed for its purgative powers.

P. 21, l. 19.—“*Putney's Ferry.*” The bridge which crosses the Thames at Fulham takes the place of the ancient ferry. *Coomes's Chase*, between Wimbledon and Malden, whence the route lay through Kingston.

P. 26, l. 8.—“*Sleighted by Man.*” 2nd ed. reads “*Scaled by a Priest.*”

P. 26, l. 13.—“*Abominable.*” *Abominable* is generally referred to the Latin *abominor*, and derived from *ab* and *omen*, as implying something that is to be deprecated as *ominous*; “but,” says the Rev. J. Boucher, in his supplement to Johnson's Dictionary, “I am not sure that the ancient spelling ‘*abominable*,’ which I find in Hawkins' old plays (see vol. i., *Lusty Juventus*, in which one of the characters is called ‘*Abominable Liveing*,’ and vol. iii. p. 140, where Miniver says, ‘*Die thou wilt, I warrant, in thy abominable sins*’) may not lead us to a better etymology—viz., *ab* and *homo*, as implying something that is unworthy of a man, and therefore to be detested; and if I mistake not on this idea, a much better reason may be given for *Holofernes's* quarrelling with what he regarded as an illiterate innovation—viz., *abominable*, than that which Mr. Steevens has assigned; see note to *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 1. It does not seem to be at all in character for *Holofernes*, a schoolmaster and a pedant, to ridicule a ‘mere foppish manner of speaking, and an affected pronunciation,’ but perfectly so to take offence at a pronunciation which discovered how little the speaker knew of the origin of the words which he uttered so glibly. In the same spirit the omission of the *b* in *doubt* and *debt* are objected to, as losing sight of their Latin origin. All that can be further said respecting this interpretation is, that by admitting it, nothing is lost, and something may be gained.”

P. 26, l. 19.—“*I'll tell thee news.*” 2nd ed. reads, “Here's news for Jack.”

P. 7, l. 27.—“*Will has in his face the flaws.*” William D'Avenant, created Poet Laureate in 1637. In May, 1641, being accused of seducing the army against the Parliament, he was apprehended at Feversham; being bailed, in July following he fled into France. His loss in the field of Love is here jeered at, as usual, “*habet sua castra Cupido.*” Davenant's personal defect in this particular has been observed by Faithorne in the portrait prefixed to his works, and is alluded to by Sir John Suckling in the “Session of the Poets.”

Will D'Avenant, ashamed of a foolish mischance,
That he got lately travelling into France,
Modestly hoped the handsomeness of his muse,
Might any deformity about him excuse.

P. 28, l. 12.—“*From Northern soyl.*” In 1639 Sir John Mennis was captain of a troop of horse against the Scots. The poems pp. 44, 52, are also of this period.

P. 29, l. 23.—“*Kenelm.*” Sir Kenelm Digby.

P. 30, l. 11.—“*Vacuus cantabit.*” “*Vacuus cantat coram latrone viator.*”—*Juvenal.*

P. 30, l. 19.—“*Cicero.*” *Cicer*, chick-peas, a kind of pulse. “*Rouneval,*” a pea so-called from the place whence it was imported.—*Richardson's Dict.*

P. 33, l. 6.—“*Shent.*” Abashed, put to shame.

“And every man upon him cride,
That was he *shente* on every side.”—*Gower.*

P. 35, l. 19.—“*A Journey into France.*” Attributed to Dr. Corbet by Mr. Dubois, who says: “This piece is found in Dryden’s *Miscellanies*, and is also printed in Bishop Corbet’s *Poems*, 1672, and called Dr. Corbet’s *Journey*, but almost every stanza is altered and spoiled. The copy in Mr. Gilchrist’s ‘*Poems of Richard Corbet*,’ 1807, p. 94, labours under the same imputation, which is surprising in a man of so much accuracy and research, especially as it appears from p. xxii. that he had this work before him at the time.” There can, however, be no doubt that Sir John Mennis is the author, for although this piece is found in the first and the last edition of Corbet’s *Poems*, it is omitted in the second, 1648, of which Mr. Gilchrist says: “It is the only impression with any pretension to accuracy, which, from its internal evidence, I suspect was published under the eye of the Bishop’s family.”

P. 36, l. 2.—“*John Dory.*” Of this popular song, which is, says Mr. Gilchrist, reprinted from “*Deuteromelia*,” 1609, in Hawkins’ *History of Music*, the following is the introductory stanza:—

“As it fell upon a holyday
And upon a holy-tide-a
John Dory brought him an ambling nag
To Paris for to ride-a.”

See also O’Keefe’s song.

P. 36, l. 12.—“*Pantofle,*” shoe or slipper.

P. 38, l. 4.—“*Saint Innocents.*” The burying-ground of the church of the Innocents stood at the eastern end of the present *Marché des Innocents*. Near this, at the east end of the Rue St. Honoré, Henry IV. was assassinated.

P. 38, l. 22.—“*Duke of Guise.*” Charles de Lorraine, 4th Duke. In 1622 he commanded the fleet and subdued Rochelle.

P. 39, l. 3.—“*Indian Ruck.*” The “*roc*” of the Arabian Nights.

P. 39, l. 14.—“*Lewis the Just.*” “Louis XIII., for no superior virtues surnamed *Le Juste*. I have seen it somewhere observed that he chose his ministers for extraordinary reasons: Richelieu, because he could not govern his kingdom without him; De Noyes, for psalm-singing; and the Duc de Luynes, for being an expert bird-catcher.”—*Gilchrist's Poems of Dr. Corbet.*

P. 39, l. 19.—“*Firk.*” Mr. Steevens truly says that this word is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning. “A trick or quirk; a freak.”—Halliwell. Or, as a verb, “to beat or whip.”—*Bailey's Dict.* To teaze, P. 49, l. 15.

P. 40, l. 10.—“*His Queen.*” Anne d'Autriche, daughter of Philip III. of Spain.

P. 41, l. 5.—“*Lepanto,*” where the Turks lost 30,000 men.

P. 41, l. 10.—“*Yewl,*” or Yule, is the North-Country term for Christmas.

P. 42, l. 21.—“*Craifish river,*” *i.e.*, the Lea.

P. 43, l. 13.—“*Paul's.*” “At this time the interior of the Cathedral church was a place for all kinds of bargains, meetings, and brawlings. The middle aisle was a lounge for idlers, wits, and gallants. The desecration of the exterior was more abominable. The chapels were used for stores and lumber; parts of the vaults were occupied by a carpenter, and as a wine cellar.”—*Timbs' Curiosities of London.*

P. 43, l. 18.—“*Cheuri-illeison.*” Kyrie-eleison.

P. 44, l. 19.—“*Upon a lame tired horse.*” Cf. note, p. 28, l. 12. As has been said, p. 327, Pope has considered Sir John Mennis as the original of Hudibras. Compare this description of horse and man with Hudibras, Canto I. :—

“The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall.

* * * *

We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back,
For that was hidden under pad.
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd.

Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back,
Which now had almost got the upper
Hand of his head, for want of crupper,
To poise this equally he bore
A *paunch* of the same bulk before.”

P. 46, l. 2.—“*The George Tavern in Southwark*,” as described by Stow, and mentioned in 1554, was burnt in 1676. The present George Inn seems to have been rebuilt upon the old plan.—*Timbs' Curiosities of London*.

P. 46, l. 6.—“*Cantabrian Calenture*.” “Spanish fever. A distemper peculiar to sailors, wherein they imagine the sea to be green fields.”—*Bailey's Dict.*

P. 46, l. 14.—“*Eighty Eight*,” 1588. The year of the Spanish Armada.

P. 46, l. 17.—“*Felt-makers*,” *i.e.*, hat manufacturers.

P. 48, l. 7.—“*Mandevil*.” Sir John Mandeville, the traveller.

P. 49, l. 15.—“*Ferk*,” see note to p. 39, l. 19.

P. 49, l. 18.—“*Breda*.” Taken by the Spaniards under Spinola in 1625.

P. 49, l. 20.—“*King Oberon's Apparell*.” This piece has much fanciful and felicitous appropriateness to his fairy majesty, and is given in Ellis's Specimens, vol. iii. p. 378. Herrick has “Oberon's Feast” and “Oberon's Palace.”

P. 52, l. 2.—“*Cow-ladyes*,” *i.e.*, lady-bird.

P. 52, l. 5.—“*His belt was made of mirtle leaves*.” Kit Marlowe imitated. See *Walton*.

P. 52, l. 15.—“*A Poet's farewell*,” &c. See p. 98 for reply, and note, p. 28, l. 12.

P. 53, l. 22.—“*Querpo*.” “*Cuerpo*, a body, *Span.* To walk in *cuerpo*—*i.e.*, to go without a cloak, to show one's shape.”—*Bailey's Dict.*

P. 54, l. 10.—“*Blackwell Hall*” formerly stood in Guildhall Yard, and was used as a weekly market for woollen cloths.

P. 58, l. 22.—“*Corant*.” The *London Weekly Courant* first appeared in 1622.

P. 59, l. 1.—“*Dr. Budden*.” John Budden, of Merton College, Oxford, and King's Professor of Civil Law. Anthony à Wood says of him: “He was a person of great eloquence, an excellent rhetorician, philosopher, and most noted civilian.”

P. 61, l. 4.—“*Like a Fortune, Hope*.” 2nd edition reads, “*Like a forlorn hope*.”

P. 66, l. 3.—“*Madam Chevereuze*.” Marie de Rohan, wife of Claude de Lorraine, Duc de Chevereuze, who was the King's proxy when Charles I. espoused the Princess Henrietta, whom he attended to England, and for which he was made Knight of the Garter. The Duchess was in the first class of gay and gallant ladies of France, and the compliment, p. 67, l. 5, seems to have been wholly poetical.

According to Granger, she was by no means the icicle that hangs on Diana's temple. He has given a particular account of her, and pointed out this copy of verses on her swimming as not having been recorded among her adventures in the memoirs of *De Retz*.—Granger, vol. iii. 283, 5th ed.

P. 68, l. 1.—“*Upon Aglaura in Folio.*” This is a satire on the folio edition of Suckling's *Aglaura*, published in 1638. As this play was printed in folio, with wide margins and a narrow streamlet of type, it is here ridiculed as ostentatious, and wittily resembled to a baby lodged in the great bed at Ware, or to a small picture in a large frame. See *Langbaine*.

P. 69, l. 19.—“*Upon lute-strings cat-eaten.*” A MS. note by an old hand appended to this poem in the editor's copy, attributes this piece to “the learned Mr. Masters, of New Coll., Oxon.” Thomas Master, of New College, is mentioned by Anthony à Wood as a “noted poet.”

P. 71, l. 20.—“*Engastrumeth.*” “Engastrimythos, one who emits sounds like the voice of one speaking out of the belly, such as is reported of the Pythian prophetess.”—*Bailey's Dict.*

P. 75, l. 12.—“*The Spanish Curate.*” A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher. This song not having appeared in the original edition of the *Spanish Curate* was removed from the text by Mr. Colman, but it has been restored by later editors.

P. 75, l. 17.—“*Let the pig turn merrily, hey.*” Dibdin appears to have founded the burden of a song in the *Quaker* on this verse :—

“When the lads of the village shall merrily, ah !
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
 And I say unto thee that verily, ah !
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.”

Bell's Songs of the Dramatists.

P. 82, l. 7.—“*The Fart censured in the Parliament House.*” Three MS. copies of this satire, in the British Museum, ascribe it to *Suckling*, and add to the title, “By a worshipful Jurie, each speaking in their order.” See *Ayscough Cat.*, p. 827.

Mr. Gifford, in his edition of Ben Jonson, 1816, has the following notes on this passage in the *Alchemist* :—

“Then my poets” (shall be)
 “The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
 Whom I will entertain still for that subject.”

“Who the author alluded to should be, I cannot say. In the collection of poems called *Musarum Deliciæ*, or the *Muses' Recreation*, there is a poem called *The Fart censured in Parliament House*; it was occasioned by an escape of that kind in the House of Commons. I have seen part of this poem ascribed to an author in the time of Queen

Elizabeth, and possibly it may be the thing referred to by Jonson."—*Whalley's Jonson*.

"This *escape*, as Whalley calls it, took place in 1607, long after the time of Elizabeth. The ballad is among the Harleian MSS., and is also printed in the *State Poems*. It contains about forty stanzas of the most wretched doggrel, conveying the opinion of as many members of parliament on the subject, and as each of them is accompanied by a brief trait or description of the respective speakers, it might, notwithstanding its meanness, have interested or amused the politicians of those days. I subjoin a few of the characters as a specimen :—

"Quoth *spruce* Mr. James of the Isle of Wight.
Philip Gawdy stroak'd the old stubble of his face.
Then *modest* Sir John Hollis.
Sir Robert Cotton, *well read in old stories*.
Then *precise* Sir Antony Cope."—Vol. iv. p. 55.

The last line in the second edition runs thus :—

"Then *precisely* rose Sir Anthony Cope."

P. 88, l. 10.—"Will Bagnall." In first edition "Tom." It is probable that this person is William Bagwell, the hero of Gayton's "Will Bagnall's Ghost," and author of "The Mystery of Astronomy," and "Wits Extraction." This piece will also be found at p. 157 of "Wit Restor'd," with three additional stanzas.

P. 89, l. 15.—"Jet it," to strut along.

"I see Parmenio come *jetting* like a lord."—*Udal's Flowres*, fol. 97.

P. 92, l. 22.—"Patches" derived their origin from the Indians, and were called in the dialect of the vulgar, "*beauty spots*." They were worn in the form of half moons, stars, and other extravagant designs. See "Wit Restor'd," p. 140, l. 9.

P. 92, l. 27.—"Booker," the astrologer.

P. 96, l. 5.—"Upon Sir John Sucklings most warlike preparations," &c. Sir John Mennis seems to have had no regard for his fellow poet, and here casts a stigma on his military character. On the 26th of May, 1639, Charles's army arrived at Berwick, and came within sight of the Scots at Dunse, where Sir John Suckling's troops, which he had accoutred at a cost of 12,000*l.*, retreated with the rest without striking a blow. It has commonly been imagined that the lines—

"For he that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

attributed by Mr. Cunningham and Dr. Rimbault to Mennis, were to be found in this poem, but they form no part of this volume. Vide *Notes and Queries*, vols. i. ii. ix. x. This ballad is printed in Bishop Percy's *Reliques*, and is there called "Sir John Suckling's Campaigne."

P. 97, l. 6.—“*John de Weart.*” John de Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII.—*Note to Percy's Reliques*, Bohn's ed. 1845.

P. 98, l. 1.—“*The Old Cloaks reply.*” *Vide* p. 52.

P. 99, l. 17.—“*Partus Chauceri Posthumus.*” This piece is printed in black-letter in the second edition.

P. 105, l. 1.—“*Mary Prideaux.*” Daughter of Dr. John Prideaux, King's Professor of Divinity at Oxford, 1615; Bishop of Worcester, 1641.

P. 107, l. 9.—“*Doctor Prideaux's Son.*” *Vide supra.*

P. 109, l. 1.—“*Covent Garden.*” The morals of the locality about this time were notorious:—

“Where holy friars told their beads,
And nuns confessed their evil deeds,
But oh, sad change! oh shame to tell
How soon a prey to vice it fell!
How? since its justest appellation,
Is Grand Seraglio to the nation.”—*Satire*, 1756.

P. 111, l. 13:—

“—naked Bedlams, painted Babies,
Spottified Faces, and Frenchified Ladies.”

Authority for the rhyme will be found in Shakspeare's *Benedick*. “I can finde out no rime to *ladie* but *babie*, an innocent rime.”—*Much Ado About Nothing*, act v., ed. 1622.

At the time of the interregnum a pamphlet was published entitled “The loathsomeness of long hair, with an appendix against painting, spots, naked breasts, &c.” A Bill against the vice of painting, wearing black patches, and immodest dress of women was also read in the House of Commons. See *Granger*, vol. iv. p. 101, ed. 1823.

P. 112, l. 1.—“*To Sir John Mennis.*” When the King's cause declined, Mennis adhered to Prince *Rupert*, while he roved on the seas against the usurpers in England, taking Spanish ships by way of reprisal for the respect they showed the Parliament. This poem probably belongs to this period, 1651-2.

P. 113, l. 12.—“*But a —.*” *Protector*, a fling at Cromwell.

P. 114, l. 1.—“*A Defiance to K. A.*,” i.e., King Arthur.

P. 114, l. 11.—“*K.A.*,” i.e., King Arthur. “*Sir Rhines of North-gales*,” i.e., King Ryons of North Wales, having overcome eleven kings, they gave him their beards clean flayed off, wherewith he trimmed his mantle, and there lacked one place wherefore he sent for Arthur's beard. *Vide Sir Thos. Malory's Morte Arthur.*

WIT RESTOR'D.

NOTES.

P. 119, l. 1.—“*Mr. Smith to Capt. Mennis,*” &c. In 1639 Mennis was captain of a troop of horse against the Scots.—*Vide* Mennis, p. 4, and several poems in “*Musarum Deliciæ,*” pp. 28, 30, 44, 52, 98.

P. 119, l. 4.—“*Epsom Fearne.*” *Vide Musarum Deliciæ,* p. 21.

P. 120, l. 24.—“*Street of woman Royall,*” Queen Street, Lincoln’s-inn-fields, where stood Conway House.—*Pennant’s London.*

P. 121, l. 10.—“*That hast read stories,*” &c. Pepys bears frequent testimony to the accomplishments of Sir John Mennis:—1662, Oct. 30, he mentions “two passages” of his at dinner with my Lord Mayor.” 1663, Sept. 28, he is with Sir John at Whitehall, “looking upon the pictures, in which he hath some judgment.” 1665, Sept. 22, “discoursing concerning long life,” Sir John *Minnes* saying that his great grandfather was alive in Edward Vth’s time. Numerous other references will be found in his diary.

P. 121, l. 19.—“*Ren of Elie.*” Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, 1638–1667. William Piers or Pierce was Bishop of Bath and Wells at this time.

P. 121, l. 22.—“*Maxwoll.*” Maxwell, Usher of the Black Rod.

P. 121, l. 23.—“*Finch.*” Sir John Finch, appointed Lord Keeper, Jan. 17, 1640; afterwards Lord Finch.

P. 122, l. 12.—“*Got a boy,*” &c.—viz., Henry IV., whose son, Henry V., invaded France, gained Agincourt, and was made Vice-regent, 1415.

P. 122, l. 15.—“*Alderman hight Abell.*” Abell, an Alderman of London, who with one Kilvert was concerned in a fraudulent patent relating to the sale of wine. *Vide Granger,* iii. 249, ed. 1823.

P. 124, l. 10.—“*Creeple.*” Cripple.

P. 125, l. 21.—“*Kenelme,*” &c. The answer to this will be found in *Musarum Del.*, p. 28.

P. 126, l. 19.—“*Andrew*” Mennis was own brother to the poet. His eldest brother, born to his father by his first wife, *Elizabeth*

Warham, was named *Matthew*, and was knighted at the coronation of Charles I. Her second son was named *Thomas*. Of the second wife, *Jane Blenchenden*, were born *John*, *Andrew*, and *Maria*.—*Visitation of Kent*, 1619. Harl. MS. 1106, f. 118.

P. 126, l. 22.—“*Littleton*.” Edward Lord Lyttelton, made Lord Keeper, Jan. 18, 1641.

P. 126, l. 24.—“*Sir John Bancks*.” Made Justice of Common Pleas, Jan. 29, 1641.

P. 127, l. 1.—“*Herbert*.” Edward Herbert, created Attorney-General, Jan. 29, 1641.—*Foss's Judges*.

P. 127, l. 3.—“*London Recorder*.” Thomas Gardiner, appointed 1635, was Recorder of London at this time. He was discharged for long absence and succeeded by Peter Pheasant in 1643. *Oliver St. John*, who was made Solicitor-General, Jan. 29, 1641, does not occur in the list of Recorders of London, but may have acted for Gardiner during his absence.

P. 127, l. 9.—“*Sir John Berkly*” valiantly defended himself at Exeter. *Willmott* acted as Commissary-General under Lord Conway at the battle of Newburne, Aug. 27, 1640.

P. 129, l. 24.—“*Tyring-bitt*.” *Tire*, to tear, rend to pieces; the piece of flesh or other matter used by falconers in training hawks.

P. 130.—“*Carr*,” &c. William Ker, 3rd Earl of Lothian. *Mount-rosse*, James Graham, 5th Earl of Montrose. *Argile*, Archibald Campbell, 8th Earl of Argyle.

P. 134, l. 4.—“*Fill-Dike*.”

“February fill dike, be it black or be it white,
But if it be white, its the better to like.”

P. 134, l. 14.—“*William Murrey*.” Of the King's Bedchamber; one of those whom the Parliament wished to be removed from the King's person.—*Clarendon, Hist. Rebell.*, p. 157. Oxford ed. 1843.

P. 134, l. 17.—“*The Bear at the Bridge-foot*,” &c. “Bull-bayting” and “bear-baiting” were carried on at Bankside, near the foot of Old London Bridge, but the bear-garden was removed to Clerkenwell about 1686.

P. 134, l. 20.—“*Wentworth*,” &c. Thomas, Lord Wentworth, “*Willmott*.” Henry, afterwards Lord, and subsequently Earl of Rochester. “*Weston*,” Sir Richard; afterwards made Earl of Portland.

P. 135, l. 1.—“*Burgandine*.” A Burgundy bear.

P. 135, l. 3.—“*Stradling*.” Sir Edward, taken prisoner by the Parliament forces at the battle of Edge-hill.

P. 135, l. 5.—“*Hugh Pollard*.” Sir Hugh Pollard, who accompanied the Marquis of Hertford into the West. *Vide Clarendon*.

P. 135, l. 7.—“*George Goring.*” Afterwards General and Lord Goring. *Vide* Clarendon.

P. 135, l. 17.—“*Cornwallais.*” Probably Sir William Cornwallis, Knt. *Vide* Granger, iv. 159, ed. 1823.

P. 136, l. 1.—“*Mr. Peter Apsley.*” Probably son of Sir Allen Apsley.—Clarendon, p. 534.

P. 137.—“*Crofts,*” &c. William, afterwards Lord Crofts. “*Kelligrew,*” Thomas, King Charles’s Jester.

P. 138, l. 1.—“*The Bursse of Reformation.*” Gresham’s Exchange was founded in 1566, and opened by Queen Elizabeth in 1571, when her herald named it the “*Royal Exchange.*” The “*New Exchange*” here alluded to was built in 1608. King James honoured the opening with his presence, and named it “*Britain’s Bursse.*” It stood to the North of Durham House in the Strand, and soon became a place of fashionable resort, the rows of shops being filled with milliners, sempstresses, and the like.—*Pennant’s London.*

P. 140, l. 9.—“*Here patches are,*” &c. *Vide* note to p. 92 *Musarum Del.*

P. 157, l. 1.—“*Bagnal’s Ballet.*” Stanzas 6, 11, and 13 are “supplied;” otherwise this version agrees with that found in *Musarum Deliciae*, p. 88, which see, with the note thereon.

P. 164, l. 4.—“*Directory.*” The “*Directory for the public worship of God*” was drawn up at the instance of the Parliament in 1644. It suppressed the book of Common Prayer, and enjoined the people to make no response except *Amen.*

P. 164, l. 9.—“*Bristow City.*” Prince Rupert surrendered Bristol, Sept. 11, 1645, to Gen. Fairfax, almost without resistance, which circumstance was the ruin of King Charles’s affairs in the West.

P. 168, l. 29.—“*Mayerne.*” Sir Theodore Mayerne, a native of Geneva, and physician to four kings—Henry IV. of France, James I. of England, and the two Charleses.—Granger, iii. 116, ed. 1823.

P. 169, l. 5.—“*The Miller and the King’s Daughter.*” A similar ballad, entitled “*The Barkshire Tragedy,*” and another, “*The Drowned Lady,*” will be found in Mr. Thomas Hughes’s “*Scouring the White Horse;*” both are combined in the one here given.

P. 173, l. 15.—“*Felton, John.*” Assassinated the Duke of Buckingham, 1628.

P. 175, l. 14.—“*Commanders that will joes defend.*” Buckingham was on the eve of departure for Rochelle to defend the Protestants, then closely besieged by Cardinal Richelieu.

P. 175, l. 23.—“*To the Duke of Buckingham.*” Another piece addressed to him will be found at p. 209.

P. 179.—“*A non sequitur*,” &c. This piece is inserted in Mr. Gilchrist's collection of Dr. Corbet's Poems, but is not found in previous editions.

P. 180, l. 1.—“*On Oxford Schollers*,” &c. When James I. paid a second visit to Oxford in 1621, Corbet, in his office of chaplain, preached before the King. Corbet was now Dean of Christchurch and Vicar of Carrington, near Woodstock. This poem is also found among Anthony à Wood's papers in the Ashmolean Museum.

P. 183, l. 1.—“*Lord High Treasurer*.” Probably Sir John Bankes. Obiit. 1644.

P. 184, l. 7.—“*Dr. Strood*.” William Strood, Canon of Christchurch, and public orator of Oxford. Obiit. 1644. “An eminent poet,” says Ant. à Wood.

P. 186, l. 8.—“*On Christchurch windows*,” &c. In 1630 the old windows of the Cathedral, which contained the history of St. Frideswide, were removed, and were replaced by new ones, the work of *Abraham Van Luige*, which in time were all marked for destruction by Henry Wilkinson, whom the Parliament had appointed Visitor. The scriptural subjects of these latter, containing the Nativity, Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension, are here admirably described.

P. 186, l. 9.—“*Magdalen College Wall*.” Around the walls within the cloister of Magdalen College, Oxford, are a series of hieroglyphical sculptures, sacred and profane, relating to the import of which conjecture had frequently busied itself. About this time a solution of the subjects was made, and appeared in a Latin MS., entitled “*Ædipus Magdalenensis*.”

P. 190, l. 30.—“*Lincolnes stately types*.” The author's own college. There is some poetic licence or irony here, since Lincoln is described in the “Oxford Guide” as “so little attractive in its exterior.”

P. 200, l. 16.—“*On the death of Hobson*.” He died in the time of the plague, 1630, in the 86th year of his age. The two last, “on the same,” are slightly altered from Milton.

P. 209, l. 1.—“*To the Duke of Buckingham*.” See p. 175 and note.

P. 220, l. 12.—“*Tom Coriats*.” Vide *Musarum Delicia*, p. 20 and note.

P. 248, l. 16.—“*On Dr. Corbet's Marriage*.” He married, about 1625, Alice, the only daughter of Dr. Leonard Hutton, his fellow collegian. Mr. Gilchrist, in his memoir, quotes this poem, and remarks: “This union of wit and beauty was not looked upon with indifference, nor was their epithalamium unsung, or the string touched by an unskilful master.” The offspring of this marriage were a daughter, Alice, and a son, born Nov. 10th, 1627.

P. 260, l. 23.—“*James Atkins*.” “A Scotchman and Oxford scholar, chaplain to James, Marquis of Hamilton. He died at Edinburgh, 1687, æt. 74 years.”—*Wood's Athen. Oxon.*

P. 262, l. 22.—“*Philip Massinger.*” The dramatic poet ; 1584-1640.

P. 263, l. 28 —“*J. M.*” Sir John Mennis.

P. 275, l. 22.—“*Standish.*” “A standing ink-horn-glass.”—*Bailey's Dict.*

P. 277, l. 10.—“*Rebato.*” Part of a woman's ruff, so called because put back towards the shoulders.

“*Mong.* Truth, I think your other *rebato* were nothing.”

Much Ado about Nothing, act iii. sc. 4.

P. 284, l. 15.—“*Quinborough.*” Queenborough, in Kent. A satire upon some display of corporate wisdom by the mayor of that town upon the occasion of a royal visit.

P. 291, l. 17.—“*Lockrum.*” “*Lockram*, a kind of cheap linen, worn chiefly by the lower classes.”—*Halliwel's Dict.*

P. 293, l. 8.—“*An old song.*” Mr. Bell, in his “Songs from the Dramatists,” gives a drinking song from “Gammer Gurton's Needle,” by John Still, 1543-1607, of which the first stanza resembles this, but all the others differ. Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Skelton's Works, gives another and earlier version of it from a MS. in his possession. Warton quotes this song as the first *chanson à boire* in our language.

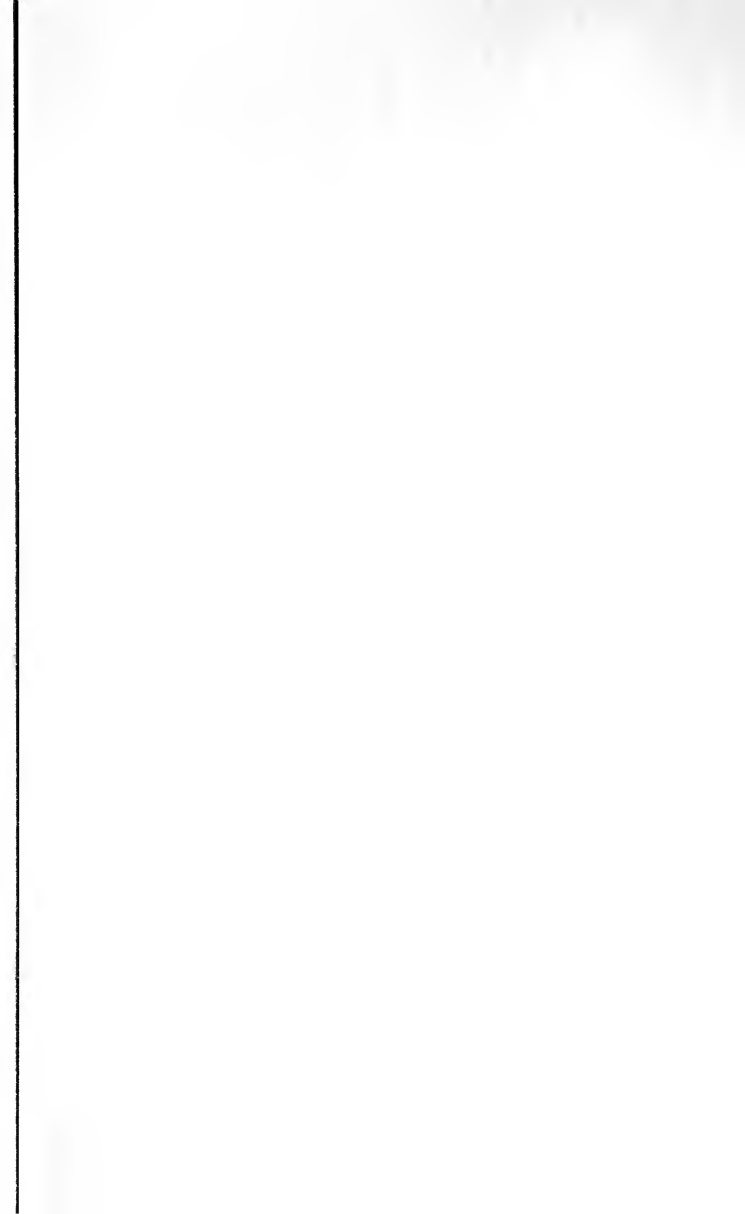
P. 294, l. 12.—“*Beggers-Bush.*” A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher. This coarse composition is omitted in Mr. Bell's Collection of Songs from the Dramatists.

P. 313, l. 5.—“*The Scots arrears.*” When Charles found his situation hopeless, he took the fatal resolution of giving himself up to the Scotch army. The English Parliament thereupon entered into a treaty with the Scots about delivering up their prisoner upon payment of 400,000*l.*, which was cheerfully complied with.—Clarendon, i. 608.

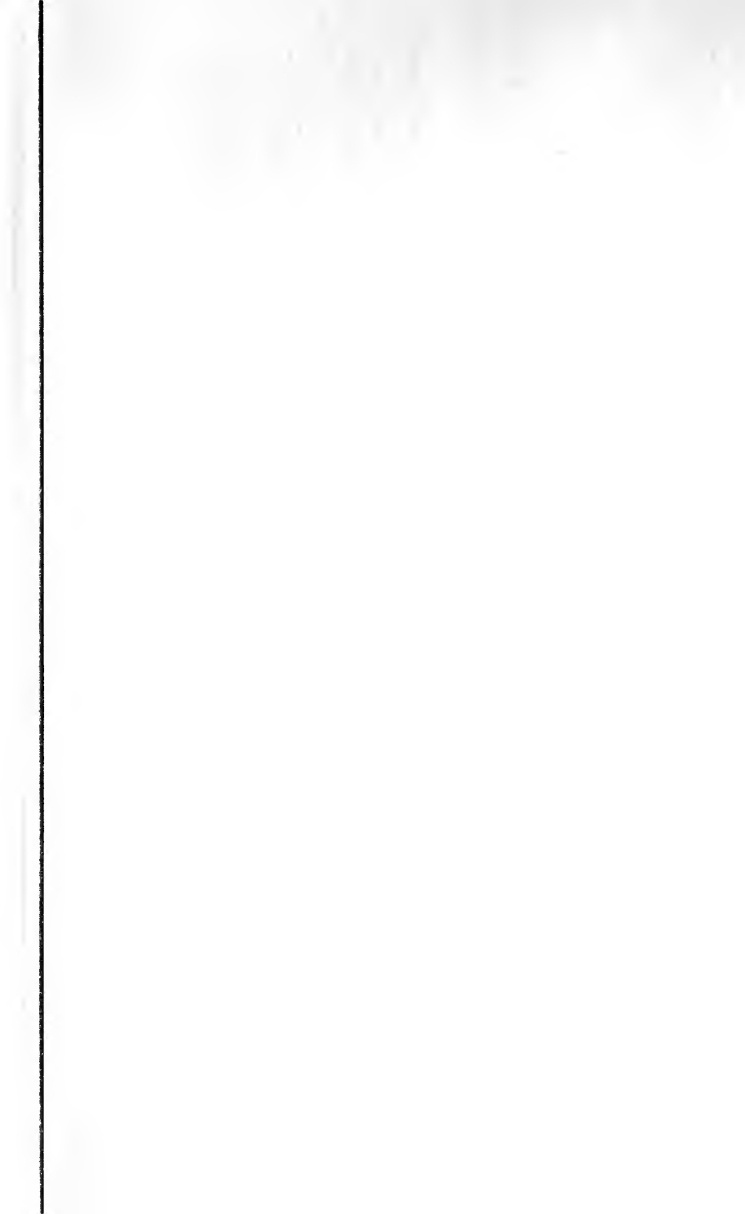
P. 315, l. 6.—“*Reneaginge.*” Betraying, treachery.

P. 317, l. 1.—“*The Rebell Scot.*” This bitter invective is by John Cleveland, a most zealous Royalist. Aubrey informs us that he went from Oxford to Newark, where, upon drawing up certain articles for the King's followers, he would needs add this short conclusion : “And we annex our lives as a label to our trust.”

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