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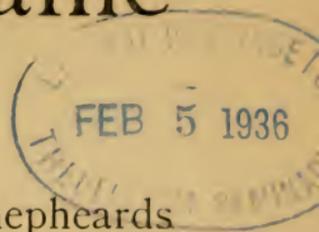


Brathwaite's  
Natures Embassie.

*Only 400 copies printed, and 50 on Large Paper.*

*This is No. 196. RR*

# Natures Embaffie



Divine and Morall Satyres : Shepheards  
Tales, both parts : Omphale : Odes,  
or Philomels Tears, &c.

BY

R. BRATHWAITE.

BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE :

Printed by *Robert Roberts*, Strait Bar-Gate.

M,DCCCLXXVII.





LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

RICHARD BRATHWAITE,

*Author of "Natures Embassie."*



F the Life and Works of RICHARD BRATHWAITE, the author of the present volume, all that it is now desirable or possible to know has been told by Haslewood\* with such copiousness of detail, that the writer of any new memoir has rather to sift and winnow what has already been gathered and gleaned, than to glean anything new of his own.

Richard Brathwaite, the great-grandfather of our author, lived at and was owner of Ambleside, in the barony of Kendal, in Westmoreland. His grandson, Thomas Brathwaite, the father of the poet, purchased of John Warcop, after a family possession of more than

\* *Barnabæ Itinerarium, or Barnabee's Journal; by Richard Brathwait, A.M. With a life of the Author, a Bibliographical Introduction to the Itinerary, and a Catalogue of his Works. Edited from the first Edition, by Joseph Haslewood. Lond. 1820 (only 125 copies printed).*

three centuries, the manor of Warcop near Appleby, and resided there probably until the death of his own father, Robert Brathwaite, when he became possessed of the paternal estate of Burneshead. He married Dorothy, daughter of Robert Bindloss, of Haulston, Westmoreland. Of this marriage our poet, RICHARD BRATHWAITE, was the fourth child and the second son.\* He is supposed to have been born about the year 1588, at his father's seat of Burneshead, above-named, in the parish of Kendal. In two or three copies of verses addressed to the Alderman, to the Cottoneers, and to the Worshipful Recorder of Kendal,† he alludes to the latter place as the locality of his birth. He may therefore be considered as

\* Fuller particulars of the names, order of birth, and marriages of the poet's elder brother and five sisters are subjoined for those who are interested in them :—

1. Agnes, who married Sir Thomas Lamplew, of Downby, Cambridgeshire.
2. Thomas (afterwards knighted), married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Dalston, of Dalston, Cumberland.
3. Alice, married Thomas Barton, of Whenby, Yorkshire.
4. Richard, the poet.
5. Dorothy, married Francis Salkeld, of Whitehall, Esquire.
6. Mary, married John Brisco, of Crofton, Esq.
7. Anne, married Alan Askoughe, of Richmond, Yorkshire.

Brathwaite's *Description of a Good Wife*, 1619, was inscribed "to his five equally affectionate Sisters, all vertuous content."

† *A Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615, pp. 173-210. These pieces contain some very curious local allusions.

one of the worthies of Westmoreland, and the father of the Lake Poets of that country, though he had little else but the accident of his dwelling-place in common with the three or four distinguished writers who two centuries later were destined to bear that designation.

In 1604, at the age of sixteen, Wood states that BRATHWAITE became a gentleman-commoner of Oriel College, Oxford. Having graduated here, and been very successful in a college exercise, he was desirous of accepting the encouragement and preferment that seemed to open out to him, and to continue peacefully in those hallowed cloisters the study of literature and poetry. His parents, however, desired him to pursue the profession of the Law,\* and after a short stay at the sister University of Cambridge, where his tutor was Lancelot Andrews, afterwards bishop of Winchester, he began to devote himself rather distastefully and reluctantly, to its 'brawling courts' and 'dusky purlieux.' This restraint, however, instead of forcing him into the vortex of dissipation, seems to have rather deepened his love of literature, and his

"Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse."

In his *Spiritual Spicerie* (1638), he writes as

\* He seems to allude to this in some speeches of Technis, in the first Eglogue of his *Shepherds Tales* (see pp. 190-191 of the present volume).

follows :—"Amidst these disrelishing studies, I bestowed much precious time in reviving in mee the long-languishing spirit of Poetrie, with other morall assayes ; which so highly delighted mee, as they kept mee from affecting that loose kind of libertie, which through fulnesse of meanes and licentiousnesse of the age, I saw so much followed and eagerly pursued by many. This moved mee sometimes to fit my buskin'd Muse for the Stage ;\* with other occasionall Presentments or Poems ; which being free borne, and not mercenarie, received gracefull acceptance of all such as understood my ranke and qualitie. For so happily had I crept into opinion by closing so well with the temper and humour of the time, as nothing was either presented by mee (at the instancie of the noblest and most generous wits and spirits of that time †) to the Stage, or committed by me to the presse ; which past not with good approvement in the estimate of the world."

From the Inns of Court BRATHWAITE seems to have adventured for a time among the merchants, and finally to have left Court and City to turn country squire, his parents having settled a sufficient estate upon him.

\* No dramatic piece of Brathwaite's of this early period is known to be extant.

† William Shakespeare, perhaps (who was still living), or 'rare Ben Jonson.' Who knows ?

This resolution was taken soon after the death of his father in 1610; an event which probably led to an arrangement by which possession was given, at no very distant period, of the landed property limited and assigned for his use. Certain it is, the death of BRATHWAITE'S father created some family differences, that were only set right by the prudent intervention of friends. BRATHWAITE specially refers to this subject in the dedication to his uncle—a certain Mr. Robert Bindloss—of his earliest known printed work,\* when speaking of “the troubled course of our estates and the favourable regard you had of our attonement, which is now so happily confirmed.” In addressing his elder brother he also alludes † to the same subject:—“Our ciuill warres be now ended, vnion in the sweete harmony of minde and coniunction hath prevented the current of ensuing faction,” &c.

The full-title of BRATHWAITE'S maiden publication is as follows:—

I. *The Golden Fleece. Whereto bee annexed two Elegies, Entitled Narcissvs Change. And Æsons Dotage. By Richard Brathvvayte* ‡

\* *The Golden Fleece*, by Richard Brathvvayte, Gentleman, 1611, p. 176.

† *Ibid*, p. 178.

‡ It may here be remarked that the name of Brathwaite was spelt by his contemporaries with as many capricious variations as those of his more illustrious contemporaries Dekker and Shakespeare, e. g.—Braithwaite, Braythwait,

Gentleman. London, Printed by W. S. for Christopher Pursett dwelling in Holborne, neere Staple Inne, 1611. Octavo. Sig. G. 8.

The Dedication, as we have seen, is to his uncle Bindloss. The principal poem of *The Golden Fleece*, including the *Pieridum Invocatio*, &c., extends to forty pages, in six-line stanzas, and annexed the two Elegies, of similar measure. At sig. E. 3 appears a new title-page; this later portion of the work containing "Sonnets or Madrigals. With the Art of Poesie annexed thereunto by the same Author," and being dedicated "to the worshipfull his approued brother Thomas Brathwaite, Esquire." It is probable that while BRATHWAITE'S "first-birth" was printing, the "pensive tidings" announced the death of his father; and two stanzas follow addressed by "the Authour to his disconsolate Brother." The Sonnets or Madrigals are seven in number.

On the last page of sheet G the catch-word 'The' appears; and there can be little doubt the *Art of Poesy* was printed. In the two copies, however, referred to by Haslewood, it

Braynthwayt, Branthwait, Braythwayte, Brathvvayte, (as in the title cited above), Brathwaite and Brathwait. The spelling of his autograph is perfectly clear for "Brathwait" in three extant specimens of 1629, 1663 and 1672; though in a fourth specimen of the last-named date he has added a final *e*, and writes it "Brathwaite." Between these two forms then, it would appear, lies the choice: the rest are all incorrect.

was deficient, nor does it seem to have since turned up in any.

Three years later (1614) BRATHWAITE published

2. *The Poet's Willow: or the Passionate Shepheard: With sundry delightfull, and no lesse Passionate Sonnets: describing the passions of a discontented and perplexed Lover. Diuers compositions of verses concording as well with the Lyricke, as the Anacreonticke measures; neuer before published: Being reduced into an exact and distinct order of Metricall extractions. Imprinted at London by John Beale, for Samuel Rand, and are to be sold at his shop at Holborne bridge, 1614.* Sm. 8vo, 48 leaves.

The work is dedicated to one William Ascham, a fellow-collegian, in six seven-line stanzas signed with the author's name. Then follows an Elegy on the death of Henry Prince of Wales, which had been the theme of so many of the poets of that time. *The Poet's Willow*, which gives its name to the volume, is a pastoral in forty-four eleven-line stanzas, preceded by a prose argument. Amatory poems to Eliza and Dorinda form the remainder of the collection: the "Pensive thoughts of Gastilio," in sapphics, is remarkable for its novelty of measure.

His next book, published in the same year (1614), Haslewood calls "an excellent little

work, written in animated language, and evidently from the heart." Its full title is :

3. *The Prodigals Teares : or his fare-well to Vanity. A Treatise of Soueraigne Cordials to the disconsolate Soule, surcharged with the heavy burthen of his sinnes : Ministring matter of remorse to the Impenitent, by the expression of Gods Iudgements.* By Richard Brathwait. London, printed by N. O. for T. Gubbins, and are to be sold at his Shop, neere Holborne Conduit, 1614. Small 8vo. pp. iv. 139.

Again in the same year was published BRATHWAITE'S fourth work—

4. *The Schollers Medley, or an intermixt Discourse vpon Historicall and Poeticall relations.....* By Richard Brathwayte Oxon. London, printed by N. O. for George Norton, and are to bee sold at his Shop neere Templebarre, 1614.\* 4to, 63 leaves.

It is in this work (p. 31) that BRATHWAITE speaks of the intention then entertained by his friend Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, to write a general though summary description of the Lives of the Poets.

There were two works published by BRATHWAITE in 1615 :—

5. *A Strappado for the Diuell. Epigrams and Satyres alluding to the time, with diuers*

\* This original edition is now become very rare. The book was reprinted, with additions and corrections, in 1638 (and again in 1652), under the title of "A Survey of History."

*measures of no lesse delight.* (12mo, 16 unnumbered pages of prefatory matter, and 234 numbered pages.)

The title is followed by "the Authors Anagram RICHARDE BRATHWAITE. Vertu hath bar Credit." We have already had occasion to quote from some pieces in this work, as verifying the fact of the author's birthplace being at or near Kendal. Mr. Payne Collier says there is no work in English which illustrates more fully and amusingly the manners, occupations and opinions of the time when it was written. In the lines "Upon the General Sciolists or Poettasters of Britannie" there is an interesting passage of encomium on George Wither and William Browne. One of the most amusing pieces in the collection, partly from its humour, but more from its allusions, is entitled "Upon a Poet's Palfrey, lying in lavender for the discharge of his provender:" it reminds us in some degree of the Italian artist Bronzino's stanzas upon a horse given to him by one of his patrons, but never delivered. He alludes in the first stanza to Richard III's exclamation of "A horse, a kingdome for a horse" in Shakespeare, and later on to Don Quixote (Shelton's translation of the first part of which had recently been published) and his Rozinante, and to Tamburlaine's exclamation,

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia,"

in Marlowe's play. Altogether *The Poet's Palfrey*, with its refrain

“If I had lived but in King Richards dayes,”—

“If I had lived but in Don Quixotes time,” &c.

is one of BRATHWAITE'S liveliest and happiest productions.

6. *Loves Labyrinth: or the true-Louers knot: including the disastrous fals of two star-crost Louers Pyramus & Thysbe. By Richard Brathwayte.* 12mo, 104 numbered pages and 5 supplementary unnumbered pages “To the Reader.” The pagination is distinct from that of the previous work, but the printer's signature is continuous. The imprint is the same in both: “At London printed by I. B. for Richard Redmer and are to be sold at the West dore of Pauls at the Starre. 1615.”

In some verses prefixed to Humphry Mill's *Night's Search*, 1646, is a curious allusion to the popularity of the earlier portion of this double volume:—

If Dekker deckt with discipline and wit,  
Gain'd praises by the *Bell-man* that he writ;  
Or laud on Brathwait waiting did abound,  
When a *Strappado* for the *devill* he found,  
Then may this Mill of Mills, by right of merit,  
Equall, if not superior fame inherit.

*Love's Labyrinth* is a long poem in easy heroic numbers; and Haslewood pronounces that whatever may be its imperfections, it is “not discreditable as the production of early youth.”

BRATHWAITE first married in 1617, Frances daughter of James Lawson, of Nesham, near Darlington. The licence was dated May 2nd, 1617, and the marriage ceremony took place at Hurworth, a village about three miles from Darlington, and in the parish of which Nesham is situated. Six sons and three daughters were the issue of this marriage; John, the youngest of the nine, was born 19th February, 1630. BRATHWAITE wrote of him in his *Whimzies*\* as follows:—

“Thou art my ninth, and by it I divine  
That thou shalt live to love the Muses nine.”

Whether this truly *whimsical* prophecy was fulfilled or not, we cannot say.

To continue our list of the works of BRATHWAITE. Two extremely curious volumes from his pen issued from the press in this year of his first marriage. The title-page of the first is in itself a curiosity, and runs as follows:—

7. *A Solemne Ioviall Disputation, Theoreticke and Practicke; briefly Shadowing the Law of Drinking; together with the Solemnities and Controversies occurring: Fully and freely discussed according to the Civill Law. Which, by the permission, priviledge and authority, of that most noble and famous order in the Vni-versity of Goddessse Potina; Dionisius Bacchus*

\* See Art. 17.

*being then President, chiefe Gossipper, and most excellent Governour, Blasius Multibibus, alias Drinkmuch. A singular proficient and most qualifi'd Graduate in both the liberall Sciences of Wine and Beare; in the Colledge of Hilarity, hath publikely expounded to his most approved and improved Fellow Pot-shots; Touching the houres before noone and after, usuall and lawfull. . . . Faithfully rendred according to the originall Latine Copie. OENOZYTHOPOLIS, at the Signe of Red eyes. CIJICXVII. 12mo.*

Prefixed is a spirited and minute engraved title in two compartments, by Marshall, exhibiting Wine-drinkers and Beer-drinkers.\*

8. *The Smoaking Age, or the man in the mist: with the life and death of Tobacco. Dedicated to those three renowned and imparallel'd Heroes, Captaine Whiffe, Captaine Pipe and Captaine Snuffe. . . Divided into three Sections.*

1. *The Birth of Tobacco.*
2. *Pluto's blessing to Tobacco.*
3. *Times complaint against Tobacco.*

OENOZYTHOPOLIS. *At the Signe of Teare-Nose. CIJICXVII.*

Prefixed is another engraved title from the masterly *burin* of Marshall. There is a poem at the end of this volume entitled "Chavcers incensed Ghost," in which allusion is made to

\* This was afterwards used as a frontispiece to the *Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, and a facsimile of it is given in Ebsworth's *Reprint of Choice Drollery*, 1876.

some Comments "shortly to be published" on "The Miller's Tale" and the "Wife of Bath"; but which BRATHWAITE does not seem actually to have published until nearly half a century later.\*

At the end of Patrick Hannay's poem of *A Happy Husband* (1619) appeared the following piece by BRATHWAITE :

9. *The Description of a good Wife : or, a rare one amongst Women. Together with an Exquisite discourse of Epitaphs, including the choyssest thereof Ancient or Moderne. By R. B. Gent. Printed at London for Richard Redmer, and are to be sold at his shop at the West end of Saint Pauls Church. 1619. 12mo.*

The Essay on Epitaphs, in which he anticipated by nearly two centuries his fellow countryman and poet of the Lake District, William Wordsworth, bears a separate title, with BRATHWAITE'S full name, and an imprint of the previous year—"By Richard Brathvvayte Gent. Imprinted at London by John Beale. 1618." Among the obituary verses is "a funerall Ode" in memory of his elder brother, Thomas Brathwaite.

His next publication was :—

10. *A new Spring shadowed in sundry Pithie Poems. London, Printed by G. Eld, for Thomas Baylie, and are to be sold at his Shop in the middle-row in Holborne, neere Staple-*

\* In 1665. *Vide infra.*

*Inne*, 1619, 4to (containing E in fours, last leaf blank).

There is a curious woodcut on the title, representing a Well enclosed within spikes, and various persons, male and female, filling their pitchers from it. Besides some spirited and harmonious lines entitled "Bound yet Free," the collection has several small Poems, some serious, some jocose. Haslewood considered it "on the whole, a curious and entertaining tract."

In 1620 appeared :—

11. *Essaies vpon the Five Senses, with a pithie one vpon Detraction. . . By Rich. Brathwayt Esquire. London, Printed by E. G. for Richard Whittaker, and are to be sold at his shop at the Kings head in Paules Church-yard. 1620. 12mo. 76 leaves.*

At the end of this volume is the character of "a Shrow," which is omitted in the Second Edition, "revised and enlarged by the author," published in 1635.

12. *The Shepherds Tales. London, Printed for Richard Whitaker, 1621. 8vo, 25 leaves.*

This was separately and subsequently published, and is very rarely found bound up with the work of which a facsimile reprint is now offered to the reader, and in which a continuation of *The Shepherd's Tales* appeared, viz.

13. (a) *Natures Embassie : or, the Wildemans Measures : Danced naked by twelue*

*Satyres, with sundry others continued in the next Section.*

Wilde men may dance wise measures ; Come then ho,  
Though I be wilde, my measures are not so.

(b) *The Second Section of Divine and Morall Satyres : With an Adivnct vpon the precedent ; whereby the Argument with the first cause of publishing these Satyres, be evidently related.*

(c) *The Shepherds Tales.\**

(d) *Omphale, or, the Inconstant Shepherdesse.*

(e) *His Odes : or Philomels Teares.*

These all bear the same imprint, "London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621."

The Satires are divided into two sections, the first containing twelve and the other eighteen, levelled against the common vices of society, with illustrative examples from ancient history. In the first satire on Degeneration as personated in Nature, the following stanza must clearly allude to one of the writings of his contemporary, George Wither :—

But I will answer thee for all thy beautie :  
If thou wilt be an Ape in gay attire,  
Thou doest not execute that forme of dutie,  
Which Nature at thy hand seemes to require :  
Which not redrest, for all thy goodly port,  
Thou must be *stript, and whipt*, and chastisd for't.

\* He alludes in the Dedication to "a former part as yet obscured." See ART. 12.

The "Sir T. H. the Elder, Kt.," to whom *Natures Embassie* is dedicated, Sir Egerton Brydges\* conjectures to be Sir Thomas Hawkins, of Nash Court near Faversham in Kent, the translator of Horace, or his father.

The 12th & 13th Articles, *i. e.* *Natures Embassie* with the addition of the separately printed first part of *The Shepherds Tales*, were reissued together in 1623 with a new title-page running as follows :

*Shepherds Tales, containing Satyres, Eglogues, and Odes. By R. B. Esquire. London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1623.*

The four other title-pages in the course of the volume remain unaltered and severally bear the date of 1621 as before. *Shepherds Tales*, however, appears to have been considered by the stationer a more taking title than *Natures Embassie* to work off the copies still remaining on his hands two years after the original publication of that volume. Mr. Payne Collier considers that "the volume displays much talent and possesses much variety," and he selects for special commendation, as a most lively and attractive performance, "the *Shepherds Holy-day, reduced in apt measures to Hobbinolls Galliard, or John to the May-pole*. The opening of this Musical Dialogue is very spirited, and proceeds through many stanzas,

\* *Archæica*, Part vi. (Lond. 1815, 4<sup>to</sup>.) p. xvii. of Preface to the reprint of Brathwaite's *Essays upon the Five Senses*.

all very animated, and pleasantly descriptive of country-life. In one of her replies the Shepherdess is rather bold in her invitation, and free in her talk. The book, and especially this part of it, contains many allusions to May-games and other country sports, and to ancient customs, proverbs, &c., and is therefore important to students, as throwing some light on the England of Shakespeare's time.

A song in the Third Eglogue of the second part of *The Shepherds Tales* is characteristic of that period, and preserves the names of several tunes or ditties now obsolete.

Roundelayes,  
Irish-hayes,  
Cogs and rongs and Peggie Ramsie,  
Spaniletto,  
The Venetto,  
Iohn come kisse me, Wilsons fancie.\*

The Odes (*e*) were reprinted in 1815, with modernized spelling, at the Lee Priory Press, by Sir Egerton Brydges.† As the impression, however, was limited to eighty copies, this cannot be said to have hitherto much affected the rarity of the original. In a short preface the accomplished Editor asserts that all BRATHWAITE'S poetical productions having

\* Page 259 of the present volume.

† *Brathwayte's Odes; or Philomel's Tears. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. Kent: Printed at the private press of Lee Priory; by Johnson and Warwick, 1815, pp. xii. 36.*

become very rare, this short specimen of his genius was selected for revival. "And if the Editor's taste," he adds, "be correct, it will prove him not to have been without merit, either for fancy, sentiment, or expression. *Readers of narrow curiosity may think such revivals of forgotten poetry useless; and the superficial may deem them dull: the highly cultivated and candid mind will judge of them far otherwise!*"

Passing now from the work which the reader holds in his hands, the next publication of BRATHWAITE'S we have to notice is

14. *Times Certaine Dravne, or The Anatomie of Vanitie. With other choice Poems, Entituled; Health from Helicon. By Richard Brathvvayte Oxonian. London Printed by Iohn Dawson for Iohn Bellamie, and are to be sould at the south entrance of the Royall-Exchange. 1621, 8vo, 100 leaves.*

The collection entitled "Health from Helicon," which forms the second section of this volume, has a separate title, with the same imprint, running as follows:—

*Panedone: or Health from Helicon: containing Emblemes, Epigrams, Elegies, with other continuate Poems, full of all generous delight; by Richard Brathvvayte, Esquire.*

Two hitherto undiscovered works of BRATHWAITE, alluded to in his other writings, claim to be briefly mentioned here. In his *Survey*

of *History*, 1638, speaking of the Earl of Southampton, he says "A Funerall Elegy to his precious memory was long since extant; being annexed to my *Britains Bath*, Anno 1625."

In his *English Gentleman* (Art. 15), p. 198, he says, "What more admirable than the pleasure of the Hare, if wee observe the uses which may bee made of it, as I have elsewhere (in a *Treatise entituled The Huntsmans Raunge*,) more amplie discoursed?"

In 1630 BRATHWAITE published:

15. *The English Gentleman; Containing Sundry excellent Rules or exquisite Observations, tending to direction of every Gentleman, of selecter ranke and qualitie; How to demeane or accomodate himselfe in the manage of publike or private affaires.* By Richard Brathwait Esq. . . . . London, Printed by John Haviland, and are to be sold by Robert Bostock at his shop at the signe of the Kings head in Pauls Church-yard. . 1630, 4to. pp. 487.\*

A brief analysis of the contents of this volume, for the purpose of detecting imperfect copies, may not be unacceptable. In conjunction with the "Compleat Gentlewoman," which forms a second part, no work of that age can have been more uniformly read or more highly appreciated. On opening the

\* A second edition of *The English Gentleman* appeared in 1633.

volume it exhibits a glowing specimen of the burin of Robert Vaughan, in ten compartments, for the frontispiece, with a folding broadside prefixed as an explanatory draught of it. The printer's title is followed by nine leaves of Dedication, copious tables, and other matter. After p. 456 is a sheet without pagination, under signature *N n n*. The first two leaves have "The Character of a Gentleman," another has an "Embleme," recto, and reverse "Upon the Errata," and fourth leaf blank. Then follows a new title:—

*Three Choice characters of Marriage, fitly sorting with the proprietie and varietie of the former Subject: Having especiall relation to one peculiar Branch shadowed in the Sixt Observation.*

These characters complete the volume with p. 487.

A sort of sequel or complement to the above work is another published in the following year, and entitled—

16. *The English Gentlewoman, drawne out to the full Body: Expressing*

What Habilliments doe best attire her,  
 What Ornaments doe best adorne her,  
 What Complements doe best accomplish her.

*By Richard Brathwait Esq. . . . London,  
 Printed by B. Alsop and T. Favvcet, for  
 Michaell Sparke, dwelling in Greene Arbor.  
 1631, 4to, pp. 221.*

The Frontispiece in compartments, intended as a companion to the one before the *English Gentleman*, is engraved by W. Marshall, and has a folding broadside prefixed explanatory of the subjects. After the printer's title twenty-two leaves of Dedications, and a table. After p. 221 is the character of "A Gentlewoman," four leaves, not paged, the "Embleme" and "Upon the Errata" two more. Some copies have an "Appendix upon a former supposed Impression of this title," consisting of five leaves, with signature in continuation, but not paged.

In the same year appeared

17. *Whimzies: Or, a new Cast of Characters.* London, Printed by F. K. and are to be sold by Ambrose Rithirdon, at the signe of the Bull's-head, in Paul's Church-yard. 1631. 12mo, 117 leaves.

Notices of this little volume will be found in Dr. Bliss's edition of Earle's *Microcosmography*,\* and in Sir Egerton Brydges' *Restituta*;† but neither of these celebrated antiquaries and bibliographers seems to have been aware of its authorship. If the presence of the usual irrepressible note "Vpon the Errata's" did not alone suffice to authenticate it, some verses, at the end of the volume already quoted,

\* Lond. 1811, p. 282.

† Vol. iv. p. 279. This notice was written however by Thomas Park.

'Upon the Birth-day of his sonne John,' certainly would.

The last 24 leaves of this book have a new title,—thus :

*A Cater Character throwne out of a Boxe by an Experienc'd Gamester. London, Imprinted by F. K. and are to be sold by R. B. 1631. 24 leaves.*

In both sections of the book BRATHWAITE assumes the name of "Clitus Alexandrinus," and both are dedicated to Sir Alexander Radcliffe.

On 7th March, 1633, after a married life of nearly sixteen years, BRATHWAITE had the misfortune to lose his wife, whom it seems he tenderly loved, and whose death he piously and sincerely mourned. In veneration of her memory, and as a public acknowledgment of her worth and virtues, he published for several years verses as the *Anniversaries upon his Panarete* ; and when reprinting the *Essays on the Five Senses* in 1635 he availed himself of the occasion to deliver a moral admonition to their youthfull offspring by introducing therein "Love's Legacy, or Panarete's blessing to her children," which is framed as if delivered in her very last moments, forbearing to speak of marriage as a matter beyond the apprehension of their tender years.

The first of these elegiac tributes appeared in the year following his wife's death, and is entitled :—

18. *Anniversaries upon his Panarete*. . . .  
*London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston, and are  
to be sold by Robert Bostock, at the Kings  
Head in Pauls Church-yard. 1634. 8vo, (con-  
taining 24 leaves not numbered—signature  
A, B, C.)*

“To the indeered memory,” the text begins,  
“of his ever loved, never too much lamented  
Panarete, M<sup>rs</sup> Frances Brathwait,” and he cele-  
brates with much earnestness and eloquence  
her virtues, her person and her birth.

In 1635 BRATHWAITE published

19. *Raglands Niobe: or Elizas Elegie: Addressed to the unexpiring memory of the most noble Lady, Elizabeth Herbert, wife to the truly honourable Edward Somerset Lord Herbert, &c. By Ri. Brathwait, Esq. 12mo, 14 leaves.*

The imprint is substantially the same as that of the last article. At the end was appended a continuation of the *Anniversaries upon his Panarete*.

In the same year appeared

20. *The Arcadian Princesse; or the Triumph of Iustice: Prescribing excellent rules of Physicke, for a sicke Iustice. Digested into fowre Bookes, and faithfully rendred to the originall Italian Copy,\* By Ri. Brathwait Esq. London, Printed by Th. Harper for Robert Bostocke. 1635. 12mo.*

Prefixed is an engraved title, by W. Marshall, of the figure of “The Arcadian Prin-

\* By Mariano Silesio.

cesse" seated on a throne holding the scales of Justice, wherein an old man labelled "*forma pauperis*" weighs down another well clothed, labelled "*Ira potentis*." Other sentences appear in several labels, and on the foot of the throne "by Ric. Brathwait Armig." Dibdin bestows high praise in his *Bibliomania*\* on the poetical portion of this volume. "Whoever does not see," he says, "in these specimens, some of the most powerful rhyming couplets of the early half of the seventeenth century, if not the model of some of the verses in Dryden's satirical pieces, has read both poets with ears differently constructed from those of the author of this book."

21. *The Lives of all the Roman Emperors, being exactly collected from Iulius Cæsar, unto the now reigning Ferdinand the second. With their births, Governments, remarkable Actions, and Deaths. London: Printed by N. and J. Okes, and are to be sold within Turning-stile in Holborne. 1636. 12mo. pp. 384.*

An engraved title, by W. Marshall, gives several medallions of the Roman Emperors, and a small one of the author, of nearly similar representation with that prefixed to the Paraphrase of the Psalms.

22. *A Spiritual Spicerie: Containing Sundrie sweet Tractates of Devotion and Piety. By Ri. Brathwait, Esq. London, Printed by I. H.*

\* Lond. 1811, pp. 395-7.

for George Hutton at his shop within Turning stile in Holborne. 1638. 12mo. 247 leaves.

The section of this volume entitled "Holy Memorials" contains some interesting autobiographical details, from which we have already quoted, respecting the author's early life.

23. *The Psalmes of David the King and Prophet, and of other holy Prophets, paraphras'd in English: Conferred with the Hebrew Veritie, set forth by B. Arias Montanus, together with the Latine, Greek Septuagint, and Chaldee Paraphrase. By R. B. London, Printed by Robert Young, for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at his shop under S. Martins Church neere Ludgate. 1638. 12mo. pp. 300.*

This little volume has an engraved title by Marshall, representing in three-quarter figures (miniature ovals), Moses, David, Asaph, Heman, and Æthan. Various instruments of music, as improving psalmody, are hung against a pedestal upon each side of the title, which is given in an oval tablet as "by R. B. Esq." Beneath the title, in another small oval, is a portrait of BRATHWAITE, subscribed *Quanquam ô*. It has been contended that this version of the Psalms has been wrongly attributed to BRATHWAITE, and that the initials "R. B." belong to some other writer of the time. But collateral evidence is not wanting. That of the portrait, which, though it represents him with the gravity of advanced years, still bears

a resemblance easily traceable to the more youthful likeness, has been already mentioned ; there is the further evidence of the use of the digit or index (at p. 284) used also in *The Survey of History* and in *Barnabee's Journey* ; and of the never-failing Apology for the Errata, found in all BRATHWAITE'S books.

After remaining a widower for six years BRATHWAITE married again in 1639, taking for his second wife Mary, daughter of Roger Crofts, of Kirtlington, in Yorkshire ; who was well jointured, being seised in her own right of the valuable manor of Catterick. He describes her in *Panaretus Triumph* as a widow and a native of Scotland. Their issue was one son—the gallant Stafford Brathwaite, who was afterwards knighted, and killed in the ship “Mary,” under the command of Sir Roger Strickland, during an engagement with the “Tyger” Algerine man of war.

Some time after his second marriage he quitted Burneshead, probably to occupy the Manor house at Catterick. The fevered state of the times might partly cause him to quit the old family residence. BRATHWAITE was “a subject sworn to loyalty” and not likely at that period to escape the common wrack of power. Lavish hospitality in support of the Royal cause on the one hand, and contributions imperiously demanded and violently enforced in the name of either the Parliament or the

Army upon the other, would serve equally to impoverish his hereditary property, and to make a removal to the newly-acquired estate at Appleton a matter of convenience to prevent shading family honours. His possession of the Manor is confirmed by several documents, and it is probable that with the family of Crofts he had been, long before his second marriage, in close or neighbourly intimacy.

We continue our list of BRATHWAITE'S publications.

24. *Ar't asleepe Husband? A Boulster Lecture; stored with all variety of witty jeasts, merry Tales, and other pleasant passages; Extracted from the choicest flowers of Philosophy, Poesy, antient and moderne History. Illustrated with Examples of incomparable constancy, in the excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. By Philogenes Panedonius.\* London, Printed by R. Bishop for R. B. or his Assignes. 1640. 8vo. pp. 330.*

A frontispiece engraved by Marshall represents a man and wife in bed, the female—a Mrs. Caudle of the seventeenth century—delivering her admonitions to a deaf ear. To the strong internal evidence of this work being the production of BRATHWAITE may be added as two convincing and independent proofs forming an absolute confirmation of his title, I. A

\* The second section of his *Times Cvrtaine Drawne*, 1621, had been entitled "Panedone: or Health from Helicon."

reference which occurs at p. 201 to one of his acknowledged pieces, the Comment upon the Wife of Bath ; and 2. the introduction into the present volume of two or three pieces of poetry that first appeared in the *Strappado*.

25. *The Two Lancashire Lovers : or the Excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. Expressing the faithfull constancy and mutuall fidelity of two loyall Lovers. . . . By Musæus Palatinus. . . . London, Printed by Edward Griffin, for R. B. or his Assignes. 1640. 8vo. pp. 268.*

There is an engraved title, and at p. 247, a second embellishment, which is found also in some copies of the *Boulster Lecture*.

In 1641 appeared a new edition of BRATHWAITE'S English Gentleman and English Gentlewoman, in one volume, folio, with the addition of a piece entitled *The Turtles Triumph*. In an engraved title there is an interesting display of the principal subjects discussed in the two works, after the manner, but not precisely copied from the titles to the earlier editions. The figures are nearly all changed, the mottoes omitted, and much of the garniture altered. Whether this deviation from the original designs obtained the sanction of the author seems doubtful, unless he was too indolent to revise the broadside containing an explanation of the frontispiece, as the two sheets of the first edition are here printed together without alteration.

Haslewood attributes the following work to BRATHWAITE on account of "the mannerism of style, which his many unacknowledged publications now compel us to confidently rely upon :"—

26. *The Penitent Pilgrim. London, Printed by John Dawson, and are to be sold by John Williams at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Church-yard. 1641. 12mo. pp. 445.*

It has an engraved frontispiece, by our author's usual artist, W. Marshall, of an aged man journeying barefoot with bottle and staff, scallop shell in his hat, his loins girded, and beneath his feet the legend : "Few and evill have the dayes of my life been." On the last leaf a quaint couplet occurs before the

*Errata.*

"No place but is of Errors rife  
In labours, lectures, leafes, lines, life."

27. *Mercurius Britannicus. Tragi-Comoedia Lutetiæ, summo cum applausu publicè acta. 15 leaves. 4to. (no place or date.)*

*Mercurius Britanicus, or The English Intelligencer A Tragic-Comedy, At Paris acted with great applause. Printed in the yeare 1641. 17 leaves. 4to.*

This was a political squib ; and considering the ready pen of BRATHWAITE, and his unceasing desire to attain popularity, we may conclude it was not the only time-serving piece

he put forth at that eventful period. It is interesting also as an earlier exhibition than *Barnabee's Journal* of his facile skill in using the Latin tongue.

28. *Astræa's Teares. An Elegie Vpon the death of that Reverend, Learned and Honest Judge, Sir Richard Hutton Knight; Lately one of his Majesties Iustices in his Highnesse Court of Common Plees at Westminster. London, Printed by T. H. for Philip Nevil, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie Lane, at the signe of the Gun. 1641. 12mo. sig. H. 2. (55 leaves).*

A frontispiece, with all the strength and spirit of Marshall, contains a whole length figure of the Judge in his robes, in a reclining posture. It is an excellent portrait, and of the greatest rarity, not being noticed by Grainger. As early as 1614 our author dedicated *The Prodigals Teares* to Richard Hutton, Sergeant at Law, and *The Shepherds Tales* in the present volume were inscribed seven years later "To my worthie and affectionate kinsman Richard Hutton, Esquire, Sonne and Heire to the much honoured and sincere dispenser of judgement, Sir Richard Hutton, Sergeant at Law, and one of the Iudges of the Common Pleas."

Sir Richard Hutton died February 26, 1638, so that this Elegy did not appear until three years after that event. In a marginal note in this volume there is a reference to the 5th Anniversary upon his *Panarete*, and he there-

fore seems to have continued these yearly celebrations of his first wife (to have written, at any rate, if not to have published them) at least until the year of his second marriage.

29. *Panarettes Triumph ; or Hymens heavenly Hymne.* London, Printed by T. H. for Philip Nevil, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie Lane, at the signe of the Gun. 1641.

The poem begins at the back of the title :

“ Remove that funerall-pile ; now six whole yeares  
Have beene the nursing mothers of my teares.”

He then describes the necessity of foregoing funeral tears during another nuptial, and they are to be preserved for those who cannot weep ; as “spritely blades—some widows—profuse gallants,” whose necessity in that respect is interestingly described. His moral reflections conclude as the bell tinketh : he married a second time a lady of Scottish extraction, which occasions his introducing “Calliopees expostulation with the Calidonian Nation.” A “courteous Curtain Lecture” is also delivered by his wife and a florid description is given of her person and manners.

We now come to the famous volume of doggerel rhymes by which BRATHWAITE is chiefly remembered outside the narrow circle of scholars and students. Though as voluminous a writer both in prose and verse as his contemporary Wither, by this one work, or

rather happy *jeu d'esprit*, he is now chiefly known to the general world of English readers. This unique and curious publication is written both in Latin and English, the double title being as follows :—

30. (a) *Barnabæ Itinerarium, Mirtili & Faustuli nominibus insignitum: Viatoris Solatio nuperrimè editum, aptissimis numeris redactum, veterique Tono Barnabæ publicè decantatum. Authore Corymbæo.*

(b) *Barnabees Journall, Under the Names of Mirtilus & Faustulus shadowed: for the Travellers Solace lately published, to most apt numbers reduced and to the old Tune of Barnabe commonly chanted. By Corymbæus.*

The date of the original edition has never been precisely ascertained, but is supposed to be about 1648-1650. The authorship of this anonymous book, after long remaining unknown, was settled upon BRATHWAITE by Haslewood by means of a chain of laborious and irrefragable evidence, both external and internal. The internal evidence is alone conclusive; such as the reappearance in *Barnabees Journal* of stories told in BRATHWAITE'S other works; thus the story of hanging the cat at Banbury had originally appeared in a short poem in the *Strappado*, p. 109. The story of Grantam (*Grantham*) spire is introduced in the *Arcadian Princess*, with the name of "Grantam" transposed into *Margant*. There

are allusions also which are evidently autobiographical, such as those to Kendal and to Nesham, where BRATHWAITE wooed and won his first wife. In describing Lancaster he alludes to John a Gaunt, and he does the same at the opening of his *Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640. Other similarities of versification mottoes, proverbs, Apology for Errata, &c., complete the internal evidence.

“It was reserved,” says Southey, “for famous Barnaby to employ the barbarous ornament of rhyme so as to give thereby point and character to good Latinity.”\*

We know from his other writings that BRATHWAITE was an excellent Latin scholar. The external evidence of BRATHWAITE'S authorship is threefold. 1. Thomas Hearne the antiquary says in a manuscript note: “The book called Barnabas's Rambles, printed in Latin and English, was written by RICHARD BRATHWAITE, who writ and translated a vast number of things besides, he being the scribler of the times. Anthony-à-Wood does not mention this amongst his works. But Mr. Bagford tells me that Mr. Chr. Bateman (an eminent Bookseller in Pater Noster Row) who was well acquainted with some of the family, hath several times told him that BRATHWAITE was the author of it.”†

\* Quarterly Review, No. xxxv. p. 32.

† Hearne's *MS. Collections for the year 1713*, vol. xlvii. p. 127.

2. In a copy of the second edition, 1716, that belonged to Edward Wilson, Esq., of Dallam Tower in Westmoreland (a descendant on the maternal side of the elder branch of the Brathwaites), was written the following note : —“ *The Author I knew* was an old Poet RICH. BRATHWAITE, Father to Sir Thomas of Burnside-Hall, near Kendall in Westmorland.”

3. There was sold by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby at the sale of the Library of John Woodhouse, Esq., 12th Dec., 1803 (lot 24) a copy of the original edition of Barnabee's Journal, with a poem in manuscript copied on the fly-leaves undoubtedly by BRATHWAITE, entitled : “*Rustica Academiæ Oxoniensis nuper reformatæ Descriptio, &c.* CLDCLXVIII.”

Here is a weight of cumulative evidence that is irresistible.

It is evident, however, that though the *Journal* was probably not published until about the middle of the century, the earlier portions of it at least had been written many years previously. “Many circumstances,” says Haslewood, “unite to confirm the belief that the *Itinerary* was the lapped and cradled bantling of years, scarcely in the author's own opinion pubescent, until himself might be believed past the age of such waggery. It may be characterized as a seedling planted in the spring of youth ; nourished and pruned in the summer of his days ; courted to blossom

amid evergreens that circled his autumnal brow, and which formed the wreath of fame that adorned and cheered the winter of his age, and remains unfaded."

The next work on our list is

31. *A Muster Roll of the evill Angels embatteld against S. Michael. Being a Collection, according to the order of time, (throughout all the Centuries) of the chiefe of the Ancient Heretikes, with their Tenets, such as were condemned by Generall Councils. Faithfully collected out of the most Authentike Authors. By R. B. Gent. London, Printed for William Sheers, and are to be sold at his shop in S. Pauls Church yard at the sign of the Bible. 1655. 24mo. pp. 94*

Then follows :

32. *Lignum Vitæ. Libellus in quatuor partes distinctus : et ad utilitatem cujusque Animæ in altio rem vitæ perfectionem suspirantis, Nuperrimè Editus. Authore Richardo Brathwait Armigero ; Memoratissimæ matris, florentissimæ Academiæ Oxoniensis Humillimo Alumno. Londini, Excudebat Joh. Grismond. MDCLVIII. 12mo. pp. 579.*

This volume has an engraved title by Vaughan, crowded as usual with Latin sentences applicable to the figure and design. It is divided into three parts, and at the end of the second is a piece of Latin poetry of forty stanzas that corroborates the appropriation already made of Barnabee's Journal.

33. *The Honest Ghost, or A Voice from the Vault.* London, Printed by Ric. Hodgkinsonne. 1658. 8vo. 169 leaves.

The book consists of two subjects and is distinguished by these two titles, 1. The Honest Ghost. 2. An Age for Apes. Each of these has a frontispiece by Vaughan; the latter begins at page 115. There are some Latin rhyming couplets at p. 319, exactly in the style and metre of the Itinerary :

“ Neque dives, nec egenus,  
 Neque satur, neque plenus;  
 Nec agrestis, nec amœnus,  
 Nec sylvestris, nec serenus;  
 Palmis nec mulcendus pœnis  
 At in omni sorte lenis.”

At the Restoration of Charles the Second, BRATHWAITE, who had always been loyal to the King's cause, published some gratulatory verses :

34. *To his Majesty upon his happy arrivall in our late discomposed Albion.* By R. Brathwait, Esq. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivie-lane, 1660. 4to. 8 leaves.

In this poem he declares himself to have been a resolute sufferer for both sovereign and country, and depicts the very impaired state of his fortune.

35. *The Captive-Captain : or the Restrain'd Cavalier.* Drawn to his full Bodie in Eight

*Characters.* Lond. Printed by J. Grismond, 1665. 8vo. 98 leaves.

36. *Tragi-Comoedia, Cui in titulum inscribitur Regicidium, Perspicacissimis Judiciis acuratius perspecta, pensata, comprobata; Authore Ri. Brathwait, Armigero, utriusque Academicæ Alumno.* Londini, Typis J. G. & prostat venalis in officinâ Theodori Sadleri, in Strandensi &c. 1665. 8vo. pp. 192.

Last, but not least, among the publications of BRATHWAITE comes his Commentary on Chaucer, planned and probably written many years before.

37. *A Comment upon the Two Tales of our Ancient, Renowned, and Ever Living Poet S<sup>r</sup> Jeffray Chavcer, Knight. . . . The Millers Tale and The Wife of Bath. Addressed and published by Special Authority.* London, Printed by W. Godbid, and are to be sold by Robert Clavell at the Stags-Head in Ivy-lane, 1665. 8vo. pp. 199.

In perusing the foregoing voluminous list of works the reader will not fail to be struck by the strange alternation they exhibit of buffoonery and jesting, and of piety and sanctity. That the same author should have successively written books so dissimilar in character would seem almost incredible to any one unacquainted with the fashions and temper of that age, and with the numerous other and more illustrious instances of the same

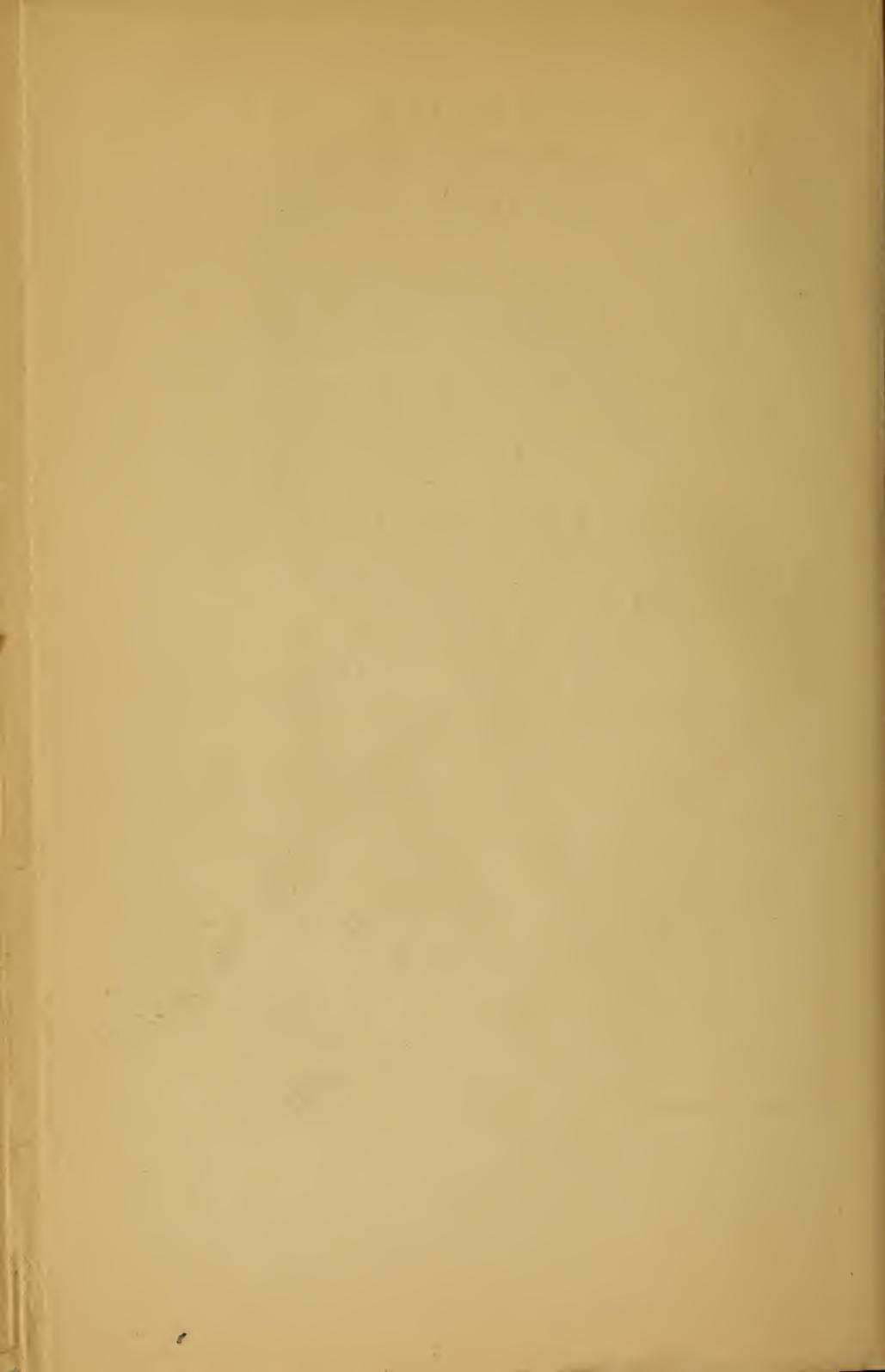
curious medley or conglomeration. In some of his earlier plays—in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, *A Humorous Day's Mirth*, *Monsieur d'Olive*, *The Widow's Tears*, might we not equally say that we fail to recognise the grave translator of Homer, and the Christian pietist who paraphrased Petrarch's Penitential Psalms? If the sins of his youth are forgiven to George Chapman let them not be too heavily remembered against the less famous RICHARD BRATHWAITE.

BRATHWAITE "left behind him," says Wood, "the character of a well-bred gentleman and good neighbour," and to this might be added, of a Christian and upright man. A description of his person has descended orally, by which the trim fashion of his green years added comeliness to his gray hairs. Tradition reports him to have been in person below the common stature; well-proportioned, and one of the handsomest men of his day; remarkable for ready wit and humour; charitable to the poor in the extreme, so much so as to have involved himself in difficulties. He commonly wore a light grey coat, red waistcoat and leather breeches. His hat was a high-crowned one, and beyond what was common in those days when such hats were worn. His equals in life bestowed on him the name of 'Dapper Dick.' In disposition he was as admirable as in person; and he always took a conspicuous part in his

neighbourhood in promoting the festivities of Christmas ; so that in those good old times he was long the darling and favourite of that side of the country.

The death of RICHARD BRATHWAITE took place at East Appleton, a small township of and adjoining to Catterick, on 4th May, 1673, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was buried in the parish church of Catterick, where a monument was erected to his memory on the north side of the chancel.

The present is a literal Reprint ; all the peculiarities of spelling being carefully preserved ; even the innumerable blunders in the Latin and Greek marginal notes have been exactly reproduced, although, from the blurred and indistinct manner in which many of them are printed, it has been almost impossible sometimes to decipher them.



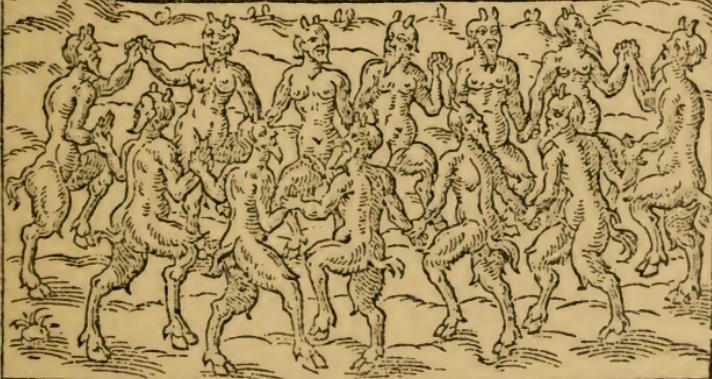


NATVRES  
EMBASSIE:  
OR,  
THE WILDE-MANS  
MEASVRES:

*Danced naked by twelve Satyres, with  
sundry others continued in the  
next Section.*

*Wilde men may dance wise measures; Come then ho,  
Though I be wilde, my measures are not so.*

Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621.







TO THE ACCOM-  
PLISHED MIRROR OF TRVE  
worth, *Sr. T. H.* the elder, knight, pro-  
fessed fauorer and furtherer of all free-  
borne studies : continuance of  
all happineffe.

**W**hen the natures of men are  
cleere peruerted, then it is high  
time for the Satyrift to pen som-  
thing which may diuert them  
from their impietie, and direct  
them in the course and progresse of Vertue ; vpon  
which consideration, I, (as the meanest Me-  
nalchas that is able to play vpon an oaten pipe)  
began presently to describe the nature of Men,  
made so farre good by obseruation, as my weake  
and immature iudgement could attaine vnto ;  
meaning to make the Poets verse an Axiome :  
Scribimus indocti, doctiq ; poemata passim.  
This thus discussed and weyed, I was long in  
doubt to whom I should dedicate this vnfruit-  
full vintage, rather gleanings, or whō I should

## The Epistle

*flie vnto for sanctuarie, if the sinister Reader (as who euer wrote without his Detraçtour) should carpe at my labours. Wherefore standing longer in suspence then the matter required, I picked forth your selfe, most able to weaue an Apologie for your friends defect̃s. Let not therefore the maleuolent censures of such men whose chiefeſt eye-fores be other mens workes, and whose choiseſt content is to blemish them with imperfections, receiue the least countenance from you, whose iudgement by giuing these my labours approbation, shal be a greater argument of their merit, then their partiall censures shall argue their want. Hiparchion was graced as well as Musæus, though the best of his measures was but piping to the Muses. For the paines of well-affected Authors neuer faile of patrons (at least amongst ingenuous men) to proteçt thē, of fauorites to second them, or guardians during their minoritie to foster them. And such is your integritie and true loue to learning, that the meanest sheeheard if he flie for refuge vnder your shelter, shall be accepted about the measure of his deserts, or meanes of his hopes. For without question, if your acceptance did not far exceed the height and weight of my Discourse, Quid hic nisi vota superfunt? there would nothing remaine for me, but to fall to my prayers,*  
*in*

## Dedicatorie.

*in beseeching the kind & unkind Reader (like our penurious pamphlet Orator) to commiserate my Treatise, and in stead of a narration, to make a publike supplication: but being protected by the singular care and providing eye of your favours;—* Maior sum quàm cui potuit fortuna nocere.

*I have penned this short Discourse, interwoven with history as well as poesie, for two things summarily, and especially for the first thereof. The first is the iniquitie of this present time wherein we liue: so that Nature had either time now to send an Ambassage or neuer: since*

\* Mulier formosa superne

definit in piscem—

\* Atq; homines  
prodigia rerum  
maxima.

*Such is the course of degenerate Nature, that in a conceipt of her selfe she thinks she can mend her selfe by being adorned with unnaturalized ornaments, which Nature neuer apparelled her with. The second reason is the motion of a priuate friend of mine, whose pleasure may command my whole meanes, yea my selfe to the utmost of my abilitie. These reasons haue I alledged, lest my Preface should seeme naked of Reason, which were ridiculous to the reasonable Reader, and to you especially, whose maturitie in arguments of this Qualitie, hath gained you a deserued Opinion, enabled by Iudgement, of power to counteruaile the censures of others lesse iudicious.*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*iudicious. Thus tendring you the fruites of my  
Reading compiled, and in manner digested, not  
out of selfe-conceit, but aime to publique good  
intended, I rest. From my studie. May 24.*

*Yours to dispose*

Richard Brathwayt.



*The distinct subject of every Satyre, contained in either Section : with an exact survey or display of all such Poems, as are couched or compiled within this Booke.*

1.	<b>D</b> egeneration, personated in <i>Nature</i> .	[1]
2.	Pleasure, in <i>Pandora</i> .	[5]
3.	Ambition, in the Giants.	[11]
4.	Vaine-glory, in <i>Cræsus</i> .	[16]
5.	Crueltie, in <i>Astiaxes</i> .	[22]
6.	Adulterie, in <i>Clytemnestra</i> .	[27]
7.	Incest, in <i>Tereus</i> .	[31]
8.	Blaspemie, in <i>Caligula</i> .	[34]
9.	Beggarie, in <i>Hippias</i> .	[41]
10.	Miserie, in <i>Taurus</i> .	[49]
11.	Hypocrisie, in <i>Claudius</i> .	[51]
12.	Excesse, in <i>Philoxenus</i> ; with three funerals <i>Epicædes</i> , or Elegiack Sestiads.	[55]

*The second Section.*

1.	Sloth, in <i>Elpenor</i> .	[77]
2.	Corruption, in <i>Cornelia</i> .	[82]
3.	Atheisme, in <i>Lucian</i> .	[86]
4.	Singularitie, in <i>Steichorus</i> .	[94]
5.	Dotage, in <i>Pigmalion</i> .	[98]
6.	Partialitie, in <i>Pytheas</i> .	[106]
7.	Ingratitude, in <i>Periander</i> .	[108]
8.	Flatterie, in <i>Terpnus</i> .	[114]
9.	Epicurisme, in <i>Epicurus</i> .	[127]
10.	Briberie, in <i>Diagoras</i> .	[134]
	In-	

11. Invention, in <i>Triptolemus</i> .	[136]
12. Difdaine, in <i>Melonomus</i> .	[141]
13. Idolatrie, in <i>Protagoras</i> .	[144]
14. Tyrannie, in <i>Eurysteus</i> .	[148]
15. Securitie, in <i>Alcibiades</i> .	[155]
16. Reuenge, in <i>Perillus</i> .	[160]
17. Mortalitie, in <i>Agathocles</i> .	[165]
18. In <i>Nafonem</i> Iuridicum.	
Mythologia.	[168]
Two fhort moderne Satyres.	[170]
Pastorall tales, or Eglogues.	[175]
<i>Omphale</i> , or the inconstant fhepheardeffe.	[263]

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### O D E S.

1. The Trauellour.	[289]
2. The Nightingale.	[292]
3. The Lapwing.	[293]
4. The Owle.	[295]
5. The Merlin.	[297]
6. The Swallow.	[299]
7. The fall of the leafe.	[301]
With two concludiue Poems, entituled <i>Brittans</i> <i>Bliffe</i> .	[305]
And an <i>Encomion</i> to the <i>Common Law</i> : or Arete- nomia.	[307]



## *The first Argument.*

**N**ature the common mother (to use an Ethnicke induction) breedeth diuers effects, according to the constitution of each particular bodie, being composed and compacted of that *Matter* whereto we shall returne, being *Earth*. Now though *Nature* (as with the Morall Philosopher I may say) neuer is deceiued, as she is considered in her owne *frame*, bringing forth alwayes men able to the performing of humane functions, faire in proportion and state of their bodies, apt for the atchiuing of anie matter either publike or priuate: yet notwithstanding, manie times by euent and accidents, diuers deformities & blemishes appeare, which by *Nature* were not decreed to be: and like are the maleuolent affections arising from the distempered qualitie of the minde. And whereas many in the corruption of their erring opinions and reasonlesse arguments, have auerred how *Nature is the primarie mouer, conseruer and preseruer*, yet Seneca will tell you, that it is God that worketh these things which we ascribe to a fained Deitie; and that *Nature differeth no more from God or God from Nature*, then *Annæus* from \*Seneca:

\* Vide Epist. ad Lucil.

B

as

as he speaketh in his naturall Questions, and in his bookes of Benefiting. But this was the opinion of such as had not the supreme light of deivine knowledge to them reuealed, but such as worshipped whatsoeuer they thought was a guider or director of them, or by custome (how ridiculous foeuer) was traduced to them. So we may reade in the ancient historians, of the Egyptians who adored whatsoeuer they thought comely, as the Sunne, the Moone, the starres and inferiour lights. Others worshipped trees, stockes, stones, and venimous serpents. Thus did the brutish affections of vnnaturall men shew their Gods by deciphering an heauenly power or influence, in Branches and such workes of Nature. But these though in no wise excusable, may admit some reasonable defence, forasmuch as their conceipt could reach no further. For as *Zenophanes* saith, *If beasts could paint, they would pourtray God to their owne shape and feature, because they could conceiue no further.* And this is the cause why the Heathen adored their plants, starres, and such creatures, inasmuch as they could not reach nor attaine to the knowledge of an higher Deitie. But to conferre them, that is, the Heathen and prophane people with the now-being Christians, it will seeme wonderfull, if I make manifest by relation had to their liues, how the depraued conditions of our Christians now adayes (whose knowledge giues them assurance of Eternitie) walke in as great blindnesse and palpable darknes as euer the Heathen did. And since the matter is most apparent,

as

Vide Episto Alexand. de situ & statu Indiae.

*Zenophanes.*

*The occasion of this Treatise.*

high time it is for *Nature* to send her *Embassie* to this *Age* for her *Reformation*.

THE FIRST SATYRE.



*Hou wicked lumpe in a deformed guise,  
Tripping like Hymen on his wedding day,  
Nature thy former Insolence defies,  
Saying thou erreſt from her natiue way:*

*For all thy foolish wayes are baits to \*ſin,  
Where vertue droupes, and vice comes dancing in.*

*Doth not thy habite ſhew thy wanton mind,  
Forward to all things but to vertuous life:  
Paſſing thoſe bounds which Nature hath aſſign'd,  
Twixt Art and Nature by commencing ſtriſe?  
I tell thee, Nature ſends me to repreſſe  
Thy foolish toyes, thy inbred wantonneſſe.*

*But thou wilt ſay, Nature hath made me faire,  
Should I rob Beautie of her proper due?  
Should I not decke her with \*embroidred haire,  
And garniſh her with Flora's vernant hue?  
I muſt, I will, or elſe ſhould I diſgrace  
With a rent maske the beautie of my face.*

*But I will answer thee for all thy beautie:  
If thou wilt be an Ape in gay \*attire,  
Thou doeſt not execute that forme of dutie,  
Which Nature at thy hand ſeemes to require:  
Which not redreſt, for all thy goodly port,  
Thou muſt be ſcript, and whipt, and chaſtiſd for't.*

B 2 *Nature*

\* Prima est quaſi titillato delectationis in corde, ſecunda conſenſio, tertium factum eſt conſuetuda. *Aug. Serm. 44.*

\* Venuſtas tribuitur à natura, corrumpitur ab arte.

4 OF DEGENERATION.

*Nature hath sent me to forewarne thy wo,  
Lest thou secure of thy distresse, reioyce :  
If thou wax \* proud, then where so ere thou go  
Thou shalt decline : this resteth in thy choice,  
Whether to die branded by Infamie,  
Or to preserue thy life in memorie.*

\* Sequitur superbos vltor à tergo Deus.

*This thus obserued, wilt thou yet be proud ?  
And grow ambitious, bearing in thy brow  
The stampe of honour, as if thou hadst vow'd  
No grace on thy inferiours to bestow ?  
Proud minikin let fall thy plumes, and crie  
Nature, I honour will thy Embassie.*

*It was a good time when Eue spun her threed,  
And Adam \* digg'd to earne his food thereby :  
But in this time Eues do their panches feed,  
With daintie dishes mouing luxurie.  
That was the golden age, but this is lead,  
Where vice doth flourish, vertue lieth \* dead.*

\* Pasticatio deuinum opus. Hesiod.

\* Damnofa quid non immi-  
nuet dies ? ætas  
parentis peior  
est auis, &c.

*This therefore is my message pend by Truth,  
Erected in the honour of Dame Nature,  
Inueying gainst Pride, whose aspiring growth  
Disfigureth the beautie of the creature :  
Thus haue I spoken that which Nature mou'd me,  
Directed to thee, for Dame Nature lou'd thee.*

*The*



## *The Argument.*

**H** *Esiod* reporteth how *Pandora* was sent from *Iupiter* to deceiue mankind, at least to make triall of his frailtie, by the free proffers of her bounty, sending her, full fraught with all Pleasures, to the end some thereof might ensnare and insenfate the minds and affectiōs of the then liuing and inhabiting *Arcadians*, to whom her message was principally addresssed, as appeareth in the first booke of his *Opera & dies*.

This *Pandora* is voluptuous, (though her name signifie munificence, or an vniuerfall exhibitresse of all gifts) sent to enthrall and captiuuate the appetites and affectiōs of men, to the intent they might yeeld themselues vassals and bondslaues to all sensuall desires, foments of impietie, or agents of immodestie. And *Pandora* seemeth to make this speech or oration vnto them, as an introduction formally handled, for their pleasure & delectation. Louing *Arcadians*, if this spacious world now fo specious (whilome an indigested *chaos*) were first ordained for a place of libertie, do not you make it a cage of restraint. It was the will of Nature, who not onely founded but disposed of this vniuerse as you see, that *Men* the hope of her loines and ioy of her life, should liue deliciously, and not be enfeebled by strict & rigorous abstinence the

Mother of diseases, feeding and nourishing many grosse and malevolent humours, whereby the health vseth to be empaired, and the whole state of your bodies dissolued. Wherefore *Iupiter* as your common prouider, foreseeing those miseries which were incident before my coming to all mankind, hath now appointed *Me* as *Deputie* to bring this message vnto you, that from henceforth you should wallow in pleasures and delights according to your owne desires and affections. Let not fruitlesse *Abstinence* be a meanes to refrain you, or *Temperance* a chaine to withhold you, but like *Talassioes* companions bid continencie adieu, and make haste to lasciuious meetings: for to make recourse to the principall delight of a knowing man, *Contemplation*, is it not tedious to spend a mans time in studie or endlesse speculation? Yes certainly, nothing can be worse then to waste mans life like *Epicletus* lampe; nothing better then to consume mans daies in *Polixenus* cell. And though *Epicletus* may say, *Semper aliquid discens senesco*, alwayes learning I grow aged, yet *Polixenus* may auerre a matter though of lesse consequence, yet a practise of more self-forgetting chearfulnesse,—*Semper aliquid bibens, nihil extimesco*, alwayes drinking I am cheered. So that nothing can abash *Polixenus*, nothing can dismay him: for his daily practise exempts him from meditation of grieffe, being as remote from danger as he stands secure for honour, making euery day his owne prouider, and standing as respectlesse of posteritie as he is carelesse in hoarding Treasure.

He

He is happie, and free from dangers menacing abroad, or aspiring thoughts (Ambitions subtleſt traines) vndermining at home. But *Epicletus* feare proceedeth from the height of his knowledge, tearing Death the abridgement of knowledge: yet feareleſſe of Death it ſelfe, for it is nothing; but the iſſue of Death making his knowledge nothing. *Polixenus* none can diſturbe; for his minde is fixed on that obieſt which is placed before him; ſince Nature hath allotted him meate, drinke and apparell, he reſpects no more. Yet as rich as *Bias*, for he can ſing,—*Omnia mea mecum porto*. But ſimple *Epicletus*, who reſoſeth ſo great truſt in his Contemplatiue part, whereto auails his ſtudie? whereto tendeth this Speculation? ſince Art hath made him no wiſer then to make no difference betwixt wine and water. Neither hath Art made him any thing the richer: for his *Lanterne* is of more value then all the reſt of his ſubſtance. Then as you will haue regard to your eſtate or to the health of your delicate bodies, ponder the effect of my Oration, and reape thoſe ſenſible delights made yours by fruition, in contempt of Stoicke and ſtrict contemplation.

When *Pandora* had made this plauſiue Oration, mans minde (by an inbred appetite to what is pleaſant) was ſoone addiſted and inclined to the premiſes; exclaiming with *Herodian*, that it was a difficult thing to ſubdue a mans affections. Wherefore no ſooner was *Pandora* gone, but preſently they \* began to caſt off the reins of diſcipline, expoſing themſelues to follie and all recreancie.

\* Subſidebat autem in imo vaſe, ſpes.

Now see into the Morall hereof, how Man is most addicted to that which in it owne nature is most depraved, alwayes saying with *Medæa* in the Tragedie,—*video meliora probôque Deteriora sequor.*

Such is the crookednesse of mans nature, that he is prone to the worfe part, and consequently like foolish *Epimetheus* readie to receiue *Argicidas*'s rewards, subiects of impietie and lasciuious desires, as \* *Hesiod* reporteth of him. *Iupiter sent cunning Argicidas to Epimetheus*, with intent to ensnare his affections with the faire shew of such pleasant \* rewards as he brought with him; namely tempting obiects like *Athalantaes apples*, whereby she was deluded, her speed fore-flowed, becoming a prey to *Pomæis* that subtile courser as he himselfe wished.

Such are the gifts of Nature, which oft bewitch the mind of the receiuer. So that *Elpenor* was neuer more deformed (whose feature became the prodigië of Nature) then *He* who suffereth his minde (the light of his body) to be by these gifts befotted. For first he takes a view of them; then he desires them, and after the desire he entertaines them. Which receipt is no sooner made, then *Cyrces* with her Cup, or the Syrens with their voyce, inchant these poore companions of *Vlisses*: but he who *Vlisses*-like stands firme, and not to be removed by any fond allurement, carrying with him that \* *Moli* or herbe of grace by which all charmes are frustrated, shall be a spectator of his Companions misery, in himselfe secured while they are split-

\* Ad Epymethæam Iupiter misit inclytum Argicidam, munerâ ferentem deorû celerem nuncium, &c.  
\* Floremiuuentutis non deciduum.

\* Homerus in Odiss.

splitted, which I, in this second Satyre briefly and compendiously collected (as well by reading as obseruation seconded) haue by a morall inference in some sort declared.

THE SECOND SATYRE.

Pandora the inchantresse.

**P**andora, *shall she so besot thy mind,  
That nothing may remaine for good instruction ?  
Shall she thy mind in chaines and fetters bind,  
Drawing thee onward to thy owne destruction ?  
Be not so foolish, lest thou be ortaken,  
And in thy shipwracke liue as one forsaken.*

*For though that Nature which first framed thee,  
Seeme to winke at thy crimes a day or two,  
Yea many yeares, yet she hath blamed thee  
For thy offences, therefore act no more.  
Though she delay assure thee she will call,  
And thou must pay both vse and principall.*

*She smileth at thy locks brayded with gold,  
And in derision of thy selfe-made shape,  
Who would belecue (saith \* she) this is but mold,  
Who trips the streets like to a golden Ape ?  
Nature concludes, that Art hath got the prize,  
And she must yeeld vnto her trumperies.*

*For I haue seene (saith Nature) what a grace  
Art puts vpon me, with her painted colour :  
How she \* Vermillions ore my Maiden-face,*

\* Bella es nouimus & puella, verū est : & diues : Quis enim potest negare ? Sed dum te nimium fabulla laudas, nec diues, neque bella, nec puella es. *Martial in Epigram.*

\* Nonne vulgatum est bonas formas cernissa deuenustare ? *Pic. Miran. in Epist.*

Now

*Now nought so faire, though nought before was fouler;  
Indeed I am indebted to her loue,  
That can giue mouelesse Nature meanes to moue.*

*Thou black-fac'd Trull, how dar'st thou be so bold,  
As to create thy selfe another face?  
How dar'st thou Natures feature to controule,  
Seeking by Art thy former to disgrace?  
By heauens I loath thee for thy Panthers skin,  
Since what is faire without is foule within.*

*Indeed thou art ashamed of thy forme :  
And why? because of beautie thou hast none ;  
Nay rather grace, by which thou may'st adorne  
Thy inward part, which chiefly graceth one ;  
„ Complaine of Nature (gracelesse) and despaire,  
„ Since she hath made thee foule, but others faire.*

\* Talis ornatus  
non est Dei.

*But yet thou wilt be faire, if \* painting may  
Affoord thee grace and beautie in thy brow :  
Yet what auailles this fondling? for one day  
Painting will ceasse : though painting flourish now ;  
„ Itch not then after fashions in request,  
„ But those that comeliest are, esteeme them best.*

*Yet for all this, I pittie thee poore foule,  
In that Dame Nature hath not giuen thee beautie :  
Hang downe thy head like to a defart Owle,  
Performe in no case to her shrine thy dutie  
Vnto her altar vow no iacrisfice,  
Nor to her deitie erect thine eyes.*

*Thou*

*Thou hast good cause for to lament thy birth ;  
For none will court thee smiling at thy feature,  
But prize thee as the refuse vpon earth,  
Since on my faith thou art an vglie creature,  
Yet ill wine's good when it is in the caske,  
And thy face faire oreshadow'd with a maske.*

*O be contented, with thy forme, thy feature,  
Since it is good enough for wormes repast,  
Yeelding thy due vnto the shrine of Nature,  
The fairest faire must yeeld to death at last !  
Thinke on thy mould, and thou wilt seriously  
Receiue the charge of Natures Embassie.*



### *The Argument.*

**I**F I should intreate of such affaires as rather conferre vnto a warlike discourse, then reforming of the multiplicity of errors raging & reigning in this Age, strangely depraued, and in the vniuersall state of her body distempred, I might seeme to make an vnprofitable messenger in this weighty Embassie : but to that end haue I chosē such matter as may be a motiue for the furtherance of this mine assay. When this — *indigesta moles*, this vnseasoned peece of matter had first receiued some forme or fashion, then presently as it increased in yeares, so it began to adorne it selfe with a comely presence,

fence, attired modestly without affectatiō, seemly without curiositie, simply without the vanitie of Art, knowing what was shame without an artificiall blush.

So that those dayes well deferued the name of —golden Age: for—*redeunt Saturnia regna*. But afterward by a degenerate, rather vnnaturall course (as what is not corrupted in time, if we consider her originall puritie) *A certaine kind of people*, as extraordinarie in proportion for their greatnesse, so of vnbounded mind for their ambition and boldnesse, began first to wage battell with the gods immortall: till the gods perceiuing their stout and aspiring natures, ouerthrew them in their own practises: for they did—*Imponere Pelion Ossæ*. Tumble mount *Pelion* vpon *Ossa*, whereby they might reach euen vnto heauen: but the gods made those mountaines the Giants sepulchers; where they lie (vnder those vast hills) and euery feuenth yeare, as the Poets faine—*Sub tanti oneris immensa mole corpora subleuant, & eorum opera perperam aggressa execrantes*, they lie vnder the weight of so great a burthen to giue them a sensible touch of their former ambition. Not without an excellent morall inclusions shadowed, and fitly applied to such ambitious heads who are alwayes aspiring high, till with the Giants they be cast downe, leauing no other monument to posteritie, saue dishonour, the due guerdon of their impietie. And surely who shall but consider the diuerse singular ends and purposes wherto those pregnant fictions of the Poets were addressed, wittily and emphatically

*The Giants.  
Cæus, Iapetus,  
Typhæus.*

cally expreffing *their* feuer and impartiall iudgements, iuftly inflicted on offenders, fhall fee in them a wonderfull inuention, and a continuall difcourfe, proceeding forward without any alteration, tedious digreffion, or materiall difference in the relation. Againe, to obferue the reuerence which euen the Pagan Authors vfed toward their gods, beginning no worke of what conſequence foeuer, without inuocation of their fained deities, would moue in vs a more ferious admiration. So that as *Valerius Maximus* faith, *Ab Ioue optimo maximo or ſi ſunt priſci oratores: The ancient Orators vfed alwayes to begin their works in their forme of pleading, with an auſpicious Iupiter,* whereby their workes might haue good ſucceſſe and proceeding. So may I ſay, by a preſent application had to theſe times, *that as our beſt-promiſing labours become fruitleſſe, vnleſſe the Almightye proſper and giue them ſucceſſe: ſo by neceſſarie conſequence,* whoſoeuer falleth into contempt and deſpiſing of God immortall, ſhall haue his purpoſes defeated, and vtterly vanquiſhed with the fore-named Giants. Wherefore my third *Satyre* ſhall inueigh againſt ſuch as in contempt of God (giantlike) praſtiſe not onely to pull him from his *throne* by violence, but blaſpheme him through a forlorne and godleſſe infolence, and as though God had not the power to reuenge, will extenuate his power and leſſen his maieſtie.

THE

## THE THIRD SATYRE.

**T**Hou wicked Caitiffe proud of being nought,  
 Wilt thou prouoke thy God to strike thee downe,  
 Since he with care and labour hath thee fought,  
 And diuerse fauours in his mercy showne ?  
 Do not draw downe the viols of his ire,  
 Lest he reward thy sinne with quenchlesse fire.

Thou fillie worme compact of slimie mud,  
 Which shalt returne to earth from whence thou came,  
 Thou which conceiued was of corrupt bloud,  
 Thou wormlin, how dar'st thou reuile his name ?  
 Farwell thou gracelesse Impe, thou saplesse branch,  
 Borne to contemne thy God, to cram thy panch.

Thou Epicure, that liu'st in liuing ill,  
 Liuing by louing to stretch forth thy gut,  
 Taking more pleasure thy deep panch to fill,  
 Then in thy maker confidence to put :  
 Thou for thy feeding shalt receiue thy food,  
 Amongst such vipers as shall sucke thy bloud.

It is the nature of the viperous brood,  
 To be the author of their parents death ;  
 Like an \* Hyrudo they do sucke their bloud,  
 And take away that breath, which gaue them breath,  
 Thou \* viperlike disclaimes thy parents name,  
 As though to vtter him thou thought it shame.

\* Horse-leach.

\* Vipera viperae  
 mortem adfert.  
 Plin. in natur.  
 Hist. dum pario,  
 perio. ibidem.  
 Præmorfo Ma-  
 ris capite parit  
 vipera.

Shame on thy naming, if thou wilt denie  
 Him, who first gaue thee breath and vitall spirit,  
 Him,

*Him, who can giue thee true tranquillitie,  
Him, who will shew thee meanes how to inherit ;  
Leaue off thy foolish fantasies, be wise,  
Lift vp thy eyes to him who gaue thee eyes.*

*But if (vngratefull wretch) thou feele his grace,  
Yet wilt not yeeld him thanks for all his loue,  
Be sure he will auert his diuine face,  
And all his wonted mercies cleane remoue ;  
So thou the swine that breakes the acorne-shell,  
Regardest not the tree from whence they fell.*

*Be warn'd by Cæus, who with Giants power,  
Thought with his fellowes to \* clime vp to heauen,  
But vanquish'd by his power doth all deuoure,  
Vnder the ruggie mountaines are laid euen,  
Therefore beware, aspire thou not so high,  
Lest thou lie low, where those same Giants ly.*

*\* Saying with  
Tiridates in Tacitus:  
Sua retinere,  
priuatæ domus,  
de alienis certare regia laus est.*

*Thou art a shadow, God the substance is,  
Yet insubstantiate, whose Deitie  
Doth comprehend all things, for all are his,  
Yet he is not \* contain'd most certainly,  
For he is infinite in qualitie,  
Endlesse in loue, boundlesse in quantitie.*

*Auicē. Thom.  
in quest. Aug.  
in Pelag.*

*\* Continet omnia tamen non continetur ab aliquo.*

*As for his presence, it is euery where,  
On \* sea, on land, and in the depth of depths,  
His prouidence in each place doth appeare,  
His mercie is for generations kept,  
Wilt thou (fond foole) contemne his heauenly power,  
Who gouernes thee, point, moment, minute, houre.*

*\* Terræ Mari-  
que Deus est,  
nec terræ Mari-  
riue homo est,  
qui nouit vbi  
Deus non est.*

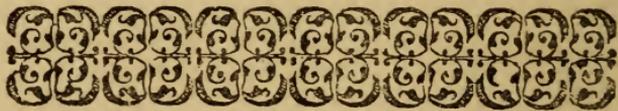
*What*

*What though so many will entice to euill,  
And in plaine tearmes denie the Deitie?  
Let them remaine as fuell for the diuell,  
Confesse thou still his power effectually:  
Looke in the Planets, and the starres, whose light,  
Giues record of his power, signes of his might.*

*If thou looke vpward, bodies there be manie,  
Yet trouble they not one anothers motion,  
If thou looke downward, there the \*Sea doth moue thee,  
Beating the shores, while shores beate backe the Ocean:  
Looke to the earth, and thou wilt wonder there,  
To see a Ball so firmly hang in Aire.*

\* Threatning  
earth with in-  
undations, yet  
bounded in with  
her banks as  
with a girde.

*But if these motiues limit not thy will,  
Then I'le endorfe this in thy forlorne brow,  
How with thine owne hand, thou thy bloud doest spill,  
The fruites whereof thy punishment shall show,  
Denie not him who neuer did deny,  
For thy default vpon the Crosse to die.*



### *The Argument.*

**I**T is reported of *Cræsus*, that he sent for *Solon*, well perceiuing that he was esteemed the wisest in Greece: to the intent he might see him placed in his maiesty, pompe, and great solemnity. When *Solon* was come, he demanded of him, whom he thought

thought to be the happiest man in the world; not doubting but he would conclude him to be the happiest, considering the magnificence of himself, the admiration of his attendants, & the security of his state, grounded on such powerfull alliance. *Solon* (contrary to his expectation) replied, He could iudge none truly happie before his death,—*Neminem ante obitum felicem esse arbitror.* Yet *Cræsus* would not let him go so, but demanded further: whom he thought then liuing to be the happiest; whereto answered *Solon*, *Tellus*; & who next saith *Cræsus*? Next to *Tellus* do I esteeme *Cleobis* & *Bition* (who died in the very performance of parentall obedience:) & so forward without the least mention made of *Cræsus* felicitie. Whereby it seemed that *Cræsus* was much offended, though he cōcealde his anger for that present time, lest the foolish concept of his selfe-esteemed happinesse should become palpable. But within short time afterward *He* found *Solons* saying most true: for being taken prisoner by *Cyrus* the Persian king, he was grievously punished, & restrained by strait seuerer imprisonment, till such time as a day was appointed for *Cræsus* death: & being to be set vpon the fagot, & ready to suffer death, he cried forth: *O Solon, Solon, vera sunt quæ dixisti neminem ante obitum felicem:* *Cyrus* hearing these words, and enquiring the meaning of them, presently deliuered him, answering: & *ea quoque mihi euenire possunt.* Considering the state of mans life to be vncertaine, and that none ought to plant his hopes vpon that stabilitie of fortune in terrene affaires, as to promise

C himselfe

himselfe security in his state, or continuance of successe for one victorie atchieued: seeing her wings are not clipped, that her flight should be restrained, nor to any Prince so particularly engaged, that he onely should be by her attended. In briefe, as the onely hope of the vanquished consists in the expectance of all extremitie: so is it the principall glory of the Conquerour, to moderate his fortune by a mild and temperate bearing of himselfe to the conquered. Hence also haue wee sufficient argument of reproofe, towards such as take pleasure or delight in their abundance, as *Croesus* did, so as their minds become drowned, hauing no respect to the eternitie promised. The reason is, they repose their beatitude and felicity in things transitorie and vncertaine, not looking vp to the Author of all blisse and happinesse, who is the director and protector of all men, disposing them to the line and leuell of his blessed will, by expecting them foreslowing, inuiting them resisting, recalling them wandering, and embracing them returning: without whose aide our strength is weakenesse, without whose light our sight is blindnesse, and without whose grace our endeouours are fruitlesse. For alas, what is mans direction but distraction, what is his knowledge but imperfection, and what is the best of his resolution but confusion, wanting his gracious preuention that giueth to each worke a happy period and conclusion? Especially in this curious and intricate Labyrinth of mans life, wherein many Cymmerian windings (to wit, priuate seducements)

ments) are framed and cunningly contrived by that subtil-winged *Dedalus*. So as miserably are we forced to erre and stray, vnlesse by *Ariadnes* threed, that is, the heauenly light of Gods illuminating Spirit, we be directed and conducted in this vast Theatre of intricacy, to the *flowrie Eden* of endlesse felicitie. For without that allworking power, we are ouerwhelmed with darknesse, not able to attaine to the comfort of our soules, to enioy the fruition of eternall consolation in the life to come.

To shew you the worthie intendments and resolutions of the *Ancient*, would but make a flourish without effect: as by way of illustration examplewise in mortification, to shew you how *Origen* made himselfe an Eunuch, *Democritus* put out his owne eyes, *Crates* cast his monie into the sea, *Thracius* cut downe all his vines. Seeing then that to exemplifie a mans writings in these daies, is but to beate the aire, vnlesse inuection or a bitter Satyre moue it, I will make haste to runne into my former reprehension, since with *Iuuenall* I may well conclude,

*Spite of our teeth when vice appeares in sight,*

*We must the Satyres play, and tartly write:*

Where a good Poets greatest difficultie, is to re-  
 straine himselfe from Satyricall poesie; for impiety  
 like a tetter vniuersally spreading, is such, as no  
 man but he will either be a gamester or a specta-  
 tor in gaming: either wanton or a fauou-  
 rite of wantonneffe: therefore now or ne-  
 uer:

—*Rumpantur Ilia Codri,*

*Inuidia.*

Now to our Satyre.

THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

**T***Hou happie Cræsus in thy heapes of gold,  
Erect thy selfe a God vpon thy throne,  
Let it be framed of a purer mold,  
Then of the Pumice, or the marble stone:  
Let it be honor'd euen in Cræsus name,  
Since golden Cræsus did erect the same.*

*Wilt thou indeed, be honour'd for a god,  
And with the starres aray thy Princely head?  
Be sure ere long to feele an iron rod:  
To crush thee downe, and thy accursed feede.  
For if thou do denie \* thy God his right,  
He will depriue thy power, abridge thy might.*

\* Qui in Deum  
delinquit, eum  
relinquit.

*Art thou a crawling worme, a feeble creature,  
And yet dost thinke thy selfe a god on earth?  
Canst thou so easily transforme thy nature:  
Chang'd to immortall, from a mortall birth?  
Poore simple gull, a cockhorse for this god,  
No god but \* man, whose sinnes deserue Gods rod.*

\* Homines cum  
hominibus fan-  
guinem & ge-  
nis miscent.

*Star-staring earthling, puff'd with insolence,  
Conceipted of thy selfe without desert,  
Comparing with the Deuine excellence,  
For which thy follie, thou shalt feele the smart;*

*Do not \* thinke God will suffer thee to raigne,  
That sleights his workes, and takes his name in vaine.*

\* Quicquid a  
vobis minus  
extimescet.  
Maior hoc ve-  
bis dominus  
minatur.

*And as for Cræsus, if he liue for aye,  
Then will I thinke he is a god indeed :  
But he ere long shall haue a dying day,  
And be inclosed in an earthly weede.  
Therefore fond Cræsus, thinke but of thy gold,  
As rusticke people of the vilest mold.*

*Yet thou mayst \* use it Cræsus, to thy good,  
So thou repose no confidence therein,  
So thou abuse it not, it is allow'd,  
Abuse, not vse, is Author of the sinne.  
Be not deceiu'd through any false pretence,  
To hoord vp coine, and hurt thy conscience.*

\* The difference  
betwixt the poore  
wanting, and  
rich not vsing, is  
by these two ex-  
pressed, the one  
carendo, the o-  
ther non fruen-  
do.

*This is a simple traine, a net for fooles,  
Not able to deceiue \* the wiser men.  
Fishes be sooner catcht, in glistring pooles,  
Then in a troubled creuise, marsh or fen,  
But wisest fishes, neuer will appeare,  
Where they perceiue the smallest cause of feare.*

\* Sapiens ipse  
fingit fortunam  
sibi.

Lucan. in bell.  
Phar.

*Thus is the forme of wisedome well explained,  
Euen in a Christall glasse most eminent,  
Wherein our distinct natures are contained,  
As in a Table aptly pertinent,  
How that bewitch'd we are, in seeming good,  
And that prooues poyson which we tooke for food.*

*This is my Satyre, Cræfus which I fend thee,  
To th'end thou mayst admonish'd be of this ;  
I hope my Satyre will in time amend thee,  
And draw thy mind from earth-opinion'd blisse,  
Wherefore farewell, and if thou wilt be blessed,  
Flie from this rust, by it thy mind's oppressed.*



### *The Argument.*

**T***Rogus Pompeius* relateth in his generall Historie, how *Astyages* dreamed that there sprong a vine forth of the wombe of his daughter *Mandanes*, whose broad-spreading branches ouershadowed all Asia, wherefore to take away the ground and foundation of his feare, hauing vnderstood by the *Magi*, that by the vine was intimated *Cyrus*, who should ouershadow all Asia with his victorious and conquering hand, he commanded *Harpagus* one of his priuie Counsell to take the babe and slay it, that whatsoeuer his dreame imported, might by this meanes be preuented : but *Harpagus* more cōpassionate then *Astyages* (though too remorcelesse) exposed it to the crueltie of sauage beasts, where (so carefull is nature of her owne) it found more pittie in the wild Forrest, then in his grandfathers Pallace, being for some dayes nourished by a she-wolfe or bitch,

bitch, (whence Nurfes to this day referue the name of *Spacon*,) and after found by one *Faufthus* a ſhepherd, was deliuered to his wife to be brought vp and nurfed: which ſhe, delighted with the chearfull countenance of the child, did accordingly, till in tract of time *Cyrus* came to the vnexpected height of an Empire, and fullfilled thoſe predictions and Prophecies which were formerly ſpoken of him. This *Argument* haue I culled, to the end my Satyre, vſing the liberty of ſo materiall an *Argument*, may inueigh againſt ſuch as ſeeke by all wayes to dilate and propagate the borders and bounders of their kingdome, (not reſpecting the meanes, ſo they may attaine the end) or ſtrengthen the continuance of their vniuſt claime by ſiniſter

meanes: not vnlike to *Polynices* and *Eteocles* in the Tragedie; who though they were brethren, euen the hapleſſe children of wofull *Oedipus*, yet could they not content themſelues with their peculiar ſhares feuerally limited, and mutually allotted, but muſt crie:—*Aut Cæſar, aut nullus*: wherefore they enjoyed the fruites of ſeldome proſpering deuifion, a *ſhort reigne, atvnded on with perpetuall infamie after death*. Wherefore that is the beſt labour or trauell, where they do\*—*Proponere laborem vt cum virtute & iuſticia coniungant*. This is the beſt ſtriſe, the beſt contention, which (in a glorious emulation) is conuerſant about vertue, not entertaining an vniuſt practice to gaine a kingdome, but euer to conclude with *Aureliu Sextus*:—*Ex peſſimo genere ne catulum*: Man that is wicked in his proceedings, getting an Empre by blood (with-

Hefiod. in operi: & die.

Polynices & Eteocles monomachia de regno decertantes, mutuis vulneribus conciderunt, ibid.

\* Vide Ethicorum axiomata & eorum præcipua ratiocinandi argumenta, quorum certiffimis principijs fundamenta virtutum innixa ſunt.

out regard of election or descent) may liue, and for a while flourish, but he shall die without an *Heyre*: therefore this Satyre is purposely directed to *such*, (with an equall reflex from superiour to inferiour) as respect not the meanes how to obtaine a kingdome, so they may haue a kingdome, agreeing with that in the Poet; *Regam, modum regnandi non quæram*. I will gouerne, though I seeke not the meanes how to gouerne well: or thus: *I will gouerne, though I regard not the meanes whereby I come to gouerne*. Thus much for a wicked *Amulius*, who will gouerne though it be by the death or deposing of his brother *Numitor*, or an impious *Pigmalion*, who will murder *Sychæus* his brother to be enioyer of his treasure, or a faith-infringing *Polymnestor*, who betrays the trust of a Protector, in praying vpon the Orphane *Polydore*. Of these my Sayre shall intreate, and brand them with the mark of an iniurious possession.

\* Polidorum  
obtruncat &  
auro vi potitur  
3. *Ænead.*

## THE FIFT SATYRE.

\* Et fatu terra  
nefando.

**T***Hou hellish\* brood borne to thine owne offence,  
Thou that wilt run into a streame of bloud,  
Yet cries againe; It's in mine owne defence,  
Hauing no care of vowlinckt brotherhood;  
Be thou thine owne destroyer, thine owne foe,  
And may thy consciene fret where ere thou goe.*

*What doest thou get by getting of a crowne,  
Deposing him, that is the lawfull heire?*

*But*

*But cares and feares, and sorrowes of thine owne,  
With \* gashly visions, motiues to despair?   
Lament thy raigne, dominions got by wrong,  
May floure awhile, but last they cannot long.*

*\* As it is written  
of August: that  
he had broken  
sleepes and vsed  
to send for some  
to passe the  
night away in  
telling tales or  
holding him  
with talke.  
Tit. Liu. dec 3.*

*Though Numitor depof'd be by his brother,  
Fate hath her stroke, some Romulus will spring,  
Or if not Romulus, there will some other  
Depose his greatnesse, make himselfe a king.  
Thus as he got his kingdome, shedding \* bloud,  
He of his bloudie purchase reapes small good.*

*\* As Mithrida-  
tes was said to  
plant his king-  
dome on an in-  
direct foundati-  
on, Blood. Ap-  
pian. Alexan.*

*Where Iurisdiction is obtain'd by might,  
Without apparent right vnto the crowne,  
Shall soone extinguish all her former light,  
And change her forme like to the waining Moone.  
For such vsurping kings as aime at all,  
Shall misse their aime, and with their Scepter fall.*

*And thou Pigmalion, who art neuer fil'd,  
But euer gapes for riches and for gold,  
Till thou with might thy Brothers bloud hast spil'd,  
Or till thy yauning mouth be stopt with mold,  
Either repent thy wrong, or thou shalt heare,  
A thousand \* Furies buzzing in thine eare.*

*De cæde fra-  
terna vberiori  
modo exarata,  
vid. Virgil. 1.  
Lib. AEnead.*

*\* A Tergo Ne-  
mefis.*

*Foolish Aftyages that meanes to raigne,  
And plant thy throne on earth eternally,  
I tell thee (doting King) though thou disdaine,  
Cyrus should raigne, he will part stakes with thee:  
No, he'le haue all, thou art his subiect made,  
And with his vine all Asia's shadowed.*

*Though*

\* *Cambyfes.*

*Though thou do marry, and assure to wife,  
Thy faire Mandanes, to a countrey \* squire,  
That her meane marriage might secure thy life,  
A king shall spring from such an homely fire.  
It is in vaine to plot, when gods resist,  
Who can defeate our proiects as they list.*

\* *2 Brothers.*

*What Polynices, wilt thou fight, with whom?  
With thine owne brother deare Eteocles;  
Will you contend, since you be both as one?  
\* Cleon will neuer fight with Pericles;  
Then why will you, the children of one fire,  
Against each other mutually conspire?*

*Fie on you both, what sauage crueltie,  
Hath thus possesst you in your tender age,  
Brother gainst brother most inhumanely,  
To shew your selues as Men in beastly rage?  
Farewell vngodly Twins, borne for debate,  
When Ruine knocks, Repentance comes too late.*

*Farewell Aftyages, that reignes for aye,  
And thou Pigmalion, who do'st gape for wealth,  
Amulius too, who learning to obay,  
Perceiues how Realmes decline that's got by stealth.  
Farewell, and if my tart lines chance to spite ye,  
My Satyre sayes, A dead dog cannot bite me.*

*The*



## The Argument.

**C***lytemnestra* *Agamemnon's* wife, forsaking her owne husband *Agamemnon*, ran to the vnchast bed of *Ægistus*, where she prostituted her selfe, regardlesse of her birth, and neglectfull of her honour. This *Agamemnon* perceiued, but through the exceeding loue he bore her, seemingely couered this her apparent dishonour, labouring to reclaime her rather by clemencie then rigour: but she persisting in her hatefull lust and vnlawfull affection, perswaded *Ægistus* by vrgent solliciting to continue in his former adulterie, without regard to *Agamemnon's* loue, or the infamie of her owne life. And hauing not as yet spun the web of her mischiefe, she seconds her lasciuious attempt with a secret practise, conspiring with her faourite *Ægistus* her husbands death, which was afterwards effected, but not vnreuedged. This instance shall be the first subiect vnto my Satyre; wherein I meane to display the impudencie of such, as out of a godlesse securitie, vsually auouch and iustifie their wicked and sensuall pleasures with *Phædra* in the Poet, writing to her sonne in law *Hyppolytus* after this manner:

\* *Vt tenuit domus vna duos, domus vna tenebit,  
Oscula aperta dabis, oscula aperta dabis.*

For such incestuous *Phædraes*, let them diuert their eyes

\* *One house hath held, one house shall hold vs twaine, once did we kisse, and we will kisse againe.*

eyes to the ensuing Satyre, and then answer me, whether they do not blush at their decyphered follie, which more apparent then light will shew it selfe to euery eye : for the retiredst angle or corner cannot giue vice a couer, whose memorie may be darkned, but not extinguished : nor can the wide wombe of the earth find her a graue wherein to interre her, being like *Pasphyhaes* issue, \* euer a shame to the Parent. And as *Hecubaes* sonne, portending \* destruction to the Troian Citie, was thought fit to be casten forth, lest the euent thereof should be answerable to the Propheisie : so shall this accursed issue, this execrable Progenie shew it selfe, and be fitter for casting forth then preferring, since *Clytemnestra* shall feele the edge of cruelty, and the scourge of deuine furie.

\* *The Minotaur.*

\* Per fomnum ardentem facem se peperisse sentiens.

## THE SIXT SATYRE.

**W**hat *Clytemnestra*, com'd so soone abroad,  
 Forth of *Ægistus* bed thy husband's foe !  
 What is the cause thou makest so short abode,  
 Is it because thy husband wills thee so ?  
 No it's because \* he's weary of thy sinne,  
 Which he once fought, but now is cloyed in.

\* Quæritur *Ægistus* quare fit factus adulter in promptu causa est, desideriosus erat. *Ouid.*

What's that thou weares about thy downie necke ?  
 O it's a painted heart, a Jewell fit,  
 For wanton Minions who their beauties decke,  
 With garish toyes, new Suiters to begit :  
 Thou hast a painted heart for chastitie,  
 But a true heart for thy adulterie.

*Speake*

Speake on Adultresse, let me heare thy tongue,  
 Canst varnish ore thy sin with \* eloquence?  
 Silence; such finnes should make the sinner dumbe,  
 And force his speech to teare-fulvolne penitence;  
 Do not then shadow thy lasciuious deeds,  
 For which the heart of Agamemnon bleeds.

\* Insuperbia eloquentia, ut gladius in furentis manu, non obesse maxime non potest. *Mirand. in laud. Herm.*

Leaue of (soule strumpet: keepe thy husbands bed,  
 Thou hast no interest in Ægistus sheetes:  
 Infamous acts, though closely done are spread,  
 And will be blaz'd and rumour'd in the streetes.  
 Flie from this scandall, lest it foile thy name,  
 Which blemisht once, is nere made good againe.

Is not thy husband worthy of thy loue?  
 Too worthy husband of a worthlesse whoore,  
 Then rather chuse to die then to remoue:  
 Thy chaste-vowd steps from Agamemnons boore?  
 He's thine, thou his, O \* may it then appeare,  
 Where ere he is, that thou art onely there.

\* Using the words of that chaste Romane Matron: where thou art Caius, I am Caia.

But for Hyppolitus to be incited  
 By his step-mother, O incestuous!  
 And to his \* fathers bed to be invited:  
 What fact was euer heard more odious?  
 But see (chast youth) though she perswade him to it,  
 Nature forbids, and he's ashamed to do it.

\* Theseus.

\* You \* painted Monkeys that will nere restraine,  
 Your hote desires from lusts-pursuing chase,  
 Shall be consumed in a quencklesse flame,  
 Not rest of grieffe, though you were rest of grace.

\* The Application of the Morall.

\* Quis fucum in proba virgine non damnet? Quis in vestali non detestetur? *Pic. Mirand. in Epist.*

Bereft

*Bereft of grace, and buried in shame,  
Regardleffe of your honour, birth, or name.*

*I can difcerne you by your wanton toys,  
Your strutting like Dame Iuno in her throne,  
Casting concealed fauours vnto boyes :  
Thefe common things are into habits growne,  
And when you haue no fauours to beftow,  
Lookes are the lures which draw affections bow.*

*Trust me I blufh, to fee your impudence,  
Sure you no women \* are, whofe brazen face,  
Shewes modeftie ha's there no residence,  
Incarnate diuels that are pafst all grace ;  
Yet fometimes wheate growes with the fruitleffe tares,  
You haue fallne oft, now fall vnto your prayers.*

\* Si puellam  
viderimus moribus  
lepidam atq; dicaculam,  
laudabimus, exofculabimur :  
hæc in matrona damnabimus & perfequemur. *ibid.*



### *The Argument.*

**W**Hosoever will but consider the fortune, or rather misfortune of *Tereus* for his wickednesse, shall behold as in a glasse or transparent mirror, the fruite of adulterous beds. For his licencious and inordinate lust contained within no bounds, but continuing in all prohibited desires, and now pursuing with an incestuous heate *Phylomele* his wiues sister, hath transformed himselfe into a reasonlesse creature ; for now *Tereus*

*reus* in *Vpubam* changeth his former nature and condition, becoming in shape as odious, as his life was impious, as the Poet testifieth :

*Vertitur in volucrem, cui stant pro vertice cristæ.*

Thus may adulterous want-graces looke into *Tereus* fall, and then apply his ruine to their present state. I gather these Arguments out of fictions and Poeticall inuentions, yet are not these fables without their deuine Morals; for such men as are touched with this crime or the like, ought to be ashamed of their follie, since the very heathen Poets, whose best of sacred knowledge was the light of Nature, could exclaime against them, and pourtray the forme of their liues in a fained inuention. For to exemplifie speciall punishments inflicted on particular sinnes, \**Those birds* which

\* *The Harpyes.*

still frequented *Phineus* armie, and annoyed him with such a filthy sent, that euen vpon ship-board they would come flocking to his Nauie, and bring a loathsome stench, whereby they vsed to infect his meate, neuer departing from him, either morne or night, but would — *Escopulis exire, & vniuersam classẽ teterrimo fetore inficere.* Wherefore was this, but forasmuch as by the persuasion of his second wife *Idæa*, he put forth the eyes of his children had by his first \* wife? of which

\* *Cleopatra.*

in the latter part of this Satyre I meane especially to insist, declaring by way of aggrauation the wickednesse of such *Iniustæ Nouercæ*, who will tyrannise ouer their stepchildren, respectlesse of *Phineus* punishment or *Idæas* vexation. And though some obiect, that these Arguments be but fruitlesse

lesse inuentions hatched forth of Poets braines ; yet must they of force confesse ingenuously, that their Morals conferre no lesse benefit, then if deriued from a truer subiect : for whosoever will not beware of *Idæas* fact, shall vndergo *Idæas* \* punishment ; let them therefore auoyd the fact precedent or let them expect the punishment subsequent.

\* Quem fecere  
parem crimina,  
fata parem.

*Ibid.*

\* Par tibi culpa  
fuit, par tibi  
pena subit. *alib.*  
Nec culpa est  
leuior, nec tibi  
pæna minor.

## THE SEVENTH SATYRE.

**H**ow now fond Tereus, whither rid'st so fast,  
To Progne or to Itis ? O, it's true,  
Thou goest vnto thy sister, made vnchast,  
By thy enforced rape, for she nere knew  
What lusts-embraces meant, till thou hadst taught her,  
Which gaue her cause of sorrowing euer after.

Come backe againe, go to thy chaste wiues bed,  
Wrong not the honour of a spotlesse wife,  
What fruite yeelds lust when thou hast surfeted,  
But wretched death, drawne from a wicked life ?  
Returne fond lustfull man, do not dishonour  
Poore Phylomele, for heauens eyes looke on her.

\* Forſitan &  
narres quam fit  
tibi ruſtica  
coniux.

It may be thou alledg'st, \* ruſticity  
Appeareth in the faſhions of thy Deare ;  
Is this a cloake to liue licentiously ?  
No, if her breeding more vnciuill were,  
Theſe ſhould not be occaſions of thy ſhame,  
For in diſcretion thou ſhouldſt couer them.

Thou

*Thou art that Rusticke, she the modest flower,  
Not seeking for to grow with other plants  
Then with thy selfe, though thou for euery boore,  
Suites thy affection, yet affection wants :  
She \* loues, thou lusts, thine is a borrowed name,  
For shame-fast loue needs neuer blush for shame.*

*Amor perennis  
coniugis castæ  
manet. Sen. in  
Oëtau.*

*How now Prince Phineus, where's thy childrens eyes,  
Are they put out, who mou'd thee to offend ?  
Was it Idæa, whom the gods defies ?  
Whom neither heauen nor earth can well commend.  
It was Idæa, she the Step-dame cries,  
Haste, Phineus haste, pull out thy childrens eyes.*

*He'le do it for thee, there's no question why,  
To faire Idæa, chaste Queene to his bed,  
He should the murdring of his soule deny,  
Much lesse to cause his childrens bloud be shed ;  
See step-dames fee, how hatefull is your guilt,  
When to raise yours, anothers bloud is spilt !*

*Murder thy children, put out Orphans eyes,  
God cannot salue their extreame heauinesse :  
He cannot heare them when they make their cries,  
Nor can he comfort them in their distresse.  
Yes, he can heare and see, and though he come  
With a slow pace, he will at last strike home.*

*Then griue, but let not grieffe driue to despaire ;  
Trust, but let Trust breed no securitie,  
For crying sinnes when they presuming are,  
Oft wound so deepe they find no remedie.*

D Farewell

*Farewell Idæa, may my Satyre heare,  
For each bloud-drop th'ast shed, thou shedst a teare.*



### *The Argument.*

THE Argument of this Satyre shall be against all wicked *Iulians*, all godlesse Apostates. And though in the third Satyre I haue touched this Argument briefly: yet now more amply meane I to deblazon the forlorne condition of these vnnaturall monsters. For to produce the Authorities & Opinions of the very heathen Phylosophers, they haue generally concluded, not onely a God, but a Trinitie, *Three in-beings or persons coessentiall*. As first the Platonists, who haue concluded a *Minder, Minding, and a Minded*, but the chiefe hereof the *Minder*. From the Platonists let vs descend to the Pythagorians, amongst whom *Numenius* most worthie for his learning (insomuch as *Porphyrie* a man of ripe iudgement and pregnant conceit, albeit a profest enemie of Christ, wrote many feuerall Commentaries vpon him) speaketh thus: Touching the Indiuiduate essence of God, it is compact of it selfe in one, subsisting of none, in and of himselfe alone, not to be contained or circumscribed within any limits or bounds, being euer during in time, before time, and without time; incomprehensible in his works, indiuisible,

in

*The Pythag.  
Numenius.*



them, but seemed repugnant to what they beleued touching their gods, were esteemed perilous, and the founders of them worthie due punishment. And how much more ought we reuerently to obserue and carefully retaine what Sacred authoritie, grounded on better warrant then Pagan Antiquitie, hath commended to vs, where euery claufe, euery syllable, sentence and title are full of sententious sweetnesse, and diuine fulnesse? As for the palpable blindnesse of such as see not, or wilfull ignorance of such as see but will not, the time will come when *He*, whom they denie shall reueale himfelfe in furie, and those grosse opinions which with such asseuerance they maintained, shall be testimonies against them to conuince them. And though, as *Suetonius* witnesseth, there be some, who like *Caligula* will threaten the aire, that she shall not raine vpon his publicke games or stately spectacles, shewing himfelfe so peremptorie, as though he would cope with the immortall Gods, yet would he—*ad minima tonitrua, & fulgura conuiuere, caput obuoluere, ad vera maiora proripere se è strato, sub lectumq; condere solebat*: at the noise of thunder or lightning winke hard, couer his head, and stop his eares, to take away the occasion of his feare: yea more then this, he would leape out of his bed and hide himfelfe vnder it. Thus did he contemne *him* whose works made him tremble, derogating from his power, yet astonished with the voice of his thunder: and though in his time and his predecessor *Tiberius* there flourished a \* worthie Philosopher, who albeit

Vid. Sueton.  
Tranq. in vit.  
Calig.

\* *Phylo the Iew.*

beit a Iew by nation, yet frequent amongst the Romanes, had great iudgement in matters diuine, and spake profoundly of the things which belonged vnto the expectation of Nations: Notwithstanding all this, they continued without the least acknowledgement of a Deitie, and in contempt of the diuine power, threatning the heauens if they scouled or frowned vpon the Romane gamesters, as I haue before mentioned. Whereby it seemes they reposed such confidence in the height of their present estate, as they imagined so firme a foundation could be shaken by no Superiour power; for indeed worldly pompe makes men for the most part forgetful of their duty towards their Creator, thinking (as men in a fooles Paradise) that this present Sunshine of their seeming felicitie shall neuer set. Yet no sooner shall hoarie age draw neare, then—*friget æstus honoris*, and their former chearefulnesse enfeebled with all infirmities, shall with lame limmes and a queasie voice crie out,—*Non eadem est ætas*: then shall the curelesse itch of honor by the brine of age be allayed, youthfull sports abandoned, and a quiet life rather desired then magnificence of estate. Concluding with *Seneca* the Phylosopher, inueying against the tyrannie of *Nero* to this effect:

*Well did I liue, when I from enuie rid,  
Was pent vp 'mongst the Rocks of th' Corfian sea,  
Where if I still had liu'd as once I did,  
Well had it gone both with my state and me.*

*Petitur hæc  
cælum via.*

*In the Tragedie  
of Agrip.*

For whosoeuer shall but seriously consider the state and course of mans life, which is intangled

with so fundrie and manifold perills, shall call it with the Poet,—*mundum vitro simulantem*, where life is an exile, the passage a perill, and the end doubtfull. Thus farre of those who either with successe of fortune puffed, or height of honour transported, or through a carnall libertie benumbed, trust so much in the arme of flesh, as they wholly denie the power and maiestie of the onely God (or foueraigne good) preferring a momentanie delight before a celestially reward. Now to my Satyre.

## THE EIGHT SATYRE.

**N**ow stout Caligula that dar'st the gods,  
Saying, they must not frowne vpon thy pleasure,  
Thou and immortal powers are still at odds,  
Whose \* gold's thy god, whose deitie's thy treasure.  
Thou'lt feele the smart hereof, when thy estate,  
Founded on frailtie shall be ruinate.

\* Modo auaritia singulos increpans, & quod puderet eos locupletiores esse, quã se. in vit. Calig.

Thou wilt not feare him while thou liues on earth,  
Though life and power, and all be in his hand,  
Thou'lt fight with him (poore worme) that giues thee  
breath,  
And with the breath of flesh checke Ioues command.  
Vnhappie Prince, though thou the happiest seeme,  
This reigne of thine is but a golden dreame.

And when this dreame is past, and thou awake,  
From thy soule-charming slumber thou must on,

Ta-

*Taking thy iourney to the \* Stygian lake,  
Or flame exhaling quencheffe Phlegeton,  
Where poysoned Adders shall infect thy tongue,  
Which did so impiouſly her maker wrong.*

\* Sperent te  
tartara regem.

*Flie from the horror of thy damned ſoule,  
For ſure ere long thou ſhalt be puniſhed.  
See how thy ſoule deformed is and ſoule,  
Soiled with ſinne, with errorrs blemiſhed.  
O \* waſh them then, ſome hope doth yet remaine,  
But now untwaſht theyle nere be white againe !*

\* Chriſtus lau-  
crū eſt animæ,  
canalis gratiæ :  
Lauacrum, in  
quo anima im-  
mergitur & la-  
uatur, Canalis,  
à qua omnis  
gratia animæ  
deriuatur.

*Art not aſham'd for to denie his power,  
Who giueth life vnto each liuing thing ?  
To heauen, to earth, to ſea, and to each flower,  
He giueth meanes, for by him all things ſpring.  
Who will not then, and knowing this, account  
The earth's the Lords, and he's Lord Paramount ?*

*Doeſt thou not ſee the fabricke of this earth,  
And all the plants which flouriſh in their kind,  
How by his power each creature bringeth forth,  
As if indeed they knew their makers mind :  
Where th'very earth-worme that's endu'd with ſence,  
Is not excluded from his \* prouidence ?*

\* The very hedg-  
hog is not exclu-  
ded from his pro-  
uidence. Aug.

*Then leaue this damn'd opinion, Iulian,  
Be not too confident of earthly rule :  
Remember ſtill thou art a mortall man,  
And in his power who can the ſeas controule.  
It's he can make this earths foundation ſhudder,  
Whose Empires reach from one Sea to another.*

*Yet thou Caligula canst threat the gods,  
If they descend but in a winters showre,  
And saist in scorne, Thou'lt beate them with thy rods,  
If they hold on, upon thy games to lowre.  
Yet cowardize constraines thee for to flie,  
At euery flash, and like a Babe to crie.*

*Thou'lt menace death vnto Eternitie,  
If they obey not thy imperious pleasure:  
Thus gods themselues must feele thy tyrannie,  
Enioynd to dance attendance at thy leysure:  
Yet for all this, if thou but Thunder heares,  
Thou pulls thy cap downe ore thy frightened eares.*

*So euery false Apostate will be stout,  
Before he feele the Viols of Gods wrath:  
But when he tast thereof he gins to doubt,  
And calls to mind how he \* forsooke his faith.  
His fall from which, confessing with his tong,  
His tongue is speaking, but his heart is dombe.*

*\* But see, being  
in the way of  
doing well,  
shame holds him  
from the faith  
from which he  
fell.*

*Dumbe shalt thou be, for heauen will haue it so,  
Since thou appliest thy tongue to wickednesse,  
Abusing that, gainst him who did bestow  
All that thou hast, this's thy vnthankefulnes.  
Yet but relent, and doubt not to obtaine,  
That heauenly grace, which else thou canst not gaine.*

*Gracelesse beware, and feare the power of heauen,  
Who can destroy thee in a minutes space,  
He who can make, the \* steepest mountaines euen,  
Whose footstool's earth, & heauen his dwelling place,  
Feare*

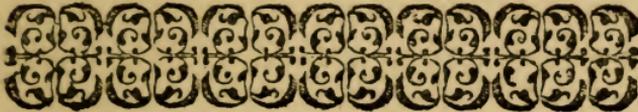
*\* Excelsa humiliando & humilia exaltando.*

*Feare, gracelesse feare, and thou shalt liue for euer,  
For feare giues life to death, health to the liuer.*

*Liue thou shalt neuer, if thou do not care  
To shew respect to th'supreme Maiestie,  
He whom we feare, who tenders our wel-fare,  
And guides vs in this vale of miserie.  
Pagan thou art, vnlesse thou do amend,  
Whose endlesse sinnes expect a \* wofull end.*

*Therefore as thou regardst thy sweete foules health,  
Or honour of thy Maker, now reclaime  
Thy breach of faith stain'd with the worlds filth,  
If thou a sonne of Syon meanes to raigne.  
Fare well or ill; if well thou meanes to fare,  
Vnto the Temple of thy God repaire.*

*\* Iulian and Felix had both miserable ends: while Iulian that impious Apostate continued in his blasphemie: Ecce quam sumptuosus uasis filio Mariæ ministratur! vid. Venerab. Bed. 3. lib.*



### *The Argument.*

**H**Yppeas that worthy Grecian, who stroue for the games in the Olympiads, wore no other apparell saue what with his owne handes (being a generall Artift) he had framed, hauing not so much as the ring of his finger, or bracelet about his arme, but were made by him, yea & the shooes of his feete, which with his owne skill he made likewise. This Hyppeas hauing gained the chiefeft prizes by meanes of his actiuitie; and now returning

ning in the triumph of a Conquerour with a Coronet of floures empaled, to receiue the propofed reward: the publicke Notarie of thefe games came (according to the wonted cuftome vfuall obferued) to demaund the beft raiment or choyceft particular ornament the Conquerour had about him. Now this fellow, whom continuance of time had made impudent, feeing the bountie of the conquering *Hippeas*, according to the manner, receiued the beft raiment the Victor wore: and fcarce contented therewith, (like an infatigable fuitter) begged farther his ftockings, and *Hippeas* denied him nothing. So long he continued in begging, and he in giuing, till *Hippeas* went naked forth of the Olympiads, hauing nothing wherewith he might fhew his friends any femblance of conqueft or victorie, faue his naked bodie, which he prefented vnto them, vſing theſe words vnto the Notarie:—*What I haue giuen thee, I would haue beſtowed on my profefſedſt enemy, for ſuch motiues of vaine glory ſhould rather moue me to loath them then loue them, leaue them, then liue with them, remembering, how*

*The ſage Eutrapelus expreſſy bad,*

*His foes ſhould haue the choyceft robes he had,*

*Wherein he found by prooſe this ſpeciall good,*

*To make himſelfe more humble, them more proud.*

The name of this begger was *Myntos*, who hauing thus polled & ſpoiled this worthy Conqueror of all his apparell through his importunacie in demanding, preſently thus answered one by whom he was ſharply taxed: *Nemo eſt quin aliqua in arte*

*arte præclarus est, ego autem in præmia & vestimenta comparando, palmam & gloriam adeptus sum meque diuitem ex aliorum paupertate feci.* This shall be the Argument of this ninth Satyre, touching impudent crauers: *These—Iri egentes*, of whom the Poet speaketh, who make themselues rich by their seruile basenesse, and as Vultures feede best vpon the stinkingst carrion, so they vpon others riot, prodigalitie, and dissolution, sucking like the *Sangui-fugæ*, who feede themselues with blood till they burst. Reason haue I to inuey against them, since Israell the elect and select people of God were not to receiue them—*Let there be no begger in Israel.* Time was not then for Parasites to currie fauour, when none was to haue reliefe but by his labor; so exprefly was euery one enioyned to apply his vocation, that \* *he who would not labour should not eat.* And may these insatiable *Mynthes* taste the like fare, being deriued from as base beginnings as they are oftimes aduanced without merit to great meanes and possessions, yea composed of as ignoble and degenerate minds, as they are sprong of ingenerous blood.

*Gen.* 3. 19.  
*2. Thef.* 3. 10.  
*Prou.* 5. 15.  
*1. Thef.* 4. 11.

## THE NINTH SATYRE.

**H**Yppeas, your cloake I craue, that is my due,  
 Your stockings too, and such like toyes as these,  
 Free to bestow a Bountie were in you,  
 And yet a debt, for you to know my fe's.  
 But Debt to mention I do think't vnfit,  
 When Bountie is so neare to answer it.

And

*And yet I want, and yet what can I want,  
When He of whom I craue's so prone to giue ?  
When store by Ioue is sent, there is no scant,  
All famine leaue, and all in plentie liue.  
See what thou wants then Minthos, and but craue it,  
Hyppeus is stor'd, and thou art sure to haue it.*

*Belt, Beuer, Buskin, view from top to toe,  
See what thou wants his Wardrope will supply,  
And laugh at him when thou hast vs'd him so,  
And bid him triumph in his victorie.  
Let him go nak'd, and boast what he hath done,  
Whilest thou enjoys the Booties he hath won.*

*The true descrip-  
tion of a Para-  
site.*

*Yet tearme him Prince of bountie, and requite  
In seeming Protestations, and in vowes,  
Yet care not for him when he's out of sight ;  
For those thriue best who can make fairest shows :  
In speaking much, but little as they meane,  
And being such, but not the same they seeme.*

*\* Satis domi-  
talium saluta-  
torum habeo.  
Plut. in vit. Ti-  
ber.*

*I would I could, thus maist \* thou bring him on,  
I could extend my wealth vnto my will,  
I would erect to show what you haue done,  
Some Time-outliuing Monument, to fill  
The world with amazement, when they heare  
What you haue bene, and what your actions were.*

*And then impart thy want, how fortunes are  
Vnequally deuided, yet to such  
As He whose Bountie giues to each his share,  
Though much he hath, yet ha's he not too much :*

*And*

*And then with cap in hand beseech his worth,  
Be good to thee, that's borne of obscure birth.*

*Indeed thou seemes to be an obscure Affe,  
A spacious Beggar, begging euery where,  
Who wilt not suffer a patcht boote to passe,  
But thou wilt beg it for thy leg that's bare.  
Indeed too bare thou art, too impudent,  
That with thy owne state canst not be content.*

Vid. Perfi. in  
Satyr.

*Pesantlike Bastard, hate thy Beggarie,  
Liue on thy owne, not on anothers state ;  
Thou that descendest from base penurie,  
Wilt by thy Begging liue at higher rate ?  
Numbred thou art amongst such men as begs,  
The smoke of Chimnies, snuffes, and Vintners dregs.*

Vid. Iuuenal.  
Saty.

*Thou art defam'd, for all deride thy kneeling,  
Thy capping, cringing, and thy temporizing,  
As if thou hadst of modestie no feeling,  
But from anothers razing drew thy rising.  
Well, for thy begging we will beg for thee,  
The Pattent of disgrace and infamie.*

*So with thy wallet as a beggar should,  
Be not asham'd to seeme that which thou art,  
Sowe patch on patch, to keepe thee from the cold,  
And shew thy want in each seame-rented part :  
But do not rere thy fortunes on mens fall,  
For such base Beggars are the worst of all.*

Quals es, talis  
appare.

Vultum verba  
decent. *Horat.*

*A Satyres na-  
tive Rhetoricke.*

\* *Eupolis, Ari-  
stobulus, Ariste-  
as, &c.*

Debemur mor-  
ti nos nostraq ;

*I write not to thee in a sublime stile,  
Such is vnfit thy errors to conuince ;*

*Satyres though rough, are plaine and must reuile  
Vice with a Cynicke bluntnesse, as long since*

*\* Those graue iudicious Satyrists did vse,  
Who did not taxe the time, but times abuse.*

*And yet I wish my pen were made of steele,  
And euery leafe, a leafe of lasting brasse,  
Which might beare record to this Commonweale,  
When this Age's past, to Ages that shall passe,  
But \* these as others must, shall lose their name,  
And we their Authors too must die with them.*

*Yet well I know, I shall Characterd be,  
In liuing letters, prouing what I write,  
To be authenticke to posteritie,  
To whom this Ages vices I recite.  
Which, much I doubt, as they're successiue still,  
By course of yeares, so they'le succeed in ill.*

*For vice nere dyes intestate, but doth leaue,  
Something behind, to shew what it hath bene ;  
Yea canting knaues that hang on others fleewe,  
Can charge their heires still to pursue the streame,  
Where Iohn a style bequeathes to Iohn a noke,  
His Beggars rags, his dish, his scrip, his poke.*

*With which Ile beg ; no, with my soule I scorne it,  
Ile rather carrie tankards on my backe ;  
Yet th' trade is thriuing, true, but I'ue forsworne it,  
Nor would I beg, though competent I lacke.*

*Before*

*Before I should make congies to a fwayne,  
I would forfwear to take my legs againe.*

*I am but poore, and yet I scorne to beg,  
To be a Bastard to my Progenie,  
Yea I will rather with \* Sycites feg,  
Receiue my death, then get me infamie.  
I'le be a galley-flaue in Turkish ship,  
Rather then scrape my crums out of a scrip.*

\* *Poyson.  
Sycites fig.  
a Prouerbe.*

*Bias was poore, and yet his wealth increased,  
All that he had he carried still about him ;  
Bias is dead, his goods by death are seised,  
Mydas is poore, his goods were all without him.  
Bias and Mydas both agree in this,  
Earths blisse when we're in earth quite vanish'd is.*

*Vid. dict. Cre-  
tensium.*

*<sup>a</sup> Candaules he was rich, yet he was poore,  
Rich in his coffers rammed downe with gold,  
Yet poore in this, his wife did proue a whoore,  
Showne naked vnto Gyges to behold.  
Collatine poore, yet rich, his wife is chaste,  
Both these agree in this, by death embra'st.*

*a Candaules in  
primo libro Iu-  
stini, Qui osten-  
dens eam Gigi  
(deposita veste)  
tantæ infaniæ  
pænas luit,  
à Gige enim  
confoditur mi-  
ra virtute an-  
nuli cooperto.  
Vnde Poeta ;  
coniugis vt nu-  
dam speciem  
monstrasset a-  
mico :  
Dilectam speci-  
em perdit, ami-  
cus habet.*

*<sup>b</sup> Irus was poore, but Cræsus passing rich,  
Irus his scrip differs from Cræsus boord,  
Yet now compare them and I know not which,*

*Quasi silentium damnum pulchritudinis esset. *ibid.* Vid. Cic. de off. 3. Lib. Plato. de leg. l. 1.  
<sup>b</sup> Irus, qui in domo Vliffis post reditum suum, ab Vlisse, pugna nimirum eius, per-  
emptus est ; Irus qui Scrinio suo & Obba in plataeis Græciæ mendicare solebat, super-  
bia quadâm (aut spe suauioris lucri) affectus, in Penelopem, inter Penelopsis focios,  
(vt nuncius potius quam procus) accedere ausus est ; — Dignum supplicium pertulit,  
quia tanta animi audacia (more procacis mendici) in lares consularis dignitatis viri  
procedere ausit. Vid. Hom. *Il. interp. Calab.**

*Is better furnish'd or the worser stor'd :  
For see their fates, they both in one agree,  
Since by pale Death they both arrested be.*

\* Demosthenes  
an Orator of A-  
thens.

*Priscillaes purse, \* Demosthenes his hand,  
Do differ much, the one is alwayes shut,  
The other open, for rewards doth stand ;  
Yet if we measure either by his foot,  
That close-shut purse, and that receiuing hand,  
Haue equall shares made by the \* Sextons wand.*

\* Virga sepul-  
chralis.  
Varr.

*Yet Beggar, thou that begs, and hopes to gaine  
Store of rewards, for to relieue thy need.*

\* Pascentur à  
nobis quæ pa-  
cuntur in nobis.  
Vermes.

*Or surfet rather, tell me what's thy aime,  
When those \* thou feeds, shall on thy carkasse feed ?  
For then where's the Beggar now become,  
Whose shame's too great, to hide with shroud or tombe?*

\* Expos'd to  
shame, and in-  
samie betraid.

*Take these rude Satyres as compos'd by him  
Who loues his state farre better then thy trade,  
For \* Beggars lose more then they seeme to win,  
Since their esteeme for euer's blemished :  
Liue at a lower rate, and beg the lesse.  
I'll liue to write, if thou thy fault redresse.*

Amicus non Mendicus.

The



## The Argument.

**T**Aurus \* a rich Iustice, seemed to carrie great port and state in his countrie where he liued, though more feared then loued: *for the proud miser seldome liues to be inheritour of a friend*: but afterward his misery was most apparently known by his desolate house, as vnacquainted with hospitality as an vsurers heire with frugalitie, hauing onely a case for a man, a *blew-coate* I meane without a man, a shadow without a substance. In this Satyre next ensuing is described the miserable nature of such, as notwithstanding their outward port, glorying of more then euer their vnworthie minds could reach to, be the very pictures and *Idæas* of misery, as I may well call them: where desire of hauing so much ouerwayes them, as care of reputation lightly moues them. This Argument is short, for the Satyre will shew her owne meaning without any further illustration.

\* Raptus abit media quod ad æthera Taurus arena, non fuit hoc artis sed pietatis opus. Martial. in Epi. in Amphithe. Cæsa.

*It is a great shame for a man to haue a poore heart and a rich purse.*

### THE TENTH SATYRE.

**T**Aurus \* a Iustice rich, but poore in mind,  
(Riches make rich-men poore through misery,)  
Had long time liu'd as one in hold confin'd,  
With gates close-shut from hospitalitie:

\* Cornua Vi-  
brando, nescit  
sua cornua  
Taurus;  
Where to it was  
shrewdly answer-  
ed:  
Cornua dum  
cernit, retrahit  
sua cornua  
Taurus.

E

Meanes

*Meanes without men he had him to attend,  
Lest what he spar'd his Retinue should spend.*

*One time a Traueller chanc'd to repaire  
To Taurus house, to quench his vehement thirst,  
But he poore man could find no comfort there :  
Drinke could he get none, if his heart should burst ;  
Men he saw none, nor ought to cheare his want,  
Saue a \* Blew-coate without a cognifant.*

\* Signa dat  
Hospitij, fed  
habentur in  
Hospitis vm-  
bram.

\* As quicke con-  
ceits will passions  
best allay.

*The Traueller conceited in distresse,  
Straight thus discour'd, his \* passion to allay :  
This Iustice is a Seruing-man I guesse,  
Who leaues his coate at home when he's away :  
Therefore I was deceiu'd and did amisse,  
To seeke a Iustice where a blew-coate is.*

*But as the Traueller went on his way,  
He met the Iustice in a ragged suite,  
Who in a Bench-like fashion had him stay,  
Saying—He ought a Iustice to salute :  
The man at first perplex'd, and now awake,  
Tooke heart of grace, and did this answer make.*

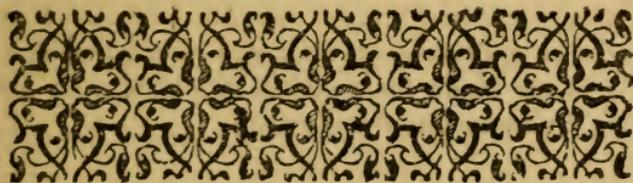
*Sir, if I haue forgotten my regard  
Vnto your place, forgiue my ignorance,  
My eye could not discern you, till I heard  
Your selfe report your owne preeminence,  
Whose name is Terror, and whose awfull breath,  
Is messenger of furie, and of death.*

*And*

*And great I heare's endowments you possesse,  
But worthie greater then you do enioy,  
Witnesse your open house, which doth expresse  
The care you haue your fortunes to employ  
In bounties seruice: your good beere doth show it,  
Being kept so well, as none can come vnto it.*

*Taurus he stamp'd, cald his attendants knaues,  
And so he might, for none could be offended,  
Where art thou Tom (quoth he) Iack, George, out  
Faining their voyces, All shall be amended. (slauces,  
Then answers he himselfe, Let none depart,  
But entertaine all with a chearefull heart.*

*The Traueller though he conceiued all,  
Seem'd to admire the bountie of the place,  
Till th'badge-lesse coate that hung within the hall,  
Forc'd him to laugh the Iustice in the face.  
Why dost thou laugh (quoth he?) I laugh to note,  
For want of men, what seruic's in a coate.*



### *The Argument.*

**C***laudius* a Romane, for his approved honesty  
respected for the most part, gained no lesse

E 2

good

good opinion with the Conscript fathers in the Senate-houfe, then popular loue in the Citie: for his grauitie was fuch, as none could detect him of the leaft imputation, hauing alwayes in the whole courfe of his pleading fuch pithie, fententious, and felect difcourfe, that it yeilded no leffe admiration to the hearers, then a generall estimation to himfelfe, at that time reputed one of the hopefullft young Orators: but moft epecially for his deuotion and religion to the gods, then, amongft the Romans adored and worfhipped. This *Claudius* after this generall report and good liking which all had of him, vpon a folemne night appointed for the facrifizing to \* *Mars* in behalfe of a battell which was to be made againft a Prince of Numidia, (in which holy rites there were appointed *Augurs* for the coniecturing of thefe things) feeing the opportunitie of the *Augures* abfence, renewed the familiaritie which he of long time had with one of the *Augures* wiues. Now the *Augur* hauing left behind him his *Oscines* or Prophefing birds (a neglect of fuch importance as it difcouered his owne fhame,) came to his houfe where he detected *Claudius*, who had long \* time counterfeited puritie.

\* Et fefta fo-  
lennia Martis.  
vid. Varr. &  
Ouid. de feft.

\* The fifh *Sepia*  
is betrayed by a  
blacke colour  
which ſhe caſteth  
out to couer her,  
ſo theſe coun-  
terfets by the  
cloud of a pre-  
tended holineſſe,  
which ſhall be as  
a cloud of wit-  
neſſe againſt  
them.

## THE ELEVENTH SATYRE.

**C**Laudius is pure, abiuring prophane things,  
Nor will he companie with wickedneſſe:  
He hates the ſource whence leud affectionſ ſprings,  
He'll not conſent with deeds of naughtineſſe:

Yet

*Yet he will deale, so none do see his sinne,  
Yea though heuens eyes he cares not looke on him.*

*He will not speake vnto a Maide in th'streete,  
Lest his repute should fall vnto decay :  
Yet if they two in priuate chance to meete,  
He in a pure embrace will bid her stay.  
Saying : I will instruct thee prettie Nan,  
How thou shalt be a formall Puritan.*

*Then drawes he forth to moue the Maids affection,  
The forc'd description of their puritie,  
How he and she be children of election,  
And must be sau'd what ere the wicked be.  
For vices are tearm'd vertues, where we make  
Lust but an Act for Procreation sake.*

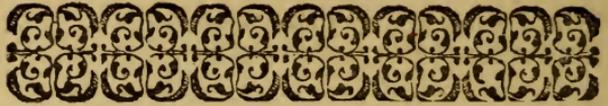
*What then are Maids, thus he induceth her,  
But Virgins still that do impart their loue,  
To such an \* One as is their furtherer  
In holy zeale, and can the spirit moue ?  
Nought lesse but more, for there's a heauie vœ,  
Or curse denounc'd on them that barren be.*

\* Vt prurit vrit.

*Cloze then in silence, eyes of men are shut,  
None can deteçt vs, but the eyes of heauen,  
And when we act, those lights are sealed vp,  
For vnto vs more libertie is giuen  
Then vnto others, since the very name,  
Of lust is chang'd when th'righteous vse the same.*

\* Hypocrifis duplex est malum, diffimulatio & peccatum.

*Thou \* hypocrite, whose counterfeited zeale,  
Makes thee feeme godly to the world's eye,  
Yet doest the golden fruites of Vesta steale,  
When thou perceives no man thy fins doth spie.  
Leaue this dissembled zeale, for thou art knowne  
The wickedst sinner, when thy insid's showne.*



### *The Argument.*

THE Historie of *Phyloxenus* is most amply related in the diuerse writings of fundrie authenticke Authors, being infamous for his greedie desire vnto meate and drinke, and therefore as is testified of him, \* *Gruis collum sibi dari optabat, ut cibum potumq maiori cum delectatione caperet.* This *Phyloxenus* and that rauenous *Heliogabalus* shall be the subiects of this ensuing Satyre, touching or rather concluding the condition of all *Epicures* in these two. If thou that readeest me be touched, as tainted with this particular sinne, blush, but do not shew thy passion towards the poore Satyre, for Bee-like she hath no sooner stung thee, then she loseth her power of being further reuenged of thee. Wage not warre against a dead Monument, since *Plinie* warnes thee : *Cum mortuis nil nisi laruas lutari.* Take therefore this Satyre in good part, and rather fret against thy selfe, in that thou hast matter in thee fit for a Satyrists subiect, then vent thy  
splene

\* *Aristotle* mocking the *Epicures*, said, that upon a time they went all to a Temple together, beseeching the gods that they would giue them necks as long as *Cranes* and *Hernes*, that the pleasure and taste of meate might be more long in relishing: complaining against Nature for making their necks too short.

spene towards him, who makes thy defects the effects of his subiect.

## THE TWELFTH SATYRE.

**P**Hyloxenus lookes lanke with abstinence :  
 Poore man I pittie him, I thinke he's sicke ;  
 No, this his seeming is a false pretence,  
 The greedie Cormorant will each thing like :  
 Whose drum-stretch'd case can scarce his guts containe  
 Since he hath got the gullet of a Crane.

Thou thinkest there is no pleasure but in feeding,  
 Making thy selfe, \* slauce to thy appetite ;  
 Yet whilest thou crams thy selfe, thy soule is bleeding,  
 And Turtle-like mournes, that thou shouldst delight,  
 In such excesse as causeth infamie,  
 Starues soule, spoiles health, and ends with beggarie.

Remember (thou besott'd) for I must talke,  
 And that with serious passion, thou that \* tastes  
 The choycest wines, and doest to Tauernes walke,  
 Where thou consumes the night in late repasts.  
 Confusion now, drawes neare thee where thou kneeles,  
 Drinking deepe healthes, but no contrition feesles.

It may be, He that teacheth may be taught,  
 And \* Socrates of Softenes may learne,  
 Euen He, that for thy good these precepts brought,  
 To publicke light, may in himselfe discern  
 Something blameworthyie, true, and heauen he could,  
 Reforme his errors rightly as He would.

\* Like those vn-  
 satiable gluttons  
 Vitellius and  
 Appius, to which  
 Cormorants nei-  
 ther land, water,  
 nor aire might  
 be sufficient.  
 And Cambletes  
 the gluttonous  
 king of Lydia  
 deuoured in a  
 dreame his wife,  
 while she lay  
 sleeping together  
 in the same bed ;  
 and finding her  
 hand betweene  
 his teeth when  
 he awaked, he  
 slue himselfe,  
 fearing disho-  
 nour.

\* Well described  
 by that Motto.  
 Non citius edit  
 quam excedit ;  
 pascit & poscit.  
 \* Elpenors vice.  
 vid. Geor. Virg.  
 Silenus in An-  
 tro.

\* Socraticum  
 speculum non  
 chalibæum &  
 materiale.  
 vid. Brasuo. in  
 præfatione.

*But harder is't by much for to performe,  
Then to prescribe, where many seeme to vрге,  
The present times abuse, but n'ere reforme  
Those crimes in them which they in others scourge :  
But where the Author makes vse of his paines,  
As well as Reader, there's a double gaines.*

*And these are th'gaines which I do sue to haue,  
Seeking no lesse thy benefit herein,  
Then my peculiar good : where all I craue,  
Is but thy prayer to purge me of my sinne.  
I do not write, as I my paines would sell,  
To euery Broker, vse them and farewell.*

Nam inepto rifu res nulla ineptior est.

*Catull.*

Finis Satyrarum.

An end of the *Satyres* composed by the foresaid Author in the discharge of Natures Embassie : purposely penned to reclaime man, whose vicious life promising an unhappie end, must now be taxed more sharply, since vice comes to greatest growth through impunitie.



A CONCLVSIVE  
 ADMONITION TO THE  
 READER.

**I** *F any man shall reade, and making vse  
 Of these my Satyres, grow distemperate,  
 By making of a good intent abuse,  
 In that I seeme his life to personate ;  
 Let him content himselfe, be it good or ill,  
 Gall'd horses winch, and I must gall him still.*

*A Satyrist ought to be most secure,  
 Who takes exception at his cancred style,  
 And he that most repines, let him be sure,  
 That he's the man whom Satyres most reuile.  
 Therefore who would be free from Satyres pen,  
 Ought to be Mirrors in the sight of men.*

*These two months trauell like the Almond rod,  
 May bring forth more when oportunitie  
 Giueth fit time, wherein vice loath'd by God,  
 May be displaide, and curb'd more bitterly.  
 Till which edition, take these in good part,  
 Or take them ill, how-ere, they glad my heart.*

HERE



HERE FOLLO-  
WETH SOME EPYCEDES

or funerall Elegies, concerning fundry  
exquisite Mirrours of true loue.

*The Argument.*



Two louely louers so deuided be,  
As one to other hardly can reparaie,  
In *Sestos* she, and in *Abydos* he,  
He swims, she waits & weeps, both drowned are:  
Waues cut off *Heroes* words, the Sea-nimphs mone,  
One heart in two desires, no graue but one.

I. ELEGIE.

**H**ero was willing to Leanders suite,  
But yet Leanders opportunitie  
Could not be so, as answers his repute:  
Lust sometime weares the robe of modestie:  
Silent he woes, as bashfull youths must do,  
By sighs, by teares, and kissing comfits too.  
But what are these where fancie seated is,  
But lures to loose desires, sin-fugred baits,  
That draw men onward to fooles paradise,  
Whose best of promises are but deceits?

*And*

*And such Leanders were, meere golden dreames,  
That leaue the waking senses in extreames.*

*But loue flame-like, though it restrained be,  
Will still ascend, and so it far'd with him :  
For now he cries, Hero I come to thee,  
And though I cannot run, yet I will swim,  
Where, while I swim, send thy sweet breath but hither,  
And Zephire-like it will soone waft me thither.*

*Hero remaineth on the floting shore,  
Waiting the blest arriuall of her friend,  
But she (poore she) must neuer see him more,  
Seeing him end before his iourney end :  
In whose hard fate a double death appeares,  
Drownd in the sea, and in his Heroes teares.*

*Still she laments, and teares her forlorne haire,  
Exclaiming 'gainst the fates, whose crueltie  
Had chang'd her hope-reft fortune to despaire,  
Abridging loue, true louers libertie ;  
But since its so (quoth she) the waues shall haue,  
More then by right or iustice they can craue.*

*With that she leapt into the curled floud,  
And as she leapt, she spake vnto the waue,  
Remorcelesse thou (quoth she) that stain'd his blood,  
Shall now receiue two louers in one graue.  
For fit it is, who liuing had one heart,  
Should haue one graue, and not inter'd apart.*

Yet

*Yet in my death I do inuoke the Powers,  
Which do frequent this wofull Riuer side,  
That they adore and decke our Tombe with flowers,  
Where ere our loue-exposed corps abide.  
And if they aske where they shall find our graues,  
Let them looke downe into these surging waues.*

*And I intreate my friends they do not weepe,  
In that we are departed to our rest,  
Sweete rest, may Hero say, when in her sleepe  
She clips Leander whom she loued best:  
She lou'd him best indeed, for she did craue  
To be enhearsed with him in one waue.*

*This was no fooner spoke, but raging streames,  
Cut off poore Heroes speech, and with their force,  
Clos'd her in silence, while each Nymph complains,  
And chides the Riuer for his small remorse.  
Thus ended they, their ends were their content,  
Since for to die in Loue, their minds were bent.*

*Let not fond loue so fondly thee embrace,  
Lest like the Iuie or the Miffelto,  
It winde about thee to thy owne disgrace,  
And make thee slaue to brutish passions too.  
Be constant in thy loue, as chaste not spotted,  
Loue well and long, but not in loue besotted.*

*The*



*The Argument.*

**L**ouers consent finds fit place of recourse,  
 For Loues content chang'd into discontent,  
 King *Ninus* tombe their sponce or sorrows source,  
 To which a dreadfull *Lyonesse* is sent :  
 Which *Thisbe* spies and flies : her bloudie tyre,  
 Bereaues her Loue of life, and both expire.

II. ELEGIE.

**W***ell then we will repaire vnto that place,*  
*Where we shall haue fruition of our ioy,*  
*By *Ninus* tombe, farre from our parents face,*  
*Where mutuall Loue needs little to be coy :*  
*Where met, we may enioy that long-sought pleasure,*  
*Which Loue affords, when Loue vnlocks her treasure.*

*Thisbe was mute, in being mute she yeilded,*  
*Who knowes not Maides, by silence giue consent ?*  
*So on her silence her assent was builded,*  
*Since in his loue she plac'd her sole content ;*  
*Onward he goes most forward to obtaine,*  
*That which she wissh'd, but Parents did restraine.*

*And coming nigh vnto king *Ninus* Tombe,*  
*Erected neare a *Christall* riueling,*  
*There as she mus'd a *Lion* fierce did come*  
*Forth of the groue, whence he his prey did bring.*

*Who*

*Who all embrude with slaughter and with blood,  
Came for to quench his thirst at that same flood.*

*Thisbe perceiuing this enraged beast,  
Fled for her refuge to a hollow tree,  
Yet she for hast, what she suspected least,  
Let fall her Tire, and to her shelve did flee ;  
Where in the shade while she affrighted stood,  
The Lion tinct her virgine-tire with blood.*

*And hauing now well drench'd his bloudie iawes,  
Making returne vnto his shadie den,  
Young Pyramus for to obserue loues lawes,  
(Loues lawes must needs be kept) did thither tend,  
And coming neare, her could he not espie,  
But her unhappie Tire di'd bloudily.*

*Which he no sooner with his eyes beheld,  
Then he exclaim'd against his destinie,  
Since Thisbe was by his request compeld,  
To be a pray to Lions cruelty :  
And taking vp the bloud-besmear'd Tire,  
Amintas-like his end he doth conspire.*

*Yet fore his end in dismall fort he cried,  
Fie on the fates, that did poore Thisbe kill,  
Fie on those ruthlesse gods that haue decreed,  
Wilde sauage beasts her crimson blood to spill ;  
But why do I stand arguing with fate,  
Lamenting ore her breathlesse corps too late ?*

*For if thou lou'd her, shew thy loue in this  
 Lost, to regaine her presence by thy death ;  
 Death, which hath left thee this poore Tire to kisse,  
 On which I'le breath and kisse, and kisse and breath :  
 Farewell my loue, if Piramus did loue thee,  
 He'le shew his loue, his loue shall be about thee.*

*Strike home (fond man) and do not feare grim death,  
 But meete him in the mid-way to thy graue ;  
 For Thisbes loue I gladly lose my breath,  
 And that is all that Thisbe now can haue :  
 And with this speech, deepe griefe cut off his word,  
 He slue himselfe with his owne dismall sword.*

*Thisbe long trembling in her hollow Caue,  
 Came forth at last to meete her dearest loue.  
 How apt is loue the chastest to depraue,  
 Making a rauenous Vultur of a Doue ;  
 Wherefore in haste she hies her to the spring,  
 Where she might heare a dolefull Syluane sing.*

*And to receiue the sorrow more at large,  
 Nigher she drew vnto that mournfull tune,  
 Where like a merchant in a splitted barge,  
 She stood amaz'd, and standing listned one.  
 Sorting his griefe vnto her deare friends griefe ;  
 Whom she sought out, to yeeld her some reliefe.*

*Good Siluane say (thus spake she) hauing found him,  
 Did'st see a youth coast neare this darke some way ?  
 For much I feare, some sauage beast hath wound him,  
 If thou canst guide me to him, pray thee say :*

*Here*

*Here is the Tombe where he appointed me,  
To stay for him, yet him I cannot see.*

*Virgin (quoth he) that youth you seeke is gone;  
Whither (kind Siluane?) I will after him,  
He shall not leaue me in this wood alone,  
For trust me Siluane I haue frighted bin,  
And by a dreadfull Lion so beset,  
As I am hardly my owne woman yet.*

*See Ladie, see; with that he vanished,  
To waile the losse of Nais he had kept,  
Who by a Centaure lately rauished,  
Was quite conueyd away while th'Siluane slept.  
She turnes her eye, yet scarce will trust her eye,  
No, nor the place where she doth see him lye.*

*Dead! why it cannot be, thus she began,  
Who could harme thee that nere did any harme,  
No not in thought to any liuing man?  
With that she felt his pulse if it were warme,  
But breathlesse he, key-cold as any stone,  
She lookes and weepes, and bathes him looking on.*

*Yet long it was ere she could shed a teare,  
For greatest grieues are not by teares exprest,  
Deepe-rooted sorrowes greatest burden beare,  
Kept most in heart, but showne in eye the least.  
For lesser grieues haue eyes to bring them forth,  
But greatest still are strangled in their birth.*

*Griefe therefore doth rebound, and with rebound  
She shakes her Pirus and strokes his cheek :  
Loue was all eares, for he did heare her sound,  
And mou'd his head from ground, but could not speake ;  
Yet did he hold her hand, as if her hand  
Staid Deaths arrest, and could him countermand.*

*And as a man who ship-wrack'd on the Sea,  
Not able to endure vnto the Port,  
Takes hold on wracke, which He as constantly  
Keepes in his hand, as he did labour for't :  
From which, no danger whatsoere betide him,  
Nor death it selfe can any way deuide him.*

*Euen so did Pirus keepe in his armes,  
The choifest body of his chastest loue,  
Whereby he thinkes himselfe so free from harmes,  
As die he cannot till he thence remoue :  
Yet though it's death to him, since Thisbe would,  
He is contented to let go his hold.*

*This seene, (sayer Thisbe) since thy loue is such,  
That to deuide thy selfe from thine owne loue,  
To thee's a second death or harder much,  
And mou'd by me thy hold thou doest remoue ;  
Ere long will Thisbe shew her selfe to thee,  
An equall Mirror of lous conslancie.*

*Yet do I pray those friends who are conioyned  
To vs in Bloud, to take of vs compassion,  
That as our Loues, our corpes may be combined,  
With funerall rites after our countrie fashion :*

*F*

*And*

*And when to ashes they our corps shall burne,  
Let both our drearie ashes haue one vrne.*

*Let both our graues (poore graues) be ioyn'd in one,  
As both our hearts were linked in one twist :  
And let our corps be couer'd with one stone,  
So may our bones so neerely ioyn'd be blist ;  
For gods this priueledge to louers giue,  
When others die by death, in death they liue.*

*By this young Thisbes speech was finished,  
Who was as wearie to enioy her life,  
As a loose Matron of her husbands bed,  
Or a young spend-thrift of his long-liu'd wife :  
Euen so was Thisbe, whom death did afford,  
Though not same hand to kill, yet selfe-same sword.*

*But yet some Plant is still affectionate,  
Vnto a Louers death, whose constancie  
Neuer doth alter from her wonted state,  
But perseueres in stedfast certaintie :  
For th' Mulberrie, seeing them Mourners lacke,  
Milke-white before put on a sable blacke.*

*Morus thus altred in her former hue,  
Changing her colour for the death of Loue,  
Hath to this day her mourning-weed to shew ;  
Well might they moue vs then, when they did moue  
The senslesse trees, who did so truly grieue,  
As for their sake they would their colour leaue.*

*The*



*The Argument.*

**T**He losse of *Didoes* honour and her loue,  
 Are both bemon'd : *Anna* but all in vaine,  
 Seekes to recomfort her : she seemes to proue  
 No faith in strangers : she dissolues her traine :  
 Incense is burn'd ; a fire she doth deuise,  
 Wherein she makes her selfe the sacrifice.

III. ELEGIE.

**D**Ido lamenting, that *Æneas* should  
 So soone conuert his loue to bitter hate,  
 The thought whereof surpast a thousand fold,  
 The losse of Scepter, honour, or estate :  
 Curseth the hap she had to entertaine,  
 Or giue such harbour to a thanklesse Swaine.

*Yet do not so (quoth she,) he's generous,*  
*Sprung from the Troian stocke and Progenie :*  
*Curse him not Dido, it were ominous*  
*To his proceedings and his dignitie ;*  
*He did requite thy loue, thou knowst deuoutly,*  
*And did performe his Turnaments as stoutly.*

*Sweete was the Pleasure, though the fruite be sower,*  
*Deare his embraces, kind his fauours too,*  
*Witnesse that Bower (aye me) that rosie Bower,*  
*In which heauen knowes, and few but heauen do know,*

*I gag'd my heart to him, he his to me,  
Which makes me ty'd in faith how ere he be.*

*And he protested, Simple woman, thou  
To credit what a stranger had protested:  
For what is he that liues, and will not do  
As much or more, till he hath fully feasted  
His eager Appetite, which being allaid,  
He streight forgets the promise he hath made?*

*And so did he, respec'tlesse of his vow,  
Or (breach of faith) which whatsoere he thinke,  
Will be reueng'd by Heauen, and sharply too,  
Gods do not euer sleepe when they do winke.  
For though they spare, They will at last strike home,  
And send Reuenge to th'infant in my wombe.*

*Poore Orphane Infant, whose iniurious birth,  
As closely done, shall closely be suppress'd,  
And haue a double Mother, Mee and Earth,  
And for thy Fathers sake a double chest:  
Whose Tombe shall be my wombe, whose drerie shrowd,  
Shall be my selfe, that gaued it life and food.*

*This as she spake, her Sister she came in,  
Aduising her vnto a milder course,  
Then to afflict her selfe with thought of him  
Whose heart was rest of pittie and remorse;  
Wherefore (said she) since sorrow is in vaine,  
Forget his absence, that will salue your paine.*

*Will salue my paine (quoth she!) and then she grow'd,  
Cures*

*Cures to apply is easier then to cure :  
 No, no, my sorrowes may be well bemon'd,  
 But nere redrest : for th'eye of heau'n's too pure,  
 To view my sinne, my soile, my guilt, my staine,  
 Whose die's so deepe 'twill nere be white againe.*

*Yet to preuent the scandall would ensue,  
 If fame should know what hath in priuate bene,  
 I'le lop this Branch, lest Time should say, it grew  
 (Adulterate Iffue) from the Carthage Queene :  
 Which ere I do, lest I incurre heauens hate,  
 With Incense burn'd, their wrath I'le expiate.*

*Wherewith I'le purge (if such may purged be)  
 The fact I did, which grieues me that I did,  
 Staining my honour with his periurie,  
 Which gods do see, though it from man be hid :  
 For this (deare sister) build me here a fire,  
 To sacrifice my shame, appease heauens ire.*

*Anna, for so her Sister hight, doth rere  
 This fatall pile, preparing all things meete  
 For such a sacrifice, as Iuniper,  
 Spicknarde, and Mirrhe, to make the Incense sweete,  
 Vnknowne to what her Sister did intend,  
 Whose faire pretence came to a timelesse end.*

*Sister (quoth Dido) now you may be gone,  
 Sweete is Deuotion that is most retir'd,  
 Go you aside, and leaue me here alone,  
 Which Anna did as Dido had requir'd :  
 Who now alone with heauen-erected eyes,*

70 LOVE STAIN'D WITH LVST.

*Her wofull selfe she makes the sacrifice.*

*Anna retir'd, did heare her Sister shriek,  
With which at first affrighted, she made haste,  
To see th'euent, the sight whereof did strike  
Such a distraction in her, as it past  
The bounds of Nature, where experience tries,  
More sorrow's in the heart then in the eyes.*

*At last her eyes long shut vnsealed were,  
To eye that mournfull Obiect, now halfe turn'd  
To mouldred ashes, for it did appeare,  
As halfe were scorch'd, the other halfe were burn'd:  
Which seene, she cries, and turnes away her sight,  
Black woe betide them that such guests inuite.*

*Anna thus left alone, yet mindfull too,  
Of Didoes honour, reares a Princely shrine,  
The like whereof that Age could neuer show,  
Nor any Age, till \* Artemisias time:  
On which was this engrauen: Loue was my losse,  
Rich was my Crowne, yet could not cure my crosse.*

\* Wife to Mausolus king of Caria. vid. Plutar. in Apotheg.

*Thus Dido did, who was not much vnlike  
Vnto the Countriman who nourished  
The \* dead-staru'd Viper, that vngratefull snake,  
Who rest him life, that it had cherished:  
So Dido she, whose fall my Muse recites,  
Lies slaine by him, whom she in loue inuites.*

\* Latet Anguis in herba.

Nec Hospes ab Hospite tutus.

AN ELEGIE VPON  
THESE ELEGIES.

**L** *Et fond Leander warne thee, to remaine  
Vpon the Riuer banke in safetie :*  
*Let Piramus rash fael thy hand restraine,*  
*Too deare costs Loue, mix'd with fuch crueltie :*  
*Lastly, let Dido warne thee by her end,*  
*To trie that Gueft thou makes thy bofome friend.*

Venit amor grauius quo ferius vrimur intus,  
Vrimur, & cæcum pectora vulnus habent.

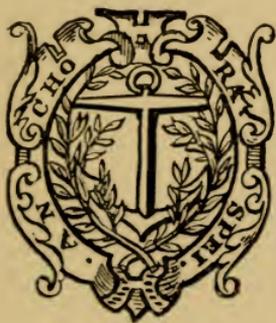


THE SECOND  
SECTION OF  
DIVINE AND MORALL  
SATYRES :

*With*

AN ADIVNCT VPON THE  
PRECEDENT; WHEREBY THE  
Argument with the first cause of publishing  
these Satyres, be evidently related.

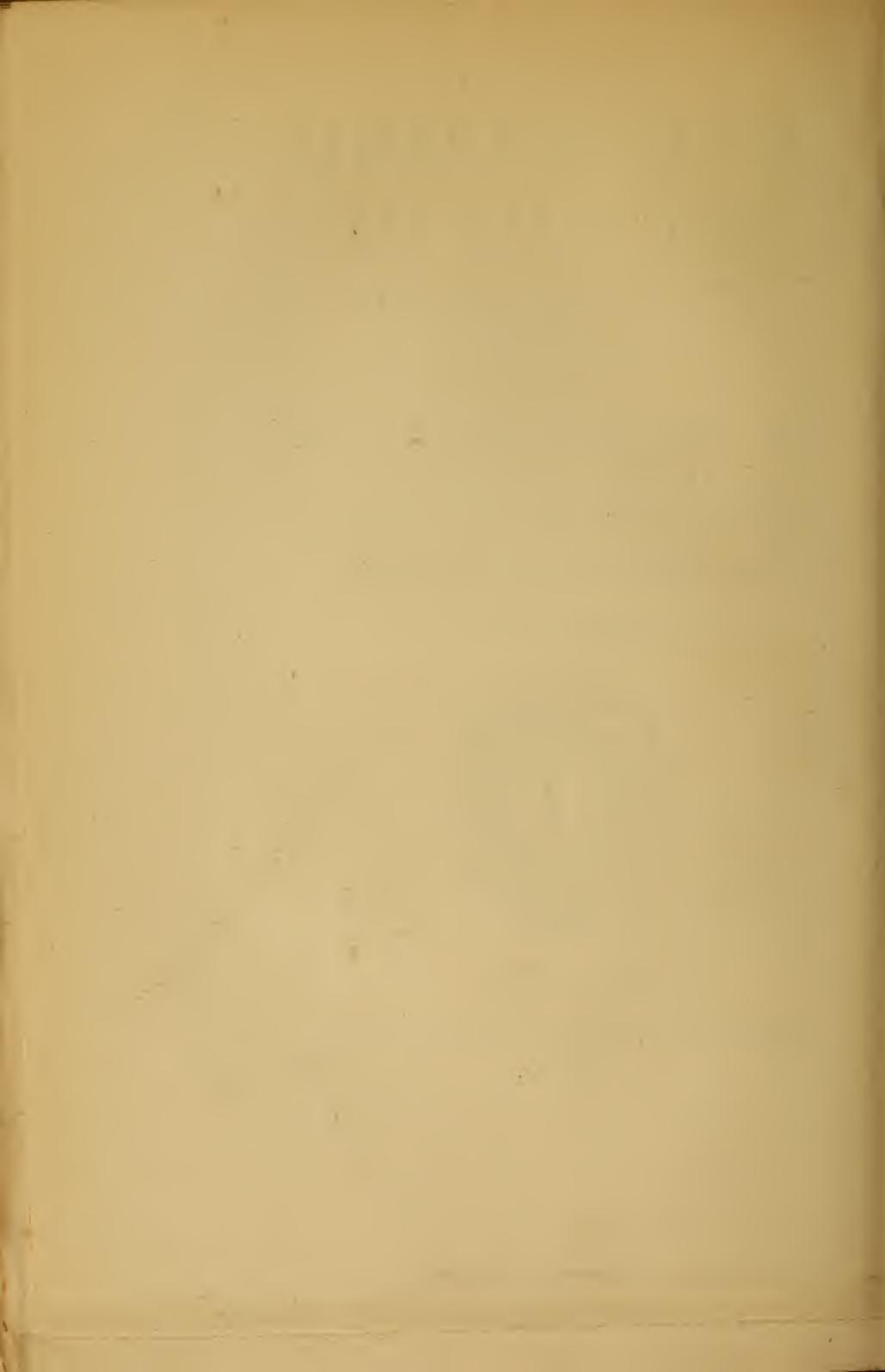
*Disce & doce.*



LONDON,

Printed for RICHARD WHITAKER.

1621.





TO THE WOR-  
THIE CHERISHER AND  
NOVRISHER OF ALL GENE-  
rous studies, S. W. C. Knight,

R. B.

His affectionate Country-man wisheth the  
increase of all honour, health, and  
happineffe.



IR,  
*When I had compos'd these rag-  
ged lines,  
Much like the Beare who brings  
her young ones forth,  
In no one part well featur'd, she  
repines,*

*That such a lumpe of flesh should haue a birth :  
Which to reforme, she's said to vndertake  
A second taske, and licks them into shape.*

*So I producing these vnriper feedes,  
Scarce growne to their perfection, knew not how,  
(Since different humour, different censure breeds)  
How they should come to ripenessse, but by you :*

*Whose*

*Whose faire acceptance may such count'nance show,  
As you may others moue to grace them too.*

*Nor do I doubt but these shall purchase grace,  
'Mongst such as honour vertue, for how low  
So'ere the style be, Subiect is not base,  
But full of Diuine matter; and I know,  
The Sunne giues life, as well to simple weeds,  
As vnto flowers or other fruitfull feeds.*

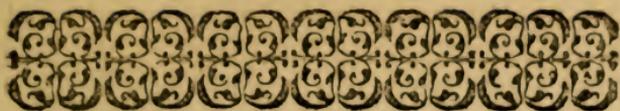
Yours in all faithfull  
Oberuance,

*Richard Brathwayte,  
Muzophylus.*

Vpon the Dedicatorie.

**T***Hough he (and happie he) bereft by fate,  
To whom I meant this worke to dedicate,  
This shall find shelter in his liuing name,  
He's chang'd indeed, but I am still the same.*

*The*



## The Argument.

*Of Elpenor an Epicure, liuing sensually in  
a Caue, respectlesse of the soules  
eternitie.*

**E***lpenor*, who long time liuing (as the Dormouse) in the caue of sensualitie and securitie, rested carelesse of a future blessing, as one rauished with the present delight of carnall libertie, became at last restrained by the vertuous edict of a gracious Emperour; by whom he was exiled and banished, not onely from the Princes Court, but from the vtmost coasts of *Arcadia* wherein he liued. Now it chanced, that during such time as he remained in *Cadmos*, a Satyrist of no lesse respect then approued grauitie, well obseruing the impietie of *Elpenor*, as also the deserued censure which his Epicureall life had incurred; endeououred to describe his condigne fall, with no lesse pregnancie of wit, and maturitie of iudgement, then a settled feuerity in reprehension of his godlesse opinions: which Description he fixed (as may be imagined) vpon the Portall gate, where he might of necessitie see his owne impietie as in a glasse transparent, perspicuously demonstrated. What discontent he  
con-

conceiued in the displaying of his owne shame, may be coniectured by the subiect of this Inuection, taxing him of his infamous life, the onely occasion of his obscure end: whose fortunes were aforetime most eminent, now most deiected.

*Et quanta est infelicitas, fuisse felicem, &c?* Boæthius.

### THE FIRST SATYRE.

**E**lpenor *groueling in his duskie caue,*  
*Secure of God or Gods high prouidence,*  
*Nought but luxurious dishes seemes to craue,*  
*To satisfie the appetite of sence.*  
*He spurnes at heauen, contemnes all supreme power,*  
*Priding in that will perish in an houre.*

*God is of no respect with Epicures,*  
*Sencelesse of of heauen or minds tranquillitie,*  
*Sencelesse of Hell, which euermore endures,*  
*Glad to receiue earths ioyes fatietie:*  
*Where rapt with Obiects of deceiuing Pleasure,*  
*They liue to sin, but to repent at leasure.*

*Is not that Statue (say Elpenor) thine,*  
*With eyes-inflam'd and palse-shaking hand,*  
*Vpon whose forehead's writ, Abuse of time?*  
*I know it is, for I do see it stand*  
*Neare Baccus shrine, where either drinks to other,*  
*Healths to Eryca, their lasciuious Mother.*

*Where Syren voyces so apply the eare,*  
*With an affected melodie, that earth*

*Might*

*Might a phantasticke Paradise appeare,  
Through consort of an vniuersall mirth,  
Which these enchanting harmonists did vse,  
To th'wofull friends of wandring Ithacus.*

*But who is He that seemes to challenge thee,  
Yet slagers in his challenge? O I know him,  
It's Hans the Dutch-man, new arriu'd from Sea,  
Stand fast Elpenor, if thou'lt ouerthrow him.  
But why enioyne I that thou canst not do,  
Halfe of a stand were well betwixt you two.*

*And much I doubt, lest Cripple-like you grow,  
So long it is, as it is out of mind,  
Since you were seene by any man to go,  
Which makes me heare your legs are hard to find :  
For vse brings on Perfection, and I feare  
Your dropsie-legs are out of vse to beare.*

*See thou unweldy wretch, that fatall shelve,  
To which thou art declining, being growne  
A heauie vselesse burthen to thy selfe,  
In whom no glimpse of vertue may be showne :  
A Barmie leaking vessell (which in troth)  
For want of reason is fill'd vp with froth.*

*Aged Turpilio grones at mispent time,  
Wishing he had his youth to passe againe :  
For then He would not vse't as thou doest thine,  
But mone the houres which He hath spent in vaine.  
But Time runs on, and will not make returne,  
When Death succeeds, whom no man can adiourne.*

*And*

*And feest thou this, and wilt thou not provide  
For Deaths arrest, whose sad approach will be  
So full of horror, as thou scarce shalt bide,  
So grim he is, that He should looke on thee?  
And yet He will, for he no diffrence makes,  
Twixt rich and poore, but whom He likes he takes.*

*Thy Prince thou feest, whose vertues are so pure  
He cannot breath on vice, hath thee exil'd,  
Forth of his royall confines, to secure  
His Realme the more, lest it should be defil'd  
By thy depraud example, which once stain'd,  
(So ranke is vice) would hardly be reclaim'd.*

*Trunke of Confusion, which deriues thy being  
From no supernall essence, for with it,  
Thy works, words, motions haue but small agreeing,  
But from securitie, where thou doest sit;  
Feeding thy vast-insatiate appetite,  
With every day new dishes of delight.*

*O rouse thy selfe from that obscurest vale,  
And sing a thankfull Hymne vnto thy Maker,  
Creepe not vpon thy bellie like the Snaile,  
But like the Larke mount vp to thy Creator;  
Adorning thee with reason, sense and forme,  
All lost in thee, through want of Grace forlorne.*

*Honour doth ill become the slothfull man,  
Who Zanie-like becomes a slaue to pleasure,  
For He when vrgent causes moue Him, than  
Neglects Occasion, and reserues that leasure,*

*Which*

*Which might haue bene employd in cares of state,  
For his delights, bought at too high a rate.*

*This thy experience tells thee, whose estate  
Once high, now low, made subiect to disgrace,  
Shewes thou art chang'd from what thou was of late,  
Yet to my iudgement in a better case:  
So thou consider th'state from whence thou came,  
And leaue that vice which did procure the same.*

*But doubt I must, (ô that my doubts were vaine)  
Such great expence is made of precious time,  
As 'twill be much to do to wash the staine  
Of that enormous loathsome life of thine.  
Yet\* Teares haue power, and they are soueraigne too,  
And may do more then any else can do.*

*Then comfort take, yet comfort mixe with teares,  
Thou\* Cadmos leaues, and it's thy native soile;  
Suppose it be, each coast or clime appeares  
The good-mans wished Country, which blest style,  
Exceeds all worldly comfort, which thou had,  
For this is passing good, that passing bad.*

\* Sicut nullus est locus in quo malum nõ perpetratur, ita nullus sit locus in quo de malo poenitentia non agatur.

\* Cadmos a hill by Laodicea out of which issueth the River Lycus, it taketh this name from Cadmus sonne to Agenor king of Phœnicia.

*I do not speake, as those whose guilded breath,  
Traines on the vicious with deceitfull hope;  
For I haue set before thee life and death,  
And this I aim'd to make my chiefeſt scope:  
That if reward of life could no way gaine thee,  
The feare of death & vengeance might reclaime thee.*

*Life as a Crowne or Diadem is due,*

G

To

*To such whose wayes are not in Error led,  
 Death as a guerdon doth to such accrue,  
 Whose carnall hearts with pleasures captiu'd,  
 Thinke not on Death, till Death his flag display,  
 And now secure shall take their life away.*

*Turne then vnto the coast of Arcadie,  
 From whence thou wast exil'd, and there suruey  
 The vertues of that Prince did banish thee,  
 And weigh the cause why there thou might not stay:  
 Which done, seeke to regaine thy Princes loue,  
 But chiefly His, that is thy Prince aboue.*



### *The Argument.*

**C**ornelia wife to Pompey, furnamed the Great, after her husbands ouerthrow in *Pharfalia*, slaine within short time after by the procurement of *Septimius* in the kingdome of *Egypt*; became much distressed with the discomfourt of her losse, and the sorrowfull issue of his death. Which is as passionately expressed by *Lucan* in *Pompeies* expostulation with *Cornelia* his beloued Ladie, — *Quid perdis tempora luctu?* *Cornelia* thus depriued of all assistants saue Teares (sorrows hereditarie treasures) for the better reliefe of her estate (the poore remainder of her fortunes) sued out a petition vnto the Emperour *Cæsar*, whose royall

royall clemency (as she thought) could not choofe but take pittie on the wife, whose husband was become a bootie to his Conquest. But how reasonable foeuer her demands were, it skilled not, for by the corrupt and indirect dealing of *Cælius* and *Tuberculus* she was resisted. The Satyrift therefore in deploring of *Cornelia's* miserie, and inueying against the two Courtiers corruption, morally dilateth on the desolate estate of a forlorne widdow, and the sinister practises of corrupt Aduocates.

THE SECOND SATYRE.

**P**ompey the Great no sooner was interr'd,  
 But poore *Cornelia* his distressed wife,  
 To her deceas'd Lords estate preferr'd,  
 Was drawne by Consul *Asper* into strife:  
 And so oppress'd by hote pursuite of foes,  
 That she deuoid of friends was fraught with woes.

*She, wofull she, lest she should lose her state,  
 Makes meanes to \* Cælius to preferre her suite,  
 Which he's content to do, but at such rate,  
 As 'twill cost deare to bring the cause about:  
 Yet she remediless, to worke her peace,  
 Stood not much on't, but did the Courtier please.*

*\* A prodigall  
 Courtier, but in  
 great fauour  
 with Cæsar.*

*Cælius possess'd of his iniurious fee,  
 Which he consum'd in riotous expence,  
 Forgot the widdows cause dishonestlie,  
 Without remorse or touch of conscience:*

*For vnderhand ( as Courtiers vse to do )  
He takes a priuate bribe of Asper too.*

*Cornelia now in hope of good successe,  
Comes vnto Cælius as her purchas'd friend,  
And humbly craues to know what's her redresse,  
Or in what fort her fuite is like to end :  
Where He as strangely answers her demand,  
And say's, her fuite came neuer to his hand.*

*No fuite ! ( thus did this Matron streight reply )  
O Rome where is thy\* Iustice now enthron'd,  
Thou that didst vse to heare a widdow crie,  
And right her cause as thou her wrongs bemon'd !  
But spare Cornelia, what reliefe can come  
Frõ corrupt Courts, where gold makes Consuls dumbe ?*

\* Iustice may be  
aptly compared  
to the Caledonie  
stone, which re-  
taineth her ver-  
tue no longer  
then it is rubbed  
with gold.

*If my much-honor'd Lord, whose Country loue  
Reft him of breath, should see this present time,  
How gifts can limit Iustice, would't not moue  
His Royall spirit, seeing me and mine,  
Whose onely comfort's this, we may repose,  
And ioy in this, we haue no more to lose ?*

*Whilest wrong'd Cornelia sat thus pensiuely,  
\*Tuberculus a Courtier past that way,  
Who in compassion of her miserie,  
Knowne to her selfe not to her grieues, did stay ;  
For generous minds are neuer more exprest,  
Then in applying comfort to th'distrest.*

\* One of especiall  
esteeme with  
Pompey before  
his ouerthrow.

*Ladie ( quoth he ) if I could ease your grieffe,*

*The*

*The loue I owe vnto your familie,  
 Me thinks might promise to your selfe reliefe,  
 Impart them then, what ere your sorrowes be :  
 Cures haue bene wrought where little was expected,  
 For where the mind is willing, ought's effected.*

*She hearing him so vertuously inclin'd,  
 Prone vnto pittie, sighing did declare,  
 How that her sonne young Pompey was confin'd,  
 Which was the greatest subiect of her care :  
 Whom if He would make meanes for to release,  
 The current of her sorrowes soone would ceasse.*

Sext. Pompe.

*Another suite I haue, which Asper moues,  
 To force me from my right of widdowhood,  
 Wherein his worser cause the better proues,  
 For\* mightie men can hardly be withstood :  
 In these I must intreate your Lordships care,  
 In lieu whereof I'le gratifie with prayer.*

\* Inimicitia:  
potentia violenta Senec.\* Like Verconius  
in the time of  
Alexander Se-  
uerus, who pre-  
tending familia-  
ritie with the  
Emperour, tooke  
mens mony for  
preferring their  
suites, abused  
them, & did them  
no good at all: at  
last conuented  
before the Em-  
perour, he was  
ruded to be  
hanged up in a  
chimney, and so  
perish with  
smoke, for that  
he sold smoke to  
the people.  
Lamprid. in  
Seu. Verco.

*Tuberculus did answer her demands,  
 But he expected\* ointment, and delaying,  
 To giue her further comfort, there He stands,  
 He for his fee, she for her cause stood praying.  
 Cornelia well perceiuing what He would,  
 Good gods (quoth she) is Iustice wholly fould ?*

*How do you meane (quoth he) it is our meanes,  
 Could we be thus enameld euery day,  
 Or in such port maintaine our fauning friends,  
 If we receiv'd not profit by delay ?  
 No Ladie, no, who in these dayes do liue,*

G 3

And

*And would haue Iustice, must not sticke to giue.*

*Thus was Cornelia crost, her meanes preuented,  
No comfort now remaining saue despaire ;  
Wherefore ( perforce ) she rests hope-rest, contented  
To lose the sight of her confined heire,  
Who liues restrain'd : Asper her state hath got,  
And poore Cornelia with her cause forgot.*



### *The Argument of Lucian.*

**L**ucian a professed enemy to Christ, detracting much from the deuine & sole-healthfull Mysteries of our Redemptiō, wherby he became odious to the all-seeing veritie ; chanced to trauell for delight, (as one of generall obseruation) into forraine places : where (as heauens iust doome would haue it) he was worried by dogs, as a iust reward for his impious and egregious contempt towards God ; reuiling that all-seeing Maiestie of Christ with the sacred office of his Ministers, and like a snarling or biting Curre, barking at the admirable and ineffable workes which were wrought by Gods omnipotencie : for which cause God accordingly punished him. A remarkable spectacle to all ensuing ages, concluding emphatically with the Satyrift.

*Ingeniosus*

*Ingeniosus erat, superum sed acerrimus hostis,  
At canis est superum tempore præda canum.*

Wittie, but foe to God, who long in vaine,  
Barking at God, by barking currs was slaine.

The Satyre followeth, Morally applyed.

## THE THIRD SATYRE.

**I**ngenious Lucian, ripe in poesie,  
Apt to compose, and pregnant to inuent,  
Well read in secrets of Phylosophie,  
And in all Morall knowledge excellent;  
For all these rarer parts vnto him giuen,  
Ceas'd not to \* barke against the power of heauen.

In vit. Luci.

\* Isti latrant  
non mordent,  
non nocent:  
August.

This snarling Curre, for he detracted God,  
As profestemie to pietie,  
Chanced to trauell, where Gods irefull rod  
Made him a witnesse to posteritie; (power,  
For this same \* wretch who bark'd against heuens  
Did barking currs (such was heuens doome) deuoure.

\* Thus as he bar-  
k'd against the  
God of heauen,  
To barking currs  
he for a prey was  
giuen.

Soile to his foule, and so to Christs profession,  
For He no Christ profest, but thought't a scorne  
That God made man, from God should haue cõmission,  
Without mans helpe to be of Virgin borne:  
Yet see his fall, who did himselfe deceiue,  
Vnpitied dies, and dying ha's no graue.

What's Sions peace (sayes He) there's no such place; *The Atheists o-  
pinions.*  
Earth hath her Sion, if we ayme our care  
At any other Mansion, it's a chase

*So fruitlesse, as if we should beate the ayre,  
Or plant our hope in things which cannot be,  
And such's our trust in fained Deitie.*

*Thou vglie visard, that with faire pretence  
Of Morall discipline shadowes thy sin,  
Reclaime thy selfe by timely penitence,  
And loath that horrid Cause thou wallowest in :  
Thy sin's deep-dide, yet not of that deepe staine,  
But\* Teares & Prayers may make them white againe.*

\* Lachrymæ  
verbis, fuspiria  
votis immisce-  
antur.

\* Anchora cui  
spes est innixa,  
Angularis lapis  
in quem funda-  
ta.

\* θρόνος τῆς  
ἡδονῆς.

*Hast thou no \* Anchor to relie vpon ?  
No Refuge nor no Recluse for thy hope ?  
Behold thy Iesus he's thy corner stone,  
Make him thy ayne, thy succour, shelter, scope,  
And he'le receiue thee in the \* Throne of blesse,  
The boundlesse Ocean of all happinesse.*

*Returne thou wicked Lucian, make thy verse  
Thy\* Retraction, be not ouerbold,  
Lest when good-men shall view thy forlorne hearse,  
In thy reproch they cause this to be told  
To after-ages : Here he lies interr'd,  
Who \* erring knew, and in his knowledge err'd.*

\* Vt medicus,  
perite tractat  
vulnera, Qui o-  
pera retractat  
perperam edi-  
ta.

\* Errando dif-  
co.

\* Qualis ergo  
est ista, quæ  
tam multa de  
cæteris nouit,  
& se qualiter  
facta sit prorsus  
ignorat ?  
August.

*Sweete and delightfull \* Poems canst thou make,  
Of Hymen rites, or Venus dalliance,  
And pleasant seemes the labour thou doest take,  
While to thy Pipe deluded Louers dance :  
But in such sacred measures thou art slow,  
As teach men how to liue, and what to know.*

Mirrha the wanton mother of a wanton,  
 Gamesome the Mother and the Daughter too,  
 Gives a fit subject for thy Muse to chant on,  
 Relating what a Louer ought to do ;  
 In which lasciuious straine, fond Loue is brought  
 To hate what's good, but to affect what's naught.

Thou canst report how Romanes ioyned were,  
 First with the Sabines, and what strange delights  
 Tooke their inuention from those feasts were there,  
 Duly solemniz'd on their nuptiall nights ;  
 Of Sphinx, Charybdis, Scilla, Ctesiphon,  
 With Prætus letters against \* Bellerophon.

Vid. Tit. Liu. in  
 Dec. 1. & 3.  
 Ouid. in fast.

\* Who slue the  
 two monsters  
 Chymera and  
 Solymos in Ly-  
 cia.

These thou canst feature as Apelles, He  
 The Prince of painters could not better show  
 Their formes, then thou their natures, which may be  
 Portrayers of thy wit and learning too :  
 But what are these but shadowes, if thou moue  
 Thy eye to those blest objects are about ?

Lend but thy eare to aerie warbling Birds,  
 Which day by day sing pleasant madrigals ;  
 And thou shalt heare what praise the Larke affords,  
 Whilest with sweete Hymnes she on her maker cals,  
 Where each repayes their due in their degree,  
 And much abash'd do rest asham'd of thee.

Larke.  
 \* A laudes di-  
 cendo dicitur  
 Alauda.

The flower which hath no sense, nor hath no feeling,  
 Nor apprehends the difference of things,  
 Performes her office in delight of smelling,  
 Likewise the tree most fruitfull blossoms brings :

The

*The Serpent, Adder, and each crawling worme,  
Haue mutuall duties giuen them with their forme.*

\* *The Pismire  
and Locust (of  
all other crea-  
tures) haue no  
king nor leader.*  
vid. AElia. &  
Plin. in natur.  
Hist.

*The Basiliske the \* king of Serpents is,  
The Lion of all beasts, the Cedar tree  
Is chiefe of Trees, Leviathan of fish,  
And man ore these hath sole supremacie :  
Thus euery Creature in her feuerall kind,  
Hath feuerall Lords and limits her assign'd.*

*Thou Lucian art endu'd with what these want,  
And canst distinguish betwixt good and ill,  
Yet thou denies what other Creatures grant,  
And which is worse, thou so continuest still :  
Thou laughs at Adams fall, and thinks't a shame,  
Man should auouch an Apple caus'd the fame.*

*Wo worth that fruite that had so bitter taste,  
Bringing Perdition to the soule of man,  
That free-borne Creature, which so farre surpast  
Mans fraile condition when it first began ;  
That was an Apple that too dearely cost,  
Which made so many soules for euer lost.*

*If I should Catechise thee Lucian,  
And tell the vertue of each feuerall thing ;  
How reason first was distribute to man,  
And how the earth globe-like in aire doth hing,  
The secreet growth of Plants which daily grow,  
Yet \* how or when no humane sense can know.*

\* *Spicas cre-  
uiffe cernimus,  
cas autem  
quando creue-  
runt non cer-  
nimus.*

The\* *Fabrick of the heauen, whose eminence*  
*Shewes admiration to vs that behold*  
*Her glorious Bodies sacred influence,*  
*Whose distinct Motion, who is't can vnfold?*  
*None but the Author and the founder can,*  
*For it exceeds the reach of any man.*

\* That starrie  
 Gallerie emboss'd  
 with gold,  
 fretted with orbis  
 of Christall, sil-  
 uer'd ouer, with  
 pearle pau'd,  
 roofed with an  
 Agget couer.

If I should question thee, whence these deriue  
 Their proper Motion, it would thee behouue  
 To yeeld, that some to these do Motion giue,  
 Since what se're moues doth by another moue:  
 Which thou confirmes and adds, nought vnder Sunne  
 Is done in these, but is by Nature done.

\* Holding with  
 Albumazar that  
 his leading the  
 children of Is-  
 rael ouer the  
 Red sea, was no  
 more but obser-  
 uing the influ-  
 ence of Starres,  
 and waining  
 season of the  
 Moone that  
 withdraweth the  
 tides; and that  
 miraculous issu-  
 ing of water out  
 of the rocke, by  
 the stroke of a  
 rod was no more,  
 but noting those  
 spring-heads,  
 whereto the  
 wild asses resor-  
 ted to quench  
 their thirst.  
 b Whom th'  
 morning sees so  
 proudly go,  
 ere euening come  
 may lie full low.  
 Senec.

So thou\* *referrs that wonderfull Creation,*  
*After the Deluge to a mortall wight,*  
*Discoursing vainly how Deucalion,*  
*Refurnish'd earth which was vnpeopled quite;*  
*But thou deceiued art, it's nothing so,*  
*For it was God that gaue increase to Noe.*

We are his clay, we must confesse his power,  
 He is our Potter, whose deuine command  
 Can dash vs earthen vessels in one<sup>b</sup> houre,  
 Subiect vnto the iudgement of his hand;  
 For he no sooner shall withdraw his breath,  
 Then Man leaues to be Man, and welcomes death.

Heauens power to which no Mortall can extend,  
 (Not to be argued or disputed on,)  
 Because it's not in Man to comprehend,  
 The radiant Splendor of the glorious Sunne:

Much

*Much lesse profounder secrets, which were fram'd,  
For admiration, not to be prophan'd.*

*\* We have heard  
of diuerse, exem-  
plarily punished  
euen in that  
wherein they co-  
temptuously pro-  
faned; as Iulian,  
Herodias, Bal-  
shafar, and Thy-  
melicus the en-  
terlude-plaier;  
who dancing  
vpon the scaffold  
in a Cope (a  
robe of the  
Church) fell  
downe dead.  
Thymelico fal-  
tatori, &c.  
Vid. Val. Maxi.  
lib. 1. cap. 2.*

*\* Prophan'd, if nam'd without due reuerence,  
To that Supreme all-working Maieſtie,  
Whose Palme containes this Earths circumference,  
Whose praise takes accent from heauens Hierarchie.  
Let not, O let not him who gaue man tongue,  
To yeeld him praise, for silence make it dumbe.*

*Thou canſt compose a ſong of Shepherds liues,  
Spent in a pleaſant veine of Recreation,  
How they ſit chatting with their wanton wiues,  
Tricking and toying in a Shepherds faſhion :  
This thou canſt do, and it's done pretily,  
For it ſhews wit, yet ſpent vnfittingly.*

*O if thou would confine thy ſelfe in reaſon,  
And leaue fond Poems of a doting Louer,  
Obſeruing Natures tone, tune, time, and ſeaſon,  
How well would theſe ſeeme to that powerfull mouer ;  
Whose eyes are pure, and of that piercing ſight,  
As they loue light, but hate ſuch works are light.*

*But O too vaine's the current of thy vaine,  
Soild with the Motiues of vntamed luſt,  
Which layes vpon thy Name that endleſſe ſhame,  
As ſhall furuiue, when thou return'd to duſt,  
Shalt much lament thoſe Poems thou haſt writ,  
Through th'light conceit of thy licentious wit.*

*Nor is it gaine mou's thee to prostitute,*

*That*

*That precious talent which thou doest possesse ;  
 No, it's delight thou hast to gaine repute,  
 'Mongst men made\* beasts through their voluptuousnes\*  
 O hate that affectation, lest this shelve,  
 Of vaine applause do ruinate thy selfe !*

\* Sicut Belluæ  
 sunt humanæ,  
 ita homines  
 sunt belluini.

*For such esteeme, what honour wil't afford,  
 What comfort in the graue, where thou lies dead ;  
 When thy lasciuious\* works shall beare record,  
 Of what was by thee writ or published ?  
 Nay 'twill preiudice thee, it cannot chuse,  
 Vaine's that opinion ill-men haue of vs.*

\* By those stu-  
 dies, which  
 I affected, am I  
 condemned, by  
 those I praised,  
 am I dispar-  
 aged. Aug.

*Thus thou sustaines the height of miserie,  
 To see a \* Cleobes and Biton grac'd,  
 With honour, fame, desertfull dignitie,  
 Thy glory prun'd, thy laurell-wreath defac'd :  
 The triumphs of thy wit so quite forgot,  
 As if ( so fickle's fame ) thou flourish'd not.*

\* Two brothers,  
 sonnes to Argia  
 a Prophetesse in  
 the temple of  
 Iuno.

*Nor can we say those flourish, whose renowne  
 Consists in praise of vice, for though they seeme  
 Vnto the worlds eye so fully knowne,  
 Yet they shall be as if they had not bene ;  
 When vice, which to aduance was their desire,  
 Shall melt away as waxe before the fire.*

*Rest not, but labour Lucian to preferre  
 The sage contents of sacred Mysteries,  
 Before such Rithms as teach men how to erre,  
 Whose best instructions are but vanities ;  
 Which if thou do, wits Treasure shall increase,*

*And*

*And crowne thee Laureat in the Land of peace.*

*Yet reade not so, as not to vnderstand  
The graue remainders of Times ancient Booke ;  
For what a follie is't to haue in hand  
Bookes nere red ouer ! This, that \* Sage forfooke,  
When in his course of reading He did vse,  
The choycest flowers in euery worke to chuse.*

\* In Demofthene magna pars Demofthenis abest, cum legitur & non auditur.

*Thus Lucian haue I warn'd thee to forbear,  
That snarling humour, of detracting such  
Whose vertues shine as Starres in highest Sphære,  
Whose worthie Liues can well abide the tutch ;  
Defame not \* vertue, rather emulate,  
Good-mens example, that's a vertuous hate.*

\* Ea fola neque datur dono neque accipitur. *Satist,*



### *The Argument of Stefichorus.*

*S*tefichorus is fained to haue lost his eyes for dispraising *Helen* of Greece, and afterwards to haue recouered the same by praising her. The Morall alludeth to such, who ouerborne with the vnbounded height of their owne conceit, distaste the opinion of a multitude, to make their owne irregular iudgement passe for current. These (as we say) vse euer to swim against the streame, affecting that least, which seemes approoued by the most : scorning to guide their ship by anothers Card,  
measure

measure their life by anothers line, or walke in a common path. Some other application may this Morall make, as *One* vpon this fable would haue *Stefichorus* to shadow a Malecontent, by whom things generally esteemed vse to be most disualed, delighting in nothing more then opposition. Others by way of similitude compare him to *One*, who by much gazing on the Sunne becomes dim-sighted; so *He*, by too intentiue fixing his eye vpon beautie, became blinded: the deuine application whereof I leaue to euery mans peculiar conceite, not louing to presse *these* further, then their owne natie fence will beare. The subiect whereof this Satyre intreateth, more particularly applyed, may chance to glance at some whose singularitie gaines them Opinion aboue reason; but silence is their best salue, labouring rather to redeeme the time, then reueale their owne shame. Let them be of more humble nature, and I will spare to profecute any further. *Nihil tam volucre est quàm maledictum*, the poyson whereof is as strong as the passage swift; the vnworthineffe of which condition as I haue euer loathed, so a milde and temperate reproofe for vertues sake haue I euer loued: not ignorant, how some vices (as other fores) are better cured by lenitiues then corasiues, lest the Patient crie out — *Graviora sunt, haud feram*. Iudge of the Satyre.

THE

## THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

*\* A lyrick Poet,  
famous for his  
sweete and plea-  
sing veine.*

**S**Tefichorus \* like Zeuxes cannot paint,  
Nor like Lyfippus can delineate;  
For then He would giue that accomplishment  
To Hellens beautie, as might propagate  
Her fame to following times, when Ages passe,  
Which by Record might shew what Hellen was.

*Blind Byard now, see how thy iudgement err'd,  
By gazing long on beautie thou art blind,  
Recanting all too late what thou auerr'd,  
So different is th'opinion of that mind,  
Where onely selfe-conceit drawes men to shew  
Their priuate iudgement, giuen they care not how.*

*Was she not faire that made all Troy to burne,  
That made Prince Paris wander to and fro,  
That made Queene Hecuba so fore to mourne,  
Both for her selfe and for her Issue too?  
Yes she was faire, how ere thy eye esteeme her,  
Nor can conceit of one make beauty meaner.*

*What made stout Menelaus passe the Sea?  
What Telamon to rig his well-mann'd ship,  
What Ajax, what Achylles? It was she,  
Whose sweete ambrosiacke breath and cherri-lip,  
Relis'd of Nectar, and infus'd a spirit,  
In Cowards breasts, to gaine true fame by merit.*

*Old subtill Sinon can prepare assault,*

*Against*

Against the strongest battlements of Troy,  
 Whilest armed Grecians in that ribbed vault,  
 Press for encounter, purpos'd to destroy,  
 Issue from Pallas horse, so aptly \* made,  
 As Troy had cause to curse the cunning Iade.

\* It was made  
 by Phereclus,  
 who was after  
 slaine by Merion  
 in the siege of  
 Troy.

Art thou perswaded yet to praise her beautie,  
 Sith Nature hath surpasst Her selfe in skill,  
 As one engag'd in some respect of dutie,  
 Vnto her sex, to make them honor'd still?  
 O be perswaded, to her shrine repaire,  
 For howsoere thou saies, thou thinks Her faire!

Faire in proportion, motiue in her pace,  
 An eye as chearefull as the morning-Sunne,  
 Her haire, her smile, her well-beseeming grace,  
 By which so many Troians were vndone:  
 In brieft, examine Her from top to toe,  
 And then admire each part accomplish'd so.

Such admiration as like Linceus eyes,  
 Transparent Brightnesse seemes to penetrate:  
 For if Apollo seeing Daphnes thighes,  
 Wau'd by the Easterne winde, forgot his state,  
 Himselfe and all, Proportion well may moue,  
 Since gods themselues were tost by gusts of loue.

Did not faire Phyllis dote vpon a Swaine,  
 She passing faire, and he a witherd lad,  
 Whence we may reason, none can loue restraine,  
 Nor set it limits which it neuer had:  
 For when we haue done all that we can do,

H

It

*It will haue th'course and readie passage too.*

*Yet Loue's so pure it can endure no staine,  
Stain'd Loue is lust, which is not in her breast:  
Spotlesse content she seekes, which if she gaine,  
She freely liues, and fairely takes her rest:  
But barr'd of this, without repose she lies,  
And dying liues, and living loathed dies.*

\* Nærus erat  
veneri species,  
Helenæq; ci-  
catrix gloria,  
quæ Paridem  
fecit amore pa-  
rem.

*It is not Venus \* mole nor Hellens scarre,  
Adds fuell to affection, for though these  
Gauë beautie summons to commence Loues warre,  
Yet outward graces do but onely please,  
As Obiects do the eye; where Loues best part  
Consists not in the eye, but in the Heart.*

*But now to thee, who did dispraise that faire,  
Whose beautie ruin'd Cities, now disclaime  
Thy purblind iudgement, and withall compare  
Hellen with Hero, or some choicer Dame:  
And then it may be \* Cupid will restore  
Thine eyes to thee, which He put out before.*

\* Lumine qui  
semper prodit-  
tur ipse suo.



## *The Argument of Pigmalion.*

**P***igmalion*, whom no surpassing beautie in all  
*Cyprus* could captiuatē, at last hauing made a  
curious Image or *Picture* of an amiable woman,  
was

was so rauished with the accomplished proportion of his owne worke, that enamoured therewith, *He* intreated *Venus* to put life in his Image, which with such Artfull delineature he had composed. *Venus* taking commiseration vpon his prayers and teares, infused life in his Picture, whereof *He* begat a beautifull daughter called *Papho*, from whom (or from *Mount Paphos*) *Venus* is said to haue taken her name, styled sometimes by the Poets *Eryca*, sometimes *Paphia*: whose feasts with all ceremoniall rites vsually performed in the honour of an immortall goddesse, were originally solemnized and celebrated onely by the Shepheards of those Mountaines, but afterwards more generally obserued. The Morall includeth the vaine and foolish *Loues* of such as are besotted on euery idle picture or painted Image, whose selfe-conceited vanitie makes beauty their Idoll, becoming Creatures of their owne making, as if they dis-esteemed the creation of their Maker. The Satyre though compendious, comprifeth much matter. Reade it, and make vse of the fequele.

*Note this you painted faces,  
whose native  
Country (once  
white Albion) is  
become reddish,  
with blushing at  
your vanities.*

## THE FIFT SATYRE.

**P**Igmalion rare, in rare Proportions making,  
Yet not in quickning that which He had framed,  
So exquisite in artfull curious shaping,  
In nought (if Zeuxes iudged) could he be blamed:  
Yet skillfull though He were in formes contriuing,  
Yet not so skilfull in those formes reuiuing.

H 2

Reuiu'd

*Reuiu'd! I wrote amisse, they neuer liued :  
Improper then to say, they were reuiued.*

*\* Like those Pul-  
uinaria erected  
by the heathen  
for their Pagan  
images.*

*He builds him \* Temples for his Image-gods,  
And much befotted with their faire aspect,  
In admiration of his worke, He nods,  
And shakes his Head, and tenders them respect ;  
I cannot tell (quoth He) what passion moues me,  
But fure I am (quoth He) faire Saint I loue thee,  
Thou art my handie-worke, I wish my wife,  
If to thy faire Proportion thou hadst life.*

*Canst thou Pigmalion dote so on shrines,  
On liuelesse Pictures, that was neuer rapt  
With any beautie Cyprus Ile confines ?  
These ( foolish man) be for thy Loue vnapt ;  
They cannot answer Loue for Loue againe,  
Then fond Pigmalion do thy Loue restraine ;  
Such senselesse creatures as haue onely being,  
Haue with embraces but an harsh agreeing.*

*\* Quid agunt in  
corpore casto  
ceruffa & mi-  
nium, centumq ;  
venena coloru ?  
Vitor. ad Sal-  
monem.*

*They haue no moysture in their key-cold lips,  
No pleasure in their smile, their colour stands ;  
Whilest youthfull Ladies on the pauement trips,  
They stand as Pictures \* should, with saplesse hands ;  
And well thou knowes, if Passiue be not mouing,  
The Actiue part can yeeld small fruits of louing :  
Why art thou so befotted still with woing,  
Since there's no comfort when it comes to doing ?*

*Can any idle Idoll without breath,  
Giue thee a gracefull answer to thy suite ?*

*Nay*

Nay rather like dead corps surpriz'd by death,  
 It answers silence when thou speakes vnto't.  
 Desist then (fond Pigmalion) and restraine  
 To loue that Creature cannot loue againe ;  
 What will it pleasure thee a shrine to wed,  
 That can afford no pleasure in thy bed ?

Thou art not so \* bewitcht with any beautie,  
 How faire soere within thy Natiue Ile,  
 No Nymph can moue thy Loue, or force thy dutie,  
 As doth this Picture, whose art-forcing smile  
 Can giue thee small content, and wherefore then  
 Should painted Statues so entangle men ?  
 It's loue thou sayest, Pigmalion, that doth moue thee,  
 But thou loues such as cannot say they loue thee.

\* — Sine coniuge Cælebs  
 Viuebat, thalamicque diu confort  
 carebat.  
 Metam. 10 lib.

Turne thee vnto leud Pasphyhaes lust,  
 Wife to a braue and valiant \* Champion,  
 Who on a Bull (see how affection must  
 Passe Reasons limit) fondly dotes vpon ;  
 \* Ioue on a Heifer, Danae of a shower,  
 Such is the vertue of loues-working power :  
 No time, place, obiect, subiect, circumstance,  
 Can still Loues pipe, when Cupid leades the dance.

\* Minos king of  
 Crete.

Then who will aske the reason of thy Loue, (son,  
 Which shewes most strength when she can shew least rea-  
 And cannot Proteus-like with each blast moue,  
 Nor free her selfe from soule-deluding treason !  
 She like the Moone is not each month in waine,  
 For th'obiect of her loue is of that straine,  
 Nor land, nor sea, nor tempests though they thwart her

\* Non frustra  
 dictus Bos ouis  
 Imber Olor,  
 Whence our English  
 Poet as properly  
 annexed this  
 Districke,  
 imitating the  
 former in matter  
 and manner :  
 In vaine Ioue  
 was not stil'd  
 right sure I am,  
 From th'shape he  
 tooke of Bull,  
 sheepe, shower,  
 and swan.  
 vid. Ouid. in  
 Metamorph.

*Can from her Sphere by opposition part her.*

*Do but torment Her with the sight of woe,  
Vexe her with anguish and with discontent,  
She will not make her friend in heart, her foe ;  
No, if she were with depth of sorrowes spent ;  
Yet \* like Anthæus, when she's most cast downe,  
She gathers strength, and is not ouerthrowne :  
She cannot breake her vow, her legall oath,  
But meanes (if life permit) to keepe them both.*

*\* Which is elegantly expressed by our moderne Poet. Whose fall (Anthæus-like) provoked him more, And made him stronger then he was before.*

*Then (honour'd Picture) let me thee embrace ;  
With that He hugd it in his lustfull armes,  
And now and then He smeer'd the Pictures face,  
Praying the gods to keepe it from all harmes :  
And prayed (a sentslesse prayer) Ioue to defend,  
His Picture from diseases to the end ;  
So to enioy her dalliance with more pleasure,  
Whose presence He esteem'd the precious't Treasure.*

*Each euen he vs'd to dresse it for his bed,  
For in a gowne of Tissue was it clothed,  
And put a night-tyre on it's iuorie head,  
And when night came He made it be vnclouted ;  
Where, lest He should his lustfull fauours hide,  
He vs'd to lay the Picture by his side,  
Where He drew to it as He saw it lie,  
But when it would not be, He wish'd to die.*

*Vngratefull Creature (would Pigmalion say)  
That neuer doest afford one smile on me,  
That dallies thus with thee, each night, each day ;*

*Faire*

*Faire Saint, what needes this curiositie?  
While with a \* kisse He oft his speech would breake,  
By threats or faire intreats to make it speake:  
And when He had his fruitlesse prattling done,  
He would in rage call it an Idoll dumbe.*

\* Ofcula dat,  
reddiq; putat,  
loquiturque te-  
netque. *Meta.*  
10 lib.

*But angrie with himselfe, He streight would blame  
His too rash furie, craving pardon too,  
That he should stile it with so harsh a Name,  
And wish'd him powre to die, or it to do,  
Swearing by heauen, if sheete did chance to moue,  
It was the nimble action of his Loue.  
Coy-toying Girle (quoth He) what meaneth this,  
Is it your modestie, you will not kisse?*

*Naught though it answer'd, he would prosecute  
His wooing taske, as if it stood denying,  
And thus would vrge it; Deare accept my suite,  
Be not so fearefull, feare thou not espying,  
I haue excuses store, then listen me;  
For I will vow I was enam'ling thee:  
Then sport thee wench, securely frolick it,  
That I on thee a Niobe may get.*

*Thus whilest He vainely prattled to his Shrine,  
Aurora with her radiant beames appeared,  
And blushing red, as if she tax'd the time,  
For such licentious motions, slilie peered  
In at a chinke, whereby she did discover  
An idoll courted by an idle Louer:  
And scarce Aurora now had time to show her,  
But fond Pigmalion made this speech vnto her.*

H 4

What

*What haue I done (thou iealous light) said He,  
That I should thus deprived be of louing !  
What couldst thou do, to adde more miserie,  
Then in thy speedie rising, hastie mouing ?  
Thou might haue spar'd one day, and hid thy light,  
Enioyning Earth to haue a \* double night,  
Where ghastly furies in obliuion sit,  
For darke misdeeds for darknesse be most fit.*

\* Vt geminata  
duos nox incly-  
ta iungat amo-  
res.

*But He cut off his speech with many grone,  
Hastning to rise, yet went to bed againe,  
And as He goes, He sees the darknesse gone,  
And Phæbus coursers galloping amaine :  
Which seene, at last He rose with much adoe,  
And being vp, began afresh to woe ;  
Yet hauing so much sence as to perceiue,  
How he had err'd, He ceasseth now to craue.*

*For He intends to worke another way,  
By Inuocation on some heauenly power,  
The onely meanes his passion to allay ;  
Which to performe, retiring to his bower,  
He made these Orisons : Venus faire Queene,  
Then whom in heauen or earth nere like was seene,  
Be thou propitious to my prayers, my teares,  
Which at thy Throne and Pedestall appeares.*

*I whom nor Swaine nor Nymph could ere inchant,  
Am now besotted with a senslesse creature,  
Whom though I do possesse, yet do I want,  
Wanting life breathing in her comely feature,  
Which by infusing life if thou supplie,*

*Ile*

*He liue to \* honour thee, if not, I die ;  
For what is life where discontent doth raigne,  
But such a farme as we would faine disclaime ?*

*\* By offering sacrifice to Venus in the Ile of Cyprus.*

*Venus much mou'd with his obsequious prayers,  
And liquid teares, his suite did satisfie,  
Infusing breath into her senslesse veines,  
Now full of iuyce, life, and agilitie ;  
Which being done, the Picture mou'd, not missing  
To lure Pigmalion to her lips with kissing,  
Reaping great ioy and comfort in their toying,  
Depriu'd before of blisse, blest now enjoying.*

*Blest in enjoying and possessing that,  
Which doth include true Loues felicitie,  
Where two are made ioynt owners of one state,  
And though distinct, made one by vnitie ;  
Happie then I, (Pigmalion did reply,)  
That haue possession of this Deitie,  
No humane creature but a Parragon,  
Whose liuelesse forme once Nymphs admired on.*

*This said, she streight retires vnto the place,  
Where she her moulding had, by whom she now  
(I meane Pigmalion) obtain'd such grace,  
As He her maker and her husband too,  
Tooke such content in his now-breathing wife,  
As they scarce differ'd once in all their life,  
But this was then : Let this suffice for praise,  
Few wiues be of her temper now adaies.*

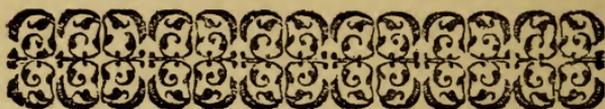
*The faire and fruitfull daughter He begat,*

*De sobole Pigmalionis.*

*Of*

\* Illa Paphum  
genuit, de quo  
tenet infula no-  
men. *Ibidem.*

*Of this same liuely Image had to name,  
Papho the faire, a wench of Princely state,  
From whence \* Ile Paphos appellation came,  
Consecrate vnto Venus, beauties Queene,  
By whose aspect that Ile is euer greene ;  
Wherein there is a pleasant Mirtle-groue,  
Where a shrine stands to shew Pigmaliions loue.*



### *The Argument of Pytheas.*

**P**Ytheas an Athenian Orator much delighted with good cloaths, and proud of his owne tongue: when law began to grow out of request (for the Athenians endeouored to bring in *Platoes* commonweale) whereby the Court of the *A-reopagitæ* became much weakened, and the frequencie of Clyents discontinued; *Acolytus* a bitter Satyrift, chancing to meete with *Pytheas* this spruce Lawyer in rent clothes, at a bare Ordinarie, liuing vpon *Pythagoras* diet, viz. rootes; obserued this vnexpected mutation, and with *Democritus* readie to laugh at others miserie, compiled this short Satyre, to adde new fuell to *Pytheas* discontent.

#### THE SIXT SATYRE.

**P**Ytheas a Laywer of no small respect,  
Garded, regarded, dips his tongue in gold,  
*And*

*And culls his phrase, the better to effect  
What He and his penurious Client would ;  
Vpon his backe for all his anticke shoues,  
More clothes He weares then how to pay He knowes.*

*And what's the reason; he hath Law at will,  
Making a good face of an euill matter,  
And euery day his thirstie purse can fill ;  
With gold thou liest; with nought but wind and water:  
Ile tell thee why, Platoes new Commonweale,  
Makes Pytheas leaue off pleading, and go \* steale.*

\* Siste latrare  
foris, & promo-  
ue cœpta la-  
tronis.

*What Pytheas, steale? is't possible, that He  
That had a Pomander still at his nose,  
That was perfum'd with balls so fragrantly,  
Should now another trade of liuing choose ?  
He must and will, nor dare He show his face  
Halfe casement-wide, that open'd many a case.*

*The other day but walking on the streete,  
I saw his veluet gerkin layd to pawne  
His graue Gregorian, for his head more meete,  
Then Brokers shop, and his best pleading gowne ;  
Nay which was more, marke Pytheas conscience,  
There lay to pawne his Clients euidence.*

Sic toga, sic  
crines, pignora  
iuris erant.

*But it's no maruell, Pride must haue a fall, (streame,  
Who was on Cockhorse borne through Fortunes  
Is now cashier'd from th'Areopagites Hall,  
And on each bulke becomes a common theame :  
O blest vacation, may thou neuer cease,  
But still haue power to silence such as these !*

Well

*Well farewell Law if Lawyers can be poore,  
For I esteem'd them onely blest in this,  
That Danaes lap with gold-distilling shower,  
Had made them line all heires to earthly blisse:  
But since these conscript fathers we adore,  
Feele want of wealth, we'le worship them no more.*



### *The Argument of Periander.*

**P***eriander* that wise Prince of Corinth, elected one of the *Sages* of Greece, fell in his old age to pouertie; whereby, though his Axiomes were no lesse esteemed, his deuine Aphorismes no lesse regarded, (as held for the very \* Oracles of some superiour power) yet the respect which former time had of him grew lessened, through the decrease of his friends and fortunes: which was no sooner perceiued, then the *distressed Sage* lamenting the worlds blindnesse, that vseth to be taken sooner with a vaine shadow then any solid substance, wrote this Satyricall Elegie in a penfue moode, inueying against the vncertaine and inconstant affections of *men*, who measure happinesse not by the inward but outward possessing. Whereby *He* inferreth, that howsoever the wise-man may seeme miserable, *He* is not so, but is more rich in possessing nothing, then the couetous

\* Vid. Laer. de vit. Phyloso.

tous foole in enjoying all things: for his estimation is without him, whereas the other hath his within *Him*, which is to be more preferred, (I meane *the minds treasure*, before the rubbish of this world,) then light before darknesse, the radiant beames of the Sunne before thicke and duskie clouds, or pure and temperate aire before foggie and contagious vapors.

THE SEVENTH SATYRE.

**V***Ngrateful Greece, that scornes a man made poore  
Respecting not the treasure of his mind,  
Whose want of wealth must shut him out of doore;  
The world's no friend to him that cannot find  
A masse of gold within their mouldred cell,  
No matter how they get it, ill or well.*

Virtus post  
nummos.

*This I experienc'd of, may well perceiue,  
Euen \*Periander I, of late a Sage  
Of stately Greece, whom now she'le not receiue,  
Because oppress'd with want, surpriz'd with age;  
Euen I, that of the \* Ephori was one,  
One of the chief'st, but now retires alone.*

\* Whose fathers  
was Cypselus,  
descending from  
the Heraclyd fa-  
milie.

\* Ephorus was  
among the Lace-  
demonians as  
Tribunus among  
the Romans.

*Yet not alone, though none resort to me,  
For wisdom will haue sociats to frequent her:  
And though proud Greece frō hence should banish thee,  
Friends thou hast store, will knocke and knocking enter:  
And firme \* friends too, whose vertues are so pure,  
Vice may assay, but cannot them allure.*

\* Amicis & fæ-  
licibus & infæ-  
licibus eundem  
re prebe.  
Laert. in senten.  
Periand.

With

*With what respect was I once grac'd by you,  
 You gorgeous outsides, Fortunes painted wall,  
 When rich; but poore, you bid my rags adue,  
 Which did at first my troubled mind appall;  
 But noting well the \* worlds inconstant course,  
 I thought her scorne could make me little worse.*

*\* Be not afraid  
 (saith Petrarch)  
 though the house  
 (the bodie) be  
 shaken so the  
 soule, (the guest  
 of the body) fare  
 well. Petrarch.  
 de Remed. vtri-  
 usque fortunæ.*

*Remorcelesse Greece, wert thou of marble made,  
 Thou might shed teares to see thy Sage dismaide,  
 By whose direction thou hast oft bene stayd,  
 When both thy hope decreas't, and fame decayd;  
 Both which restor'd by Him, got that report,  
 To Him and his, as thou admir'd him for't.*

*Yet canst thou not discerne, twixt wisedomes straine,  
 And those discording tones of vanitie,  
 For all thy ayme is benefite and gaine,  
 And these are they thou makes thy Deitie;  
 To second which, this caution thou dost giue,  
 Who know not to diffemble cannot liue.*

*Demadis saying  
 was, that Dra-  
 coes lawes were  
 written with  
 blood and not  
 with inke.*

*I know thy follies, and will brute them too,  
 For thou hast mou'd my splene, and I must speake,  
 Since thou applies no salue to cure my woe,  
 I must complaine perforce, or heart-strings breake;  
 Iustice is turn'd to wormewood in your land,  
 And corrupt dealing gets the vpper hand.*

*You itch (and out of measure) with desire  
 Of hearing nouelties, and strange deuices,  
 And scorch'd with heate of lusts-enrag'd fire,  
 Set marks of Loue, make sale of Venus prizes,*

*Broad*

*Broad-spreading vice, how deare so'ere it cost,  
To purchase it, you'le vye with who bids most.*

*You Hydra-headed monsters full of poyson,  
Infecting euery place with stinking breath,  
What ere proceeds from you is very noysome,  
And like the Basiliske procuring death:  
I care not for your hatred, if your loue  
Like Tritons ball, with such inconstance moue.*

Plin. in nat. hist.  
Alcyat. in Em-  
blem.

*These fleeing flies which flicker to and fro,  
And beate the vaine ayre with their rustling wings,  
Be their owne foes, and they professe them so,  
When they their wings with flames of furie cinge;  
For they whose hate pursues a guiltlesse one,  
With \* Syfiphus do role his restlesse stone.*

\* Ixions wheele,  
Tantalus apples,  
and Syfiphus  
stone: peculiar  
punishments in-  
flicted on these  
persons for their  
lust, auarice, &  
crueltie, as the  
Poets saine.

*You cannot grieue me with your enmitie,  
Nor much offend me with your hatefull breath,  
For ill-mens loue and hate, are equally  
Priz'd by the good, whose chiefest aime is death,  
And how to die: for much it doth not skill,  
What ill-men speake of vs, or good or ill.*

*What golden promises did I receiue,  
Yet see their issue; base contempt and scorne  
Ore my deielected state triumphed haue:  
So as proud Greece vnmindfull to performe  
What merit craues, and what she's bound to do,  
Neglects my want, and glories in it too.*

*Bias my Brother-sage I now remember,  
Shipwrack'd*

*Shipwrack'd in Priene Ile, whose wofull case  
Seemes to resemble fate-crost Periander,  
Like Ianus statue, shewing face to face ;  
Let's then, since equall fortune frownes on either,  
(Kind Bias) found our wofull complaints together.*

*Let Priene Ile relate thy hard mischance,  
Let \* Greece bewaile my fall, my ruin'd state,  
Thou while on Sea thy exil'd ship doth lance,  
Thou lightly weighs th'inconstancie of fate :  
Rouze Periander then, that't may be said,  
Thy \* patience hath thy fortune conquered.*

\* Or Corinth in  
Greece.

\* Infælicem dicebat, qui ferre  
nequiret infælicitatem. in vit.  
Bi.

*Get thee to Schooles, where pure Phylosophie  
In publicke places is sincerely taught,  
And thou shalt heare, there's no calamitie,  
Can dant a spirit resolu'd to droupe with nought  
That want or woe can menace, for though woe,  
Make \* good-men wretched seeme, they are not so.*

\* Omnia aduersa exercitatio-  
nis accidentibus bonis esse  
putat. vid. Boæt.  
in lib. de malis.  
Potest dici miser, non potest  
esse. ibid.

*Well may misfortunes fall on our estate,  
Yet they're no blemish to our inward worth,  
For these are but the gifts of purblind fate,  
That domineers sole soueraignesse on earth ;  
But we are placed in an higher seate,  
Then to lie prostrate at Dame Fortunes feete.*

*Her palsie hand wherewith she holds her ball,  
Moues with each blast of mutabilitie,  
And in whose lap she lists, she lets it fall,  
Thus mocks she man with her inconstancie ;  
Then who is he (if wise) esteemes her treasure,*

No

No sooner giuen, then tane when we displease her.

She faunes, she frownes, she lasts not out a Moone,  
 But waines each month, and waining doth decrease :  
 Those whom she did aduance, she now throwes downe,  
 And those which lik'd Her once, do now displease :  
 Thou reeling wheele, that moues so oft a day,  
 That weaues thy \* weft, and takes thy web away.

\* Sic licium  
 textit, sic telæ  
 stamina soluit.

Titus that Prince so much admir'd by men,  
 Stiled Mans Darling for his curtuous mind,  
 Did thinke all powers by fate to haue their raigne,  
 As if she had no limits Her assign'd,  
 But (though deuinely-learn'd) did erre in this,  
 For fates be rul'd by supreme \* Deities.

Sueton. Tranq.  
 in vit. Tit.

Then why should I (fond man) so much depend,  
 Vpon a Creature, which hath her existling  
 In a Superiour power, and doth extend  
 No further then heauens please? for her subsisting,  
 Essence, power, Empire, soueraigne command,  
 Hath her direction from Iehouahs hand.

\* Quicquid boni  
 egeris in Deos  
 refer.  
 Laert. in vit.  
 Phil.

Rest thee then Periander, and despise  
 Vulgar opinion swaide by multitude,  
 Thou was esteemed once for to be wise,  
 Shew it in publicke; let liues enterlude  
 \* Acted by thee vpon this worlds stage,  
 Contemne that Greece which scornes distressed age.

\* Vniuersus  
 mundus exer-  
 cet Histrionem.



*The Historicall Argument of Terpnus  
Musician vnto Nero ; with a Satyre  
annexed to it as followeth.*



*Terpnus* a Romane Lyrick, or as some will haue him, a cōmon Cytharede, with whom *Nero*, y<sup>t</sup> president to Tyrants vsed to comfort, and with whose admirable skill he was exceedingly delighted : in proceffe of time fell into *Neroes* disgrace, for playing to him at *Agrippina* his mothers funerals : where he sung the dismall and incestuous bed of *Orestes*, the crueltie of *Sphinx*, reuiling at their tyrannie ; which so greatly displeas'd *Nero*, that he banished him his Court and royall Pallace, inioyning him withall neuer to frequent the *Muses Temple*.

The Morall importeth *Such*, as laying aside *Time-observing*, do not few pillowes to their Princes elbowes, but with bold and resolu'd spirit, will with *Calistenes* tell *Alexander* of his drunkenesse, with *Canius* tell *Tyberius* of his crueltie, with *Brutus* tell *Cæsar* of his vsurping, with *Cato Censorius* will reprehend the Commonweale for her

her ryoting. And true it is, that a Commonwealth is better gouerned (if of necessitie it must be gouerned by either) by *Cynickes* then *Epicures*, more offences for most part arising by alluring and inducing men to sensuall pleasures, then by *Spartas Damafymbrotos*, his restraining of youth. The *Laconians* neuer liued so securely, as when they liued barely; nor euer did Romes Commonwealth dilate her bounders more then by the practise of legall austeritie, nor decrease more then by introduction of lawlesse libertie. And yet I find it more rare to heare any admonitions but *Placentia* in the Courts pefrence, then to see a graue and demure *seeming*, couer an hypocrites ranke dissembing. We haue more \* *Seiani* (which I wish had *Seians* fall) then *Vticiani* to prouide for a Commonweals safetie. There were many could greete *Cæsar* with an *Aue*, but there were few would put him in mind of his *Memento mori*. Many could perfwade *Phaeton* that he could guide the *Sunnes chariot* in better order then his gray-hair'd father, but by assenting to their perfwasions, he was like to make a flame of the world. Nothing more dangerous to the state of a well-gouerned Commonweale, then *Parasites*, the tame beasts of the Citie (as *Diogenes* calls them). If the perfwading sycophancie of Times-obsferuancie had not befotted *Candaules* with his wiues beautie, he had preuented that miserable euent which by his owne *Gyges* was practised and performed. *Dicit Varius, negat Scaurus vtri creditis? Varius* affirms it, *Scaurus* denies it, whether beleuee you? The one sincerely voyd

\* Ayming no lesse at priuie glouers and deluders, then at aspiring plotters, and state-intruders.

\* Quinquenniū  
Nero.

of difsembling flatterie: the other glosingly voyde of truth and veritie. By the one we are subiect to the ruine of our state: by the other aduanced to a firmer constancy then such as may be any way subiect to mutabilitie. *Nero* in the \* beginning of his time banished al the *Spintrix*, *Inuentors of beastly pleasures* out of his kingdome; I would he had banished time-observing flatterers, and that he had retained such as *Terpnus*, that would reprehend him in his enormities. *Iulius Cæsar* was too much addicted to his Parasites, but his successeour *Augustus* was—*ad accipiendas amicitias rarissimus ad retinendas vero constantissimus*. It was long ere he would entertaine a friend, but being retained, he was most constant in his fauour towards him. The old approbation of friendship comes into my mind, to eate a bushell of salt ere we be acquainted. We may trie our friends as *Pilades* did his *Orestes*, *Damon* his *Pythias*, *Æneas* his *Achates*, but it will be long I feare me, ere any of vs possesse such impregnable Assistants, such Presidents of true friendship. The skilfull Painter when he depictsures an vnthankfull man, because he cannot well delineate him in his colours, without some proper Motto better to explaine him, representeth him in the Picture of a Viper, that killeth her feeder. There be many such Vipers, which appear in externall shew as true hearted as Turtles, I feare them more then the open force of mine enemie: for these sugred kiffes bring destruction to the receiuer. *Boethius* defining a good man, saith: *He may be thus defined: he is a good man—cui nullum bonum*

*bonum malumue fit nisi bonus malusue animus* : to whom nothing is esteemed either good or euill, but a good or an euill mind ; and what effectually maketh this euill mind, but either an inbred euill disposition, which ariseth from the crookednesse of his nature, or frō the euill perswasions of depraued time-obseruers : for the best natures be (for the most part) soonest peruerted & seduced. Then how necessarie is it to roote out so noysome and pestilent a weede as *flatterie*, which corrupteth the affections of the worthiest and most pregnant wits, as daily example hath well instructed vs? How hatefull was it to that worthie *Thebane* Prince, *Agefilaus*, that memorable mirror of iustice (& no lesse hatefull to our renowned Prince, whose exquisite endowments make him as eminent abroad, as vs blessed at home) to see a *flatterer* in his Palace? nay so much contemning popular applause, that he would not suffer his Statue to be erected, lest thereby the vaine and profane *adorations* of his subiects should grieue the gods, disdaining that *veneration* of any mundane power, should be confusedly mixed with *adoration* and worship of the gods immortall : well remembering *Hesiods* caueat — μέδε αὔροῦ, we must not mixe prophane worships with deuine. That Court-gate in Rome called *Quadrigemina*, I would haue it demolished in Troinouant, lest her estate second Roms slauery. *Cicero* thinks that no vice can be more pernicious then *assentation*, the verie helper and furtherer of all vices. She can giue life and being to the aspiring thoughts of man, when *He* soares too ambi-

*The Parasite-gate.*

tiously to the pearch of preferment, honour, or the like. That wicked *Catiline* who conspired against Rome, and aspired to the Diadem, seeking to reduce the Empire from a government Aristocraticke, to a *Catilines* Monarchie; was egged & infligated thereto by complices fit for that purpose, and well forting with such an agent, such a cruell practitioner — *Incredibilia, immoderata & nimis alta semper cupiendo*, in desiring things incredible, immoderate, and too high above ordinary reach. The like befell vpon *Carba*, and those who fought to dissolve the Romane Monarchie, & to make it an Oligarchie or some other government, which was vncertaine, because their intendments neuer came to their accomplished ends. These things thus considered in their natures, I haue here described *Terpnus* sinceritie in reprehending *Neroes* crueltie, concluding with *Flaccus* Dyftich.

—*Hic murus ahæneus esto,*

*Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.*

What hard mischance so ere to thee befall,

Let thy pure conscience be the brazen wall.

The Satyre ensueth, which most especially aymeth at Time-observeruers, some whereof in particular I haue instanced, as *Seianus*, *Perennius*, *Sycites*; the dismall euent whereof with their Tragicke ends, I haue amply described.

THE

## THE EIGHTH SATYRE.

**T**Erpnus \* *Musician to a tyrant Prince,*  
 Nero by name, did in the funeralls  
*Which were solemniz'd on his mothers hearse,*  
*Sing on his Lute these wofull tragicalls :*  
*Where euey straine he strooke vpon his string,*  
*Did vex the conscience of the tyrant king.*

\* Terpnus ci-  
 tharædum vi-  
 gentem tunc  
 præter alios  
 accersijt. in *Vit.*  
*Nero.*

*Incestuous* \* *Oedipus who slue his father,*  
*Married his mother, and did violate*  
*The law of nature, which aduis'd him rather*  
*Single to lue, then take to such a state,*  
*Becomes a subiect fit, for this sad hearse,*  
*Where inke giues place to bloud to write her verse.*

\* Inter cætera  
 cantauit Cana-  
 cem parturien-  
 tem, Orestem  
 matricidam,  
 Oedipodem  
 exæcatum,  
 Herculeum infan-  
 num, &c. *Suet.*  
*in vit. Ner.*

*Cruell Orestes bath'd his ruthlesse sword,*  
*Estrang'd from strangers, in his mothers blood,*  
*So little pittie did the child afford*  
*To Her, that was the parent of the brood ;*  
*Yet some excuse for this Orestes had,*  
*Mad men exemption haue, and He was mad.*

*Sphinx subtile Giant, who did riddles put*  
*Vnto each passenger He met withall,*  
*Which, who could not resolue He peece-meale cut,*  
*Throwing them frō steepe rocks whence they should fall,*  
*Whereby their members broke and crush'd in peeces,*  
*Remain'd as food in Sea to sillie fishes.*

*Yet this he did vpon mature aduice,*

*For who so'ere He were assoil'd this question,  
Was not oppress'd by him in any wise,  
But might with safest conduct trauell on ;  
Where thou foule Matricide doest infants vex,  
Without respect of person, state, or sex.*

—Cuius gaudet  
Roma cruore.  
Sen.

*There is no sex which may exempted be,  
From thy insatiate hand embrew'd in blood,  
But waxing proud in others miserie,  
Doest tyrannize vpon poore womanhood :  
Blood-thirsty Tyrant there's prepar'd a doome,  
To startle thee that rip'd thy mothers wombe.*

*Rauing Orestes heard a furious crie,  
Which did attend his phrensie to his graue,  
And did disturbe his restlesse sleepe thereby,  
So as faue troubled dreames He nought could haue :  
With many broken sleepes, to shew his guilt,  
Of his deare mothers bloud, which He had spilt.*

Fugit ab agro  
ad ciuitatem, à  
publico ad do-  
mum, à domo  
in cubiculum.  
August. in enar.  
Sup. 45. Psal.

*Which poore Orestes had no sooner heard,  
Then to his pillow in a dismall sort,  
Streight He retir'd, and being much asfeard,  
Lest hell and horror should conuent him for't,  
With hands lift vp to heauen and hideous crie,  
He oft would curse himselfe, and wish to die.*

Orestes impre-  
cation.

*Turne me (ye gods) quoth he, to some wild beast,  
Some sauage Lion, or some Tyger fierce,  
Since I delight so much in bloud to feast,  
For who can with remorse my deeds rehearse ?  
Which if time should with her obliuion smother,*

*Bloud*

*Bloud cries reuenge, reuenge me cries my mother.*

*Worse then the beasts thou art, they cherish them,  
And bring their parents food when they grow old :  
Who then can daigne to looke on thee for shame,  
That hast defac'd that forme that gaue thee mold ?  
The tender \* Storke that sees her parents lack,  
Will bring them food, and beare them on her back.*

*Basilus hom.  
8. 9.*

*But thou a mirrour of impietie,  
Deprives thy parent of her vitall breath,  
And makes her subiect to thy cruelty,  
Thus she that gaue thee life, thou giues her death :  
A sweete reward ; O then ashamed be,  
Thou staine of Greece, that Greece should harbor thee.*

*Thus would Orestes frame his sad discourse,  
With words as vile as were his actions foule,  
To moue his phrenticke passions to remorse,  
Which long (too long) had triumpht ore his soule ;  
Nor could he find vnto his woes reliefe,  
Till \* death did end his life, and cure his grieffe.*

*\* He was so vexed with furies (the reuengers of his mothers bloud) that he wandered mad up and downe till he came to Taurica, where he found an end of his troubles.  
ἠγίαίβε πατερ  
ἠγίαίβε ματερ*

*If all his teares and ruthfull miseries,  
Could neuer expiate his mothers death,  
To what extent shall thy calamities  
Grow to in time, that stops thy mothers breath,  
Euen Agrippinaes breath, whose cursed birth,  
Maks her to curse the wombe that brought thee forth ?*

*This Nero notes, and noting shewes his ire,  
By outward passions, yet concealeth it,*

*Resolu'd*

*Resolv'd ere long to pay the minstrels hire,  
When time and opportunitie should fit ;  
For tyrants haue this proprietie 'boue other,  
They meane reuenge, yet their reuenge cā smother.*

*And so did Nero, whose perplexed mind,  
Guilty of what was ill, seem'd to admire  
His Art in Musicke, rather then to find  
Any distast, lest He should shew the fire,  
Which lay rak'd vp in ashes, and display  
What time might sleight, but could not take away.*

*Yet he began to scoule and shake the head,  
With eyes as fierie-red as Ætnaes hill,  
Willing him streight to other acts proceed,  
And silence them that parents-bloud did spill :  
Sing to thy Lute (quoth he) straines of delight,  
To cheare th' attendants of this wofull \* fight.*

\* Agrippinaes  
funerale.

*Terpnus did passe vnto another theame,  
Yet still relates He in the end of all,  
The facts of Oedipus, Orestes shame,  
How and by what effects succeed'd their fall ;  
Whereby (as well it was by all perceiu'd)  
Nero the tyrant inwardly was griued.*

*Terpnus continu'd in his Lyricke ode,  
So long as Nero in his throne remained,  
But now impatient longer of abode,  
Wearied with audience (for so he feined)  
Terpnus left off from prosecuting further,  
The sad relation of this cruell \* murther.*

\* For which no  
law amongst the  
Pagans was  
enacted: imagi-  
ning, none could  
be so brutish as  
commit such vn-  
naturall cruelty.

*But*

*But see the Tyrant, who before delighted  
More with the musicke of good Terpnus lyre,  
Then anything which ere his soule affected,  
Neuer more straines of Terpnus did require ;  
For being grieu'd, each day his grieues increased,  
Till Terpnus exile made his grieues appeas'd.*

*Yet not\* appeas'd, for each day each night,  
He heard the hideous cries of Furies shrieking :  
Oft would He turne himselfe before day-light,  
But got no rest, his bodie out of liking,  
Yet tyranniz'd in spilling bloud apace,  
Acl vpon acl as one bereft of grace.*

*\* For hauing  
slaine his mother,  
he saw in his  
sleepe a ship, the  
rudder whereof  
was wrestled fro  
him guiding it,  
whence he was  
haled by Oclau.  
to most hideous  
darknesse. ibid.*

*Sometimes He saw his mother haling him,  
With wombe new-rip'd; there\* Sporus whō He fought, \* In vit. Ner.  
To make of man a woman drag him in ;  
Here sundrie Matrons whom he forc'd to nought,  
And slue defil'd, which fix'd on Him their eye,  
Which seene, He fled, but flying, could not flie.*

*Like the vision  
appeared to Ti-  
berius crying out  
—Redde Ger-  
manicum.*

*O conscience, what a witness thou brings,  
'Gainst Him that iniures thee, where no content  
Can giue houres-respite to the state of kings,  
Thou of thy selfe art sole-sufficient,  
To hale or heale, to hale from life to death,  
Or heale the wound of which he languisheth?*

*Behold here Terpnus courage, to correct  
The great abuses of his Princes mind,  
Whose pompe, port, power, He lightly doth respect,  
To taxe those crimes to which He is inclin'd :*

He's

He's *no Court-Adder that will winde him in,*  
*To Princes grace by praising of his sinne.*

*O I could wish we had such Terpni many,*  
*Who would not sooth nor flatter, but auouch,*  
*Blacke to be blacke: but there's I feare not any,*  
*Too few at least, I doubt me rightly such;*  
*And yet me thinks such Phoenix's might build here,*  
*Within this Ile, as well as other where.*

Vid. Cornel.  
 Tacit. & Suet.  
 Tranq. in vit.  
 Tib.

*Scianus, let him bloome in other coasts,*  
*And purchase honour with his flatterie,*  
*Let his aspiring thoughts make priuate boasts,*  
*To raise his Fortunes to a monarchie,*  
*He cannot prosper here, for why, we know,*  
*State-ruine from Court-parasites may grow.*

*So Seian thought (what haue not Traitors thought)*  
*To currie fauour with the Senators,*  
*The better to atchieue what He had wrought,*  
*By secreet plots with his conspirators;*  
*Faire-tong'd, false heart, whose deepe-cōtriuing braine*  
*Gaue way to ruine, where He thought to raigne.*

*But He's well gone, Rome is dispatch'd of one*  
*That would haue made combustion in the state,*  
*Whose death made Hers reioyce, but His to mone,*  
*Who on his fall built their unhappie fate;*  
*For Treason like a linked chaine doth show,*  
*Which broke in one, doth breake in others too.*

*Next whom Perennius, whose affected grace,*

Italian-

Italian-like, seem'd as compos'd by art,  
 May for his smoothing humour take the place,  
 Who sole-poffessor of a Princes heart,  
 The youthfull Commodus, did so allure him,  
 As his aduice seemes onely to secure him.

Faire Prince (quoth he) if any worldly wight,  
 May solace those faire corps fram'd curiously,  
 Expresse Her onely when she comes in sight,  
 And I your pleasure soone will satisfie;  
 Your Vnckle he's too strict, he's too seuere,  
 To coupe you vp in silence alwaies here.

*A Parasite pandor.*

—Exeat aula  
 Qui vult esse  
 pius. *Lucan. 8. li.*

What priuiledge haue Princes more then we,  
 If they depriued be of open aire?  
 What comfort reape they in their Empirie,  
 If Nestor-like, they still sit in their chaire?  
 No, no, deare Prince, you know a Prince is borne  
 To be his subiects terror, not their scorne.

No Theater rear'd in your royall Court,  
 Turney, Iust, Barrier, should solemniz'd be,  
 To which a Romane Prince should not resort  
 Amazing Ladies with his maiestie;  
 O then it is a shame for your estate,  
 To seeme in ought for to degenerate!

How gorgeously did Rome demeane her then,  
 When young Vitellius did \* banquet it,  
 Seruing at table miriads of men,  
 With lustie Ladies which did reuell it?  
 Yet you more high in state, more ripe in wit,

\* Banketting e-  
 uer three times,  
 and now and  
 then foure times  
 a day. in vit. Vi-  
 tell.

*Must*

*Must Hermit-like in cell retired sit.*

*Shake off these Sages which do now attend you,  
For they like fetters do restraine your pace;  
Giue lustfull youth in euery part his due,  
Let sprightly gallants take the Sages place,  
By which enthron'd secure, you may command,  
As Ioue erst did, with Io in his hand,*

Nec fuge me  
(fugiebat enim)  
iam pascuā  
Lernæ, &c.  
*Lib. 1. Meta.*

*This did Perennius moue, and tooke effect,  
Greene thoughts receiue too aptly wanton feede,  
Remaining with the Prince in chiefe respect,  
As they are wont, who Princes humours feed;  
Till He conspiring to vsurpe the crowne,  
Amidst his honours was cast headlong downe.*

Vid. Aurel. Sex.  
in epit.  
Herod. in vit.  
Commod.

*Whene he receiud a doome that seru'd for all,  
(Like doome still breath on such infectious breath)  
For soring thoughts must haue as low a fall,  
Whose fauning liues play prologue to their death:  
For well I know no bane on earth can be  
Worse to the State then rust of\* flatterie.*

\* Vid. Cicero-  
nem in Lælio  
prope finem,  
&c.

*Then should these last-ensuing times beware,  
Lest they commit offences of like kind,  
Which in the common wealth procure that iarre,  
As by their proiects we subuersion find:  
For they deprauē the vertues of the best,  
And in the highest Cedars build their nest.*

*Sycites, he whose sycophants pretence,  
Made wofull hauocke of his Common weale,*

*Abusing*

*Abusing much his Princes innocence,  
At last by time (as time will all reueale)  
Became displeasde, who, as He was a fo  
Vnto the slate, the slate adiudg'd him so.*

## AN ADMONITION.

**B**E thou a Terpnus to restraine abuse,  
*Sin-training pleasures fraught with vanitie ;  
Be thou no Seian, no Perennius,  
To humour vice to gaine a Monarchie ;  
Be not Sycites, let examples moue thee,  
And thou wilt cause the Commonweale to loue thee.*



*The Argument of Epicurus, as in the  
first Satyre familiarly expressed, so now  
in his miserable end with liuely  
colours described.*

**E**Picurus, who first inuented that sect of *Epicu-  
risme*, delighting in nothing saue voluptuous  
pleasures and delights, in the end being grieuouf-  
ly vexed with the stopping of his vrine, and an in-  
tollerable paine and extremitie of his bellie ex-  
ulcerated, became mightilie tormented ; yet be-  
fotted with the fruition of his former pleasure,  
(so violent are customarie delights) thus conclu-  
ded :

ded: *O quàm felici exitu finem expectatum vitæ meæ imposui?* With how happie an end do I limit the course and progresse of my life? The *morall* includes such, as haue liued in securitie, and carelesnesse, respectlesse of God or his iudgement; and euen now readie to make an end of so haplesse & fruitlesse a race, close vp the date of their life as securely as they liued carnally. The second *Satyre* in the former *Section* comprehends the like subiect, though the one seeme more generall vnder the name of *Pandora*, implying a gouernesse and directresse in all pleasures, or exhibitresse of all gifts: The other more particular, containing one priuate and peculiar Sect, euen the *Epicures*, who thought that the *chiefe good* consisted in a voluptuous and sensuall life, expecting no future doome after the tearme and end of this life.

Here consider the momentanie and fraile course of this short and vnconstant life, tossed and turmoiled with many turbulent billows, exposed to fundrie shelves of perillous assaults, many homebred and forreine commotions; in which it behoeth vs (like expert Pilots) to be circumspect in so dangerous a voyage, lest sailing betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, presumption and despaire, by encountering either we rest shipwrecked: where if any (which is rare to find) passe on vntroubled, yet must *He* of necessitie conclude with *Seneca*; *Non tempestate vexor, sed nausea.* So slow is euery one to proceede graduate in vertues *Academie*; —*ita vt non facile est reputare, vtrum inhonestioribus corporis partibus rem quæsierit, an amiserit:* as  
Cicero

*Cicero* well obserueth in his Declamation against *Salust*. For who is he of so pure and equall temper, whose man-like resolution holds him from being drawne and allured by the vaine baits and deceits of worldly suggestions? where there be more of *Penelopes* companions in euery stew, in euery brothell of sinne and wantonneffe, then euer in any age before. Euery one *vt Lutulentus fus*—as a hogge wallowing in the mire of their vaine conceits, roue from the marke of pietie and sobrietie, into the broad sea of intemperance and sensuality: but none more of any Sect then *Epicurisme*, which like a noisome and spreading Canker, eats into the bodie and soule of the professor, making them both prostitute to pleasure, and a very sinke of sinne. The *Satyre* will explaine their defects more exactly, which followeth.

## THE NINTH SATYRE.

**T***hat Epicurus who of late remained  
Subiect to euery fowle impietie,  
Now with distempers and night-surfets pained,  
Bids mirth adue, his sole felicitie:  
His vrine stopt wants passage from his vaines,  
Which giues increase to his incessant paines.*

*Yet feeles He not his foules-afflicted woe,  
Vnmindfull (wretched man) of her distresse,  
But pampers that which is his greatest foe,  
And first procur'd his foules unhappinesse:  
He cannot weepe, He cannot shed a teare,*

K

But

*But dying laughs, as when He liued here.*

*His Bon-companions drinking healths in wine,  
Carousing flagons to his health receiuing,  
Whose sparkling noses taper-like do shine,  
Offer him drinke whose\* thirstie mind is craving:  
For though He cannot drinke, yet his desire  
Is to see others wallow in the mire.*

*\* Resembling  
our Elderton, on  
whom this in-  
scription was  
writ: here lieth  
drunken Elder-  
ton, in earth now  
thryst: what said  
I thryst? nay  
rather here lies  
thirst.  
In Rem. of a  
greater worke.*

*Turne him to heauen He cannot, for He knowes not  
Where heauens blest mansion hath her situation:  
Tell him of heauens fruition, and he shewes not  
The least desire to such a contemplation:  
His sphere inferiour is, whose vanitie  
Will suite no court so well as \* Tartarie.*

*\* Orcus vobis  
ducit. pedes.*

*He hath no comfort while He liueth here,  
For He's orewhelmed with a sea of grieffe,  
And in his death as little ioy appeares,  
For death will yeeld him small or no reliefe:  
He thought no pleasure after life was ended,  
Which past, his fading comforts be extended.*

*Horror appeares euen in his ghastly face,  
And summons (wofull summons) troups of diuels,  
Whilst He benumn'd with sinne reiecteth grace,  
The best receipt to cure soule-wounding euils:  
Forlorne He liues, and liues because He breaths,  
But in his death sustaines a thousand deaths.*

*Vngratefull viper, borne of vipers brood,  
That hates thy parent, braues ore thy Protector,  
Whose*

*Whose seruile life did neuer any good,  
But hugging vice, and spurne Him did correct her ;  
See how each plant renewes and giues increase,  
By him, whom stones would praise, if man should cease.*

*Nor plant, nor worme, nor any senslesse creature,  
Will derogate from Gods high Maiestie,  
Since they from him, as from the supreme Nature,  
Receiue their vigour, growth, maturitie,  
Substance, subsistence, essence, all in one,  
From Angels forme vnto the senslesse stone.*

*But time hath hardn'd thy depraued thoughts,  
Custome of sin hath made thy sin, no sin ;  
Thus hast thou reap'd the fruite thy labours sought,  
And dig'd a caue in which thou wallowest in ;  
The Porter of which caue, 's reproch and shame,  
Which layes a lasting scandall on thy name.*

*The Epicures  
Caue.*

*A swine in mind, though Angell-like in forme,  
Preposterous end to such a faire beginning,  
That Thou, whom such a feature doth adorne  
As Gods owne Image, should be soild with sinning ;  
Who well may say of it thus drown'd in pleasures,  
This Supercription is not mine but Cæsars.*

*Thou wantest grace, and wanting, neuer callest,  
Nesled in mischiefe and in discontent ;  
Thou who from light to darknesse headlong fallest,  
Hauing the platforme of thy life mispent,  
Rouse thee Thou canst not, for securitie  
Hath brought thy long sleepe to a Lethargie.*

Sic faciunt hie-  
mem decipien-  
do, glires.

*Dull Dormouse, sleeping all the winter time,  
Cannot endure the breath of aire or winde,  
But cuer loues to make the Sunne to shine  
Vpon her rurall Cabbin; that same mind  
Art Thou endew'd withall, All winter keeping  
Thy drunken cell, spends halfe thy life in sleeping.*

*Thou when thou read'st in stories of the Ant,  
The painfull Be, the early-mounting Larke,  
Thou calst them fooles, for Thou hadst rather want,  
Pine, droupe, and die in pouertie, then carke:  
Thou thinks there is no \* pleasure, but to dwell  
In that vast Tophet Epicurean cell.*

\* According to  
that of the Poet.  
—No pleasure  
out to swill,  
And full, to  
emptie, and be-  
ing emptie, fill.

*Art thou so fotted with earths worldly wealth,  
That thou expects no life when this is ended?  
Dost thou conceiue no happinesse in health,  
If health in healths be not profanely spende?  
Well there's small hope of thee, and thou shalt find,  
Sinne goes before, but vengeance dogs behind.*

*Thou canst not tell by thy Philosophie,  
Where th' glorious Synod of the Angels sit,  
Nor canst thou thinke soules immortalitie,  
Should any mortall creature well besit:  
Vnfit thou art for such a prize as this, (wish.  
Which Saints haue wish'd to gaine, and gain'd their*

*Thou sings strange Hymnes of loue of shepard-fwains,  
How Amarillis and Pelargus woe,  
Where in loue measures thou employes some paines,  
To make thy works by wanton eares allow'd;*

For

*For loues encounter loose wits can expresse it,  
But for diuine power they will scarce confesse it.*

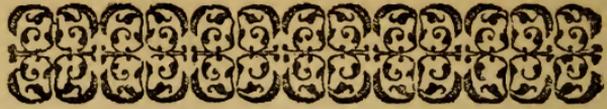
*Thus should each sinne of thine vnmasked be,  
Each crime deblazon'd in her natiue colour :  
There would appeare such a deformitie,  
As th' Greeke Thersites shape was neuer fowler ;  
Which if compar'd to th' powerfull works of grace,  
Would looke agast, asham'd to show their face.*

Homer, in  
Iliad : & alibi.

*If I should moue thee, rectifie thy cares,  
I know twere fruitlesse, all thy care's to sinne,  
Whose barren haruest intersowne with tares,  
Endeth farre worse then when it did begin ;  
A ranke indurate vlcereous hard'ned ill,  
Can ill be bett'red till it haue her fill.*

*And yet when as this phrenticke mood shall leaue thee,  
There is some hope of gaine-recouerie,  
When thy offensiue life mispent shall grieue thee ;  
Thy wound's not mortall, looke for remedie ;  
But if like Epicure thou still doest lie,  
As thou liues ill, so doubt I thou must die.*

Ad poenas tar-  
dus Deus est, ad  
præmia velox.



*The Argument of Diagoras*  
Orator of Athens.

**D***iagoras* a corrupt Orator vsing to receiue bribes, was exiled, and this Satyre to gall him the more, engrauen vpon his shipboard: As followeth.

THE TENTH SATYRE.

**D***iagoras was once to pleade a cause,*  
*Which th' aduerse partie hauing well obserued,*  
*Claps me a gilded goblet in his clawes,*  
*Which He as priuately (forsooth) reserued;*  
*Speake (quoth this client) either nought at all,*  
*Or else absent you from the sessions hall.*

*Absent He would not be, and yet as good,*  
*For his mute tongue was absent in the cause,*  
*Saying, the cause he had not vnderstood,*  
*And therefore wisht that he a while might pause;*  
*But hauing paus'd too long, through his delay*  
*The Court dismiss, the Senat went away.*

*Seeing the Senate gone, good gods (quoth he)*  
*Can we not haue our causes heard, whose truth*  
*Is manifest as light? ô thus we see*  
*Our Clients wrong'd, whose wrongs afford much ruth:*

*I would not answer this before Ioues throne,  
If I thereby might make the world mine owne.*

*Nought to a conscience pure and void of blame,  
Which (Ioue be prais'd) is in this spotlesse brest,  
For no soule aēt could blemish ere my name,  
No corrupt bribe did ere enrich my chest ;  
Yes one (the Clyent answer'd) you know when :  
It's true indeed (my friend) and nere but then.*

*Yes once you know (another answer'd) more,  
When you protested the Angina pain'd you,  
For which corruption, you had gold in store,  
That silent speech of yours abundance gain'd you :  
It's true indeed, yet therē's none can conuict me,  
That ere my conscience for these did afflict me.*

*Nay that Ile sweare (quoth one) I neuer knew  
Remorce of conscience or relenting teare :  
That heart of yours did nere repentance shew,  
But could take more, if that you did not feare  
You should detected be, and your offence,  
As \*iustice craues, should giue you recompence.*

*Thus as they talk'd, thus as they did discourse,  
In came a Senatour, which did reueale,  
His corrupt dealings, for He did enforce  
Himselfe to publish what He did conceale :  
Whose crimes diuulg'd, He presently was led  
To Coos hauen, whence He was banished.*

*Thus was a corrupt Orator conuicted,*

K 4

Pressing

\* There were certaine images of Iudges (by report) set vp at Athens, hauing neither hands nor eyes : implying that Rulers and Magistrates should neither be infected with bribes, nor any other way drawne from that which was lawfull and right. But most happie were those dayes wherein Basil the Emperour of Constantino-ple liued, that whensoever he came to his iudgment seate, he found neither partie to accuse, nor defendant to answer.

*Pressing himselfe with his owne obloquie,  
Whose selfe-detection made his state afflicted,  
His hands the weauers of his tragedie ;  
Which I could wish to all of like desert,  
Whose good profession's made a guilefull art.*



### *The Argument.*

**T***Riptolemus* is reported to haue inuented *Tillage* the first of any, and to haue taught the art of sowing corne : whereupon the gratefull husbandman, to repay the thankfulnesse of his well-willing mind, rendreth this *Elegie*, as in part of payment for so rare inuention : Satyrically withall inueying against such, who eat the fruite of others labours, liue on the sweate of others browes, and muzzling the mouth of the oxe that treads out the corne, reape what they neuer sowed, drinke of the vine they neuer planted, and eate at the Altar of which they neuer partaked.

#### THE ELEVENTH SATYRE ELEGIACK.

**A***Ged* *Triptolemus* father of our field,  
*That teacheth vs thy children rare effects ;*  
*We do vnto thy sacred Temple yeeld*  
*The fruits we reape, and tender all respects*

To

To thee, that hast this rare \* inuention found,  
And gaue first light of tillage to our ground.

\* Dona fero  
Cereris—Met.  
lib. 5.

Describe we cannot in exact discourse,  
Those rarer secrets which proceed from thee,  
For polish'd words with vs haue little force,  
That are inured to Rusticitie ;  
But what we can we'le do, and to that end,  
To thee (as Patron) we our fields commend.

By thee we till the wilde vntempered soile,  
Make rising hillocks champion and plaine ;  
Where though with early labour we do toile,  
Yet labour's light where there is \* hope of gaine ;  
We thinke no hurt, but trauell all the day,  
And take our rest, our trauels to allay.

\* Spes alet a-  
gricolas.

No proiect we intend against the State,  
But cuts the bosome of our Mother earth ;  
We giue no way to passion or debate ;  
By labour we preuent our Countries dearth :  
Yet this ascribe we not to our owne part,  
But vnto thee, that did inuent this art.

Those glorious Trophies which Menander set,  
In honour of the sacred Deities,  
Would be too long a subiect to repeate,  
Rear'd in such state with such solemnities ;  
Yet these to ours, inferiour be in worth,  
Those were of earth, these tell vs vse of earth.

We ope the closet of our mothers breast,

And

And till the fedge ground with crooked plough,  
 And in the evening take our quiet rest,  
 When we the heate of day haue passed through:  
 Thus do we sow, thus reape, and reaping we  
 Do consecrate our first-fruities unto thee.

And with our fruities our wonted Orisons,  
 With solemne vowes to thy obsequious shrine,  
 Whose \* dedication merits heavenly songs,  
 Will we protest what's ours is euer thine;  
 For what we haue came from thy deuine wit,  
 Or from His power that first infused it.

\* Of the dedica-  
 tion of Pagan  
 Temples, vid.  
 Var. de Ant. &  
 Macro.

\*— Ex nitido sit  
 rusticus, atque  
 Sulcos & vineta  
 crepat mera,  
 preparatvimos.  
 Hor.

\* Vina genero-  
 sissima, Maffi-  
 ca, Cecuba,  
 Falerna. Hipp.  
 de coll.

\* As in some  
 parts of Egypt,  
 which (though  
 elsewhere excee-  
 ding fruitfull)  
 through extre-  
 mitie of heate  
 become to the  
 people inhabita-  
 ble.

b As in Scythia,  
 which region in  
 most places is so  
 cold, as fruities  
 can come to no  
 ripenesse.

For as the Astro-  
 logers are of opi-  
 nion, there is a  
 certaine breadth  
 in the heauen,

on earth from North to South, bounded out by some of the principall Circles, of the which are 5, in all: one fierie betweene the two Tropicks which is called Zona Torrida; two extreme cold, betweene the Polare circles and the Poles of the wold: and two temperate betweene either of the Polare circles and his next Tropicke.

By thee we plant the \* Vine and Oliue tree,  
 Contrie coole harbors to repose and lie:  
 By thee our \* Vine sends grapes forth fruitfully,  
 The Almond, Chestnut, and the Mulberrie;  
 Thus Saturns golden age approacheth neare,  
 And (Flora-like) makes spring-time all the yeare.

The pleasant banks of faire Parnassus mount,  
 With trees rank-set and branchie armes broad-spread,  
 The Mirtle-trees hard by Castalias fount,  
 With flowrie wreaths thy shrine haue honoured;  
 'Mongst which, no Iland's more oblig'd to thee,  
 Then this same Ile of famous Britannie.

\* Others intemperate through parching heate,  
 Haue their fruities blasted ere they come to light,

b Others are planted in a colder seate,

Whereby

*Whereby the Sun-beames seldome shew their might ;  
But we (and therein blest) inhabite one,  
Which as it's fruitfull, it's a temp'rate Zone.*

*How can we then if we do ought, do lesse  
Then labour to requite as we receiue ?  
For such a burning wind's vnthankfulnesse,  
As by it we do lose that which we haue :  
Let each then in his ranke obserue his measure,  
And giue Him thanks that gaue Him such a treasure.*

*How many regions haue their fruites deuoured,  
By th' Caterpillar, Canker, Palmerworme ?  
Whil'st by thy grace so richly on vs powred,  
Our fields reioyce, and yeeld increase of corne ;  
O then admire we this great worke of thine,  
Whereby all \* regions at our state repine !*

\* Barbarus in-  
uidit—Met. l. 5.

*Repine they may, for we surpasse their state,  
In power, in riches, sinewes of sharpe warre ;  
They led in blindnesse attribute to fate,  
What ere befall, we to the morning starre,  
By which we are directed euery day,  
Or else like wandring sheepe might loose our way.*

*Hesiod relates feuen fortunate repeses,  
Ilands, which Fortune fauors for their seate,  
Adorn'd with fruitfull plants sent-chafing roses ;  
Where there breaths euer a soile-cherishing heate,  
By which the plants receiue their budding power,  
And needs no other dew, no other shower.*

Canariæ—for-  
tunate insulæ.  
vid Hesiod. in  
li. de oper. &  
die. pag. 15.  
Ἐν μακαρον  
κέσοισι in bea-  
torum insulis.

*These*

*Iles in the ocean  
four hundred  
miles frō Spaine*

*These fruitfull Ilands which this Poet shewes,  
Were seated farre within the Ocean,  
And neuer warr'd as other Ilands use,  
Being in peacefull league with euery man :  
Confer now these together, and then see  
If this blest Iland be not Brittannie.*

*Blest were those Ilanders that did possesse  
The fertile borders of those healthfull Iles,  
And we as blest haue no lesse happinesse,  
In this our Ile, not stretch'd to many miles ;  
Though when those \* streames of Hellicon appeares,  
It doubles fruites in doubling of her yeares.*

\* The two uni-  
uersities.

\* Tagus, Ganges,  
and Paeteolus  
three riuers fa-  
mous for their  
golden oare or  
grauell,

*Thames full as pleasant as Euphrates stood,  
Though she containe not in her precious nauell,  
The \* golden oare of Ganges, yet as good  
As any gold or any golden grauell,  
Transporting hence, and bringing here againe,  
Gaine to the Citie by their fraught of graine.*

*Thus water, ayre, and earth, and all vnite  
Their powers in one, to benefit our state,  
So as conferring profit with delight,  
Well may we tearme this Iland fortunate ;  
For we more blest then other Iles haue bin,  
Enioy both peace without and peace within.*

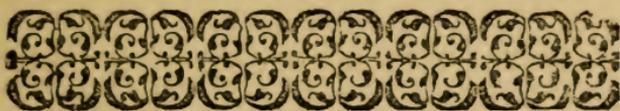
*Vnto his altar let vs then repaire,  
That hath conferd these blessings on our land,  
And sure we are to find him present there,  
Apt to accept this offering at our hand ;*

Where

Where, as He hath remembred vs in peace,  
We'le yeeld him fruites of soules and soiles increase.

To thee then (blessed Deitie) is meant,  
This votall sacrifice, how ere we speake,  
Of old Triptolemus thy instrument;  
For midst inuentions we will euer seeke  
To raise thy praise, who hast thy Throne about vs.  
And daily shewes that thou doest dearly loue vs.

*The true explanation of this Elegie*



### *The Argument.*

**M**Elonomus a shepheard of Arcadia, who hauing frequented the plaines there long time, with great husbandrie vsed to exercise his pastures, receiuing no small profite from his fruitfull flocke: in the end fell in loue with *Cynthia* Queene of the forrest adioyning: whom hauing wooed with many loue-inducing tokens, and shepherds madrigals, and spent the profit of his flock in gifts (with too lauish a bountie bestowed vpon her) and yet could no way preuaile, being posted off with many trifling delayes; in the end wrote this short *Satyre* in a Cynick mood, reuiling at the couetousnesse and insatiable desire of women, who will prostitute their fauour for lucre sake vnto the meanest swaine, till *they* haue consumed the  
fruite

fruite of his stocke, and then will turne him ouer  
shipboard.

THE TWELFTH SATYRE.

**M**Elonomus a worthie shepheard fwaine,  
Besotted with faire Cynthia's amorous face,  
Beseechd Her to loue for loue againe,  
And take compassion on his wofull case ;  
Which she halfe-yeelding to, dissembling too,  
Did moue the fwaine more eagerly to woo.

\* Non fumus in-  
grata, poscunt  
pulcherrima  
pulchræ ;  
Munera si refe-  
ras, oscula gra-  
ta feres.

And that with \* gifts most powerfull to ensnare  
The minds of maids, whose curious appetite,  
Desires as they be faire to haue things faire,  
To adde fresh fuell vnto loues delight ;  
Which to effect, each morne a flowrie wreath,  
Compos'd the fwaine, to breath on Cynthia's breath.

\* Rupibus ex-  
tractum Cali-  
bæis mittit e-  
lectrum, &c.  
Whence it is  
said cometh the  
purest Amber.

Fine comely bracelets of refined \* Amber.  
Vfed this Shepheard fwaine to tender her,  
And euery morne resorting to her chamber,  
Would there appeare ere Phœbus could appeare,  
Where telling tales as shepheards vse to tell,  
She forc'd a smile, as though she lik'd Him well.

\* Thus at Loues  
barre this Client,  
doubtfull stands,  
And weepes, &  
wipes, & wrings  
and wreathes his  
hands.

Thus poore Melonomus continued long,  
\* Hoping for resolution at her hands,  
Whilest with delayes He mixed gifts among,  
Which (as He thought) were fancies strongest bands ;  
And still He craues dispatch of his request,  
And to performe what she in show profess.

But

*But she, from day to day puts off, replying,  
She scarce resolued was to marrie yet :  
But when his \* gifts surceast, she flat denying,  
Answer'd, A swaine was for a Queene vnfit ;  
He rurall, homely, bred of meane descent,  
She royall-borne, of purer Element.*

\* Instat amans,  
tamen odit a-  
mans, sic mune-  
ra quaerit,  
Queis tamen  
acceptis, nescit  
amare magis.

*Melonomus thus answer'd, wisely fram'd  
This graue reply : And is it so indeed ?  
Be all those gifts I gaue (all which He nam'd)  
To no effect ? why then returne and feed  
Thy wanton flocke, surceasse thy bootlesse suite,  
Since she consum'd thy flocke with all their fruite.*

*A sudden reso-  
lution requiting  
her sudden dis-  
daine.*

*Aged Alcmænon who my father was,  
And as I gueffe knew well the shepherds guise,  
Thought scorne to set his loue on euery lasse,  
Aye me unhappie, of a sire so wise ;  
But this disdaine that lowres on beauties brow,  
Shall teach me, swaines with swaines know best to do.*

*I cannot trull it I,  
nor fancie all I  
see, if she be  
saire, wise and  
an heire, that  
girle liketh me.*

*The skipping Rams that butt with ragged hornes,  
And brouze vpon each banke with sweete repast,  
Shall not my iealous head with wreathes adorne,  
(But heauen forgiue my follie that is past ;)  
I will not fancie Cynthia, since she  
In my distresse scornes to conuerse with me.*

*The*



## The Argument of Protagoras.

**P**rotagoras adored the stones of the altar, conceiving them to be happy, as the Phylosopher Aristotle witnesseth: *Lapides, ex quibus aræ struebantur, felices esse putabat, quod honorentur.* He thought the very stones themselves to be happy, of which the altars were builded, because (saith he) they might be honoured. In this Argument, be such men shadowed, as most impiously worship the creature for the Creator, the worke for the worker. Therefore haue I subinserted this *Satyre*, to inueigh against the senselesse Gentiles and Painims, who in the foolishnesse of their hearts, vsed to adore stockes, stones, plants, and senselesse creatures, *Nunc deorum causam agam*; I will now pleade the cause of God, so iniuriously dealt withall by his owne workmanship. *Alexander* himselfe being but a mortall man as we our selues be, commanded *Callistenes* his Scholemaister to be slaine, because *He* would not worship *Him* for a god: much more aboute comparison, may God who is immortall and onely to be feared, punish yea and destroy *them* that in contempt of his infinite power and all-working maiestie, adore the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, *Isis* and *Osyris*, with many other vaine, idolatrous, and profane venerations, derogating from the power and incomprehensible

Cic. de nat.  
deor.

Alan. de con-  
quest. nat.

hensible essence of God. When a King beholds his subjects to referre their allegiance to any Monarch saue himselfe, *He* makes *them* to be proclaimed Traitors to his Crowne and person: Euen so the King of heauen, when *He* seeth any subject of his (as we be all and happie if so we be, and not slaues to the captiuitie and thraldome of sinne,) presently proscribeth *him*, or will punish *him* with death, lest others by his impunitie should attempt the like. Wherefore then should any profane man, so ouershadowed with the duskie clouds of error and impietie, transgresse the deuine precepts, Lawes, and Ordinances of the Almighty; those eternall decrees established and enacted in the glorious Synod of heauen, by relinquishing the sweet promises of God, and communicating the worship of the Creator with the creature, as if there were a distribution to be made vnto either? But I will referre them to this following Satyre.

## THE THIRTEENTH SATYRE.

**P**Rotagoras *both wicked and profane,*  
*Wicked in life, profane in worshipping,*  
 Adored stoncs: (*see Pagans, see your shame*)  
*And thought them worthie too of reuerencing;*  
*For if the gods be honoured, said He,*  
*Needs must the stoncs whereof their Temples be.*

*The like conceit He had of altars too,*  
*And of the stoncs whereof they were erected,*  
*To which He oft would solemne worship doe,*

L

And

*And taxe such men by whom they were neglected;  
Wishing sometime He were an altar stone,  
That to himfelfe like honour might be done.*

*A iust reproofe  
to all Idolaters.*

*Thou senselesse man depriud of reasons lore,  
What grace art thou (forlorne) endewd withall,  
That thou shouldst shrines and senselesse stones adore,  
That haue no eares to heare when thou doest call?  
Thou deemes these relikes happie, when god wot,  
If they were happie, yet they know it not.*

*The Altar is the shrine thou offrest to,  
Thy incense, sacrifice, and fat of beasts,  
Which on the altar thou art wont to do,  
Not to the altar where thou makes request;  
For it's enioynd thee by expresse command,  
To kneele to nothing fashion'd by mans hand.*

*\* Ingentes lapi-  
dū strues erigit,  
nec tam curat  
quo erigit quā  
curiose dispo-  
nere quod arte  
conficit, &c.*

*The Manuall artist sets vp\* heapes of stones,  
Erecting curious Statues to adore,  
But what are these, can they attend our mones?  
No, they haue eares to heare, but heare no more  
Then rubbish, clay, or stone, whereof they'r said,  
(And such were Pagan Idols) to be made.*

*Stadium folis.*

*Turne thee vnto the East, from whence the Sunne  
Hath his arising, whence He doth proceed,  
As Bridegroome from his chamber, and doth run  
His spacious course with such a passing speed,  
As twentie foure houres He doth onely borrow,  
To post the world from end to end quite thorow.*

*Each*

*Each plant on earth, each creature in the sea,  
From whence haue they their growth, I pray thee say?  
Do they deriue't from stoncs or imagerie?  
Nay, I must tell thee, thou art by the way,  
It's no inferiour power brings this to passe,  
But his, who is, shall be, and euer was.*

*And he it is who notes thy errors past,  
And can reuenge, though He the time adiourne,  
Whose loue vnto his sheepe doth euer last,  
And still expects and waits for thy returne;  
But how can He to thee in kindnesse shew him,  
That giues thee hands, yet will not lift them to him?*

Deus cū maxi-  
me iratus, non  
iratus, cum ira-  
tus propitius,  
&c.  
Qui fecit te si-  
ne te, non sal-  
uabit te sine te.  
*August.*

*Vngratefull thou to haue that ill conceit,  
Of his all-being and all-seeing power,  
Whose blest tuition guards vs and our state;  
Whose surest hold is like a fading flower,  
That springs and dies, such is the pompe of man,  
As there He ends in earth where He began.*

*Horror of men, contempt to thy beginning,  
Shame to the world, wherein thou doest suruiue,  
Whose best religion is an act of sinning,  
In which thou meanes to die, and loues to liue;  
What shall these shrines affoord thee after death,  
The breath of life? no, for they haue no breath.*

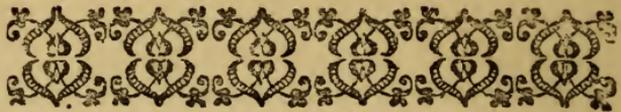
Exorto tremo-  
re, erubescet  
conscientia, ob-  
stupefcet con-  
scia mentis sci-  
entia, & dicen-  
di facultates  
penitus amit-  
tent organa,  
&c.

*Then here Ile leaue thee, yet with sorrow too,  
Thy Image moues compassion, thought't may be,  
Thou'lt aske the reason why I should do so,  
Since sorrowes source hath lost her course in thee:*

To which I may in reason thus reply,  
My eyes are wet, because thy eyes are dry.

Yet will I to the altar, not t'adore it,  
But offer incense to assoile thy sin;  
Where full of teares I le weepe, and weeping ore it,  
Wish thy returne, that thou may honour him,  
Whose worship thou prophan'd (as was vnfit)  
\*Entitling any creature vnto it.

Numen si diuidis, perdis.



Three other Satyres composed by  
the same Author, treating of these  
three distinct subiects.

1. *Tyrannie, personated in Eurystheus.*
  2. *Securitie, in Alcibiades.*
  3. *Reuenge, in Perillus.*
- With an Embleme of Mortalitie, in Agathocles.*

### *The Argument.*

**E** *Vrystheus* a potent and puissant Prince of  
Greece, by the instigation of *Iuno* imposed  
*Hercules* most difficult labours, to the end to haue  
him dispatched. But of such inuincible patience  
was *Hercules* in suffering, and of such resolution in  
performing, as to his succeeding glory he pur-  
chased

chafed himfelfe honour through their hate, gaining to himfelfe renowne, where his foe intended ineuitable reuenge. Whence we may collect two remarkable things, no leffe fruitfull in obferuing, then delightfull in perufing. The one is, to note how prompt and prepared men of depraued or vicious difpofition are, to put in execution the pleafure of great ones, how indirec̄t or vnlawfull foeuer their pleafures be: directing and addreffing their employments to the bent of their command, be it wrong or right. And thefe are fuch who account it good fauing policie, to keepe euer correſpondence with greatneffe, eſteeming no ſupportance firmer, no protection fafer, then to hold one courſe with thoſe high-mounting *Cedars*, from whoſe growth the lower *ſhrubs* receiue ſhadow and ſhelter. The ſecond which I note, is to obferue what glorious and prosperous ſucceſſe many haue, who purſued and iniuriouſly perfecuted (like *Zenocrates Sparrow*) either find ſome compaſſionate boſome to cheare & receiue them, or by the aſſiſtance of an vnconfined power, attaine a noble iſſue in miſt of all occurrences. To inſiſt on inſtances, were to enlarge an Argument about his bounds: few or none there are who haue not or may not, haue inſtance in the one, as well as perſonall experience in the other. Eſpecially when we recal to mind how many inſtant & imminent dangers haue bene threatned vs, & how many gracious and glorious deliuerances tendred vs. Some other excellent obſeruations might be culled or ſelec̄ted from the flowrie border of this

subiect, but my purpose is rather to shadow at some, then amply to dilate on all. For I haue euer obserued, how Arguments of this nature are to most profit compos'd, when they are not so amply as aptly compil'd: Long and tedious discourses being like long seruices, tending more to surfet then solace; whereas the pleasure of varietie, draweth on a new appetite in midst of fatietie. Now to our propos'd taske: where you shall see how harmelesse innocencie shuffels out of the hands of boundlesse crueltie.

## THE SATYRE.

**H** Oe Euristheus, *I am hither sent,*  
*From Iunoes Princely pallace to thy Court,*  
*To tell thee, thou must be her instrument,*  
*(And to that purpose she hath chus'd thee for't)*  
*To chastise Hercules, growne eminent*  
*By his renowned conquests: do not show*  
*Thy selfe remisse, Iuno will haue it so.*

*And Iuno shall; I will such taskes impose,*  
*That earth shall wonder how they were inuented,*  
*So as his life he shall be sure to lose,*  
*What do I care, so Iuno be contented,*  
*Darknesse shall not my secrecies disclose?*  
*Her will is my command, nor must I aske*  
*Whence's her distast; come yong man heare your taske*

*A fruitfull \* garden, full of choyce delights,*  
*Enricht with sprays of gold and apples too,*  
*Which by three sisters watch'd both dayes and nights,*  
*Yeeld*

\* Hesperidum  
 horti in custo-  
 des, peruigiles  
 retinent foro-  
 res.

*Yeeld no acceffe vnto th'inuading foe,  
Is thy first progresse ; where with doubtfull fight,  
Thou must performe thy taske : this is the first,  
Which if it proue too easie, next is worst.*

*For in this first thou art to deale with women,  
And reape a glorious prize when thou hast done ;  
And such an enterprize ( I know ) is common,  
Crowning vs great by th'triumph we haue wonne :  
\* Gold is so strange a baite, as there is no man,  
But he will hazard life to gaine that prize,  
Which makes men fooles that are supposed wise.*

\* Aurifera nemora teretem ferentia corticem, aureumq; pomum.

*But next taske shall be of another kind,  
No golden apples pluckt from Hesperie :  
For in this worke thou nought but dong shalt find,  
\*Augean stables must thy labour be,  
Which if thou cleare not, as I haue assign'd,  
Death shall attend thee : tis in vaine to come,  
By prayers or teares to change my fatall doome.*

\* Augei stabuli, &c.

*The third, that hideous Hydra, which doth breed  
Increase of heads, for one being cut away,  
Another springs vp streight way in her stead :  
Hence then away, and make me no delay,  
Delay breeds danger, do what I haue said,  
Which done thou liues, which vnperform'd thou dies,  
This said ; Alcydes to his labour hies.*

\* Abscisso capite, caput renascitur alterum.

*He coucheth all his labours (infinite in number and nature) in these three.*

*Alas (poore man) how well it may be said,  
So many are the perils he must passe,  
That he with dangers is inuironed ?*

*So hopelesse and so haplesse is his case,  
As he by death is so encompassed,  
That howsoere his power he meanes to trie,  
Poore is his power, he must be forc'd to die.*

*Imperious tyrant, couldst thou wreake thy rage  
On none but such whose valour hath bene showne,  
As a victorious Mirror to this age,  
And hath bene blaz'd where thou wer't neuer knowne?  
Must thou his person to such taskes engage,  
As flesh and bloud did neuer yet sustaine?  
Well, he must trie, although he trie in vaine.*

*Yes, he will trie, and act what he doth try,  
He'lle tug and tew, and striue and stoope to ought,  
Yea \* die, if so with honour he may die,  
Yet know, that those who haue his life thus fought,  
Are but insulting types of \* tyrannie, (shelues,  
Whose boundlesse splene, when He hath past these  
Will be disgorg'd, and fall vpon themselues.*

\* Non terret  
mors sapien-  
tem.

\* Thales mile-  
sius interro-  
ganti quid dif-  
ficile; senem  
(inquit) videre  
tyrannum.

*For fee, thou cruell sauage, whose desire  
Extends to bloud, how this aduentr'ous Knight,  
Gaines him renowne, and scorneth to retire,  
Till he hath got a conquest by his fight:  
So high heroick thoughts vse to aspire,  
As when extremest dangers do enclose them,  
They sleight those foes that labour to oppose them.*

\* Pro telo gerit  
quæ fudit, ar-  
matus venit  
Leone & Hy-  
dra. Senec.

*Here see those taskes which thy imperious power,  
Impos'd this Noble champion, finished;  
The Serpent, \* Hydra, which of heads had store,*

*Now*

*Now headlesse lies by valour conquered,  
The stables purg'd from th'filth they had before,  
The golden Apples Trophies of his glorie,  
Dilate their ends vnto an endlesse storie.*

*Here see th'euent where vertue is the aime,  
Here see the issue of a glorious mind,  
Here see how martiall honour makes her claime,  
Here see the crowne to diligence assign'd,  
Here see what all may see, a souldiers fame,  
Not tipt with fruitlesse titles, but made great,  
More by true worth, then by a glorious seate.*

*For such, whose natiue merit hath attain'd  
Renowne'mongst men, should \*aduerse gusts assaile them  
In such an Orbe rest their resolues contain'd,  
As well they may inuade but not appall them,  
For from esteeme of earth they'r wholly wain'd,  
Planting their mounting thoughts vpon that sphere,  
Which frees such minds as are infranchis'd there.*

\* Si sola nobis  
adfunt prospera,  
soluimur: ad  
virtutem vero  
melius per ad-  
uerfa solidamur  
Greg.

*Hence learne ye Great-ones, who esteeme it good  
Sufficient to be great, and thinke't well done,  
Be't right or wrong, what's done in heate of blood,  
Hence learne your state, lest ye decline too soone,  
For few ere firmly stood, that proudly stood.  
But specially ye men that are in \* place,  
Iudge others as your selues were in same case.*

\* Locum virtus  
habet. Sen.

*Here haue you had a mirror to direct  
Your wayes, and forme your actions all the better,  
Which president if carelesse, ye neglect,*

*And*

*And walke not by this line, liue by this letter,  
How's ere the world may tender you respect,  
Ye are but gorgeous paintings daubed ouer,  
Clothing your vice with some more precious couer.*

*Hence likewise learne ye whom the frowne of fate,  
Hath so deprest, as not one beame doth shine  
Vpon the forlorne mansion of your state,  
To beare with patience and giue way to time,  
So shall ye vie with Fortune in her hate;  
And prize all earths contents as bitter-sweete,  
Which armes you 'gainst all fortunes ye can meete.*

*This great Alcydes did, who did with ease  
(For what's vneaste to a mind prepard)  
Discomfit \* th' Hydra and th' Stymphalides,  
With whom he cop'd, encountred long and warr'd,  
And gain'd him glory by such acts as these.  
Obserue this Morall (for right sure I am)  
The imitation shewes a perfect man.*

\* Has Hydra  
fenfit, his ia-  
cent Stympha-  
lides. *Ibid.*

—Nessus hos  
struxit dolos.  
Ictus sagittis  
qui tuis vitam  
expulit.  
Cruore tineta  
est Palla semi-  
feri, pater.  
Nessusque nunc  
has exigit pæ-  
nas sibi.  
*in Herc. Oet.*

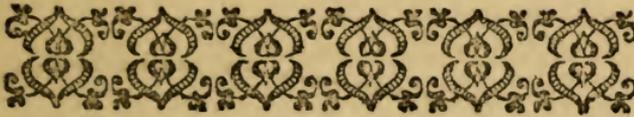
*The last not least, which may obserued be,  
Is to suppressse spleene or conceiued hate,  
Which in perfidious \* Nessus you may see,  
Fully portraid, who meerely through deceit,  
Practis'd Alcydes wofull Tragedy:  
For of all passions, there's no one that hath  
More soueraignty ore man, then boundlesse wrath.*

*Which to restraine, (for wherein may man show  
Himselfe more manly, then in this restraint)  
That there is nought more generous, you should know,  
Then*

Then true\* *compassion* to the indigent,  
Which euen *humanitie* faith, that we owe  
One to another, while we use to tender  
Loue to our Maker, in him to each member.

Flete Hercu-  
leos numina  
casus. *ibid.*

Thus if ye do, how low soere ye be,  
Your actions make you noble, and shall liue  
After your summons of Mortalitie,  
And from your ashes such a perfume giue,  
As shall eternize your blest memorie :  
If otherwise ye liue, ye are at best  
But gilded gulls, and by opinion blest.



### The Argument.

**A** *Lcibiades* a noble Athenian, whose glorious & renowned actions gained him due esteeme in his Country : at last by retiring himselfe frō armes, gaue his mind to sensuality ; which so effeminated his once imparallel'd spirit, as he became no lesse remarkable for sensuall libertie, then he was before memorable for ennobled exploits of martiall chiuarie. From hence the *Satyre* deriues his subiect, inueying against the remifnesse of such as waine their affections from employment, exposing their minds (those glorious or resplendent images of their *Maker*) to *securitie*, rightly termed *the diuels opportunitie*. How perillous vacancie from affaires

*Others are of opinion that he was drawne frō sensuall affections to the practise of vertue, by the graue instruction of Socrates: but it appears otherwise by his much frequenting Timandraes companie. Vid. Plut. in vit. Alcib.*

faïres hath euer bene, may appeare by ancient and moderne examples, whose *Tragicall catastrophe* wold craue teares immix'd with lines. Let this suffice, there is no one motiue more effectually mouing, no Rhetoricke more mouingly perswading, no Oratorie more perswasively inducing, then what we daily feele or apprehend in our selues. Where every \* houre not well employed, begets some argument or other to moue our corrupt natures to be depraued. Let vs then admit of no vacation, faue onely vacation from vice. Our liues are too short to be fruitlessly employed, or remissly passed. O then how well spent is that oyle which consumes it selfe in actions of *vertue*

\* Quot horæ (si  
male expensæ)  
tot iræ.  
Quot horæ, tot  
vmbrae.

*Whose precious selfe's a glory to her selfe!*

May nothing so much be estranged frō vs as *vice*, which, of all others, most disfigures vs; *Though our feete be on earth, may our minds be in heauen*: where we shall find more true glory then *earth* can afford vs, or the light promises of fruitlesse vanity assure vs. Expect then what may merit your attention; a rough-hew'd *Satyre* shall speake his mind boldly without partiality, taxing *such* who retire from *action*, wherein *vertue* consisteth, and lye sleeping in *securitie*, whereby the spirit, or inward motion of the soule wofully droupeth.

## THE SATYRE.

**A** *Wake, thou noble Greeke! how should desire,  
Of sensuall shame (soules staine) so dull thy wit,  
Or*

Or cloud those glorious thoughts which did aspire,  
 Once to exploits which greatnesse might besit ?  
 Where now the beamlins of that sacred fire,  
 Lie rak't in ashes, and of late do seeme  
 (So ranke is vice) as if they had not bene.

Can a faith-breaking leering \* Curtizan,  
 Whose face is glaz'd with frontlesse impudence,  
 Depresse the spirit of a Noble man,  
 And make him lose his reason for his fence ?  
 O span thy life (for life is but a span)  
 And thou shalt find the scantling is so small,  
 For vaine delights there is no \* time at all !

Shall azur'd breast, sleeke skin, or painted cheeke,  
 \* Gorgeous attire, locks braided, wandring eye,  
 Gaine thee delight, when thou delights should seeke  
 In a more glorious obiect ? O relie  
 On a more firme foundation, lest thou breake,  
 Credit with Him who long hath giuen thee trust,  
 Which thou must pay be sure, for he is iust.

O do not then admire, what thy desire  
 Should most contemne, if reason were thy guide ;  
 Let thy erected thoughts extend farre higher,  
 Then to these wormelins that like \* shadowes glide,  
 Whose borrowed beautie melts with heate of fire.  
 Their shape from \* shop is bought and brought ; ô art  
 What canst thou promise to a knowing heart !

A knowing heart, which plants her choicest blisse  
 In what it sees not, but doth comprehend

\* Illa pictura vi-  
 tij est. Ambrosi  
 Hexam. l. 6. c. 8.

\* Sicut capillus  
 non peribit de  
 capite, ita nec  
 momentum de  
 tempore. Bern.  
 \* All gorgeous  
 attire is the at-  
 ture of sinne.

\* Sunt ista poe-  
 matis vmbrae.

\* Quarum vni-  
 cum est officiu,  
 ab officina eli-  
 cere formam.  
 Lecythum ha-  
 bet in malis.  
 vid. vic. ad Sal.

By

\* *Ea vita beata est, quando quod optimum est, amatur & habetur. Sola eius visio, vera mentis nostræ refectio est. Greg. in Mor. Expo. in Iob.*

*By eye of faith ! not what terrestriall is,  
But what affoordeth \* comfort without end,  
Where we enioy whats euer we did wish ;  
Who then, if he partake but common sence,  
Will ere reioyce, till he depart from hence ?*

*Yet see the blindnesse of distracted man,  
How he prefers one moment of delight,  
( Which cheares not much when it does all it can )  
Before delights in nature infinite,  
Whose iuyce (yeelds perfect fullnesse, sure I am :)  
O times ! when men loue that they should neglect,  
Disualuing that which they should most respect.*

\* *Quanta amētia est effigiem mutare naturæ, picturam quærere ? Cypri de discip. & hab. virg.*

*For note how many haue aduentured  
Their liues (and happy they if that were all)  
And for a \* painted trunke haue perished ;  
O England, I thy selfe to witnesse call,  
For many hopefull plants haue withered  
Within thy bosome, cause whereof did spring,  
Mearely from lust, and from no other thing !*

\* *Inanis gloriæ succum proprie salutis præponentes.*

*How many promising youths, whose precious blood  
Shed by too resolute hazard, might haue done  
Their gracious Prince and natie Countrie good,  
In heate of blood haue to their ruine gone,  
While they on termes of reputation stood,  
Preferring titles (see the heate of strife)  
Before the loue and safetie of their life ?*

\* *Cunctorum quippe auium*

*O Gentlemen, know that those eyes of yours,  
Which should be piercing like the \* Eagles eyes,*

*Are*

Are not to view these Dalilahs of ours,  
 But to eye heauen and fullen earth despise,  
 And so increase in honours as in houres,  
 O ye should find more happinesse in this,  
 Then spend the day in courting for a kisse !

Were time as easie purchas'd as is land,  
 Ye better might dispense with losse of time ;  
 Or 'twere in you to make the Sunne to stand,  
 So many points t'ascend or to decline,  
 I'de say ye had the world at command :  
 But as time \* past, is none of yours, once gone,  
 So that time is not yours, which is to come.

Adresse your selues then to that glorious place,  
 Where there's no time, no limit to confine,  
 No alteration : but where such a grace,  
 Or perfect lustre beautifies the clime,  
 Where ye'r to liue, as th'choisest chearefullst face,  
 Ye ere beheld on earth, weret nere \*so faire,  
 Shall seeme deformitie to beautie there.

But this shall serue for you ! now in a word,  
 Heare me \* Timandra (for I must be heard ;)   
 Thou whose light shop all vanities affoord,  
 Reclaime thy sensuall life, which hath appear'd  
 As odious and offensiue to thy Lord,  
 As those lasciuious robes (robes suiting night)  
 Are in disgrace, when good men are in sight.

More to enlarge my selfe were not so good,  
 Perhaps this litle's more then thou wilt reade :

vifum acies a-  
 quilæ superat :  
 ita vt folijs ra-  
 dios fixos in fe-  
 cius oculos nul-  
 la lucis suæ co-  
 ruscatione re-  
 uerberans,  
 claudat. *Greg.*  
*in Mor. Expos.*  
*in Iob.*

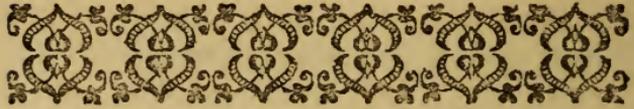
\* Quicquid de  
 illo præteritum  
 est, iam non est :  
 quicquid ne il-  
 lo futurum est,  
 nondum est.  
*Aug.*

\* Videndo pul-  
 chra, cogita  
 hæc omnia, &  
 pulchriora, esse  
 in cœlo : viden-  
 do horribilia,  
 cogita hæc om-  
 nia, & horribi-  
 liora, esse in  
 inferno. *Lanf-  
 berg.*

\* In Timandræ  
 gremio paululū  
 recumbens, pe-  
 rimitur. *Plut. in  
 vit. Alcib.*

But

*But if thou reade, I wisht may stirre thy blood,  
 And moue thee henceforth to take better heed,  
 Then to transgresse the bounds of womanhood :  
 Whose chiefeſt effence in theſe foure appeare,  
 In gate, looke, ſpeech, and in the robes you weare.*



### *The Argument.*

**P***erillus* an excellent Artificer (being then famous for excellent inuentions) to ſatisfie the inhumane diſpoſition of the tyrant *Phalaris*, as alſo in hope to be highly rewarded for his ingenious deuiſe : made a *bull* of *braſſe* for a new kind of torment, preſenting it to *Phalaris*, who made triall thereof by tormenting *Perillus* firſt therein. From this Argument or ſubieſt of *reuenge*, we may obſerue two ſpeciall motiues of Morall inſtruction or humane Caution. The firſt is, to deterre vs from humoring or ſoothing ſuch, on whom we haue dependance, in irregular or finifter reſpects. For the vertuous, *whoſe comfort is the teſtimonie of a good conſcience*, ſcorne to hold correſpondence with vicious men, whoſe commands euer tend to depraued and enormous ends. The ſecond is, a notable example of *reuenge* in *Perillus* ſuffering, & in *Phalaris* inflicting. Much was it that this curious Artizan expected, but with equall & deferued cenſure was he rewarded : for inglorious  
 aimes

seconded by like ends. Hence the Satyre displayeth such in their native colours, who rather than they will lose the least esteem with men of high rank or quality, use to dispence with faith, friend, and all, to plant them firmer in the affection of their Patron. But observe the conclusion, as their means were indirect, so their ends sorted ever with the means. They seldom extend their temporizing hours to an accomplished age, but have their hopes ever blasted, ere they be well bloomed: their iniurious aims discovered, ere they be rightly levelled: and their wishes to a tragical period exposed, as their desires were to all goodnesse opposed. May all projectors or state-forragers sustain like censure, having their natures so reluctant or opposite to all correspondence with honour. Longer I will not dilate on this subject, but recollect my spirits, to adde more spirit to my over-tired *Satyre*, who hath bene so long employed in the *Embassie of Nature*, and wearied in dancing the *Wilde mans measure*, that after *Perillus* censure she must repose ere she proceede any further; and take some breath ere I dance any longer.

## THE SATYRE.

**B** *Raue* Enginer, you whose more curious hand  
 Hath fram'd a Bull of brass by choicest art,  
 That as a Trophie it might ever stand,  
 And be an Embleme of thy cruell heart:  
 Hearke what's thy tyrant Phalaris command,

M                      Whose

*Whose will's a law ; and hauing heard it well,  
Thy censure to succeeding ages tell.*

*Thou must (as it is iust) be first presented  
A sacrifice vnto the brazen Bull,  
And feele that torture which thy art inuented,  
That thou maist be rewarded to the full ;  
No remedy, it cannot be preuented.  
Thus, thus reuenge appeares which long did smother,  
He must be catcht, that aimes to catch another.*

*Iust was thy iudgement, Princely Phalaris,  
Thy censure most impartiall ; that he  
Whose artfull hand that first contriued this,  
To torture others, and to humour thee,  
Should in himselfe feele what this torture is.  
Which great or small, he must be forc'd to go,  
May such \* tame-beasts be euer vsed so.*

\* For so Diogenes the Cynicke tearmes all humering Timists or temporizing sycophants. Laert.

\* Who built Pallas horse, and after perished in the siege of Troy Homer, in Iliad

*Like fate befell unhappie \* Phereclus,  
Who first contriu'd by cunning more then force,  
To make once glorious Troy as ruinous  
As spoile could make it : therefore rear'd a Horse,  
Framed by Pallas art, as curious,  
As art could forme, or cunning could inuent,  
To weaue his end, which art could not preuent.*

*See ye braue state-proiectors, what's the gaine  
Ye reape by courses that are indirect :  
See these, who first contriu'd, and first were slaine,  
May mirrors be of what ye most affect !  
These labour'd much, yet labour'd they in vaine ;*

*For*

*For there's no wit how quicke soere can do it,  
If powers diuine shall make<sup>a</sup> resistance to it.*

*And can ye thinke that heauen, whose glorious eye  
Surueyes this Vniuerse, will daigne to view  
Men that are giuen to all impietie ?*

*You say, he will ; he will indeed, it's true ;  
But this is to your further misery.*

*For that same eye which viewes what you commit,  
Hath sight to see, and power to<sup>b</sup> punish it.*

*To punish it, if hoording sin on sin,  
Ye loath Repentance, and bestow your labour,  
Onely to gaine esteeme, or else to win  
By your pernicious plots some great mans fauour ;  
O I do see the state that you are in,  
Which cannot be redeem'd, vnlesse betime  
With<sup>c</sup> sighs for sins, you wipe away your crime !*

*For shew me one, (if one to shew you haue)  
Who built his fortunes on this sandie ground,  
That euer went gray-headed to his graue,  
Or neare his end was not distressed found,  
Or put not trust in that which did deceue !  
Sure few there be, if any such there be,  
But shew me one, and it sufficeth me.*

*I grant indeed, that for a time these may  
Flourish like to a Bay tree, and increase,  
Like Oliue branches, but this lasts not aye,  
Their<sup>d</sup> Halcyon dayes shall in a moment ceasse,*

me afferendum afferendumque esse puto. Etiam Ciconiain cœlo nouit stata tempora sua, & Turtur, grusque, & Hirundo obseruant tempus aduentus sui. *Ierem.* 8. 7.

a Witnesse that  
matchlesse Pow-  
der plot, no lesse  
miraculously re-  
uealed, then mis-  
chienously con-  
triued, no lesse  
happily preuen-  
ted, then hate-  
fully practised.  
Of which cruell  
Agents (being  
his owne sub-  
iects) our graci-  
ous Soueraigne  
might iustly take  
vp the complaint  
of that Princely  
Prophet Dauid.  
My familiar  
friends, whō I  
trusted, which  
did eate of my  
bread, haue list-  
ed vp their  
heelles against  
me. *Psal.* 51.  
and 55.

Si non parceret,  
perdet.

b Vbi non est  
per gratiam,  
adest per vin-  
dictam. *Aug.*

c Qui non ge-  
mit peregrinus,  
non gaudebit  
eius. *Aug.*

d Halcyonei di-  
es ab Halcyo-  
nijs auibus di-  
cti : neque boni  
malie ominis  
aues hos esse  
arbitror ; quan-  
tum tamen à  
Propheta dicitur,  
tantum à

M 2

When

*When night (sad night) shall take their foules away.  
Then will they tune their strings to this sad song,  
Short was our sun-shine, but our night-shade long.*

*Ye then, I say, whose youth-deceiuing prime,  
Promise succeffe, beleue't from me, that this,  
When time shall come (as what more swift then time)  
Shall be conuerted to a painted blisse,  
Whose gilded outside beautifide your crime ;  
Which once displaide, cleare shall it shew as light,  
Your Sommer-day's become a winter night.*

\* *Pari culpa,  
pari poena.*

*Beware then ye, who practise and inuent,  
To humour greatnesse ; for there's one more great,  
Who hath pronounc'd, like \*finne, like punishment ;  
Whom at that day ye hardly may intreat,  
When death and horror shall be eminent :  
Then will ye say vnto the Mountaines thus,  
And shadie groues, Come downe and couer vs.*

\* *The priuiledge  
of greatnesse,  
must be no sub-  
terfuge for guil-  
tinesse.*

*But were ye great as earthly pompe could make ye,  
Weake is the arme of flesh, or \*mightinesse,  
For all these feeble hopes shall then forsake ye,  
With the false flourish of your happinesse,  
When ye vnto your field-bed must betake ye ;  
Where ye for all your shapes and glozed formes,  
Might deceiue men, but cannot deceiue wormes.*

*The*



## The Statue of *Agathocles*.

### *The Argument.*

**A** *Agathocles* a tyrant of *Syracusa*, caused his *Statue* to be composed in this manner. *The \*head* of gold, *armes* of *iuory*, and *other* of the *liniments* of purest *brasse*, but the *feete* of *earth*: intimating of what weake and infirme subsistence this *little-world*, *Man*, was builded. Whence we may collect, what diuine considerations the *Pagans* themselves obserued and vsually applied to rectifie their morall life: where instructions of nature directed them, not onely in the course of humane societie, but euen in principles about the reach and pitch of *Nature*, as may appeare in many Philosophicall Axioms, and diuinely inserted sentences in the Workes of *Plato*, *Plutarch*, *Socrates*; and amongst the Latines in the inimitable labours of *Seneca*, *Boethius*, *Tacitus*, and *Plinius Secundus*. Vpon the Morall of this *Statue* of *Agathocles* insists the Author in this *Poeme*, concluding with this vndoubted position: *That as foundations on sand are by euery tempest shaken, so man standing on feete of earth, hath no firmer foundation then mutabilitie to ground on.*

\* Caput de auro innuendo regis dignitatem brachia de ebo-re intimando eius venustatem, caetera linimenta de aere denotado strenuitatem, pedes vero de terra, indicando eius fragilitatem. *vid. Plut. Apotheg.*

## THE EMBLEME.

**A** Gathocles, me thinkes I might compare thee,  
 (So rare thou art) to some choice statuarie,  
 Who doth portray with Pencile he doth take,  
 Himselfe to th' image which he's wont to make;  
 How artfull thou, and gracefull too by birth,  
 A King, yet shewes that thou art made of earth,  
 Not glorying in thy greatnesse, but would seeme,  
 Made of the same mould other men haue bene!  
 A head of gold, as thou art chiefe of men,  
 So chiefe of mettalls makes thy Diadem;  
 Victorious armes of purest iuorie,  
 Which intimates the persons puritie;  
 The other liniments compos'd of brasse,  
 Imply th' vndaunted strength of which thou was;  
 But feete of earth, shew th' ground whereon we stand,  
 That we're cast downe in turning of a hand.  
 Of which, that we might make the better use,  
 Me thinkes I could dilate the Morall thus.  
 Man made of earth, no surer footing can  
 Presume vpon, then earth from whence he came,  
 Where firmenesse is infirmenesse, and the stay  
 On which he builds his strongest hopes, is clay.  
 And yet how strangely confident he growes,  
 In heauen-confronting boldnesse and in showes,  
 Bearing a Giants spirit, when in length,  
 Height, breadth, and pitch he is of Pigmeis strength.  
 Yea I haue knowne a very Dwarfe in sight,  
 Conceit himselfe a Pyramis in height,  
 Letting so stately, as't were in his power

To mount aloft vnto the airie tower.  
 But when Man's proud, I should esteeme't more meete  
 Not to presume on's strength, but looke on's feete:  
 Which nature (we obserue) hath taught the \* Swan,  
 And ought in reason to be done in Man.  
 Weake are foundations that are rer'd on sand,  
 And on as weake grounds may we seeme to stand,  
 Both subiect to be ruin'd, split and raz't,  
 One billow shakes the first, one grieve the last.  
 Whence then or how subsists this earthly frame,  
 That merits in it selfe no other name,  
 Then \*shell of base corruption! it's not brasse,  
 Marble, or iuory, which when times passe,  
 And our expired fates surceasse to be,  
 Reserue in them our liuing memorie.  
 No, no, this mettall is not of that prooffe,  
 We liue as those vnder a shaking rooffe,  
 Where euery moment makes apparent show,  
 For want of props of finall ouerthrow.  
 Thus then, me thinkes you may (if so you please)  
 Apply this Statue of Agathocles;  
 As he compos'd his royall Head of gold,  
 The purst of mettals, you are thereby told,  
 That th'Head whence reason and right iudgement  
 Should not be pesterd with inferior things; (springs,  
 And as his actiue sinnewes, armes are said,  
 To shew their purenesse, to be iuored,  
 Like Pelops milke-white shoulders; we are giuen  
 To vnderstand, our armes should be to heauen,  
 As to their proper orbe enlarg'd, that we  
 Might there be made the Saints of puritie;  
 By rest of th'parts which were compos'd of brasse,

M 4

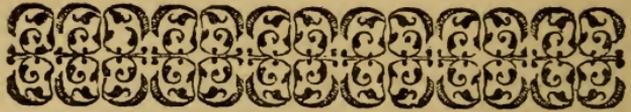
(Being

\* In cuius atri-  
 res pedes lumé  
 non citius figi-  
 tur, quam in fe-  
 ipso statim de-  
 iicitur. *Vid. Plin.*  
*in nat. Hist.*  
*Ælian. ibid.*  
*Sambuc. in Em-*  
*blem. Alcist.*  
*ibid.*

\* O quam con-  
 tempta res est  
 homo, nisi supra  
 humana se e-  
 rexerit!

*(Being of bigger bone then others was)*  
*We may collect, men made of selfe-fame clay,*  
*May in their strength do more then others may,*  
*Lastly on earth, as men subsistence haue,*  
*Their earthly \*feete do hasten to their graue.*

\* Pes in terris,  
 mens fit in cœ-  
 lis.



## A short Satyre of a corrupt Lawyer.

### THE XIII. SATYRE.

Naso Iuridicus.

**N**aso is sicke of late, but how canst tell?  
 He hath a swelling in his throate I feare;  
 I iudg'd as much, me thought He spake not well,  
 In his poore clients cause: nay more I heare,  
 His tumour's growne so dang'rous, as some say,  
 He was absolved but the t'other day.

*And what confest He? not a sinne I trow,*  
*Those He refer'd within a leatherne bag,*  
*And that's his conscience; did He mercy show*  
*Vnto the poore? not one old rotten rag*  
*Would he afford them, or with teares bemone them,*  
*Saying, that—forma pauperis had vndone them.*

*Did He not wish to be dissolu'd from hence?*  
*No, when you talk'd of finall Dissolution,*

He

He with a sea of teares his face would drench,  
 Wishing He might but make another motion,  
 And He would be dissolu'd when He had done :  
 But His forg'd motion each tearme day begun.

Had He some matter laid vpon his heart ?  
 Abundance of corruption, foule infection.  
 Did He no secret treasure there impart ?  
 Nought but a boxe containing his complexion.  
 What was it Sir, some precious oyle of grace ?  
 No, but an oyle to smeere his brazen face.

Oleum gratiæ  
 έλαιον.

I haue heard much of his attractiue nose  
 How He could draw white Riols with his breath ;  
 It's true indeed, and therefore did He choose  
 To drinke Aurum potabile at his death,  
 Nor car'd He greatly if He were to lose  
 His foule, so that He might enioy his nose.

Aurū palpabile  
 & aurum potabile ; Aurum ob-  
 rizum & aurum  
 adulterinum.

It was a wonder in his greatest paine,  
 How He should haue remorse ; for well I know,  
 In his successiue fortunes nought could straine  
 His hardned conscience, which He would not do  
 For hope of gaine, so as in time no sinne  
 So great, but grew familiar with him.

O Sir, the many fees He had receiu'd, (him,  
 And hood-winck'd bribes which at his death opprest  
 The forged deeds his wicked braine contriu'd  
 And that blacke buckram bag which did arrest him,  
 Commencing suite in one, furcharg'd Him so,  
 That He was plung'd into a gulph of wo.

O

*O what a smoke of powder there appeared  
At the dissolving of his vglie soule ;  
All that were present there to see Him feared,  
His case vncas'd did show so grim, so foule :  
Yet there were some had hope He would do well,  
Make but one motion, and come out of hell.*

*But others fear'd that motion would be long,  
If it should answer motions He made here :  
Besides, that place of motions is so throng,  
That one will scarce haue end a thousand yeare.  
Then Nafo fare thee well, for I do see,  
Earth sends to hell thy mittimus with thee.*



## Two short moderne Satyres.

*In Ambulantem.* } Pseudophilia.  
*Hypocritam.* }

**A** *Walking Hypocrite there was, whose pace,  
Trunkhose, small ruffe, deminutiue in forme,  
Shew'd to each man He was the child of grace,  
Such were the vertues did his life adorne ;  
Nought could He heare that did of lightnesse come,  
But He would stop his cares, or leaue the roome.*

*Discourfe (thus would He say) of things deuine,  
Soyle not your soules with such lasciuiousnesse.*

*Your*

*Your vessels should with precious vertues shine,  
As lamps of grace and lights of godlinesse ;  
But lasse for wo, sin's such a fruitfull weed,  
Still as one dies another doth succeed.*

*Here one doth beate his braine 'bout practises,  
There is another plotting wickednesse ;  
O how long Lord wilt thou blindfold their eyes,  
In suffering them to worke vnrighteousnesse ?  
Well, I will pray for them, and Syons peace,  
The prayers of Saints can no way chuse but please.*

*Thus did this mirror of deuotion walke,  
Inspir'd it seem'd with some Angelicke gift,  
So holy was his life, so pure his talke,  
As if the spirit of zeale had Ely left,  
And lodg'd within his breast, it could not be,  
Fuller of godly feruor then was He.*

*But see what end these false pretences haue,  
Where zeale is made a cloke to couer sinne,  
This whited wall to th'eye so seeming graue,  
Like varnish'd tombes had nought but filth within,  
For though of zeale He made a formall show,  
In Fortune Alley was his Rendeuow.*

*There He repos'd, there He his solace tooke,  
Shrin'd neare his Saint, his female-puritan,  
In place so priuate as no eye could looke,  
To what they did, to manifest their shame ;  
But see heauens will, those eyes they least suspected,  
First ey'd their shame, whereby they were detected.*

*Thus*

*Thus did his speech and practise disagree  
 In one exemplar, formall, regular,  
 In th'other loose through carnall libertie,  
 Which two when they do meete, so different are,  
 As there's no discord worse in any song,  
 Then twixt a hollow heart and holy tongue.*

*For He that doth pretend, and think't enough,  
 To make a shew of what He least intends,  
 Shall ere the period of his dayes run through,  
 Beshrew himsef for his mischieuous ends ;  
 For he that is not good, but would be thought,  
 Is worse by odds then this plaine dealing nought.*



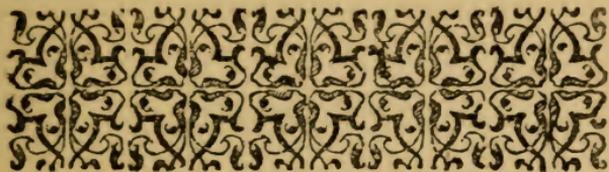
*In Drufum meretri- } Poligonia.  
 cium Adiutorem.*

**D**Rufus, *what makes thee take no trade in hand,  
 But like Hermaphrodite, halfe man, halfe womã  
 Pandors thy selfe, and stands at whoores command,  
 To play the bolt for euery Haxter common ?  
 Spend not thy houres with whoores, lest thou confesse,  
 There is no life to thy obdurateneffe.*

*Obdurate villaine hard'ned in ill,  
 That takes delight in seeing Nature naked,  
 Whose pleasure drawne from selfe-licentious will,  
 Makes thee of God, of men, and all forsaked ;*  
*Shame*

*Shame is thy chaine, thy fetters linkes of sinne,  
Whence to escape is hard, being once lock'd in.*

*What newes from Babell, where that purple whoore,  
With seared marrow charmes deluded man,  
So lull'd asleepe, as He forgets heauens power,  
And serues that hireling-Neapolitan?  
I'll tell thee Drufus, sad and heauie newes,  
Death vnto Drufus while he hants the stewes.*



An Admonition to the Reader vpon  
the precedent Satyres.

**W***Ho will not be reprov'd, it's to be fear'd,  
Scornes to amend, or to redeeme the time;  
For spotlesse Vertue neuer there appear'd,  
Where true Humility, that fruitfull vine  
Hath no plantation, for it cannot be,  
Grace should haue growth but by Humilitie.*

*Let each man then into his errors looke,  
And with a free acknowledgement confesse;  
That there are more Errataes in his booke,  
Then th'crabbedst Satyre can in lines expresse:  
For this will better Him, and make Him grow  
In grace with Vertue, whom He knowes not now.*

*These*

*These my unpolish'd Satyres I commend,  
To thy protection, not that I do feare  
Thy censure otherwise then as a friend,  
For I am secure of censure I may sweare,  
But for forme sake : if shou't accept them do,  
If not, I care not how the world go.*

Thine if thine owne,

*Musophilus.*

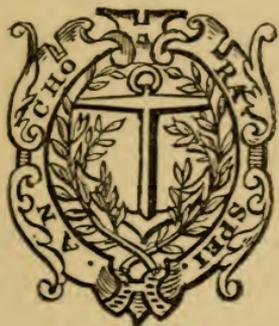
Silentio culpa crefcit.

THE

THE  
SHEPHERDS  
TALES.

*Too true poore shepheards do this Prouerbe find,  
No sooner out of sight then out of mind.*

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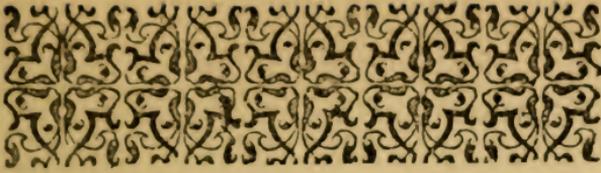


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LONDON,  
Printed for Richard Whitaker.

1621.





TO MY WORTHIE  
AND AFFECTIONATE  
KINSMAN RICHARD HUTTON  
Esquire, Sonne and Heire to the much honou-  
red and sincere dispenser of judgement,  
Sir RICHARD HUTTON Sergeant at  
Law, and one of the *Judges* of the  
*Common Pleas* :

The fruition of his selectdest wishes.

**T** *O sit secure and in a safe repose,  
To view the crosse occurrences of those  
Who are on Sea ; or in a silent shade,  
To eye the state of such as are decay'd ;  
Or nere some siluer Rill or Beechy Groue,  
To reade how Starre-croft louers lost their loue,  
Is best of humane blessings, and this best  
Is in your worthy selfe (Deere Cuz) exprest,  
Who by your fathers vertues and your owne  
Are truly lou'd, whereseuer you are knowne :  
In State secure, rich in a faithfull make, [mate  
And rich in all that may secure your State.  
Now in these dayes of yours, these Halcion daies,  
Where you enioy all ioy, peruse these layes,  
N That*

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

*That you who liu'd to loue, liue where you loue,  
May reade what you nere felt, nor ere did proue;  
Poore Swainlins crost where they affected most,  
And crost in that which made them euer crost.  
Receiue this Poem, Sir, for as I liue,  
Had I ought better, I would better giue.*

RICH: BRATHVVAIT.

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THE  
SHEPHERDS  
TALES.

THE FIRST PART.

*The Argument.*

**E**chnis complains,  
And labours to display  
Th' uniuſt diſtaſte  
Of Amarillida.

*The ſecond Argument.*

**H**ere relates this forlorne Swaine  
How he woo'd, but woo'd in vaine,  
Her whoſe beautie did ſurpaſſe  
Shape of any Country Laſſe,  
Made more to delight the bed,

Than to ſee her Lambkins fed ;  
Yet poore Shepheard ſee his fate,  
Loue ſhee vow'd, is chang'd to hate :

For being iealous of his loue,  
 Shee her fancie doth remoue,  
 Planting it vpon a Groome,  
 Who by *Cupids* blindest doome  
 Is preferd vnto those ioyes,  
 Which were nere ordain'd for Boyes :  
 On whose face nere yet appear'd  
 Downie shew of manly beard.  
 Hauing thus drunke forrows cup,  
 First, he shewes his bringing vp,  
 What those *Arts* were he profest,  
 Which in homely style exprest,  
 He descends vnto the Swaine  
 Whom he fought by loue to gaine ;  
 But preuented of his ayme,  
 Her he showes, but hides her shame.

THE  
 SHEPHERDS TALES.

*The shepheards.*

Technis. Dymnus. Dorycles.

Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

Technis tale.



*Hy now I see these Plaines some good af-  
 ford,*

*When Shpherds will be masters of their  
 word.*

Dory. *Yes, Technis yes, we see it now & then  
 That they'le keep touch as wel as greater men,  
 Who can protest and take a solemn vow  
 To doe farre more then they intend to doe.*

Dym.

Dym. *Stay Dorycles, me thinkes thou goest too farre,  
Lets talke of Shepherds, as we Shepherds are :  
For why should we these Great mens errors note,  
But learne vnto our Cloth to cut our coat.*

Sapp. *Dymnus, 'tis true ; we came not to display  
Great mens abuses, but to passe away  
The time in Tales, wherein we may relate  
By one and one our blest or wretched state.*

Cor. *Indeed friend Dymnus therefore came we hither,  
To shew our Fortune and distresse together,*

Lin. *Procede then Technis, you'r the eldest Swaine  
That now feeds Flocks vpon this fruitfull Plaine :  
So as your age, whatseuer we alledge,  
Doth well deserue that proper priuiledge.*

Tech. *As to begin ;*

Lin. *So Technis doe I meane.*

Tech. *Thanks Shepherds heartily, that you will daine  
A haplesse Swaine such grace ; which to requite,  
Ile mix my dolefull Storie with delight,  
That while yee weepe for grieffe, I may allay  
Your discontent, and wipe your teares away.*

Dory. *On Technis on, and weele attention lend,  
And wish thy loue may haue a happie end.*

Dym. *Which showne, each shall reply, and make exprest  
When all is done, whose fate's the heauiest.*

Tech. *Attend then Shepherds, now I doe begin,  
Shewing you first where I had nurturing,  
Which to vnfold the better, I will chuse  
No other words then home-spun Heardsmen vse.  
First then, because some Shepherds may suppose  
By meere conjecture, I am one of those  
Who had my breeding on this flowrie Plaine,*

*I must confesse that they are much mista'ne,  
 For if I would, I could strange stories tell  
 Of Platoes and of Aristotles Well,  
 From whence I drain'd such drops of diuine wit,  
 As all our Swaines could hardly diue to it :*  
 Dor. *Indeed I'ue heard much of thee in thy youth.*  
 Tech. *Yes Dorycles, I say no more than truth.  
 A Prentiship did I in Athens liue,  
 Not without hope but I might after giue  
 Content and comfort where I should remaine,  
 And little thought I then to be a Swaine :*  
*For I may say to you, I then did seeme  
 One of no small or popular esteeme,  
 But of consort with such, whose height of place  
 Aduanced me, because I had their grace :*  
*Though now, since I my Lambkins gan to feede,  
 Clad in my ruffet coat and countrey weede,  
 Those broad-spred Cedars scarce afford a nest  
 Vpon their shadie Boughes, where I may rest.*  
 Sapp. *It seemes they're great men Technis.*  
 Tech. *So they are,  
 And for inferiour groundlins, little care.  
 But may they flourish : thus much I am sure,  
 Though Shrubs be not so high, they're more secure.*  
 Lin. *High states indeed are subiect to decline.*  
 Tech. *Yes Linus yes, in this corrupted time  
 We may obserue by due experience  
 That where a Person has preeminence,  
 He so transported growes, as he will checke  
 Ioue in his Throne, till Pride has broke his necke,  
 Whereas so vertuous were precedent times,  
 As they were free not only from the crimes*

*To which this age's expos'd, but did liue  
As men which scorn'd Ambition.*

Dymn. *Now I diue*

*Into thy meaning Technis ; thou dost griue  
That those who once endear'd thee, now should leave  
Thy fellowship.*

Tech. *Nay Dymnus I protest*

*I neuer credited what they profess ;  
For should I griue to see a furly Lout,  
Who for obseruance casts his eye about ;  
In nothing meriting, saue only He  
Is rich in acres, to disvalue me ?*

Dory. *No Technis no, th'art of a higher spirit  
Than these inferiour Gnats, whose only merit  
Consists in what they haue, not what they are.*

Tech. *No Dorycles, for these I little care,  
Nor euer did : though some there be that feede  
On such mens breath.*

Dymn. *Good Technis now proceed.*

Tech. *Hauing thus long continued, as I said,  
And by my long continuance Graduate made,  
I tooke more true delight in being there,  
Than euer since in Court or Country ayre.*

Sapph. *Indeed minds freedome best contenteth men.*

Tech. *And such a freedome I enjoyed then,  
As in those Beechie shades of Hesperie.  
I planted then my sole felicitie.*

*So as howfere some of our rurall Swaines*

*Prerogatiue about all others claimes, (ought,  
That they haue nought, want nought, nor care for  
Because their minde vnfurnisht is of nought  
That may accomplish man : I could averre,*

*(Howfere I doubt these in opinion erre)*  
 That in my breast was treasured more blesse,  
 Then euer sensuall man could yet possesse.  
 For my delights were princely, and not vaine,  
 Where height of knowledge was my only ayme,  
 Whose happy purchase might enrich me more,  
 Then all this trash which worldly men adore.  
 So as if Pan were not the same he is,  
 He'de wish himselfe but to enioy my blisse,  
 Whose choice content afford me so great power,  
 As I might vye with greatest Emperour.  
 Coryd. It seemes thy state was happie ;  
 Tech. So it was,  
 And did my present state so farre surpasse,  
 As th' high top'd Cedar cannot beare more show  
 About the lowest Mushrom that doth grow,  
 Or more exceed in glory, than that time  
 Outstripp'd this present happinesse of mine.  
 For tell me Shepheards, what's esteem'd 'mongst men  
 The greatest ioy, which I enioy'd not then !  
 For is there comfort in retired life ?  
 I did possesse a life exempt from strife,  
 Free from litigious clamour, or report  
 Sprung from commencement of a tedious Court.  
 Is contemplation sweete, or conference,  
 Or ripe conceits ? why there's an influence,  
 Drawne from Minerua's braine, where euery wit  
 Transcends conceit, and seemes to rauish it.  
 Is it delightfull Shepheards to repose,  
 And all-alone to reade of others woes ?  
 Why there in Tragick Stories might we spend  
 Whole houres in choice discourses to a friend.

And

*And reason of Occurrents to and fro,  
 And why this thing or that did happen so,  
 Might it content man, to allay the load  
 Of a dislemp'd minde to walke abroad,  
 That he might moderate the thought of care  
 By choice acquaintance, or by change of ayre?  
 What noble consorts might you quickly finde  
 To share in sorrow with a troubled minde?  
 What cheerfull Groues, what silent murmuring springs,  
 Delicious walkes, and ayrie warblings,  
 Fresh flowrie Pastures, Gardens which might please  
 The senses more then did th' Hesperides,  
 Greene shadie Arbours, curled streames which flow,  
 On whose pure Margins shadie Beeches grow,  
 Myrtle-perfumed Plaines, on whose rer'd tops  
 The merry Thrush and Black-bird nimbly hops  
 And carols sings, so as the passers by  
 Would deeme the Birds infus'd with poesie?*  
 Sapp. Sure Technis this was earthly Paradise.  
 Tech. Sapphus it was; for what can Swaine deuise  
 To tender all delight to eye or eare,  
 Taste, Smell, or Touch which was not frequent there?  
*Besides;*

Lin. *What could be more, pray Technis say?*

Tech. *We had more ioyes to passe the time away.*

Dory. *What might they be good Technis?*

Tech. *'Las I know*

*They'r such as Shepherds cannot reach vnto.*

Dym. *Yet let vs heare them.*

Tech. *So I meane you shall,*

*And they were such as we internall call.*

Cor. *Infernall, Technis, what is meant by that?*

Tech.

Tech. *Infernall, no; thou speakst thou knowest not what:  
I meane internall gifts which farre furmount  
All these externall bounties in account :  
For by these bleffings we shall euer finde  
Rich Treasures stored in a knowing minde,  
Whose glorious inside is a thousand fold  
more precious than her Case though cloath'd in gold  
And all Habilliments : for by this light  
Of Vnderstanding, we discern what's right  
From crooked error, and are truly said  
To vnderstand by this, why we were made  
Sapp. Why, we nere thought of this.*

Lin. *Nay, I may sweare  
I haue liu'd on this Downe, this twentie yeare,  
And that was my least care.*

Corid. *Linus, I vow  
To feed our Sheepe, was all that we need doe  
I euer thought.*

Dory. *So Coridon did I.*

Dymn. *The cause of this, good Technis, now descrie.*

Tech. *Heardsmen I will ; with purpose to relate,  
Lest my Discourse should be too intricate,  
In briefe, (for length makes Memorie to faile)  
The substance of your wishes in a Tale.  
Within that pitchie and Cymmerian clyme,  
Certaine Inhabitants dwelt on a time,  
Who long had in those shadie Mountaines won,  
Yet neuer saw a glimpse of Sunne or Moon.  
Yet see what custome is, though they were pent  
From sight of Sunne or Moone they were content,  
Sporting themselues in vaults and arched caues,  
Not so like dwelling Houses, as like graues.*

*Nor*

*Nor were these men scene ere so farre to roame  
 At any time as halfe a mile from home ;  
 For if they had, as th' Historie doth say,  
 They had beene sure right soone to lose their way :  
 For darke and mistie were those drierie caues  
 Where they repos'd, so that the wretchedst slaues  
 Could not exposed be to more restraint,  
 Than these poore snakes in th' ragged Mountaines pent ;  
 And thus they liu'd.*

Lin. *But never lou'd.*

Tech. *To tell*

*Their loues I will not : but it thus befell,  
 That a great Prince, who to encrease his fame  
 Had conquer'd many Countries, thither came.*

Sapp. *For what good Technis ?*

Tech. *Only to suruey it.*

Corid. *Why sure he had some Torch-light to display it,  
 For th' Coast you say was darke.*

Tech. *And so it was ;*

*But yet attend me how it came to passe :  
 By meanes he vs'd, hauing this coast suruei'd,  
 With all perswasive reasons he affaid,  
 Partly by faire meanes to induce them to it,  
 Sometimes by threats, when he was forc't vnto it,  
 That they would leaue that forlorne place, and giue  
 Way to perswasion, and resolute to liue  
 Neere some more cheerefull Border, which in time  
 They gaue consent to, and forooke their Clime.  
 But see the strength of Habit, when they came  
 To see the light they hid themselues for shame,  
 Their eyes grew dazled, and they did not know,  
 Where to retire or to what place to goe :*

Yet

*Yet was the Region pleasant, full of groues,  
 Where th' airy Quiristers expresse their loues  
 One to another, and with Melodie  
 Cheer'd and refresh'd Siluanus Emperie.  
 The warbling Goldfinch on the dangling spray,  
 Sent out harmonious Musicke every day ;  
 The prettie speckled Violet on the Banke  
 With Pinke and Rose-bud placed in their ranke ;  
 Where chafed Violets did so fresh appeare,  
 As they foretold the Spring-time now drew neare ;  
 Whose borders were with various colours dy'd,  
 And Prim-rose bankes with odours beautifi'd ;  
 Where Cornell trees were planted in great store,  
 Whose checkerd berries beautifi'd the shore.  
 Besides, such gorgeous buildings as no eye  
 Could take a view of fuller Maiestie ;  
 Whose curious pillers made of Porphyrite  
 Smooth to the touch, and specious to the sight,  
 Sent from their hollow Cell a crispling breath,  
 Arched aboue and vaulted vnderneath.  
 Yet could not all these choyce varieties  
 ( Which might haue giuen content to choicer eyes )  
 Satisfie these Cimmerians, for their ayme  
 Was to returne vnto their Caues againe,  
 And so they did : for when the Prince perceiu'd  
 How hard it was from error to be reau'd,  
 Where ignorance discerns not what is good,  
 Because it is not rightly vnderstood ;  
 Hee sent them home againe, where they remain'd  
 From comfort of Societie restrain'd.  
 Dym. *Apply this Tale, my Technis ;*  
 Tech. *Heare me then.**

You

*You may be well compar'd vnto these men,  
Who ignorant of knowledge, doe esteeme  
More of your Flocks, how they may fruitfull seeme,  
Then of that part, whereby you may be fed  
From sauage beasts to be distinguished.*

Dory. *Technis you are too bitter ;*

Tech. *Not a whit,*

*Shepherds should tell a Shepherd what is fit :  
Though I confesse that Heardsmen merit praise,  
When they take care vpon the Flockes they graze.*

*Yet to recount those Swaines of elder time,  
How some were rapt with Sciences diuine,  
Others adorn'd with Art of Poesie,*

*Others to reason of Astrologie ;*

*Swaines of this time might think't a very shame,  
To be so bold as to retaine the name*

*Of iolly Heardsmen, when they waut the worth (forth.  
Of those braue Swaines which former times brought*

*Corid. Why, what could they ?*

Tech. *Endorse their Names in trees,  
And write such amorous Poems as might please  
Their deereſt loues.*

Dym. *Why Technis what was this,  
Can we not please our loues more with a kisse ?*

Dory. *Yes Dymnus, thou know'ſt that ;*

Dym. *Perchance I doe,*

*For Dymnus knowes no other way to wooe.*

*But pray thee Technis let vs ſay no more,  
But hie thee now to where thou left before.*

Tech. *I'me eaſily entreated ; draw then neere,  
And as I lend a tongue, lend you an eare.*

*Hauing long liued in Minerua's Groue,  
My life became an Embleme of pure loue.*

## 190 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Dym. *Of Loue my Technis, pray thee say to whom!*

Tech. *As thou mean'st Dymnus, I did fancie none :*

*No ; my affection soared higher farre,*

*Than on such toys as now affected are :*

*I doated not on Beautie, nor did take*

*My aime at faire, but did obseruance make,*

*How humane things be shar'd by diuine power,*

*Where fickle faith scarce constant rests one houre ;*

*How highest states were subiect'st to decline ;*

*How nought on Earth but subiect vnto Time ;*

*How vice though clad in purple was but vice ;*

*How vertue clad in rags was still in price ;*

*How Common-weales in peace should make for warre ;*

*How Honour crownes such as deseruing are.*

Dory. *And yet we see such as deserued most,*

*What ere the cause be, are the oftest crost.*

Tech. *Ile not denie it (Swaine) and yet attend,*

*For all their croffe occurrents, but their end,*

*And thou shalt see the fawning Sycophant*

*Die in disgrace, and leaue his Heire in want :*

*While th' honest and deseruing Statesman giues*

*Life to his Name and in his dying liues.*

*This I obseru'd and many things beside,*

*Whilst I in famous Athens did abide ;*

*But 'lasse whilst I secure from thought of care,*

*With choisest consorts did delight me there,*

*Free from the tongue of rumor or of strife,*

*I was to take me to another life.*

Lin. *To what good Technis ?*

Tech. *To haue Harpies clawes ;*

*To take my fee and then neglect the cause.*

Sapp. *A Lawier Technis !*

Tech.

Tech. *So my father said,  
 Who as he had commanded, I obey'd.  
 But iudge now Shepherds, could I chuse to grieue,  
 When I must leaue, what I was forc'd to leaue,  
 Those sweet delightfull Arts, with which my youth  
 Was first inform'd, and now attain'd such growth,  
 As I did reape more happy comfort thence  
 In one short houre than many Twelue-months since ?*

Corid. *This was a hard command.*

Tech. *Yet was it fit  
 I should respect his loue imposed it.  
 For ne're had Father showne vnto his sonne  
 More tender loue than he to me had done :  
 So as his will was still to me a law,  
 Which I obserued more for loue than awe,  
 For in that childe few seeds of grace appeare,  
 Whom loue doth lesse induce than thought of feare.  
 Hauing now tane my leaue of all the Muses,  
 I made me fit as other Students vses,  
 To waine my minde, and to withdraw my sight  
 From all such studies gaue me once delight :  
 And to inure me better to discern  
 Such rudiments as I desir'd to learne,  
 I went to Iohn a Styles, and Iohn an Okes,  
 And many other Law-baptized folkes,  
 Whereby I set the practise of the Law  
 At as light count as turning of a straw,  
 For straight I found how Iohn a Styles did slate it,  
 But I was ouer Style ere I came at it ;  
 For hauing thought (so easie was the way)  
 That one might be a Lawyer the first day :  
 I after found the further that I went,*

*The*

*The further was I from my Element :  
 Yet forasmuch as I esteem'd it vaine,  
 To purchase law still from anothers braine,  
 I stroue to get some law at any rate,  
 At least so much as might concerne my state.  
 Lin. I am more forie for it.*

*Tech. Linus why?*

*Lin.. Because I feare me thou wilt haue an eye  
 More to thy priuate profit, than deuise  
 How to attone such quarrels as arise.*

*Dym. Technis is none of those.*

*Tech. No, credit me,  
 Though I'me resolued many such there be  
 Who can dispence with fees on either part,  
 Which I haue euer scorned with my heart ;  
 For this shall be my practice, to assay  
 Without a fee to doe you th' good I may.*

*Corid. Technis enough.*

*Tech. Hauing thus long applide  
 The streame of Law, my aged father dide,  
 Whose vertues to relate I shall not neede,  
 For you all knew him ;*

*Doric. So we did indeed :*

*A Patron of all Iustice, doe him right.*

*Sap. Nor was there Art wherein he had no sight.*

*Dym. Yet was he humble.*

*Lin. And in that more blest.*

*Corid. He liues though seeming dead ;*

*Tech. So let him rest.*

*Hauing lost him whose life supported me,  
 You may imagine Shepheards, what might be  
 My hard succeeding fate : downe must I goe*

To know if this report were true or no.  
Which I did finde too true, for he was dead,  
And had enioyn'd me Guardians in his stead  
To sway my vntraind youth.

Dym. And what were they?

Tech. Such men as I had reason to obey:  
For their aduice was euer for my good,  
If my greene yeeres so much had vnderstood:  
But I puft vp with thought of my demaines,  
Gauē way to Folly, and did slacke my raines  
Of long restraint;

Dory. 'Las Technis, then I see  
What in the end was like to fall on thee.

Tech. O Dorycles if thou hadst knowne my state,  
Thou wouldst haue pitied it!

Corid. Nay rather hate  
Thy youthfull riot.

Tech. Thou speakes well vnto't,  
For the Blacke Oxe had nere trod on my foot:  
I had my former studies in despight,  
And in the vaineſt consorts tooke delight.  
Which much incens'd such as affection bare  
To my esteeme: but little did I care  
For the instruction of my graue Protectors  
Who neuer left me, but like wise directors  
Consulted how to recliſie my state,  
And some aduised this, and others that,  
For neuer any could more faithfull be  
In sincere trust, than they were vnto me.  
At last, one to compose and end the strife,  
Thought it the fitt'st that I should take a wife.

Corid. Yea, now it workes.

O

Lin.

Lin. *Stay till he come vnto't;*

Sap. *And then I know he will goe roundly to't.*

Tech. *Nay iest not on me, but awhile forbear,*  
*And you the issue of my loue shall heare.*

*Hauing at last concluded, as I said,*  
*With ioynt consent I should be married,*  
*One 'mongst the rest did freely vndertake*  
*This priuate motion to my selfe to make;*  
*Which I gaue eare to: wishing too that he*  
*Would me informe where this my Wife should be.*

Dym. *As it was fit.*

Cor. *Who was it thou shouldst ha?*

Tech. *Ile tell thee Boy, 'twas Amarillida.*

Cor. *Lycas faire daughter?*

Tech. *Yes, the very same.*

Dory. *She was a wench indeed of worthie fame;*

Tech. *As ere fed Lambkins on this flowrie Downe:*  
*Whom many sought and fude to make their owne,*  
*But she affected fo a virgin life,*  
*As she did scorne to be Amyntas wife.*

Dym. *Is't possible?*

Tech. *Yes Dymnus I doe know*

\* *S. Valentines* day;  
on which  
*Birds* are  
said to  
chuse their  
*Mates*, with  
whom  
they re-  
pose and  
partake in  
mutuall  
ioyes.

*Some tokens of affection twixt them two,*  
*Which if thou heard, right soone wouldst thou confesse,*  
*More vnfaind loue no Heardsman could expresse:*  
*But to omit the rest, I meane to show*  
*The time and tide when I began to woo.*  
*Vpon that \* Day (sad day and heauy fate)*  
*When euery Bird is said to chuse her mate,*  
*Did I repaire vnto that fairest faire,*  
*That euer lou'd, or liu'd, or breath'd on aire.*  
*And her I woo'd, but she was fo demure,*

*So modest bashfull, and so maiden pure,  
As at the first, nor at the second time  
She would no care to found of loue incline.*

Cor. *But this (I'm sure) would be no meanes to draw  
Thy loues assault from Amarillida.*

Tech. *No Coridon, for then I should not seeme  
Worthy so rare a Nymph as she had beene.  
But I did finde that female foes would yeeld,  
Though their relentlesse breasts at first were steeld :  
Continuall drops will pierce the hardest stone.*

Sap. *Did Technis finde her such a stony one ?*

Tech. *Sappho I did : yet though she oft had vow'd  
A vestall life, and had my suit withstood,  
I found her of a better minde next day,  
For she had throwne her vestall weed away.*

Lin. *Thrice happy Shepheard !*

Tech. *Linus, say not so ;  
If it be happinesse to end in woe,  
Thou mightst enstyle me happy ;*

Dory. *Was not she  
Fully resolued now to marry thee ?*

Tech. *Yes Dorycles : but when she had consented,  
Heare by what strange mischance I was preuented !  
Vpon a time a Summering there was,  
Where euery liuely Lad tooke in his Lasse  
To dance his Measure, and amongst the rest  
I tooke me one as frolike as the best.*

Dym. *What was she man ?*

Tech. *A Matron full of zeale,  
But pardon me, I must her name conceale.*

Lin. *It was Alburna I durst pawne my life.*

Tech. *I must confesse it was the Parsons wife,  
A lusty Trollops I may say to you,  
And one could foot it giue the wench her due.*

Lin. *Yea marry Sir, there was a Lasse indeed  
Knew how she should about a Maypole tread.*

Tech. *And I may say, if Linus had beene there,  
He would haue said, we euenly matched were :  
For I may say at that day there was none  
At any actiue game could put me downe  
And for a dance ;*

Sap. *As light as any fether,  
For thou didst winne the Legge three yeeres together.*

Tech. *And many said that it great pittie was  
That such a Parson had not such a Lasse :  
So as indeed all did conclude and say,  
That we deseru'd the Pricke and prize that day.  
But hauing now our May-games wholly plaid,  
Danc'd till we wearie were, and Piper paid :  
Each tooke his wench he danc'd with on the Downe,  
Meaning to giue her curt'sie of the Towne.*

Sim. *What curt'sie Technis ?*

Tech. *As our Shepheards vse,  
Which they in modestie cannot refuse :  
And this we did, and thus we parted then,  
Men from their women, women from their men.*

Dory. *But didst nere after with Alburna meet ?*

Tech. *Yes, on a time I met her in the street,  
Who after kinde salutes inuited me  
Vnto her house, which in ciuilitie  
I could not well deny ;*

Dym. *True Technis true.*

Tech.

Tech. *And she receiv'd me, giue the wench her due,  
With such a free and gracefull entertaine,  
As did exceed th' expectance of a Swaine.*

Dory. *She had some reason for't ;*

Tech. *None I may sweare,  
Saue that she ioyed much to see me there.*

Dory. *Yet did ;*

Tech. *Did eat, did drinke, and merry make,  
For no delight saue these did Technis take.  
For I may say to you if so I had,  
My lucke to Horfe-flesh had not beene so bad,  
As by some yeeres experience I haue found ;  
So as of your suspicion there's no ground :  
But if I had, no fate could be more hard  
Than that which I sustained afterward.*

Corid. *Relate it Technis.*

Tech. *To my grieffe I will,  
Hauing done this without least thought of ill,  
This (as report doth new additions draw)  
Came to the eare of Amarillida :  
Who iealous of my loue (as women are)  
Thought that Alburna had no little share  
In my affection, which I may protest  
Was nere as much as meant, much lesse exprest.*

Sap. *Alas good Shepheard.*

Tech. *So as from that day  
I found her fancy falling still away,  
For to what place soeuer I did come,  
She fain'd excuse to leaue me and the roome.*

Lin. *Yet she nere fix'd her loue on any one.*

Tech. *Yes Linus, else what cause had I to mone ?  
Some few moneths after did she take a Mate,*

*I must confesse of infinite estate ;  
 Yet in my minde (nor doe I speake't in spight)  
 He's one can giue a woman small delight,  
 For he's a very Erwig.*

Lin. *What is he ?*

Tech. *Petreius sonne ;*

Lin. *The map of miserie.*

Tech. *Yet thou wouldst wonder how this dunghil worm  
 When he encounters me, redarts a scorne  
 On my contemned loue :*

Dym. *All this doth show,  
 That he resolues to triumph in thy woe ;  
 But how stands shee affected ?*

Tech. *'Las for grieffe,  
 Shee is so farre from yeelding me reliefe,  
 As shee in publique meetings ha's affaid  
 To glory in the trickes which shee hath plaid.*

Dory. *O matchlesse insolence !*

Tech. *Yet shall my blisse  
 In wanting her, be charactred in this ;  
 " Having lost all that ere thy labour gain'd,  
 " Be sure to keepe thy precious name vnstain'd.*

Corid. *A good resolue.*

Tech. *Yet must I neuer leaue  
 While I doe liue, but I must liue to grieue :  
 For I perswade me, there was neuer Swaine  
 Was recompenc'd with more vniust disdaine.*

Dym. *Indeed thou well mightst grieue.*

Dory. *Yet shall't appeare,  
 I haue more cause, if you my Tale will heare :  
 For nere was story mixed with more ruth,  
 Or grounded on more Arguments of truth.*

Corid.

Corid. *Let's haue it Dorycles ;*  
 Dory. *With all my heart,*  
*And plainly too ; grieffe hates all words of art.*



*The Argument.*

**D**Orycles loues Bellina ;  
*Who esteemes*  
*As well of him,*  
*But proues not same she seemes.*

*The second Argument.*

**D**Orycles a youthfull Swaine,  
 Seekes *Bellina's* loue to gaine :  
 Who, so euen doth fancy strike,  
 Tenders *Dorycles* the like.

Yet obserue how women be  
 Subiect to inconstancie !  
 Shee in absence of her loue,  
 Her affection doth remoue,  
 Planting it vpon a *Swad*,  
 That no wit nor breeding had.

Whom she honours ; but in time  
*Dorycles* seemes to diuine,  
 Since her loue is stain'd with sin,  
 She'le ere long dishonour him ;  
 For who once hath broke her vow,  
 Will infringe't to others too.  
 In the end he doth expresse  
 His disdainfull Shepherdesse :  
 Who, when she had iniured  
 Him and his, and cancelled  
 That same sacred secret oath,  
 Firmely tendred by them both ;  
 She a Willow-garland sends  
 For to make her Swaine amends,  
 Which he weares, and vowes till death  
 He will weare that forlorne wreath.  
 With protests of lesse delight  
 In her *Loue*, than in her *Spight*.

## THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

Dorycles tale.



*One Shephherds come, and heare the wo-  
 fulst Swaine  
 That euer liu'd, or lou'd on western plaine:  
 Whose heauy fate all others doth surpasse  
 That ere you heard ;*

*Dym. Say Heardsman what it was.*

*Dory. I must and will, though Dymnus I confesse,  
 I'm very loth my folly to expresse,  
 Whose madding passion though it merit blame,*

*I will display't.*

Tech. *To't then : away with shame.*

Dory. *I lou'd a bonny Lasse as ere lou'd man,  
For she a middle had that you might span,  
A mouing eye, a nimble mincing foot,  
And mannerly she was, for she could lout :  
And her I lou'd, and me she held as deare.*

Corid. *But Dorycles where liu'd she ?*

Dory. *Very neare :*

*Knowst thou not Polychrestus ?*

Corid. *Who, the Swaine*

*That with his sheepe doth couer all our Plaine ?*

Dory. *It seemes thou knowst him Coridon ;*

Corid. *I doe :*

*And seuen yeeres since I knew his Daughter too.*

Dory. *Who, faire Bellina ?*

Corid. *Yes, the very fame.*

Dory. *And her I lou'd, nor need I thinke't a shame.*

*For what might moue affection or imply*

*Content of loue to any Shepherds eye,*

*Which she enioy'd not ? For if choyce discourse*

*(As what more mouing than the tongue) had force*

*To infuse loue, there was no Heardsman neare her*

*Who was not rauish'd if he chanc'd to heare her ;*

*And for a beauty mix'd with white and red.*

Corid. *I know 't was rare, good Dorycles proceed.*

Dory. *When I was young, as yet I am not old,*

*I doted more than now a hundred fold :*

*For there was not a May-game that could show it*

*All here about, but I repair'd vnto it,*

*Yet knew not what loue meant, but was content*

*To spend the time in harmlesse merriment.*

*But*

*But at the last, I plaid so long with fire,  
 I cing'd my wings with heat of loues desire.  
 And to display my folly how it was  
 Without digression, thus it came to passe.  
 Downe by yon Vale a Myrtle groue there is,  
 (Oh that I nere had seene it, I may wish)  
 Where Pan the Shepheards God to whom we pray,  
 Solemniz'd had his wonted holiday :  
 Whereto resorted many noble Swaines,  
 Who flourish yet vpon our neighbour Plaines ;  
 'Mongst which Bellina with a youthfull fort  
 Of amorous Nymphs, came to suruey our sport.  
 Which I obseruing (see the fault of youth)  
 Transported with vain-glory, thought in truth  
 Shee came a purpose for a sight of me,  
 Which I with smiles requited louingly :  
 But howsoere, I know Bellina ey'de  
 My person more than all the fwaines beside.  
 When night was come, vnwelcome vnto some,  
 And each was now to hasten towards home,  
 I 'mongst the rest of Laddes, did homeward passe,  
 And all this time I knew not what Love was.  
 To supper went I and fell to my fare,  
 As if of loue I had but little care,  
 And after supper went to fire to chat  
 Of fundry old-wiues tales, as this and that ;  
 Yet all this while loue had no power of me,  
 Nor no command that euer I could see.  
 Hauing thus spent in tales an houre or two,  
 Each to his rest (as he thought best) did goe,  
 But now when I should take me to my rest,  
 That troubled me which I did thinke of least.*

Tech.

Tech. *Trouble thee Swaine !*

Dory. *Yes Technis ; and the more,  
Because I neuer felt such pangs before.  
This way and that way did I tosse and turne,  
And freeze and frie, and shake for cold and burne,  
So as I wisht a hundred times, that day  
Would now approach my passion to allay.  
Yet still, (so weake was my distemper'd braine)  
I thought Bellina put me to that paine,  
Yet knew no cause why shee should vse me so,  
Yet thought to aske her if 't were shee or no :  
So as next day, I purpos'd to repaire  
To see if shee could yeeld a cure to care.  
But she (poore wench) was split on fancies shelve,  
All full of care, yet could not cure her selfe ;  
So as in brieve we either did impart,  
The secret passions of a wounded heart,  
Shot by loues shaft, for so't appear'd to be,  
Which found, we vow'd a present remedie ;  
Yet to our friends both shee and I did feane,  
As if we neuer had acquainted beene.*

Dym. *A pretie sleight ;*

Dory. *Though many times and oft,  
Plaid we at Barlybreake in Clytus croft.  
And thus our loues continued one halfe yeere  
Without suspition, till one neighboring neere,  
An equall friend vnto vs both, did make  
A motion of our Mariage.*

Tech. *Did it take ?*

Dory. *Yes Technis yes, so as first day I went,  
My friends, to shew that they were well content,  
Wish'd that all good successe might vs her mee.*

Lin.

Lin. *One should haue throwne an old shoo after thee.*

Dory. *Nay Linus that was done : and now to hie  
Vnto my Tale, on went my dogge and I,  
Poore loaue-card Curre.*

Sapp. *Why Dorycles, hadst none  
To second thee ?*

Dory. *Too many (Swaine) by one :  
For trowst thou Lad, when I my suit should make  
Vnto her friends, my dogge he let a scape.*

Sapp. *Ill nurtur'd fitchell.*

Dory. *Now yee may suppose  
Bellina tooke the Pepper in the nose,  
That to her friends when I should breake my minde,  
The carrian Cur should at that time breake winde.  
So as for halfe an houre I there did show  
Like to a senslesse Picture made of dough :  
Nor was my dogge lesse 'sham'd, but runs away  
With taile betwixt his legs with speed he may.  
At last my spirits I did call together,  
Showing her friends the cause why I came thither,  
Who did accept my motion ; for that day  
I was esteem'd a proper Swaine I say,  
And one well left.*

Cor. *We know it Dorycles,  
Both for thy wealth and person thou mightst please.*

Lin. *For good mug-sheepe and cattell, Ile be sworne  
None could come neare thee both for haire and horne.*

Dory. *Yee ouer-value me, but sure I am  
I had sufficient for an honest man :  
Hauing thus free accesse to her I lou'd,  
Who my affection long before had prou'd  
Though she seemd nice, as women often vse,*

*When*

*When what they loue they seemingly refuse,  
Not to insisl ought longer on the matter,  
They deemd me worthy, if they did not flatter,  
Of her I su'd ; So as without more stay,  
Appointed was this solemne Nuptiall day.*

Sapp. *Happy appointment ;*

Dory. *Sapphus say not so,  
It rather was the subiect of my woe,  
For hauing heard reported for a truth  
She formerly had lou'd a dapper youth,  
With whom she purpos'd euen in friends despight,  
To make a priuate scape one winter night ;  
I for a while thought to surcease my suit,  
Till I heard further of this iealous bruit.*

Tech. *Why didst thou so ? Bellina had consented  
To loue that youth, before you were acquainted.*

Dory. *Technis 'tis true ; But some there were auer'd,  
Though I'm resolu'd they in opinion err'd,  
That these two were affide one to the other.*

Sapp. *What hindred then the match ?*

Dory. *Bellinas mother :  
Who tender of th' aduancement of her childe,  
And well perceiuing Crispus to be wilde,  
( For so the youth was named ) did withdraw  
Bellina from him by imperious awe :  
Which done, and he preuented of her daughter,  
His Countrey left, he neuer sought her after.*

Tech. *I knew that Crispus.*

Dory. *Then you knew a lad  
Of seeming presence, but he little had,  
And that was cause he grew in disesteeme.*

Sap. *Alas that want of meanes should make vs meane.*

Dory.

Dory. *So did it fare with him ; for to his praise  
 ( Though with his tongue he wrong'd me many waies,  
 But tongues inur'd to tales are nere beleeu'd )  
 He had from Nature choicest gifts receau'd,  
 Which might haue mou'd loue in a worthy creature,  
 If that his life had beene vnto his feature.*

*But promising out-sides like the Panthers skin,  
 Though faire without, are oft times foule within ;  
 But heauens, I hope, to mercy will receiue him,  
 His wrongs to me are buried ; so I leaue him.*

Corid. *But admit Shepheard they had beene affide,  
 Shee might reuolt, it cannot be denide.*

Dory. *I grant she might ; and I confesse there be  
 Some that haue done 't are greater farre than we :  
 But goodnesse is the marke, not height of state  
 That meaner men by right should imilate.*

*I might produce store of examples here,  
 But lest I should be tedious, I forbear,  
 What tragick Scenes from breach of faith are bred,  
 How it hath caus'd much guiltlesse bloud be shed.*

*This caus'd me for a time to hold my hand,  
 To see how all this businesse would stand,  
 And that I might my fancie better waine  
 From her I lou'd, to Troynouant I came.*

*Where I imploi'd my selfe no little time  
 About occasions for a friend of mine :  
 For I did thinke to be from place remou'd,  
 Would make me soone forget the wench I lou'd.*

Sap. *I rather thinke it would thy loue renew ;*

Dory. *Sapphus it did ; and farre more rigour shew :*

*“ For true it is, when louers goe to wooe,*

*“ Each mil's as long as ten, each houre as two.*

*Whence*

“ Whence each true loue by experience proues  
 “ Man is not where he liues, but where he loues.  
 For what delight, as all delights were there,  
 Could my enthralled minde refresh or cheere,  
 Wanting my Loue, whose only sight could show  
 More true content than all the world could doe?  
 Yet stay'd I still, expecting I should heare,  
 How in my absence, she herselfe did beare,  
 And whether those same rumours which I heard,  
 Were true or false, as I found afterward.

Lin. How went they Dorycles?

Dor. Howso'ere they went  
 I found Bellina meerely innocent;  
 Whence I inferr'd, that many times we wrong them,  
 By causelesse laying false aspersions on them;  
 For I perceiu'd she had beene woo'd by many,  
 But neuer yet affianc'd vnto any.

Coryd. Thrice happie Dorycles!

Dor. Happie indeed,  
 Till worse euent did afterwards succeed.

Coryd. What fate?

Dor. Farre worse than ere on Shepheard leight.

Tech. Expresse it Heardsman;

Dor. So I purpose streight.

Hauing thus heard all rumours to be vaine,  
 I streight resolu'd to returne backe againe  
 Into my Countrey: where I found my wench  
 The same I left her when I came from thence;  
 So as in briefe, so happie was my state,  
 I meant my marriage rites to consummate.  
 Which that they might be done more solemnly,  
 All our young Shepherds in a company,

Adrest

*Address'd themselues to grace that day ; beside  
 The choicest Damfels to attend the Bride,  
 For to preuent occasion of delay,  
 Set downe on both sides was the Mariage day.*  
 Tech. *Me thinks this cannot chuse but happen well;*  
 Dory. *Stay Technis heare, what afterwards befell !  
 The Euen before that I should married be,  
 One came in all haste and acquainted me  
 How Cacus that vnciuill loffell, would  
 Carry the best Ram that I had to fold ;  
 Wherewith incens'd withouten further stay,  
 Going to th' fold I met him in the way :  
 Who of my Ram not onely me denide,  
 But vs'd me in disgracefull fort beside,  
 Which I distasting, without more adoe  
 Reach'd my vnnurtur'd Cacus such a blow,  
 As he in heat of passion aymd his Crooke  
 Iust at my head to wound me with the stroake :  
 Which I rewarded, so as by our men  
 Without more hurt we both were parted then.  
 But scarce had Phœbus lodged in the West,  
 Till He, whose fury would not let him rest,  
 Sent me a challenge stuffed with disgrace,  
 Length of his Weapon, Second, and the Place.*  
 Dym. *Then we must haue a field fought.*  
 Dory. *Without stay ;  
 I met him though it was my mariage day,  
 Though not on equall termes.*  
 Tech. *More fit 't had bin  
 T' encounter'd with Bellina than with him.*  
 Sapp. *I would haue thought so Technis ;*  
 Lin. *So would hee,*

*If he had beene resolu'd as he should be.*

Dor. *Shepheards 'tis true ; but now it is too late,  
For to exclaime against relentlesse fate,  
Whose aduerse hand preuented that delight,  
Which louers reape in a blest nuptiall night. (Swaine :*

Cor. *Thou mightst with credit haue deferr'd it,*

Dor. *I know it, Corydon : but 'twas my aime  
To right my reputation, which did stand  
Engag'd, vnlesse I met him out a hand,  
Which I perform'd, and with my Second too,  
To beare me witnesse what I meant to doe.*

Dym. *And he perform'd the like ;*

Dor. *He vow'd he would,  
And so indeed by Law of armes he should,  
But I perceiu'd his recreant spirit such,  
To fight on equall termes he thought too much :  
Neere to Soranus caue there stands a groue,  
Which Poets faine was consecrate to Loue,  
Though then it seem'd to be transform'd by fate,  
From th' groue of Loue, vnto the graue of Hate ;  
There we did meet : where he out of distrust,  
Fearing the cause he fought for was not iust,  
To second his iniurious act, did bring  
A rout of desperate rogues along with him,  
Who lurking, kept together till we met,  
And so vpon aduantage me beset,  
As fight or fall, there was no remedie,  
Such was the height of Cacus villanie.*

Tech. *Who euer heard a more perfidious tricke ?*

Dor. *'Tis true ; yet though my Second had been sicke,  
And much enfeebled in his former strength,  
We held them play, till haplesly at length,*

P

Through

*Through violence of fury, from him fell  
His lucklesse weapon.*

*Dym. Oh I heare thee tell  
A heauy Scene !*

*Dor. Yes Dymnus hadst thou feene  
How our shed bloud purpled the flowrie greene,  
What crimson streamlins flow'd from either of vs,  
Thou wouldst haue pitied, though thou nere did loue vs:  
For hauing fought so long as we had breath,  
Breathlesse we lay as Images of death,  
Bereft of sence or Motion.*

*Sap. 'Las for woe,  
Any true Heardfman should be vsed so.*

*Cor. What boundlesse sorrowes were ye plunged in !*

*Dor. Tis true ; and worser farre had vsed bin,  
Had not Dametas that well natur'd Swaine,  
Repair'd that instant to our forlorne Plaine ;  
Who seeing vs, and in what state we were,  
In due compassion could not well forbear  
From shedding teares, so soone as he had found  
Our red-bath'd Corpes fast glewed to the ground.  
Oft did he reare our Bodies, but in vaine,  
For breathlesse they fell to the Earth againe ;  
Oft did he rub our temples to restore  
That vitall heat, which was suppress'd before :  
But without hope of life, though life was there,  
As Men of Earth, did we on Earth appeare.  
At last assisted by a Swaine or two,  
(See what the Prouidence of Heauen can doe)  
We were conueyed to a Graunge hard by,  
Whereto were Surgeons sent immediatly,  
Whose learned skill drain'd from experience,  
Brought*

*Brought vs in time to haue a little sense  
Of our endanger'd state.*

Dym. *But pray thee tell  
Whose hand exprest most art ?*

Dor. *Graue Astrophel,  
Whose knowne experiments of Art haue showne  
More noble cures of late on this our Downe,  
Than all our Mountebankes could euer doe,  
For all these precious drugs they value so.*

Sap. *Indeed I know He has much honour won  
For his admired Cures ; good Shepheard on.*

Dor. *Hauing long languish'd betwixt life and death,  
Remou'd from thought of loue for want of breath,  
As men we liu'd expos' to dangers Sconce.*

Lin. *Would not Bellina see thee ?*

Dor. *Nere but once.  
For hauing heard there was no way but one,  
And that in all mens iudgements I was gone,  
Shee straight resolues to finde a cure for care,  
That if I liu'd she might haue one to spare.*

Tech. *Why, made shee choice of any but thy selfe ?*

Dor. *Yes Technis yes, and of a dwarfish elfe,  
Whom she preferr'd, (though he could little please).  
Before her first loue, haplesse Doricles.*

Tech. *Inconstant Swainlin.*

Dor. *Hauing heard of this,  
You may conceaue how grieffe augmented is :  
I straight depriu'd of hope, began to raue,  
And would not take what my Physician gaue,  
But scorning all prescriptions valued death  
Aboue a languishing distastfull breath ;  
Till by perswasion and recourse of time*

*Those braine-sicke passions and effects of mine  
Depressed were: so as vpon a day,  
The burden of my sorrowes to allay,  
And to expresse the nature of my wrong,  
I set my hand to pen, and made a Song.*

*Dym. Good Dorycles let's heare what it may be,  
It cannot but be good if't come from thee.*

*Dor. Shepheards you shall; and if you thinke it fit,  
I lou'd her once, shall be the Tune of it.*

*Tech. No Tune more proper; to it louely Swaine.*

*Dor. Attend then Shepherds to my dolefull straine.*

**T**He fairest faire that euer breath'd ayre,  
Feeding her Lambkins on this Plaine;  
To whom though many did repaire,  
I was esteem'd her dearest Swaine.  
To me she vow'd, which vow she broke,  
That she would fancie me or none,  
But since she has her Swaine forfooke,  
I'le take me to a truer one.

Had she beene firme, as she was faire,  
Or but perform'd what she had vow'd,  
I might haue fung a fig for care,  
And safely swum in fancies flood;  
But ô the staine of womanhood!  
Who breakes with one, keepes touch with none;  
Wherefore in hate to such a brood,  
I'le take me to a truer one.

Was't not enough to breake her vow,  
And quit my loue with such disdaine,

But

But scornfully deride me too,  
 With scoffes to gratifie my paine?  
 But since my labours are in vaine,  
 Ile spend no more my time in mone,  
 But will my former loue disclaime,  
 And take me to a truer one.

Who euer liu'd and shew'd more loue,  
 Or lesse exprest what she did show?  
 Who seeming firme so false could proue,  
 Or vow so much, and slight her vow?  
 But since I doe her nature know,  
 I am right glad that she is gone;  
 For if I shoot in *Cupids* bow,  
 I'll take me to a truer one.

More faithlesse faire nere spoke with tongue,  
 Or could protest lesse what she thought;  
 Nere Shepheard suffer'd greater wrong,  
 Or for lesse profit euer wrought;  
 But since my hopes are turn'd to nought,  
 May neuer Heardsman make his mone  
 To one whose mold's in weaknesse wrought,  
 But take him to a truer one.

(*thee*;

Cor. *May all poore Swaines be henceforth warn'd by  
 But didst thou neuer since Bellina see?*

Dor. *Yes, and her louely spouse Archetus too,  
 Who seeing me (quoth he) There doth he goe,  
 Who on a time, as I enformed am,  
 Would lose his Lasse before he lost his Ram;  
 Which I retorted, saying, I thought best,*

P 3

My

*My butting Ram should be his worships crest,  
Whose broad-spread frontlets did presage what fate  
Would in short time attend his-forked pate.*

*Sap. Thou hit him home my Dorycles; but say,  
What said she to thee?*

*Dor. Bit lip, and away;*

*Though the next morne, my sorrow to renew,  
Shee sent a Willow wreath fast bound with Rew,  
Which I accepted, but that I might show  
I neuer rue her breach of promise now,  
The Rew that tyde my Wreath I threw aside,  
And with Hearts ease my Willow garland tyde.*

*Lin. A good exchange.*

*Dor. Now Shepheards you haue heard  
My faithfull loue, and her vniust reward;  
Did euer Swaine enioy the light of Sunne,  
That bare such iniuries as I haue done?*

*Tech. Indeed thy wounds were great;*

*Dym. Yet mine as wide.*

*Dor. I mist my Loue, and lost my blood beside.*

*Dym. Suspend thy iudgement, and thine care incline  
Vnto my Tale, and thou wilt yeeld to mine.*

*Coryd. Let's haue it Dymnus;*

*Dym. Heardfman so thou shalt,*

*Yet if I weepe, impute it to the fault  
Of my surcharged heart, which still appears  
The best at ease, when eyes are full'st of teares.*



*The Argument.*



Ymnus Palmira  
*Woes to be his Wife,  
 But she had vow'd  
 To liue a single life.*

*The second Argument.*



Ymnus with long looking dim,  
 Loues the wench that lotheth him ;  
 Price nor praier may not perswade  
 To infringe the vow she made ;

Hauing meant to liue and die  
*Vesta's* virgin votarie.

Yet at last she seemes to yeeld  
 To her loue-sick *Swaine* the field,  
 So that he will vndertake  
 Three yeares silence for her sake :  
 Which hard Pennance he receaues,  
 And performes the taske she craues.  
 But while he restraines his tongue,  
 Shee pretends the time's too long :  
 Wherefore she doth entertaine  
 In her breast another *Swaine*.

*Dymnus* hauing heard of this,  
 Hies to th' place where th' marriage is,  
 Purposing to make a breach  
 By dumbe signes, though want of speech :  
 But alas they all command him  
 Silence, cause none vnderstand him.  
 Thus he suffers double wrong,  
 Losse of *wench*, and losse of *tongue*,  
 For till three yeares were expir'd,  
 He nere spoke what he desir'd,  
 All which time consum'd in dolour,  
 He displays her in her colour ;  
 And concluding, wisheth no man  
 Lose his tongue to gaine a woman :  
 And to cheere his pensiuè heart,  
 With a *Song* they end this *part*.

## THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

*Dymnus* tale.



*Pon a time while I did liue on Teese,  
 I made loue to a wench my friends to please,  
 But (as my fate was still) it would not be,  
 For wooe I knew not how, no more than she:  
 Yet I can well remember this she said,  
 For ought she knew, she meant to die a Maid,  
 A Vestall Virgin, or a Votareffe,  
 A cloyster'd Nun, or holy Prioreffe ;  
 To which I answer'd, if't were her desire  
 To be a Nun, I meant to turne a Frier,  
 So might it chance that we againe should meet,  
 Where th' Nun and Frier might play at Barly-breake.*

Cor.

Cor. *Where liu'd thy Loue?*

Dym. *Neere th' bottome of the hill,  
Betweene Pancarpus temple and the mill,  
There liu'd my faire Palmira, who I say,  
'Mongst all our wenches bore th' Palme away:  
And her I lou'd and lik'd, and fu'd and fought,  
But all my loue and labour turn'd to nought;  
For she had vow'd which vow should nere be broke,  
Shee'd die a Maid, but meant not as she spoke.*

Dor. *No Dymnus, no, the nicest sure I am,  
Would liue a Maid if't were not for a man;  
But there is none of them can brooke so well,  
To be a Beareward and leade Apes in Hell.*

Dym. *True Dorycles, for in proceffe of time,  
I found her maiden humour to decline:  
For she did grant the boone which I did aske,  
Vpon condition of a greater taske.*

Lin. *What heauie censure might this taske afford?*

Dym. *That for three yeeres I should not speake a word.*

Cor. *Alas poore Swaine, this taske which she prepar'd,  
In all my time the like was neuer heard.*

Dor. *But this same silent taske had harder bin,  
If she had prou'd what she enioyned him:  
For none can doe a woman greater wrong,  
Than barre her from a priuiledge of tongue.*

Sap. *A womans tongue's a clapper in the winde,  
Which once a foot, can neuer be confinde;  
But to thy taske, good Dymnus.*

Dym. *To proceed,  
What she enioyn'd I did performe indeed:  
For I appear'd as one depriu'd of speech,  
Yet nere my friends vnto my aimes could reach;*

*But*

*But much lamented that a Swaine so young,  
And promising, should lose his use of tongue.*

Tech. *I wonder how thou could expresse thy minde !*

Dym. *Onely by dumbe signes, so as I did finde  
Within short time, a great facilitie*

*In that hard taske which she imposed me.*

Lin. *Hardest adventures oft the easiest seeme,*

*Only for loue of such inioined them. (ease*

Dym. *And such were mine ; when others talk'd with*

*Of this and that, I euer held my peace ;*

*Others sung Carols of their fairest faire,*

*But I in silent measures had a share ;*

*Others discours'd of pleasures of the time,*

*And I approv'd them with a secret signe.*

*Others could court, as Shepherds use to doe,*

*Which I could doe as well, but durst not show :*

*For all my aymes and purposes did tend*

*To gaine my Loue, and for no other end.*

Cor. *Did not performance of this taske obtaine*

*That prize of loue which thou desir'd to gaine ?*

Dym. *No Corydon ; for though I did obey,*

*Shee thought three yeares too long a time to stay,*

*So as her dumbe knight she did straight disclaime,*

*And tooke her selfe vnto another Swaine.*

Sap. *Disloyall wench !*

Dym. *Yet 'las what remedie ;*

*A mariage is intended solemnlie :*

*Which that it might more priuately be caried,*

*In a retyred Cell they must be married.*

Tech. *Vnhappy Swaine !*

Dym. *So did I then appeare :*

*For when the mariage came vnto my eare,*

*I straight repair'd to th' Cell right speedily,  
 Where these sad rites solemniz'd were to be.  
 Straite was the Gate kept by a Porter grim,  
 Who guards the doore that none should enter in :  
 But I, as time requir'd, resolu'd to venter,  
 Did boldly knock, and knocking freely enter ;  
 Where entring in, each casts his eye about,  
 Some full of feare, as others were of doubt,  
 What my approach should meane ; but to be brieft,  
 (Short tales seeme long that doe renue our grieft)  
 The Priest pronouncing, iustly as I came,  
 Who giues her to be maried to this man ?  
 I rush'd into the croud, their hands to breake,  
 And gladly would haue spoke but durst not speake :  
 At which attempt, some strange constructions had,  
 And verily imagin'd I was mad ;  
 Others suspecting what I did intend,  
 Thought that my aymes were to no other end,  
 Than to preuent the Mariage for that time,  
 And afterwards perswade her to be mine.  
 Nor were their iudgements erring, for I thought  
 By my deuice to haue this Proiect wrought  
 Only by dumbe signes : sometimes would I show  
 With eyes heau'd vp to Heauen her breach of vow ;  
 Sometimes in violent manner would I seeme  
 As if through loue I had distracted beene,  
 Pulling my deare Palmira from his hand,  
 Who to receiue her for his Spouse did stand.  
 Sometimes, as Men in sorrowes plunged deepe  
 And could not vtter them, I'gan to weepe,  
 And wash the Temple with a brinie flood,  
 Yet all this while I was not understood :*

*For*

*For in despite of all that I could doe,*

*I was restrain'd, and she was married too.*

Cor. *What discontent might equall this of thine?*

Dym. *Yet though I bore it sharply for the time,*  
*I afterwards, and haue done euer since,*

*Borne this disgrace with greater patience. (end !*

Lin. *Yet Dymnus thou wast dumbe till three yeeres*

Dym. *Yes Linus, and as truly did intend*

*What she enioyned me, as I desir'd*

*To marrie her, when those three yeeres expir'd :*

*Which comne and past, I then exprest my grieffe,*

*Finding apt words to tender me reliefe ;*

*“ For woes doe labour of too great a birth,*

*“ That want the helpe of words to set them forth.*

Tech. *But didst thou nere display her hatefull shame?*

Dym. *In generall I did, but not by name,*

*Nor euer will : my purpose is to liue*

*And laugh at loue, and no occasion giue*

*Of iust offence to her or any one,*

*Or silently consume my time in mone,*

*Frequenting shadie Lawnes in discontent,*

*Or to the Ayre my fruitlesse clamors vent.*

*Though I resolute, if ere I make my choice,*

*In better sort and measure to rejoyce*

*Than I haue done ;*

Dor. *Or else I'me sure thy share*

*Though it decrease in ioy, will grow in care.*

Dym. *I know it will : Now as my wrong was great,*

*And greater farre than I could well repeat,*

*This shall be my Conclusion ; There is no Man*

*Wife that will lose his tongue for any Woman :*

*For sure I am that they will be more prone*

*(Such*

*(Such is their guise) to triumph ouer one  
When they haue drawne him headlong to their traine,  
Than such as on more firmer grounds remaine.*

*“ Fly Women, they will follow (still say I)*

*“ But if ye follow women, they will fly.*

*Tech. Rightly opinion'd Dymnus ; but t'allay  
Thy grounded grieffe, and to conclude the day,  
Let's haue a Song.*

*Dor. Technis with all my heart.*

*Dym. Though I uefmal mind to fmg, I'le beare a part.*

*Cor. And you too Sapphus.*

*Sap. Yes, and Linus too,*

*Lin. Yes, I my Art amongst the rest will show.*

*Dor. To it then freely : safely fmg may we,  
Who haue beene slaues to Loue, but now are free.*

*Tech. T*ell me Loue what thou canst doe ?

*Dor. T*riumph ore a simple Swaine ;

*Dym. Binding him to such a vow ;*

*Cor. As to make his grieffe thy gaine.*

*Sap. Doe thy worst thou canst doe now ;*

*Lin. Thou hast shot at vs in vaine.*

*All. For we are free, though we did once complain.*

*Dor. Free we are as is the ayre ;*

*Tech. Or the filuer-murm'ring spring.*

*Dym. Free from thought or reach of care ;*

*Cor. Which doe haplesse Louers wring.*

*Sap. Now we may with ioy repaire ;*

*Lin. To our gladfome Plaines and fmg ;*

*All. And laugh at Loue, and call't an idle thing.*

*Dym.*

222 SHEPHERDS TALES.

*Dym.* Sport we may and feede our Sheepe,  
*Dor.* And our Lamkins on this Downe ;  
*Tech.* Eat and drinke, and foundly sleepe,  
*Cor.* Since these stormes are ouer-blowne ;  
*Sap.* Whilst afflicted wretches weepe,  
*Lin.* That by loue are ouerthrowne :  
*All.* For now we laugh at follies we haue knowne.

*Cor.* Here we rest vpon these rocks ;  
*Dym.* Round with shadie *Iuy* wreath'd ;  
*Dor.* Ioying in our woolly flocks ;  
*Tech.* On these Mountaines freely breath'd ;  
*Sap.* Where though clad in ruffet frocks,  
*Lin.* Here we sport where we are heath'd ;  
*All.* Our only care to see our Pastures freath'd.

*Sap.* Thus we may retire in peace ;  
*Cor.* And though low, yet more secure,  
*Dym.* Then those Men which higher preafe ;  
*Dor.* *Shrubs* than *Cedars* are more sure :  
*Tech.* And they liue at farre more ease,  
*Lin.* Finding for each care a cure.  
*All.* Their loue as deare and liker to endure.

*Lin.* For wherein consists earths blisse,  
*Sap.* But in hauing what is fit ?  
*Cor.* Which though greater men doe misse ;  
*Dym.* Homely Swaines oft light of it.  
*Dor.* For who's he that liuing is,  
*Tech.* That in higher place doth fit,  
*All.* Whose fly Ambition would not higher git.

*Tech.*

*Tech.* Let vs then contented be,

*Dor.* In the portion we enioy ;

*Cor.* And while we doe others see,

*Sap.* Tofs'd with gufts of all annoy ;

*Dym.* Let vs fay this feele not we :

*Lin.* Be our wenches kinde or coy,

*All.* We count their frownes and fauours but a toy.

*Dor.* *Let's now retire, it drawes to Euening time,*

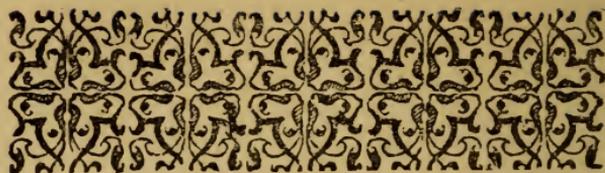
*Next Tale my Corydon, it must be thine.*

*Tech.* *Which may be done next day we hither come,*

*Meane time, let's fold our flocks and hye vs home.*

---

A



## A Pastorall Palinod.

**T**hese Swains like dying Swans haue sung their last,  
 And ioy in thinking of those woes are past ;  
 For woes once past, like pleasing pastimes seeme,  
 And ioy vs more than if they had not beene. (Plaines,  
 Such Layes become these Launes, such Plaints these  
 " Great men may higher haue, no heuier straines ;  
 For Swains their Swainlins loue, and wooe them too,  
 And doe as much as brauer outsides doe.  
 But Heardsmen are retired from their shade  
 Of Myrtle sprays and sprigs of Osyer made,  
 With purpose to reuisit you to morrow,  
 Where other three shall giue new life to sorrow :  
 Meane time repose, lest when the Swaine appeares,  
 You fall asleepe when you should flow with teares.

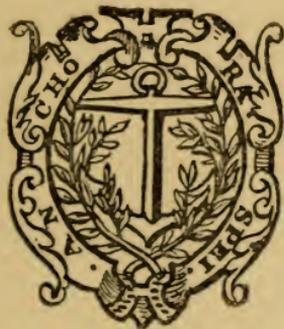
FINIS.

THE  
SHEPHEARDS  
TALES.

*Too true poore shepheards do this Prouerbe find,  
No sooner out of fight then out of mind.*

[THE SECOND PART.]

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LONDON,  
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HIS PASTORALLS  
ARE HERE CONTINVED  
WITH THREE OTHER TALES;

hauing relation to a former part, as yet ob-  
scured: and deuided into certaine Pastorall

Eglogues, shadowing much delight  
vnder a rurall subiect.

*The Argument.*



*Ere Corydon proues,  
That nothing can be sent,  
To crosse loue more,  
Thē friends vnkind restraint.*

*The second Argument.*



*Orydon coy Celia woes,  
And his loue by tokens shoues.  
Tokens are those lures, that find  
Best accessse to woman kind.  
Long he woes ere he can win;*

R

Yet

Yet at last she fancieth him :  
 And so firme, as you shall heare,  
 Each to other troth-plight were ;  
 But alas, where loue is most,  
 There it oft-times most is crost.  
 For these two are closly pent,  
 Each from other by restraint ;  
 He, vnto the plaine must go,  
 Loue-sicke, heart-sicke, full of wo,  
 Where he sings such chearefull layes,  
 In his chaste choise, *Celias* praise,  
 That steepe mountaines, rocks and plaines,  
 Seeme entranced with his straines :  
 But alas, while he does keepe,  
 Helpleffe shepheard, haplesse sheepe,  
*Celia* for to seeke her *make*,  
 From her *keeper* makes escape,  
 And vnto the mountaine goes,  
 Where her selfe, her selfe doth lose ;  
 While one of *Lauerna'es* crew,  
 Seizeth on her as his dew,  
 Where by force, by awe, by feare,  
 She was long detained there,  
 And in the end affianc'd so,  
 As she ends her life in wo.

THE

THE SHEPHERDS,  
TALES.

*The shepherds.*

Technis. Dymnus. Dorycles.  
Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

THE FIRST ELOGVE.

Corydons tale.



*Any shepherds stay, there is no hast but  
good,  
We three are shepherds, and have under-  
stood*

*Both of your follies and your fancies too ;*

Dor. *Why tell vs Corydon, what thou wouldst do !*

Cor. *Show my misfortune Swaines, as you have done, .*

Tech. *Deferre it till to morrow Corydon.*

Cor. *No, Technis no, I cannot if I would,  
You'ue told your griefes, and now mine must be told :*

*What though the Sunne be drawing to the West,*

*Where he intends to take his wonted rest,*

*Tis Moone-light (lads) and if it were not light,*

*Welcome you are to lodge with me all night.*

Dor. *Thankes Corydon.*

Cor. *Why thanke you Corydon?*

*Simple and meane's the cottage where I won,*

*Yet well I wot, for chestnuts, cakes, and creame,*

*If you'le accept my welcome as I meane,*

*You shall not want, but have sufficient store,*

*With hearty welcome swaines, what would ye more ?*

Dym. *More Corydon ! t'is all that we can wish,*

*But to thy tale, let's heare now what it is.*

Dor. *Yes, do good Corydon ; and we will stay ;*

- Cor. *Attend then shepherds, heare what I shall say.*  
 Sap. *And when you'ue done, I will begin with mine;*  
 Lin. *Which Ple continue in the euening time.*  
 Cor. *Well said, good shepherds, we are iustly three,  
 To answer their three tales, and here for me.  
 There was a Maid, and well might she be said,  
 So chaste, so choice she was, to be a Maid,  
 Where lillie white mixt with a cherrie red,  
 Such admiration in the shepherds bred,  
 As well was he that might but haue a sight  
 Of her rare beauty mirror of delight.  
 Oft would she come vnto a siluer spring,  
 Which neare her fathers house was neighboring,  
 Where she would eye her selfe as she did passe,  
 For shepherds vse no other looking-glasse.*
- Tech. *True Corydon.*
- Cor. *But which may seeme more rare,  
 This Maid she was as wise as she was faire ;  
 So as discretion did so moderate  
 The safe condition of her low estate,  
 As enuie neuer wrong'd her spotlesse name,  
 Or foild her matchlesse honour with defame.*
- Dor. *Vnder a happie Planet she was borne,*  
 Cor. *She was indeed ; nor did she euer scorne,  
 The company of any country maid,  
 How meane soere or sluttishly araid :  
 But she would be their play-fare, to make chuse,  
 Of such poore simple sports as wenches vse.  
 Yea in their wakes, shroues, wassel-cups, or tides,  
 Or Whitson-ales, or where the country brides  
 Chuse out their bride-maids, as the custome is,  
 She feld or neare was feene to do amisse :  
 But so respectiue of her name and fame,*

*That though she blusht, she neuer blusht for shame  
Of any act immodest, but retain'd*

*That good opinion which her vertues gain'd.*

*Dym. Sure Corydon this was a Saintly woman ;*

*Cor. Indeed such Saints'mongst women are not cōmon:*

*But to my story ; her did many swaine,*

*By fruitlesse suite endeuour to obtaine,*

*As young Spudippus, rich Archymorus,*

*Actiue Amintas, youthfull Hirsius.*

*Dor. It seemes sh'ad choice.*

*Cor. Yes Dorycles, she had :*

*And some of these were good, and some as bad,*

*But neither good nor bad, nor rich nor poore,*

*Could her content, though she had daily store.*

*Yet from Pandoras box did nere proceed,*

*More hatefull poyson vpon humane seed,*

*Then from these forlorne louers, whose report,*

*(But iust is heauen, for they were plagued for't,)*

*Aspers'd this scandall on faire Celia,*

*That she had made her choice some other way.*

*Tech. Vnworthy louers.*

*Cor. True indeed, they be*

*Vnworthy th' loue of such an one as she ;*

*For Linus you do know them ;*

*Lin. Yes, I do,*

*But specially Spudippus, whom I know,*

*To be thē notedst cot-queane that's about him.*

*Tec. Sure Linus thē she could not chuse but flout him.*

*Cor. Perhaps she did, yet with that modestie,*

*As she did shadow it so couertly,*

*That he could scarce discouer what she ment.*

*Lin. How ere Spudippus would be patient.*

Dor. *Then he's some gull.*

Lin. *No he's a wealthy man,  
And such an one as rightly, sure I am,  
Knows how much milke crummock his cow will giue,  
And can discerne a riddle from a fiew.*

Cor. *Linus, it seemes thou knowes him passing well.*

Lin. *Las if I would, some stories I could tell,  
Would make you laugh : for as it chanc'd one day,  
Some with my selfe did take his house by th' way,  
Where we an houre or two meant to remaine,  
To trie how he his friends would entertaine.*

Dor. *And pray thee how?*

Lin. *I'le tell thee Dorycles :  
Hauing an houre or two taken our ease,  
And readie to depart ( I pray thee heare )  
He sent one of his Scullerie for some beare,  
Which though long first, came in an earthen cup,  
Which being giuen to me, I drunke it vp ;  
Which drunke.*

Cor. *How then good Linus, pray thee say ?*

Lin. *The rest were forc'd to go a thirst away.*

Dor. *Had he no more ?*

Cor. *Thou vs'd him in his kind.*

Lin. *May all be vsed so that haue his mind.  
But much I feare me, I'ue disturbed thee,  
Now Corydon shew what th'euent may be !*

Cor. *Long did these woe, but Celia could approue  
Of nothing lesse then of these fwainlings loue,  
Yet would she faine to fancie one of these,  
Whereby she might her bedrid father please.*

Tech. *Had she a father ?*

Cor. *Yes, a furly Lout,*

*Who*

*Who long had laine decrepit with the gout,  
And liu'd for all the world, and so did die  
Like to a hog, that's pent vp in a stie.*

Dor. *Some cancred erwig.*

Cor. *True, a very else,  
Who car'd not who staru'd, so he fed himselfe.  
He, as the want of one sense is exprest,  
By giuing more perfection to the rest,  
For euen his sense of feeling did decline,  
Though he had bene a niggler in his time,  
Yea all those mouing, actiue faculties,  
Which in the heate of youth are wont to rise,  
Gauē way vnto suspition, lest his daughter  
Through those loue-luring gifts which many brought  
Should set her Maiden honor at whole sale. (her,  
Tech. *Age h'as an care indeed for euery tale.**

Cor. *True, Technis true, for no affection can  
Haue more predominance ore any man,  
Then iealousie a selfe-consuming rage,  
Is said to haue ore men of doting age.*

Dor. *Thy reason Corydon?*

Cor. *That disesteeme  
Of being now more weake then they haue bene,  
Makes them repine at others now that may,  
And are as able to beget as they.*

Tech. *Tis rightly noted Corydon.*

Lin. *Yes, he*

*Knowes by obseruance whence these humors be,  
Cor. Linus I do, and better had I bene,  
If I had neuer knowne what these things meane;  
But shepherds you shall heare the reason, why  
I should this Dotards humour thus descrie.*

Sap. Yes, do good Swaine.

Cor. *It chanc'd upon a night,* (bright,  
*A Moone-light night, when Moone and starres shine*  
*That I with other shepheards did repaire*  
*To th'old-mans house, and found faire Celia there,*  
*Whom I in curtsie with a kind salute,*  
*Kist, & with speaking heart though tongue was mute,*  
*Wish'd, o what wishes do possesse a mind,*  
*That dare not vtter how his heart's inclin'd !*  
*She might be mine, thrice blest in being mine.*

Dor. *Why didst not woe her Swaine, for to be thine?*

Cor. *Yes Dorycles I woed her, though not then,*  
*For Maidens they are bashfull amongst men,*  
*And dare not well in modestie impart,*  
*What they could giue consent to with their heart ;*  
*So as to tell thee truly Dorycles,*  
*We past that night in making purposos,*  
*Singing of catches, with such knowne delights.*  
*As young folke vse to passe ore winter nights.*  
*And at that time, I may be bold to tell thee,*  
*For such conceits I thought none could excell me.*  
*For well you know, I was in Hyble bred,*  
*And by the sacred sisters nourished,*  
*So as being stor'd by Nature, help'd by art,*  
*There was no straine I bore not in some part :*  
*Which gaue faire Celia such entire content,*  
*As she discoverd after, what she ment.*  
*Though I may sweare, for five months I came to her,*  
*And with some termes of art assaid to woe her :*  
*During which time, all th'answer I could get,*  
*Was this ; she did not meane to marrie yet.*  
 Tech. *That's all the answer these young women haue,*  
*While*

*While they reieſt what after they receiue.*

Cor. *Technis, indeed I did perceiue as much,  
Though all young wenches humours be not ſuch :  
But th'greateſt cauſe of Celiſ diſtaſte,  
Which made me many times the leſſer grac't,  
Proceeded from that chrone her dogged father,  
As after by coniectures I did gather :*

*Perſwading her, that ſhe ſhould plant her loue  
On ſuch whoſe hopefull meanes might beſt approue  
Her diſcreet choice : and that was not to be  
Affianced to ſuch an one as me.* (faith,

Dor. *Alas poore Swaine ; 'tis true what th' Prouerbe  
We aſke not what he is, but what he hath.*

Cor. *And yet perſwaſions which her father vs'd,  
Could not preuaile with her, for ſhe had chus'd,  
In heart I meane.*

Tech. *Whom did ſhe dote vpon ?*

Cor. *Will ye beleeu me !*

Tech. *Yes.*

Cor. *Twas Corydon.*

Lin. *Thrice happie ſwaine.*

Cor. *Thrice happie had I bene,  
If I had ſlept ſtill in this golden dreame ;  
But afterwards occurrences there were,  
Which thus abridg'd my hopes, as you ſhall heare.  
Such deepe impreſſion had affection made,  
As there remained nothing vnaffaid,  
To conſummate our wiſhes, but the rite.*

Tech. *Yes ſomething elſe.*

Cor. *What Technis !*

Tech. *Marriage night.*

Sap. *They had enioyed that, you may ſuppoſe.*

Cor.

Cor. *No, Sapphus no, she was not one of those:  
So modest, chaste, respectiue of her name,  
Pure and demure, as th' sweetnesse of her fame,  
About the choifest odors that are sent  
From spicie Tmolus flowrie continent,  
Sent forth that fragrant and delightfull sauour,  
As none ere heard, and did not seeke to haue her.  
For sundrie choise discourses haue we had,  
And I nere knew that ought could make her glad,  
Which had least taste of lightnesse.*

Tech. *Sure thou art,  
So much thy praises relish true desert,  
Worthy such vertuous beautie.*

Cor. *Technis no,  
Albeit Celia esteem'd me so,  
As long and tedious seem'd that day to be,  
Which did deuide her from my companie.  
So as in silent groues and shady launes,  
Where Siluans, water-nimphs, fairies, and faunes,  
Vse to frequent, there would we sit and sing,  
Eying our beauties in a neighbour spring,  
Whose siluer streamlings with soft murmring noise,  
To make our consort perfect, gaue their voice.  
And long did we obserue this custome too,  
Though her consent did bid me ceasse to woe:  
For now I was no woer, but her loue,  
And that so firmly linkt, as nought could moue,  
Alter or funder our vnitied hearts,  
But meagre death, which all true louers parts.*

Tech. *Then Corydon, to me it doth appeare,  
That you were troth-plaint.*

Cor. *Technis so we were.*

*But*

*But see (good shepheards) what succeeded hence :*

*This loue she bore me did her fire incense,*

*So as discourteously he pent his daughter*

*In such a vault, I could not see her after.*

*Which when my friends perceiu'd, they griued were,*

*That th' loue which I his Celia did beare,*

*Should be rewarded with contempt and scorne,*

*Being for parentage equally borne,*

*With best of his, as most of you can tell.*

Lin. *Proceed good Corydon, we know it well.*

Cor. *For was I not of Polyarchus line,*

*A noble shepheard !*

Sap. *True, who in his time*

*Solemniz'd many wakes on this our downe,*

*And ere he dide was to that honour growne,*

*As all our plaines refounded with his laies,*

*Sung by our Swaines in Polyarchus praise.*

Cor. *It seemes thou knew him Sapphus : but attend*

*For now my storie draweth neare an end.*

*My friends distasting this repulse of mine,*

*Fore'd me from th' course whereto I did incline :*

*So as my hopes confin'd, I'me driuen to go*

*From Adons vale vnto a mount of wo.*

Lin. *Vnhappie shepheard.*

Cor. *And unhappie sheepe,*

*For ill could I my heards from worrying keepe,*

*Though to that charge my friends enioyned me,*

*When I could scarcely keepe my owne hands free,*

*From doing violence vpon my selfe :*

*So as one day vpon a ragged shelve,*

*Wreath'd round with Iuie, as I fate alone,*

*Descanting Odes of sorrow and of mone,*

*I chanc'd on my mishap to meditate,  
Celias restraint, and my forlorne estate ;  
Which done, I vow'd if speedy remedy  
Gauē no reliefe vnto my maladie,  
That very cliff where I repos'd that day,  
Should be the meanes to take my life away.*

Tech. *O Corydon this foundeth of despaire.*

Cor. *It does indeed : but such a watchfull care,  
Had gracious Pan of me, that in short time,  
These motiues to despaire 'gan to decline,  
And lose their force : so as when griefes grew ripe,  
I vs'd to take me to my oaten pipe.*

Dor. *But ere thou proceed further, tell vs Swaine,  
Where all this time thou vsed to remaine.*

Cor. *A broad-spread oake with aged armes & old,  
Directs the passenger the way he would,  
Neare Cadmus rising hillocks, where the spring  
Of golden Tagus vseth oft to bring  
Such precious trafficke to the neighbour shore.  
As former times through blindnesse did adore  
Those curled streames, wherein they did descry  
Their loue to gold, by their Idolatrie :  
That shady oake I say, and that blest spring,  
In my distresse, gauē me such harboring ;  
As night and day I did not thence remoue,  
But waking mus'd, and sleeping dream'd of loue.*

Tech. *Who euer heard the like !*

Dor. *How didst thou liue ?*

Cor. *On hope.*

Tech. *Weake food.*

Cor. *Yet did it comfort giue,  
To my afflicted mind, which did desire,*

*Euer*

*Euer to singe her wings in fancies fire.  
 For many weekes in this distrest estate,  
 Wretched, forlorne, helplesse and desolate,  
 Sate I deiected, musing on despaire,  
 And when those drerie clouds would once grow faire :  
 But las the more I did expect reliefe,  
 The lesse hope had I to allay my grieffe,  
 So as in th' end, as you shall after heare,  
 All meanes for my redresse abridged were.  
 But that you may perceiue what loue can do,  
 And how effectually her passions show,  
 I who before I louely Celia kent,  
 Knew not what th' Heliconian Muses ment,  
 Adrest my selfe ;*

Lin. *To what good Corydon ?*

Cor. *To write of loue, and thus my Muse begun.*

Tech. *Pray thee kind Swaine let's heare what thou  
 didst write.*

Dor. *Yes do : for well I know it will delight*

*S[h]epheards to heare, of shepheards amorous toys ;*

Sap. *On then good Corydon.*

Cor. *Haue at ye Boyes.*

*Celia speake, or I am dombe,*

*Here I'le foiorne till thou come,*

*Seeke I will till I grow blind,*

*Till I may my Celia find.*

*For if tongue-tide, string would breake,*

*If I heard but Celia speake ;*

*And if blind, I soone should see,*

*Had I but a sight of thee ;*

*Or if lame, loue would find feete,*

*Might I once with Celia meete ;*

Or

Or if *deafe*, should I but heare  
 Loues sweete accents from thy eare :  
 Thy choice notes would me restore,  
 That I should be *deafe* no more.  
 Thus though *dombe, blind, deafe, and lame,*  
 Heard I but my *Celias* name,  
 I should *speake, see, heare, and go,*  
 Vowing, *Celia* made me fo.

Tech. *Beshrow me Corydon, if I had thought,  
 That loue such strange effects could ere haue wrought.*

Cor. *Yes Technis, yes, loue's such a wondrous thing,  
 That it will make one plungd in sorrow sing,  
 And singing weepe, for grieffe is wont to borrow  
 Some strains of ioy, that ioy might end in sorrow.*

*For what is woe (as we must needs confesse it)  
 Hauing both tongue and teares for to expresse it,  
 But a beguiling grieffe, whose nature's such,  
 It can forget, lest it should grieue too much.*

Dor. *Indeed such sorrow seldome lasteth long,  
 But say good Swaine, heard Celia of thy song ?*

Cor. *I know not, Dorycles : but twas her lot,  
 That from her keeper afterwards she got.*

Tech. *Happie escape.*

Cor. *Ah Technis, say not so,  
 For this escape gaue new increase to wo ;*

Lin. *How could that be ?*

Cor. *Heare but what did ensue,  
 She was preuented by a ruffin-crue,  
 As she vpon the mountaines rom'd about,  
 Through defart caues to find her shepheard out.*

Tech. *Alas poore wench; what were they Corydon ?*

Cor. *Such as did haunt there, and did liue vpon  
 Rapine*

*Rapine and violence, triumphing in  
Impunitie, sole motiue vnto sin.*

*In briefe, they were, for so they did professe,  
Of braue Lauerna'es crue, that patronesse  
Of all disorder, and each euening time  
Offer'd stolne booties to her godlesse shrine.*

Tech. *Mishap about mishaps.*

Cor. *True, so it was ;*

*My lasse she lost her lad, the lad his lasse.  
And fundry daies, this rout did her detaine,  
While haplesse, helpleesse she did fore complaine  
Of their inhumane vsage, but her grieffe,  
Sighs, fobs, teares, throbs, could yeeld her small reliefe:  
For in the end one of this forlorne crew,  
Seiz'd on my long-lou'd Celia as his dew,  
To whom espousd whether she would or no,  
She ends her life, her tedious life, in wo.*

Lin. *A sad euent: but can she not be freed ?*

Cor. *To what end Linus, she's dishonoured !*

Tech. *Vnhappie fate.*

Cor. *Besides, she now is tide,*

*And by enforcement, made anothers Bride.  
Come shepherds come, and say if euer time,  
Made heardmens woes so ripe, as't hath done mine.*

Sap. *Yes Corydon, though thou thy griefes hast  
showne,*

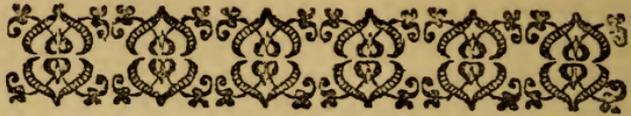
*Which makes thee thinke none equall to thine owne,  
I haue a Tale will moue compassion too,  
If Swaines haue any pittie.*

Dym. *Pray thee how ?*

Sap. *Nay I will not be daintie ; but attend,  
And then compare our stories to the end,*

*And*

*And you'll conclude that neuer any Swaine  
Did loue so well, and reape so small a gaine.*



*The Argument.*



Apphus woes Siluia,  
Yet he thinks it ill,  
To take to that,  
Which he did neuer till.

*The second Argument.*



He, whose sweet and gracefull speech,  
Might all other shepheards teach :  
She, whom countries did admire,  
For her prefence and attire :  
She, whose choise perfections mou'd,  
Those that knew her to be lou'd.  
She, euen *Siluia*, for faue she,  
None so faire, and firme could be ;  
When she should be *Sapphus* Bride,  
And their hands were to be tide  
With their hearts in marriage knot,  
*Sapphus* heares of *Siluias* blot.  
Whereby *Sapphus* doth collect,

How

How hard it is for to affect,  
 Such an one as will reioyce,  
 And content her in her choice ;  
 He concludes, since all things be  
 Certaine in vncertaintie,  
 Who would trust what women say,  
 Who can do but what they may.  
 „ Forts are won by foes assault,  
 „ If Maids yeeld, it is Mans fault.

THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

Sapphus tale.

**I** Had a Loue as well as any you,  
 And such an one, as had she but her due,  
 Deferu'd the seruice of the worthiest swaine  
 That ere fed sheepe vpon the Westerne plaine.

Dym. Good Sapphus say, what was thy lasses name?  
 Was it not Siluia ?

Sap. The very fame ;  
 It seemes thou knew her.

Dym. Yes exceeding well,  
 And might haue knowne her, but I would not mell,  
 In more familiar fort.

Sap. Vnworthy Swaine,  
 Did her affection merit such a staine ?  
 Suppose she threw some looser lookes vpon thee,  
 And thou collect'd thence she would haue won thee,  
 Is this th'requitall of the loue she bore ?

Dym. Nay on good Sapphus, I le do so no more.

Sap. No more ! why now I sweare, and may be bold  
 That Dymnus would haue done it if he could.

S

Why

*Why fir, what parts were euer in you yet,  
That she on you such fancie should haue set?*  
Tech. *Fie, shepherds fie, we come not here to scold:*  
*Come Sapphus, tell thy tale as we haue told.*

Sap. *Dymnus doth interrupt me.*

Lin. *Dymnus ceasse.*

Dym. *Nay I haue done, so he will hold his peace.  
But to vpbraid me, that I had no part  
To gaine her loue, I scorne it with my heart:  
For Ile auouch.*

Tech. *Nay then the strife's begun.*

Dor. *Dymnus for shame.*

Dym. *Nay shepherds, I haue done.*

Dor. *Pray then proceed good Sapphus.*

Sap. *Willingly:*

*Though I can hardly brooke this iniury.*

Dym. *Why Sapphus, I am fure thou know'st all this,  
That she was light.*

Sap. *I know she did amisse,  
Yet I must tell you Dymnus, 't had bene fit,  
That rather I then you had noted it:  
For it concern'd me most.*

Dym. *Pray let it rest,  
I did not know so much, I may protest.*

Sap. *Dymnus, enough: and thus I do proceed;  
Vpon a time when I my flocks did feed,  
Her father Thyrsis chanc'd to come that way,  
And to obserue me more, a while made stay  
Vpon the Downe, where I did feede my sheepe:  
Who eying me, how duely I did keepe  
My woollie store (as I had care) from worrien,  
Scab, fought, the rot or any kind of murren:*

*Tooke*

Tooke such a liking on me, as to say  
 The very truth, upon next holy day,  
 He did inuite me to his house, where I  
 Found what was loue in louely Siluia's eye.  
 In brieft, I lou'd her, I may boldly tell,  
 And this her father notes, and likes it well :  
 For oft vs'd he to say, right sure I am,  
 A penny in a man then with a man,  
 He did esteeme more of, which he applide  
 Vnto that care which he in me descride.  
 Dym. A iolly Swaine he was.

Sap. He was indeed,  
 And on these Downs more frolicke rams did breed,  
 Then any Swainling that did dwell about him,  
 And truth to say, they would do nought without him.  
 Dor. Tis said that Thirsk frō Thirsis tooke her name,  
 Who thither with his heards a grazing came,  
 And plaid vpon his pipe such pleasant straines,  
 As he yet liues vpon the neighbour plaines.

Sap. This know I Dorycles, that in my hearing,  
 He pip'd so sweete, that many shepheards fearing  
 Th' melodious straines which issued from his reed,  
 Would so amaze their flocks they could not feede :  
 Ioyntly together in a secret caue,  
 Where Palms and Mirtles their increasing haue,  
 They so contriu'd an harbour for the nonst,  
 That he might from the scorching Sunne be sconsd,  
 And sing at pleasure, while his accents raising,  
 Heardsmen were hearing, and their heards were gra-  
 For curious feats hewne from the solid stone, (zing.  
 Were aptly fram'd for Swaines to sit vpon,  
 Who in his voice conceiu'd such choice delight,

*As a whole Sommer day from morne to night,  
Seem'd but an houre, so sweetly did he sing,  
While euery day he found out some new spring.  
But all too long digression haue I made ;  
Falling in loue with Siluia as I said,  
I saw and perisht, perisht, for it cost  
My libertie, which I by seeing lost.*

*Dor. Deare was that sight.*

*Sap. Yet dearer may I sweare,  
Was she to me, then any senses were :  
For other obiects I did wholly shon,  
Chusing her selfe for me to looke vpon.  
Neither was I hope-rest, for she did seeme  
To fancie me, hows'euer she did meane ;  
And I deseru'd it, as I thought that day,  
For clothed in my suite of shepherds gray,  
With buttond cap and buskins all of one,  
I may assure you (heardsmen) I thought none  
On all our Downe more neate or handsome was,  
Or did deserue more kindnesse from his lassie.*

*Dym. A good conceit doth well.*

*Sap. And truth was this,  
She shew'd me all respect that I could wish,  
And vndissembled too, I am perswaded,  
Though afterwards all that affection faded.  
For on a day, (this I thought good to tell,  
That you may thence perceiue she lou'd me well)  
In a greene shadie harbour I repos'd,  
With Sycamours and Iunipers enclos'd,  
She priuately into the harbour crept,  
Which seene, I fain'd asleepe, but neuer slept.  
Tech. A faire occasion !*

Lin. *How did she reueale  
Her loue?*

Sap. *If you had felt, what I did feele,  
You neuer would awakt, but wisht do die, [to  
In such a soule-beguiling phantasie.  
For first she eyed me, nor contented so,  
With nimble pace she to my lips did go:  
And calls, and clings, and clips me round about,  
Vsing a soft-sweete dalliance with her foote,  
Not to awake me from my chearefull dreame,  
But to impart what she in heart did meane;  
Wherewith I seem'd to wake.*

Tech. *Why didst thou so?*

Sap. *Technis, I thought she trod vpon my toe,  
But as I wak'd, she without further stay,  
Dying her cheekes with blushes, stole away.*

Dym. *This shew'd she lou'd thee.*

Sap. *So I know she did,*

*But who can perfeſt what the fates forbid?  
For long we liued thus, and loued too,  
With vowes as firme as faith and troth could do,  
That nought should ere infringe that nuptiall band,  
Confirm'd betwixt vs two with heart and hand.*

*So as with Thirfis knowledge and consent,  
After so many weekes in loue-toyes spent,  
It was agreed vpon by either side,  
That I should be her Bridegroom, she my Bride.  
And th'day of Solemnization was set downe,  
So as the choifest youths in all the towne,  
Address't themselues, for I was valued then  
Amongst the chiefest Swaines, to be my men.*

Lin. *I know it Sapphus, both thy wealth and worth,*

*Were both of power enough to fet thee forth.*

Sap. *In briefe, for I your patience might wrong,  
To stand vpon these marriage rites too long ;  
To th' Church we went, suspecting I may sweare,  
No such euent as after did appeare.*

Tech. *What sad euent, good Sapphus ?*

Sap. *Being now*

*Come to do that which we could nere vndo,  
The Priest pronounc'd a charge, whereby was ment,  
If either of vs knew impediment,*

*Why we should not be ioyned, then to speake,  
That we in time might such a wedlocke breake ;  
Or any one there present should shew cause,  
Why we might not be married by the lawes :*

*There to declare, in publicke one of these,  
Or else for euer after hold their peace.*

*God speed them well, said all, saue onely one,  
Who stood from thence some distance all alone,  
Crying, aloud in open audience,*

*Sapphus forbear, there is no conscience,  
That thou should ioyne thy hand to one defil'd ;  
At least prouide a father for her child,  
Which she kind pregnant wench is great withall,  
And, who ere got it, will thee father call.*

Tech. *This was a strange preuention.*

Sap. *I confesse it,*

*But if y'ad heard how Meus did expresse it,  
(For so his name was) you would haue admir'd  
His frontlesse impudence.*

Dym. *Sure he was hir'd,  
To frustrate these solemnities.*

Sap. *Ah no,*

*Beleuee*

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*Believe me Dymnus it was nothing so :  
For she was fruitfull long before her time,  
But th' fault was hers, it was no fact of mine :  
So as her neighbours iudg'd and confurd on her,  
That she begun by time to take vpon her.  
But this shall be in silence past for me,  
Onely she's shadowed in my \* Omphale.  
And so charactred, as the time may come,  
Siluia shall be as Flora was in Rome.*

\* A Poem entit-  
tled Omphale.

Dor. *But what succeeded hence ?*

Sap. *Vpon this voice*

*There streight arose a strange confused noise,  
Some Meuus tax'd, and said he was to blame,  
To blemish any modest Maidens name ;  
Others were doubtfull, lest it should be true,  
And thus they thought, and thus it did ensue.  
I now suspicious of this foule dishonour,  
Which Meuus publickly had laid vpon her :  
Resolu'd those solemne spousals to delay,  
And put them off vntill another day :  
Meane while, (attend me Swains) when th'day came on  
That I should marrie, Siluia had a sonne.*

Cor. *God bleffe the boy.*

Dym. *Who might the child begit ?*

Sap. *Nay Dymnus fure, who euer fatherd it.*

Dym. *Who I !*

Sap. *Nay blush not man, for you haue told,  
You might oft-times haue done it if you wold ;  
But I do wish her all the good I can,  
And praise her choise, though I be not the man.*

Tech. *Vnhappie choice !*

Dor. *Hard fate !*

*T'is nothing so,  
 You'le heare a choise more fatall ere you go.  
 These were but toyes to entertaine the time,  
 Prepare your handkerchers if you'le haue mine.  
 All. What, must we weepe?  
 Lin. Shepheards a while forbear,  
 And if there be no cause, iudge when you heare.*



*The Argument.*



*Inus doth Lesbia loue,  
 And woe, and win,  
 And after by her  
 Lightnesse wrongeth him.*

*The second Argument.*



*Quely Lesbia, who might be,  
 For birth, beauty, quality,  
 Styled Natures Paragon,  
 Fram'd for Swaines to dote vpon;  
 In a word for to expresse,  
 Feature of this Shepheardeffe,  
 If you would her stature know,  
 She was neither high nor low;*

But

But of such a middle size,  
 As if Nature did deuise,  
 (For as't seemeth so she ment)  
 To make her, her president ;  
 With a Sun-reflecting eye,  
 Skin more smooth then iuory ;  
 Cherrie lip, a dimple chin,  
 Made for loue to lodge him in ;  
 A sweete chearing-chafing sent,  
 Which perfum'd ground where she went ;  
 A perswasiuue speech, whose tongue  
 Strucke deepe admiration dombe.  
 She, euen she, whom all approu'd,  
 Is by liuely *Linus* lou'd,  
 And at last (what would ye more)  
 Though she was betroth'd before  
 To *Palemon*, that braue Swaine,  
 Who quite droupes through her disdaine,  
 Is with rites solemnized,  
 Vnto *Linus* married ;  
 Whom he finds (as heauen is iust)  
 After, staine with boundlesse lust,  
 So as he laments his state,  
 Of all most vnfortunate,  
 That he should in hope of pelfe,  
 Wrong both others and himselfe.

THE

## THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

Linus tale.



*Lou'd a laffe, alas that ere I lou'd,  
 Who as she seem'd to be, if she had  
 prou'd,  
 A worthier Swaine the countrey  
 nere had bred,  
 And her I woing won, and winning wed.*  
 Tech. *I like thee Linus, thy preamble's short ;*  
 Lin. *Technis, indeed I am not of that sort,  
 Who for a thing of nought will pule and crie,  
 And childishly put finger in the eye ;  
 The burden of my grieffe is great to beare.*  
 Dor. *What is it Linus, pray thee let vs heare ?*  
 Lin. *The Maid I got, and Lesbia was her name,  
 Was to another troth-plight ere I came.*  
 Cor. *How should she Linus then be got by thee ?*  
 Lin. *It was my fate, or her inconstancie.  
 Hows'ere I haue her, and possesse her now,  
 And would be glad to giue her one of you.*  
 Tech. *Art wearie of thy choice ?*  
 Lin. *Technis, I am,  
 For I'me perswaded she'd wearie any man.  
 So seeming smooth she is and euer was,  
 As if she hardly could say Michaelmas :  
 But priuately so violently fierce,  
 As I'me afraid her name will spoile my verse.*  
 Cor. *This is some hornet sure.*  
 Lin. *A very waspe,*

*Whose*

*Whose forked tongue who euer should vnclasp,  
Would find't a taske to charme it.*

*Dym. Is't so tart ;*

*Lin. O Dymnus, that thou didst but feele a part  
Of my affliction, thou wouldst surely mone,  
And pittie me, that's matcht to such an one ;  
For tell me shepheards was there ere so rare,  
A crime, wherein my Lesbia doth not share ?  
Proud, (though before as humble to the eye  
As ere was Maid) so as one may descrie,  
Euen by her outward habit what she is,  
And by her wanton gesture gather this :*

*If thou be chaste, thy body wrongs thee much,  
For thy light carriage faith, thou art none such.*

*Sap. Some fashion-monger I durst pawne my life.*

*Lin. Sapphus 'tis true, such is poore Linus wife,  
Though ill it seemes a country Shepheardesse,  
Such harsh fantasticke fashions to professe :  
One day vnto a Barber she'de repaire,  
And for what end but this, to cut her haire,  
So as like to a Boy she did appeare,  
Hauing her haire round cut vnto her eare.*

*Cor. Good Linus say, how lookt that Minx of thine ?*

*Lin. Like to a fleecesse Ewe at shearing time.  
So coud she was, as next day she did show her  
Vpon the Downs, but not a Swaine could know her ;  
So strangely clipt she seem'd, and in disguise,  
So monstrous ougly, as none could deuise  
To see one clad in lothsomer attire :  
And this she knew was farre from my desire,  
For I did euer hate it.*

*Tech. Pray thee Lad*

*Tell*

*Tell vs in earnest how she might be clad!*

Lin. *There is a fashion now brought vp of late,  
Which here our country Blouzes imitate,  
The cause whereof I do not thinke it fit,  
If I did know't, for to discover it,  
But sure I iudge, some rot's in womans ioyns,  
Which makes them faine to tye them vp with points.*

Dym. *With points!*

Lin. *Yes Dymnus, that's the fashion now,  
Whereof I haue a tale, right well I know,  
Will make you laugh.*

Dor. *Let's heare that tale of thine.*

Lin. *Shepheards you shall; it chanc'd vpon a time,  
That Lesbia, whose spirit euer would  
Obferue the fashion, do I what I could,  
Bearing a port far higher in a word,  
Then my abilitie could well afford:  
That she I say into this fashion got,  
(As what was th'fashion she affected not)  
Of tying on with points her looser waste;  
Now I obseruing how her points were plast,  
The Euen before she to a wake should go,  
I all her points did secretly vndo,  
Yet therewithall such easie knots did make,  
That they might hold till she got to the wake,  
Which she not minding.*

Cor. *On good Linus, on.*

Lin. *She hyes her to the wake (my Corydon)  
Where she no sooner came, then she's tane in,  
And nimble falls vnto her reuelling,  
But see the lucke on't, while she scuds and skips,  
Her vnderbody falls from off her hips,*

*Whereat*

*Whereat some laught, while others tooke some ruth,  
That she vnca's'd, should shew the naked truth.  
But heare what happen'd hence, ere th'setting Sunne  
Lodg'd in the West, she heard what I had done ;  
So as resolu'd to quite me in my kind,  
Next morne betime, she Hylus chanc'd to find.*

Sap. *Who, Clytus boy !*

Lin. *Yes Sapphus, selfe-same Lad,  
Who was a good boy, ere she made him bad.*

Tech. *Pray Linus how ?*

Lin. *Through her immodestie,  
She him allur'd for to dishonour me.*

Tech. *Disloyall Lesbia ; but pray the shew,  
Did Hylus (harmelesse youth) consent thereto ?*

Lin. *Technis, he did ;*

Dor. *How shouldst thou know as much ?*

Lin. *She did display't her selfe.*

Dor. *Is her shame such ?*

Lin. *Yes, and withall defide me to my face,  
With such iniurious speeches of disgrace,  
As patience could not beare.*

Tech. *And didst thou beare them ?*

Lin. *Yes, Technis yes, & smild when I did heare them  
For this is my conceit, it seemeth no man,  
To shew his violence vnto a woman.*

Dym. *Linus sayes well, but womans nature's such,  
They will presume if men do beare too much.  
For if the tongue vpon defiance stand,  
The tongue should be reuenged by the hand.*

Lin. *Some would haue done it Dymnus, but I thought  
If I reuenge by such base meanes had fought,  
The wored would condemne me ; she could blind*

*Most*

Most men with an opinion, she was kind,  
 But in a modest fort : for on a time,  
 Rich Amphybæus offering to the shrine  
 Of Panaretus (as there went report)  
 Sought for her loue in a dishonest sort,  
 With price, with prayer, yet nere attain'd his aime,  
 To soile her honour, or her vertues staine ;  
 Sap. Women are nice when simple heard-men craue it,  
 And will say nay, when they the fainst would haue it.  
 Lin. 'Tis right; and now good shepheards tell me true,  
 Haue I not cause, for I'le be iudg'd by you,  
 To mone my hard mishap ?

Tech. Thou hast indeed. (bleed ;

Cor. Thy woes, friend Linus, make my heartstrings

Lin. I thanke you all ; but will you heare a song,  
 Penn'd in the meditation of my wrong !

Dor. For loues-sake do !

Lin. Iudge if the descant fit

The burden of my grieffe, for this is it ;

As for the note before I further go,

My tune is this, and who can blame my woe ?

If Marriage life yeeld such content,  
 What heaue hap haue I,  
 Whose life with grieffe and sorrow spent,  
 Wish death, yet cannot die ;  
 She's bent to smile when I do storme,  
 When I am chearefull too,  
 She seemes to loure, then who can cure,  
 Or counterpoize my woe ?

My marriage day chac'd you away,

For

For I haue found it true,  
 That *bed* which did all ioyes display,  
 Became a *bed* of rue ;  
 Where *asses* do brouze on fancies floure,  
 And beauties blossome too :  
 Then where's that power on earth may cure,  
 Or counterpoize my woe ?

I thought *loue* was the *lampe* of life,  
 No *life* without'en *loue*,  
 No *loue* like to a faithfull *wife* :  
 Which when I fought to proue,  
 I found her birth was not on earth,  
 For ought that I could know ;  
 Of good ones I perceiu'd a dearth,  
 Then who can cure my woe ?

*Zantippe* was a iealous shrow,  
 And *Menalippe* too,  
*Faustina* had a stormie brow,  
*Corinna'es* like did shew ;  
 Yet these were Saints compar'd to mine,  
 For mirth and middleffe too :  
 Who runs diuision all her time,  
 Then who can cure my woe ?

My *boord* no dishes can afford,  
 But *chafing dishes* all,  
 Where selfe-will domineres as Lord,  
 To keepe poore me in thrall ;  
 My discontent giues her content,  
 My friend she vowes her foe :

How

How should I then my forrowes vent,  
Or *cure* my endlesse woe ?

No *cure* to *care*, farewell all ioy,  
Retire poore soule and die,  
Yet ere thou die, thy selfe employ,  
That thou maist mount the skie ;  
Where thou may moue commanding *Ioue*,  
That *Pluto* he might go  
To wed thy *wife*, who end't thy life,  
For this will cure thy wo !

Dym. *I iudge by this, that thou wouldst faine forsake  
And freely giue her any that would take her. (her,*  
Lin. Dymnus *I would, but I my crosse must beare,  
As I haue done before this many yeare ;  
But since our griefes are equally exprest,  
Let's now compare which is the heauiest !*

Tech. *I lost my Amarillida ;*

Dor. *But she*

*Was nothing to Bellina.*

Dym. *No, nor she*

*Like to my faire Palmira.*

Cor. *Nor all three*

*Equall to Celia ;*

Sap. *Let Siluia be*

*The onely faire.*

Lin. *Admit, they all were faire,*

*Your griefes with me, may haue no equall share,*

*For you are free, so as perhaps you may*

*Make choice of some, may be as faire as they ;*

*But I am bound, and that in such a knot,*

*As onely death may it vnloose, or not.*

*Tech. To Linus must we yeeld ; but who are these ?*

*Dor. Two iollie shepheards, that do hither prese,*

*With ribbon fauours, and rosemary sprigs,*

*Chanting along our Downes their rurall ijs,*

*As to some wedding boun ;*

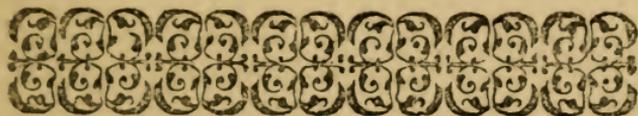
*Sap. You may presume,*

*For Iohn vnto the May-pole is their tune,*

*And that's their bridall note.*

*Lin. Let vs draw neare them,*

*Clofe to this shadie Beech, where we may heare them.*



The shepheards holy-day, reduced  
in apt measures to Hobbinalls  
Galliard, or Iohn to the  
May-pole.



*Opfo. Come Marina let's away,*

*For both Bride and Bridegroome stay,*

*Fie for shame are Swaines so long,*

*Pinning of their head-geare on ?*

*Pray thee see,*

*None but we,*

*Mongst the Swaines are left vnreadie,*

*Fie, make hast,*

*Bride is past,*

*Follow me and I will leade thee.*

*T*

*Mar.*

*Forth of a curi-  
ous Spinet gra-  
ced with the best  
rarities of Art  
and Nature,  
Mopus a shep-  
heard, and Ma-  
rina a shephear-  
desse, singing a  
Nuptiall hymne  
in the way to the  
Bridall.*

Mar. *On my louely Mopfus, on,  
I am reddie, all is done,  
From my head vnto my foote,  
I am fitted each way to't ;  
    Buskins gay,  
    Gowne of gray,  
    Best that all our flocks do render,  
    Hat of stroe,  
    Platted through,  
    Cherrie lip and middle slender.*

Mop. *And I thinke you will not find  
Mopfus any whit behind,  
For he loues as well to go,  
As most part of Shepheards do.  
    Cap of browne,  
    Bottle-crowne,  
    With the leg I won at dancing,  
    And a pumpe  
    Fit to iumpe,  
    When we shepheards fall a prancing.*

*And I know there is a fort,  
Will be well provided for't,  
For I heare, there will be there  
Liueliest Swaines within the Shere :  
    Letting Gill,  
    Iumping Will,  
    Ore the floore will haue their measure :  
    Kit and Kate,  
    There will waite,  
    Tib and Tom will take their pleasure.*

Mar.

Mar. *But I feare ;*

Mop. *What doest thou feare ?*

Mat. *Crowd the fidler is not there :*

*And my mind delighted is,  
With no stroake fo much as his.*

Mop. *If not he,*

*There will be*

*Drone the piper that will trounce it.*

Mar. *But if Crowd,*

*Strucke aloud,*

*Lord me thinks how I could bounce it !*

Mop. *Bounce it Mall, I hope thou will,*

*For I know that thou hast skill,*

*And I am sure thou there shalt find,*

*Measures store to please thy mind ;*

*Roundelayes,*

*Irish-hayes,*

*Cogs and rongs and Peggie Ramsie,*

*Spaniletto,*

*The Venetto,*

*Iohn come kisse me, Wilsons fancie.*

Mar. *But of all there's none so sprightly*

*To my eare, as tutch me lightly :*

*For it's this we shepheards loue,*

*Being that which most doth moue ;*

*There, there, there,*

*To a haire,*

*O Tim Crowd, me thinks I heare thee,*

*Young nor old,*

*Nere could hold,*

*But must leake if they come nere thee.*

Mop. *Blush Marina, fie for shame,  
Blemish not a shepherd's name ;*

Mar. Mopfus *why, is't such a matter,  
Maids to shew their yeelding nature ?*

*O what then,*

*Be ye men,*

*That will beare your selues so froward,*

*When you find*

*Vs inclin'd,*

*To your bed and boord so toward ?*

Mop. *True indeed, the fault is ours,  
Though we tearme it oft-times yours ;*

Mar. *What would shepherds haue vs do,  
But to yeeld when they do wo ?*

*And we yeeld*

*Them the field,*

*And endow them with our riches.*

Mop. *Yet we know,*

*Oft-times too,*

*You'le not sticke to weare the breches.*

Mar. *Fooles they'le deeme them, that do heare them  
Say, their wiues are wont to weare them :*

*For I know there's none has wit,*

*Can endure or suffer it ;*

*But if they*

*Haue no stay,*

*Nor discretion (as tis common)*

*Then they may*

*Giue the sway,*

*As is fitting to the woman.*

Mop.

SHEPHERDS TALES. 261

Mop. *All too long (deare loue) I weene,*

*Haue we flood vpon this theame :*

*Let each lasse, as once it was,*

*Loue her Swaine, and Swaine his lasse :*

*So shall we*

*Honor'd be,*

*In our mating, in our meeting,*

*While we stand*

*Hand in hand,*

*Honest Swainling, with his Sweeting.*

Dor. *How say you shepheards, shall we all repaire*

*Vnto this wedding, to allay our care ?*

Dym. *Agreed for me.*

Tech. *And I am well content.*

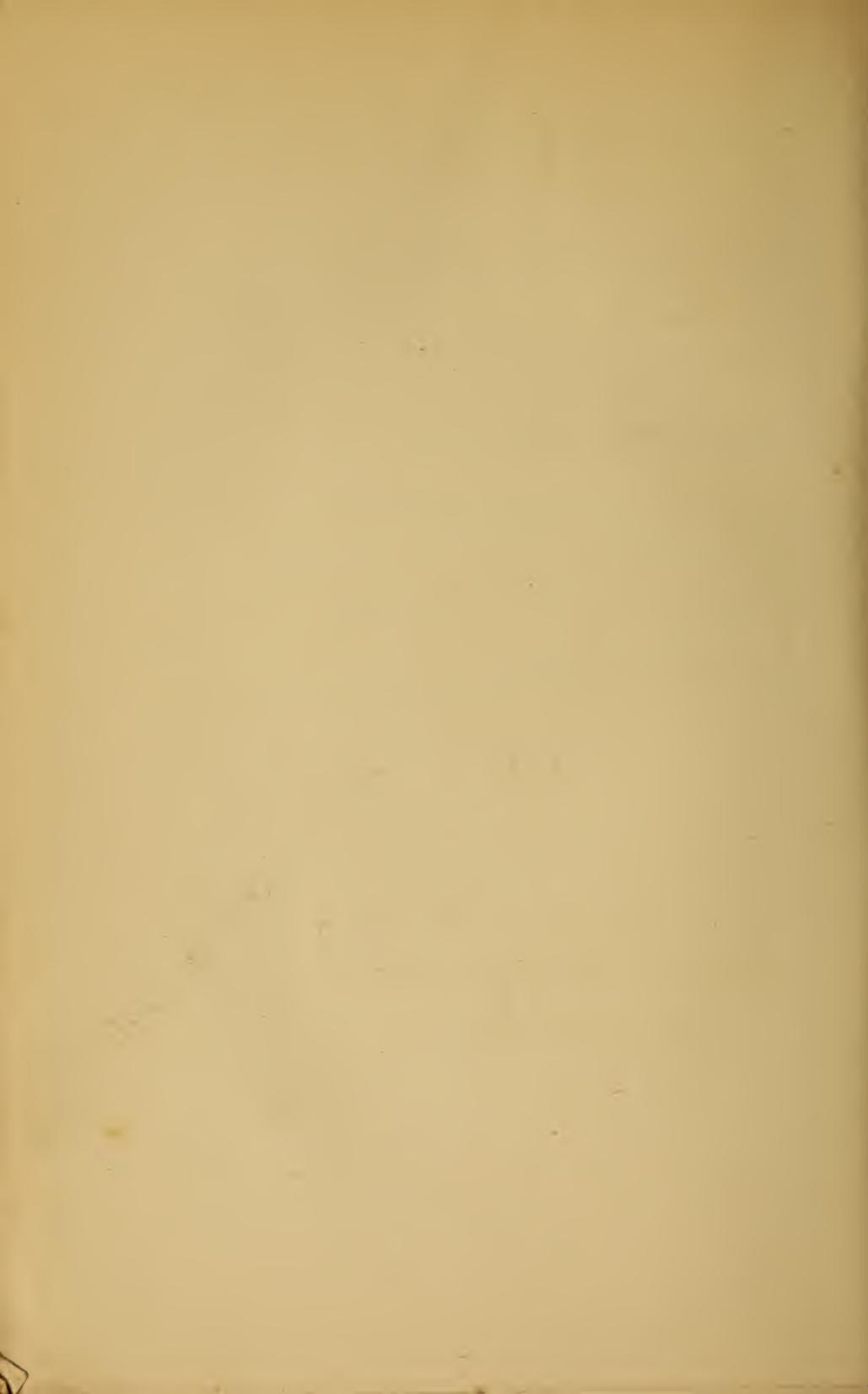
Cor. *On then, let's make our life a merriment.*

Sap. *See where they come !*

*May Hymen aye defend them.*

Lin. *And far more ioy then I haue had God fend them.*

FINIS.

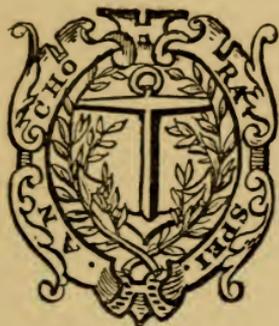


OMPHALE,  
OR,  
THE INCONSTANT  
SHEPHEARDESSE.

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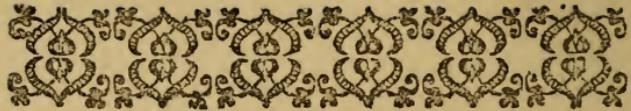
*Perijſſem, niſi perijſſem.*

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LONDON,  
Printed for RICHARD  
WHITAKER.  
1621.



To her in whose chaste breast  
*choisest vertues, as in their*  
Abstract, are feated :

*The accomplishd Lady P. W. wife to the*  
Nobly-descended S.T.W. Knight :  
*and daughter to the much*  
honoured, S.R.C.

*All correspondence to her worthiest*  
*wishes.*





OMPHALE,  
OR,  
THE INCONSANT  
SHEPHEARDESSE.



*In bondage free, in freedome bound  
I am,*

*A hopelesse, haplesse, loue-sicke,  
life-sicke man;*

*When I write ought, streight loue  
preuenteth me,*

*And bids me write of nought but Omphale:  
When I ride East, my heart is in the West,  
Lodg'd in the center of her virgin-breast.  
The homeliest cell would chearefull seeme to me,  
If I in it might liue with Omphale.  
My youth growes ag'd, for though I'me in my prime,  
Loue hath made furrowes in this face of mine;  
So as last day (aye me unhappie else)  
Looking in th' glasse, I scarce could know my selfe.  
And I, from whom these sharpe extreames did grow,  
Was not content, but I must tell her too,  
Which made her proud, for few or none there are,  
(If women) but they'r proud if they be faire.  
All this last Sommer hath it bene my hap,  
To sport, toy, play, and wanton in her lap,*

*And*

And euer th' more I plaid, if so I could,  
 Or strength admitted meanes, the more I would :  
 For truth confirms that Maxime, where we find  
 A louing, loyall, well-dispos'd mind,  
 Prest for encounter, there we loue to plant,  
 Feeding on Loues delights in midst of want ;  
 For Loue contemnes all want, and counts't a gaine,  
 To purchase one houres ioy with two yeares paine.  
 Alas how oft (too oft thou well may say)  
 Haue I in priuate spent with her the day,  
 Inuoking th' Sunne, plants, heauen, and earth and all,  
 If fall I should, she did procure my fall ?  
 And still she vow'd, and bit her lip, and stept  
 Apart from me, and wip'd her eyes and wept,  
 And stood and chid, and call'd me most vniust,  
 To harbour in my bosome such distrust.  
 And I (too credulous I) as one dismaid,  
 Was forced to recant what I had said,  
 Swearing I was resolu'd that th' constancie,  
 Of \* Hypemnestra match'd not Omphale.  
 Thus did I gull my felse to sooth my loue,  
 Who prou'd a Serpent, though she seem'd a Doue :  
 For vowes, protests, and all that she had spoken,  
 Were by her light affection quickly broken.  
 And whence came this ? not frō me, heauen thou knowes,  
 But from my loue who triumphs in my woes ;  
 My loue ; raze out that name : she was indeed,  
 When thou and she your lambkins vs'd to feede  
 On Arnus flowrie banks, being wont to make  
 Posies and nosegaies for her shepherds sake,  
 And bind them to his hooke ; but let that passe,  
 She is not she nor time the same it was.

\* Or Hyperme-  
 stra, one of the  
 fiftie daughters  
 of Danaus, who  
 out of a tender  
 nuptiall affectiō,  
 saued her hus-  
 band Lynceus  
 from that great  
 slaughter which  
 was committed  
 by her sisters, in  
 slaying their  
 husbands.

For

For then (*ô then*) suspicious eyes were free,  
 And none but heavenly bodies lookt on thee;  
 (*Too faire spectators,*) though we now and then  
 Dispence with Gods sight rather then with men.  
 And can she thinke on this and not relent,  
 Or thinking not of this, can she consent  
 To leaue Admetus? Yes, why can she not!  
 Now loues she Cloris, and I feare his lot  
 Will proue as fatall, for her very eye  
 Tells me she meanes to tread her shoe awry.  
 And this I saw before, and durst not see,  
 For th' loue I bore to her, perswaded me  
 She could not be so thankelesse, as requite  
 My faithfull seruice with such strange despite:  
 Yet I perceiu'd, not by suspicious feare,  
 But by the Organs both of eye and eare,  
 That loue was fained which to me she bore,  
 Referuing others to supply her store.  
 And I confesse in th' end I ielous grew,  
 For some had many fauours, I but few;  
 Others had smiles, I frownes, so as I say,  
 I found her former fancie fall away,  
 Which gaue increase to grieffe, cause to my eye  
 To looke into her steps more narrowly;  
 So as poore foole (*so vainely did I erre*)  
 I thought each bush did play th' Adulterer,  
 So violent was this passion; which to show,  
 Though of Actæons there be store enow,  
 I briefly meane, (*and let all others passe*)  
 To tell you how my ielous humour was.  
 Each thing I ey'd, did represent to me,  
 The louely feature of my Omphale,

Yet

Yet so, as still that precious forme I saw,  
 Did by attractiue power another draw,  
 To make her forme more complete, for we know,  
 Number can ne're consist of lesse then two.  
 Streight did I see, (suspition made me see)  
 My selfe made cuckold in a phantasie,  
 Which in my thoughts such deepe impression tooke,  
 As now and then I threw away my booke,  
 Calling my selfe an Affe, to pore on that  
 Which gaue my wench time to cornute my pate;  
 And to confirme the height of my disgrace,  
 Suffer the risling of her common place.  
 Sometimes in silent nights, when hoarie care  
 Is charm'd asleepe, and men exempted are  
 From day-bred passions, would I start from bed,  
 And sweare, the night had me dishonoured;  
 While she (sleepe-lulled soule) did thinke no harme,  
 But lay entwining me with arme in arme:  
 Yet hearing me she wakt, and chid me too,  
 For doing (humerous foole) what I did do,  
 And as she chid I wept, yet inward faine,  
 My dreames prou'd false. I went to bed againe.  
 If I but found her in discourse with any,  
 I streight renounc'd her loue, and swore too many  
 Were factors in my Pinnacle, yet one frowne  
 Sent from her brow, subdude me as her owne.  
 If she receiud a letter from a friend,  
 I streight coniectur'd what it did intend;  
 Supposing (vaine suppose) where th' place should be,  
 That witnesse might the shame of Omphale:  
 To which I vow'd reuenge, though nothing were,  
 But my owne thoughts that ministred this feare.

Oft would I faine (for what were all my thoughts,  
 But fictions meerely) that she played nought  
 With her owne shadow, and Narciffus-like,  
 That in her forme she tooke such quaint delight,  
 As forced now to surfet on her store,  
 She prou'd this true: Much plentie made her poore.  
 Thus did her presence cause me to admire her,  
 Her absence like occasion to desire her;  
 Without whose presence, though the Sunne shone faire,  
 All seem'd darke, because she was not there.  
 Last time we parted with teare-trickling eye,  
 Hand ioynd in hand right ceremonially,  
 I calld the heauens and sacred powers aboue,  
 To witnesse with me my vnfaigned loue,  
 And vow'd withall, if ere it should appeare,  
 I broke the faith which I had plight to her,  
 Or entred any bed lasciuiously,  
 Intending to play false with Omphale,  
 Or entertain'd least thought of disrespect  
 To her or hers in nature of neglect,  
 Or euer cancell'd th' deed, which (heauens you know,  
 Was seal'd and was deliuer'd twixt vs two)  
 Or euer chang'd my fancie, to deuide  
 My shared loue vnto another Bride,  
 Or ere disclaim'd what I in secret vow'd,  
 Or disallow what Hymen had allow'd;  
 If this or that, or any of these all,  
 Should censure me of lightnesse, that my fall  
 Might recompence my shame (which heauens forbid)  
 And this I vow'd to do, and this I did.  
 Nor did she spare to second me in this,  
 But wish'd if ere she chanc'd to do amisse,

With

*With an intent of ill, or violate  
 Those solemne hefts our loues had consummate,  
 Or stain'd that spoufall rest, that blest repose,  
 Where two encountred, yet were neither foes ;  
 Or disesteem'd my loue, or prized it  
 Lesse then a constant louer did besit,  
 Or let one day or night passe carelesly,  
 Without recalling me to memory,  
 Or giue occasion to the world to say,  
 She loues another when her loue's away,  
 Or entertaine a fauour, or descry  
 Least of affection by alluring eye,  
 Or riot in my absence, or consort  
 With any that might blemish her report,  
 Or frequent publicke presence, which might moue  
 A subiect for varietie of loue :*

*If this or that, or any should begin  
 To taxe her life, might vengeance plague her sinne.  
 Thus we both vow'd, and thus we parted too,  
 But heare how soone my loue infring'd her vow ;  
 No sooner had the region of the West,  
 Remou'd me from my loue, and rest me rest,  
 Where steepie mountaines ragged and vneuen,  
 Ossa and Pelion-like do menace heauen,  
 Where scalpie hils and sandie vales imply,  
 The ploughmans toile's requited slenderly ;  
 Where their course feeding and their homely fare,  
 Makes their wits lumpish, and their bodies spare :*

*Then she (inconstant she) forgot me cleane,  
 And all her vowes, as if I had not bene.  
 Distance of place, made distance in our loue,  
 And as my body mou'd, her loue did moue*

*From*

From her first center : thus euen in my Prime,  
 Did my loue change, when I did change my dime.  
 Thus like blind Cupids ball (by fancie crost)  
 Was I to euery hazard strangely tost ;  
 Thus was my seruice guerdon'd with disgrace,  
 While Cloris crept into Admetus place :  
 And can her height of sinne be thus forgot ?  
 No, wanton no, who is it knowes it not ?  
 So as thy crime thy nature will display,  
 And make thy storie worse then Cressida,  
 Who in contempt of faith, (as we do reade)  
 Reiected Troilus for Diomedé !  
 Canst thou make shew of loue to me or any,  
 That art expos'd to louing of so many ?  
 Canst thou haue heart to vow, when thou forsooke,  
 And didst infringe the oath which thou first tooke ?  
 Canst thou haue face to come in open light,  
 That hast incurr'd reuenge in his pure sight,  
 Whose vengeance thou inuok't ? canst thou repaire  
 Vnto thy sex, or taste the common ayre,  
 Hauing, (by making of thy faith so common)  
 Infected th' ayre, impeach'd the Sex of women ?  
 Canst thou looke on that faithlesse hand of thine,  
 And giue it to another being mine ?  
 Canst thou, and see that face, not blush to see  
 Those teares thou shed, and vowes thou made to me ?  
 Or canst embrace another in thy bed,  
 Hearing thy first espoused friend not dead ?  
 Suppose I should surprize thee, could I long  
 Restraine my hand, and not reuenge my wrong ?  
 Could I allay my passion vnexpress,  
 Or see th' Adulterer sleepe within thy brest ?

Could

Could I endure my bed should be abus'd,  
 Or see her strumpeted, whom I had chus'd ?  
 Could I content my selfe to see my shame,  
 And coward-like, not to redresse the same ?  
 No, no insatiate thou, sooner could time  
 Leauē his gradation, or the Sunne to shine,  
 Light bodies to ascend and leauē their center,  
 Riueres their downward course, then I should venter  
 My patience on that odds : but foolish I,  
 That gauē no credit to mine eare or eye,  
 But made my senses all Cassandra'es, where  
 Mine eare presag'd, yet I'de not trust mine eare :  
 Such strange distempers doth this Circe breed,  
 This phrensie-fancie in a louers head,  
 That though he heare, see, taste, and touch, & smell  
 His loues vnkindnesse, yet he dare not tell,  
 But must renounce th' instruction of all these.  
 Yea, (euen himselfe) that he his wench may please.  
 O why should man tearme woman th' weaker kind,  
 Since they are stronger, as we daily find,  
 In will, and head, although their husbands browes,  
 Oft to a harder kind of temper growes ?  
 So as for all that we do style them weaker,  
 They oft become to be their husbands maker !  
 But now Admetus, wilt thou pine and die,  
 And waste thy selfe for her inconstancie ?  
 Wilt thou lament the losse of such an one,  
 As hath resolu'd to keepe her faith with none ?  
 Or canst thou dote on her, that longs to be  
 Affected of each youth that she doth see ?  
 No, no Admetus, since she proues vntrue,  
 Shed not one teare nor sigh, for none is due,

But

*But offer Pan the chiefe of all thy flocke,  
 That thou art rid of such a weathercocke.  
 Now maist thou pipe vpon thy oaten reede,  
 Whilest thy Mug-sheepe on Arnus pastures feede :*  
*Where bonnie Clytus will attend on thee,  
 And Mopsus too will keepe thee companie.  
 There the late-freed Capnus will repaire,  
 And ioy to taste the freedome of the ayre ;  
 Where he will descant on no rurall theame,  
 But on Ambitions curbe, the golden meane.  
 And ioy he may, for who did euer heare  
 Such alterations as in him appeare ?  
 Where long restraint hath labour'd to restore  
 That loue to him which he had lost before.  
 With whom Admetus may in consort ioyne,  
 Comparing of your fortunes one by one ;  
 He to regaine the loue which he had lost,  
 Thou to forget her loue that wrong'd thee most.  
 And well would this besee me Admetus straine,  
 " For shepheards should not laugh at others paine,  
 But in compassion of their grieues and them,  
 To imitate their passions in the same.  
 And this's a better course, and safer too,  
 Then to do that which thou so late didst do,  
 Pining and puling, wishing death appeare,  
 Which for thy wishes was no whit the neare.  
 " For death (whē we are happie) will come nie vs,  
 " But if we wretched be, then death will flie vs.  
 How oft hath my experience made this good,  
 When wishing death, I was by death withstood ?  
 For still I thought my woes would haue an end  
 If \* Death arriu'd, afflictions welcome friend.*

Iole in Oet.  
Her.

\* Mors sola  
portus, dabitur  
ærumnis locus.  
ibid. Deian.

U

But

*But th' more I fought, the more he fled from me,  
 To make me riper in my miserie :*  
 " For grieve is of that nature, as it growes  
 " In age, so new effects it daily shoves.  
*Yet now thou liues (and thanks to th' powers above)  
 Hast neare by this, suppress the thoughts of loue.  
 Now canst thou feed, and sleepe, and laugh, & talke,  
 Sport, and tell tales, refresh thy selfe, and walke  
 In flowrie Meedes, whilest thou seest Cloris hing  
 His iealous head to heare the Cuckow sing.  
 Alas (poore man) what bondage is he in,  
 To serue a Swaine that's cauteriz'd in sin,  
 Expos'd to shame, and prostitute to lust,  
 In whom nor's grace, nor faith, nor loue, nor trust ?  
 And heauen I wish, she may in time reclaime  
 Her former course, and rectifie the same :  
 But th' Pumice stone will hardly water yeeld,  
 Or grace appeare in such a barren field :  
 For such light mates encompasse her about,  
 As Vertue's choak't before it can take roote.  
 O Cloris, if thou knew Admetus mind,  
 And th' hard conceit he h'as of womankind,  
 Whose fairest lookes, are lures, affections, baits,  
 Words, wind, vowes, vaine, and their protests de-  
 ceits,  
 Songs, charms, teares, traines to trace vs to our end,  
 Smiles, snares, frowns, fears, which to our ruine tend :  
 Then wouldst thou (Cloris) censure Omphale,  
 The pregnant mirror of inconstancie,  
 And curbe thy fancie, ere it haue least part  
 In one can vow so often with one heart.  
 For heare me (Cloris) she did neuer show*

*More*

*More loue to thee, then she to others too :*  
*Yet what art thou (if man) maist build thee more*  
*Vpon her faith then others did before ?*  
*What art thou canst perswade thy selfe of this,*  
*She'le not tread right, h'as trod so long amisse,*  
*Or that she'le now proue constant, that h'as prou'd,*  
*So faithlesse to the most, that she has lou'd ?*  
*No, Cloris, no, the Prouerbe it is true,*  
*And is confirm'd in her whom thou doest sue ;*  
 " To wash the Moore, is labouring in vaine,  
 " For th'colour that he h'as, is di'd in graine.  
*So th'more thou striues to make her blacknes white,*  
*Thou drawes heauens curtaine to display her night.*  
*Her night indeed, saue that no starres appeare,*  
*(No lights of grace) within her hemi-spheare,*  
*But th'changing Moone, whose lightnesse doth expresse*  
*That light-inconstant mind of Omphales :*  
 " Where Vertue seemes at Nature to complaine,  
 " That vice should be at full, and she at waine.  
*Yet Nature answers, she h'as done her part,*  
*And that the fault is rather in her heart,*  
*That is so spacious, to entertaine*  
*The wauering loue of euery wanton Swaine.*  
*And I assent to Nature, for it's showne,*  
*By her rare workemanship, what she h'as done,*  
*In giuing beautie lustre, her content ;*  
*In forming her, her selfe to represent.*  
*And reason good ; for when I thinke vpon,*  
*That Zeuxes, Phydias, and Pigmalion,*  
*(Those natiue artists) who indeed did striue*  
*To make their curious statues seeme aliue,*  
*Reducing art to Nature ; then I find,*

*Nature had cause to fatisfie her mind  
 In something aboue art, that after-time  
 Might moue her to reioyce, art to repine.  
 And what more mouing patterne could there be,  
 Then the admired forme of Omphale,  
 Whose feature equall'd Nature, and did show  
 The very Spring whence fancie's said to flow ?  
 For first her stature's seemely, which I call,  
 Neither too dwarfish low, nor giant-tall ;  
 Her front a rising mount, her eyes two lamps,  
 Which, wherefoere she lookes impressiõ stamps ;  
 Her cheeke twixt rosie red and snowie white,  
 Attracts an admiration with delight ;  
 Her nose nor long nor short, nor high nor low,  
 Nor flat, nor sharpe, the token of a shrow ;  
 Her mouth nor ferret-strait, nor callet-broade,  
 But of an apt proportion, as it should ;  
 Her breath the fragrant odour, which loue sips  
 From these two cherrie portels of her lips ;  
 Where those two iuory pales or rowes of teeth,  
 Accent her speech, perfumed by her breath ;  
 Her chin th' inclining vale, deuided is,  
 By th' daintie dimple of loues choifest blisse,  
 Which, as maine flouds from smallest currents flow,  
 Deriues her sweets to th' riuelings below ;  
 Her necke a rocke enazur'd with pure veines  
 Of orient pearle, which with amorous chaines  
 Of lou's desir'd embraces, charmes the eye,  
 And ties it to her obiect, when she's by ;  
 Her breasts two Orbs or Mounts, or what you will  
 That may include perfection, which to fill  
 The world with admiration, are layd out,*

To worke the feate her lightnesse goes about ;  
 Two prettie nipples, one oppos'd gainst t'other,  
 Challenge the name of Nurse aswell as Mother :  
 Though some (for flate makes loue to children worse)  
 Scorne, being mothers to become their nurse.  
 In brieft her all, (because I'le not descend,  
 In praise of that, where praises haue no end)  
 Is beauties faire Idæa, which implies  
 Height of content, to loues amazed eyes.  
 And yet this she, the modell of delight,  
 Though outward faire, seemes to my inward sight,  
 As spotted as the Ermine, whose smooth skin,  
 Though it be faire without, is foule within.  
 For what more foule then vice ? but chiefly that  
 Which makes a woman to degenerate,  
 From her more shamefast Sex, where modestie  
 Should sit vpon her cheeke, to verifie (rest,  
 What th'Comick said : \* straid thoughts find neuer  
 " But shamefast lookes become a woman best.  
 Indeed they do ; for there is greater sence,  
 That shame should moue man more then impudence ;  
 For bashfull lookes adde fuell to loues fire,  
 While th'spirit of lust doth with her flame expire.  
 Which makes me wonder, that th' interiour light  
 Whence man resembles God, should lose his sight,  
 By doting on an Idoll, that can take  
 To charme loues dazled eyes a Syrens shape,  
 Making Art vye with Nature for the best,  
 And soiling that which should surpasse the rest.  
 For what is faire, if that be all there is,  
 But an eye-pleasing thing, that yeelds no blisse,  
 Wanting that inward faire, which who enioyes,

\* Errant, nei  
 sedem repetit  
 ferenam Qua  
 petulanti corde  
 refurgunt, &c.

*Esteemes all outward ornaments as toys,  
 Compared to that beauty, which no Art  
 Could euer equall, or expresse in part?  
 Indeed the grace of vertue is more rare,  
 And exquisite, when she that's good is faire,  
 For she becomes most complete well we know,  
 That's grac'd with vertue and with beautie too.*

\* *Socrates.*

*Whence that experienc't \* Morall vs'd to reach  
 A looking glasse to such as he did teach;  
 Wherein, if such were faire themselues did eye,  
 He would exhort them rather to apply  
 Their minds to vertue, for great pittie twere,  
 Foule foules (quoth he) should haue a face so faire:  
 But if deform'd, he streight would counsell them,  
 With wholesome precepts to supply the same;  
 For fit it were (quoth he) a face so foule,  
 Should be prouided of a beauteous foule.  
 But rare's this composition, for we find,  
 Seldome that double blisse in woman-kind,  
 Where she that's faire can soone admire her owne,  
 And knowes what Nature for her selfe hath done:  
 Yea she by this can learne another straine,  
 Put on coy looks, and th'fashion of disdaine, (breath,  
 Minf-speech, huff-pace, sleeke-skin, and perfum'd  
 Goats-haire, brests-bare, plume-fronted, fricace-  
 All which infuse new motions into man, (teeth,  
 Late borrow'd of th' Italian Curtezan.  
 But now to thee thou wanton, will I come,  
 To taxe, not visit that polluted tombe,  
 Of all infection, which to giue it due,  
 Is now become no Temple but a stue;  
 Tell me, disdainfull faire, if I ere wrong'd,*

Or

Or thee, or any that to thee belong'd!  
 Haue I incurr'd dishonour, or deuoted  
 My loue to many, whereby I am noted?  
 Haue I bene too profuse in my respect,  
 To other some, and blancht thee with neglect?  
 Haue I incurr'd a merited disgrace,  
 In begging loue when thou was out of place?  
 Haue I by courting any, ere exprest,  
 My selfe ought lesse then what I still profest?  
 Didst euer see a fauour worne by me,  
 But that poore bracelet I receiu'd of thee,  
 Twisted with gold, and with thy faithlesse haire,  
 Which now I'ue throwne away with all my care?  
 Did I ere vow and breake, as thou hast done,  
 Or plight my faith (saue thee) to any one?  
 Why then shouldst thou infringe that sacred oath,  
 Which with a kisse was sealed to vs both,  
 When scarce one houre did vs occasion giue,  
 (So short was time) to take our lasting leaue?  
 But I can guesse where thou wilt lay the blame;  
 Not on thy selfe, but on them whence thou came.  
 That lustfull stocke I meane, which gaue beginning  
 To thee of being first, and then of sinning.  
 It's true indeed, we know a poisoned spring,  
 Can feld or neuer wholesome water bring,  
 Nor can we looke that any barren field,  
 Should ought saue tares or fruitlesse Darnell yeeld:  
 For this from Scripture may collected be,  
 "Such as the fruite is, such is still the tree.  
 Too late I find this true, and heauens I wish,  
 My former harmes may caution me of this;  
 For what is ill descendeth in a blood,

*Sooner and furer too, then what is good.*

“ For th’fathers vertues still attend his bere,  
 “ And being dead, with him lie buried there ;  
 “ But th’vices which he had are not content  
 “ To die with him, but liue in his descent.

*So natiue is thy ill, hauing her birth  
 From that corrupted flock which brought thee forth,  
 As sooner may the Æthiope become white,  
 Th’ Cymmerian pitchie shade transparent light,  
 The Tiger leaue his nature, th’ Wolfe his prey,  
 The Sunne to guide the chariot of the day,  
 The \* Pellican her defart, or the \* Craine,  
 That nat’rall loue which in her doth remaine  
 Vnto her parents ; then thy parents shame,  
 Got by their sinne, be wiped from thy name.  
 No wanton, no, thy darknesse is displayd,  
 Which can by no meanes re-disperse her shade,  
 But shall suruiue all time ; for it’s the will  
 Of Powers aboue, there should be life in ill,  
 As well as good : that th’ memory of the first  
 Might make succeeding ages count her curst.  
 For I haue red (and thou was cause I red)  
 Some fickle Dames in stories mentioned,  
 Whose small respect to th’ honour of their name,  
 Hath made them since the lasting heires of shame :  
 And such were Messalina, Martia,  
 Fauflina, Lays, Claudia, \* Portia,  
 Two of which name there were of different kind,  
 In th’ various disproportion of their mind ;  
 “ One good, one ill, one light, one constant prouing,  
 “ One spousfall-lothing, one her honour louing.  
 But which of these can equall Omphale ?*

\* Queis pario  
 perio ; quod a-  
 cerbæ prolis  
 imago  
 Exstitit, & tene-  
 ræ nota paren-  
 tis erit. *vid. Al-  
 cyat.*

\* Quæ parenti  
 confectio ætate  
 consulit, eique  
 prestando na-  
 tale officium,  
 proprijs alis ge-  
 rit. *vid. Basil. in  
 Homil.*

\* Portia the fa-  
 mous Curtizan ;  
 and that noble  
 Ladie, an emi-  
 nent patterne of  
 modestie, wife to  
 Port. Cato the  
 Senatour.

*Or*

Or which of these liue more licentiously ?  
 All patternes in their time (as well they might)  
 And cautions too, to moue vs tread aright  
 That do succeed them : yet obserue this staine,  
 This wedlocks-blemish, and you will complaine,  
 Of th' present times, that they'r more ripe in sinne,  
 And breach of faith, then former times haue bin.  
 More ripe indeed, for where's that age become,  
 " Folke di'd for loue, as we haue red of some,  
 Who their affections so implanted haue,  
 As nought could bury fancie but their graue ?  
 But these were childish times ; indeed they were,  
 For rather then for her I'de shed one teare,  
 That disesteemes my loue, or send one grone,  
 Or sigh, or sob, or pule, or make a mone,  
 Or fold my armes, as forlorne louers vse,  
 Or grieue to lose, when she doth others chuse,  
 Or breake my sleepe, or take a solemne fast,  
 I wish that taske might be Admetus last.  
 No Omphale, though time was when I mourn'd,  
 That time is chang'd, and now my humour's turn'd ;  
 So as I scarce remember what thou art,  
 That once lay neare and deare vnto my heart.  
 Now is my Pasture greene and flourishing,  
 And poore Melampus which was wont to hing  
 His heauie head (kind curre) for's maisters sake,  
 Begins his fullen humour to forsake.  
 Now is my bottle mended, and my hooke,  
 My bag, my pipe, so as if thou should looke,  
 And see Admetus with his woollie store,  
 Thou'de say, he were not th'man he was before ;  
 And iudge him too, (to see him now reuiue,

And

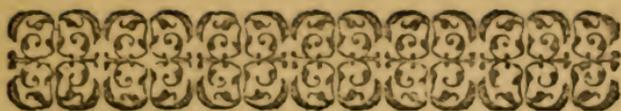
*And change his note) the happiest man aliue.*  
*And so I am, to liue and leaue to loue,*  
 (Though faithfull mates would flinty natures  
*Whose rare effects the Poet seemes to show, moue)*  
*When wiues expresse th'affections which they owe.*  
 “ \* Turtle with Turtle, husband with his mate,  
 “ In distinct kindes one loue participate.  
*But since affection is so rare to find,*  
*Where th'face weares not the liuerie of the mind,*  
*And womans vowes (as \* th'Satyre rightly saith)*  
*Be rather made for complement then faith ;*  
 Be free from loue Admetus : *if not free,*  
*At least from loue of such as Omphale.*

\* Turture sic  
 turtur iungit a-  
 manda suo.

\* Sic iurare so-  
 lent, sed non  
 seruare puellæ.  
*Lucian.*

FINIS.

A



A Poem describing the leuitie of a  
*woman: reseruing all generous respect*  
 to the vertuously affected of  
*that Sexe.*

**H** *rst I feare not to offend,*  
*A very thing of nothing,*  
*Yet whom thus farre I commend,*  
*Shè's lighter then her clothing:*  
*Nay from the foote vnto the crowne,*  
*Her very Fan will weigh her downe:*  
*And marke how all things with her Sexe agree,*  
*For all her vertues are as light as she.*

1.

*She chats and chants but ayre,*  
*A windie vertue for the eare,*  
*T'is lighter farre then care,*  
*And yet her songs do burthens beare.*

2.

*She dances, that's but mouing,*  
*No heauie vertue here she changes,*  
*And as her heart in louing,*  
*So her feete in constant ranges.*

*She softly leanes on strings,*  
*She strikes the trembling lute and quauers:*

*These*

*These are no weightie things,  
Her strokes are light, so are her fauours.  
Those are her vertues fitting to her kind,  
No sooner showne, but they turnd all to wind.*

*Then to you, O Sexe of fethers,  
On whose browes sit all the wethers,  
I send my Passion weau'd in rimes,  
To weigh downe these light emptie times.*

Descript.

**W***Hat are you, O heires of scorning,  
But like Dew that melts each morning;  
Euening vapours, and nights prize,  
To answer our voluptuous eyes:  
And but to screene that sinnes delight,  
I thinke there neuer had bene night.*

*Nor had we bene from vertue so exempt,  
But that the tempter did leaue you to tempt.  
You bit the Apple first that makes vs die,  
Wheres'ere we looke the apple's in our eye,  
And death must gather it; for your turn'd breath,  
And mortall teeth e'en to the core strucke death.*

FINIS.

---

# HIS ODES:

OR,

## PHILOMELS

TEARES.

*Odes in straines of sorrow tell  
Fate and fall of euery fowle,  
Mounting Merlin, Philomel,  
Lagging Lapwing, Swallow, Owle ;  
Whence you may obserue how state  
Rais'd by pride, is raz'd by hate.*



LONDON,

Printed for Richard Whitaker.

1621.





TO THE GENEROVS,  
INGENIOVS, AND IVDICIOVS  
PHILALETHIST, *Thomas Ogle* Esquire: the  
*succeeding issue of his diuineſt wiſhes.*



*Knowne to you I am, yet knowne I am  
To th'better part of you, your vertuous  
name ;*

*Which like a precious odour hath infus'd*

*Your loue ſo much in me, as I haue chus'd  
Your ſelfe, to patronize what I haue writ,  
Whoſe name I thought had power to ſhelter it.  
I grant indeed, Smooth \* Eagle for your name,  
Includes that Sun-reflecting (Anagram)  
Theſe birds which in my Odes their fates diſplay,  
Are ſome night-birds, as others of the day ;  
Which in my iudgement, tenders more delight,  
To ſee how ſin's orecurtain'd by night,  
Whereas the day ſends forth his golden raies,  
And ſhewes ſuch birds as chant their maker's praife.  
Which Morall, as it ſuites theſe times of ours,  
I do diſclaime my right in't, it is yours,  
If you eſteeme it worthie to obtaine  
Your approbation : This is all our ayme.*

\* Sic tereti curſu  
repetit ſpiracu-  
la montis  
Aquila, quæ  
valles ſpernit,  
vt alta petat.  
Sol radios mit-  
tit, radiosq; re-  
flectit ocellis ;  
Aquila ſis viſu  
ſemper (Amice)  
tuo. *Alcyat. in  
Emblem. Samb.  
ibid. Plin. in Nat.  
Hiſt. Elian.  
ibid. Greg. in  
Mor. expo. in  
Iob.*





THE  
TRAVELLOVR,  
DILATING VPON THE

fundrie changes of humane affaires,

*most fluctuant when appearing*

most constant.

AN ODE.



ell me man, what creature may

Promise him such safe repose,

As secure from hate of foes,

He may thus much truly say,

Nought I haue I feare to lose,

No mischance can me dismay ;

Tell me, pray thee (if thou can)

If the *worlde* haue such a man !

Tell me, if thou canst discern

By thy reasons excellence,

What man for his prouidence,

Of the *Pismire* may not learne :

Yet that creature hath but sense,

Though she do her liuing earne,

Spare, not costly, is her fare,

Yet her *granar* shewes her care !

X

Tell

Tell me, canst thou shew me him,  
 That exact in each device,  
 Is at all times truly wise,  
 And is neuer feene to swim  
 (For in this his iudgement lies)  
 Gainst the current of the streame,  
 But seemes to haue full command,  
 Of each thing he takes in hand !

Tell me, was there euer knowne  
 Such a man that had a wit,  
 And in some part knew not it,  
 Till at last conceited growne,  
 He grew powder then was fit,  
 Euer boasting of his owne ;  
 For that *Maxime* true we know,  
 “ *He that’s wittie, knowes him so !*

Tell me, is that *man* on earth,  
 Whose affaires so stable are,  
 As they may for all his care,  
 Fall not croffe and crabdly forth,  
 And of sorrowes haue no share,  
 Which descend to man by birth ;  
 What is he can promise rest,  
 When his mind’s with grieffe opprest !

Tell me, is there ought so strong,  
 Firmly-constant, permanent,  
 Or on *earth* such true content,  
 As it fadeth not ere long :  
 Is there ought so excellent,

As it changeth not her song,  
 And in *time* that all deuoures,  
 Mixeth sweets with sharpest foures !

Tell me, who is he that shines  
 In the height of Princes loue,  
 Sitting minion-like with *Ioue*,  
 Glorizing in those golden times,  
 But he feares something may moue  
 His distast by whom *He* climbs :  
 Wherefore he that feares to fall,  
 Should forbear to climbe at all !

Tell me, where is *Fortune* plac'd,  
 That she may not men beguile,  
 Shrowding frownes with fained smile ;  
 Where is *He* so highly grac'd,  
 Shewing greatnesse in his stile,  
 Hath not bene in time out-fac'd,  
 By some *riual*, where still one  
 Striues to put another downe !

Tell me, then what life can be  
 More secure, then where report  
 Makes vs onely knowne to th' Court,  
 Where we leade our liues so free,  
 As we're strangers to refort,  
 Saue our priuate familie ;  
 For I thinke that *dwelling best*,  
 Where least cares disturbe our rest !



## THE NIGHTINGALL.

## 2. ODE.



*Vg, IVg*; faire fall the *Nightingall*,  
 Whose tender breast  
 Chants out *her* merrie *Madrigall*,  
 With *hawthorne* prest :  
*T'eu, T'eu*, thus sings she euen by euen,  
 And represents the melodie in heauen ;  
*T'is, T'is*,  
 I am not as I wish.

Rape-defiled *Phylomel*  
 In her sad mischance,  
 Tells what she is forc'd to tell,  
 While the *Satyres* dance :  
 Vnhappie I, quoth she, vnhappie I,  
 That am betraide by *Tereus* trecherie ;  
*T'is, T'is*,  
 I am not as I wish.

Chast-vnchast, defloured, yet  
 Spotlesse in heart,  
 Lust was all that *He* could get,  
 For all his art :  
 For I nere attention lent  
 To his fuite, nor gaue consent ;  
*T'is, T'is*,  
 I am not as I wish.

Thus

Thus hath faithlesse *Tereus* made  
 Heartlesse *Phylomele*  
 Mone her in her forlorne shade,  
 Where griefe I feele :  
*Griefe* that wounds *me* to the heart,  
 Which though gone, hath left her smart ;  
*T'is, T'is,*  
 I am not as I wish.



## THE LAPWING.

## 3. O D E.



Nhappie I to change my *aerie* nest,  
 For this same *marsh* dwelling where I  
 rest,

Wherefore my song while I repeate,  
 I'lle close it vp ;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Euery Cowheard driuing his beasts to graze,  
 Disturbs my rest, *me* from my *nest* doth raise,  
 Which makes my young take vp this song,  
 To wreake my wrong ;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Thou subtile *Stockdoue* that hast cheated me,  
 By taking vp thy *nest* where I should be,  
 Hast me and mine in perill fet,

X 3

Whose

Whose fong is fit ;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Solely-retired, see I liue alone,  
 Farre from recourse or fight of any *one*,  
 And well that life would fuite with me,  
 Were I but free ;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Young-ones I haue, that thinking I am fled,  
 Do leaue their *nest*, and run with *shell* on *head*,  
 And hauing found *me* out *we* cry,  
 Both they and I ;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Crest-curl'd mates why do you beare so long  
 The *Stockdoves* pride, that triumphs in your wrong  
 Let vs our signals once display,  
 And make him say ;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

Too tedious hath our bondage bene I wis,  
 And onely patience was the cause of this,  
 Where if we would contract our power,  
 We'de sing no more ;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*

March on then brauely, as if *Mars* were here,  
 And hate no gues't so much as *flauish* feare,  
 Let the proud *Stockdove* feele your wing,  
 That he may sing ;  
*Rue yet, rue yet.*



Wherein my natiue hue by *Art* abus'd,  
 I lay a new *complexion* on my cheeke,  
 Sending my *eyes* abroad futers to seeke,  
 And vying fashions with each day i' th weeke.

Nought I affected more then what was rare,  
 " Best things (if common) I did difesteeme,  
 Seld was I breathd on by the publike ayre,  
 " *For those are most admir'd are feldome seene,*  
 Which is, and hath a custome euer bene,  
 " Such as come oft abroad, we vulgar deeme.

Thus selfe-admir'd I liu'd, till thus transform'd,  
 I got a *feature* fitting with my *pride* :  
 For I that scorn'd others, now am scorn'd,  
 Had in disgrace, and in pursuite beside ;  
 May the like *fate* like spirits aye betide,  
 So worthleffe honour shall be soone defcride.

For *ruff* thick-set, a curle-wreathed *plume*,  
 Round 'bout my necke I weare, for *tyres* of gold  
 A downie *tuft* of *feathers* is my crowne,  
 For *fan* in hand my clawes a peach do hold,  
 And for those cates and dainties manifold,  
 " *A mouse I wish, but wants her when I would.*

Be well aduis'd then *Minions*, what you do,  
 " Portray my *feature*, and make *vse* of it,  
 What fell to *me* may likewise fall to you,  
 And then how daring-high so ere you fit,  
 Nought but dishonour shall your *pride* begit,  
 " Dead to report of *Vertue* as is fit.



## THE MERLIN.

## 5. ODE.

W
 Hence *Nifus*, whence,  
 Is this the fate of kings,  
 For arme on Scepter,  
 To be arm'd with wings?  
 Poore speckled *bird*, see how aspiring may  
 Degrade the high, and their estate betray.

Once Fortune made  
     *Nifus* her fauorite,  
 And rer'd his throne  
     To such vnbounded height,  
 That forreine states admir'd what *he* posselt,  
 Till *he ambition* nestled in his breast.

Till then how blest,  
     And after see how base  
 His *greatnesse* fell,  
     When rest of Princely grace ;  
 Those many fleering *Parasites* he gain'd,  
 In his successe, not one in want remain'd

*Cheffes* he weares  
     Now on his downie feete,

Where

Where once *guilt spurs*,  
 With store of pearle fet  
 Adorn'd his nimble heeles, and *hooded* now,  
 His *beuer* wants : this can *ambition* do.

Vp still *he* mounts,  
 And must a pleasure bring,  
 That once was king,  
 To meaner then a king ;  
 Where *he*, who once had *Falkners* at command,  
 Is faine to picke his meate from *Falkners* hand.

Imperious *fate*,  
 What canst not thou effect,  
 When thou perceiues  
 In man a dis-respect  
 Vnto thy honour, which we instanc'd see,  
 In no one *Nifus* better then in thee !

But *slow* bird *slow*,  
 See now the game's a foote,  
 And white-mailed *Nifus*,  
 He is flying to't ;  
 Scepter, Crowne, Throne & all that Princely were  
 Be now reduc'd to *feathers* in the ayre.



## THE SWALLOW.

## 6. O D E.



Ou chatt'ring *Fleere*, you *Faune*,  
 you *sommer-friend*,  
 Not following vs, but our suc-  
 cesse,  
 Will this your flatt'ring humour  
 nere haue end,

Of all other meritleffe ?

Flie I say, flie, be gone,

Haunt not here to *Albion* :

She should be spotleffe, as imports her *name*,  
 But such as *you* are borne to do her shame.

How many faire protests and solemne vowes,

Can your hatefull consorts make,

Wheras (heauen knows) these are but only shous

Which you do for profit-fake ?

O then leaue our coast and vs,

Blemish'd by your foule abuse,

Vertue can haue no being, nor could euer,

Where th' *Parasite* is deem'd a *happy liuer*.

Tale-tattling gossip, prone to carrie newes,

And such newes are euer worst,

Where false report finds matter, and renewes

Her itching humour till it burst,

Where

Where each euen finds tales enough,  
 All the gloomie winter through,  
 To passe the night away, and oft-times tries,  
 That *truth* gets friendship feldomer then *lies*.

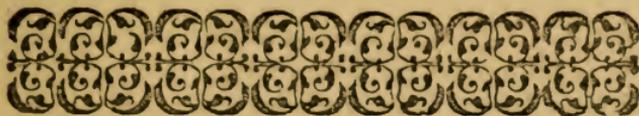
Spring-time when flowers adorne the chearefull  
 And each *bird* sings on her spray, (mede,  
 When flowry groues with blossoms checkered,  
 And each day seemes a marriage day,  
 Chatt'ring *Swallow* thou canst chuse  
 Then a time to visit vs :  
 Such are these fained friends make much vpon vs,  
 When we are *rich*, but being *poore* they shun vs.

The stormie *winter* with his hoarie locks,  
 When each branch hangs downe his head,  
 And icie flaws candies the ragged rocks,  
 Making *fields* discoloured,  
 Driues *thee* from vs and our coast,  
 Where in *spring-time* thou repo't ;  
 Thus thou remaines with *vs* in our delight,  
 But in our discontent th'art out of fight.

Time-feruing *humorist* that faunes on Time,  
 And no merit doest respect,  
 Who will not loath that fees that vaine of thine,  
 Where deserts are in neglect,  
 And the *good* is priz'd no more  
 Then the *ill*, if he be poore ?  
 Thou art the rich mans claw-backe, and depends  
 No more on men, then as their *trencher-friends*.

Go turne-taile go, we haue not here a *Spring*  
 For such temporizing mates,  
*Pan's* in our Ile, and he scornes *flattering* ;  
 So those *Guardians* of our States,  
 Who are early vp and late,  
 And of all, this *vice* doth hate :

*Flie tell-tale, flie, and if thou wilt, complaine thee,*  
*That Albyon's harsh, and will not entertaine thee.*



## THE FALL OF THE LEAFE.

## 7. O D E.

**F** *Lora* where's thy beauty now,  
 Thou was while'om wont to shew ?  
 Not a *branch* is to be seene,  
 Clad in *Adons* colour *greene* ;  
*Lambkins* now haue left their skip-  
 Lawn-frequenting *Fauns* their tripping ; (ping,  
 Earths bare breast feeles winters whipping,  
 And her brood the North-winds nipping.

Though the *Boxe* and *Cypresse* tree,  
 Weare their wonted liuerie,  
 And the little *Robin* scorne  
 To be danted with a storme,  
 Yet the *Shepherd* is not so,  
 When *He* cannot see for snow,  
 Nor the *flocks* which he doth owe,  
 And in drifts are buried low.

Nor

Nor the *Grazer*, discontent  
 That his fodder should be spent,  
 And when winter's scarce halfe-done,  
 All his stacks of hay are gone ;  
 Nor the *Lawyer*, that is glad  
 When a *motion's* to be had,  
 Nor poore *Tom*, though he be mad ;  
 " Cold makes *Tom* a *Bedlam* fad.

Nor the *Webster*, though his feete  
 By much motion get them heate,  
 Nor the knaue that curries leather,  
 Nor the cross-ledgg'd *Taylor* neither,  
 Nor at *glaff-worke*, where they doubt  
 Left their *costly fire* go out,  
 Nor the carefull carking *Lout*,  
 That doth toyle and trudge about.

No, nor th' *Ladie* in her coach,  
 But is muff'd when *frosts* approach,  
 Nor the crazie *Citizen*,  
 But is furr'd vp to the chin,  
*Oister-callet*, flie *Vpholster*,  
 Hooking *Huxster*, merrie *Malster*,  
 Cutting *Haxter*, courting *Roister*,  
 Cunning *Sharke*, nor sharking *foister*.

Thus we see how *Fall of th'leafe*,  
 Adds to each condition grieffe,  
 Onely two there be, whose wit  
 Make hereof a benefit ;  
*These*, conclusions try on man,

*Surgeon*

“ *Surgeon and Physician,*  
While it happens now and than,  
*Kill then cure* they sooner can !

Now's their time when trees are bare,  
Naked *scalps* haue lost their haire,  
Teeth drop out and leaue their gumms,  
Head and eyes are full of rheumes,  
Where if *Traders* strength do lacke,  
Or feele *aches* in their backe,  
Worse by odds then is the racke,  
*They* haue *drugs* within their packe.

Thus the hardest seasons come  
In good *season* vnto some,  
*Who* haue knowne (as it is meete)  
*Smell of gaine makes labour sweet* :  
But where labour reapeth losse,  
There accrews a double crosse ;  
First, fond cares his braine doth tosse,  
Next, his gold resolues to drosse.

FINIS.



To my knowing and wor-  
*thie esteemed friend* AVGV-  
 STINE VINCENT, all meri-  
*ting content.*

*Augustines  
 Vincentius.  
 Tute vincas  
 ingeniofus.*



Ay you be in  
 Your actions prosperous,  
 And as *ingenious*,  
 So victorious ;  
 So may your *fate*,  
 Smile on your happie name,  
 And crowne you with,  
 A glorious *Anagram* :  
 While *Vertue*,  
 (Mans best lustre) seemes to be,  
 That *style*, which stamps  
 You deepe in *Heraldrie*.

BRIT.



## BRITTANS BLISSE.

*A Pean of thanksgiuing for our long enjoyed  
peace vnder a gracious Soueraigne.*



Eace, Plentie, Pleasure,  
Honour, Harbour, Health,  
Peace, *to encrease*  
*In substance and in wealth ;*

*Plentie, to praise,*  
*Heauens Soueraigne the more,*  
*Pleasure, to solace vs*  
*Amidst our store,*  
*Honour, to guerdon*  
*Merit in our time,*  
*Harbour, to sit*  
*Each vnder his owne vine,*  
*Health, to enioy*  
*A blessing so deuine,*  
*Deriu'd from Iesses roote*  
*And Dauids line.*

Y

Health,

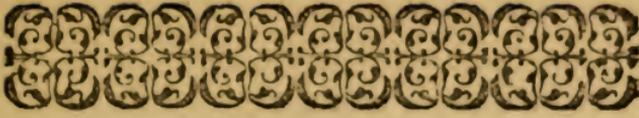
Health, Harbour, Honour,  
 Pleasure, Plentie, Peace,  
*Which from our Soueraigne  
 Haue their prime increase ;*  
 Health, *to performe*  
*Our distinct offices,*  
 Harbour, *to shroud vs*  
*From extremities,*  
 Honour, *to crowne*  
*The temples of desert,*  
 Pleasure, *to cheare*  
*The intellectuall part,*  
 Plentie, *to store*  
*Our hopes with all successe,*  
 Peace, *to accomplish*  
*Our full happinesse.*

*All which, by heauens hand powr'd on Albyon,*  
 Make vp a Catalogue to looke vpon ;  
 That for so many quiet *Halcyon* dayes,  
 Her precioust *prize*, might be her Makers praise.

---

*Pacis, honoris, amoris, Edena Britannica nostri,  
 Rege regente bono, leta trophæa gerit.*

*Vpon*



*Vpon the worthie and sincere Proficients  
and Professants of the common Law;  
an Encomiastick Poem.*



*L*aw is the *line*,  
Whose leuell is dispatch,  
A *lampe*, whose light shewes  
*Iustice* what is right,  
A *larke*, whose vnfeal'd eyes  
Keepes early watch,  
A *loome*, whose frame  
Cannot be sway'd by might,  
A *list*, where truth  
Puts iniury to flight ;  
Streight *line*, bright *lampe*,  
Sweete *larke*, strong *loome*, choice *list*,  
Guide, shine, shield, guard,  
And liue truths Martialist.

*Law* is the *sterne*,  
Which steares the ship of state,  
The glorious *stem*  
Whence *Iustice sciens* spring,  
The chæarefull starre,  
Which early shines and late,

The *staffe*, whose stay  
 Supports the languishing,  
 The *streame*, whose spring  
 Is euer cherishing ;  
 Rare *sterne*, rich *stem*, cleare *starre*,  
 Firme *staffe*, pure *streame*,  
 Steere, cheare, direct, support,  
 Refresh the *meane*.

Blest then are *you*,  
 Who labour to redresse  
 The poore mans case,  
 And meafure your contents  
 By shielding th'weake  
 From awfull mightinesse,  
 Like graue *Professants*,  
 Good *Proficients*,  
 Clozing with *equitie*  
 Your ioynt consents ;  
 'Tis you, 'tis you,  
 Who in this blemishd time,  
 Send out your lights  
 While other starrs decline.

When Greece in glory flourish'd,  
 She did reare  
 Some *Images* neare  
*Iustice* sacred throne,

Which

Which to be *lame* and *blind*  
 Portrayed were,  
 As proper obiects  
 To be look'd vpon,  
 Implying what  
 In *Iustice* should be done ;  
*Blind* to distinguish  
 Friend or foe, and *lame*,  
 From taking bribes,  
 To staine *Astræas* name.

Cleare *lights*, pure *lamps*,  
 Rare *stemms*, rich *streames* of life,  
 Who shine, beame, spring,  
 And draine your christall course  
 From *Iustice* throne,  
 To coole the heate of strife,  
 By curbing *aw* with *law*,  
 With *censure*, force,  
 To chastise with *restraint*,  
 Cheare with *remorse* ;  
 Long may *you* liue,  
 Since by your life *you* giue  
*Iustice* new breath,  
 And make *her* euer liue.

*Salus ciuitatis sita est in legibus.*

## IN MOMVM.

**Q**uid carpendo premis tua viscera ferrea Mome?  
 Momus, Mimus eris dum mea scripta premis.  
*Haud curo inuidiam, mea spes tenuissima tuta est,  
 Nam tuta est tenuis vena, sed alta minus.  
 Anguis es, & viridi latitans sub fronde, venenum  
 Eijcis, exiguo tempore inermis eris.  
 Non sum cui fortuna nocet, vel fata inuabunt,  
 Fata canunt magnis, non cecinere meis.  
 Non cecinere meis, licet ista poemata magnis  
 (Si mihi vota fauent) sint relegenda locis.*

Me paucis male à sapientibus esse probatum.

## IN ZOILVM.

**T**Exit ut exiguam subtilis Aranea telam,  
 \*Zoile sic scriptis tela retorque meis.  
*Torque, retorque, manet mea laus, mea gloria maior,  
 Quo magis exhausta est gloria maior erit.  
 Vlciſcar scriptis: tua mens tuus ultor adibit,  
 Inuidiæ stimulis mens tua puncta tuis.  
 Pone miser miseræ monumenta miserrima vitæ,  
 Vixisti misero more, miserq. mori.*

\* Mercurium in lingua, non in pectore geris.

## IN PARONEM.

**P**aro parem, nec habet nec habere optat,  
 Impar est præmijs, impar & laboribus;  
 Opera carpit mea studijs assidujs,  
 Tacet, attamen aliena carpit;

Inuisurum facilius quam imitaturum. Zeuxes.

O quantæ tenebræ tenuere locum,  
 Tuum, *Cymmerijs* inuolutum vmbriſ?  
 Vt minus afflares aliorum operibus,  
*Opera corrigis, emendare nequis;*  
 Oleum & operam perdidit *Paro*  
 Per aurea ſecula tranſeat *Maro*.  
 Non plura referam, reticere iuuat,  
 Si tu maleuolam reprimes linguam,  
 Sin male dicendo pergas diſpergere  
 Hiſce teterrima crimina ſcriptis,  
 Scribam, liuorem irritare magis  
 Torquendo rigidi viſcera *Paronis*.

Vid. Martial. in.  
 Lib. 3. Epigr.  
 in Zoilum.  
 Coniua quiſ-  
 quis Zoili po-  
 teſt eſſe, &c.  
 — rumpantur  
 ilia *Codri* inui-  
 dia.

Creſcant &  
 crepant. Vid.  
 Apotheg.

## AD INVIDVM.

Exeat Menippus.

**I** *Nuidus vlcifcens vltor ſibi maximus eſſet,*  
*Nam ſtupet ille malis ſic periendo fuiſ.*

## AD SEIPSVM.

Intret Ariſtippus.

**T** *V tibi reſ ſolitus non te ſubiungere rebus,*  
*Me peritura doces ſpernere, ſpreta pati.*

FINIS.



*Danc'd are my Measures, now I must repose,  
 (Retire at least) and laugh at vertues foes,  
 Who let them frowne, fume, fret, this is my Mot,  
 My spirit's about their spite ; I feare them not.*

Faults are as obuious to bookes in Presse, as mis-  
 construction after. Do me the fauour to correct  
 such escapes with thy *pen* as are past in the *Print* :  
 for *such* as are more consequent they are here no-  
 ted, for the impertinent they are to thy discreeter  
 iudgement referred.

### *Errata.*

Pag. Tab. for subihct, reade in some coppies subiect.  
 pag. 48. line vlt. for liuer. leaue. pag.. 51. l. 15. for thas, r. that  
 p.68.l.16.for suppreffed, r. suppreft. p. 79. l. 14. for heare, r. feare.  
 p. 110. l. vlt. for marks, marts. p. 160. l. 8. for excellent, r.exqui-  
 site. p. 161. l. 1. adde, are euer to be. p. 164. for eminent, r.immi-  
 nent. ibid. tit. ψεσδολ. ψεσδοφ. πολυγοτ. p. 209. in marg. adde,  
 iffue.



*α*





Sy

200  
Dartmouth  
A +

