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Hunterian Club

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Reprint

1875

POETICAL RECREATIONS

ALEXANDER CRAIG

OF HUNTERTOWN

*Published by the Hunterian Club*

1875

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1875

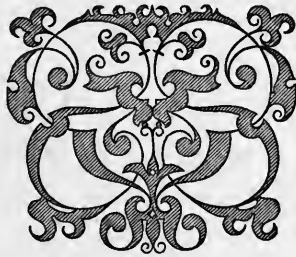






THE  
P O E T I C A L  
R E C R E A T I O N S

OF M<sup>r</sup>. ALEXANDER CRAIG  
OF ROSECRAIG.



AT EDINBURGH

Printed by *Thomas Finlason*. 1609.

WITH LICENCE.

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TO VIND  
ALIBO LIAO



TO

THE MOST HONORABLE MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD AND PATRON  
G. E. OF DVNBAR, LORD AND GOVERNOVR OF BERWICK, HEIGH

*Thesaurer of Scotland, great Maister of the Minerals there, Lieutenant of the middle Shyres of Great Britane, one of his Majesties honorable privie Counsell, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter.*

**W**HEN PHILIP OF Macedon came to conquere Corinth, the carefull Corinthians did fortifie their ruined walles, some caried stones, some trees, some lyme, some clenged and dressed their armour, some taught & trained the neoterick sagers; no man was found idle to withstand the common enimie saue Diogenes, he vn-able for any service

A 2

*vice in the republick, did roll himselfe in his Tub vp and downe the streets. One of his familiars asked what he did: Al the Corinthians (answered Diogenes) are bussie, and I must be doing something: Each man (my honorable good Lord) at this great Court of Parliament is bussie, and lest I alone like Diogenes be noted as idle, I will roll my selfe in these foolish rymes vp and downe the streetes; that it may be said I am doing something: the goodes and children of the bond-man belong to the master: These passions are my goodes, or rather my children Minerva-like borne from their fathers brane, without a mother, and so due to your L. Take then your owne (dear Lord) from this hand, who according to the antient custome hath bored his eare with a boidkene, to shew that he shall still remaine your Honors most faithfully devoted and voluntarie slaue.*

AL. CRAIG.





## TO THE READER.

EXcuse me (good Reader) for the methodlesse placing of these Passions: They are my children, you haue them as they were borne: And so the Primo-genit must haue the prioritie at the Presse. Amongst so many children some must mis-thriue and proue naight: Cherishe (I pray thee) the good, and leaue the faultie to be reformed by their father.

*Fair-wel.*





TO HIS MOST EX-  
CELLENT MAIESTIE

THE HVMBLE PETITION OF  
his Heighnes Orator AL. CRAIG  
*at Christmas in VWhitehall.*

**A** *Pelles* some-time came  
To *Ptolomæus* feaft,  
And had well nye return'd againe  
Inglorius and disgrac't.  
For *Ptolomæus* ask'd,  
Who cald him to that place,  
Then with a coale vpon the wall,  
He painted *Planus* face.  
The King knew *Planus* well,  
And did at once proteft  
That hee should fast, and hee would feaft  
*Appelles* with the best.  
So am I come Great King,  
Vnto thy Christmas chere,  
And Povertie against my will,  
Invit's me to be heere.  
You are a greater King  
Then *Lagus* sonne, altho

With

With *Ægypt, Afric*, he vsurpt,  
 And was th' *Arabians* fo.  
 Let Povertie I pray,  
 Receaue his due disgrace :  
 And let thy Poet at this feast  
 Supplie the Painters place.  
 But *Lacon* some-time said  
 Vnto a begging slaue,  
 Giue what I will it is thy craft  
 To beg, and ever craue.  
 Be not affrai'd for that,  
 (Thogh for this time J cry)  
 Jf succurd once, nor seeke againe  
 J rather sterue and dye.

## COMPLAINT TO HIS

### *M a j e s t i e.*

**L** *Oue, Want*, and *Cares*, all contrare me conspyre,  
 First, second, last, for me too many bee :  
*Want* breakes my heart, and drown's my high desyre,  
 And makes my Muse so lowe a course to flee.  
 But were J rich, the cruell fair wold rew,  
 Thenould J sing and bid my *Cares* adew.

O happie Artift, and Mechanick slaue,  
 Thou ma'ft a price vpon thy paines impose :  
 My wair is such, I know not what to craue,  
 And so but looke both Loue and Lynes I lose :  
 Strange thing betwix my Soueraigne and my fant,  
 I waift my wits, and rape but woes and want.

Yet

Yet might these two reward me if they wold,  
And purge me both from povertie and paine :  
She with good wil, my royall Syre with gold,  
And so preferue, and faue their slaue vn-flane.  
With modest lookes, and silent sighs J ferue,  
The shameles begger thriu's, and yet I sterue.

## TO JOHN LORD RAMSAY

*Vicunt of Hadington, the Author be-  
moneth his hard Fortunes in England.*

**A**Las, why fould *Calisthenes* remaine  
Where *Agis* both and *Cleo* beare the fway,  
These Sicophants and Parasites profaine,  
Draw *Macedoes* magnific minde astray :  
Jf *Aristip* in Court make any stay,  
Some Tyran straight shall spit into his face,  
Thus feeling ill, and fearing worse each day,  
A miriad of mis-fortunes I embrace.  
How carefull is *Entimeon* poore thy case  
At home, abroad, since Fortun is thy foe ;  
But ere thou turne to Grieece with more disgrace,  
Jn Persia die, and there intomb thy woe :  
To him that liues, and must die Fortunes slaue,  
Jf nothing else, good Persians grant a graue.

AD



AD EVNDEM DE EODEM.

Beyond the Mountains of the frostie North,  
I some-time seru'd a *Caledonian* Dame:  
The first of all for *Vertue*, *wit*, and *worth*,  
That ever yet adorn'd the rols of fame:  
She fed my heart on fanfies sweetest flame,  
Yet haue I left both heart and her behind,  
And to this land spoild of my heart I came  
To follow Fortune, which J can not find:  
Strange is the state wherein I stand, J see  
Twix Fortune heere, and my affections there:  
I fled from these, this flees againe from mee,  
Here *Povertie*, and yonder springs *Dispare*.  
Blind *Cupid* thus, blind *Fortune* are againe mee,  
My *Loue* at home, my *Luck* abrod difdaine mee.

NEW YEARE GIFT TO  
*his Majestie.*

TO *Cresus* rich shall *Codrus* gifts propyne,  
To *Maro* wife must *Mevius* ryms present:  
O pearles Prince, O Poet most divyne,  
My Mufe is dead, my moyen all is spent:  
Wife *Maro* writ, weake *Mevius* wonder ay,  
Rich *Cresus* giue, poore *Codrus* beg and pray.

B

TO

TO HIS MAJESTIE IN NAME  
*of his Noble Master.*

**T**He faithfull heart is ever fraught with feare,  
And jelousie is still conjoind with loue:  
How can J then (dread Liege) be frie from care,  
Since from thy fight J see J must remoue:  
    And thou my *Phosphor*, yea my *Phœbus* bright,  
    Whose prefence day, whose absence breeds my night

Yet feare J not for that within thy minde,  
That ouglie ghaift *vnkindnes* can haue place:  
But cause J know, some claw-backs are inclinde  
With all their force my Fortunes to disgrace:  
    Be thou the poynt, and J the circling line,  
    Mine be the pangs, and all the pleafurs thine.

J'le kyth a constant *Palinure* to thee,  
A trustie steirf-man both in storme and calme;  
That in my works the wondring world shall see  
The truest hand, that ever held a helme:  
    Thogh (I confesse) I am not skild like him,  
    Yet let me sink, so sweet *Æneas* swim.

Thus will J goe, because thou do'ft command,  
Even for thy sake from out thy fight some space:  
And after kissing of thy sacred hand,  
J pray the Gods protege thy state in peace:  
    And when J cease for to be true to thee,  
    Curst be my life, and wretched may J dye.

TO

## TO MY LORD SARVSBVRIE.

**T**Wo potent Kings over *Siciles* two Empyre,  
That famous Ile where *Siracusa* stood:  
Where gainst the heavens *Encelad* vomes his fyre,  
King *Philip* bruks with much *Iberian* blood:  
But wise King *James* (O blest and happie case)  
Commands a *Cecill* of more price in peace.

## TO MY LORD HAY, AT HIS LE- *gation to France.*

**S**ince thou must fail to see the *Celtick* shore,  
From titular to him that keeps the Crown:  
Which with thy Name thy Nation shall decore,  
And fett more quils to further thy renown:  
My wishes both, and prayers shall attend thee,  
At home, abroad, the living Lord defend thee.

## TO MY LORD ADMIRALL AT *his mariage with Ladie Margaret Stewart.*

**M***Ars, Hercules, and Iupiter* we finde,  
With *Venus, Lyda, Leda* were in loue,  
And for obedience to the Archer blind,  
The *Sword, the Club, and Scepter* they remoue:  
And *Neptuns* deput leau's the fomie strand,  
To pearse a *Margarit* fet from *Murray* land.

B<sub>2</sub>

A

*A Counsell to Courteours.*

**T**He bibull Spoynge in tepid water set,  
Drinks till it fill each small and greedie pore:  
But if the Barber in his hand it get,  
He wrings all out, which it hath drunk a fore:  
    You that in Court with Kings and Princes stay,  
    Mark well in minde the water-spoynge I pray.

For if you stand on top of Fortunes wheele,  
Beware lest with the bibull spoynge you swal,  
Drink not too much as gluttons, govern well,  
Clim not too hie, in case you catch a fall:  
    The King makes vp, the King againe makes downe,  
    Both wealth and wrack awaits vpon a Crowne.

To my Lady Hartfurde at his Majesties  
*first progres to Totnem.*

*There the wyld farne smelled as sweet as perfume, naturally.*

**T**He tempest beat and falling *Farne* (fair Dame)  
Receaves new life, new strength, new smell wee see:  
And for thy sake thy Sovereigne weares the same  
Heigh on his head to ferue and honour thee:  
    These are the frutes thy bewtie braue brings forth,  
    Thy least propynes are valued of most worth.

TO

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND M<sup>r</sup>. AL.

DICKSON M<sup>r</sup>. of the Art of *Memorie* who  
*died at winchester in England.*

E P I T A P H.

**T**Hat *Thracian* forme at birth of friends to weepe,  
And to be glad when as againe they dye:  
My sigh-swolne heart can not content to keepe,  
Since J deare friend must sigh, and murne for thee.  
Now haue I lof'd my second selfe I see,  
To whom shall J (since thou art dead) bemone:  
Most rich of all (the *Scythians* say) is hee  
That hath true friends, now I, alas, have none:  
No other death of ould the *Hircans* choof'd,  
But to be kild by these same dogs they fed:  
Displeasure so to be ingrattie vs'd,  
Hath broght braue *Dickson* to his cognat bed.  
Thou taught the Art of *Memorie* to those  
That seemd thy friends, yet prou'd in end thy foes.

TO HIS VNKINDE FRIEND.

**O**F all the wounds whereof that Roman great,  
Braue *Iulius Cæsar* in the fenat died:  
The wounds from *Brutus* (burreau most ingrate)  
Did grieue him most, on *Brutus* still he cri'd:  
So were my life to take laft leaue of mee,  
Still wold I cry (*vnkinde, vnkinde*) on thee.

TO

## TO HIS CVSNING FRIEND.

**A** *Thenian Chares* promis'd much to many,  
Most prodigall of smooth perfwading words:  
And yet perform'd no thing at all to any,  
Such are the frutes false eloquence affords:  
Like *Larus* leane of flesh he had no store,  
But multitude of fethers fair, no more.

Since *Chares* thus concludes to play the knaue,  
And still persists proud, impius, false, profane:  
Shall he begyle, and gull me like the laue,  
Yes, faith, once more to exercise his vane:  
Yet since experience *Chares* maks me wise,  
I shrew my heart, and thou begyle me thrife.

## TO COVETOVVS COVRTIERS.

**A** Greedie Moufe did by a privat way  
Steale to the pantrie of a wealthie man:  
VWhere many dishes were, and wold assay  
Each dish of all: but at the last began  
To teast an Oifter, when her guts were filled,  
The Oifter clos'd, and thus the Moufe was killed.

Thou that hast crept in credit but by stealth,  
And teasts each dish, sib to the greedie Moufe:  
VWho builds and maks of others wrack thy wealth,  
And foulles man will not oversee a fouse:  
Thogh Prince behold, and privat men must thol thee,  
Some sharp-sheld oifter some-time fall controll thee.

TO

## TO VIRTEOVS AND NOBLE

*Cynthia.*

**F**ane wold J render thanks for thy good-will:  
But thanks are words, and words compense no deeds,  
And thus must J remain thy debter still,  
For which my heart within my bosome bleeds:  
But if it chance that in thy debt I die,  
My froward Fortune hath the fault, not I.

## TO HIS DEAR FRIEND, AND

*fellow student* M<sup>r</sup>. Robert AEton.

**S**ing swift hoof'd *Æthon* to thy matchles selfe,  
And be not filent in this pleasant spring:  
I am thy Echo, and thy Aerie elf,  
The latter strains of thy sweet tunes I'll sing:  
Ah, shall thy Muse no further frutes forth-bring,  
But *Basia* bare, and wilt thou write no more  
To higher notes, J pray thee tune thy string:  
Be still admir'd as thou hast bene of yore,  
Write *Æthon* writ, let not thy vain decay,  
Least we become *Cymerians* dark, or worse.  
If *Æthon* faill, the Sun his course must stay,  
For, *Phæbus* Chariot laks the cheefest horse:  
Thogh Fortun frown, ah, why should vertue die,  
Sing *Æthon* sing, and J shall Echo thee.

AE-

## AETHON

CRAGIO SVO.

FANE wold I fing, if fongs my thoughts culd ease,  
Or calme the tempest of my troubled mynde:  
Fane wold J force my filent Muse to please,  
The gallant humor of thy wanton vane:  
But O a miser mancipat to paine,  
Sould flauē to forrow, wedded to mischief,  
By mirth of fongs, perhaps more greefe might gane,  
Jn vane of them J should expect releif:  
Then sacred *Craig* if thou wold ease my greef,  
Jnvite me not to wantonize with thee:  
But tune thy notes vnto my mourning cleif,  
And when J weepe, weepe thou to Echo mee.  
Perhaps the teares that from a *Craig* shall floe,  
May proue a Sovereigne balme to cure my woe.

## AGAINST THE SELLERS *of Tobacco.*

THOU that hast made of felling smoak a trade,  
And Jew and Gentill but remorse do'ft gull,  
And by these base *Nicotian* bleads are glade  
To spoill, mar, blek, the stomach, brane, and skull:  
As thou deseru'ft *Turinus*-like J doome thee,  
By felling smoak thou liv'ft, let smoak consume thee.

TO



TO HIS LORD AND M<sup>r</sup>. GEORGE  
Earle of Dunbar.

**B**Raue *Alcibiad* curious once to know  
If all were frinds, that so appeard to bee,  
To each of all in secreet he did show,  
The purtrate of a new-flane-man, faid hee:  
This is a friend whom J haue kild, J pray  
Jn quiet forme come cary him away.

Yet none of all that Crew wold giue consent,  
Nor help to put the painted tree a part:  
Saue *Kallias* kinde, who only was content,  
Hap what might hap, to help with hand and hart:  
Such is my luck (most loving Lord) I fee,  
J haue not found a *Kallias* kinde, but thee.

Thou art the great *Mæccenas* of my Muse,  
My patron, Lord, my Master, and my All:  
Whom (whil J liue) but change in me I chuse,  
To loue, to serue, and to attend as thrall:  
Thogh time and absence breed suspect, what than?  
J am in spight of Fortuns nose thy man:

*TO LADIE ANNA HAY COVNTES OF  
Winton, one of the Ladies of her Majesties most  
royall bed chalmer, at her return from England.*

**A**H, whither now sweet Ladie wilt thou go?  
From Court to Cuntrie, what new change is this?  
And wilt thou needst (fweet Sant) be gone? and so  
Bereauue south-Britan of so rare a blis,  
Yes thou must go, J see there is no stay,  
And take ten thousand Thousand hearts away.

C

Take

Take then my heart, my better part with thee,  
My wishes, vow's, my prayers, all these all:  
For J am thine devoted till J die,  
And still shall beare the bloodie yock as thrall:  
And when my head shall turne to hoarie gray,  
The world shall see that I shall serue *An Hay*.

A DISSVVASION TO HIS  
*friend from his intended mariage.*

**F**Air famous Ile where *Zoroastres* raig'n'd,  
Where *Bactrum* once the statelie cittie flood:  
VVhich (when th'ould name *Ariaspe*) was disdain'd,  
VVas *Bactria* cal'd from fertill *Bactrus* flood;  
VVhere some-time *Ceter*, *Arams* sonne began,  
Of thoufand citties the foundation fure.  
In thee the wyues abuse the married man,  
And both with flaue and stranger play the whoore,  
The Dame with Distaff beats her yeelding Lord,  
And for her pryde but punishment skaips free:  
And poore *Acteon* dare not speak one word,  
From *Bactrian* wyues the Lord deliver thee:  
Nor lead a life infamous, heart-brock, thrall,  
Far better were to wed no wife at all.

A

*A DESCRIPTION OF A PAR-  
dond, yet still vnrepenting proditor Plexirtus.*

**W**Hen false and proud *Plexirtus* did conspire,  
His King and Lord *Leonat* to dethrone:  
He found the fates were foes to his desire,  
At last when all his bastard-hopes were gone,  
A halter fair about his hals he tyes,  
And on the Prince for pardon still he cryes.

The Clement King *Leonat* was contented  
To pardon all his faults and fould offences:  
And yet we read the Rebell noight repented,  
Saue that he could not practize his pretenses:  
It's pittie then the Prince can not perceauē,  
*Plexirtus* was, and will be still a knaue.

*EPITAPH OF IOHN FIRST MAR-  
ques of Hammilton.*

**B**lest was thy life, and blessed didst thou die,  
Thy Oyle was burning, and thy Lamp gaue light,  
VVhen lifes prouwd foe, pale death did summond thee  
To render earth her due, and heavens their right:  
Thogh death did then thy foule and bodie fever,  
Once thou shalt be conjoind, and liue for ever.

*Aliud.*

**H**ere rests within this Tomb of truth th' unmatched zealc  
The father, & the faithful friēd, of Church & cōmon wel:  
In storme and calme inclin'd to doe his Kings command,  
Of peace the parent, child of Mars, cheef glorie of the land.

C 2

*Fortuna*

*FORTVNA SAEVO LAETA NEGO-*

*tio: transmutat incertos honores.*

**S**Trange are the changes of this changing age,  
The cloun turns knight, the knight again turns cloun:  
Now is he Lord, who, was of late a page,  
And he that threatned all, is now thrown doun:  
Thrise happie he, whose heart can be content,  
To serue his God in peace with sober rent.

*To his afflicted friend.*

**I**N wether fair, and in a temperat spring,  
The waikest bird with warbling songs will foare,  
But in a storme, or winters rage to sing  
With mirrie notes, deserues a praise much more:  
Thy spring is gone, thy winter growes, O than  
Sing sweetlie now, and shew thy selfe a man.

*To his fortunate friend.*

**T**He *Fox* and *Kat*, were walking by the way,  
(As *Æsop* fains) and lo for all his wits  
The *Fox* became to hungrie hounds a pray,  
Whilst in a trie the *Kat* securlie fits.  
Since *Foxes* false (dear friend) must fall, and die,  
Climb with the *Kat*, and make the truth thy trie.

*Vivitur*

*Vivitur parvo bene.*

HE that can walk on ground that's fair and plane,  
Shall feldome fall, or if he chance to fall,  
He meafures but his lenth, he'll rife agane,  
And haue no harme, nor any hurt at all:  
But he muft fall of force that climbs too hie,  
And if he fall, it's ten to one he'll die.

Heigh hoifed failes giue vantage to the ftorme,  
And if thy ftate be ftately, large, and fair,  
The farer mark for mischief to deforme,  
With fplightfull fport proud Fortun play's her there:  
Fair marks are hit with fhots and shafts mifchivous,  
Which make the wounds more deep & much more  
grievous.

Contented *Codrus* with his Cuntrie Dame,  
Suppofe his Farme were fet on fire he fear's not,  
His wife and he will warme them with the flame,  
Come what can come, his compts are caft, he cares not:  
Jf want and wealth were alwaies at my will,  
Away with wealth, let me be *Codrus* still.

*A Prayer for his imprifoned friend.*

THE famous *Persians* had a forme, we reed,  
That if a Noble were condemd to dee,  
They spar'd himfelfe, and hang'd his cloaths with fpeed,  
Poore prifoner, God grant the like to thee:  
*Vcalegon* his houfe is fet on fire,  
A neighbor kinde wold quench left it burne nyer.

When *Pollio* proud did to his feaft requyre  
*Augustus Cæfar*, at a folemne time:

He

He needs wold kill a seruing slaue in yre,  
For breaking of a banquet glasse, small crime:  
    But *Cæsar* said, poore slaue, thou shalt not dee,  
    Th'offence is naight, feare is enough for thee.

*To Idea for his long absence.*

**A** *Tilius* ruler of the Roman host,  
Beg'd leaue his wife and children deare, to see  
His poore effairs he did performe with post,  
And made returne with all the hast might bee,  
    He was for this no run-away, but rather  
    A loving husband, and a faithfull father.

I haue like him (wife Dame) at home a wife,  
With whom in peace the poasting hours I spend,  
Yet will J loue thee, whill J haue a life,  
And till J die my loue shall never end:  
    My poore Adoes withdraw me oft from thee,  
    Yet where thou art, my heart shall ever bee.

*To eloquent Erantina.*

**C** *Lcombrotus* a Heathen man did heare  
Wife *Plato*, with such reverence and respect:  
As for the loue he to his lessons beare,  
He went abroad (kinde man) and brok his neck:  
    Thy charming words inchant me so that J  
    Doe nothing now, but mourne, sigh, weep, and die.

TO

*To his absent and loving Lesbia.*

**D**EARE heart, dear heart, dear, dear, dear heart againe,  
More dear then writ can shew, or waxe can feale:  
O! if thou knew the care, the woe, the paine  
I felt since last I tooke from thee fair-well:  
    The night in black chimerick thoghts I spend,  
    Ere *Phlegon* rise, I with the day to end.

The dark is lothfome, and the day femes long,  
Because, alas, J am not where thou art:  
This is not mine, but frowning Fortunes wrong,  
Yet hope (deare heart) vp-holds my dying heart:  
    Look then for me, before few dayes take end,  
    Till when my thoghts to thine, I doe commend.

*To absent Idea.*

**W**ITH puissant pow'r when princely *Pompey* went,  
And made him for *Pharfalic* battell bowne:  
With heavie hearts his fogeors did lament,  
And oft look'd back to Rome their natiue towne:  
    Each in him selfe a civil combat felt,  
    To leaue the place wher friends, wiues, childrē dwelt.

I may for this be deem'd a Roman borne,  
I am so full of kindnesse and of loue,  
In deepest fort (deare heart) I dare be sworne,  
My minde from thee no distance may remoue:  
    And for thy sake (beare witnesse naked God)  
    I loue thy *Bowns* wherein thou mak'ft abod.

TO

*To Idea at her bownes.*

**A**H, whither now (sweet Sant) art thou retired?  
Souls-ravifer, alas, where art thou gone?  
Thy bewtie now can be no more admired,  
Since thou delightst to lurke and liue alone:  
Now *Hermit*-like thou hanst, the more the pittie,  
And for the Farme forbear's the famous Cittie.

Look to thy selfe, thou dwel'st too neere the sea,  
*Neptun* no doubt will from those rocks bereaue thee:  
And with his wife divorce for loue of thee:  
Yet am I glade, none but a God must haue thee:  
VVhen winds and waves, and all are at thy will,  
Proue not vnkinde, J pray thee loue me still.

*TO HIS BANISHED FRIEND*

**T**Wo wofull weeds, the mother Church must weare,  
One Crimson rid, the other mourning black:  
The black betokneth sorrow, paine, and care,  
The rid bods death, fearece persecution, wrack:  
It maters not what rags she beare abroad,  
Once she'll be cloth'd in robs of white with God.

*To his singular good Lord and Master.*

**L**ong mai'st thou liue an argument of praise,  
A lordlie subject to my loving pen,  
That on thy worth the wondring world may gaife,  
A magistrat admir'd amongst all men.  
Yea, more and more heavens grant thee from aboue,  
The Makers mercie, and the Masters loue.

*Bene*



*Auream quisquis mediocritatem.*

**I**T merits praise to manage litle well,  
A cunning coachman turns in litle rounge:  
In poore estate a rich content I feell,  
And smyle to see a wretches wealth consume:  
J'll studie then to steward what J haue,  
And not be curious more and more to craue.

*His regrate for the lose of time at Court.*

**O** How Time slips, and flelie flids away,  
God is forgot, and woe is me therefore:  
J waste the night, and weare away the day,  
I sleepe, dres, feed, talke, sport, and doe no more:  
Far better were with care to haue redemed,  
Nor fell for nocht the thing I most esteemed.

*To his aspyring friend.*

**S**ince charge and honor march together still  
For charge but honour were a toyle too great:  
And honor but a charge were ease at will,  
To want them both is not the worst estate:  
I loath those loads which lightnesse first pretend,  
But break the neck before the journeyes end.

*Nulla dies sine linea.*

**T**He standing poole will quicklie stink and rott,  
The currant streame is cleanlie both and cleare:  
The idle man is Sathans prey, God wott,  
A verteous minde the Devill darr not draw neare,  
My fantasies can profit few, and yet  
It hurteth none, but doth me good to writ.

D

*The*

*The praise of Glad-povertie.*

**T**Hree sorts of men vnto the market go,  
One buyes, one selles, an other doth behold,  
Great greef and care is in the former two,  
Th'expectant waiks secure and vncontrold.

He liu's (poore man) contented with his lot,  
Vfing the world as if he vſ'd it not.

*His vnambitious minde.*

**T**Hree things there be for which J'll not contend,  
The *way*, the *wall*, and *Tables* highest feat:  
What foole is he will frown, or yet offend  
For any place, fo hee can reach his meat.

But in good faith, the idleft strife of all,  
Js in my judgement for the way, or wall.

*To his friend who seemd sorie when he left Court.*

**I** Scorne to liue at Court, because J spy  
The wicked heaps vp wealth, the foole hath grace:  
The wise man weeps, and in disgrace must die,  
And vanitie must march in vertues place:

Far better were on shore secure t' abide,  
Nor fail in vane against both wind and tide.

*Against Pryde.*

**T**H' ambitious man no greater foe can haue,  
Then is himselfe, for whilst he still aspires,  
He grinds his heart for greef vnto the graue,  
With foolish hopes, with fear's, and fond desires:  
*God* grant my pryde may grow to this degree,  
Jn earth his child, in heaven his Sant to bee.

*To vnfortunat and pure Æmilian at Court.*

**E**Milian begs with heart half-brok for sorrow,  
Yet finds not frute at all, but long delay:  
As leaue me now, or come againe to morrow,  
My lasure serues not yet, I pray thee stay:  
None pitties thee *Æmilian*, do not griue,  
They get no thing, that haue no thing to giue.

*That he neither loues to be too glad nor too sad.*

**I**Oyes come like oxen heaue peaf'd and slo,  
But tak their leaue like horses running post:  
Greifs come at post, on foot againe they go,  
And leaue sad discontentment with their host:  
Both *Ioys* and *Griefs* as passingers J'il vse,  
They shall not be my ghaifts, if J can chuse.

*His contents at his Tugur.*

**W**hen lose of *Tyme* at Court was all my gane,  
To take my leaue, J thought it was my best:  
And in some privat mansion to remaine,  
Where J might frie from Envyes rage take rest:  
Now blest be God, no Portar bars my doore  
By day, by night none keeps me but my kurre.

*Against ignorance and ill example.*

**T**He law of God is Lanterne full of light,  
And good example beares this Lantern still:  
Which shews the way to walk, and march vpright,  
To doe all good, and to decline from ill:  
Without this light who walks, he can not see,  
And such (will God) shall be no gyde to thee.

*The*

*To Mistres Hartfide at Orknay her natall foyle.*

**P**Roscribed *Orcas* thogh J hate thy forms,  
J muft commend and praife thy courage fill,  
I faw thee proue both wife and stout in ftorms,  
And thou art barren fore againft my will:  
For had thou fonnes of thy *Amazon* ftamp;  
They might be Captains of the Emperors camp.

*Perswasions of certainties are vnnecessarie.*

**N**O greater fools then *Philodoxes* fond,  
And fuch as loue opinions of their own:  
Thy wit (wife *Plato*) when I think vpon'd,  
Made men to doubt on things that were well known:  
Thefe *Why, How, What*, mad questions of thy fchools,  
Wold make the wife men of our age feeme fools.

*Against drunkards and lickers.*

**I**N finfull *Sodome* to liue cleane and poore,  
In *Asia* chafte amid allurements fuch:  
To hate in Rome the bordell and the whoore,  
And to be fill abftemius with a Dutch:  
Do'th merit praife, yet this much with correction,  
J find but few can haunt them but infection.

*To his Lord and Master G. E. Dunbar.*

**A**Las, that Time fhould be a foe to fame,  
To clip the wings of true report in rage:  
Alas, that th'earth fhould march a noble name:  
Like to a bird that's compaft with a kage:  
Fame clip'd with time, & hemb'd with earth's embrace  
By Poëts yet out-ftrips both time and place.

Thy

Thy fame (dear Lord) is frie from all difgrace,  
(Still be it fo till fire diffolue this frame)  
Till when about the worlds broad fpacious face,  
My ryms fhall run t'immortalize thy Name:  
    Foill to thy fame no time, no place fhall giue,  
    So long as *Craig*, or yet his lines can liue.

*Againft ingratitude.*

**F**irft let me die before I proue ingrate,  
No, let the earth devore me ere J die:  
Before I liue in fuch a wretched ftate,  
To haue no hand but one, no tongue to cry:  
    Vnthankfull mouths are graues, then if J take,  
    I will at leaft giue praife and prayers back.

*To his Lord and Master to be ware of envy.*

**D**eepe danger lyes (deare Lord) in fmootherft looks,  
Envy is falfe, and waits thee at thy back:  
The poyfning bate is hung at golden hooks,  
They ferue as friends that fane wold fee thy wrack.  
    Envy awaits on vertue as her flauie,  
    Yet ftill delights in digging vertues graue.

O pale Envy, the ouldeft childe of Pryd,  
The Dame of Murther, Treafons onely nurfe,  
Of glore the ftane, of fquint-ey'd fraud the bryd:  
The bleffe of Hell, and Heavens cheefeft curfe.  
    God grant my Lord be harmeles from thy hate,  
    Thy blood thy drink, thine owne heart be thy meat.

*To*

To JOHN EARLE OF MONTROSE  
*first Vice-Roy of Scotland.*

EPITAPH.

IF *Rhadamanthus* in th'Elifian field,  
VVith *Æacus* and *Minos* Judges bec.  
And Gods over ghosts, they all of due muft yeeld,  
For Piëtie, Truth, Justice, place to thee:  
At least *Montroes* for *Minos* muft command,  
And beare his Scepter in the blessed land.

*The Rapt of Proserpina.*

S Hall *Ceres* daughter still remane at hell?  
Shall *Pluto* comb her curling loks of amber?  
Shall bewtie braue in loathsome bondage dwell?  
And be imprifon'd in a pitch-black chamber?  
Ah, sleuthfull *Ceres*, thou art much to blame,  
Thy negligence hath broght thy child to shame.

*Proserpina* hath bewtie both and wealth.  
A pleasant prey entfeth many a theif:  
Of bewtie rapt, of riches muft be stealth,  
And from the hels we heare is no releif:  
*Proserpina* is *Plutoes* wife it's known,  
The devill is black, yet let him bruke his own.

TO

*Against Sycophants and Parasits.*

**F**alse Sycophant that wrongs the virtuous name,  
Proud Parasit thou poysons him that hear's thee:  
And brings the absent to disgrace and shame,  
Who neither cares for forged lies, nor fear's thee:  
When Titan shyns we see the vermin swarme,  
Thou dwel'st at court because thou know'st it's warm.

False flattering foole, thou art but friendships Ape,  
Camelion-like thou change'st every hew,  
Sauce white alone: thou loath's an honest shape.  
As cheef companion of the cursed crew:  
Proud Trencher flee thy pan'sh once fild, thou'll goe  
And proue to him that feeds thee best a foe.

*The praise of humilitie in his L. and M.*

**I**T seems (me think) a thing of small effect,  
When Fortun frowns for to be meek and lowlie:  
But he that can eies, heart, looks thoughts, deject,  
When Fortun fauns is happie both and holie:  
He looks like God, and hath his makers show,  
Whose pow'r is much, whose sprit is meek and low.

*Of true friendship.*

**I**N shadie night the glow-worme shines like fire,  
And yet no heat to frostie hand she lends:  
In calme who swear's he lou's thee, is a lier,  
He'll shrink in storme, and so his friendship ends:  
Let *Pythias* then take *Damon* by the hand,  
Who for his friend in Fortuns stormes can stand.

To

TO THE MOST HONORABLE

*and religious Lord G. Earle Marschell, great  
Commissionar of Scotland for his Majestie.*

**B**Raue *Cincinnatus* from his house was broght,  
To be Dictator in the towne of Rome:  
Thou in this fort, (Religious Lord) art fough,  
Thy Princes place and feat for to affume:  
He in a month put Rome to rest and peace,  
And thou hast done much more in much lesse space.

*Contempt of Death.*

**M**En feldome wish to die, thogh nev'r so old,  
This day of death they doe adjerne till morrow:  
And by them all this fond excufe was told,  
(*The life is sweete*) suppose they liue in forrow:  
Blind, lame, dumb, deaf, sick, poore, and more we see,  
Men dam'd wold liue, yet know they needs must die.

My wofull heart must weepe to see such fools,  
As th' ould, poore, blind, leame, damd, diseaf'd, deaf, dum:  
Brought vp and traind in *Epicurus* schools,  
Can not beleeeue there is a life to come.  
*God faies, I haue a Crown of glore to giue thee,  
Then call, kill, Crown, for Lord I doe beleeeue thee.*

*FINIS.*













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