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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SAMUEL ROWLANDS

1598-1628

NOW FIRST COLLECTED

VOLUME FIRST



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PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB

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PREFATORY NOTE.

IN completing for the Members of the HUNTERIAN CLUB the first collected edition of the Works of SAMUEL ROWLANDS, the Council begs to thank the Right Hon. the EARL OF ELLESMERE, Mr. S. CHRISTIE-MILLER, and Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER for lending for reproduction or collation the very rare, in some cases unique, originals in their possession. The Council would also express its grateful sense of the help which in this respect it received from the late Mr. HENRY HUTH.

The principle steadily kept in view in the reproduction of the several pieces now brought together has been to preserve, as far as could be done with a uniform type, the appearance and character of the originals. The typographical ornaments, initial letters, and woodcuts have been given in facsimile, while the same exactness has been followed in the text, which has been rendered page for page, line for line, and word for word. Misprints have therefore been retained, but a number of these will be found corrected in the Notes and Glossary, while others are too obvious to require explanation, further than the remark that they are not due to the modern printer, whose part has been done with judgment and skill.

Excepting in one or two cases the tracts have been reprinted from First Editions, as a rule, considered by bibliographers more valuable than later impressions. ROWLANDS is one of the very few amongst the many writers of his time whose works had an extraordinary popularity. To meet this popular demand they were frequently reprinted, in some instances with additional matter.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The textual differences between the first and subsequent editions it has not been thought necessary to point out in detail. Setting aside the monetary outlay this would have involved, without any corresponding advantage, there was the almost insuperable difficulty of access to the rare and widely scattered originals. The additional matter, however, it is believed, has been all included with the "Miscellaneous Poems."

Although Sir WALTER SCOTT'S short sketch of ROWLANDS and his Works—which will be found embodied in the Bibliographical Index—might possibly have sufficed, it was thought that one more extended would be appreciated. The Council therefore asked Mr. EDMUND W. GOSSE to write an Introductory Memoir, and it will be understood that he was left entirely free to form his own unbiassed estimate of ROWLANDS' place in our early literature.

The Notes and Glossary by Mr. SIDNEY J. H. HERRTAGE will be found helpful in explaining many of the more obscure words and phrases in ROWLANDS' text. They might have been considerably increased, but there was less need for this as many admirable parallel helps are now accessible to the student.

As a matter of bibliographical interest, it may be stated that only Two Hundred copies have been reprinted, exclusively for Members of THE HUNTERIAN CLUB, with ten additional copies for presentation by the Council.

GLASGOW, *July*, 1880.

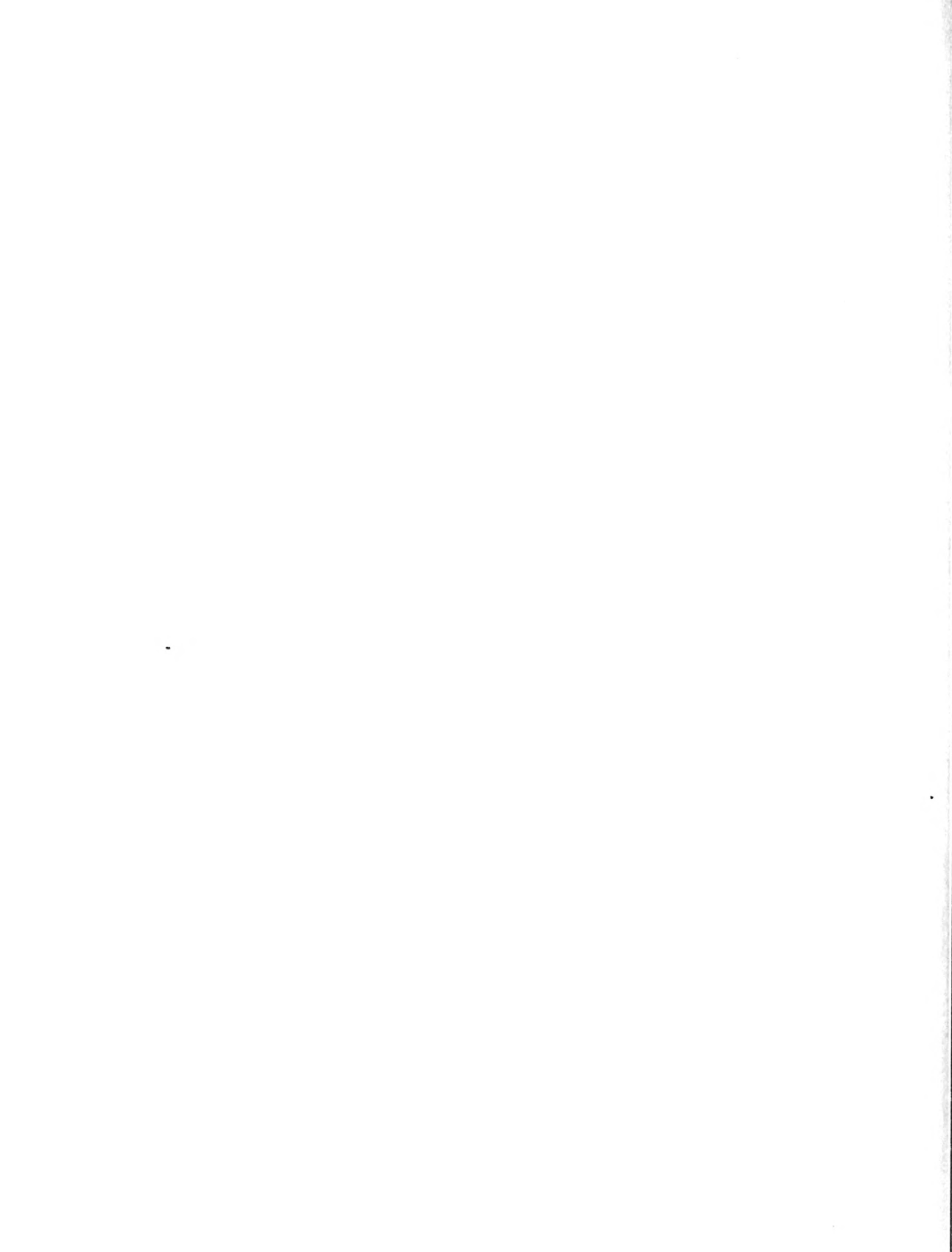
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ON
SAMUEL ROWLANDS





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IN an age when the newly-awakened taste for letters had suddenly thrown open to men who could wield a pen every door that led to the arena of literary publicity, SAMUEL ROWLANDS made less effort than most of his contemporaries to gain the plaudits of the cultivated, or to secure the garland of lasting fame. His name appears in no list of honoured poets in his own generation; in the next, his writings found no editor, and his life no biographer. He comes down to us merely as a voluble pamphleteer, of whose numerous works some are altogether lost, and others, become nearly unique, are purchased by the curious at such prices for a single copy as the author never made by a whole edition. Of the minor masters of the Greek stage, of Ion or of Iophon, we have plentiful record, though their works are gone; but in the case of the lesser stars of the Elizabethan galaxy the work of oblivion has been reversed—we have their works, but not the record of their lives. In no case has history been more persistent in silence

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than when summoned to give us news of SAMUEL ROWLANDS. Of almost every other writer we have succeeded in discovering something; but of him nothing. We do not know when he was born, or when he died, whether he was a scholar of either university, whether he had taken orders, or whether he had married a wife. It is left to us, therefore, as to those who map the heavens, to draw an approximate outline of his life by the conjunction of those works or stars that form his constellation. They are very numerous, they extend over a period of thirty years, and they give some, but very slight, internal evidence of their author's personality.

In all probability SAMUEL ROWLANDS was born soon after 1570. We may roughly conjecture that 1573, the year that saw the birth of Donne and of Ben Jonson, saw his also. Should this be correct, he was from six to eighteen years younger than the five famous friends in whose steps he was to walk, with a gentler, tamer tread than theirs. When he was about ten years old, Lodge, Peele and Greene began to write, and it was not long before Nash and Marlowe joined the company of the penners of love-pamphlets. These men, united rather by their profligate habits than any innate similarity of genius, were among the first professional men of letters in England. Lodge and Greene began as Euphuists, at the feet of Lyly; they were drawn by the example of Nash into the practice of satire, and into the compilation of catch-penny pamphlets on passing

events. They very quickly ran through their brief careers, and had already died or retired from public life before ROWLANDS began to write. But their influence had been immense; they had inaugurated a new epoch in popular literature; and though the main current of such writing proceeded to flow in the channel of the drama, they still counted their followers in the younger generation. Of these followers ROWLANDS, and fifteen years later Braithwait, were the most important, and to both of these authors, entirely neglected for more than two centuries, public interest has of late returned. That either the one or the other was a writer of much merit, or deserved in any strict sense the name of poet, may easily and safely be denied, but neither lacks that quality of force that renders an author worthy of more than mere antiquarian attention.

Like Drayton, and other secular poets of that age, ROWLANDS commenced his career with a volume of devotional pieces. *The Betraying of Christ*, which bore the more apt sub-title of *Poems on the Passion*, appeared in 1598, and went through two editions within that year. We have guessed the age of the author at twenty-five, and certainly the style of his verses gives us no sign of precocity or extreme youth. The poems are indeed remarkably smooth, with the even grace and monotonous polish of a writer to whom the art of verse presents no difficulties and contains no surprises. They are composed in an heroic stanza of six lines, rime royal with the fifth

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line omitted, and this form, one of the simplest that can be devised, remained a favourite with ROWLANDS until he ceased to publish. But it was not with nerveless paraphrases of the New Testament that he was destined to catch the popular ear. In 1600 he produced two works which greatly extended his reputation, and made him, if not famous, at least widely notorious. The first of these, entitled *A Merry Meeting, or tis merry when Knaves meet*, was successfully suppressed by the authorities, and has only come down to us in an expunged edition of 1609. It was so offensive in its personality, so acrid in its satire, that it was ordered to be burned publicly, and in the Hall Kitchen of the Stationers' Company. A month later the poet hurried through the press another collection, *The Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head Vaine*, and this has fortunately come down to us in at least four copies. It is a very creditable production, full of the animation of the time, with none of its pedantry, and a little of its genius. The greater part of the book is occupied with small satirical pieces, called Epigrams, describing, mainly in the six-line stanza, those fantastic figures of the day which the poets delighted to caricature. These are very well written, clear, pointed, and even, never rising to the incisive melody of a great poet, but never sinking below a fairly admirable level, while for the student of manners they abound in picturesque detail and realistic painting. The following lines from an address to the poet's contemporaries, stripped

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of their antique spelling, give a fair notion of the modern tone of the book, and its easy elegance:—

“ Will you stand spending your invention’s treasure
To teach stage parrots speak for penny pleasure,
While you yourselves, like music-founding lutes,
Fretted and strange, gain them their filken suits?
Leave Cupid’s cut, women’s face-flattering praise,
Love’s subject grows too threadbare nowadays,
Change Venus’ swans to write of Vulcan’s geese,
And you shall merit golden pens apiece.”

The dislike of the theatre here so strongly expressed continued to the last, and ROWLANDS seems never to have been tempted to try his skill in the lucrative field of the stage. It is not improbable that his facile pen and experience in the humours of low life would have enabled him to develop a comic talent which might have ranged between that of Dekker and that of Heywood; but he would have missed the tenderness of the former, and the flowery fancy of the latter. The end of the volume called *The Letting of Humour’s Blood* is composed of satires in the Roman style, in heroic couplets. Here again ROWLANDS shows rather his quickness in seizing an idea than his faculty for originating one, since the trick of writing these pieces had been invented by Lodge in 1595, and had been imitated by Hall, Guilpin and Marston before ROWLANDS adopted it. He is, however, in some respects the superior of these preceding writers. In all probability he was not, as they were, men of any classic learning, and he was

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deduced by no desire of emulating Perſius into thoſe harſh and involved conſtructions which make the fatires of Donne and Marſton the wonder of gram-marrians.

The early works of ROWLANDS gave promiſe of much greater attainment than their author ultimately achieved. His fourth book, *'Tis Merry when Goffips Meet*, published in 1602, is an admirable piece of comedy, bright, freſh, and limpid, and compoſed in a ſtyle only too dangerouſly ſmooth and rapid. It opens with a fine tribute to Chaucer, "our famous reverend Engliſh Poet," and proceeds to give a valuable piece of contemporary manners in a converſation between a gentleman and a bookſeller, in proſe. The gentleman has no taſte for new books; he prefers the old ones. He ſays, "Canſt help me to all Greene's Books in one volume? But I will have them every one, not any wanting." The modern book-hunter ſtarts at the idea of a volume containing all Greene's works in the original quartos; even the bookſeller of 1602 finds that he has ſome half-a-dozen lacking. Then the gentleman is urged to buy a book of Naſh's, but he has it already; at laſt he is perſuaded to buy the very poem to which this converſation is a preface, and we are intereſted to learn that he pays ſixpence for it, leſs than one-thouſandth part of the ſum that would be aſked to-day for a clean copy. The poem is in ROWLANDS' uſual ſix-line ſtanza, but it is ſingular among his works as being in a dramatic form. It is in fact a dialogue

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between a Widow, a Wife, a Maid, and a Vintner. The Widow meets the Wife, whom she has not seen for a long time, outside a tavern, and while they stand talking the Maid goes by. The Widow stops her, and vows that they must all three drink a glass together before they part. The Wife and the Maid object, but their objections are overruled by the boisterous joviality of the Widow, who drags them into the tavern. They are shown upstairs into a private room, and the Vintner brings them claret. Over their wine they discuss old times and their present fortunes in a very humorous and natural way. The Widow is a coarse, good-humoured woman, full of animal spirits, and still rebellious with the memory of her red-haired husband, who used her ill; the Wife, on the other hand, praises her husband, an easy soul who lets her have her way; the Maid talks very little at first, but as she warms with the wine, she describes the sort of husband she means to have. Presently they finish the claret, and the Wife and the Maid wish to go, but the Widow will not hear of it, but bids the Vintner burn some sack and fry some sausages. Over this feast they linger a long while gossiping, till the Maid has burning cheeks, and the Widow becomes indisputably drunk. She talks so broadly that the Vintner's boy laughs, and then she becomes extremely dignified, insisting on an apology. In the end she patronises the Vintner, and makes him drink with them; and when at last her friends rise to go, she insists on paying the whole reckoning.

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It will be seen that the poem has no plot, and that the contents are very flight; but the workmanship is admirable, and the little realistic touches combine to form an interior as warm and full in colour as any painted by Brouwer or Ostade. It is one of the best studies of *genre* we possess in all Elizabethan literature. *'Tis Merry when Gossips Meet* went through at least seven editions before the end of the century.

Simultaneously with this humorous poem, ROWLANDS published, in 1602, a collection of prose stories of smart cheating and cosening under the title of *Greene's Ghost Haunting Coneycatchers*, adopting this popular name to attract public notice. As a catcher of rabbits, or conies, trades upon the stupidity of his victims, so it was represented by the pamphleteers of the day that knaves took advantage of the credulity of simple citizens, and hence the popularity of a title that Greene had invented, but which found a score of imitators. ROWLANDS' tales are lively, but for us the main interest of the book centres in its preface and in its address to the reader, in which ROWLANDS comes forward distinctly as a pamphleteer, disclaiming any pretension to learning or an ambitious style. From this time forth he appears solely as a caterer for the frivolous and casual reader, and demands notice rather as a journalist than as an author. His little books are what we should now term social articles; they answer exactly to the "middles" of our best weekly newspapers. Our curiosity is excited by the lapses in his composition, and we wonder

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how such a man subsisted in the intervals between the publication of his works. His familiarity with the book-trade, and his cunning way of adapting his titles and subjects to the exact taste of the moment, suggest that he may have found employment in one of the bookfellers' shops. In this connection we turn in hope of confirmation to the imprints of his volumes, but in vain. He published with a great variety of bookfellers, and rarely more than twice with the same. From 1600 to 1605 he was, however, in business with William White, in Pope's Head Alley, near the Exchange, and for ten years his tracts were sold by George Loftus, in Bishopsgate Street, near the Angel. As Loftus would seem to have succeeded White, or to have removed from his employment into a separate business, it is within the bounds of legitimate speculation to guess that ROWLANDS spent fifteen of his busiest years in the employment of these City bookfellers.

In 1604 he published, under the sensational title of *Looke to it, or I'll Stab You*, a fresh collection of satirical characters in verse, in form and substance precisely like the epigrams in his *Letting of Humour's Blood*. His style had by this time reached its highest refinement and purity, without the slightest trace of elevation. The character of the Curious Divine forms a good example of his fluent and profane verse:—

“ Divines, that are together by the ears,
Puffed up, high-minded, feedsmen of dissent,

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Striking until Christ's seamless garment tears,
Making the Scripture follow your invention,
Neglecting that whereon the soul should feed,
Employed in that whereof souls have no need.

Curious in things you need not stir about,
Such as concern not matter of salvation,
Giving offence to them that are without,
Upon whose weakness you should have compassion,
Causing the good to grieve, the bad rejoice,
Yet you, with Martha, make the worse choice,
I'll stab you!"

From this time forward every year saw one, at least, of his facile productions. In 1605 it was *Hell's Broke Loose*, one of the poorest things he ever wrote, a mean kind of epic poem in his favourite six-line stanza, on the life and death of John of Leyden. In the same year he returned to his first love, and published *A Theatre of Divine Recreation*, a collection of religious poems, founded on the Old Testament. This book, which was in existence as late as 1812, has disappeared.

The best of all ROWLANDS' works, from a literary point of view, is the rarest also. *A Terrible Battle between Time and Death* exists only in a single copy, which has been bound in such a way that the imprint and date are lost. There is little doubt, however, that the latter was 1606. The dedication is odd; ROWLANDS inscribes his book to a Mr. George Gaywood, whom he does not personally know, but who has shown more than fatherly kindness to a friend of the author's. We wonder if the "friend" may have

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been the author's wife, by a concealment not unprecedented in that age, and Mr. Gaywood her godfather or patron. At any rate, some singular chain of circumstances seems hinted at in this very cryptic dedication. The poem itself contains the best things that ROWLANDS has left behind him. It opens in a most solemn and noble strain, with a closer echo of the august music of the tragic Elizabethans than ROWLANDS attains anywhere else.

“Dread potent Monster, mighty from thy birth,
Giant of strength against all mortal power,
God's great Earl Marshal over all the earth,
Taking account of each man's dying hour,
Landlord of graves and tombs of marble stones,
Lord Treasurer of rotten dead-men's bones,”

thus Time addresses Death, whom he has met wandering over the world on his dread mission. But Death cannot stay to talk with him; he has to mow down proud kings and tender women, gluttons and atheists and swaggering bullies, all who live without God, and take no thought of the morrow. Yet Time beguiles him to stay awhile, since, without Time, Death has no lawful right or power, and so they agree to converse together while half the sand runs through the hour-glass of Time. Their conversation deals with the obvious moralities, the frivolity of man, the solemnity of eternity, the various modes in which persons of different casts of character meet the advent of death. The dialogue is dignified, even where it is most quaint, and the reader is reminded

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of the devotional poetry of a later time, sometimes of Herbert, more often of Quarles. But ROWLANDS has not the strength of wing needed for these moral flights; his poem becomes tedious and then grotesque. At the close of Time's pleasant conversation with Death, they fall out, and the latter, who prides himself on his personal beauty, is extremely disconcerted at the rudeness with which Time compares his arm and hand to a gardener's rake, and his head to a dry empty oil jar. After these amenities the reader prepares for that "terrible bloody battle" promised on the title-page, but he is disappointed, for the pair make up their quarrel immediately, and proceed together to their mortuary labours.

The year 1607 was one of great literary activity with ROWLANDS. He published no less than three books, though, singularly enough, we possess the first edition of but one of these. A work of 1607, of which the first edition has been lost, is *Doctor Merryman*, a series of bright sallies in verse, describing and ridiculing the popular affectations or "humours" of the day. In this book a slight change of tone is apparent; the fun becomes broader, the style more liquid, and ROWLANDS reminds us of a writer the very opposite of an ordinary Elizabethan, namely Peter Pindar, and sometimes of the younger Colman. That the smartness and voluble wit have not entirely evaporated yet accounts for the immense popularity enjoyed by such a work as this when it was new; yet such writing

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can hardly be admitted to a place in literature. Another humorous volume of 1607, *Six London Gossips*, has absolutely disappeared, and the only first edition of that prolific year which we still possess is *Diogenes' Lanthorn*. In 1591 Lodge had used the name of Diogenes for the title of a prose satire, and ROWLANDS' is but a feeble copy of that quaint and witty book. Lodge brings out the venom of Diogenes in a dialogue, ROWLANDS makes him soliloquise, and after his cynical monologue in the streets of Athens, abruptly drops his hero, and closes the volume with a series of fables, put into easy popular verse with his customary facility.

In *The Famous History of Guy, Earl of Warwick* he showed very plainly the limitation of his powers. This poem, printed in 1608, as if in heroic couplets, but really in the six-line stanza, was spoken of by Mr. Utterton as a travesty, intended to bring chivalric literature into ridicule, but this was entirely a mistake. Nothing could be more serious than the twelve heavy cantos of ROWLANDS' tedious romance, which seems to have been written in imitation or emulation of Fairfax's *Tasso*, published a few years earlier.

The year 1608 also saw the publication of *Humour's Looking-Glasse*, a collection precisely similar in character to *The Letting of Humour's Blood*. As before, we find no spark of poetic fancy, but plenty of rhetorical skill, a picturesque and direct style, and much descriptive *verve*. The boastful traveller was a frequent and favourite subject with the poets of

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Elizabeth; he was a product of their showy and grandiloquent age, and, while they laughed at his bravado, they were half inclined to like him for his impudence. But not one of them has drawn his portrait better than ROWLANDS has in *Humour's Looking-Glasse*:—

“Come, my brave Gallant, come, uncafe, uncafe!
Ne'er shall oblivion your great acts deface:
He has been there where never man came yet,
An unknown country, aye, I'll warrant it;
Whence he could ballast a good ship in hold
With rubies, sapphires, diamonds and gold,
Great orient pearls esteemed no more than notes,
Sold by the peck, as chandlers measure oats;
I marvel, then, we have no trade from thence?
'Oh! 'tis too far, it will not bear expence.'
'Twere far, indeed, a good way from our main,
If charges eat up such excessive gain.
* * * * *
I heard him swear that he,—'twas in his mirth,—
Had been in all the corners of the earth;
Let all his wonders be together stitched,
He threw the bar that great Alcides pitched;
Yet he that saw the Ocean's farthest strands,
You pose him if you ask where Dover stands.”

It would be difficult to quote a more favourable example of ROWLANDS' versification, and there are lines in this passage which Pope would not have disdained to use. It might, indeed, be employed as a good argument against that old heresy, not even yet entirely discarded, that smoothness of heroic verse was the invention of Waller. As a matter of fact,

this, as well as all other branches of the universal art of poetry, was understood by the great Elizabethan masters; and if they did not frequently employ it, it was because they left to such humbler writers as ROWLANDS an instrument incapable of these noble and audacious harmonies on which they chiefly prided themselves.

In 1609, unless I am wrong in my conjecture that the *Whole Crew of Kind Gossips* of that year was but a new edition of the *Six London Gossips* of 1607, ROWLANDS confined himself to the reprinting of several of his tracts, and to this fact we owe the possession of one or two of the earlier books already described. His first book of satires, which had been condemned to be burned in 1600, he now brought out anew, under the title of *The Knave of Clubs*, and as in this later form it contains nothing which could reasonably give offence, it is to be supposed that the peccant passages had been expunged. It is not a very clever performance, rather dull and ribald, and inferior in vivacity to the Fables at the close of *Diogenes' Lanthorn*.

The *Whole Crew of Kind Gossips* is a fairly diverting description of six citizens' wives, who meet in council to denounce their husbands, the latter presently entering to address the public, and turn the tables on their wives. This humble sort of *Lysistrata* has nothing very Aristophanic about it; it is, indeed, one of ROWLANDS' failures. Seldom has he secured a subject so well suited to his genius for low humour,

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and never has he so completely missed the point of the situation. The writing shows traces of rapid and careless composition, the speeches of the wives are wanting in variety and character, and those of the husbands are dragged on without rhyme or reason, unannounced and unexplained. The language, however, it must be confessed, is admirably clear and modern. It is to be feared that our poet had fallen upon troublous days, for his works about this time are the merest catch-penny things, thrown off without care or self-respect. *Martin Mark-all*, his contribution to 1610, is an arrant piece of book-making. It professes to be an historical account of the rise and progress of roguery up to the reign of Henry VIII., as stated to the Bellman of London by the Beadle of Bridewell. It has this special interest to modern students, that it contains a very curious dictionary of canting terms, preceding by more than half-a-century that in the *English Rogue*. Moreover, buried in a great deal of trash, it includes some valuable biographical notes about famous highwaymen and thieves of the sixteenth century. It is entirely in prose, except some queer Gipsy songs. The wrath of Dekker, it is supposed, was roused by a charge of plagiarism brought against some author unknown in this book, and he attacked ROWLANDS in his *Lanthorn and Candlelight*. This very slight rencontre is the only incident that associates ROWLANDS with any of his contemporaries, and even this might fairly be disputed on the ground of dates.

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The success of the *Knave of Clubs* induced ROWLANDS to repeat his venture with the *Knave of Harts* in 1612 and *The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds* in 1613. These works are in no way to be distinguished from those that preceded them; their author was perhaps growing a little coarser, a little heavier, but for the rest there is the same low and trivial view of life, the same easy satire, the same fluency and purity of language. The increasing heaviness of his style is still more plainly seen in his next work, *A Fool's Bolt is soon Shot*, though this is far from being the worst of his productions. In this volume, sure of a large body of readers, he disdains the artifices of a dedication, and simply inscribes his poem "to Rash Judgment, Tom Fool and his fellows." It consists of a series of tales, in heroic verse, concerning the practical blunders of all sorts of foolish people, and these stories happen to be particularly rich in those personal details that make the works of ROWLANDS so valuable to antiquarians.

By far the best written and most important of his late works is the *Melancholy Knight* of 1615. The title-page of this pamphlet is adorned by a most curious woodcut, faithfully rendered in facsimile in our present reprint. This represents a gentleman, appalled in the richest gala-dress of that period, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and his head deeply sunken in his capacious ruff of point-lace. His arms are folded before him, and he lounges

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on, lost in a melancholy reverie. It is he who is supposed to indite the poems. He says:—

“ I have a melancholy skull,
That's almost fractured 'tis so full!
To ease the same these lines I write;
Tobacco boy! a pipe! some light !”

His reflections upon the follies and knaveries of the age, its vices, its affectations, and its impertinencies, are full of bright and delightful reading, but most of all when it is found that the Knight is a book-worm, and spends his time in devouring old folio romances and chivalric tales “ of ladies fair and lovely knights,” like any Don Quixote; and most of all when he ventures to recite a very touching ballad of his own about Sir Eglamour and the Dragon. No doubt the fame of Cervantes' masterpiece, published just ten years before, had reached the English pamphleteer, and he had certainly seen *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, performed in 1611; ROWLANDS was never original, but he was very quick in adopting a new idea. In some of the descriptions of oddity in the *Melancholy Knight* he shows a greater richness in expression than in his early works. He had probably read the satires of Donne.

The remaining works of ROWLANDS need not detain us very long. In 1617 he published a poem called *The Bride*, but it is lost. In 1618 he brought out *A Sacred Memory of the Miracles of Christ*, remarkable only for the preface, in which he exhorts “ all faithful Christians ” with such a confident unction as

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to suggest that he may possibly by this time have found a sphere for his energies within the Church of England. In the poems themselves there is nothing important; they present all the features of conventionality and effete piety which are to be met with in English poems on sacred narrative subjects before the days of Quarles. With *The Night Raven*, in 1620, and *Good News and Bad News*, in 1622, the long series of ROWLANDS' humoristic studies closes. These two books, exactly like one another in style, consist of the usual chain of stories, less ably told than before, but still occupied, as ever, with knavery and simplicity, the endless joke, now repeated to satiety, at the ease with which dulness is gulled by roguery. According to all probable computation, ROWLANDS by this time was at least fifty years of age; and after producing this sort of homely poetry for more than a quarter of a century, he possibly found that the public he once addressed had abandoned him. At all events, *Good News and Bad News* is the last of his comic writings.

Six years later there appeared a little duodecimo volume of sacred verse and prose, entitled *Heaven's Glory, Seek it; Earth's Vanity, Fly it; Hell's Horror, Fear it*. Under this affected title a writer who signs himself SAMUELL ROWLAND issues a collection of sufficiently tedious homilies, interspersed with divine poems. That this book was written by SAMUEL ROWLANDS has been freely affirmed, and as freely denied; but I do not think that any doubt on the subject can remain on the mind of any one who care-

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fully reads it. The prose pages, it is true, have all that dogged insipidity and absolute colourlessness of style which marks the minor theological literature of the seventeenth century, but the poems are not so undecipherable. They are printed in a delusive way, so as to seem to be in a short ballad metre; but they are really, in all cases, composed in that identical six-line stanza which ROWLANDS affected throughout his life. Nor is there more similarity to his authentic poems in the form than in the style of these religious pieces. There is precisely the same fluid versification, the same easy and sensible mediocrity, and the same want of elevation and originality. At the end of the hortatory work there is found a collection of Prayers for use in Godly Families, and appended to these latter a collection of poems entitled *Common Calls, Cries and Sounds of the Bellman*, consisting of religious posies and epigrams, very poorly written, but still distinctly recognizable as the work of ROWLANDS. I do not think there can be the slightest doubt that this miscellaneous volume is rightly included among his veritable works.

From this year (1628) he passes out of our sight, having kept the booksellers busily engaged for exactly thirty years. His books continued to find a sale for another half century, and were reprinted at least as late as 1675. But they were considered as scarcely above the rank of chap-books, and ROWLANDS is included among the English poets in not one of the lists of contemporary or former authors. In 1630 he wrote a few verses of congratulation to his loving

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friend John Taylor, the Water Poet, and in earlier life he had paid the same compliment to two still more obscure writers. In 1612, W. Parkes, of whom absolutely nothing is known, quoted a short poem by ROWLANDS in his *Curtain-Drawer of the World*. Such, and such alone, are the minute points of connection with his contemporaries which the most patient scholarship has succeeded in discovering, and they show a literary isolation which would be astounding in so fertile an author if we were not to consider the undignified and ephemeral nature of ROWLANDS' writings, which the passage of time has made interesting to us, but which to his cultivated contemporaries must have scarcely seemed to belong to literature at all.

In an age when newspapers were unknown and when poetry was still the favourite channel for popular thought, such pamphlets as those of SAMUEL ROWLANDS formed the chief intellectual pabulum of the apprentice and of his master's wife, of the city shopkeeper and of his less genteel customers. When we consider the class addressed, and the general licence of those times, we shall be rather inclined to admire the reticence of the author than to blame his occasional coarseness. ROWLANDS is never immoral, he is rarely indecent; his attitude towards vice of all sorts is rather indifferent, and he assumes the judicial air of a satirist with small success. He has neither the integrity nor the savagery that is required to write satire; he neither indulges in the sensual rage of Donne, nor the clerical indignation of Hall; he is

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always too much amused at vice to be thoroughly angry with it. His favourite subject of contemplation is a sharper; to his essentially bourgeois mind nothing seems so irresistibly funny as the trick by which a shrewd rascal becomes possessed of the purse or the good name of an honest fool; and no doubt it was this that peculiarly endeared his muse to the apprentice and to the serving-maid. As a purely literary figure he has little importance save what he owes to those details which were commonplace in his own time, but which are of antiquarian importance to us. Yet, however accidental the merit may be, we cannot refuse to ROWLANDS the praise of having made the London of Shakespeare almost more vivid to us than any other author has done. In his earlier works, and especially in his *'Tis Merry when Gossips Meet*, he has displayed the existence in him of a comic vein which he neglected to work, but which would have assured him a brilliant success if he had had the happy thought of writing for the stage. In comedy those bright and facile qualities of style which are wasted in the frivolous repetitions of his later tales and satires, might have ripened into a veritable dramatic talent. As it is, he is a kind of small non-political Defoe, a pamphleteer in verse whose talents were never put into exercise except when their possessor was pressed for means, and a poet of considerable talent without one spark or glimmer of genius.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.¹

[BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

THE curiosity of the present age has been much directed towards the fugitive pieces of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. both as illustrating obscure passages of Shakspeare, and of our earlier dramatists, and as containing an authentic record of the private life of our forefathers. The following poems will be found to gratify, in no common degree, the curious antiquary who investigates these subjects; and as the original volume is rare, and bears a high price among collectors, it is hoped that the present very limited impression may render the knowledge which it contains accessible to some who have not an opportunity to consult the original edition.² A very few notes

¹[To "The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine, &c., by S. Rowlands. Edinburgh: Reprinted by James Ballantyne & Co. for William Laing, and William Blackwood. 1815."]

²["What an oddity, and non-descript compound, was that SAMUEL ROWLANDS!—and why do I notice him here? Simply, because I firmly believe that a complete collection of his pieces, low, queer, comical, and contradictory, as they may be, could not be procured under the sum of 300 SOVEREIGNS. Judge for yourself, candid reader. New and clean *Packs of Cards* are usually procurable for 4s. 6d.: but if you only want the *Knave of Clubs*—together with the *Knave of Spades and Diamonds and Knave of Hearts*, of Master Rowlands (poems, published by him in 1611-1612, 4to) you must pay £35 3s. 6d.—according to the text of

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are added, less with the purpose of illustrating the epigrams and satires, than of shewing, in some degree, their connection with the literature and domestic history of the age in which they were written.¹

The fantastic title which the author has chosen serves to explain the purpose of his satire. The present age is distinguished by an uniformity of fashionable folly. The more ambitious coxcombs of our forefathers' day, affected to distinguish themselves, not only from the sober-minded public, and from the vulgar, but from each other, for which purpose each assumed a strain of peculiarity, however absurd and fantastic, and, in the phrase of heraldry, bore his folly with a difference. Thus every fashionable gallant varied in mien and manner from his companions, as widely as all did from sober demeanour and common sense. Ben Jonson, who piqued himself upon delineating with comic accuracy, and with satirical force, the peculiar strains of thought and manner called humours, observes, with some indignation, that those who could make no pretension to that original strain of thought and action to which he would willingly

the priced catalogue of Bindley's Library!! And again? for his *Betrayal of Christ*, 1598, 4to, £21: opposed to his *Doctor Merrie-Man*, 1609, 4to, £15. These two prices are taken from the *Bibl. Angl. Poet.* where, to the *Night Raven*, 1634, 4to, the ominous sum of £30 is attached, the pages of this work are rich in ROWLANDIANA; and Mr. Thorpe's well-furnished catalogue, p. 127, presents us with three other pieces of the poet, for £14 14s. collectively."—Rev. T. F. DIBDIN: *The Library Companion*, p. 711, second edition, London, 1825.]

¹[These Notes will be found incorporated in the "Glossarial Index and Notes."]

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restrict the term, affected some distinction or peculiarity in dress or manner, in order to establish their title to be called humourists. The real *humour* he defines to be

—When some peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confusions, all to run one way;
This may be truly said to be a HUMOUR.
But that a rook, by wearing a pied feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-piled ruff,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a HUMOUR;
O, it is more than most ridiculous!
Cor. He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot
Have but an apish or fantastick strain,
It is his HUMOUR.

Our poet has given us numerous instances both of the real and of the pseudo-humourist; and as he described the scenes in which he lived, and the follies which were acted before his eyes, it is interesting to observe, that the various affectations of the retainers of Sir John Falstaff, as well as those of the Bobadil, Stephen, and Master Matthew of Jonson, and of the various comic characters portrayed by Beaumont and Fletcher, were not, as modern readers might conceive them, the fantastick creatures of the poet's imagination, but had in reality their prototypes upon the great scene of the world. The author has indeed portrayed examples of every species of affectation, from the bombastic vein of Ancient Pistol to

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the melancholy and gentleman-like gravity of Master Stephen.

The book was first published in 1600, and met but a rude reception; for 26th October, 1600, occurs the following order upon the records of Stationers' Hall:—
“ Yt is orderd, that the next court-day two bookes lately printed, thone called *The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vayne*; thother, *A Mery Mctinge, or 'tis Mery when Knaves mete*; shal be publicly burnt, for that they conteyne matters unfytt to be published; then to be burnd in the hall kytchen, with other popish bookes and thinges that were lately taken.”¹ From the severity of this sentence it would seem that the characters drawn by the author were understood to have reference to living persons. Mr. Ames, who quotes the order, tells us, that several [twenty-nine, see Mr. Arber's *Transcript*, vol. ii., pp. 832-3] of the trade were [March 4, 1600-1,] fined two shillings and sixpence a-piece for buying these obnoxious works; but that it does not appear whether any penalty was imposed on the printer and publisher. He supposes the book had been reprinted after the destruction of the first edition, which gave rise to this second sentence. See *Typographical Antiquities*, edit. 1786, vol. ii., p. 1266.

It would seem that, in consequence of the prohibition, and fines imposed on the trade who purchased this little volume, the title was altered; for there are

¹ [No such entry appears under this date in Mr. Arber's *Transcript*.]

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two [three] editions under the title of "Humours Ordinarie, where a Man may be verie merie and exceeding well used for Sixpence," one [two] without date, and one in 1607. But in 1611, William White adventured to republish the work under its original title, a few years having made such changes as removed the original objections, or perhaps the licence of the prefs having become more extended. With the addition of this preliminary advertifement, and a few trifling notes, the present edition is an exact facsimile of that of 1611.

The literary merit of a rare work is a postponed object of enquiry to the Bibliomaniac; but even in this point of view something may be said for the credit of our author. He anatomises in his rugged numbers the follies of the time in which he lived with a fatirical force not inferior to that of Hall or Donne, and may even boast with old Ben himself,

—————My strict hand
Was made to feize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the *humour* of such spongy natures
As lick up every idle vanity.¹

¹["A prolific and very able writer of fugitive pieces during the reign of James I. He commenced authorship, however, as it here appears, while Elizabeth was still on the throne; and in 1598 his maiden effort, a volume of sacred poems, entitled *The Betraying of Christ*, &c., passed through two impressions."—WARTON'S *History of English Poetry*, edit. W. C. HAZLITT, 1871, vol. iv., p. 417.

"He [Rowlands] was, in fact, more of a humourist than of a fatirist, and in the latter department he is not to be compared with his immediate contemporaries, Donne, Hall, or Marston; but his epigrams and lighter performances are seldom without point, spirit, and pleasantry, and most of his pieces were often reprinted in consequence of the

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The author, Samuel Rowlands, was a prolific pamphleteer in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. and wrote many fugitive pieces, some few religious, but for the most part local and personal satires. The industry of Ritson (see *Bibliographia* [Poetica], p. 316) has mustered a numerous catalogue of his works, yet there are several omissions which have been supplied by more recent research. Sir Egerton Brydges has made some addition to the list, in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. ii., p. 150. And specimens of two curious satires, entitled "The Knave of Clubs," and "The Knave of Hearts," are given in the [British] *Bibliographer*, vol. ii., p. 103. The first of these had the fate of the following work, being condemned to the kitchen of the Stationers' Company in the year 1600. At p. 549 of the same volume, the ingenious and industrious bibliographer analyzes briefly two other treatises of Rowlands, "The Melancholy Knight," namely, and a collection of religious tracts, entitled "Heaven's Glory," &c.

Excepting that he lived and wrote, none of these industrious antiquaries have pointed out any popular demand for them. If they are now and then a little coarse or indecorous, the blame, if any, belongs to the period at which they were written: Rowlands was not more faulty in this respect than most of his jocular rhyming rivals.—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Introduction to "Humors Looking Glasse," 1608, *Yellow Series*, No. 10.

"Though a rapid and careless writer, he occasionally exhibits considerable vigour, and has often satirized with spirit the manners and follies of his period. He may be justly classed as surmounting mediocrity."—DRAKE'S *Shakespeare and his Times*, 1817, vol. i., p. 700.]

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ticulars respecting Rowland[s].¹ It has been remarked, that his muse is seldom found in the best company; and, to have become so well acquainted with the bullies, drunkards, gamesters, and cheats, whom he describes, he must have frequented the haunts of dissipation, in which such characters are to be found.²

¹["Who or what he was, beyond the fact that he wrote no fewer than about thirty small tracts for his subsistence, and that nearly all of them were extremely popular, we know not."—MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Introduction to "Good Newes and Bad Newes," *Yellow Series*, No. 14.

"Supposed to have died about 1634, was the author and supposed author of many poetical tracts."—ALLIBONE'S *Critical Dictionary of English Literature*, 1870, vol. ii., p. 1883.]

²["The muse of Rowlands," says Joseph Haslewood, "is seldom found in good company. Her best characters are generally picked up by the way side among the idle and vicious; sometimes on benches of tippling houses, and too often the precincts of Bridewell; or from the crowd that usually waited upon a delinquent wearing 'Tyburne-tiffany.' Her only interest is founded upon locality of description, which may be prefumed a faithful, if not a flattering copy of the times."—*British Bibliographer*, vol. ii., p. 105, London, 1812.

Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, questions the foregoing conclusion of Haslewood:—"The history of this author [Rowlands] is quite unknown, except that he was a prolific pamphleteer in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. Ritson has mustered a numerous catalogue of his works, to which the compilers of the *Cenfura Literaria* have added some articles. It has been remarked by the latter, that his muse is generally found in low company, from which it is inferred that he frequented the haunts of dissipation. The conclusion is unjust—Fielding was not a blackguard, though he wrote the adventures of Jonathan Wild. His descriptions of contemporary follies have considerable humour. I think he has afforded in the following story of Smug the Smith [see 'The Night-Raven,' p. 26] a hint to Butler for his apologue of vicarious justice, in the case of the brethren who

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But the humorous descriptions of low-life exhibited in his satires are more precious to antiquaries than more grave works, and those who make the manners of Shakspeare's age the subject of their study may better spare a better author than Samuel Rowlands.

The following Collection appears to have been the most popular of his numerous effusions, having, as has been shewn, run through four [five] editions between 1600 and 1611.

Abbotsford, }
1st April, 1814. }

hanged a 'a poor weaver that was bed-rid,' instead of the cobbler who had killed an Indian,

'Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an Infidel.'

HUDIBRAS, Part II., Canto ii. l. 420."

Specimens of the British Poets, p. 123: London, 1844.]

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- I. THE BETRAYING OF CHRIST. IVDAS in despaire. The
seuen Words of our Sauior on the Crosse. WITH
other Poems on the Pafsion. LONDON. Printed by
Adam Islip. 1598, 4to, 30 leaves.

Three copies known: one in the Bodleian Library (bought in the fifth portion of the Corfer sale for £5 10s.); another in the possession of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, Britwell, Buckinghamshire; and a third of a different issue, formerly in Heber's Library.—See Mr. W. C. HAZLITT'S *Handbook*, 1867, p. 521.

“He [Rowlands], possibly, originally tried his skill upon a sacred subject, ‘The Betraying of Christ,’ but not succeeding, he resorted to satire and epigram, and put forth his ‘Letting of Humours Blood’ in 1600. To this style he adhered, as we apprehend, with one exception, for the rest of his career, because not only is ‘Heaven’s Glory, feeke it; Earths Vanitie, flye it,’ quite in another vein, but the author’s name (a circumstance not hitherto noticed) is there printed Rowland, and not Rowlands.”—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: Introduction to *Humors Looking Glasse*, 1608, *Yellow Series*, No. 10.

“Neither Lowndes nor any of our bibliographers have noticed the fact, that there were two editions of this work printed in the same year—the present one being the first. The copy of the same date described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poetica*, 598, differs very materially from the one now under notice (which we believe to be the first edition of this very rare sacred Poem) in having a dedication ‘To his deare affected Friend Maister H. W. Gentleman,’ and some stanzas addressed ‘To the Gentlemen Readers,’ and also a poem in four line verses entitled ‘The highway to mount Calvarie,’ which are not in

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this edition. The title is ornamented with curious woodcut representations or emblematic allusions to the betrayal of Christ and his crucifixion, the crown of thorns, the reed, the scourge, the cock, the lanthorn and sword, the nails, the cross, and other implements of torture and of death. On the reverse of the title is a woodcut representation of the arms and crest of Sir Nicholas Walshe, Knight, 'Chiefe Justice of her Maiesties Court of Common Pleas in Ireland and of her Highnesse counsaill there,' to whom the work is dedicated. This was Rowlands' earliest publication, and, with the exception of one other piece, is the only one on a subject of a sacred nature. As one of the minor poets of his day, Rowlands was not without merit, and on some grounds it is to be regretted that he was afterwards induced to turn his talents to pamphleteering and works of a more humorous and satirical, but less reputable nature, probably from finding them more popular and more easily saleable; but the latter are so extremely curious for the numerous allusions to the manners and customs of the times, that their literary merit and moral tendency need scarcely enter into consideration. . . . It is possible that the religious poems of Robert Southwell, Breton and others, which had just then appeared, may have suggested to Rowlands the style and subject of these sacred themes, which he afterwards abandoned for lighter and more profane subjects, and which, as far as we know, were not again reprinted by him."—From Rev. THOMAS CORSER'S unpublished MS. of *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*.

II. THE LETTING OF HVMOVRS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE. VVith a new Morisco, daunced by seauen *Satyres*, vpon the bottome of *Diogines* Tubbe. AT LONDON, Printed by *W. White* for *W. F.*

1600, 8vo, 43 leaves.

Four copies of this tract are known: three in the Bodleian Library (one in the Malone, one in the Wood, and one in the Crynes collection), and the fourth in the British

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Museum. Which of these first appeared it would be hard to say. The probability is that it was the Wood and Malone copies, from the fact that the line reading (B 2, line 1):—

“ I fcorue to meete an enemie in feeelde,”

is corrected in the Crynes copy to

“ I fcorne to meete an enemie in fielde.”

Leaf A 3 in the Malone copy is wanting. The one now reprinted is the Wood copy. In the Crynes copy there are lines “To his very good freend M. Hvgh Lee, Esquire,” which are reprinted in the Miscellaneous Poems. In the “Stationers’ Registers” (Mr. ARBER’S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 174) the following entry occurs:—

“ 16 Octobris [1600]

“william white.—Entred for his Copey vnder the handes of Maister PASFEILD and the wardens A booke Called *the lettinge of Humours blood in the head vayne with a newe morisco Daunced by Seven Satyres vppon the bottome of DIOGINES tubbe* vj^d”

In the “Stationers’ Registers” we have this entry (Mr. ARBER’S *Transcript*, vol. ii., pp. 832-3):—

“ 4^{to} marcij [1601]

“Receaved of these perfons folowinge [twenty-nine Stationers] the fommes infuyinge [two shillings and fixpence each] for their Diforders in buyinge of the bookes of *humours lettinge blood in the vayne* beinge newe printed after yt was first forbydden and burnt.”

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“When the work was first published in 1600, ‘Printed by W. White,’ it gave such offence, on account of the severity of its satire, and the obviousness of its allusions, that an order was made that it should be burned, first ‘publicly,’ and afterwards in the ‘Hall-kitchen’ of the Stationers’ Company. The book-feller therefore changed its title to ‘Humours Ordinarie,’ and published an edition of it without date; but, after the feeling against the work had subsided in 1611, it again appeared as ‘The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-vaine,’ although the printer, as we see, thought it prudent not to put his name at length upon the title-page. The Epigrams are thirty-seven in number, with six lines to introduce the ‘seven Satires’ mentioned on the title-page. The temporary and personal allusions are extremely numerous and often curious; but sometimes feigned Latin names were employed to designate private individuals, who seem otherwise to have been pretty clearly pointed out. Public characters are not treated with the same reserve: thus Pope and Singer, the comic actors, are spoken of by name, and as living when the first edition appeared in 1600; but, as they were both dead when that of 1611 came out, an alteration was made according with that circumstance. (‘See Shakespeare’s Actors,’ p. 124 [*Shakes. Soc.* 1846])”—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Bibliographical Account*, vol. ii., p. 284.

Seven editions of this tract, at least, under its different titles, appeared between 1600 and 1613. The edition of 1611 was reprinted by Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh in 1815.

III. TIS Merrie vvhhen Gofsips meete. AT LONDON,
Printed by *W. W.* and are to fold by *George Loftus*
at the Golden Ball in *Popes-head Alley*.

1602, 4to, 23 leaves.

Only one copy of this first edition of 1602 is known to exist, and is in the library of Mr. S. Christie-Miller. It is, however, imperfect, wanting Sig. B: this latter has been supplied from the third edition of 1609, and is distinguished in

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the present reprint by being enclosed within square brackets. It is entered in the "Stationers' Registers" thus (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 216):—

" 15 Septembris [1602]

" William whyte.—Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]andes of
master HARTWELL and master waterfon warden A booke
Called *Tis merry when goffips meete* vj^d

We have a contemporary reference to this poem in the "Diary of John Manningham, of the Middle Temple, and of Bradbourne, Kent, Barrister-at-Law, 1602-1603," which was printed for the *Camden Society* (from the original MS. in the British Museum) in 1868, and edited by the late Mr. John Bruce. The passage exactly stands thus, under date October, 1602 (p. 61):—

" *Out of a Poeme called 'It is merry when Goffips meete.'* S. R.

"Such a one is clarret prooffe, *i. e.* a good wine-bibber.

"There's many deale vpon the fcore for wyne,
When they should pay forgett the Vintner's fyne.

"A man whose beard seemes fcard with sprites to have bin,
And hath noe difference twixt his nose and chin,
But all his hayres haue got the falling ficknes,
Whose forefront lookes like jack an apes behind.

"A goffips round, thats every on a cup."

To the initials "S. R." Mr. Bruce notes:—"These initials, inserted by a later hand, indicate 'Samuel Rowlands,' the author of this very popular little volume. The first edition bears the date of 1602, and had probably just been published when it attracted the attention of our diarist."

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“A discussion in verse between a Wife, a Widow and a Maid forms the body of Rowlands’ ‘Tis merry when Gossips meet:’ it is clever and humourous, but certainly not so clever, though more broad and droll, than the debate between a Wife, a Widow and a Maid by Sir John Davys, in ‘The Poetical Rhapsody,’ which came out in the same year, 1602, and which, perhaps, gave the author of ‘Tis merry when Gossips meet’ the first hint for his more familiar, and less refined production. The authorship of the last has been given to three writers:—1. Simon Robson, a clergyman, who began his career as early as 1585, whose style is altogether different; 2. Nicholas Breton, whose initials do not correspond with those of, 3. Samuel Rowlands, which are attached to the tract, and to whom, we feel confident, it belongs. It is very true that at least three of Breton’s pamphlets are mentioned above by the Apprentice, under the titles of Pasquil’s ‘Mad-cap,’ ‘Fools-cap,’ and ‘Melancholy,’ to say nothing of ‘Moral Philosophy,’ of which, under that name, as a work by Breton, we know nothing. If Breton had written ‘Tis merry when Gossips meet,’ he would hardly have thus puffed his own pieces. On the other hand, S. R. are the initials of Samuel Rowlands; and although he published several humourous and satirical tracts relating to Knaves, we are not aware of the existence of any one called ‘Tis merry when Knaves meet,’ or ‘Tis merry when Maltmen meet.’ Besides, ‘Tis merry when Gossips meet’ is much more in the style of Rowlands than of Breton; so that, on the whole, we feel no difficulty whatever in assigning the production to him. It enjoyed great popularity, went through several impressions, and all but the first have the name of Deane on the title-page, who was the publisher of several other pamphlets by Rowlands. This circumstance in favour of his authorship seems never to have been taken into account. In so much general favour was ‘Tis merry when Gossips meet’ even in 1625, that Ben Jonson mentions it in the Induction to his ‘Staple of News:’ ‘They say *its merry when Gossips meet*: I hope our Play will be a merry one.’ It had been reprinted in 1619, and to that edition various songs were added by the author to increase its novelty. It may be worth while to note that the

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impression of 1602 contains almost the proverbial words of Shakespeare, *Two Gent. of Verona*, A. v. sc. 2:—

‘The old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies’ eyes.’”

Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., pp. 281-82.

The Songs added to the edition of 1619 will be found included with the Miscellaneous Poems. It may be worth while to remark that the very curious “Conference between a Gentleman and a Prentice” “never afterwards appeared in print: the reason for its omission being, probably, that in 1605 the prevailing interest regarding the tracts, even of 1602, had somewhat subsided: on this very account it possesses the more attraction for modern readers.” In the first volume of the *Shakespeare Society’s Papers* this “Conference between a Gentleman and a Prentice” is reproduced as a testimony to the early rarity of the works of Robert Greene. Between 1602 and 1675 seven editions of this tract appeared. The third edition of 1609 was reprinted at the Chifwick Press in 1818.

IV. GREENES GHOST HAVNTING CONIE-CATCHERS.

Wherein is set downe,

The Arte of Humouring.
The Arte of carrying Stones.
Will. St. Lift.
Ia. Foft. Law.
Ned Bro. Catch. *and*
Blacke Robins Kindnesse.

with the conceits of Doctor Pinch-backe a notable Make-shift. Ten times more pleasant then any thing yet published of this matter. Non ad imitandum, sed ad euitandum. LONDON, Printed for R. Iackson, and I.

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North, and are to be fold in Fleetstreete, a little above
the Conduit. 1602, 4to, 26 leaves.

Black letter. Several copies known: one in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth, and another in the British Museum. It is entered as follows in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 216):—

"3. Septembris [1602]

"Roger Jackson John northe.—Entred for their copie vnder the handes of master PASFEILD and master Waterfon Warden. A booke called *GREENES goose* [*i.e.* ghost] *hauntinge Conycatchers* vjd"

And again (vol. iv., p. 149):—

"16^o Januarij 1625 [*i.e.*, 1626]

"Francis Williams.—Assigned ouer vnto him by mistris Jackson wife of Roger Jackson Deceased, and by order of a full Court holden this Day, all her estate in the Copies here after mencioned xiiij^s

[Thirty separate articles of which the first is]
GREENES ghost ha[u]nting Cun[n]y catchers."

Under date "29 Junij, 1630," this work, with many others, was assigned over by Francis Williams to Master Harrifon. —(Vol. iv., p. 237).

A second edition appeared in 1626. The latter was reprinted by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in 1860 (the impression limited to twenty-six copies) with the following Preface:—

"This tract has been attributed, but apparently on uncertain grounds, to Samuel Rowlands. It was first printed in 1602, and Lowndes also records an edition of the date 1606, but I can find no other notice of the latter. The edition of 1602 is of singular rarity,

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and has not been accessible to me. If we may believe the editor, S. R., 'this little pamphlet came by chance to my hands, adding somewhat of mine owne knowledge, and upon very credible information;' but statements of this kind are received with hesitation by those acquainted with the literature of the period. That any portion of it was written by Greene himself may well be questioned; but it may have been intended as a kind of supplement to his first and second parts of *Coneycatching*, originally printed in 1591."

V. Looke to it: FOR, Ile Stabbe ye. Imprinted at London by E. Allde for W. *Ferbrand*, and *George Loftes*, and are to be folde in Popes-head Allie.

1604, 4to, 24 leaves.

Two or three copies known: one in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere (the edges rough as it was issued from the press), and another in the Bodleian Library. There were two issues slightly differing. It is entered in the "Stationers' Registers" as follows (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 246):—

" 19th. Novembris [1603]

" William fferbrand.—Entered for his Copie vnder th[e h]andes of Master HARTWELL to the Wardens. A booke called *Looke to it for Ile stabbe yee* vj^d "

"It is an interesting piece, full of allusions to contemporary manners and persons."—Mr. W. C. HAZLITT: *Handbook*, p. 521.

"The author's name, as was most common with him, is not to this satirical and moral production, only his well-known initials S. R. appended to an introduction."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., p. 284.

It was "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by J. N. Lydall for Edwd. V. Utterfon, in the year MDCCCXLI;" the im-

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pression being limited to fifteen copies. Mr. Utterton appended the following note:—

“Samuel Rowlands, the Author of this rare tract, has exercised, with considerable truth and some power, his poetical lash in the castigation of the reigning vices and follies of the early part of the 17th. century,—which indeed do not appear to have differed much from those of the present day.

“Owing to the return of the English levies from the United Provinces after the truce was entered into between Spain, and her former subjects, the introduction of the manners of a disorderly Soldiery into the peaceful Metropolis must have excited much dissatisfaction, as well as alarm, amongst the sober and industrious Citizens of London. Hence the frequent threat of the ‘Stab’ by the Bully and the Rogue, suggested the title, and it may easily be believed, increased the popularity, of a Satire having so strong, and original a character. Rowlands refers occasionally to contemporary literature and circumstances. He alludes to Nash’s ‘Pierce Pennyleffe,’ and to R. Greene’s ‘Quip for an upstart Courtier,’ and mentions Wolner the enormous Eater. His descriptions also of the fashions of that day in the dress of both Sexes are curious and amusing.”

VI. HELL'S BROKE LOOSE. LONDON Printed by W. W. and are to be sold by *G. Loftus* in Popes-head Alley near the Exchange. 1605, 4to, 24 leaves.

Two copies are known: one in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth, and the other in Mr. S. Christie-Miller's library. The first named copy was sold in the fifth portion of the Rev. Thomas Corser's sale (July, 1870) for £16.

It is thus entered in the “Stationers' Registers” (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 281):—

“29 Januarij [1605]

“William white.—Entered for his copy vnder the handes of the Wardens. a booke called *Hell broke loose. or the notorious life and Deferued Deathe of JOHN LEYDEN A notable Rebellious traitour against the Citie of Munster in Germany.* vjd”

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“An account of the life of John of Leyden. It has been said that it is not by Rowlands, but by somebody who usurped his popular initials. It certainly has those initials at the foot of the argument, and it was published by the stationer whom Rowlands chiefly employed.”—Mr. W. C. HAZLITT: *Handbook*, p. 522.

VII. A Theatre of delightful Recreation. London, Printed for A[rthur] Johnfon. 1605, 4to.

In verse. This piece is not known now to exist.—See Mr. W. C. HAZLITT'S *Handbook*, p. 522. It was at one time in the possession of the editor of Percy's *Reliques*, 1812, who thus notes (vol. iii., p. 161):—

“A Theatre of delightful Recreation, Lond., printed for A. Johnfon, 1605, 4to (*penes* editor). This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the Old Testament.”

The title of this tract is probably more correctly given in the following entry in the “Stationers' Registers” (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 303):—

“8 octobris [1605]

“Arthur Johnfon.—Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of
Master PASFEILD and the Wardens A booke called. *A
Theatre of divine Recreation &c* vjd”

VIII. A Terrible Battell betweene the two confumers of the whole World: TIME, and DEATH. By Samuell Rowlands. Printed at London for Iohn Deane, and are to be sold at his shop at Temple barre vnder [1606?] 4to, 22 leaves.

The only copy known is in the Bodleian Library.

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In the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 328) is the following entry:—

" 16 Septembris [1606]

" John Deane.—Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master WILSON and the warden mafter whyte A booke called *The bloodie battell betwixte TYME and DEATHE*!! vj^d R"

" We know of no piece by Rowlands more scarce than this: we have only heard of one copy, and the precise date of that can not be ascertained, as the figures have been cut off by the binder: there is a large woodcut on the title-page, and it occupies so much space that the imprint, followed by the date, is driven out of its place. We may guess that it came out late in 1602; but there is nothing in the contents of the poem to show at what precise period it was written, beyond the mention of the plague which began in London in the autumn: we are sure, therefore, that the tract did not appear before that year, although Rowlands had commenced author in 1598, if he really wrote 'The Betraying of Christ.' . . . The dedication presents a novel point, for Rowlands tells Mr. George Gaywood that he does not know him, and does not expect any reward—'my pen never was and never shall be mercenary'—but that he has inscribed the work to him, because Gaywood had been kind to a friend of his. This forms a sort of unprecedented claim to a dedication. . . . There is no great originality, but a good deal of cleverness, in the poem, and, as in point of date, so in point of subject, it may be said to hold a middle place between Rowlands' serious and comic productions."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., pp. 276-79.

IX. Six London Gossips.

1607.

Not known now to exist. See Mr. W. C. HAZLITT'S *Hand-book*, p. 522.

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X. DIOGINES LANTHORNE.

Athens I feeke for honest men;
But I shal finde thẽ God knows when.
He search the Citie, where if I can see
One honest man; he shal goe with me.

LONDON Printed for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be
solde at his Shop in Popes-head Pallace, neere the
Royall-Exchange. 1607, 4to, 24 leaves.

Partly in Black Letter, and partly in Roman. The only
copy known is in the Bodleian Library. It is thus entered
in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*,
vol. iii., p. 334):—

"v^{to} Decembris [1606]

"Thomas Archer.—Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of
Master HARTWELL & Master Whyte Warden A Booke
called *DIOGENES Lanthorne* vj^d R"

And again (vol. iv., p. 164):—

"4^o Augusti 1626

"Edward Brewster Robert Birde.—Assigned ouer vnto them by
Mistris Pavier and Consent of a full Court of Assistentes all
the estate right title and Interest which Master Thomas
Pavier her late husband had in the Copies here after men-
tioned xxviijs./

[A long transfer list follows, of which one of the articles is]

"*DIOGENES Lanthorne.*"

"It is one of the best of the many pieces Samuel Rowlands left
behind him."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii.,
p. 294.

It was at one time exceedingly popular, and between 1607
and 1659 it went through no fewer than ten editions.

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XI. HUMORS LOOKING Glasse. LONDON. Imprinted by *Ed. Alde* for *VWilliam Fere-brand* and are to be sold at his Shop in *the popes-head Pallace, right ouer against the Tauerne-dore.* 1608, 4to, 16 leaves.

Two copies known: one in the University Library, Edinburgh, and the other in the Bodleian Library. There is no entry in the "Stationers' Registers" licensing this edition; but at a later date there is the following (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 419):—

" 12 Octobris [1609]

" Thomas archer.—Assigned ouer vnto him from Helen ffayrbrand Widowe [two bookes]
And another copie of *humours lookinge glasse* vj^d
whiche were william ffayrbrandes copies.

PROVYDED that this entrance shalbe voyd yf any other man haue right to any of these copies."

" Only two, or at most three, copies of this comic production are extant, and little or nothing has been said of it in any of our bibliographical miscellanies. It is dedicated by Samuel Rowlands, in his own name at length, 'to his verie loving Friend Master George Lee,' and consists of what the author denominates Epigrams."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., p. 287.

It was reprinted by Mr. Collier in his *Yellow Series* of "Miscellaneous Tracts," Temp. Eliz. and Jac. I. (No. 10), and in the Introduction he remarked:—

" The small publication we have here reproduced is at least of average merit, and it is one of the very rarest of its class: there are but two, or, at the utmost, three, extant copies of it. It is full of amusing illustrations of the manners and opinions of the times."

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- XII. DOCTOR Merrie-man: OR, Nothing but Mirth.
Written by S. R. AT LONDON, Printed for *John Deane*, and are to [be] sold at his Shoppe at Temple-barre vnder the gate. 1609, 4to, 12 leaves.

As no clue could be got to the first edition of 1607, the present reprint has been made from the second edition of 1609, the original of which is in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth, and was sold in the fifth portion of the Rev. Thomas Corfer's sale in July, 1870, for £21 10s. The licence for the first edition is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 362):—

" 24 octobris [1607]

"John Deane.—Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of 'Th[e] wardens A booke called. *Doctor MERRY MAN his medecines against Melancholy humours* . . . vjd"

It has been thus described:—

"This is the first edition (and essentially different from those which followed it) of an extremely popular work of drollery, and no other copy of so early a year is known. The subsequent editions of 1609, 1618, 1623, 1631, and 1637, together with one reprint, if not more, without date, are all called on the title-page 'Doctor Merry-man, or Nothing but Mirth.' They also omit five pages of preliminary, humorous, and satirical verses; and the tale which, in the first edition, is last in the volume, is placed second in the other impressions.

"After the title the author addresses 'Honest Gentlemen' in verse, recommending the infallible prescriptions of three physicians, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman: next, Rowlands inserts a short poem, entitled 'Flatteries Fawne,' followed by the usual heading of 'Doctor Merryman,' and a satirical production of two

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pages. None of these are in the copies of 1609, 1618, &c. and the last may be quoted as a fair sample of the author's vein:—

“ Hypocritie was kind, and us'd me well
 So long as I had any land to sell.
 Many a 'God save you, loving Sir,' I had
 'For your good health I am exceeding glad.
 What is the cause you are a stranger grown?
 The meate doth me no good I eate alone
 Without your company: pray, let me have it:
 Of all the kindnesse in the world I crave it.
 When will you ride? My gelding's yours to use.
 The choicest chamber that I have come chuse,
 And lodge with me. Commaund what ere is mine.
 Shall we two part without a quart of wine?
 That were a wonder: give it, sure, I will:
 Your presence glads me, I do wish it still.'
 This usage I had daylie at his hand,
 Till he had got an intrest in my land;
 And then I try'd his welcomes in my want
 To be, 'Sir, I assure you coyne is scant.
 I would do somewhat for acquaintance sake,
 If you but some security could make;
 But, sure, to waite my wealth I know not how
 Were folly. What you have bin is not now.
 I wish you were the man I knew you late:
 Faith, I am fory y'are in this estate.
 You should have thought upon this thing before:
 Patience is all; and I can say no more.
 My business now doth hasten me away;
 I would fain drink with you but cannot stay.
 Urgent occasions force me take my leave.
 I wish you well, and so I pray conceive.'”

“The body of the tract consists of a medley of droll tales and satirical observations: few of the stories are original, and some of them have gone through most of the languages of Europe; as that where one man gave advice to another how to avoid falling when climbing, by not making more haste down than up. This forms the point of an epigram in French, Spanish, and Italian.”—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., p. 286.

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In a "Catalogue of books sold by J. Blare on London Bridge," among others the following is priced two-pence:—

"Doctor Merryman or Nothing but Mirth. Being a Poëie of pleafant Poems and Witty Jests. Fitted for the recreation and pastime of youth. Written by S[amuel] R[owlands]. 4to."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., p. 241.

XIII. A whole crew of kind Gofsips, all met to be merry.
LONDON, Printed for Iohn Deane, and are *to be sold at his shop vnder Temblebarre*. 1609, 4to, 18 leaves.

The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library.

In the *Academy* for September 29th, 1877, Mr. F. J. FURNIVALL points out a Shakespearian allusion in this tract on p. 33:—

"The chiefest Art I haue I will bestow,
About a worke cald taming of the Shrow."

"For the sake of distinctnes we will briefly describe the three impressions we have used [1609, 1613, and 1663], noticing the differences between them. At the back of the title-page of the copy of 1609 is an address 'To the Maids of London,' signed S. R., followed by—

'Their Husbands Resolution.

'With patience we will heare our owne disgraces,
Then proue the lying hufwiues to their faces:
Proceed good tatling Gofsips, do not spare,
And Maids beare witnesse what kind wiues these are.'

On the next page is an address to men, beginning—

'My Maisters that are married looke about;'

And which ought to end—

'And turne her to her tale, which thus goes on.'

However, it does not so conclude because, by a gross blunder, the speech of 'the first Gossip' is made part of the address to men.

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This error only exists in the first impression of 1609, for in that of 1613 the speech of the first Gossip (so headed) begins at the lines,—

‘ Kind Gentlewomen, though I sport and jest,
I have small cause to do it, I protest.’

The accusations of the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth Gossip come in regular succession, and after them we have what is headed—

‘ *Six Husbands.*

‘ Pray, Maisters, give us leave a while,
Now you have heard our wives:
Wee’le overthrow them, horse and foote,
Or else wee’le loose our lives.’

‘ Six honest Husbands give their wives the lye,’ as we are politely told, in the subsequent order:—

‘ The first accused by his wife to be miserable.
The second charged by his wife to crosse her in her humour.
The third charged by his wife to be hard and cruell.
The fourth complained on by his wife to be a common Gamester.
The fifth complained on by his wife to be a common Drunkard.
The sixth complained on by his wife to be unconstant to her and haunt
Whores.’

With these speeches by the Husbands in reply (how they overhear the accusations, and to whom they address their answers does not distinctly appear) the tract in the 4to of 1609 terminates.”—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., pp. 289-90.

XIV. THE KNAVE OF Clubbes. Printed at London for
W. Ferebrand, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes-
head Pallace. 1609, 4to, 24 leaves.

It was originally entered in the “ Stationers’ Registers ”
(Mr. ARBER’S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 171):—

“ 2. Septembris [1600]

“ Master Burbye.—Entred for his cōpye vnder the handes of
master VYCARS and the Wardens, A booke called *A*
merry meetinge: Or t’ys mer[r]y When knaues meete: Sonnettes
Compyled by the famous fraternities of knaues . . . vjd”

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Another entry (vol. iii., pp. 420-21) is as follows:—

“ 16. Octobris [1609]

“Master Welby.—Affigned over vnto hym by mistres Burby in full Court [&c. 38 books, of which one is] 33. *yt is merry when knaues mete.*”

No edition earlier than that of 1609 is known to exist: a copy is in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth.

“The oldest exemplar known of his [Rowlands'] ‘Knave of Clubbs,’ is in 1609; but it is certain that it had appeared in or before 1600, under the title of ‘Tis merry when Knaves meet’ [see ‘A conference betweene a Gentleman and a Prentice’ in Rowlands’ ‘Tis Merrie when Gossips meete,’ 1602], because in that year a public order was issued for burning that book, the name of which forms the second title to the ‘Knave of Clubbs:’ being forbidden as ‘Tis merry when Knaves meet,’ Rowlands altered the title, and printed the tract as the ‘Knave of Clubbs.’ This, as far as existing evidence goes, was in 1609, and the series was completed (if it can be called complete without the ‘Payre of Spy-Knaves,’ to which we would assign the date of 1613 [see below]) by 1612, in which year both the ‘Knave of Hearts’ and ‘Knaves of Spades and Diamonds’ made their appearance. However, each of them was popular and often reprinted, and it is impossible, at this distance of time, to speak with certainty as to the numbers or dates of editions.”—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., p. 297.

“The first, ‘The Knave of Clubbs, Tis merry when Knaves meete,’ upon its appearance, in 1600, gave such offence, on account of the severity of its satire, and the obviousness of its allusions, that an order was made that it should be burnt, first publicly, and afterwards in the Hall Kitchen of the Stationers’ Company.”—[See above, under “Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-vaine,” 1600.]—Dr. E. F. RIMBAULT: Introduction to “The Four Knaves:” a Series of Satirical Tracts by Samuel Rowlands, reprinted for the *Percy Society*, 1843.

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“ This appears to have been the first of the three rare tracts of Samuel Rowlands, published by him under the title of “*Knaues*.”

“ It is in fact, a poetical Jest Book, to which any other title would have been almost equally applicable. Notwithstanding, however, that many of his Jokes are stale and vapid, we owe much of our knowledge of the morals and manners of his times, to Rowlands, whose hints and allusions have perpetuated many little circumstances illustrative of the period in which he wrote. Such is the fact which is to be gleaned from this volume, that Allen [Edward Alleyn] played Faustus in Marlowe’s Tragedy; and we also learn from it, the costume which he adopted. Wolner the glutton is alluded to here, as well as in Rowlands’ Satire of ‘ Looke to it for Ile Stabbe ye.’

“ The late Mr. Heber purchased the three tracts of ‘ Knaue of Clubbs,’ ‘ Knaue of Harts,’ and ‘ More Knaues yet,’ bound in one volume, for £35 3s., at the sale of Mr. Bindley’s collection.”—Mr. E. V. UTTERSON: Note to “The Knave of Clubbs. ‘Tis merry when Knaues meete,” 1611. “Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by G. E. Palmer, for Edwd. V. Utterfon, in the year MDCCCXLI.”

The edition of 1611 was reprinted by Mr. E. V. Utterfon in 1841, and by the *Percy Society* in 1843; the impression of the former being limited to sixteen copies.

XV. MARTIN MARK-ALL, BEADLE OF BRIDEWELL; His defence and Answere to the Belman of LONDON. Discouering the long-concealed Originall and Regiment of Rogues, when they first began to take head, and how they haue succeeded one the other successiually vnto the fixe and twentieth yeare of King HENRY the eight, gathered out of the Chronicle of Crackeropes, and (as they terme it) the Legend of LOSSELS. *By S. R.*

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore,

Oderunt peccare mali formidine pœnæ.

LONDON Printed for *Iohn Budge* and *Richard Bonian*.

1610, 4to, 30 leaves.

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Black Letter. Six copies are known to exist: two in the British Museum; one in the Bodleian Library (it is, however, deficient of Sheet B or 4 leaves); the fourth is in the possession of Mr. Alexander Young of Glasgow (a very fine copy, formerly in the Corser collection, and subsequently priced in Messrs. Ellis & White's Catalogue, a few years ago, £21); the fifth, in the Guildhall Library, London, wants the last leaf; and the sixth was sold at the sale of the Rev. C. H. Craufurd's books on July 13, 1876.

The following entry appears in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 430):—

" 31^{mo} Martij [1610]

" John Budge. Rychard Bonion.—Entred for their Copy vnder th[e h]andes of maister JOHN WILLSON and maister Waterfon warden A booke called, '*MARTYN MARKE ALL his defence beinge an anfwere to 'the bellman of London'* vj^d/'

"Samuel Rowlands, in his 'Martin Mark-all Beadle of Bridewell,' 1610, accuses the unknown author of the 'Belman of London' of stealing from Harman's book ['A Caueat or warening for Common Curfetors,' &c., 1573; reprinted by Bensley in 1814, and again by the *Early English Text Society* in 1869]. 'At last up starts an old Cacodemicall Academicke with his frize bonnet, and gives them al to know that this inuectiue was set forth, made and printed above fortie yeeres agoe, and being then called a Caveat for Curfitors is now newly printed and termed the Belman of London.' This exposure roused the ire of Dekker in his 'Lanthorne and Candle-light,' but he made no sufficient reply."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. i., p. 205.

"From an address 'To my owne Nation,' it is evident that Samuel Rowlands' 'Martin Mark-all the Beadle of Bridewell,' though dated 1610, had been published before 'Lanthorne and Candle-light' [1609]. 'You shall know him (says Dekker, speaking of a rival author whom he calls 'a Ufurper,') by his habiliments,

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for (by the furniture he wears) hee will bee taken for a *Beadle of Bridewell*.' No earlier impression than 1610 is, however, known of Rowlands' production."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. i., p. 208.

XVI. THE KNAVE of Harts. Haile Fellow. well met.
LONDON: Printed by T. S. and are to be folde by
George Loftus, at his shop vnder *S. Sepulchers-Church*.
1612, 4to, 24 leaves.

The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 484):—

"Ultimo Aprilis [1612]

"Thomas Snodham.—Entred for his copy vnder th' [h]andes of
maſter FRANCIS SMITHE and Th' wardens, A booke called,
The knaue of hartes or hayle fellowe well mett . . . vjd."

And again (vol. iv., p. 152):—

"23^o february 1625 [*i.e.* 1626]

"Maſter Stanfby.—Assigned ouer vnto him by vertue of a note
vnder the hand of Miſtris Snodham ſhewed vnto a Court
holden this Daye all her eſtate in the ſaid Copies following
vizt./ xxx^s

[A long tranſſer liſt, of which one of the articles is]

"*The Knaue of Harts.*"

"In accordance with a promiſe given at the end of 'The Knave of Clubs,' Rowlands went on with his ſeries of *Knaves*, and in 1612 gave to the world 'The Knave of Harts, Haile Fellowe, well met.' That this was the ſecond of the ſeries, we have ſufficient evidence in the following lines from the addreſs of 'The Knave of Harts to his three Brethren Knaves':—

'The Knave of Clubs hath firſt begunne,
And I am next, now he hath done.

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His tale of Knaves hath *thrice beene tolde*,
And he is printed, bought, and folde,
Which made me haste againe to presse,
Left Dimond should my place possesse.'

The expression in the third line, that the Knave of Clubs hath *thrice* told his tale, alludes to the tract having passed through three editions; viz., the first in 1600, the second in 1609, and that from which our reprint is made, in 1611.—Dr. E. F. RIMBAULT: Introduction to "The Four Knaves," *Percy Society*, 1843.

"This was one of a numerous family of fatirical works written by Samuel Rowlands, an author whose poetical powers were not equal to his caustic humour and biting censure. He appears to have visited the haunts of profligacy and vice in search of subjects for his sarcastic Muse, and the result of such enquiries, communicated in his various pieces, is productive of amusement as well as instruction to modern readers. The follies and vices of his day were painted with a coarse but vigorous pencil; his sketches were the issue of strong and accurate observation; and our knowledge of the domestic usages, the opinions, and ever-varying fashions of the times of Elizabeth and the first James is consequently much enlarged from the sources which Rowlands has opened to our view.

"All his productions are now become very rare, although most of them went through repeated editions. Amongst other works, mostly characterised by quaint titles, he published three several volumes of 'Knives,' viz.—'The Knave of Harts,' 'The Knave of Clubs,' and 'More Knives Yet.' Ritson in the list which he has given of Rowlands' publications (a list somewhat increased by later enquiry) has noticed only one of this series, the 'Knave of Clubs'; stronger evidence probably of the rarity of the works so omitted, than of the inaccuracy of that fastidious critic.

"There are copies of the three several volumes of 'Knives' in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library; in the British Museum are the Knives of Harts and Clubs; and the *three* works bound together were in Mr. Heber's collection, having been purchased by him at Mr. Bindley's sale.

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“The late Sir Walter Scott gave to the world, in the year 1814, a very limited edition of one of Rowlands’ fatirical effusions, entitled ‘The letting of Humor’s Blood in the head-vaine, &c., London, 1611,’ to which an advertisement was prefixed, from which the following passage is extracted: ‘*The humorous descriptions of low life exhibited in his satires are more precious to Antiquaries than more grave works, and those who make the manners of Shakespear’s age the subject of their study may better spare a better author than Samuel Rowlands.*’

“Of Rowlands himself, little or nothing beyond what appears occasionally in his works, has been hitherto discovered by modern biographers.”—Mr. E. V. UTTERSON: Note to “Knave of Harts,” 1613. “Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by George Butler, for Edwd. V. Utterfon, in the year MDCCCXL.”

The second edition of 1613 was reprinted by Mr. E. V. Utterfon in 1840 (the impression limited to fifteen copies), and by the *Percy Society* in 1843.

XVII. More Knaues yet? The Knaues of Spades and
Diamonds. LONDON Printed for *John Tapp*, dwelling
at Saint Magnus. [1613?] 4to, 22 leaves.

The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library.

It is entered as follows in the “Stationers’ Registers” (Mr. ARBER’S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 534):—

“27 Octobris 1613

“John Tapp.—Entred for his Coppie vnder the handes of master
JOHN TAVERNER and the wardens a booke called *The
knaues of Diamondes and spades.* vij^s”

And again (vol. iv., pp. 258-9 and 312):—

“1^o Augusti 1631.

“Joseph Hurlocke.—Assigned ouer vnto him by Elizabeth Tapp
late the wife of John Tapp deceased and by order of a full
Court all that her Estate right title and interest in the
Coppies hereafter mencioned vij^s
[fourteen books, of which 14] *The Knaues of Diamondes and Spades.*

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“16 Januarij 1633. [*i.e.* 1634]

“George Hurlocke.—Assigned ouer vnto him [&c. fourteen books of which the fourteenth is] *The Knaues of Diamonds and Spades.*”

“The last of the series of Rowlands' *Knaues* was ‘More Knaues yet? The Knaues of Spades and Diamonds.’ It was printed without date; but in all probability (from allusions to Ward and Danfikar, two famous pirates, whose story was then popular) about the same period as the preceding tract.”—Dr. E. F. RIMBAULT: Introduction to “The Four Knaues,” *Percy Society*, 1843.

“This is the third of S. Rowlands' poetical tracts, published under the quaint title of ‘Knaues &c.’ and of which the original is at least equally scarce with his other volumes. As has before been remarked, his object seems generally to have been, to invite the public notice by the singularity of his title, which frequently has little or no connexion with the work itself. Such is the case with the present volume, which possesses little poetical merit, but occasionally illustrates the morals and manners of the author's Age.”—Mr. E. V. UTTERSON: Note to “More Knaues Yet? The Knaues of Spades and Diamonds.” “Reprinted at the Bel-dornie Press, by G. E. Palmer, for Edwd. V. Utterfon, in the year MDCCCXLI.”

Reprinted by Mr. E. V. Utterfon in 1841 (the impression limited to sixteen copies), and by the *Percy Society* in 1843.

XVIII. Sir Thomas Overbury, or The Poyfoned Knights Complaint. *Imprinted at London for John White.*

[1614]

A broadside, of which the only known copy is in the Collection of the Society of Antiquaries, London. It will be found printed with the Miscellaneous Poems.

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- XIX. A FOOL'S BOLT is foone shott. Imprinted at London for *George Loftus*, and are to be sold at the signe of the White Horfe at the Steps of the North doore of *Paules*. 1614, 4to, 20 leaves.

The only known copy is in the Capel Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge.

It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 545):—

"quarto Maij 1614

"Andrew. Manfell.—Entred for his Coppie vnder the handes of mafter TAVERNOUR and mafter ffeild warden a booke called *A fooles bolt is foone shot* vj^d"

- XX. *THE Melancholie Knight*. By S. R. ¶ Imprinted at London by R. B. and are to be sold by *George Loftus*, in Bishops-gate streete, neere the Angell. 1615, 4to, 22 leaves.

The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 558):—

"2^o Decembris 1614

"John Beale.—Entred for his Coppie vnder the handes of mafter TAVERNOUR and mafter warden Adames a booke called *The Malencholy knight* by SAMUELL ROWLANDS vj^d"

"S. Rowlands in his various fatirical pieces seems generally anxious to claim the public attention by an attractive title. Hence 'The Melancholy Knight' at the head of this little effusion. 'Your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, Sir,' says Master Matthew in Ben Jonson's admirable comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, which according to Whalley, was 'a sneer

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upon the fantastic behaviour of the Gallants in that day, who affected to appear melancholy, and abstracted from common objects.'

"Few minor poets of the period in which he wrote possessed a more fluent vein, as adapted to the nature of his subject, than our author; satire was his object, and he follows the chafe, sometimes attacking general vices, sometimes pursuing individual follies, with considerable success, in a strain of forcible, though rough humour. Many of his allusions are curious and amusing; and some of his ideas appear to have furnished hints to modern writers (the first five or six lines at page 4 [p. 10], appear to have been concentrated by Goldsmith, in that beautiful passage,

'Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.')

His occasional attempts at wit are not without point, and his references to old ballads, and parodies on Tales of Chivalry, then rapidly falling into neglect and ridicule, attest his acquaintance with that once fascinating study. This probably suggested his Travestie of the romance of Guy, Earl of Warwick, which went through several editions in the 17th century.

"The present work is extremely rare, and is not one of those enumerated in Ritson's list of Rowlands' pieces."—MR. E. V. UTTERSON: Note to "The Melancholie Knight." "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by George Butler, for Edwd. V. Utterfon, in the year MDCCCXLI."

"The ludicrously extravagant vein in which the writers of the old romances were burlesqued in an anonymous book called *The Heroicall Adventures of the Knight of the Sea*, 1600, 4to (before Cervantes had published his great work), by Rowlands in his ballad of *Sir Eglamore*, inserted in *The Melancholie Knight*, 1615, 4to; and again, by Samuel Holland in his *Don Lara Del Fogo*, 1656. But Chaucer's *Rime of Sir Thopas* is the first thing of this kind."—WARTON'S *Hist. of English Poetry*, edit. W. C. HAZLITT, 1871, vol. iii., p. 360.

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The impression of Mr. Utterfon's reprint was limited to sixteen copies.

XXI. The Bride. [1617?]

Nothing is known of this piece but what is to be found in the following entry from the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 609):—

" 22° Maij 1617

" Master Pauier.—Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master 'TAUERNOR and both the wardens, A Poeme intituled *The Bride*. written by SAMUELL ROWLANDE vj^d."

XXII. A SACRED MEMORIE OF *THE MIRACLES* wrought by our Lord and *Sauour Iesus Christ*. Written by *Samuel Rowlands*. IOHN. 10: If you belecue not Mee, belecue the works that I doe. LONDON, Imprinted by *Bernard Alfop*, and are to be sold at his house by Saint *Annes* Church neere Aldersgate. 1618, 4to, 26 leaves.

Four copies known: one in the possession of Mr. Henry Huth; another in the library of Mr. S. Christie-Miller; the third in the Bodleian Library; and the fourth in the British Museum.

It is entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 624) as follows:—

" 16° Aprilis 1618:

" Bernard Alfope.—Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master SANFORD and Master Swinhow warden, A Booke Called *A Sacred memory of the miracles wrought by our Lord and sauour JESUS CHRIST* vj^d"

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XXIII. THE NIGHT-RAVEN. *By S. R.*

*All those whose deede doe shun the Light,
Are my companions in the Night.*

LONDON, Printed by G: Eld for John Deane and
Thomas Baily. 1620, 4to, 18 leaves.

Two perfect copies known: one in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere, and the other in the Bodleian Library. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 657):—

"18^o Septembris 1619

"Thomas Bayley John Deane.—Entred for their copie vnder the handes of Master Doctor GOADE, and Master Jaggard warden A booke Called, *The Night rauē* made by S. R[OWLANDS]. vj^d"

"The author calls this tract 'The Night Raven,' because he professes to disclose scenes, and to describe characters, chiefly observed in London after dark—

'Those evil actions that avoyde the Sunne
And by the light of day are never done'—

but he does not keep strictly to his purpose. It was popular, and, having been first published, as far as we know, in 1618, it was reprinted in 1620, and 1634, each time with a woodcut of a raven on the title-page. The present is, therefore, the second edition. [See entry from "Stationers' Registers" already quoted.] Some of the humorous pieces of which it is composed must have been written long before they were published, as where the author makes a young 'Night Swaggerer' say:—

'Then third degree of Gentleman I clayme
Is my profession of a Souldiers name.
Looke but your Chronicle for eighty eight,
And turn to Tilbury you have me straight.'

Referring of course to the camp at Tilbury in 1588, which was thirty years before the tract was first printed. On the other hand,

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some poems are of considerably later date, as Mrs. Turner's yellow starch is spoken of in one of them. Others are mere jests, and one or two of them, such as 'The Tragedy of Smug the Smith,' from the Italian: on sign. D4b, Chaucer furnishes a short production. . . . The tract seems to have been hastily got up and published, to supply some temporary necessity on the part of the writer."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., p. 294.

"The Night-Raven" was "Reprinted at the Beldornie Prefs, by G. E. Palmer, for Edwd. V. Utterfon, in the year MDCCCXLI." Mr. Utterfon appended to his reprint (limited to sixteen copies) the following note:—

"This is one of Samuel Rowlands' productions, which, in spite of occasional indelicacy of language, and coarseness of allusion, possesses some claims on our attention from its illustration of contemporary manners, and reference to ancient literature.

"Ritfon mentions it in his list of Rowlands' productions in the *Bibliographica Poetica*, but speaks only of the edition of 1618. Common enough as such a work probably once was, it is now become very rare."

XXIV. A Payre of Spy-Knaves. [1620?] 4to, 12 leaves.

Only known to exist in a *unique* fragment, in the possession of Mr. J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. The following entry is from the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 660):—

"6^o Decembris 1619

"Phillip Birch.—Entred for his copie vnder the handes of
Master TAUERNOR, and Master Jaggard warden A booke
Called *A Payre of Spy knaves* written by SAMUELL ROW-
LANDS vjd"

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In a subsequent entry (vol. iv., p. 91) this piece is erroneously assigned to Samuel Rowley:—

“7^o februaryj [1623]

“Roberte Birde.—Assigned ouer vnto him by Phillip Birch with the Consent of Maſter Pavier warden theis two Copies following xij^d

vizt. A *fermon* called *DIUES and LAZARUS.* by R. F.

A Paire of Spy knaues. by SAMUEL ROWLEY

“This is the sequel to Rowlands’ ‘Knave of Clubs,’ ‘Knave of Hearts,’ and ‘Knaves of Spades and Diamonds:’ unfortunately it is only a fragment, beginning with an address ‘To the World’s Blinde Judgement’ on sign. A 3, and ending with an ‘Epigram’ on sign. D 3,—in the whole 12 leaves. No other copy, perfect or imperfect, has ever been heard of, the initials of the writer, Samuel Rowlands, (who in the same way claimed the authorship of the rest of the *knaveish* pieces) being at the end of the . . . lines to the Reader. . . . On the whole the ‘Payre of Spy-knaves’ (such is the running title, in default of a title-page) may be held superior to any of the other three productions by the same author under corresponding names. We apprehend that it was the last of the series, but the prolific author, far from having run himself dry, is here even pleasanter, more lively, more satirical, and even more informing, as to manners and opinions in his day, than in his earlier performances. . . . Some of the poems are a little coarse but highly humorous, particularly one entitled ‘As wife as John of Goteham’s Calfe; or This fellow brought his Hogges to a faire Market.’ Not a few of the titles are droll and descriptive, as ‘Courteous complements betweene a Traveller and a Hangman,’ ‘A Roaring Boyes Description,’ ‘A Marriage Merchant,’ &c. Several of them are in flowing pleasant rhyme, as for instance:—

‘The boarding of the Alehouse Ship, fought so
Till Smug, the Smith, could neither stand nor goe.’

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‘Instructions given to a Countrey Clowne
To take Tobacco when he comes to Towne.’

‘Such Oaft such gheft, the Proverbe fayes:
Ill Servants chufe bad Mafters wayes.’

Our copy of this curiofity feems to have been refcued (poffibly from the flames) in fheets, which are uncut and only three in number.”—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., pp. 296-98.

XXV. GOOD NEWES and BAD NEWES. By S. R.
LONDON, Printed for *Henry Bell*, and are to be fold at
his Shop within the *Hospitall* gate in *Smith-field*.
1622, 4to, 23 leaves.

Three copies known: two in the Bodleian Library, and the third in the poffeffion of the Earl of Ellesmere.

“This is little more than a jeft-book in verfe, and it is one of the rareft of Rowlands’ later pieces, who acknowledges it by his initials on the title-page, and at the end of an addrefs of fixteen lines ‘to the Reader.’ On the title-page is a woodcut of a Londoner and a countryman (from Robert Greene’s tract) in converfation. . . . The words ‘Good Newes’ and ‘Bad Newes’ are placed at the heads of different pages, without much application to the ftory related; and this is carried through feventeen leaves, when we arrive at nine pages of Epigrams, as they are called, rather for variety of appellation than for any marked difference in the ftyle or fubjects. The enumeration of the fights of London in 1622, which Hodge comes to town to vifit, is amufing.”—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER: *Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., pp. 295-296.

“Although S. Rowlands appears to have commenced his poetical labours in a ferious ftain, the bent of his inclination led him, more efpecially in his later years, to fubjects of merriment and fatire. Such is the work which is here reprinted, one of his numerous rhyming jeft Books, all of which are now become very rare. Rit-

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fon includes 'Good newes and bad newes' in his enumeration of S. Rowlands' productions.

"The wood-cut in the title-page of the original work, is the same as that used in Greene's 'Quip for an upstart Courtier or a quaint dispute between Velvet breeches and Cloth breeches. Printed for G. P. 1620.'"—Mr. E. V. UTTERSON.

"Good Newes and Bad Newes" was "Reprinted at the Beldornie Press, by G. E. Palmer, for Edwd. V. Utterson, in the year MDCCLXI." (the impression limited to sixteen copies); and by Mr. J. Payne Collier in his *Yellow Series* of Miscellaneous Tracts, Temp. Eliz. & Jac. I. (the impression limited to fifty copies).

XXVI. HEAVENS GLORY, SEEKE IT. EARTHS VANITIE,
FLYE IT. HELLS HORROR, FERE IT. LONDON,
printed for Michaell Sparke. A°.

1628, fm. 8vo, 141 leaves.

Two copies known: one in Dulwich College, London, and the other in the Bodleian Library. The latter copy is, however, deficient of the folding plate facing p. 133. The following entry appears in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iv., p. 192):—

10 Januarij 1627 [*i.e.* 1628].

"Michael Sparkes.—Assigned ouer vnto him by Adam Islip All the estate right title and Interest which he hath in the Copie hereafter mencioned *viz Heavens glorye seeke it, Earthes vanitye flye it, Hells horror feare it* by SAMUELL ROWLAND[s]// vj^d"

Octavius Gilchrist, referring to the third edition of 1639, remarks as follows:—

"This is the second of two titles, either of which might have alone served the purpose of a sign at the door; the former is how-

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ever too elaborate to be overlooked, it being very neatly engraved (the artist's name needlessly concealed) and divided into various compartments; the sides graphically describing the effects and consequences of intemperance, gluttony, and other vices. At the top is the eye of Heaven encircled by the Sun and Moon, and angels sounding trumpets; at the bottom is depicted the mouth of Hell pouring forth its winged and fable inhabitants, wheeling amid flames

'In many an airy gyre.'

In the upper part of the centre are two figures, the one holding a coronet, the other a burning heart, both supporting a scroll, on which is inscribed

'Heaven's glory, seek it.
Earth's vanity, fly it.
Hell's Horror, fere it.'

"Below these is a very neat representation of a Square illumined by the Moon, in which is seen The Bell-man, accompanied by his dog, with his lanthorn in one hand, ringing a bell with the other, having his Bill, a sort of Pole-axe, the usual companion of watchmen in the elder James's reign, hanging over his shoulder.

"Of the author of this 'most excellent Treatise,'¹ it may justly be regarded as extraordinary, that no account is discoverable (at least as far as my researches have extended); and though his pamphlets almost rival in number those of Greene and Prynne their prefaces, those fruitful sources of information, throw no light upon the life or circumstances of the author. From the present and other of his volumes that I have read, (and those not a few) I judge he was an Ecclesiastic by profession; and, inferring his zeal in the pulpit from his labours through the press, it should seem that he was an active servant of the church.² The present volume

¹ [So called in the title-page of the third edition.]

² ["The opinions of both these writers (Octavius Gilchrist and Sir Walter Scott) are entitled to some respect, but they certainly looked upon two very different sides of the question. Gilchrist's conjecture that he (Rowlands) was an ecclesiastic is quite untenable, and I am fully inclined to agree with Sir Walter

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which is a mixture of bad poetry and better prose is (as the titles indicate) divided into three parts, each part being subdivided into sections. The prose of *Samuel Rowlands* must not be compared with that of the great ecclesiastics his contemporaries, with that of Hooker, and Hammond, and Taylor, and many others; there is however, a warmth and fervour in it which, while it proves the sincerity of his feelings, sometimes rises to one of the lower degrees of eloquence.

“ ‘The common calls, cries, and sounds, of the Bell-man,’ with which this little volume concludes, suffice to prove that there has been no change in the quality of that venerable person’s verses from the reign of Charles the first down to that of George the third. Shreds of morality put into verse, scraps of sermons *done* into rhyme.”—See JOHN FRY’S *Bibliographical Memoranda*, Bristol, 1816, 4to, pp. 256, 257, 258.

“ In 1628 Samuel Rowland (who, we apprehend, is not to be confounded with the popular comic poet, Samuel Rowlands) printed a pious production called ‘Heavens Glory, seeke it,’ &c., at the end of which he inserted, with a new title-page, ‘The Common Cryes and Sounds of the Bell-man,’ which only relate to what we now term ‘Bell-mans Verses:’ they are all of a serious and religious character.”—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER (*Biblio. Account*, vol. i., p. 165).

“The compilers of the two editions of Lowndes’ *Bibl. Man.* have not perceived that ‘Time well improved,’ &c., 1657, was substantially the same work, first published in 1628, under the title of ‘Heavens Glory, seeke it,’ &c.”—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER (*Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., p. 279).

“All [Rowlands’ productions] were ludicrous or satirical, unless we except the first and the last—‘The Betraying of Christ,’ 1598,

Scott, that Rowlands’ company was not of the most *select* order, and that he must often have frequented those ‘haunts of dissipation’ which he so well describes in those works which are the *known* productions of his muse.”—Dr. E. F. RIMBAULT (*Notes and Queries*, First Series, vol. ii., p. 420).]

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and 'Heavens Glory, seeke it,' 1628: possibly (as we formerly remarked) they were not by him, and the second professee to be by Samuel Rowland, and not *Rowlands*. In our index to the 'Bibl. Account,' &c., ii., 585, the mistake is made of misspelling the name of Samuel Rowlands; and it is still more likely that it should have been committed two hundred and fifty years ago. The two works above specified are unlike anything else Samuel Rowlands left behind him, and they were printed and published by persons whose names, we think, do not appear on his other title-pages."—Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER (Introduction to "Good Newes and Bad Newes," 1622, *Yellow Series*, No. 14).

XXVII. The Famous History of GVV Earle of *Warwicke*.
By SAMVEL ROWLANDS. LONDON, Printed for
Edward Brewster at the Sign of the Crane in St. Pauls
Churchyard. 1682, 4to, 44 leaves.

The copy of this work from which the reproduction was taken is in the British Museum. It bears the date 1607, and was consequently supposed to be the first edition; but after the reprint was finished the title-page was found to be an admirably executed facsimile. Further investigation, after the question was once raised, proved the edition to be really that of 1682, published by Edward Brewster. Though thus a comparatively late edition, none earlier than that of 1649 in the Bodleian could be found (the edition of 1632 in the British Museum is in such a mutilated state as to be of little value in this way); and as a collation showed no essential differences between the two, it was thought well to retain the reprint already made, substituting its real title-page for the spurious one, and giving the Dedication and Argument found in the edition of 1649.

The following entry from the "Stationers' Registers" gives the date of the original appearance of this work (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. iii., p. 382):—

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“ 23. Junij [1608].

“ William. ffeerbrand.—Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of mafter JAMES SPEIGHT and Th[e] wardens A book called *the famous history of Guy E[ar]le of Warwick* vj^d”

“ This romance originally appeared in 1607—at least no earlier edition of it is known, although an impression by Edward Allde, without date, may possibly have preceded it. It was frequently reprinted down to as late a date as 1682, and it was so popular, and so many copies of it were destroyed by frequent reading, that all are of rare occurrence. In his address, Rowlands has these lines, very applicable to the literature of the time when the romance first appeared:—

*‘ Most strange in this same Poet-plenty-age:
When Epigrams and Satyrs biting, rage:
Where Paper is employed every day,
To carry Verse about the Town for pay,
That Stories should intomb’d with Worthies lie,
And Fame, through Age extinct, obscurely die.’*

Epigrams and faires were the fashionable mode of writing from about 1595 to 1615, and Rowlands himself, as we have already shown, had given specimens of his talents in both.”—MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER (*Biblio. Account*, vol. ii., pp. 298-99).

After referring to the early romances of “Guy Earl of Warwick,” Mr. Corser, in describing the 1667 edition of Rowlands’ version, goes on to say:—

“ Of the present version by Rowland[s], which varies in some degree from the older copies, the first edition in 1607, 4to, and was followed by others, viz., by Edward Allde, 4to, without date, in 1654, 1667, 1679, and 1682, and probably more frequently still—all of them, from the great popularity of the work, are now of considerable rarity, and generally bring high prices. The title-page is chiefly filled with a large woodcut, representing the hero Sir Guy on horseback in full armour, with a large plume of feathers on his helmet, and another on his horse’s head, holding a boar’s head on his spear, and a lion walking tamely by his side. There

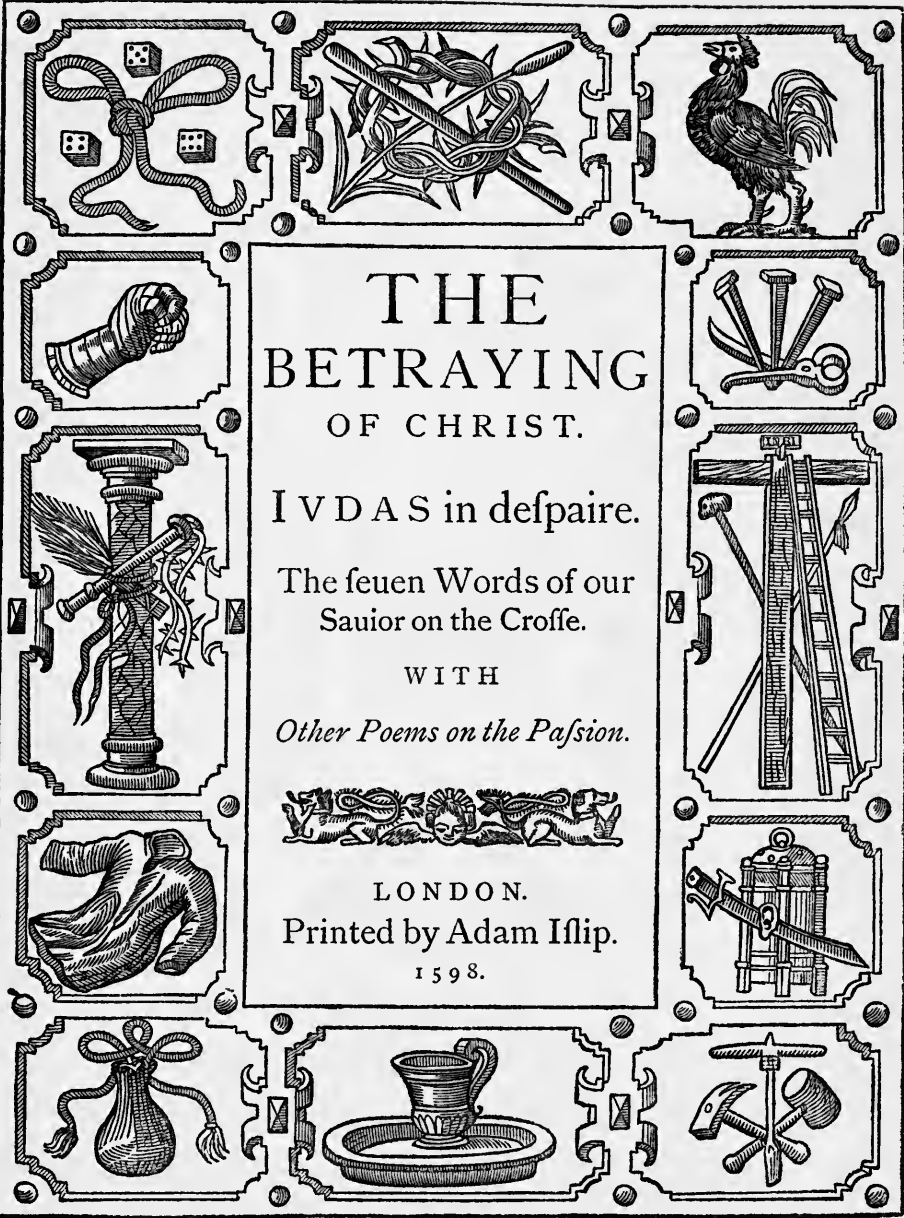
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are also six other woodcuts in the volume, of coarse design and execution, illustrative of the principal events of the narrative. It has a prose dedication to Philip Earl of Montgomery, Lord Herbert of Sherland, followed by a poetical address "To the Noble English Nation;" another of three stanzas "To the Honourable Ladies of England," and "The Argument" of the poem. . . . The poem is composed in six-line stanzas, and is divided into twelve cantos, each of them preceded by a heading of four lines. Like most of the other works of the same Author, it betrays strong marks of haste and carelessness, which is apparent in many parts, and especially in the second encounter of Guy with Colbrand the Giant in the twelfth canto, whom he had already slain in the sixth, and had sent his head to the Emperor. But although betokening evident signs of haste, some of the descriptions are written with considerable force and skill, as witness the spirited account of Guy's rencontre with the Dragon. . . . The eleventh canto, commencing with a description of Guy's "painful pilgrim life," contains some fine thoughts expressed in adequate language. . . . In this curious episode the reader will scarcely fail to have brought to his remembrance the famous speeches in Hamlet, in which the melancholy Prince of Denmark apostrophizes a skull in a manner, and even in words to which some of the present lines bear a striking similarity. That Shakespeare was indebted in any respect to Rowland[s] for the slightest hint of the speeches referred to is highly improbable, even although we were to suppose that the poem of the 'History of Guy of Warwick' was written and circulated in manuscript for some years previous to its publication in 1607, nor is it necessary to presume that Rowland[s] derived his ideas from the work of the more distinguished poet. Reflections of this kind are common to all languages and to all literatures; and there is much in the above stanzas which may have been derived from the longer versions of the old and well-known English translation of the 'Dialogue between the Body and the Soul,' or from some other sources of a like character."—Rev. THOMAS CORSER: unpublished MS. of *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*.

XXVIII. Miscellaneous Poems.

4to, 12 leaves.





THE
BETRAYING
OF CHRIST.

I V D A S in despaire.

The feuen Words of our
Sauior on the Crosse.

WITH

Other Poems on the Pafsion.



LONDON.
Printed by Adam Iflip.

1598.





TO THE RIGHT WOR-
shipfull, Sir *Nicholas Walsh* Knight, cheefe
Iustice of her Maiesties court of common pleas in
Ireland, and of her Highnesse counsaile there.



Albeit (right Worshipfull) that
the art of Poesie is in fort dealt
withall, as *Cacus* once vsed
Hercules oxen, when he drew
them backwards vp the hill:
being customarily in these daies wrested and
turned to the fooleries of Loue, and such like
base subiect of fancies abortiue births, conuer-
ting Poetries imploiment to follies vse, and
wit ill spent runnes violent that way, with the
current of errour. Yet hath it a natiue diuine
off-spring and issue, wherof partaking kindly,
floates with a calme tempered gale from all

Aij

mif-

miscarying wracke, to the harbour of a quiet
applause. The vpright and best approoued
censure I presume gains your Worships ver-
tuous allowance, to whose wisdome and gra-
uitie affociate with an heroicall sprite, I dedi-
cate affections testimony by these vnpolished
lines, crauing your fauourable fault-shadow-
ing view, if in the manner any thing appeare
defectiue, trusting that as a fruitfull tree the
more it is fruitladen, the more it declineth, so
your plenteous accõplished vertues wil hum-
ble them in daining to accept the loue I reue-
rence you withall: wishing your Wor-
ship Worlds prosperitie, and Hea-
uens happinesse.

Yours in the best endeouours of affection.

S. R.



The betraying of Iesus



VEN vwhen no beauties of the garnisht skie
Had left the view of Heauen-makers vvonder,
And Phebus steeds were gallop'd posting by
Their hasty speed had got the vvorlds half vn-
Yea eu'ry creature that had life or sprite, (der,
Mourn'd at the darke approach of vgly night:

An host of fwartest fable foggie clouds,
Wrapt in faire *Cinthia* from her filuer shine,
Mantling her brightnesse vvith their obscure shrouds
As though heav'ns lampe vvere come to latest fine,
Her cannapie of starres vvas eke vnseene,
Whereon she vvonted mount, imperious Queene.

The airy vvinged people gone to rest,
Had clear'd vvith day, not left a note vnpaid,
All other creatures that might be exprest,
In caues and holes for nights repose vvere laid,
Of vvild, or tame, none raung'd or ran astray,
But rauenuous, by darke that hunt for pray.

Thicke

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Thicke mistie vapours vvere disperfed foule,
Prohibiting day-followers to be feene,
Dispensing only vvith the fhriking Owle,
And eies that Nature put lights hate betweene,
Such as vvere banisht from the face of day,
To lurke the couert fhameleffe night away.

Then child of vtter darkneffe, lights offence,
Intituled: *The loft sonne of perdition*,
Hired againft his Lord for thirty pence
To be a traitor vnder hels commifsion,
In this nights time, did rebell troupes increafe
To manage armes against the Prince of peace.

Toward Cedron brooke th'accursed leader goes,
With horfe and foot, vveapon'd vvith launce and fpeare,
His bleffed maifter vs'd that vvalke he knowes,
Vnworthy vvretch had oft ben vvith him there,
Oft as a friend the place he did frequent,
But now foe-harted, trecherous of intent.

As in a garden *Adam* difobayed,
And there became a captiue to the diuell,
So in a garden Iefus vvas betrayed,
To suffer death for *Adams* former euill:
Within a garden *Adams* crime offended,
For vvich Chrift vvas in garden apprehended.

And

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

And as in pleafures garden at the fall,
For *Adams* clothing, dead beafts skins God gaue,
In euidence that death vvent ouer all,
And that his garment might preface his graue:
 So Chrift in garden tombe and dead mans fhrowd,
 Defray'd our debts, vvith paiment beft alowd.

Ouer the brooke, to garden they repaire,
(Swift vvere their feet about the fheading blood)
Euen to the place that Iefus vs'd for praier,
Where he intreated grace for finners good,
 Where he confulted to redeeme and faue:
 Thither they came, refolu'd his life to haue.

With eafie fearch the guiltleffe may be found,
Whofe quiet thoughts and peace vnite in one,
A voice, *Whom feeke you?* threw them all to ground,
A power diuine, to make true godhead knowne.
 Iefus came forth, encountred them vvith breath,
 And they at once fell backward all to th'earth.

Had then his vvill confented to his power,
If Iuftice had appear'd, and mercy hid,
They had defcended hell that finfull hower,
Like *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* did,
 Where th'one vvas feandale to the feruant done,
 The other vvas rebellion gainft the fonne.

B

While

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

While *Ieroboam* stretcht his threatning hand
(Right insolent and full of daring pride)
To stay the Prophet, giuing strict command,
Iudgement laid hold on him, his hand vvas dryde:
 But these in armes, and violent enterprife,
 Though throwne to ground, doe vnrepentant rise,

Deaths harbenger vnto Damasco towne,
Then bloody-mind Saint-persecuting *Saul*
Was with like powreful voice from heauen thrown down,
But to conuersion grace imploy'd his fall:
 With greater fauour, blisse can none acquaint,
 Then crowne a greuous sinner, glorious Saint.

But these vvwhose hearts vvvere hardned, fight extinct,
Haters of knowledge, children of the night,
At vvar vvith God, in league vvith Sathan linckt
Grosse darknesse followers, fhunners of the light,
 Stiffe necked, stubborne, and rebellious Iewes,
 Contemne saluation; offered grace refuse.

Wisdomes beloued, Israels vvifest king,
Doth fay the vvicked cannot sleeping rest,
Till they are pleased vvith some ill done thing;
The vvorfer deed, the doer likes for best:
 A minute spent in good, seems long loth'd day,
 A night of finne, but moment stolne avway.

How

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

How toilefome tedious had that vvatching bin,
If vertue had perfuaded thereunto,
But Owle-eied they became to compaffe fin,
Fit vvas the time fo foule a fact to do:
That vvork of darkneffe, ioin'd vvith darkneffe power
Might meet together all in darkneffe hower.

When they fhould reft, their malice not indur'd it,
For malice neuer clofeth fleeping eies,
And vvhen they fhould not vvake, reuenge procur'd it,
Reuenge, doth hourelly, fome reuenge deuife,
Who rides the deuill hath no curbe they fay,
For malice drawes, and fury fpurs away.

Th'vnfeemely vprore, to the night vnkind,
Happening as frightfull as in fires danger,
Caus'd him make haft that left his clothes behind,
Hardly entreated, like vnwelcome ftranger,
For in retire, his cafe like *Iofephs* ftands,
Who left his garment in his miftrefse hands.

T'was no offence fpringing from his intent,
That did demerite violent force refift him,
Yet pawn'd he fhirt for skin before he vvent,
Gladdeft vvhen naked gone that rage had mift him,
What furies guided this mifguided fwarme?
To bend their force againft vnthoughted harme.

B ij

When

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

When traitor meets, thefe quaint deceits he had,
In gefture, kind imbracements vvith a kiffe;
In vvords, *All haile*, God faue thee, or be glad;
Yet murder, blood, and death, lies hid in this,
 This cup of gold did poisons draught begin,
 This greene had ferpents lurking hid vvithin.

The vvord *All haile*, feru'd *Ioab* to falute,
(Good vvords do often make for ill pretence,)
But *Abner* found a mortall ftab the fruit,
While falshood fpake, twas murder did infence:
 Like that, vvas this of *Iudas* falfe intent,
 By vvord, *God faue*, the deed Destroy vvas ment.

All haile, the Angell reuerently did vfe,
With heau'nly tongue, to holy virgins eare,
All haile, in *Pilats* hall they did abufe,
That fcorning Chrift, prefented *Aue* there,
 Higheft in fauour of all vvomen gain'd it,
 And chiefest finner of all men, profan'd it.

Firft vvord it vvas, Gods gracious loue tv'nfold
Beginning at our fauiours incarnation,
Firft vvord vvherewith falfe *Iudas* bought and fold,
Whofe trafficke turn'd Chrifts death, his own damnation.
 What profite his that all the vvorld fhould vvinne?
 With foule in deaths eternall debt by finne.

Why

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Why com'ft thou friend? vvhath mean'ft thou, Iefus faid,
At th'infant houre my praier and teares commend thee,
To giue a kiffe vvheryby I am betraide,
And vvith, All haile, brings troupes to apprehend mee?
I tearme thee friend, vngratefull as thou art,
That fhov'ft nor friend nor yet difciples part.

To call thee friend, it doth thus much betoken,
No caufe in me hath canfeld loues defire,
But thy reuolting hath our friendfhip broken,
Vnaltred I remaine the fame entire:
If thou vvith *Dauid, I haue finned*, couldft fay,
His anfwere thine, *Thy finne is done away*.

Returne thee vvith repentant hearts imbrace,
And mercy fhall vvith iuftice dome fufpend,
I left not thee, vvhy doeft thou run from grace,
Though thou haft fold me, ftill I call thee friend,
But if thou vvilt not be reclaimed backe,
Be thou thy felfe thine owne foules vvilfull vvracke.

When murder had faluted, treason kift,
And bribery imbrac'd vvith figne of gladneffe,
In vvich the traitors feruice did confift,
Then prefs'd the Iewes on Chrift vvith furious madneffe,
Like hunger-paunched vvolumes prone to deuour
The lambe fubiefted to their rauening power.

B ij

Right

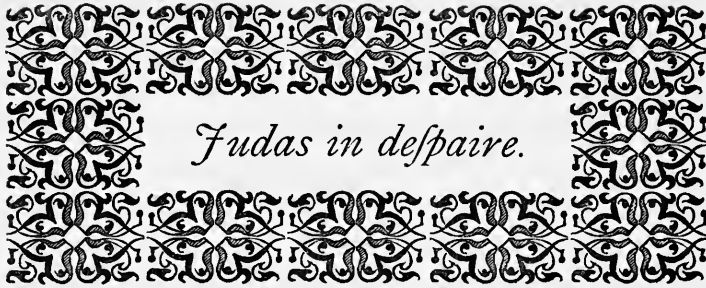
Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Right manly valiant *Peter* did him beare,
When no difciple durft attempt the like,
T'vnfheath his fword, and cut off *Malcus* eare,
Against an armed multitude to ftrike,
 Danger and feare are cowards turnd afide
 When manhood is by refolution tride.

But Iefus did no humane forces need,
That legions had of Angels at command,
And *Peter* had no charge to fight, but feed
The flocke of sheepe committed to his hand,
 It vvas Gods vvill to fuffer, not refift,
 His power gaue power, and finne did vvhat it lift.

He vvas content, their violent force fould bind him
And lead him thence vnto the torturing place,
To teare his flefh vvith vvhips to mocke and blind him,
To buffet and to fpit vpon his face.
 T'accufe him false by flanders lying breath,
 To dome him fentence flames moft odious death.





Judas in despaire.



Errors torment my tortur'd soule perplexed,
Fell furies fright, and hale me on away,
To *Cayphas* and the rest vvith horroure vexed
Goes *Simons* sonne, Gods son did false betray,
Such is my sinne against that guiltlesse blood,
No baulme in *Israell* left to doe me good.

They answer'd, carelesse of my vvretched state,
What's that to vs? Looke thou thy selfe vnto it,
Then vengeance I expect, grace comes too late,
Resolue no lesse, for that you brib'd me do it,
Sathan feduc'd, I acted the offence,
Despaire is come, there lies your thirty pence.

I am perditions child, outcast forlorne,
All haile in vvord, but in the heart all hatefull,
It had ben good, so bad had nere ben borne,
That of all creatures am the most ingratefull:
Oh had I neuer liu'd, furuiuing shame
Had vnreported hid my odious name.

Bafe

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Bafe couetoufneffe no more *Gehezies* finne,
My intrest in that crime doth thine controule,
Thou vvaft but leaper of polluted skinne,
My leprofie is a defiled foule:
 Thou took'ft a bribe againft thy maifters vvill,
 But I vvas brib'd to kiffe, and kift to kill.

Maries good vvorke Chrifft promis'd to commend
Perpetually in euer-liuing praife,
But my vile a c t beyond all ftinted end,
Shall euidence I trod the left hand vvaies,
 My title thus the Scriptures fhall record:
 Judas Ifcarioth, that betrayd the Lord.

Three euils in one I did commit, in this
That gainft the King of glory I haue done:
Deceit betray'd vvith fhew of kind-ment kiffe,
Couetoufneffe incenft, that finne begun,
 Impudent boldneffe did intrude the deed,
 Ere any mou'd or vvifht me to proceed.

I knew the choife, and gainefull happie vvay,
That heauens gate, vvas straighteft dore to enter,
I taught the vvorld, take heed broad paths doe stray,
And yet my felfe the vvide-gate wilfull venter,
 Like *Noahs* vvorkemen, fuch my ftate is found
 They built an arke for him, themfelues vvere drown'd.

I

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

I haue excluded faiths refolued truſt
In him by vvhom the true repentant liue,
Cain-like affirming nought but vengeance muſt
Reward my finnes, mercy no ſuch forgiue:
My heart's indurate, hardned, vnrelenting,
Paſt is the deed, the doer paſt repenting.

Though *David* found remorse to vvaile his finne,
And *Nathans* comfort, eas'd his mournfull taſke,
Diſtruſt and horreur haue ſo hemd me in,
That might I haue, I hopeleſſe vvill not aſke:
Feare, ſhame, and guilt do haunt me at the heeles,
Of iudgement, men, and vvhat my conſcience fees.

My dying foule, refuſing liuing meane,
Denies vvith heav'nly Manna to be fed
A ſea of teares can neuer rince it cleane,
Yet could one drop, that drop ſhould ne're be ſhed.
What teares, vvhat praiers can his atonement make,
Whoſe portion is in vengeance fearefull lake?

Mine inward conſcience doth foules ruine tell,
Authenticke witneſſe, and ſeuere accuſer,
Where I abide, I feeling find a hell
Tormenting me, that am ſelfe torment chuſer:
Sound conſcience well is ſaid like vvall of braſſe;
Corrupted, fit compar'd to broken glaſſe.

C

More

Poems vpon the passion.

More blind then those vvwhose fight fight-giuer gaue,
More deaffe and dumbe then any that he cured,
More dead then *Lazarus* in his stincking graue,
When he deaths vault till fift daies baile indured.

Not eies, eares, limmes, tongue, body, haue defect,
It is my foule, that faluing heauens reiect.

If first borne man, the first of desp'rate mind,
By vvhom the first of guiltlesse blood vvas shed,
Did say, There vvas no grace for him to find,
But vengeance must be heaped on his head:

Let me (sinnes monster, masse of curfed euill)
Bid Sathan vvelcome, and imbrace the deuill.

When Christ shall come in clouds, and sinnes be scand,
All *Adams* sonnes expecting rightfull dome,
I vvretch amongst the goats shall trembling stand,
The right-hand sheepe, affoord no traitor roome,
To crie Lord, Lord, this answere shall be got,
Depart you cursed, hence I know you not.

The casting out of deuils then obiected,
Will cease no vvrrath, extenuate no dangers:
Not vvords vvith God, vvell doing is respected,
His Citizens deeds difference from the strangers,
Me thinkes I heare the iudge, sterne, full of ire:
Pronounce my sentence to eternall fire.

Was

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Was I not cald to heav'ns roiall feaft?
I vvas: but came as one that little cared,
How came I? brutifh like vnreuerent beaft,
Wanting a vvedding garment, vnprepared:
 Bold daring vvretch in fuch a facred place,
 To preffe in finnes caft fuite, rent, torne, and bafe.

But fearefull guerdon for fo foule attempt,
All-feeing eies beheld my rags bevvrays'd,
And moft feuerely thence he did exempt,
Bind him both hand and foot (his iuftice faid)
 And caft him out, no fuch may here partake,
 The Lambe vvith Sion, Sathan and the Lake.

Would I had neuer knowne Apoftles place,
Would I had ne're ben meffenger of truth,
Would I had neuer preacht the vvay to grace,
Would I had ne're ben borne, or died in youth:
 Who knowes his maifters vvill and doth neglect it,
 Sore stripes and many fhall feure correct it.

I muft falute *Afhur* and *Elams* traines,
To drinke vvith *Tuball* of the vvyrathfull cup,
Edom inuites me to th'infernall paines
No time of grace, vvith *Chrift* againe to fup,
 Now feaft vvhere teeth are gnasht & hands are wrong,
 Where *Dives* begs for drops to coole his tong.

C ij

Down

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Downe by the vway that *Corah* vvent to hell,
Like *Dathan* and *Abiram* to defcend
Where furies, fiends and damned ghofts do dwell,
And euer torments, neuer know an end,
Let earth deuide and opening fwallow then,
The most accurs'd of all the fonnes of men.

The man that from Ierufalem defcended,
And hapned in the hands of bloody theeues,
A pittifull Samaritane befriended
With mercy, and his hard diftreffe releues:
Such holy loue, true charity suppli'd him,
Pitty vvas prefent and no grace deni'd-him.

But I from new Ierufalem retyr'd
The reftfull Canaan, happineffe vnbounded,
For thirty pence hels iourney being hyr'd,
In Sathans fnares I fell, that theeve hath vvounded:
And priest is pafte, Samaritane gone by,
Seeing me cureleffe, careleffe let me lie.

Ah *Magdalen* fower forrowes turn'd thy fweet,
Well didft thou vveepe to vvafh, and vvafhing gaine,
With hairie towell vviping Iefus feet,
Thy true repentant teares did grace obtaine:
While I thy vertues fought to haue difgrast,
Tearming that holy vvorke, A needleffe vvafte.

But

Poems vpon the Paffion.

But happy vvoman, guiltleffe vvaft' controld,
How falſely did I vvifh thy ointment ſpared?
How couetous ſaid I, *Better this been ſold*
And giu'n the poore, vvaft for the poore I cared?
Ah no, my guilty conſcience doth deny it,
I bare the purſe, and vvould haue gained by it.

Sampſon, till Sathan fierce Philiftine caught me,
And in his rage put out my ſprituall eies,
Then blind in finne, to *Cayphas* houſe he brought me,
Againſt the pillar vvhere all mercy lies,
I bent my force to mooue the corner ſtone,
Deſtruction fell, my ſelfe deſtroy'd alone.

Like *Iezabels*, ſo my corrupted thought,
When ſhe complotted for good *Naboths* ground,
Cleare purchaſe tvvas, her vvile his vineyard bought;
Such ſeem'd my bribe, I held it money found:
But ſee how ſoone ſweet finnes conuert to fower,
I loath for euer, that I lou'd an hower.

Theſe three deuide my ſoule, Fear, Thought, & Anguiſh,
Their intreſt is the forfeits of my fall,
But vvhile in claime they ſtriuing let me languiſh,
The roaring Lion comes and ſeazeth all:
Infatiable ſerpent pleas'd vvith nought but this,
Both ſoule and body muſt be graunted his.

C iij

If

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

If graceleffe outcafts in this vworld begin
To taft of fecond death's tormenting power,
If foules furpriz'd by felfe-wrought murdring finne,
Turne vengeance glaffe to run a stayleffe hower,
Then here in earnest of perpetuall care,
I vveare damnations liuery, blacke defpaire.

Deuorc'd from mercy, alienate from grace,
Reft of repentance, vvedded vnto euill,
From highest calling, downe to lowest place,
From chofen Twelue, a finged outcaft deuill;
From th'holy city lou'd of God fo vvell,
Within vvhofe ftreets may no vncleanefse dwell.

When Chrift foretold intended treason nie,
By one of vs his guests to be betray'd
Each fraight inquir'd, *Lord is it I, or I?*
But my demand had answer, *Thou haft faid.*
I that was fed that night with loues regard,
Return'd the giuer treason for reward.

Darke night, black deed, blind foule, and Sathans flaues
Did fit, defile, deftroy it felfe, did further,
With shade, vvith finne, vvith death, vvith clubs & ftaves,
T'intrap, betray, condemne, afsift to murder,
The Lambe of God, the rocke, the dore, the vine,
The Angels brightneffe, heav'ns eternall shine.

Much

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Much vvorfe, though *Ioab*-like I gaue a kiffe,
I pris'd my birth-right bafe, at *Eſawes* gaine,
I putchas'd hell vvith loffe of heauens bliffe,
And in effect, exchanged ioy for paine.

Oh fooliſh fot, vile earthly droffe eſteemer,
To fell true life, dead *Adams* ſonnes redeemer.

Thou partiall hand ſwai'd ſword of *Peters* drawne,
I ſhould ben mangled, and not *Malcus* eare,
Like curriſh dog, it vvas my flattering fawne,
Did bite my maiſter vvorfe then any there,
Miſtaken champion in thy valour ſwaruing,
To giue his eare my trecherous hearts deſeruing.

I vvas cheefe actor in the Iewiſh ſpight,
I vvas a captaine to that rascal rout,
I vvrought the tumult of that guilty night,
I vvas blind guide, to that they vvent about,
They all expected notice come from me,
Till craft had kiſt, they knew not vvwhich vvas he.

Falſe tongue, pronounc'd *All haile* to hurtfull end,
When hollow heart ſequeſtred loues true zeale,
Heav'ns mildneſſe asked, *Why art thou come friend?*
Straight violent hands, not vvords, our thoughts reueale.
Call him not friend, that fauors moſt of foe,
Tearme me thy hangman, for I merite ſo.

In

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

In death's purfute, infatiate thirfting blood,
We pofted thence to Priests, vvith rudeft throng,
Where pureft lambe before his fhearer ftood,
Pleading not guilty, by truths filent tong,
 Ther's craft accusing, hate helps to deuife,
 And falshood forgeth, in a mint of lies.

My impious eies beheld vvithout remorse,
The graceleffe vfage of heau'ns gracious king,
Scornd, fpit at, mocked, yet repentance force,
Sought not for fhelter vnder mercies vving,
 In all thefe euils I pittied not his paine,
 Til being condemn'd, then greeu'd my greeues in vain.

No true contrition had my faults defence,
Though I confefs'd I finn'd in his betraying,
Twas defp'rate fatisfaction came from thence,
For faith vvas liueleffe, fhould ben vengeance ftaying,
 Wrath is gone forth, vvas *Mofes* admonition,
 But lights on me, that am for vvraths perdition.

VVhat vvondrous obiefts haue mine eies beheld,
Deaffe, dumbe and lame, the blind and cureleffe, cured;
The ftubborne vvinds vvith checkiug calmely ftild,
The dead reuiu'd, death's sleepe foure daies indured,
 Fiue loaves, two fifh, fiue thousands fatisfied,
 Yet more then much, fpare crums vvere multiplied.

My

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

My taft did vvitneffe vvater turn'd to wine,
One cur'd that toucht my maifters vesture hemme,
Commanded deuils forth men, to enter fwine,
And in the fea destruction plunging them,
 Mine eares haue heard, and eies haue feene the fight
 That Kings haue vvifht, and Prophets neuer might.

Yet he that's cal'd manflaier from beginning,
Deceiuer, dragon, ferpent, father of lies,
God of this vvorld, author of humane finning,
Hardner of hearts, blinder of spirituall eies,
 Prince of the aire, malicious euill fprite,
 Made me hels gueft, vvhom heav'ns did kind inuite.

Like as the brauing greene, but barren tree
(That flourifht faire vvhen not a figge vvas found)
Chrift curs'd vvith, *Neuer fruit grow more on thee,*
Because it did no good, but comber ground:
 So fares the falfe deluding fhow of mine,
 Greene leav'd beginning, vvithered fruitleffe fine.

Could finnes-befotted, hell-path vvrandrers, fee
The horrors on an outcaft vvretch imposed,
Or fence the inward vvorme that gnaweth me,
(Bondflaue to bondage neuer to be lofed)
 They vvould retire the flesh most fearefull race,
 To auoid hels gaole, obtain'd vvith loffe of grace.

D

Me

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Me thinkes my confcience turnes a blacke leav'd booke,
Titl'd Diftrust, dedicate to Defpaire,
Where couetous eie and traitrous heart do looke
On vengeance lines, pointed this period, Care;
The argument is fhame, the fubieçt finne,
The index thus explains the euils therein:

A postle once, increafing Christs eleuen,
B agbearer, to the charge of purfe afsign'd,
C alled to preach faluations path to heauen,
D estructiones heire, the vvorf of vvicked mind:
E nuying at good vvorke by others done,
F aithlefse to God, falfe hearted to his sonne.

G reedy to gaine on earth. vvith heauens losse,
H opelefse of mercy, in fin's most distrefse,
*I*udas vvhofe kiffe prefag'd Christs dying crosse,
*K*nowledge contemner, errors foule fuccefse.
L oitrer in holy harueft, place abufer,
M urdrer of life, mine owne damnation chuser.

*N*aked of grace, the foulest ere defiled,
O ffences actor in the higheft degree,
*P*rouoking vvraith, from mercies throne exiled,
*Q*uenching the sprite, that erst gaue light in me,
*R*enouncing glories race to gain the crowne,
*S*eruant to finne, vvhofe hire pale death laies downe.
T raitor

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

T raitor to God, that breathing earth deluded,
U nholy-thoughted, full of bitter gall,
W oes querrifter, from Angels quires excluded,
X pian the outward, inward, not at all,
Y oaked by finne perpetuall, Sathans flaue,
Z eale in his feruice loft, that none can faue.

This register records the race I run,
By characters spelling my future vvoe,
A tragedy by me muft be begun,
On hels blacke stage, for there to act I goe,
Since eies of God, and all in heauen abhorre me,
I vvill defcend, the pit hath comforts for me.

Curs'd be the parents that ingendred me,
Curs'd be the wombe that bare, and paps that fed,
Curs'd be the day vvhen I vvorlds light did fee,
Curs'd be the houre my foule from grace vvvas led,
Curs'd be the time vvhen I did entertaine
Curfed affection, to accurfed gaine.

Retire for euer from the fweet fociety
Of *Peter*, *Iames*, and *Iohn*, true heires of grace;
Conuerfe remaine of *Time*, vvith all impiety,
No eie henceforth fhall view Chrifts traitors face,
End loathed daies, my fact abhorres your light,
Wrap me from eies cole-fac'd eternall night.

D ij

Sauls

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Sauls frightfull gueft, that fence depriviung fprite,
Outragious rauing fury vvhispers, *Hang thee*,
What *Syon* tunes, or *Dauids* harpe delight,
Can ceafe or eafe the horrors that do pang me.?

Then be my instrument one iarring string,
And treble vvoe, the houling note I fing.

Bush-creeping *Caine*, beholding for thy end
More to an arrow, then the marke-mans aime;
I doe difdaine blind *Lamech* should befriend,
None in my tragedy shall action claime:

But I and Sathan vve haue both agreed,
To leaue the vvorld a defp'rate damned deed.

Not to difmount a check-cloud earthy heape,
Or make foule paffage by a poinard point,
Nor to bequeath the fea a drowning leape;
But fatall cord fhall cracke my breathing ioint,
Abfolons tree, prow'd *Hamans* halter-knell,
And I the hangman, like *Achitophell*.

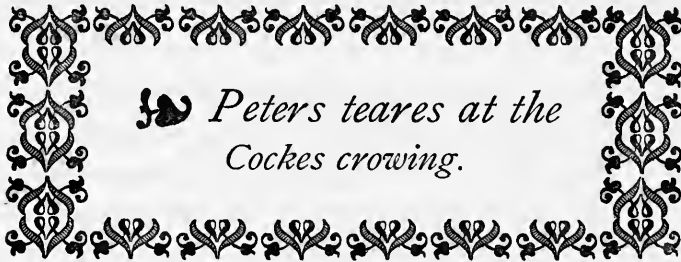
Lead on defpaire, confounder of my fprite,
Direct vnto fome nooke of hellifh fhade,
For flames fake, be it gloomier then that night
In vvhich by me heav'ns brightneffe was betraide:

Blacker then death, more fable hew'd then hell,
Where fulpher flames, vvith vtter darkneffe dwell.

Harder

Poems vpon the Paffion.

Harder then *Pharoahs* tenne times hardned heart,
Bloudier then *Abels* butcher, far inclin'd:
End traitors life, begin a hangmans part,
Let hangmans part performe thy desp'rate mind,
Thy desp'rate mind be vvitneffe th'art accurst,
Rent heart, drop blood, gush bowels, belly burst.



Some sharpest greefs imploy repentant eies,
Taske them as bitter drops as ere vvere shed,
Send teares to earth, and sighs vp to the skies,
This instant houre a Soule and Sorrows wed,
Sweet teares and sighs, at dolours deere requests,
Come you & yours my harts right welcom gests.

Let eies become the fountaines of my teares,
And let my teares be flouds to moist my heart,
And let my heartfull of repentant feares,
By teares and sorrowes, turne a true conuert:
At base obiections of as base a maid,
With oths and curfes I haue Christ denai'd.

The

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

The vvatchfull bird that centinels the morne,
Shrill herald to *Auroraes* early riling,
That oft proclaimes the day ere day be borne,
Diftinguifher from pitch-fac'd nights difguifing,
 Surceas'd to heed, vvhy nature taught him crow,
 And did exclaine on me for finning fo.

O haughty vaunts refembling skie-bred thunder,
How far remote your actions ftand aloofe,
A coward heart kept vvords and deeds afunder,
Stout champion brags are quailed in the prooffe.
 Weake vvomans breath hath ouerthrowne a rocke,
 And humane pride is daunted by a Cocke.

Harken this birds rebuke; and harkning, feare:
Falfc periur'd tongue, now are thy boaftings tri'de,
Chrift hardeft fortunes part thou vowd'ft to beare,
But loe a cocke doth crow it, thou haft li'de:
 Thy deedleffe vvords, vvords vnconfirmd by truth,
 Haue turnd mine eies to teares, my heart to ruth.

The daies approach that vvhilome nature taskes,
He chaunted not, nor ment blacke nights defcending,
But foule fac'd finne, from fcarffing vvords vnmaskes;
Plie bitter teares your fuite, for vvrraths fufpending,
 Eies that vvhen Chrift fwat blood, fecure did flüber,
 Now fhed more tears then truthles tong can number.

Lament

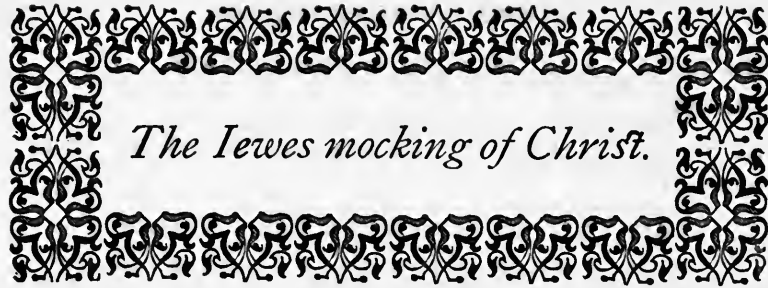
Poems vpon the Paffion.

Lament my foule thy ftate, a ftate diftrest,
Thou art reuolt from true felicity,
Sigh forrowes forth, let greefes weepe out the reft,
Weepe vvretched man repleat vvith mifery,
 Let neuer eies giue cheekes a fpace to drie,
 Till teares regaine loft grace in mercies eie.

Weepe falteft brinifh teares, the more the fweeter.
Weepe fatisfaction, finnes repentant foule,
Weepe fraile difciple, vvoman-daunted *Peter*,
Weepe vweakling, fubiect to a Cockes controule,
 Weepe Chrifts deniall, vvorft of all thy crimes,
 And ouervveepe each teare tenne thoufand times.

O God from vvhom all graces doe abound,
For thy afsifting aid I humbly call,
Lend mercies hand to raife from finfull ground,
And being on foot, protect againft like fall,
 Thy fauours Lord I truly do implore,
 Rifing to ftand, ftanding to fall no more.





The Iewes mocking of Christ.

Contempt, reproch, disdain and spight,
A meeting had in *Pilats* hall,
To scoffe at Christ, sinne to delight
Hell furies, and themselues vvithall:
In purple robe they did him place,
Meane vvhile their foules difrob'd of grace.

A thornie crowne vpon his head,
A reed (for sceptor) in his hand,
Foes guard him round, all friends vvere fled,
Aloofe his poore Disciples stand.
All haile vvas heard on ev'ry side,
And he swaied most, could most deride.

They blind his sight, vvhose foules more blind
Had quite extinct the light of grace,
They buffet him, and bid him find
Who 'twas that strooke him on the face:
All speech of spight and damned iest,
With euery vice, vvas in request.

When

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

When fierce Philiftians had difmaid
The penfiue *Saul*, and forc'd him flie,
To him that bare his fpeare, he faid
Oh draw thy fword, friend me to die,
Let not my deaths-man be my foe,
Leaft fcorning fhame difhonour fo.

Such greefes a noble heart doth find,
To heare reprochfull vvords offence,
Like forrowes cannot gall his mind,
If mortall vvounds fhould rid him hence:
The thoughts that haughty courage beares,
Greeue more at vvords then deaths pale feares.

Then vvhat report can aptly fhew
The pafsions Chrifs afflicted foule
(Through taunts and scoffes) did vndergoe,
By Iewifh abieft bafe controule?
By fo much more his greefes increaft,
By how much more his guilt vvas leaft.

Aboue all flefh that ere vvas borne,
Of iniuries he moft indur'd,
Because inflicted vvrongfull fcorne,
No spot of crime in him procurd,
If one offend and fhame difpleafe,
The fault compar'd 'twill fomewhat eafe.

E

Th'Egip-

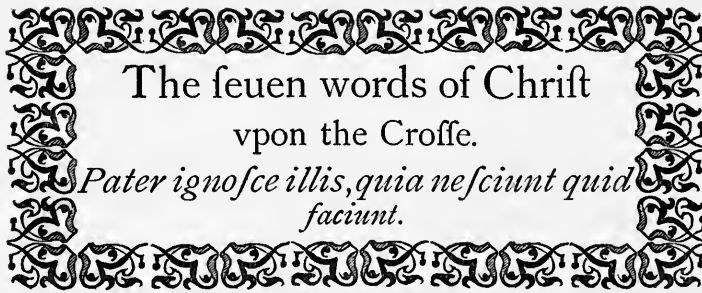
Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Th'Egiptians greeuing of the Iewes,
And the Philiftians vexing *Saul*,
The mockes the children once did vfe
T'offend Gods Prophet therewithall,
 And *Michols* scoffing Israels king,
 Were common wrongs, a daily thing.

Such vvrongs, of vvrongs vfurpe the name,
To thofe extreames to Iefus done,
The vvorlde hath neuer knowne like shame,
Of that finne laid vpon Gods fonne,
 It had been iuft, on man accurst,
 If forrowes had perform'd their vvorst,

But vwhen a pure and holy life,
With fpot or blemifh neuer stayn'd,
Twixt God and man fhall vmpire strife,
To be himfelfe for guilty payn'd:
 What vvrongs fo great, vvhat paines vvere fuch?
 Who but a God vvould doe fo much?





Ather (our Sauiors loue to finners, cries)
Forgiue them this their sin to me hath donne,
For they by vvhom my tortur'd body dies,
Know not they murder thy life-giuing sonne:
What I indure, in flesh and sprite deuiding,
They do it through blind ignorance misguiding.

Oh Charity of vvondrous Admiration,
 And patience farre extending humane sence,
 Sunshine of grace, to deed of darke damnation,
 True pardoner, to pardonlesse offence,
 Not crauing ease for felse sustaining vvoes,
 But fauour for his perfecuting foes.

Pleading for those vvwhose tongues did most defame him,
 Soliciting for them that did accuse him,
 Excusing such as vvickedly did blame him,
 Tendring of loue vvwhere hatred did refuse him,
 Their ordur'd soules seeking so to refine,
 Grace might reduce them to celestiaall shine.

E ij

His

Poems vpon the Paffion.

His fute imports, his holy thoughts did fay,
Inflit not iuftice on thefe finne-defiled,
Vpon my flefh thine angers burden lay,
Graunt nothing be to thee vnreconfiled,
 Leaft my redemption should vnperfect feeme,
 Or any finne I did not full redeeme.

He vvould not haue our finnes afcend vp fo,
That they should come vnto his fathers fight,
Nor yet his fathers vengeance fall fo low,
That on vs finne committers it should light,
 But plac'd himfelfe betwixt both vvrath and finne,
 True reconcilment, by true loue to vvinne.

For Murderers that gainft his life tranfgreffed,
With meekeft loue he humbly craued grace
For fuch, as their vile finne left vnconfeffed,
And ftill fpit venome in their makers face,
 That peirc'd his heart, from which his blood abounds,
 To them he giues acquittance for his vvounds.

They to the Citty vvould not backe repaire,
Ere cruelty haue left him life-depriued,
He vvould not die, before his feruent praier,
Intreats to haue their dying foules reuiued,
 His fprite from forth his body pafte no rather,
 But forth his mouth went with it, *Pardon father.*

FINIS.



*Amen dico tibi, hodie mecum eris
in Paradiso.*

T *Ruly I say, that 'am heau'ns glory giuer,
To thee true penitent repentant theeve,
This day, from a defil'd and sinfull liuer
Shalt thou be Sainted in exiling greefe,
With me this day thou passest to the blest,
In Paradise, vvhether glorious Angels rest.*

Euen at the vvane of life, the dying hower,
This happy theeve did offer God his heart,
His daies vvhere dedicate to Sathans power,
Only remain'd one moment to conuert
Wherein he gaue his heart to him that ought it,
Preuenting him that long in hope had fought it.

The hellish foe stood bold vpon his claime,
Because to theeues he is misguiding guider,
But heau'nly friend did countermaund the same
Being finners father, Mercies firme prouider
No sooner did his true contrition say,
Lord thinke on me, but Sathan lost his pray.

E iij

Caines

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Caines offering vvas a facrifice of corne,
Abels the Lambes, (the meekest vnto slaughter)
Annaes the fonne that of her vvombe vvas borne,
Iepthaes his sole and deere affected daughter,
 Noe weathers, *Abraham* doues, and *Dauid* gold,
 Melchifidech of vvine did offrings hold.

All thefe did offer things of great efteeme,
Yet none fo rich as this poore theefe presented,
And offered heart to God doth greater feeme,
Then vvhat by heauen and earth can be inuented,
 Nothing more gratefull vnto Mercies throne,
 Then gift of heart, due debt to heauen alone.


That debt of all the thefts vvwhich he had donne,
His fatisfaction rightly did reftore,
Repaying in one hower to the Sonne,
What all his life rob'd father of before,
 Obtaining grace, for all deferts of strife,
 To be recorded in the booke of life.

His vvandring courfes are retyr'd from danger,
Vnto the harbour of a Christian reft,
He liu'd to new Ierufalem a stranger,
But vvas at death free Cittizen profest,
 With Chrift on croffe, gaining in three houres more
 Then *Iudas* did in yeares for howers before.

FINIS.



Mulier ecce Filius tuus.

 *oman* true map of greefes, obiect of vvoes,
Behold thy sonne, finnes heauy burden beares,
Thy vweepingeies, Sorrows right methode shows,
Sonne bath'd in blood, and Mother vvasht in teares,
A dying Sonne, repleat vvith fathers hate,
A pensieue Mother most disconsolate.

Of all affections that the foule admits,
On vvhich loues fauours doe most firmly build,
That loue in place of supreme foundnesse fits,
Which is deriu'd from parent to the child,
Then losse of that must needs proue heartiest greefe,
That from the heart takes place and offspring cheefe.

If *David* lou'd his *Absolon* so vvell,
That he vvith vweeping vvishd t'haue died for him,
Who false and disobedient did rebell,
Yet did his loue no vvhit the more abhorre him,
Or reuerent *Iacob*, teares abundant shed,
To heare his sonnes but faine their brother dead.

If

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

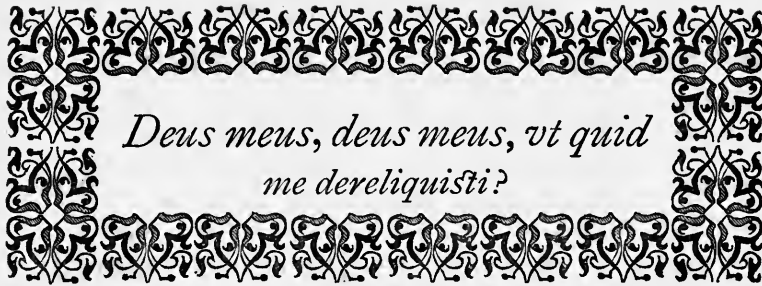
If holy *Iob* himfelfe fo patient bore,
To giue meeke eare to many a greuous croffe,
Deftruction of his cattell, flockes, and ftore,
Vntill he heard his deereft childrens loffe,
 And then his greefes extreameft did abound,
 Renting his garments, falling on the ground.


Needs muft (in mournfull forrow's dire complaints)
The bleffed Virgin farre excell all other,
What foule (vvith dolours euer fo acquaints)
As this moft carefull comfort wanting Mother,
 To fee her God, life, father, loue and fonne,
 By bitt'reft torments vnto death be donne.

No earthly loue on fuch perfection grounded,
But that the fame may be defectiue proued,
Loue of the fonne to mother vvas vnbounded,
Sonne of the mother, vvas the like beloued.
 All power of Angels, powreleffe only proues,
 To vveigh or meafure thofe vnmeafur'd loues.

Of loue, vvith vvoes by croffe the vveping ftood,
There fending fighs to heav'n, and teares to ground,
Of loue, vvith paines on croffe he ftreamed blood,
There death he conquer'd, hell he did confound.
 Such vvas his loue that lou'd vvhen vve vvere hatefull,
 To die for loue, vvhen finne vvas moft vngratefull.

FINIS.



 *Y* God (said Christ) vwhen God to God cōplained,
My God, vwho am true God and perfect man,
Why hast thou my distres'd estate refrained,
Thou doest feure sinnes imputation scan,
Forfaken in this strait, thy selfe bereauing,
Me to afflictions cruel't torments leauing.

Vntaught (till now) vvas Iesus to complaine,
Though infinite the vvrongs he vnder-went,
He vvelcom'd euery torment, greefe, and paine,
Afflictions could not mooue his discontent,
All gaue offence, vvhich he imputes to none,
Only his father now accus'd alone.

When violence did vvith outrage apprehend him,
His patient yeelding did most meekely beare it,
When blasphemies vvith taunts of spight offend him,
He silent seem'd as though he did not heare it,
In all the furie they did execute,
He stood like lambe before the shearer mute.

F

He

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

He not complain'd of *Peter* that denide him,
Nor yet of *Iudas* that moſt falſe betrayde him,
Nor thoſe in *Pilats* hall, that did deride him,
Nor graceleſſe *Iewes* (his owne) that diſobay'd him:
 But his complaint vvas of his father made,
 Not meant to thoſe denide, condemn'd, betray'de.

Gods angry vvraath feuerely fet gainſt finne,
(The vvares that *Sathan* fold, man dearely bought)
With loſſe of grace the trafficke did beginne,
Heau'ns loſſe, foules death, hels dome eternall vvrought,
 That vvraath on *Chriffs* humanity abounded,
 Who only cur'd, vvhat finne had mortall vvounded.

As man threw finne at God, as in deſpight,
And God caſt plagues, on man reuenge to fall,
The finne vvherewith man gainſt his God did fight,
And puniſhments God chaſtned man vvithall,
 On *Chriſt* (that ſtood twixt wrath and finne) was laid,
 He could not finne, yet finners finne vvas made.

He laid our forrowes burden on his ſprite,
When he indur'd his bitter agonie,
He tooke our death on him, vvounding deaths might,
When he on croſſe, Deaths conquerour did die.
 He vnderwent afflictions heauieſt loade,
 Reducing foules from hell, to heau'ns aboade.

FINIS.

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Such thirft-ftaunch riuers he to thirfty gaue,
That ftreames of grace, heau'ns dew in foules did flower:
Yet for his owne thirft, vvater he did craue
At *Iacobs* vvell, and at his dying hower,
 To come and drinke, he free inuites all firft,
 And at his laft, himfelfe complains of thirft.

As to our thirfty foules he tendereth
His grace, againft all deadly thirft defence,
So to his thirft, foules duty rendereth,
The pureft vvater of obedience,
 There is in him, for vvwhich our vvants do call,
 There is in vs, he vvill be feru'd vvithall.

To corporall thirft ftrong *Sampfon* once did yeeld,
Vntill the chaw-bone of an Affe fupplide him:
And *Sifara* (that vanquifh'd loft the field)
Complain'd of thirft, to her vvhoſe tent did hide him:
 And holy *David* thirftie, vvater needing,
 Did long for Bethlem cefternes moſt exceeding.

But different farre foules thirft, from bodies is,
Vnfatisfied vvith fprings of vvorldly taft,
Grace gain'd by Chriſt, doth only anfwere this,
A ſpirituell ſubſtance, craues the like repaſt,
 Thoſe foodleſſe foules, famiſht eternall pine,
 Which are vnfed by th'eſſence pure diuine.

FINIS.



Consummatum est.

Even vvhhen the gaule of odious bitterneffe
Was offered to our Sauour on a reed,
The bitter drinke of bitter vvickedneffe,
The Iewish present to Christs thirsty need,
To comfort foules his gracious vvords extended,
And founding mercy; vttered *All is ended.*

What tongue till then durst fuch a fpeech deliuer?
That all tooke end, vvhich holy vvrit foretold,
Only the tongue of finnes true ranfome giuer,
Was powrefull his owne mercies power t'vnfold,
Holy of holies most vprightly fpake,
All's ended, ending life, finnes end to make.

Not *David, Esay, Jeremy, Elias*,
Could in their times affirme finne tooke conclufion,
They prophecied alluding to Mefsias,
That he fhould vvorke the viper finnes confufion,
And end his life, to end foule finne, lifes killer,
Of all predictions to be full fulfiller.

F iij

By

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

By vvhole owne mouth (truths foundeft euidence)
We heare finnes end, the old law fatisfied,
How Mercy doth vvith Iuftice dome difpence;
And how the Iudges fonne hath qualified
 His fathers rigor, no vvay to be donne,
 But by th'obedience of Gods dying fonne.

The vvord *All's ended*, notice giues to all,
By death of Chrif, the Law was in exemption,
The Church began, the Synagogue did fall,
And man obtained perfect full redemption,
 His reconcilement vvas vvith God effected
 To glories throne, by graces hand protected.

High Myfterie, and deepe profound diuine,
That God by man, for man fould death fustaine,
As ftrange a fpeech, if humane vvit define,
He being man, fould die and rife againe.
 Yet God and man, vvith God to end mans ftrife,
 From life to death, from death did rife to life.

Our vlcers curing, captiue ftate inlarging,
From Sinnes infectious venome, Sathans gaile,
Bonds of damnation canfeld, foules difcharging,
Defcending heau'n, to be on yearth our baile
 At price of life, vvith blood bought and befriended,
 Sealing faluations trust, vvith *All is ended*.

FINIS.



With blood-spent vounds, euen at the point to die,
The last bequest of heauens high testator,
Was all eternities rich Legacie,
His soule, the soule of mans true mediator,
Vnto his Fathers hands he did commit,
Yeelding to Death, by Death to vanquish it.

The Princely Phrophet on his dying bed,
Gaued charge vnto his heire apparant sonne,
To vvorke reuenge on martiall *Ioabs* head,
For murdring deed by his offence foredone,
T'abridge vvhath nature for his date intended,
And cut him off before his period ended.

Including vwith reuenge of *Abners* death,
The vvrongs that *Simei* to his person did,
When *Absolon* purfued his fathers breath,
Whose affe became his hangman as he rid,
And vvretched *Simei* cursing full of spight,
Cast stons at *Dauid*, vwith most vvrath he might.
That

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

That testament Reuenge fet hand vnto,
Imposing vvifdomes tutored prince the taske,
To execute vvhat he vvas vvilled do
For fhedding blood, blood-fhedders blood doth aske,
To *Salomon* this charge his father gaue,
Let them not paffe in peace vnto their graue.

How different *Dauids* from our Sauours seemes?
Whose vvill contain'd reuenge for others act:
Chrift at his death forgiues, finners redeemes,
Solicites pardon for a murdring fact:
As *David* dies vvith, *Sonne let them not liue,*
So Christs yeelds breath vvith, *Father them forgiue.*

Firft guiltleffe blood to God most high displeasing,
Was that iust mans, vvich dide by th'hand of *Caine*,
Firft guiltleffe blood, Gods iustice cheefe appeasing,
Was that most righteous, vvhom the Iewes haue flaine,
And as the ones blood vvas a foules damnation,
So vvas the others many foules faluation.

The blood of *Abel* from earths bosome cri'de,
And founded Iustice, Iustice, through the skies,
The blood of Iesus, at the hower he di'de,
Vnto his father, Mercy, Mercy, cries,
Whereby Gods title of reuenge till then,
Turn'd gracious father to repentant men.

FINIS.

*The death of Death, sinnes Par-
don, and soules Ransome.*



Sinfull foule, the cause of Iesus pafsion,
Put sorrowes on, and fighting view thy guilt,
Bring all thy thoughts, fix thē on meditation,
Weep drops of tears, for streams of blood christ
Summon thy fostred sins, felse-hatched euils, (spilt:
And cast them low as hell, they are the deuils.

Seat vertue riual, vvhē vfurping vice
Had feaz'd for Sathan to possesse thy heart,
And though the traitor flesh from grace intice,
Yet yeeld thy fauour his deere purchast part,
The greatest loue that heav'n or earth dooth know,
Did heav'ns free-loue on hels bond-flaues bestow.

He left his fathers glorious right-hand seat,
To liue euen vvhē his earthly footstoole stands,
Vnmou'd thereto by our submisse intreat,
No suite of clay obtain'd it at his hands,
No power in vs, no humane vvill that fought it,
It vvas his loue, grace freely giuen vvrought it.

G

O

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

O loue of foules, deaths victor, true life-giuer,
What charitie did ouercome thee fo,
To die, that man might be eternall liuer,
Being thine aduerse difobedient foe?

For friends if one should die, vvere rarely much,
But die for foes, the vworld affords none fuch?

An ignominious death, in flames account,
Of odious cenfure, and contempts difgrace,
On Caluarie, a ftinking dunghill Mount,
For murderers the common fatall place.

There di'de the Angels brightneffe, God and man,
There death vvas vanquifht, and true life began.

Yet there began not Iefus fuffering,
Nor in the garden vvith his foules vexation:
There he performd victorious conquering,
His life vvas nothing els but ftintleffe pafsion.

From cratch to croffe, hee trod a painefull path,
Betwixt our guilt, and Gods reuengefull vvraht.

What paines, their paines to Iefus not impart?
What moment tortures vvant did he indure?
What anguifh addes not to his greeued heart?
What minute vvas he forrowleffe, fecure?

What age, vvherein his troubles were neglected?
What people, but his death cheefly affected?

In

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

In eies he fuffred monefull showres of teares,
His face had fpittings and difpightfull blowes,
Blafphemous ſpeech vpbraid his ſacred eares,
Moſt loathſome carrion ſtinckes entred his noſe,
 Gaule in his mouth, the holieſt hands were bound,
 Hands, feet, heart, head, were nailed, pierc'd & crownd.

From his birth-hower, vntill his life-loſt blood,
What moment paſt vvherein hee did not merite?
What minute ſcap'd imploiment vnto good,
Who did implore his grace, and he deferre it?
 How painfully his preaching ſpent the day,
 How watchfully his nights vvere houres to pray.

Whom taught this Truth, that him for truth beleued?
Though truth vwithout his preſence ne're vvas knowne?
With whom did he conuerſe and vvas vngreeued?
How ill intreated euen amongſt his owne?
 Though foxe and bird could find both hole and neſt,
 Where found his head, repofed place for reſt?

Pouertie hee indured in the manger,
Warre vwith the tempter in the vvilderneſſe,
Exile in Ægypt, forc'd by tirants danger,
And on the vvay o're-painfull vvearineſſe,
 In all his ſpeech and actions, contradictions
 Laden vwith vvronges, burdned vwith dire afflictions.

G ij

With

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

VVith hungers fword food-giuer vvas acquainted,
And that the ftone-presenting deuill faw,
At *Iacobs* vvell vvith thirft he vvel-nie fainted,
VVhile pinching vvoman ftood on tearmes to draw:
 All vvants and vvoes impos'd vpon him ftill,
 And his obedience fuffered euey ill.

Traitor-led troopes by night did apprehend him,
Haling him cruell to the iudgement hall,
VVhere all inflicted torments did offend him,
And mockeries to greeue his foule vvithall,
 There Iudge vvas iudg'd, king scorned, priest abus'd,
 And of all Iuft, the Iuft vniuftly vs'd.

Thence to his death, vvith clamours, fhouts, and cries,
Theeues at his fide, the torturing hangman by him,
His croffe (his burden) borne before his eies,
Hart-launcing *Longius*, the Centurion nie him,
 His friends aloofe inuiron'd round vvith foes,
 Thus vnto death, foules loue, fweet Iefus goes.

Victoriously vpon the dunghill field,
He manag'd combate vvith the roaring Lion,
Old ferpent, death and hell at once did yeeld,
All vanquifht by triumphant lambe of Sion,
 Performing in that glorious bloodie fight,
 The euer conquest of infernall might.

FINIS.



The wonders at Christs death.

THat instant hower the vvorlde Redeemer di'de,
And breathed out his soule vpon the crosse,
Heav'ns glorious lampe, abating all his pride,
Bewail'd in blacke his murdred makers losse,
Turning his splendant beames of gold, to droffe;
The Moone like futed in a fable vveed,
Mourned for finnes outragious bloody deed.

VVhen *Iofua* (Israels valiant captaine) praid,
And in his praier coniuring did command
The firmaments bright eie stand still, it staid
Till he vvas victor of the vvickedes band,
Waighting vpon Gods battaile then in hand,
Yeelding the richest treasure of his light,
Lengthning the vvant of day vvith day-made night.

But here, reflecting light to darkefome change,
Shaming to see vvhat fhamelesse sinne had done,
VVas more admir'd to alter kind so strange,
Then vvhen he ceas'd his posting course to run,

G iij

Loue

Poems vpon the Pafsion:

Loue to Gods forces, his bright staying vvonne,
But now beholding Sathans power preuailing,
He turn'd the day to night, in darkneffe vvailling.

At death of Chrift, appear'd foure fignes of vvonder,
To euidence diuine and God-like might,
The firft: The temples vaile did rent in funder,
Next, Sunne and Moone extinguiſht both their light,
Affoording darkneffe to blind Iewiſh fight:
Then flintie ſtones deuiding, part in twaine:
And Saints from graues reuiv'd to life againe.

What faithleſſe Iew or graceleſſe Atheiſt can
With impious tongue, found out blaſphemous breath,
Affirming Chrift to be but only Man,
VVhoſe dietie, vvrought vvonders after death,
VVonders in heauen, ſtrange miracles on earth?
Of each beholders heart, feare tooke poſſeſſion,
And taught the Pagan captain Truths confeſſion.

Thou canſt not ſay thoſe vvorkes vvere Magickes art,
From flaunders charge, Chriſts power diuine is free,
His foule vvvas fled, and did before depart,
His liueleſſe bodie euery eie did ſee,
No charming vvords by dead tongues vvtred be,
Thou muſt of force confeſſe true God-head by it,
Or ſay that Mallice vvilfull doth denie it.

FINIS.



The Funerals of Iesus.

When *Iosephs* suite had got the Iudges leau,
To take sweet Iesus from the bloodie crosse,
Whose blessed life Iewes blindnesse did bereau,
To our eternall gaine, their endlesse losse:
Christs night-disciple aidfull did agree,
To take his bodie from that guiltie tree.

The Virgine mother cheefe in mournfull teares,
With holy *Maries* twaine that stintlesse wept,
To Caluarie both sleet and odours beares,
There must the sacred funerall be kept,
Whose hearts did loue, him with their feet they fought,
Teares in their eies, hands myrrhe and aloes brought.

Their griefes and labours they deuide in parts,
Partaking each t'afoord some needfull thing,
True faith and loue, vvas seated in their hearts,
On shoulders ladders, armes the shroud doe bring,
Their hands haue ointments, eies with teares abounds,
Teares well imploi'd to wash his bloodie wounds.

With

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

With tired ſteps they ouertooke the place,
Where ſtore of vveeping dew moiſtned the ground,
The Sunne vvas hid, nights darke approacht apace,
Greefes did ſurprife, dolours increafe abound,
Whom infidels nail'd vp, did pierce and crowne,
Faithfull, from Croffe, act holy taking downe.

Before the ſame (to ſigne a perfect zeale)
They caſt themſelues ſo low as earth gaue leaue,
In reuerence of thoſe vvounds that only heale
All feauer'd foules, blood-ſalue from thence receaue:
Which vvorſhip vvell perform'd, they fighting riſe,
And towards the croſſe all guide plaint-pouring eies.

The honourable two old aged men,
Aduis'd the reſt reſpect vvhat ſcanting time
Remain'd to annoint, and ſhroud, and burie, then
Their ladders raiſing, vp the croſſe they clime;
Teares, fighs, and fobs, deſcend ech ſtep they goe,
While eies (wet Orators) repli'de below.

On *Iacobs* ladder ioifull Angels ſing,
No iarre their heav'nly muſicke did reſtraine,
On *Iofephs* ladder teares to top they bring,
And mournfull fobs fendorrowes downe againe,
Thoſe heav'nly quires partake no tunes like this,
Chriffs bitter death, vvas faultie mans amiffe.

When

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

When hands and feet they carefull did vn-naile,
Letting the body downe conieal'd in gore,
This vvas the obiect, *Viſage wan and pale:*
Eies turn'd in head, his fleſh all rent and tore,
Scull boared through, thornes ſpurting out his braines,
Bones out of ioint, and full of broken vaines.

Vpon the ground the holy corpes being laid,
Moſt reuer'nt vvhere the ſhrouding ſheet was ſpred,
His bleſſed Mother full of vvoes diſmaid,
Renew'd her plaints vvith ſhowers of teares ſhe ſhed:
Whom *Iudas* fold for thirty pence aliue,
To buy him dead, her pearled drops did ſtriue.

The taſke of Sorrowes equall to deuide,
At Ieſus head laments his penſiue mother,
Ioseph with *Nichodemus* at one ſide,
And both the *Maries* place them at the other,
Thus bout the mangled corpes theſe mourners ſtands
With teares in eies, with ointments in their hands.

When kneeling round, the bodie they incloſe,
Prepar'd with baulme, and readie to annoint it,
Viewing blew wales, that came of Iewiſh blowes,
Rupture of nailes, wan fleſh, how they diſioint it:
Compaſſion, pittie, loue, with true remorse,
Inuited all their eies to waſh the corſe.

H

Their

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Their knees vvith humble feruice lowly bowing,
Their hands embaulme him, vvounded, rent and tore,
Their eies no mangled part vnwasht allowing,
Their hearts vvith vvorship, God and man adore,
Both knees and hands, vvith hearts and vvatry eies,
All sorrow laden, tir'd vvith sighs and cries.

For deepe-made vvounds, and torturing cruell blowes,
No small expence of ointments could fuffife:
But bountie on that holy worke bestowes
Plentie of odours in fuch liberall vvife,
Their baulme to couer him inough had bin,
And teares might ferue to haue baptis'd him in.

His glorious bodie shrouded in the sheet
On vvhich to be embaulmed they did lay him,
With binding clothes, vvrappt vvhole from head to feet,
To be inter'd, his feruant Saints conuay him
Only in armes good Iefus dead they haue,
Within their hearts he liues being borne to graue.

O mournfull trod, where comforts paths are failing,
Deaths bed must haue eternall life in keeping,
Iofeph goes fighting, *Magdalen* bewailing,
Ther's *Iohn* laments, and *Nichodemus* weeping,
The blessed virgins eies like fountaines run,
Left vvofull vviddow to her murdred fon.

What

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

What pens report can tell her forrowing heart
That faw her fonne, the only of her vvombe,
Before her eies pay death, mans foule defert,
And vvith her armes afsift him to the tombe?

What forrowes mappe like sorrow ere exprest?

What eies like teares, what teares like greefes profest.

Her liquid eies stroue each t'exceed the other,
By fighs her mone, by teares her vvoe appeares,
She vveepes, yet is the mirth of heav'ns mother,
Virgine in office, young in tender yeares,
Filled vvith grace, eternities Princeffe,
Excelling in perfections holineffe.

O Sunne vvhofe shine is heav'ns eternall bright,
Of funerall pompe why art thou destitute,
Borne to thy graue, vvithout one candles light,
Or Clergie, night precedent intitute:

Thy birth was simple, void of worldly pride;

And in thy buriall, cost vvvas laid aside.

Oh heav'ns riches, mercies fountaine head,
When thou vvast borne, no houle thy parents haue,
Thy life vvvas poore, thy death vvithout a bed,
Thy buriall vvvas in *Iosephs* borrowed graue,
Thou didst indure our paines, finnes purchase, hell;
Thou louedst foules, loft foules, so vvondrous vvell.

H ij

Though

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Though *Salomon* vvas Ifraels crowne fuceffour,
And gain'd his kingly fathers ftate and throne;
Of *Dauids* mercy feemes he no poffeffour,
Funerall coft, or teares vve read of none:
 But Scriptures recommend the honour done
 In *Jacobs* buriall, by his gratefull fonne.

The great Priest *Simon* caufed to bee made,
A monument of curious carued ftones,
Wherein his bodie after life vvas laid,
And eke his brethren *Machabes* their bones:
 But tombe for Chrift vvas in his life vnknowne,
 And for him dead his mother knew of none.

No earthly care, foules loue to him vvas sweeter,
When vnto *Iohn* the virgine was commended,
His enemies to Mercie, church to *Peter*,
His foule to Father, faying All is ended:
 No fpeech he vs'd, nor any order gaue
 For costly funerals or a fumptuous graue.

With greefes, attaining to the garden place,
From which oft ftaiies to weepe and vvipe did let,
Penfue diftrest, in moft perplexed cafe,
The shrouding sheet all moistned, flacke and wet
 (Not vvith the dew defcending from the skies)
 With teares that rained from their shouring eies.

Oh

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Oh glorious hearbes this garden plot did beare,
Oh holy ground trod in this iournies paines,
Not for the oile of Oliues growing there,
But fanctified by blood from Iefus vaines,
 O earth vvhereon true loue and greefes combine,
 Blood from the fonne, teares from the mothers eyen.

The tombe prepar'd vvherein hee should bee laid,
From which although great paine the ftone remooued,
Yet farre exceed the fuites intreatie made
Before his mother yeelds her deere beloued,
 Still they folicite, ftill her loues denie him,
 Vntill on knees with price of teares, they buy him.

The brothers fonne intreats his holie aunt,
Perfuafiuie reafoning humbly dooth befeech,
Times breuitie, good Ladie, mooues your graunt,
Let eies doe more with teares then tongues vvith fpeech:
 Vpon detaining, now no longer ftand,
 Darke fable night leads dangers by the hand.

If foes fhould vvrong vs, bootleffe vve to friue,
How can poore three our Lords dead corfe defend,
Twelue could not guard him when he vvas aliue,
Giue licenfe this laft feruice take an end,
 Much troubles ceafe, vvhen by free vvill is done,
 That vvchic constraint vvell nere difpence to fhunne.

H iij

Thou

Poems vpon the Pafsion.

Thou friend of God incline to vs at length,
Let our vveake vvords o'recome thy loues the stronger,
Our hearts vvant comforts, all our members strength,
Our teares are spent, eies dri'de can vveepe no longer
Sorrow that holds vs for her lawfull prize,
Hath left not one poore teare to taske our eies.

Wearie vvith importunitie and vveeping,
A most vvwilling leaue the Virgine gaue,
Yeelding her sonne to the sepulchres keeping,
Her sweetest loue to deaths most bitter graue,
Like as from Golgotha, they brought him thether,
All helpe, all sigh, all put him in together.

Thus being laid into his bed of stone,
By liquid eies, and hearts of forrowing flesh,
Instead of earth their teares vvere poured on,
A last farewell greefes cesterne yeeld afresh:
There left they Iesus that sinnes burden beares,
Wept, vvrappt, annointed, bath'd in streames of teares.

FINIS.



THE LETTING
OF HVMOVRS
BLOOD IN THE
HEAD-VAINE.

VVith a new Moriffco, daunced by
feauen *Satyres*, vpon the bottome
of *Diogines* Tubbe.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *W. White* for *W. F.*
1600.



TO THE GENTLE-
MEN READERS.

HVmours, *is late crown'd king of Caueeleres,*
Fantastique-follies, grac'd with common fauour:
Ciuiltie, hath serued out his yeeres,
And scorneth now to waite on Good-behanour.
Gallants, like Richard the vsurper, swagger,
That had his hand continuall on his dagger.

Fashions is still consort with nevv fond shapes,
And feedeth dayly vpon strange disguise:
We shevv our selues the imitating Apes
Of all the toyes that Strangers heads deuise;
For ther's no habite of hell-hatched sinne,
That vve delight not to be clothed in.

Some sweare, as though they Starres from heauen could pul,
And all their speach is poynted vwith the stabbe,
When all men knowv it is some coward gull,
That is but champion to a Shorditch drabbe;
Whose feather is his heads lightnes-proclaymer,
Although he seeme some mightie monster tamer.

A 2.

Epi-





To the Gentlemen Readers.

*Epicurifme, cares not how he liues,
But still pursueth brutish Appetite.
Disdaine, regards not what abuse he giues;
Carelesse of wronges, and vnregarding right.
Selfe-loue (they say) to selfe-conceite is wed,
By which base match are vglie vices bred.*

*Pride, reuels like the roysling Prodigall,
Streching his credite that his purse-stringes cracke,
Vntill in some distresfull Iayle he fall,
Which wore of late a Lordship on his backe:
Where he till death must lie in pawne for debt,
" Griefes night is neare, when pleasures sunne is set.*

*Vaunting, hath got a mightie thundring voyce,
Looking that all men should applaude his foundes
His deedes are singuler, his wordes be choyce;
On earth his equall is not to be founde.
Thus Vertu's hid, with Follies iuggling mist,
And hee's no man, that is no Humourist.*

S. R.





TO POETS.

*Good honest Poets, let me craue a boone,
 That you would write, I do not care how soone,
 Against the bastard humours howerly bred,
 In euery mad brain'd, wit-worne, giddie head:
 At such grosse follies do not sit and wincke,
 Belabour these same Gullies with pen and incke.
 You see some striue for faire hand-writing fame,
 As Peeter Bales his signe can proue the same,
 Gracing his credite with a golden Pen:
 I would haue Poets proue more taller men:
 In perfect Letters rested his contention,
 But yours consist's in Wits choyce rare inuention.
 Will you stand spending your Inuentions treasure,
 To teach Stage parrets speake for pennie pleasure,
 While you your selues like musicke sounding Lutes
 fretted and strunge, gaine them their silken sutes.
 Leaue Cupids cut, Womens face flatt'ring praise,
 Loues subiect growes too thredbare now adayes.
 Change Venus Swannes, to write of Vulcans Geese,
 And you shall merite Golden pennes a peece.*

} P. B. by
 } writing
 } won a
 } golden
 } Penne.

FINIS.

A 3.





*Mirth pleaseth some; to othars ti's offence:
Some wish t' haue follies tolde; some dislike that:
Some cōmend plaine conceites, some profound sence:
And most would haue, themselues know not what.
Then he that would please all, and him selfe too,
Takes more in hand, then he is like to doo.*





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. I.

M *Onsieur Domingo* is a skilfull man,
For much experience he hath lately got,
Prouing more Phisicke in an Alehouse can,
Then may be found in any Vintners pot.
Beere he protestes is sodden and refin'd,
But this he speakes, being fingle penny lyn'd.

For when his Purse is swolne but six-pence bigge,
Why then he sweares; Now by the Lord I thinke,
All Beere in Europe is not worth a figge:
A cuppe of Clarret is the onely drinke.
And thus his praise from Beere to Wine doth goe,
Euen as his Purse in pence doth ebbe and flowe.

A 4.

To



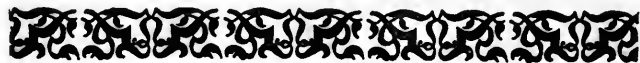


EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 2. *BOREAS.*

HAng him base gull; Ile stabbe him by the Lord,
If he presume to speake but halfe a word:
Ile paunch the villian with my Rapiers poynt,
Or heaw him with my Fatchon ioynt by ioynt.
Through both his cheeks my Ponniard he shal haue
Or Mincepie-like Ile mangle out the slaue.
Aske who I am, you whorson freife-gowne patch?
Call mee before the Constable, or Watch?
Cannot a Captaine walke the Queenes high-way?
Swones, Who de speake to? Know ye villions, ha?
You drunken pessants, run's your tongs on wheelles?
Long you to see your guttes about your heeles?
Doest loue me Tom? let go my Rapier then,
Perfwade me not from killing nine or ten:
I care no more to kill them in braueado,
Then for to drinke a pipe of *Trinidado*.
My minde to patience neuer will restore-mee,
Vntill their blood do gush in streames before-mee.
Thus doth *Sir Launcelot* in his drunken stagger,
Swear, curse, & raile, threaten, protest, & swagger:
But be'ing next day to sober anfwere brought,
Hees not the man can breede so base a thought.

When





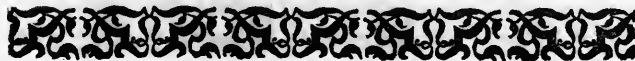
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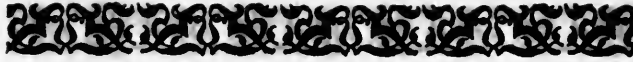
EPIG. 3.

When *Thraso* meets his friend, he swears by God,
Vnto his Chamber he shall welcome be:
Not that hee'le cloy him there with roft or fod,
Such vulgar diet with Cookes shops agree:
But hee'le present most kinde, exceeding franke
The best *Tabacco*, that he euer dranke.

Such as himfelfe did make a voyage for,
And with his owne hands gatherd from the ground:
All that which other fetch, he doth abhor,
His, grew vpon an Iland neuer found.
Oh rare compound, a dying Horfe to choke,
Of *English* fyer, and of *India* fmoke.

Who





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 4.

Who seekes to please all men each way,
And not himselfe offende,
He may begin his worke to day,
But God knowes when hee'le ende.

Alas





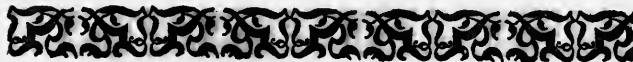
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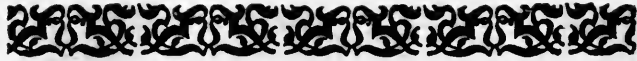
EPIG. 5.

Alas, *Delfridus* keeps his bed God knowes,
Which is a signe his worships very ill:
His griefe beyond the grounds of Phisicke goes;
No Doctor that comes neare it with his skill,
Yet doth he eate, drinke, talke, & sleepe profound,
Seeming to all mens Iudgements healthfull found.

Then gesse the cause he thus to bed is drawne.
What? thinke you so; may such a happe procure it?
Well; fayth t'is true, his Hofe are out at pawne,
A Breetchlesse chaunce is come, he must indure it:
His Hofe to Brokers Iayle committed are,
His singuler, and onely, Veluet payre.

Diogines



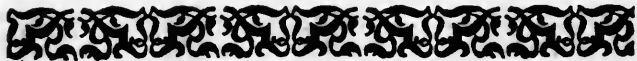


EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 6.

Diogenes one day through *Athens* went,
With burning Torch in Sun-shine: his intent
Was (as he sayd) some honest man to finde:
For such were rare to meete, or he was blinde.
One late, might haue done well like light t'haue got
That fought his Wife; met her, and knew her not:
But stay, cry mercy, she had on her Maske,
How could his eyes performe their spying taske?
T'is very true, t'was hard for him to doo,
By Sunne, and Torch; let him take Lant-horne too.

Speake





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 7.

Speake Gentlemen, what shall we do to day?
Drinke some braue health vpon the Dutch carouse?
Or shall we go to the *Globe* and see a Play?
Or visit *Shorditch*, for a bawdie house?
Lets call for Cardes or Dice, and haue a Game,
To fit thus idle, is both finne and shame.

This speakes *Sir Renell*, furnisht out with Fashion,
From dish-crown'd Hat, vnto th' Shooes square toe,
That haunts a Whore-house but for recreation.
Playes but at Dice to connycatch, or so.
Drinkes drunke in kindnes, for good fellowship:
Or to the Play goes but some Purse to nip.

Sir





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 8.

Sir gall-Iade, is a Horfeman e'ry day,
His Bootes and Spurres and Legges do neuer part:
He rides a Horfe as pasing cleane away,
As any that goes Tyburne-warde by cart:
Yet honestly he payes for Hacknyes hyer:
But hang them Iades, he fell's them when they tyer.

He liues not like *Diogines*, on Rootes:
But prooues a Mince-pie gwest vnto his Hof.
He scornes to walke in *Pauls* without his Bootes.
And scores his dyet on the Vitlers post:
And when he knowes not where to haue his dinner
He fastes, and sweares, A glutton is a finne,

This





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 9. *Drudo.*

This Gentleman hath serued long in *Fraunce*,
And is returned filthy full of French,
In single combat, being hurt by chaunce,
As he was closely foyling at a Wench:
Yet hot alarmes he hath endur'd good store,
But neuer in like pockie heate before.

He had no fooner drawne, and ventred ny-her,
Intending onely but to haue a bout,
When she his Flaske aud Touch-boxe fet on fyer,
And till this hower the burning is not out.
Iudge, was not valour in this Martiall wight,
That with a spit-fier Serpent so durft fight.

Fayth



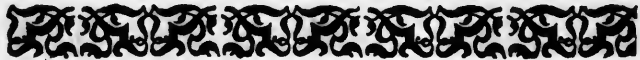


EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 10. *In Meretricem.*

Fayth Gentleman, you moue me to offence,
In comming to me with vnchast pretence.
Haue I the lookes of a lasciuious Dame,
That you should deeme me fit for wantons game?
I am not shee will take lustes sinne vpon-her.
He rather die, then dimme chast glorious honour.
Temp't not mine eares; an grace of Christ I meane
To keepe my honest reputation cleane:
My hearing let's no such lewd found come in,
My senses loath to surfet on sweete sinne.
Reuerse your minde, that goes from grace astray,
And God forgiue you, with my hart I pray.
The Gallant notes her words, obserues her frown's,
Then draws his purse, & lets her view his crown's,
Vowing, that if her kindnes graunt him pleasure,
Shee shalbe Mistris to commaund his treasure.
The stormes are calm'd, the gust is ouer-blowne,
And she replies with: *Yours, or not her owne.*
Desiring him to censure for the best,
Twa's but her tricke to try if men do iest:
Her Loue is lock'd where he may picke the truncke.
Let *Singer* iudge if this be not a puncke.

Polle-





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. I I.

Polletique *Peeter* meetes his friend a shore,
That came from Seas but newly tother day:
And giues him French embracements by the score,
Then follows: *Dicke*, Haft made good voyage, fay?
But hearing *Richards* shares be poore and ficke,
Peeter ha's hafte, and cannot drinke with *Dicke*.

Well, then he meetes an other Caualeere,
Whom he falutes about the Knees and Thighes:
welcome sweet *James*, now by the Lord what cheere
Ner'e better *Peeter*, We haue got riche prize.
Come, come (fayes *Peeter*) eu'en a welcome quart,
For by my fayth, weele drinke before wee part.

Or thus:

Fayth, we must drinke, that's flat, before we part.

B.

Fine





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 12.

Fine *Phillip* comes vnto the Barbers shopp,
Wheer's nittie lockes must suffer reformation.
The Chayre and Cushion entertaine his flopp:
The Barber craues to know his Worships fashion.
His will is, Shauen; for his beard is thin,
It was so lately banish'd from his chin.

But shaueing oft will helpe it, he doth hope,
And therefore for the smooth-face cut he calles:
Then fie; these cloathes are washt with common
Why dost thou vse such ordinarie balles? (fope.
I scorne this common trimming like a Boore,
Yet with his hart he loues a common whoore.

Sig-





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 13.

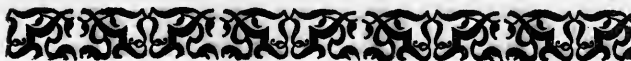
Signieur Fantastike.

I scorue to meet an enemie in feeelde,
Except he be a Souldier: (by this light)
I likewise scorne, my reason for to yeelde:
Yea further, I do well nigh scorne to fight.
Moreouer, I do scorne to be so vaine,
To drawe my Rapier, and put vp againe.

I eke do scorne to walke without my man,
Yea, and I scorne good morrow and good deane:
I also scorne to touch an Ale-houfe cann,
Therto I scorne an ordinarie Queane.
Thus doth he scorne, difdainfull, proude, and grim,
All but the Foole only, he scornes not him.

B 2.

Some





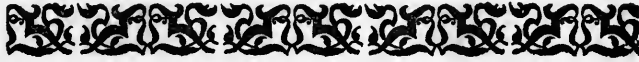
EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 14.

Some do account it golden lucke,
They may be Widdow-spēd, for mucke.
Boyes on whose chinnes no downe appeares,
Marry olde Croanes of threefcore yeares: .
But they are fooles to Widowes cleaue,
Let them take that which Maydes do leaue.

Amo-





EPIGRAMS.

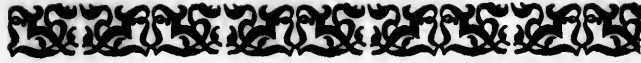
EPIG. 15.

Amorous *Austin* spendes much Balleting,
In rimeing Letters, and loue Sonnetting. (her,
She that loues him, his Ynckehorne shall be paint-
And with all *Venus* tytles hee'le acquaint her:
Vowing she is a perfect Angell right,
When she by waight is many graines too light:
Nay all that do but touch her with the stone,
Will be depof'd that Angell she is none.
How can he proue her for an Angell then?
That proues her felse a Diuell, tempting men,
And draweth many to the fierie pit,
Where they are burned for their en'tring it.
I know no cause wherefore he tearmes her so,
Vnlesse he meanes shee's one of them below,
Where *Lucifer*, chiefe Prince doth domineere:
If she be fuch, then good my hartes stand cleere,
Come not within the compasse of her flight,
For fuch as do, are haunted with a spright.
This Angell is not noted by her winges,
But by her tayle, all full of prickes and stinges.
And know this lustblind Louer's vaine is led,
To prayse his Diuell, in an' Angels sted.

B 3.

Gallus





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 16.

Gallus will haue no Barbour prune his beard,
Yet is his chin cleane shauen and vnh'ear'd.
How comes he trymmed, you may aske me than?
His Wenches do it with their warming-pan.

When





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 17.

When *Cavalero Rake-hell* is to rife
Out of his bed, he capers light and heddy.
Then wounds he fweares: you arant whore he cries
Why what's the caufe that breakfast is not reddy?
Can men feede like *Camelions*, on the ayer?
This is the manner of his morning prayer,

Well, he fweares on, vntill his breakefast comes,
And then with teeth he falles to worke apace:
Leauing his Boy a banquet all of crummes.
Dispatch you Roague: my Rapier, thats his grace.
So foorth he walkes, his stomacke muft goe shift,
To dine and suppe abroad, by deed of guift.

B 4.

A



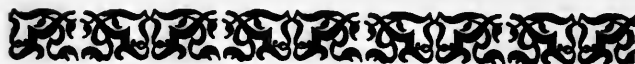


EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 18.

A wofull exclamation late I heard,
Wherewith *Tabacco* takers may be feard:
One at the poynt with pipe and leafe to part,
Did vow *Tabacco* worfe then death's blacke dart;
And prou'd it thus: You know (quoth he) my friends
Death onely stabbes the hart, and fo life endes:
But this fame poyfon, steeped *India* weede,
In head, hart, lunges, doth foote & copwebs breede
With that he gasp'd, and breath'd out fuch a smoke
That all the standers by were like to choke.

Cacus





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 19.

Cacus would gladly drinke, but wants his Purse,
Nay, wanteth money; which is ten times worse:
For as he vowes himselfe, he hath not seene
In three dayes space the picture of the Queene.
Yet if he meeete a friend neare Tauerne signe,
Straight he intreates him take a pint of Wine,
For he will giue it, that he will, no nay.
What will he giue? the other leaue to pay.
He calleth: Boy, fill vs the tother quart,
I will bestow it eu'en with my hart,
Then doth he diue into his sloppes profound,
Where not a poore port-cullice can be found.
Meane while his friend dischargeth all the wine:
Stay, stay (quoth he) or well; next shal be mine.

Eranke



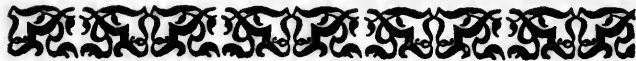


EPIGRAMS.

EPIG 02.

Francke in name, and Francke by nature,
Frauncis is a most kinde creature:
Her selfe hath suffered manie a fall,
In striueing how to pleasure all.

Soto





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 21.

Soto can prooue, such as are drunke by noone,
Are long-liu'd men; the pox he can as foone.
Nay, heare his reason ere you do condemne,
And if you finde it foolish, hisse and hemme.
He faies, Good blood is euen the life of man;
I graunt him that; (saie you) well go-to than.
More drinke, the more good blood Oh thats a lie;
The more you drinke, the sooner drunke say I.
Now he protests you do him mightie wrong,
Swearing a man in drinke, is three men strong:
And he will pawne his head against a pennie,
One right madd drunke, will brawle & fight with
Well, you replie: that argument is weake, (anie.
How can a Drunkard brawle, that cannot speake?
Or how can he vse weapon in his hand,
Which cannot guide his feete to goe or stand?
Harke what an oath the drunken slaue doth sweare
He is a man by that, a man may heare.
And when you see him stagger, reele, and winke,
He is a man and more; I by this drinke.

When





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 22.

When figure *Sacke & Suger* drinke-drown'd reeles
He vowes to heave the spurr's from's fellows heeles
When calling for a quart of *Charnico*,
Into a louing league they present grow:
Then instantly vpon a cuppe or twaine,
Out *Poniardes* goe, and to the stabbe againe.
Friendes vpon that, they drinke, and so imbrace:
Straight bandy *Daggers* at each others face.
This is the humour of a madd drunke foole,
In *Tauerne* pots that keeps his *Fenceing-schole*.

Corrntus





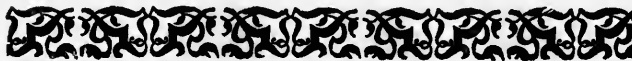
EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 23.

Cornutus was exceeding ficke and ill,
Pain'd as it seemed chiefly in his hed:
He cal'd his friendes, meaning to make his will;
Who found him drunke, with hose & shooes a bed
To whom he fayd: Oh good my Maisters fee,
Drinke with his dart hath all be stabbed mee.

I here bequeath, if I do chauce to die,
To you kinde freinds, and *bon* companions all,
A pound of good *Tabacco*, sweet, and drie,
To drinke amongst you, at my Funerall:
Besides, a barrell of the best strong Beere,
And Pickle-herrings, for to domineere.

VVe





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 24.

Wee men, in many faultes abound,
But two, in women can be found:
The worst that from their sex proceedes,
Is naught in wordes, and naught in deedes.

Bid





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 25.

Bid me go sleepe? I scorne it with my heeles,
I know my selfe as good a man as thee.
Let goe mine Arme I say, lead him that reeles.
I am a right good fellow; dost thou see?
I know what longes to drinking, and I can
Abuse my selfe aswell as any man.

I care no more for twentie hunderd pound,
(Before the Lord) then for a very straw.
Ile fight with any hee adoue the ground.
Tut, tell not mee whats what; I know the law.
Rapier and Dagger: hey, a kingly fight.
Ile now try falles with any, by this light.

Behold



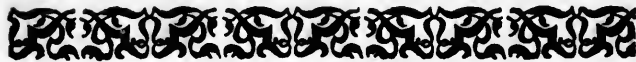


EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 26.

Behold, a most accomplish'd Caualeere,
That the world's Ape of Fashions doth appeare,
Walking the streets, his humors to disclose,
In the French Doublet, and the Germane Hofe:
The Muffes Cloake, Spanish Hat, Toledo blade,
Italian ruffe, a Shooe right Flemish made,
Like Lord of Misrule, where he comes hee'le reuel
And lie for wagers with the lying'ft diuell.

Aske





EPIGRAMS. Epig. 27.

Aske *Humors* why a Feather he doth weare?
It is his humor (by the Lord) heele sweare.
Or what he doth with such a Horfe-taile locke?
Or why vpon a Whoore he spendes his stocke?
He hath a Humor doth determine fo.
Why in the Stop-throate fashion doth he go,
With Scarfe about his necke? Hat without band?
It it is his humor, sweete fir vnderstand.
What cause his Purse is fo extreame distrest,
That often times t'is scarcely penny blest?
Onely a Humor: If you question why?
His tongue is nere vnfurnish'd with a lye:
It is his Humor too he doth protest.
Or why with Serjants he is so opprest,
That like to Ghostes they haunt him erie day?
A rascall Humor, doth not loue to pay.
Obiect, why Bootes and Spurres are still in season?
His Humor answeres: Humor is the reason.
If you perceiue his wittes in wetting shrunke,
It commeth of a Humor, to be drunke,
When you behould his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
Th' occsion is, his Humor, and a Whore:
And euery thing that he doth vndertake,
It is a vaine, for fencelesse Humors sake.

C.

Three





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 28.

Three high-way standers, haueing cros-lesse curffe
Did greeete my friend with, Sir giue vs your purffe:
Though he were true-man, they agreed in one:
For purffe & coyne betwixt them foure was none.

A





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 29.

A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade,
Procur'd her owne sweete picture to be made:
Which being done, she from her worde did slippe,
And would not pay full due for workmanshippe.
The Painter swore she nere should haue it foe,
She bad him keepe it: and away did goe.
He cholericke, and mightie discontent,
Straight tooke his pencell and to worke he went:
Makeing the Dog she held, a grim Cattes face,
And hung it in his shoppe, to her disgrace.
Some of her friends that saw it, to her went,
In iesting maner, askeing what she ment,
To haue her picture hang where gazers swarme,
Holding a filthy Catte within her arme.
She in a shamefull heate in hast did hie,
The Painter to content and fatiffie:
Right glad to giue a French Crowne for his paine,
To turne her Catte, into a Dog againe.

C 2.

When





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 30.

When *Tarlton* clown'd it in a pleasant vaine,
And with conceites, did good opinions gaine
Vpon the Stage, his merry humors shop. (flop.
Clownes knew the Clowne, by his great clownish
But now th'are gull'd, for present fashion sayes,
Dicke Tarltons part, Gentlemens breeches playes:
In euery streete where any *Gallant* goes,
The fwagg'ring Sloppe, is *Tarltons* clownish hofe.

One





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 31.

To Lutius.

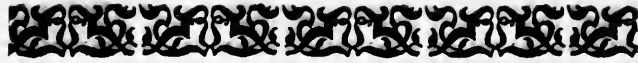
One newlie practiz'd in *Astronomie*,
That neuer dealt in weather-witt before:
Would scrape (forfooth) acquaintance of the skie,
And by his arte, goe knocke at heauen dore.
Meane while a Scholler in his studie slippes,
And taught his Wife skill in the Moones eclippes.

Next night, that freind perfwads him walke alone
Into the felde, to gather starres that fell:
To mix them with Philosophers rare stone
That begets gold: he likt the motion well,
And went to watch, where starres dropt verie thin,
But raine so shour'd, it wet his foole-cafe skin.

C 3.

What



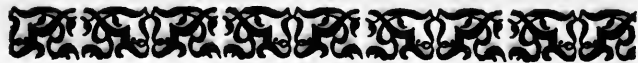


EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 32.

What gallant's that whose oaths flie through mine
How like a lord of *Plutoes* court he sweares: (eares?)
How braue in such a bauldie house he fought,
How rich his emptie purse is outside wrought.
How Duch-man-like he swallows downe his drink
How sweete he takes *Tabacco* till he stinke:
How loftie sprited he disdaines a Boore,
How faithfull harted he is to a (.)
How cocke-taile proude he doth his head aduaunce
How rare his spurres do ring the moris-daunce.
Now I prorest, by Mistris *Susans* fanne,
He and his boy, will make a proper man.

Laugh





EPIGRAMS. Epig. 33.

Laugh good my Maisters, if you can intend it,
For yonder comes a Foole, that will defend it:
Saw you a verier Affe in all your life,
That makes himselfe a packe-horse to his wife?
I would his nose where I could wish, were warme,
For carrying Pearle, so prettie vnder's arme,
Pearle his wiues Dog, a prettie sweete-fac'd curre,
That barks a nights at the least fart doth sturre,
Is now not well, his colde is scarcely broke,
Therefore good hisband wrap him in thy cloake:
And sweete hart, preethee helpe me to my Maske,
Holde Pearle but tender, for he hath the laske.
Here, take my muffe; and do you heare good man?
Now giue me Pearle, and carrie you my Fanne.
Alacke poore Pearle, the wretch is full of paine,
Hisband, take Pearle; giue me my Fanne againe,
See how he quakes: faith I am like to weepe,
Com to me Pearle: my Scarfe good hisband keepe,
To be with me I know my Puppie loues.
Why Pearle, I saie: hisband take vp my Gloues.
Thus goodman Idiot thinkes himselfe an Earle,
That he can please his wife, and carrie Pearle:
But others iudge his state to be no higher,
Then a Dogges yeoman, or some pippin Squier.

C 4.

What's





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 34.

What's he that sits and takes a nappe,
Fac'd like the North winde of a mappe,
And fleeping, to the wind doth nod?
Tis *Bacchus* coofen, Bellie-god.

Seuerus





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 35.

Seuerus is extreame in eloquence,
In perfum'd words, plung'd ouer head and eares,
He doth create rare phraze, but rarer fence,
Fragments of *Latine*, all about he beares.
Vnto his seruingman *alias* his boy,
He vtters speach exceeding quaint and coy.

Deminitie, and my defectiue slaue,
Reach my corpes couerture imediately:
My pleasures pleasure is, the same to haue,
T'inconfe my person from frigiditie.
His man beleeuēs all's Welch, his Maister spoke,
Till he rayles English; Roage goe fetch my cloke.

Why





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 36.

Why should the Mercers trade, a Satten fute,
With Cookes greafe be so wickedly polute?
The reafon is, the scandall and defame
Grew, that a greafie flouen weres the fame.

An





EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 37.

An honest Vicker, and a kinde confort,
That to the Alehouse friendly would resort,
To haue a game at Tables now and than,
Or drinke his pot as foone as any man:
As faire a gamster, and as free from broul,
As euer man should need to play withall:
Because his Hostesse pledg'd him not carouse,
Rashly in choller did forswear her house.
Takeing the glasse, this was the oath he swore,
Now by this drinke, Ile nere come hither more.
But mightilie his Hostesse did repent,
For all her guesstes to the next Alehouse went,
Following their Vickers steps in euerie thing:
He led the parrish euen by a string.
At length his auncient Hostesse did complaine,
She was vndone, vnles he came againe.
Desiring certaine friends of hers and his,
To vse a pollecie, which should be this: (him,
Because with cōming he should not forswear (him
To faue his oath, they on their backes might beare
Of this good course the Vicker well did thinke,
And so they allwaies carried him to drinke.

FINIS.





*Your Scene is done, depart you Epigrammes:
Enter Goate-footed Satyres, butt like Rammes:
Come nimbly foorth, Why stand you on delay?
O-ho, the Musique-tuning makes you stay.
Well, friske it out nimbly: you slaues begin,
For now me thinkes the Fidlers handes are in.*





I.

SATYRES.

WHO haue we here? Behold him and be mute.
Some mightie man Ile warrant by his fute.
If all the Mercers in Cheapefide shew fuch,
Ile giue them leaue to giue me twice asmuch:
I thinke the Stuffe is namelesse he doth weare:
But what so ere it be, it is huge geare.
Marke but his gate, and giue him then his due.
Some fwaggring fellow, I may fay to you:
It feemes *Ambition* in his bigge lookes shrowdes
Some *Centaure* fure, begotten of the Cloudes.
Now a shame take the buzard, is it hee?
I know the ruffaine, now his face I fee:
On a more gull the Sunne did neuer shine;
How with a vengeance comes the foole so fine?
Some Noble mans cast Sute is fallne vnto him,
For buying Hofe and Dobleit would vndo him.

But





SATYRES.

Bot wote you now, whither the buzard walkes?
I, into *Paules* forfooth, and there he talkes
Of forraine tumults, vttring his aduice,
And proueing Warres euen like a game at dice:
For this (fayes he) as euery gamster knowes,
Where one side winnes, the other side must loofe.
Next speach he vtters, is his stomackes care,
Which ordinaric yeeldes the cheapest fare:
Or if his purffe be out of tune to pay,
Then he remembers tis a fasting day:
And then he talketh much against exceffe,
Swearing all other Nations eate farre lesse
Then Englishmen; experience you may get
In Fraunce and Spayne: where he was neuer yet.
With a score Figges and halfe a pint of Wine,
Some foure or foue will verry hugely dine.
Mec thinkes this tale is very huge in found,
That halfe a pint should serue foue to drinke round
And twenty Figges could feed them full and fat:
But trauellers may lye; who knowes not that?
Then why not he that trauels in conceit,
From East to West, when he can get no meate?
His Journey is in *Paules* in the backe Isles,

Wher's





SATYRES.

Wher's stomacke counts each pace a hūdred miles
A tedious thing, though chaunce will haue it such,
To trauaile so long baitleffe, sure tis much.
Some other time stumbling on wealthy Chuffes
Worth gulling: then he swaggers all in huffes,
And tells them of a prize he was at takeing
Wil be the ship-boyes childrens childrens making.
And that a mouſe could finde no roome in holde,
It was so pesterd all with pearle and golde:
Vowing to pawne his head if it were tride,
They had more Rubies then wold paue Cheapſide
A thowſand other groſe and odious lies,
He dares auouch to blinde dull Iudgmentes eies,
Not careing what he ſpeake or what he ſweare,
So he gaine credite at his hearers eare.
Sometimes into the *Royall Exchange* hee'l droppe,
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers ſhoppe:
And there his tongue runs byas on affaires,
No talke but of comodities and wares:
And what great wealth he lookes for ery winde,
From God knowes where, the place is hard to
If newes be harkend for, thñ he preuailes, (finde.
Setting his mynt aworke to coyne falſe tales.

His

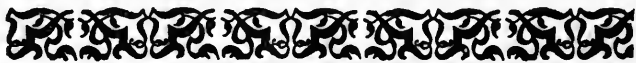




SATYRES.

His tongues-end is betipt with forged chat,
Vttring rare lyes to be admired at,
Heele tell you of a tree that he doth know,
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow,
As good as Fleetstreete hath in any shoppe;
Which being ripe, downe into scabbards droppe.
He hath a very peece of that fame Chaire,
In which *Cæsar* was stabb'd: Is it not rare?
He with his feete vpon the stones did tread,
That *Sathan* brought, & bad *Christ* make the bread.
His wondrous trauels challenge such renowne,
That *Sir Iohn Maundiuell* is quite put downe.
Men without heades, and *Pigmeis* hand-bredth hie
Thofe with one legge that on their backes do lie,
And doe the weathers iniurie disdaine,
Making their legges a penthouse for the raine,
Are tut, and tush: not any thing at all.
His knowledge knowes, what no mans notice shal.
This is a mate vnmeete for eu'ry groome,
And where he comes, peace, giue his lying roome.
He saw a *Hollander* in *Middleborow*,
As he was flashing of a browne Loafe thorow,
Where-to the haste of hunger had inclyn'd him,

Cut





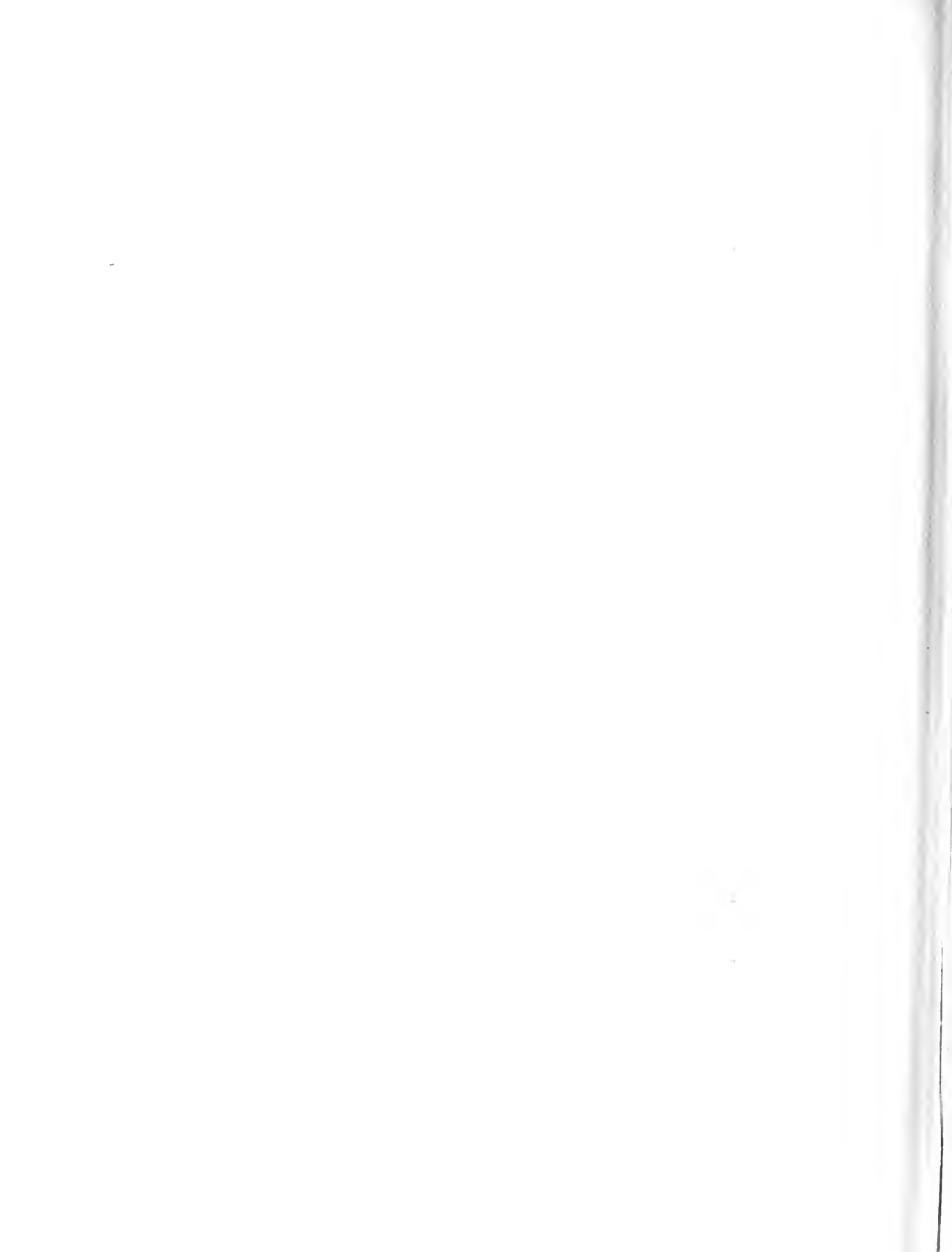
SATYRES.

Cut himfelfe through, & two that flood behind him
Besides, he saw a fellow put to death,
Could drinke a whole Beere barrell at a breath.
Oh this is he that will say any thing,
That to himfelfe may any profite bring.
Gaynst whosouer he doth speake he cares not,
For what is it that such a villaine dares not?
And though in conscience he cannot denie,
The All-commaunder sayth, *Thou shalt not lie:*
Yet he will answere (carelesse of foules state)
Trueth telling, is a thing obtayneth hate.

P I N I S.

D.







2.

SATIRE.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindnes:
To wincke at folly, is a foolish blindnes.
God saue you Sir, saluteth with a grace,
One he could wish neuer to see his face.
But doth not he vse meere disimulation,
That's inside hate, and outside salutation?
Yes as I take it; yet his answere sayes,
Fashions, and Customes, vse it now a dayes.
A Gentleman perhaps may chauce to meete
His Liuing-griper face to face in streete:
And though his lookes are odious vnto fight;
Yet will he doe him the French *congés* right,
And in his hart wish him as low as hell,
When in his wordes, hee's glad to see him well:
Then being thus, a man may soone suppose,
There is, *God saue you sir*, sometimes twixt foes.

D 2.

Oh





SATYRES.

Oh fir, why thats as true as you are heere,
With one example I will make it cleere,
And farre to fetch the fame I will not goe,
But into *Hounds-ditch*, to the Brokers row:
Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
Whether at *Holborne Conduit*, or *Long-lane*:
If thither you vouchsafe to turne your eye,
And see the Pawnes that vnder forfayte lye,
Which are foorth comming fir, and safe enough
Sayes good-man Broker, in his new print ruffe:
He will not stand too strictly on a day,
Encouraging the party to delay,
With all good wordes, the kindest may be spoke,
He turnes the Gentleman out of his Cloake:
And yet betweene them both, at euery meeting,
God saue you fir, is their familiar greeting,
This is much kindnesse sure; I pray commend him,
With great good words, he highly doth befrend him
It is a fauour at a pinch, in neede:
A pinching friendship, and a pinching deede.
The flaue may weare his suites of Sattin so,
And like a man of reputation go,
When all he hath, in house, or on his backe,

It





SATYRES.

It is his owne, by forfaytures fhypracke.
See you the Brooch that long ins Hat hath bin?
It may be there, it coft him not a pin:
His fundry fortes of diuers mens attyre,
He weares them cheape, euen at his owne defire.
Shame ouer-take the peffant for his payne,
That he fould pray on loffes, to his gayne,
In drawing Wardrobes vnder his fubiection,
Being a Knaue in manners and complexion,
Iumpe like to *Vfurie*, his neareft kinne;
That weares a money bagge vnder his chinne:
A bunch that doth refemble fuch a fhape,
And hayred like to Paris garden Ape,
Foaming about the chaps like fome wilde Boore,
As fwart and tawnie as an *India* Moore:
With narrow brow, and Squirrell eyes, he fhowes,
His faces chiefeft ornament, is nofe,
Full furnifhed with many a Clarret ftaine,
As large as any Codpiece of a *Dane*,
Emboffed curious; euery eye doth iudge,
His Iacket faced with motheaten Budge:
To which a paire of Satten fleeuces he weares,
Wherein two pound of greace about he beares.

D 3.

His





SATYRES.

His Specktales do in a copper case,
Hang dangling about his pissing place.
His breeches and his hose, and all the rest
Are futable: His gowne (I meane his best)
Is full of threeds, Intitul'd right threed-bare:
But wooll theron is wondrous scant and rare.
The welting hath him in no chardges stood,
Beeing the ruines of a cast French hood.
Excesse is sinfull, and he doth defie it,
A sparing whorson in attire and diet.
Only excesse is lawfull in his Chest,
For there he makes a golden Angells nest:
And voves no farder to be founde a lender,
Then that most pretious mettall doth engender:
Begetting daylie more and more encrease,
His monyes flaue, till wretched life surcease.
This is the *Jew* alied verie neere,
vnto the *Broker*, for they both do beare
Vndoubted testimonie of their kinne:
A brace of Rascalls in a league of sinne.
Two filthie Curses that will on no man fawne,
Before they tast the sweetnesse of his pawne.
And then the flaues will be as kinde forfooth,

Not





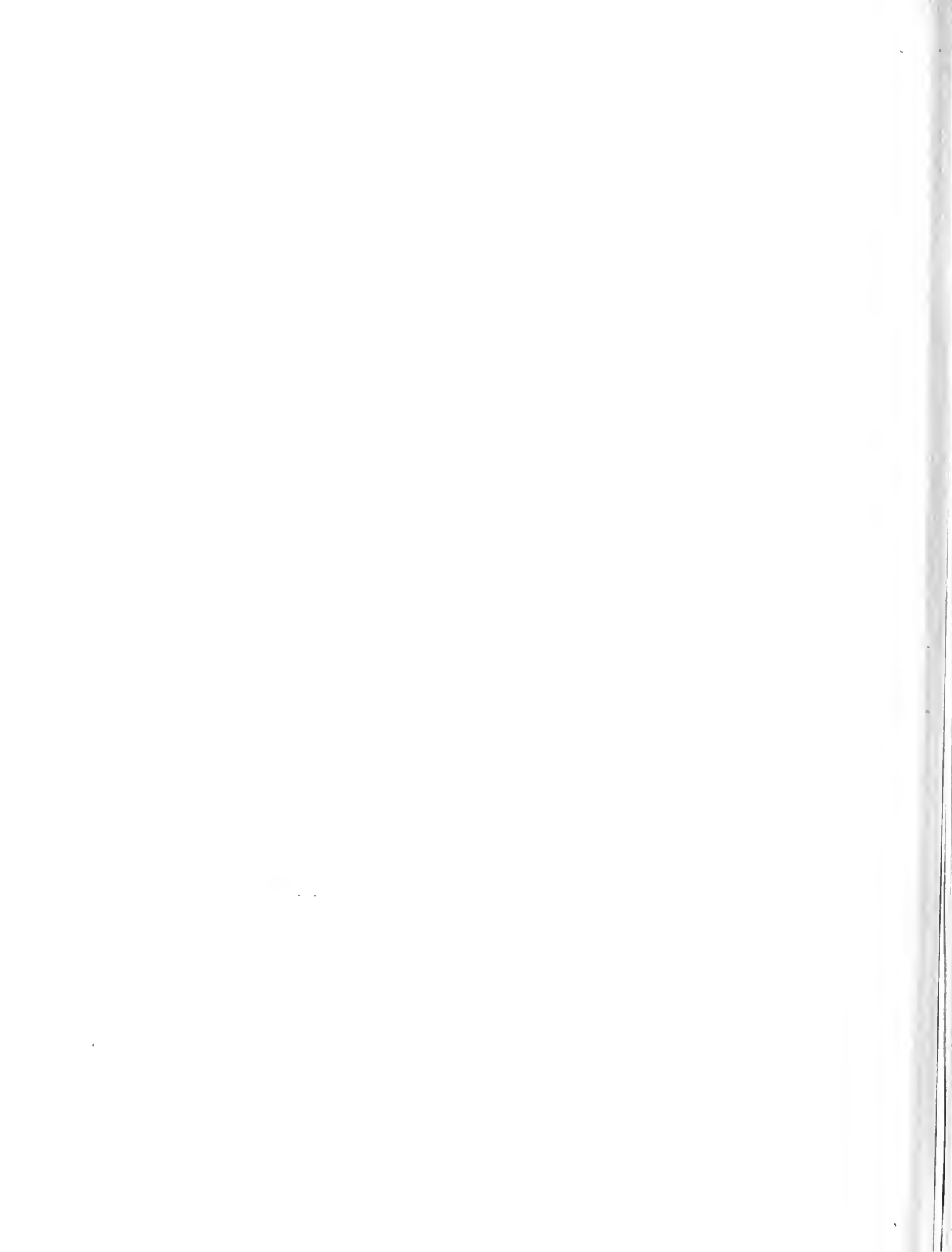
SATYRES.

Not as *Kinde-heart*, in drawing out a tooth:
For he doth ease the Patient of his paine,
But they difease the Borrower of his gaine.
Yet neither of them vse extremitie,
They can be villaines euen of charitie.
To lend our Brother it is meete and fit:
Giue him roft meate and beat him with the spit.
Vserie sure is requifite and good,
And fo is Brokeage, rightly vnderftood:
But foft a litle, what is he faies fo?
One of the twaine (vpon my life) I knowe.

FINIS.

D 4.







3.

SATIRE.

OH, let the Gentlewoman haue the wall,
I know her well; tis Miftris, What d'ye call.
It should be shee, both by her Maske and Fanne:
And yer it should not, by her Seruing-man;
For if mine eyes do not mistake the foole,
He is the Vsher of some Dauncing Schole,
The reason why I doe him such suppose,
Is this; Mee thinkes he daunceth as he goes.
An actiue fellow, though he be but poore,
Eyther to vault vpon a Horse, or &c.
See you the huge bum Dagger at his backe,
To which no Hilt nor Iron he doth lacke.
Oh with that blade he keepes the queanes in awe,
Brauely behacked, like a two-hand Saw.
Stampes on the ground, & byteth both his thoms
Vnlesse he be commaunder where he coms.

You





SATYRES.

You damned whores, where are you? quicke come
Dry this *Tabacco*. Fill a dosen a Beere: (heere,
Will you be briefe? or long ye to be bang'd?
Hold, take this Match; go light it and be hang'd.
Where stay these whores when Gent. do call?
Heer's no attendaunce (by the Lord) at all.
Then downe the staires, the pots in rage he throws
And in a damned vaine of swearing growes,
For he will challenge any vnder heau'n,
To sweare with him, and giue him fixe at feuen.
Oh, he is an accomplish'd Gentleman,
And many rare conceited knackes he can;
Which yeeld to him a greater store of gaine,
Then iuggling *Kings*, hey Paffe, ledgerdemaine.
His witt's his lyuing: one of quaynt deuce,
For Bowling-allies, Cockpits, Cardes, or Dice,
To those employts he euer standes prepar'd:
A Villaine excellent at a Bum card.
The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne,
And finde him in his boosome, for his turne.
Tut, he hath Cardes for any kind of game,
Primero, *Saunt*; or whatfoeuer name,:
Make him but dealer, all his fellowes sweares,

If





SATYRES.

If you do finde good dealing, take his eares.
But come to Dice; why that's his onely trade,
Michell Mum-chaunce, his owne Inuention made.
He hath a stocke, whereon his lyuing stayes,
And they are *Fullams*, and *Bard quarter-trayes*:
His *Langrets*, with his *Hie men*, and his *low*,
Are ready what his pleafure is to throw:
His stopt Dice with Quick-filuer neuer misse.
He calles for, Come on fiue; and there it is:
Or else heele haue it with fiue and a reach,
Although it coft his necke the Halter stretch.
Besides all this fame kinde of cheating art,
The Gentleman hath fome good other part,
Well feene in *Magicke* and *Astrologie*,
Flinging a Figure wondrous handfomly;
Which if it do not misse, it sure doth hitt:
Of troth the man hath great store of small witt.
And note him wherefoeuer that he goes,
His Booke of Characters is in his hofe.
His dinner he will not presume to take,
Ere he aske counfell of an Almanacke.
Heele finde if one prooue false vnto his wife,
Onely with Oxe blood, and a rustie knife.

He





SATYRES.

He can transforme himfelfe vnto an Affe,
Shewe you the Deuil in a Chrifall glaffe:
The Deuill fay you? why I, is that fuch wonder?
Being confortes they will not be afunder.
Alcumie in his braines fo fure doth fettle,
He can make golde of any copper kettle;
Within a three weekes fpace or fuch a thing,
Riches vpon the whole worlde he could bring,
But in his owne purfe one fhall hardly fpie it,
Witneffe his Hofteffe, for a twelue-moneths diet:
Who would be glad of golde or filuer either,
But fwears by chalke, & poaft, ſhe can get neither.
More, he will teach any to gaine their loue,
As thus (faies he) take me a Turtle Doue,
And in an Ouen let her lie and bake
So dry, that you may poulder of her make;
Which being put into a cuppe of wine,
The wenche that drinkes it will to loue incline:
And fhall not sleepe in quiet in her bed,
Till ſhe be eafed of her mayden-head.
This is *probatum*, and it hath bin tride,
Or els the cunning man cunningly lide.
It may be fo, a lie is not fo ftrange,

Per-



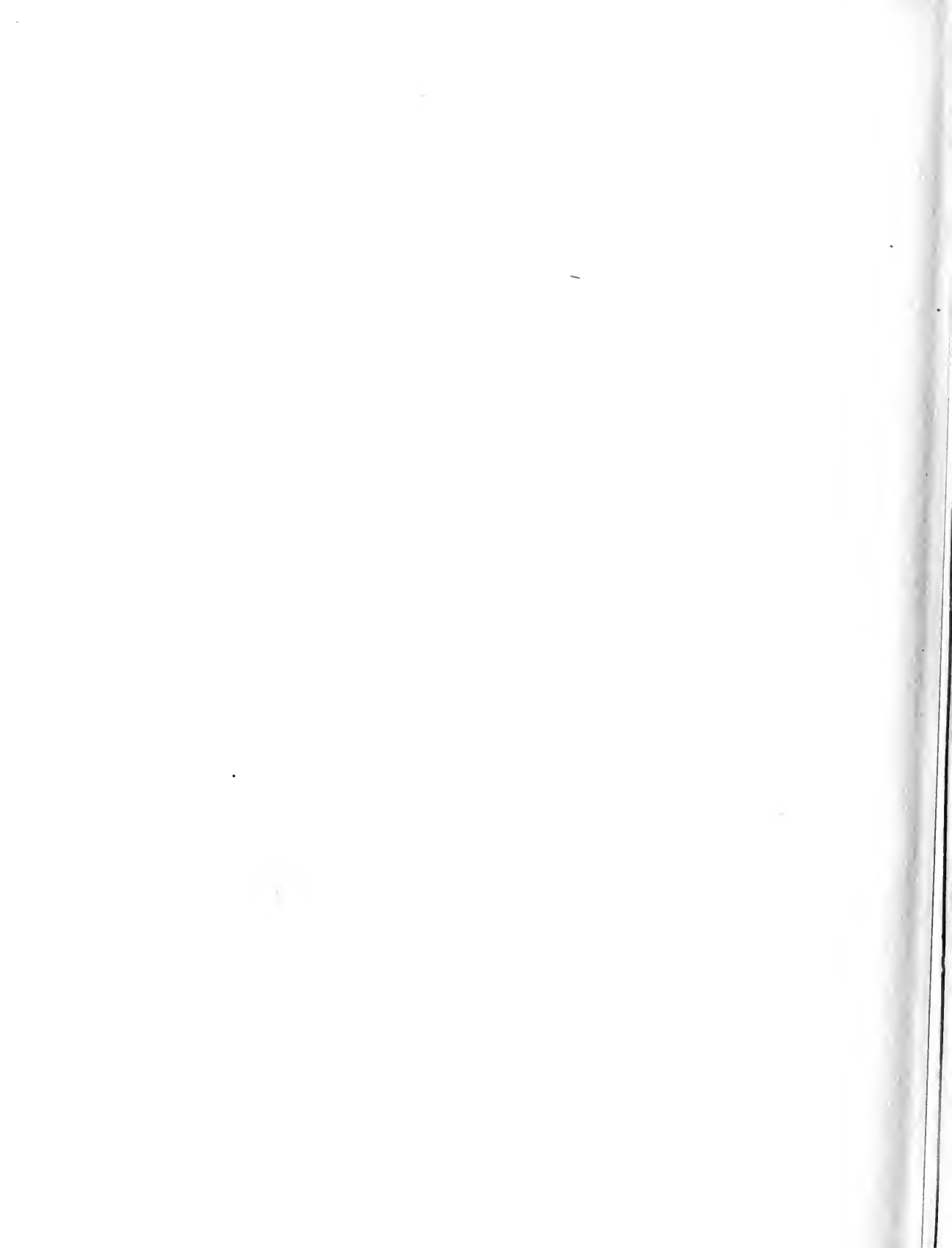


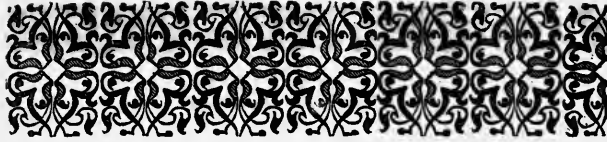
SATYRES.

Perhaps he spake it when the Moone did change
And thereupon (no doubt) th'occasion sprunge,
Vnconstant *Luna*, ouer rul'd his tongue.
Astronomers that traffique with the Skie,
By common censure fometimes meete the lie:
Although indeede their blame is not so much,
When Starres, & Planets faile, & keepe not tutch.
And so this fellow with his lardge profession,
That ends his triall in a farre digression:
Philosophers bequeathed him their stone,
To make golde with; yet can his purse holde none.

FINIS.



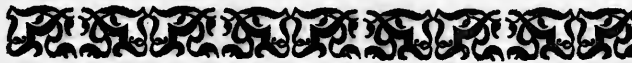


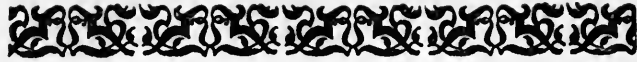


SATIRE.

M*ellfluous*, sweete Rose-watred elloquence,
Thou that hast hunted Barbarisme hence,
And taught the Goodman *Cobbin*, at his plow,
To be as eloquent, as *Tullie* now:
Who nomicates his Bread and Cheefe a name,
(That doth vntruffe the nature of the fame,
His stomacke stayer. How dee like the phrase?
Are Plough-men simple fellowes now adayes?
Not so, my Maisters: What meanes *Singer* then?
And *Pope* the Clowne, to speake so Boorish, when
They counterfaite the Clownes vpon the Stage?
Since Countrey fellowes grow in this fame age,
To be so quaint in their new printed speech,
That Cloth will now compare with Veluet breech
Let him discourse, euen where, and when he dare,
Talke nere so Ynk-horne learnedly and rare,
Swear Cloth breech is a pestiant (by the Lord)

Threa-





SATYRES.

Threaten to drawe his wrath-venger, his sworde:
Tush, Cloth-preech doth deride him with a laugh,
And lets him see *Bone-baster*; thats his staffe:
Then tells him brother, friend, or so foorth, heare ye
Tis not your knitting-needle, makes me feare ye.
If to ascention you are so declinde,
I haue a restitution in my minde:
For though your beard do stand so fine mustated,
Perhaps your nose may be transfigicated.
Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
To iumpe or leape ouer a ditch or hedge,
To wrastle, play at stooleball, or to runne,
To pitch the barre, or to shoote off a gunne:
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes,
To trie it out at foot-ball by the shinnes;
At Ticktack, Irish, Noddie, Maw, and Ruffe:
At hot-cockles, leape-frogge, or blindman-buffe:
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole canne:
To play at base, or pen-and Ynk-horne fir Ihan:
To daunce the Morris, play at barly-breake:
At all exploytes a man can thinke or speake:
At shoue-groate, venter poynt, or crosse and pile.
At befthrow him that's last at yonder style,

At





SATYRES.

At leaping ore a Midfommer bon-fier,
Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer:
At any of these, or all these presently,
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I;
I scorne (that am a younster of our towne)
To let a Bowe-bell Cockney put me downe.
This is a Gallant farre beyond a Gull,
For very valour filles his pockets full.
Wit showers vpon him Wifedomes raine in plenty
For heele be hangd, if any man finde twenty
In all their parish, whatfoere they be,
Can shew a head so polleticke as he.
It was his fathers lucke of late to die
Vntestate; he about the Legacie
To *London* came, inquiring all about,
How he might finde a *Ciuill-villin* out.
Being vnto a Ciuill Lawyer sent,
Pray Sir (quoth he) are you the man I meant:
That haue a certaine kinde of occupation,
About dead men, that leaue things out of fashion?
Death hath done that which t'answare he's not
My Father he is dyed detestable: (able,
I being his eldest heire, he did prefer

E.

Me





SATYRES.

Me Sir, to be his Executioner:
And verie breifly my request to finnish,
Pray how may I by law, his goods diminish?
Was this a Clowne? tell true, or was a none?
You make fatted Clownes, if such as he be one:
A man may sweare, if he were vrg'd to it,
Foolisher fellowes, haue not so much wit.
Oh such as he, are euen the onely men,
Loue letters in a Milke-maides praise to pen;
Lines that will woke the curstest fullen shrow,
To loue a man whether she will or no.
Being most wonderous pathetticall,
To make *Cisse* out a cry in loue withall:
He scornes that maister Scholemaister shold thinke
He wants his aide in halfe a pen of ynke:
All that he doth it commeth ery whit,
From natures dry-fat, his owne mother wit.

As thus:

Thou Honnyfuckle of the Hawthorne hedge,
Vouchsafe in *Cupids* cuppe my hart to pledge:
My hartes deare blood sweete *Cis*, is thy carouse,
Worth all the Ale in *Gammer Gubbins* house:
I say no more affaires call me away,

My





SATYRES.

My Fathers horfe for prouender doth stay.
Be thou the Lady *Crefsit-light* to mee,
Sir *Trollelolle* I will proue to thee.
Written in hafte: farewell my Cowflippe fweete,
Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-houfe meete.

FINIS.

E 2.







5.

SATIRE.

THIS a bad worlde, the comon speach doth go,
And he complains, that helps to make it so:
Yet every man th'imputed crime would shunne,
Hipocrisie with a fine threed is spunne.
Each striues to shew the verie best in seeming,
Honest enough, if honest in esteeming:
Praise waites vpon him now with much renowne,
That wrappes vp *Vices* vnder *Vertues* gowne:
Commending with good words, religious deedes,
To helpe the poore, supplie our neighbours needes
Do no man wrong, giue every man his owne,
Be friend to all, and enemie to none;
Haue charitie, auoyde contentious strife,
Oft he speakes thus, that nere did good in's life.
Derision hath an ore in euerie Boate,
In's Neighboures eie he quickly spies a moate,

E 3

But





SATYRES.

But the great beame that's noted in his owne,
He lets remaine, and neuer thinkes thereon.
Some do report he beares about a sacke,
Halfe hanging forwards, halfe behind at's backe:
And his owne faultes (quite out of sight and minde)
He casts into the part that hanges behinde:
But other mens, he putteth in before,
And into them, he looketh euermore.
Contempt coms very neere to th'others vaine,
He hates all good deserts with proud disdain:
Rashnesse is his continuall walking mate,
Costly apparreld, loftie in his gate:
Vp to the eates in double ruffes and startch,
God bleffe your eiefight when you see him march:
Statutes, and lawes, he dare presume to breake,
Against superiors cares not what he speake.
It is his humours recreation fittes,
To beate Counstable and resist all writtes,
Swearing the ripest wits are childish young;
Vnlesse they gaine instructions from his tongue.
Theres nothing done amongst the verie best,
But he'l deride it with some bitter iest.
It's meate and drinke vnto him allwaies, when

He



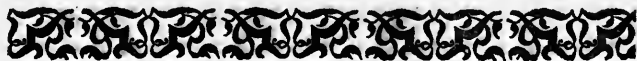


SATYRES.

He may be censuring of other men,
If a man do but toward a Tauerne looke,
He is a drunkard, he'l sweare on a Booke:
Or if one part a fray of good intention,
He is a quarreller, and loues diffention.
Those that with silence vaine discourfes, breake,
Are proud fantafticks, that difdaine to fpeake:
Such as fpeake foberly with wifdoms leafure,
Are fooles, that in affected fpeach take pleasure:
If he heare any that reproueth vice,
He faies, thers none but hipocrites fo nice.
No honest woman that can paffe along,
But muft endure fome fcandall from his tongue.
She, deales croffe blowes her hufand neuer feeles:
This gentlewoman, weareth capering heeles;
There minces *Mall*, to fee what youth wil like her.
Her eies do beare her witneffe fhe's a striker.
Yonders a wentch, new dipt in bewties blaze,
She, is a maide as maides go now a daies.
And thus *Contempt* makes choifeft recreation.
In holding euery one in detestation,
His common gate is of the ietting fize,
He hath a paire of euer-ftaring eies:

E 4.

And





SATYRES.

And lookes a man so hungry in the face,
As he would eate him vp, and nere say grace.
A little low cround Hatte he alwayes weares,
And Fore-horfe-like therein a Feather beares.
Goodly curld lockes; but surely tis great pittie,
For want of keming, they are beaftly nitty.
His Dobblet is a cut caft Satten one, (none,
He scornes to buy new now, that nere bought
Spotted in diuers places with pure fat,
Knowne for a right tall trencher man by that.
His Breeches that came to him by befriending,
Are desperate like him felfe, & quite past mending
He takes a common courfe to goe vntruff,
Except his Shirt's a washing; then he muft
Goe woollward for the time: hee scornes it hee,
That worth two Shirts his Laundresse fhould him
The weapons that his humors do afford, (fee.
Is Bum-dagger, and basket hilted Sword.
And thefe in euery Bawdie houfe are drawne
Twice in a day, vnleffe they be at pawne.
If any fall together by the cares,
To field cries he; why? zownes (to field) he fwears
Shew your felues men: hey, flafh it out with blowes
Let





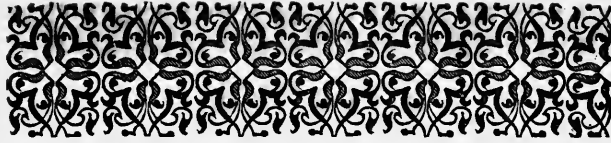
SATYRES.

Let won make tothers guts garter his hofe,
Make Steele and Iron vmpiers to the Fray,
You fhall haue me goe with, to fee faire play:
Let mee alone, for I will haue a care
To fee that one do kill the tother faire.
This is *Contempt*, that's euery ones difdayner.
The strife purfuer, and the peace refrayner:
Hates thunderbolt, damn'd *Murders* larum-bell,
A neare deare Kinfman to the Diuell of hell:
And he whom *Sathan* to this humor bringes,
Is th'only man for all detefted thinges.

FINIS.







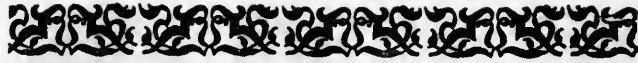
6.

SATIRE.

T*Om's* no good fellow, nor no honest man:
Hang him, he would not pledge *Rafe* halfe a can
But if a friend may speake as he doth thinke,
Will is a right good fellow, by this drinke:
Oh *William, William*, th'art as kind a youth,
As euer I was drunke with, thats the trueth.
Tom is no more like thee, then Chalks like Cheefe
To pledge a health, or to drinke vp-se freefe:
Fill him his Beaker, he will neuer flinch,
To giue a full quart pot the empty pinch.
Heele looke vnto your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaues a snuffe.
A pox of peecemeale drinking (*William* sayes)
Play it away, weele haue no stoppes and stayes.
Blowne drinke is odious, what man can disieft it:
No faythfull drunkard, but he doth detest it.

I





SATYRES.

I hate halfe this; out with it, and an end,
He is a buzard will not pledge his friend, (closed
But standes as though his drinkes malt-facke were
With, *Heer's t'ye Sir, against you are disposed?*
How fay my friend, an may I be so bold;
Blowing on's Beere like broth to make it cold,
Keeping the full glasse till it stand and fower,
Drinking but after halfe a mile an hower,
Vnworthy to make one, or gaine a place,
Where *boone* companions gage the pots apace.
A mans a man, and therewithall an ende,
Goodfellowship was bred and borne to spende,
No man ere saw a pound of forrow yet,
Could be alowd to pay an ounce of debt.
We may be heere to day, and gone to morrow.
Call mee for fixe pots more; come on, hang forrow
Tut, lacke another day? Why, tis all one,
When we are dead, then all the world is gone.
Begin to me good *Ned*: What? haft gon right?
Is it the same that tickeld mee last night?
We gauē the Brewers Diet-drinke a wipe:
Braue *Malt-Tabacco* in a quart pot-pipe,
It netteld mee, and did my braines inspire,

I haue



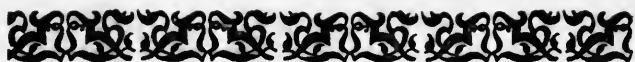


SATYRES.

I haue forfworne your drinking smoake and fier:
Out vpon *Cane* and *leafe Tabacco* smell;
Diuels take home your drinke; keepe it in hell.
Carowfe in Cannons *Trinidado* smoake,
Drinke healths to one another till you choake,
And let the *Indians* pledge you till they sweate,
Giue me the element that drowneth heate:
Strong sodden Water is a vertuous thing,
It makes one sweare, and swagger like a King,
And hath more hidden *Vertue* then you thinke,
For Ile maintaine, good liquor's meate and drinke:
Nay, Ile go further with you, for in troth,
It is as good as meate, and drinke, and cloth;
For he that is in Mault-mans Hall inrolde,
Cares not a poynt for hunger nor for colde.
If it be cold, he drinketh till he sweate,
If it be hot, he drinkes to lay the heate:
So that how euer it be, cold or hot,
To pretious vse he doth apply the pot:
And will approue it Phifically found;
If it be drunke vpon the *Danish* round,
Or taken with a Pickle-herring or two,
As Flemmings at Saint *Katherines* vse to do:

Which

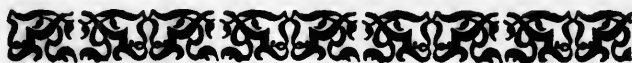




SATYRES.

Which fish hath vertue, eaten salt and raw,
To pull drinke to it, euen as Ieate doth straw.
Oh tis a verie whetstone to the braine,
A march-beere shewer that puts downe April raine
It makes a man actiue to leape and spring,
To daunce and vault, to carrowle and to sing:
For all exploytes it doth a man inable,
T'out leape mens heades, and caper ore the table.
To buroe Sacke with a candle till he reeles,
And then to trip-vp his companions heeles,
To sing like the great Organ pipe in *Paules*,
And censure all men vnder his controules.
Against all commers ready to maintaine,
That deepest witt is in a drunken braine.
I marry is it; that it is he knowes it;
And by this drinke, at all times will depose it,
He sayes, that day is to a minute shrunke,
In which he makes not some good fellow drunke:
As for nine Worthies on his Hostes wall,
He knowes three worthy drunkards passe them all:
The first of them in many a Tauerne tride,
At last subdued by *Aquavita*, dide.
His second Worthies date was brought to fine,

Fea-



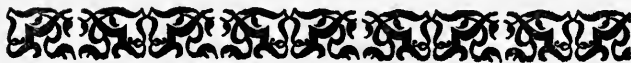


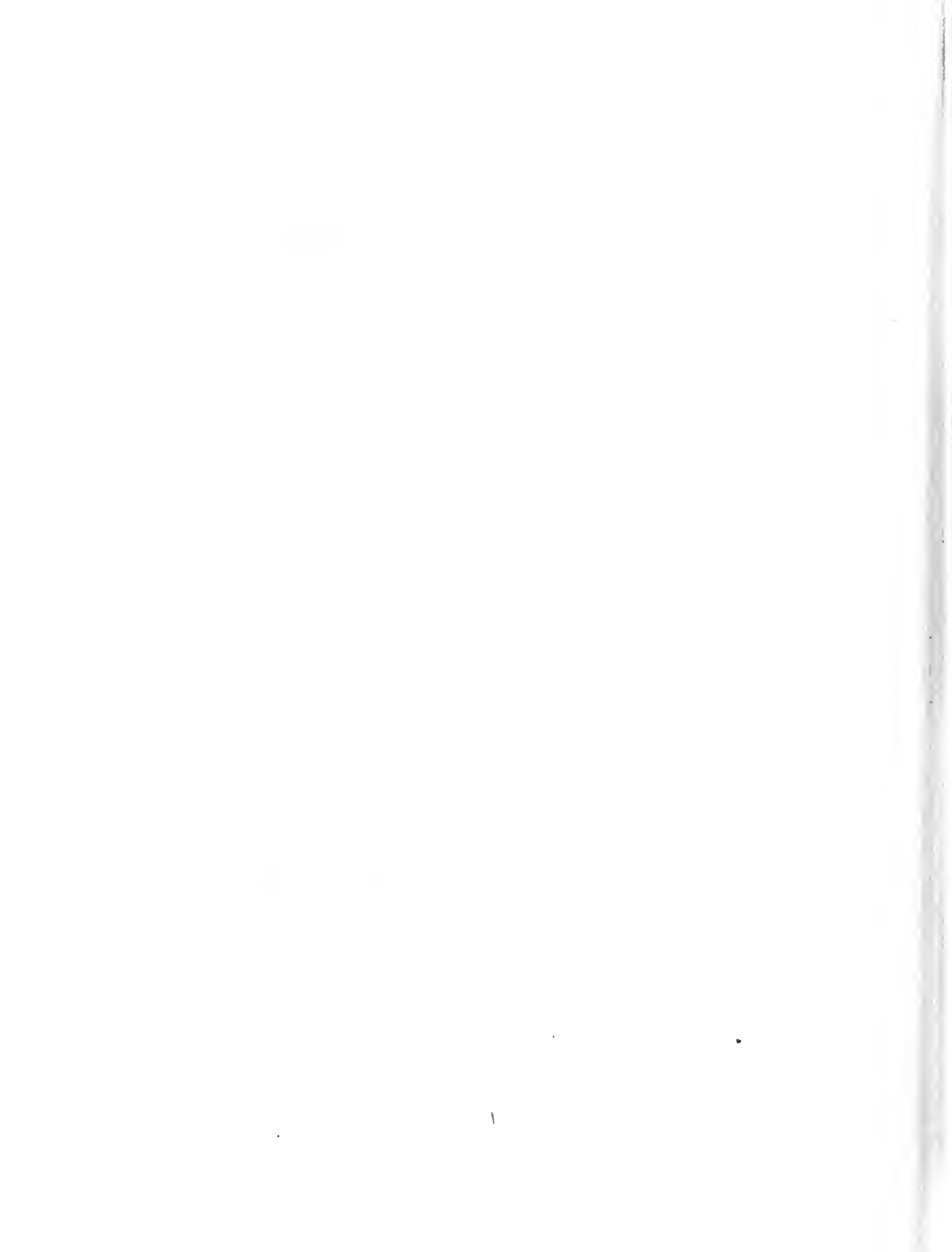
SATYRES.

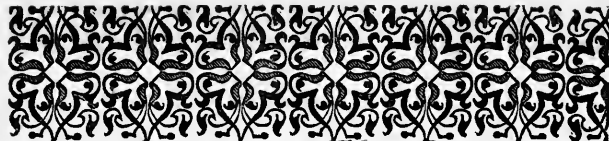
Feasting with Oysters and braue Rennish wine.
The third, whom diuers Dutchmen held full deere,
Was stabb'd by pickeld Hearinges & strong Beere.
Well, happy is the man doth rightly know,
The vertue of three cuppes of *Charnico*,
Being taken fasting, th'only cure for Flegme,
It worketh wonders on the braine, extreame.
A pottle of wine at morning, or at night,
Drunke with an Apple, is imployed right,
To rince the Liuer, and to purifie
A dead sicke Hart from all infirmitie.

FINIS.

Liud







7.

SATIRE.

L Iu'd the Philosopher *Heraclitus*
In *Troynouant*, as once in *Ephesus*:
Were not *Democrites* liue's-date full done,
But he with vs, an's glasse some fande to runne:
How would the first, dry-weepe his watry eyes?
And th'others laughter, eccho through the skies?
For while they in this world were resident,
Heraclitus, for *Vertue's* banishment,
Perform'd a penfiue teare-complayning part:
Democrites, he laugh'd euen from his hart,
Spending his time in a continuall Iest,
To see base *Vice* so highly in request.
Weepe *Vertues* want, and giue sad sighes too boote;
Vice rides on horsebacke, *Vertue* goes on foote:
Yet laugh againe as fast on th'other side,
To see so vile a scumme preferr'd to ride.

F.

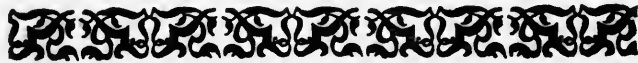
But





SATYRES.

But what wilt helpe to figh on flintie finne?
T'will not be mollifide as it hath binne:
T'is farre more highly fauour'd then before,
For Sinn's no begger, standing at the dore,
That by his patches doth his want difpute,
But a right welcome Sir, for's costly fute:
And maskes about with fuch an oftentation,
World fayes, *Vice*-haters loues no recreation.
You fhall haue fsmooth-fac'd neate Difimulation,
A true *What lacke yee?* by his occupation,
Will (*I in trueth; Yes truly,*) fhew you ware,
All London cannot with his ftuffe compare.
Nay, If you match it (goe from him to any)
Take his for nothing, pay him not a penny.
At this, my fimple honeft Country-man
Takes *Trueth*, and *Truely*, for a Puritan,
And dares in's confcience fwear he loues no lying,
But that they deale for, he giues him the buying:
To let him haue a pen-worth he is willing;
Yet for a groates-worth makes him pay a fhilling,
Giues good-man *Trollopp* one thing for another,
And fayes, hee'le vfe him as he were his brother:
But while his eares with Brothers tearmes he feedes,
He





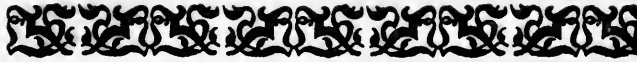
SATYRES.

He proueth but a Coofen in his deedes:
Brotherhood once in kindred bore the fway,
But that dates out, and Coofnage hath the day.
The foregone ages that are fpent and donne,
The olde time paf, that calles time prefent Sonne,
Saw better yeeres, & more plaine-meaning howers
Then prefently, or future following ours.
The worlde is naught, and now vpon the ending,
Growes worfe & worfe, & fardeft off frō mending.
Seauen grand Deuills, bred and borne in Hell,
Are grac'd like Monarches, on the earth to dwell:
wher they cōmaund the worlds whole globy roūd
Leauing poore *Vertuous* life, no dwelling ground.
Pride is the firft, and he began with *Eue*,
Whofe cognifance ftill's worne on womens fleecue
He fits the humours of them in their kinde,
With euery moneth, new lieries to their minde.
A Buske, a Maske, a Fanne, a monftrous Ruffe,
A boulfter for their Buttockes, and fuch ftuffe:
More light and toyifh then the wind-blown chaffe
As though they meant to make the Deuill laughe.
The next that marcheth, is the roote of euill,
Cal'd *Couetoufneffe*, a greedy rafcall Deuill:

F 2.

To

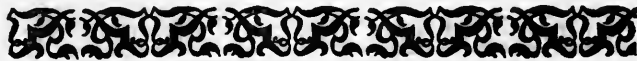




SATYRES.

To fill old Iron barred chefts, he rakes,
Great rents for litle Cottages he takes:
Hordeth vp corne, in hope to haue a yeare,
Fit for his cut-throate humour, to fell deare.
Then is there a notorious bawdie Feend,
Nam'd *Letcherie*; who all his time doth spend,
In two wheeld Coatch, and bafon occupation:
Making a vaulting howfe his recreation,
Vnto his doore the *Summer* howerly marches:
And euerie Tearme, looke for him in the Arches.
Enmie's the fourth: a Deuill, dogged sprighted,
In others harmes he cheifly is delighted;
His heart againft all charitie is steeld,
His frownes are all challenges to the field:
Though nothing crosse him, yet he murmurs euer,
He laughs at some mans losse, or els laughs neuer.
Wrath is the next, that fwaggers, fightes, & fwears,
In *Fleetstreete*, brauely at it by the eares:
Parboild in rage, pepperd in heate of ire,
Hotte liue d, and as cholericke as fier.
Vitlers, and *Scarjants*, are beholden to him,
Till halter deftinie, of life vndo him.
Sixt lubberly gor-belled Deuill great,

Is

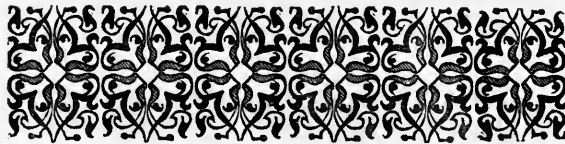


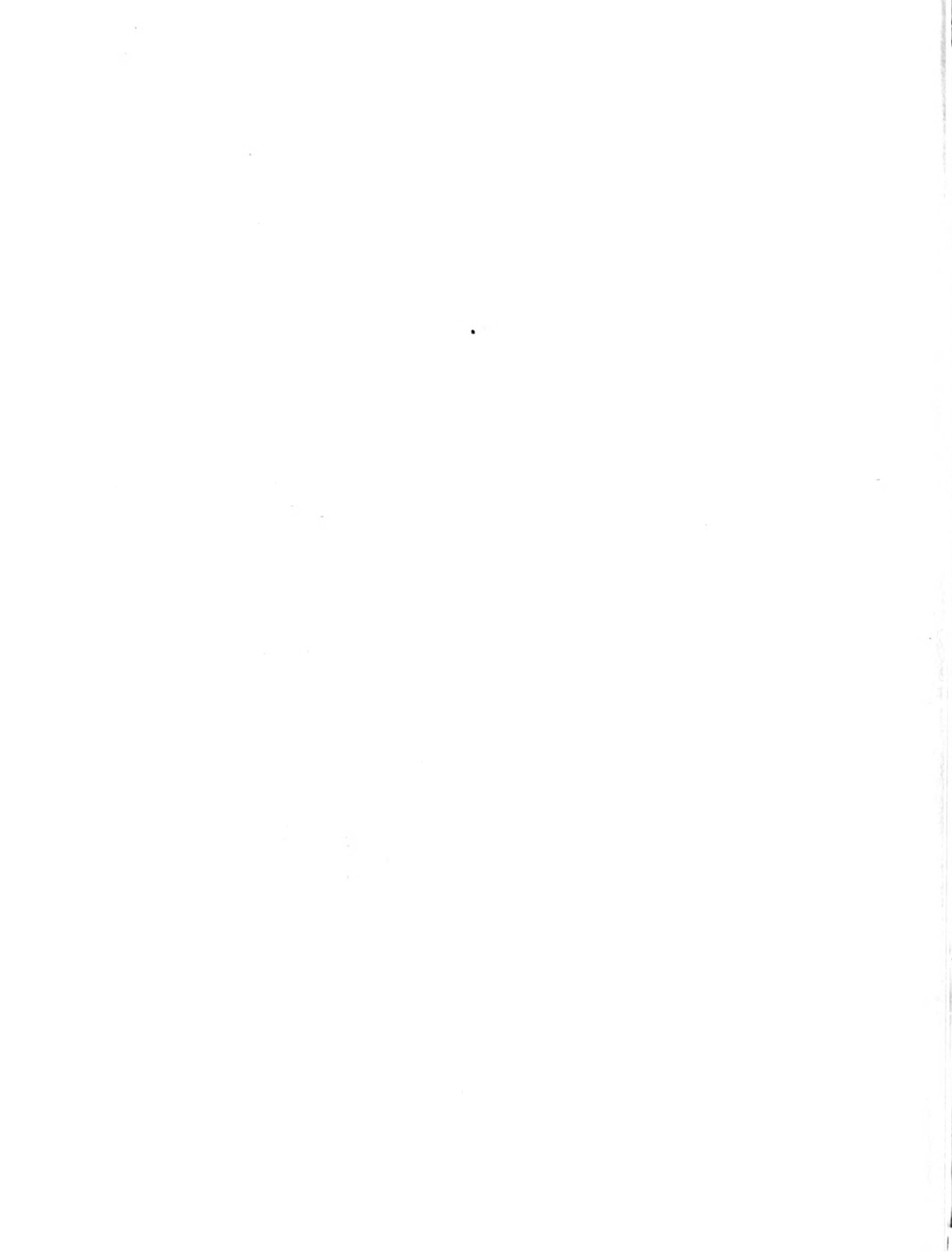


SATYRES.

Is *Gluttony*, fwolne with exceffe of meate:
His bellifhip contains th' infatiate gutte,
paunch'd liquor prooffe, an' twere a Malmfie butte,
Dulled with drinke: this is his vfuall phraife,
Yet one quart, and a morfell more, he fayes.
The laft is *Sloth*, a lazie deuelifh curre,
So trust in *Idlenefse*, he fcarce can fturre:
Lumpifh and heaue thoughts, of *Sathans* giuing,
That rather beggs, then labours for his liuing.
Thefe feauen, are feends come forth of Hells darke
On earth feduceing foules, mifguiding men. (den,

FINIS.





TIS
Merrie vwhen
Gofsips meete.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *W. W.* and are to be fold
by *George Loftus* at the Golden
Ball in *Popes-head Alley*.
1602.





GENTLEMEN.

Chaucer, *our famous reuer'nt English Poet*
When Canterbury tales he doth begin,
(Such as haue red his auncient verses know it)
Found store of Guests in South-warke at an Inne,
The Taberd cal'd, where he himselfe then lay,
And bare them Pilgrimes company next day.

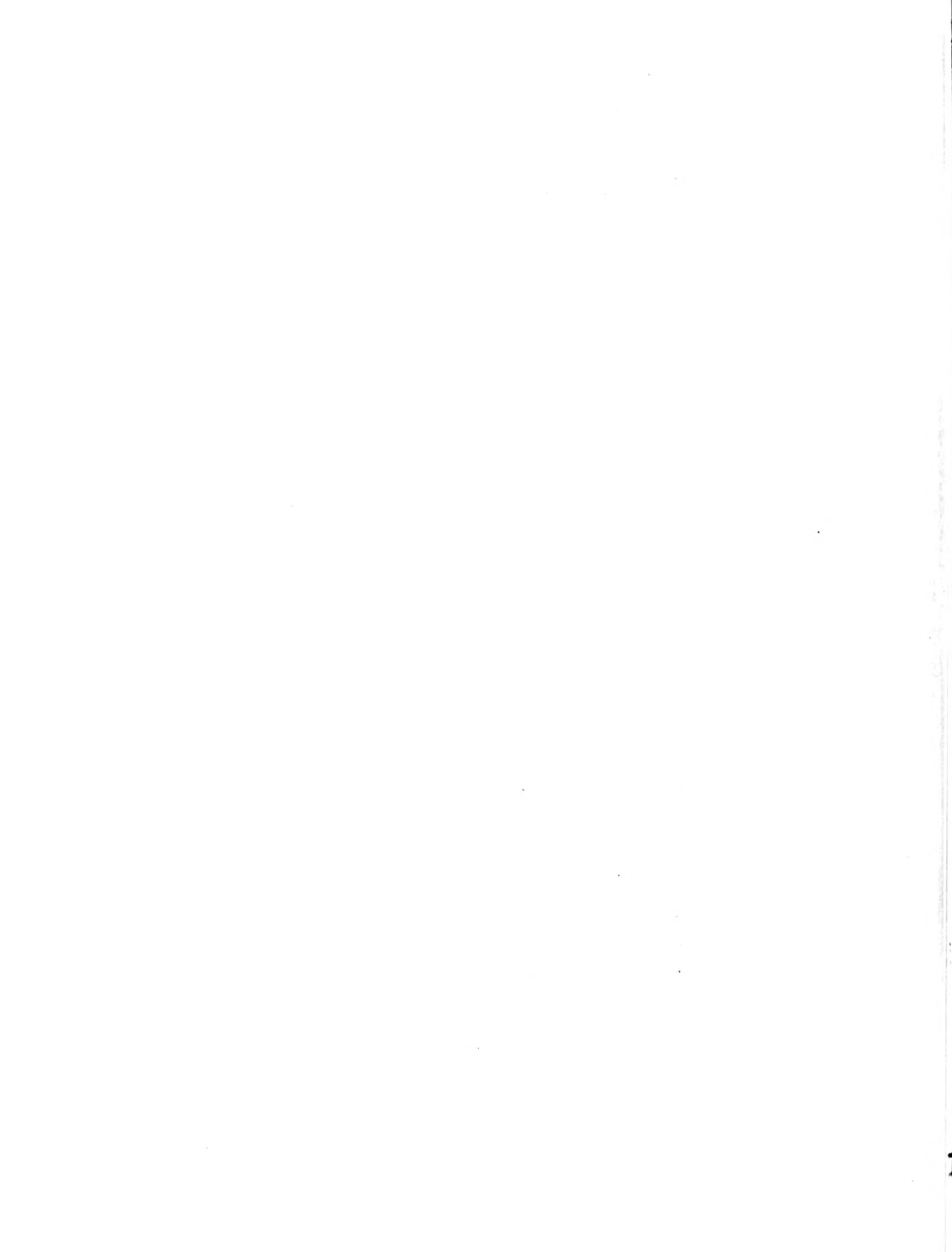
A Kentish iourney they together tooke,
Towards Canterbury marching nine and twentie
Knight, Marchant, Doctor, Miller, Squire, & Cooke,
Scholler, and Saylor, with Good-fellowes plentie,
But of blithe Venches scarcitie he hath
Of all that Crue none but the wife of Bathe.

A London Tauerne puts their Inne downe then
VVherein three Citizens; Wife, Widdow, Mayde,
Did kindly meete, and talke, and drinke like men,
And one spent more then sixe of tother payde.
Not penny a quart, dull Ale, nor drowfic Beere
But spritely wine, that makes the wit shine cleere.

S. R.

A 2







♫ A Conference betweene a Gentle-
man and a Prentice.



Hat lacke you Gentle-man? see a
new Booke new come foorth, fir:
buy a new Booke fir.

Prentice.

New Booke say'ft: Faith I can
see no prettie thing come foorth to
my humours liking. There are
some old Bookes that I haue more delight in then
your new, if thou couldst helpe me to them.

Gentleman.

Troth fir, I thinke I can shew you as many of all
forts as any in *London*, fir.

Prentice.

Can't helpe mee to all *Greenes* Bookes in one
Volume? But I will haue them euery one, not any
wanting.

Gentleman.

Sir; I haue the most part of them, but I lacke
Conny-catching, and some halfe dozen more: but I
thinke I could procure them. There be in the Towne
I am sure can fit you: haue you all the Parts of *Pas-*
quill, fir?

Prentice.

All the Parts, why I know but two, and those
lye there vpon thy stall; them I haue: but no other
am I yet acquainted with.

Gentleman.

A 3

Oh,





A Conference betweene

Prentice. Oh, fir then you haue but his *Mad-cappe*, and his *Fooles-cappe*, there are others besides those: looke you heere, a prettie Booke Ile assure you fir. T'is his *Melancholy*, fir: and ther's another and you please fir: heer's *Morall Philosophy* of the last edition.

Gentleman. What's that with *Nashes* name to it there?

Prentice. Marry fir, t'is *Pierce Penny-lesse*, fir; I am fure you know it: it hath beene a broad a great while fir.

Gentleman. Oh, I thou fay'ft true, I know't pasing well: is that it. But were's the new Booke thou tel'ft me off, which is it?

Prentice. Marry, looke you fir, this is a prettie odde conceit, Of a Merrie meeting heere in *London*, betweene a *Wife*, a *Widdow*, and a *Mayde*.

Gentleman. Merrie meeting, why, that Title is stale: Ther's a Booke cal'd, *T'is merry when knaues meete*. And ther's a Ballad, *T'is merry when Malt-men meete*: and besides, there's an olde Prouerbe, *The more the merrier*: And therefore I thinke fure I haue seene it.

Prentice. You are deceiued fir, Ile assure you, for I will bee depofed vpon all the Bookes in my Shoppe that
that





Gentleman and a Prentice.

that you haue not seene it; t'is another manner of thing then you take it to bee, fir: For I am fure you are in Loue, or at least will bee, with one of these three: or say you deale but with two, The *Widdow* and the *Mayde*; because the *Wife* is another mans commoditie: is it not a prettie thing to carry *Wife*, *Mayde*, and *Widdow* in your pocket, when you may as it were conferre and heare them talke together when you will? nay more, drinke together: yea, and that which is a further matter; vtter their mindes, chuse Husbands, and cenfure Complections; and all this in a quiet and friendly fort, betweene themselues and the pinte-pot, or the quart quantitie, without any swaggering or squabbling, till the Vintners pewter-bearer in a Boyes humour gaue out the laugh at them.

Thou say'st well, be-like thy Booke is a con-
iuring kinde of Booke for the Femenine Spirits,
when a man may rayse three at once out of his
pocket.

Gentleman.

Truely fir, Ile assure you, you may make vertious
vse of this Booke diuers wayes, if you haue the grace

Prentice.

A 4 to





A Conference.

to vse it kindly; as for ensample: sit alone priuately in your Chamber reading of it, and peradventure the time you bestow in viewing it, will keepe you from Dice, Tauerne, Bawdy-houfe, and so foorth.

Gentleman. Nay, if your Booke be of such excellent qualitie and rare operation, wee must needes haue some Traffique together. Heere take your money, i't fixe-pence?

Prentice. I certaine tis no lesse, fir: I thanke yee fir.

Gentleman. What is this an Epistle to it?

Prentice. Yes for-footh: yes ti's Dedicated.

TO ALL THE PLEA-
saunt conceited L O N D O N

Gentle-women that are friends to mirth,
and enemie to dull Melancholy.





To all the pleafant conceited London
Gentlewomen, that are friendes to mirth,
and enemies to dull Melancholy.

K *Inde Gentlewomen of the kinder fort,
VVhich are no kindred vnto dogged natures:
Though some of you keepe prettie Curs for sport,
Yet you your felues become no curriſh creatures;
But in your mirth haue good conceits and wittie,
True London bred, in England's famous Cittie.*

*To you this merry meeting is preſented,
As the beſt worthy for to entertaine it.
It ſcornes the fingers of the diſcontented,
And bids a figge for them that do diſdaine it:
Tis not for ſullen ſad-ones, peeuiſh braue,
That nothing but the Aſſes vertues haue.*

*The lumpiſh leaden melancholy thought,
That's next dore-neighbour to a frantique braine,
VVhoſe doltiſh vnderſtanding's good for nought,
And is an out-caſt to a pleaſaunt vaine:
Smyling as often as Powles-ſteeple daunces;
Let her goe lowre with crabbed Kate and Fraunces,*

B. *And*





To the Gentle-women Readers.

*And take her liquor by the Dram and ounce
With Faith I cannot drinke, cry fie, and frowne,
Let her all good Societie renounce,
And turne a scuruey barren witted clowne:
She is too base, in any Common-wealth,
To be at drinking of a Gofsips health.*

*Let such go keepe their chamber and their dyet,
And looke as pale as any Parris plaster,
And let their husbands neuer liue in quiet
Vnlesse the Fanne and Farthing-gale be master:
And let them be euen at the best they can
Both crosse-consumers, and crosse lucke to man.*

*Their liues are nothing els but fretfull humours;
They know not how to thinke a courteous thought;
Their tongues are swolne with prid's corrupted tumors
Turne Inside out-ward, all's (alike) starke naught.
Then let them be casheer'd and walke aloofe,
Such paltry wenches are not Clarret-prooffe.*

But





To the Gentle-women Readers.

*But as for you good liquor taking Dames
That proue most friendly in your dayly greeting;
And do deserue right louing Gofsips names,
The Pynt and quart b'ng witnes to your meeting
VVhy much good d'e, pray sit yee merry all,
For t'other Pynt to make it euen, call.*

*VWho hath to do with what you please to take,
It is well knowne to be your owne you spend
To euery foole account ye need not make,
You pay for that you haue and there an end:
There's many deale vpon the score for wine,
VVhen they should pay forget the Vint'ners Syne.*

*You are like Dido that same famous Queene
That dranke a health vnto the wandring Prince;
Such a Carrowse, the like hath not beene seene
In Carthage, to that houre nor neuer since:
She ply'd him with the VVine in golden Cup,
Turning the liquor in; the bottome vp.*

B 2

So





To the Gentle-women Readers.

*So did Semiramis, King Ninus wife,
VVhen she obtayn'd three dayes to rule the Crowne
She proou'd a good companion all her life,
And hand to hand dranke all her Nobles downe:
And all chiefe VVenches at a Gosfips feast,
She made them Ladyes euery one at least.*

*Cato, for wisedome being surnam'd the Wife,
The learned and the witty sentence speaker,
Did marrie one iust of the Gosfips sife:
And in discretion neuer sought to breake-her:
Though he the art of knowledge did professe,
She would not drinke a droppe of VVine the lesse.*

*Therefore you shall not greatly need to care,
For euery busie tongue that doth abuse-you:
But if that in a priuate roome you are,
And haue a Drawer that good VVin will chuse-you,
VVith frolique myrth this measure still applie,
Tune your Tongues low, take not a Cuppe too hie.*

FINIS.





In Commendation of this Booke.

I Cannot tell how others will thee like,
But my conceit is thou art passing wittie:
No viperous tongue thy pleasant vayne will strike;
And if they should, (in fayth) the more t'were pittie.
Thou meddl'ft not with *VViues* which ciuill bee,
But *Widdowes* wanton; *Maydes* of mean'ft degree:
What reafon then haue enuious, enuie thee?

Thou art not feated in a fumptuous Chaire,
Nor do thy Lines import of Maieftie:
Thy table is not deckt with coftly fayre,
Thy feruants at a call, Anon will crie:
In deed thy drinke is (Spirit, Vigor, Life,
No fpurre to Enuie, nor no prop for Strife)
Good Wine which cheer's a *VViddow*, *Mayde*, or *VVife*.

Thou art not thwack't with baudy riball'd ftuffe,
Nor dooft thou touch in ought a vertuous creature,
Thou need'ft not care though Vice at thee do snuffe,
A vicious man is like a fyrie Meature,
Which fhewes farre off a terror to the eye:
Yet as a flash of lightning foone doth dye:
But thou of Mirth and not of heat art framed,
A *Gofsips friendly meeting* art thou named.

Ioh. Strange.







Tis merrie vwhen

Gofsips meete.

The Conference.

Good dea'ne sweet Coufen, *Iesu!* how de'e do? *Widdow.*
When shall we eate another *Dagger Pye?*
You are a stranger: *Christ!* when met we two?
I muse you do not call as you go by:
What luckie businesse pra'y hath brought you hither
That we should meete at *Tauerne-doore* together,

In trueth (kinde Couffe) my comming's from the *Pawne, Wife.*
But I protest I lost my labour there:

A *Gentle-man* promi'ft to giue me Lawne,
And did not meete me, which he well shall heare.

Some lets may happen in the way vnknown. *vvid.*
He hath beene hindred that's to bide vpon. *Wife.*

Why how now *Befse*, to passe vnseene do'ft thinke? *Wid.*
Where go'ft my wench? (*Befse*) To see my brother *Steuens.*
Heer's Widdow, Wife and *Mayde*: E'faith lets drinke
A parting Pynt, and so God make vs euen:
Slippe in good Consen, you are next the doore,
Won Pynt of Kindnesse and away no more.

B 4

No





Tis merry when

Wife. No in good faith: in troth I must away,
My Husband's forth, our Shoppe must needs be tended
Mayd. My Mothers gone to Church, I cannot stay:
If I be found from home, shee'le be offended.
Widd. Ile lead the way my selfe: Lord heer's alive,
I know these shifts since I was *Mayde* and *Wife*.

Where shall we bee (*Vint.*) I pray go vp the staires.
Wife. Good Cousen no, let's take it standing heere.
VVid. Befhrew me then; where euery one repayres,
Ile none of that, wee'le haue a roome my deere.
Come, come, you looke that I shall be your leader.
Wife. Couffe, that's because you are a nimble treader.

Vint. Y'are welcome *Gentle-women*: what Wine drinke ye?
Wid. All's one to me: what say you mistris *Besse*?
VVife. What Wine's the best for our complections thinke ye?
Vint. I haueno Phisicke. (*Wife.*) Yet good brother gesse.
Wid. Why, ha'ft good Clarret? (*Vint.*) I, the best in *London*.
VVife. Either fill good: be briefe: or leaue't vndon.

Heere





Gofsips meete.

Heere *Gentle-women* this is neate and pure. *Vint.*
Pra'y taste it Couffe, you know good Wine and Beere. *VVife.*
Good Lord, good Lord that you grow so demure. *VVid.*
Let's drinke familier, wherefore come we heere?
 This to you both, Couffe *Grace*, and mistresse *Besse*;
 A full Carowfe, Ile haue you pledge no leffe.

T'is pretie wine in trueth: nay fill your Cup,
Wee'le haue no pingling now we are alone,
If here were men I would not drinke it vp
For twentie pounds my selfe, but now al's one:
 Someime wet lip, and smell the wine's enough,
 And leefe a kisse, rather then marre our ruffe.

But now let's barre difsembling to be merrie
And in good earnest entertaine our wine:
This touch and taste, makes the fences wearie,
What reason now wee should be foolish fine?
 No louer nor no futer's here that fees-it:
 We haue good time, and liquor, let's not leefe-it.

C Content





Tis merrie vwhen

Wife. Content (say I) nay *Befse*, Ile be thy skinker.
Mayd. In trueth (for-footh) a full cup doth excell,
Good Lord, I am become a mightie drinker.
Wid. Another pint: the fellow vf'd vs well.
VVife. I by my troth the wine is good in trueth,
Fill t'other pint. (*Wid.*) Pre'thee go right sweet youth.

VVid. Now Cuffe, heere's to our friendes in *Soper-lane*.
Wife. Let come sweete Coufen, I will pledge them all.
VVid. But *Iesu-Christ!* what is become of *Iane*?
VVife. Oh, she is gone to dwell by *London-wall*.
VVid. Good God (in foorth) I neuer was more merry
Then when we both did dwell in *Bucklers-berry*.

Now heau'nly Christ, how pleafant we haue bin:
But yet won time we had a cruell stirre,
A Drapers man and she were mighty in.
VVife. I pra'y, what she with him, or he with her?
VVid. Fayth both in loue: well *Iane's* an honest Mayde,
But Lord the pranks that we mad-wenches playde.

My





Gofsips meete.

My Mistresse got my Maister to consent
One Midfommer, shee beeing very ill,
To leaue the Cittie, and goe lie in *Kent*,
By which good hap we had the house at will.

There *Roger, Iane*, and I, met euery night.
Heere *Befse*: good brother fill's a quart of White. *Wife.*

No Musique in the euenings we did lacke,
Such dauncing, Couffen, you would hardly thinke it:
Whole pottles of the daintiest burned Sacke,
T'would do a Wench good at the hart to drinke it,
Such store of tickling Galliardes, I do vow
Not an olde daunce, but *Ihan come kisse-me now.*

VVid.

And let them talke and prayfe the marriage life
To be full of pleasure, as they fay,
I that haue liu'd both *Widdow, Mayde*, and *Wife*,
And try'd all pleasures euery kinde of way
Know what to doo: and will maintaine this fill,
That of the three, *Maydes* haue the world at will.

C 2

E'faith





Tis merrie vwhen

Wife. E'faith they haue, and haue not, for you know:
(Put to the doore her's none but friends you see)
They say loue creepeth where it cannot go,
Maydes must be married, leaft they mar'd should bee.
I will be sworne, before I saw fiftene,
I wish't that I my wedding day had seene.

Tush tittle, tattle: *Befse*, it must be done.
My cousin thinkes not as her words import
I could not for a world haue liu'd a Nun:
Oh, flesh is frayle, we are a sinfull fort.
I know that beauteous wenches are enclinde,
To harbour hanfome men within their minde.

Coufen you meane because a *Mayde* is free,
Hauing no head to keepe her body vnder
She liues a life not bound so much as wee,
The iest is simple and it makes me wonder
That you which haue with *Venus* sports beene fed,
Should put such errors in a *Maydens* hed.

Nay





Gofsips meete.

Nay, but I pray you vnderstand my reason:
The youthfull fauours that they do attaine,
For this you know that all the woing season
Sutors with gifts continuall seeke to gaine
 Their Mistresse loue, to ioine with their affection
 With words and Lyues, humbled in all subiection.

Wid.

That's very true, the bountie of their Loues
Are lib'rall still with many a kinde respect,
In conscience I had twentie paire of Gloues
When I was *Mayde* giu'n to that effect:
 Garters Kniues, Purfes, Girdles, store of Rings,
 And many a hundred daintie pretie things.

VVife.

Well, Cousen well, those daies in date be past,
T'is very true with vs that world doth change.
Here stands a Cup of wine, pra'y who dranke last?
Why that did I to *Befse*: Lord! *Maydes* be strange,
 They looke for thousand words of sweet and pray
 And take few things to which they fay not nay.

VVid.

Wife.

VVid.

C. 3

T'is





Tis merry when

- Mayde.* T'is *Maydens* modestie to vse denyall,
A willing offer commeth twice or thrice.
- Wid.* Put here's a cup of Wine doth stand for tryall,
Your Mayden-ship takes liquor in too nice:
Pray mende your fault, kinde *Besse*, wee'le none of that,
Wine and Virginitie kept stale, drinke flat:
- Mayde.* You are to blame, in trueth we drinke like men,
Now by my truely I am e'ne ashamed.
- Wid.* Tut wench, God knowes when we shall meete agen:
Nor neede we feare of husbandes to be blamed.
Our cent of Wine, shall not by them be felt,
The married Wife in kissing will be smelt.
- Wife.* Oh Cuffe, if that be all the worst, I care not,
Ile take allowance euen with the best:
This cup to you, you shall not say I dare not:
My Husband smell; oh *Iesu*, there's a iest,
I care as little for my Husbands smelling,
As any Wench this houre in London dwelling.

T'is





Gofsips meete.

T'is well you need not: fure I take him kinde. *Wid.*
As kinde a man as woman need to lie-with. *VVife.*
Would I as well were fitted to my minde, *Mayde.*
A louing Man who would not liue and die with?
My Husband did to other Loues encline. *vid.*
Nay, mine is constant by this cup of Wine. *Wife.*

Now Christ, how *Wiues* and *Widdowes* take occasions *Mayd.*
T'in-large their Husbandes credites, or disprayse:
Some harbourialousthoughtes, some kinde perfwasions:
In some match men, in some the women strayes:
And when they meete, they do discourse and scan
About whose choyce hath got the kindest man.

Alas (good *Befse*) thou speak'ft thou know'ft not what, *Wife.*
Thy iudgement is not worth a Wallnut-shell:
There's an old graue Prouerbe tell's vs that
Such as die *Maydes*, doe all lead Apes in hell:
I rather while I liue, would yeerely marry,
Then waighting-mayde on such preferment tarry.

C 4

That





Tis merry when

Mayde. That Prouerbs prooffe can do you little stead:
But married *Wiues* oft giue and take such claps,
Taurus so rules and guides their husbands head,
That euery night they sleepe in Horn-worke caps:
I pra'y what Prouerbe is it that allows
The Diuels picture on your husbands browes.

Wid. Enough you wrangling wenches, fie for shame:
Take me in drinke, leaue out our disputation.
Pra'y brother, fill a pynt more of the same.

Wife. Cousen, belike you meane to drinke in fashion,
We shall be trim'd and haue our wits refin'de
E'faith we shall, if you may haue your minde.

Wid. Now to your husband Couffe, this full Carrowfe.

Wife. In trueth I pledge you, and I thanke you truelie;
To all our friends *Besse*, at your mothers house,

Mayde. Thankes gentle Mistresse *Grace*, I dranke but newlie.

Wife. Beshrew my heart this wine is not the worst.

Wid. Good-faith me-thinkes t'is better then the first.

But





Gofsips meete.

But Couffen, pre-thee art not yet toward marriage? *Wife.*
Truely I am, and am not as it stands: *VVid.*
A *Gentle-man* of pasing gallant carr'age
Doth ply me hard, won that ha's pretie lands:
 Hanfomer man neuer in shooe did tread,
 By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

To try his loue sometimes I faine me sicke,
And by this Candle he will fit and weepe.
Now by my troth that's e'ne my Good-mans tricke, *VVife.*
Let me complaine: *Christ* what a quoyle heele keepe,
 Asking what ailes my sweet-heart, tell mee honnie,
 My Loue, my Doue, my Lambe, my pretty Connie.

See, see, how fa'y: but firra Couffen than *Widd.*
I force a sigh with halfe a douzen grones:
This comes (fayes he) to lie without a man, *Wife.*
My Husband fayes, kinde Loue thou breed'ft yong bones
 Well *Iohn* (fay I) you left to see my paine,
 Then by this wine, the foole will weepe againe.

D Couffe





Tis merrie vwhen

Wid. Couffe, you are happie you haue such a one,
Make much of him: a ieuell Wench thou haft:
But I had won would let me grone, and grone,
The verieft Clowne; but well, tis gone and past,
If he had liu'd Couffen, I do protest
I would haue done a thing: well, let that rest.

Ile neuer trust a red-hair'd man againe,
If I should liue a hunered yeeres that's flat,
His turne can not be seru'd with one or twaine:
And how can any woman suffer that?
I know t'is better to take wrong then do it,
But yet in such a case flesh leads vs to it.

Mayd. Why, is a red-hair'd man so bad of life?
What say you to a yellow flaxen haire?
VVid. Not won among a hundred trew t'his Wife,
That constant loyall-harted thoughts doth beare.
They loue, but how? as did the youth of *Greece*,
From euery Wench to gaine a golden Fleece.

And





Gofsips meete.

And they whose mindes haue this corrupt infection,
(Because I would haue *Befse* to take good heede)
Are such as be call'd *Sanguine* of complexion,
I pre-thee Girle, let no such Sutor speede.
I speake it by experience and good tryall,
Of all haire-colours giue that haire deniall.

A *Nut-browne* colour, or an *Abourne* either
May both do well, and are to be allow'd:
A *Waxen*-colour hath no great fault neither,
But for a ragged chin I firme haue vow'd,
It shall by me perpetuall be abhor'd,
And with my heeles I scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard seemes scar'd with sprites t'haue bin,
That wants the bountious grace, length, bredth, & thicknes
And hath no difference twixt his nose and chin,
But all his haire haue got the falling sicknes,
Whose fore-front lookes like Iack-an Apes behinde,
She that can loue him beares a scuruey minde.

D 2

I pray





Tis merrie vwhen

Wife. I pra'y what fay you to my husband then?
Wid. The rar'ft complection that you can deuife:
The golden Sentence proues blacke-bearded men
Are precious pearles in beauteous womens cies:
Their loyall hearts none iuftly can controule,
I loue a blacke-man, coufen, with my foule.

Wife. Let *Besse* note this, for when I was a *Mayd*,
And to the loue of men began to bow,
I gaue great care to that which women fayd,
When they were merry met as we are now:
Yea, and my mother did perfwade me too,
Wench (would she fay) note what your elders doo.

That Lesson without booke was fraight mine owne,
Shee needed not repeat it ouer twice:
I quickly fmelt what t'was to liue alone,
What to be kinde in Loue, what to be nice.

Vint. Anan, anan; what i'ft (for-footh) you lacke?
wid. Sauceages, brother, and a pynt of Sacke.

No





Gofsips meete.

No more in fadnesse, now t'is time to part,
In conscience it is fixe a clocke at least.
Wee'le haue a reckoning after t'other quart.
They say enough's as good as any feast.
 Indeede my wench, enough's a feast that's right.
 But we want that, which lie alone all night.

Mayd.
Wid.
Mayde.
VVid.

You both may mend that matter when you will,
Whose fault i't but your owne, you do not marrie?
God made not *Besse* to liue a *Mayden* still,
Faith t'is my mothers counfell that I tarrie:
 She alwaies faies when yong men come a woing,
 Stay daughter, stay: you must not yet be doing.

VVife.
Mayd.

Now in good faith your mother is to blame
To wish so womanly a wench to stay:
She knowes fiteene may husband iustlie clame.
Fifteene! why I was that last *Lady-day*:
 You are deceiu'd for I am no such youth,
 I am fiteene, when next *March* comes in truth.

VVid.
Mayde.

D 3

Befhrew





Tis merry when

- Wid.* Beshrew my hart but that's a goodly time,
I would to *Christ* that I could say so too,
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor stand and aske my mother what to doo.
No, I could tell I trow, as well as shee,
Toward *Batchellers* how *Maydens* ought to bee.
- Mayde.* I, I know some thing too: but what of that?
Our Parents willes (you know) must be obey'd.
- Wife.* Well, say they must: yet shall I tell you what
A Scholler tolde me when I was a Mayde:
Of marriage knot they haue no power to breake-it:
Now by this Sacke, a Learned man did speake-it.
- Wid.* T'was nothing but found trueth which he did tell,
For Husbands, we our Parents must forsake.
- Wife.* Were this Wine burn'd Couffen, it would do well.
- VVid.* Fayth I was thinking on it when you spake.
- Mayde.* My mother sayes burnt Sacke is good at night.
- vid.* A'my word *Besse*, your mother's in the right.

Brother





Gofsips meete.

Brother, I pre-thee let this Wine be burn'd,
And see (good youth) the Sauceages be ready,
To one good meaning our three mindes be turn'd,
When Sacke is fugerd t'will not be fo heady.
We drinke so much my cheekes are pasfing warme. *Mayde.*
Sweete *Elfabeth*, good Wine can do no harme. *Wife.*

Yet trust me Couffen, when I was a Girle,
For Tauerne, no Young-man could get me to-it
Neither for loue, gold, precious stons, or pearle:
My tongue deny'd when heart Inclyn'd to do it.
For by my fayth I euer lou'd good Wine,
But oft refrain'd, I was fo *Mayden-fine*.

Well wot you *Besse*, to whom Ile drinke too now, *VVia.*
Sure as I liue, vnto your sifter *Sisse*,
And to the Youth that did the Angell bow,
And sent it for a token: trueth halfe this:
He loues you both, vpon my word he doth,
Resolue it, or you wrong him *Besse*, in foth.

D 4

His





Tis merry when

Mayde. His loue to me I little do regard,
Perhaps my sifter doth respect it more.
Wid. Then *Elisabeth* in truth you vse him hard.
Mayde. How hard? he had his answere long before:
I will not loue him what so e're befall,
Ile haue a hanfome man, or none at all.

Wid. Go too, go too, his riches do excell.
Mayde. A Fig for wealth, t'is perfon I affect.
Wid. You are a foole: he will maintaine you well,
Mayde. I tell you, I a proper man respect:
De'e thinke that I with such a dwarffe will store-me,
That shall disgrace me when he goes before-me?

Ile haue a comelie man from head to foote,
I whose neate limbes no blemish can be spi'd
Whose leg shall grace his stocking or his boote,
And weare his rapier manlie by his side:
With such a one my humour doth agree,
He shall be welcome to my bed and me.

Befse





Gofsips meete.

[*Besse*, and th'art wife, hold that opinion still,
For were *I* to begin the world to morrow,
In such a choice, *I* would my minde fulfill:
And so *I* drinke to thee: come on, hang sorrow:
 Wench, let it be thy rule at any hand,
 To make thy choyce euen as thy mind doth stand.

Many do match (as true as this is Wine)
With some Dunce, Clown, or Gul, they care not who,
For no cause but to be maintained fine,
and haue their wils in what they please to do:
 When their hearts loues as much in other things,
 As there is Vertue in mine Apron-strings.

Faith tis too true. Fough, what a filthy smell? *widdow*
as sure as death *I* am e'ne like to choke,
Methinkes *I* feele my felfe not very well. *Mayde*
Now out vpon't it is *Tobacco* smoke: *Wife*
 Knocke Cozen knocke, heere is a filthy smother,
 For Gods loue quicke; some Iuniper sweet Brother.

E

There





Tis merrie vwhen

widdow There cannot be a more detested stinke,
And yet you see how dainty many make it.
Mayde. As true as this is Wine that I do drinke,
I would not for a Crowne kisse one that takes it:
Wife. My Husband is so kind an honest man,
That heele touch none, if I fay, Do not *Ian.*

Widdow. His commendations certaine is the more,
With one another we are bound to beare,
He beares with you, fauour you him therefore.
Wife. Surely I do, as both of you shall heare:
T'is death to him to smell but a Goose-pye,
and therefore Goose-flesh neuer do I buy.

Widdow. That's a strange matter fure; I loue a Goose,
But for a Wood-cocke I did neuer care,
wife. When I eat Pigge it makes my body loofe,
Mayde. I loue a tender Rabbet, or a Hare,
A Turkey-pie, or Pigion for a need:
But on grosse Butchers flesh I cannot feed.

Couffen,





Gofsips meete.

Couffen, when I lay in of my first Boy, *wife.*
Lord how I long'd to eate a Partridge wing,
And when it came, my stomacke had no ioy,
But all my minde was of another thing. (buy,
 Thou shalt lacke nought (quoth *John*) that gold will
 Why then (sweet-hart) lets haue a Cherry-pye.

If *London* yeeld it (*Loue*) thou shalt not lacke,
So kind, methinkes I heare him still repeat it:
But hasting downe the staires, I cald him backe,
Tis full of stones (quoth I) I cannot eat it:
 With that he kift me, and began to weepe,
 And I being somewhat heauy fell asleepe.

But then I fell into the strangest dreame
Of fire and water, that you euer heard:
And *I* was troubled Couffe the most extreame
With one all night, that had a yellow beard:
 And with a Cocke had neither spurres nor combe,
 And with the little Bitch you haue at home.

E 2

Why





Tis merrie vwhen

Widdow. Why surely now you talke of dreames in fadnesse,
I dream't last night two Cattes did leape and skip,
Playing together with great sport and gladnesse,
Vntill one came to part them with a whip:
I laughed that my heart did ake thereat,
To see the foolish fellow whip the Cat.

Wife. A pretty iest: But *Besse* to whom de'e drinke?
I spy a fault, you do your selfe forget:
The Wine stands waiting in the cup me thinke,
Prethee my Wench, lets haue our lips kept wet.
I pledge thee my *Girl*: nay sweet now drinke it vp,
A *Gosips* round, that's euery one a Cup.

Widdow. Next house to mine a *Gentlewoman* lies,

Fidler. Wilt please you *Gentlewomen* heare a song?

Wife. Good fellow, now we are about to rise:

Where staves the *Vintners* seruice Boy so long?

Shut dore pray Coffen after that base groomer,

Weele haue no fiding Knaue disgrace our roome.

Well





Gofsips meete.

Well, go to Couffe, go forward with the rest,
What rest I pray? I know not what you meane:
No, why of her that is your neighbours guesst?
T'is true, t'is true, my gallant filken Queane:
I had forgot the talke I was about,
The Fidler comes me in, and puts me out.

Widdow.

Wife.

Widdow.

Why she forfooth (an't please you) is so fine,
She neuer drinks vnlesse she dine or sup,
And then she hath her penny pot of wine:
Marry and gip, some body take her vp:
Some Doctors wench a'my word for her skill,
That takes in Diet by the dram and pill.

wife.

My Husband doth allow me Ile be sworne,
A pint a meale as true as we sit heere:
I tell you (as my friends) I would e'ne scorne
To dine or sup without it in a yeere:
He knowes (efaith) to please me in my diet,
Or for a month I shall be out of quiet.

E 3

Then





Tis merry when

Then if he sees me out of patience once,
Oh Christ, how we will seeke to amends,
Then do I sigh to grieue him for the nonce,
Wherewith, hee'le kisse and say, Sweet loue be friends:
I let him kisse, and speake me faire a while,
And when the fullen humor's past, I smile.

widdow. I cannot chuse but praise thy pretty wit,
It is the very course that I would take,
Thou entertain'ft his humour passing fit.
Mayde. Why, I thought men had lou'd for kindnesse sake?
Wife. Alas plaine wench, God knowes thou art not in it,
She that will fettle loue, must this way win it.

Mayde. Indeed I neuer heard that tricke before,
I thought mens loue must still be fed with kindnesse,
Wife. God helpe thee *Besse*, not one among a score,
That poore opinion is but Maidens blindnesse:
In these things thou knowest little, it appeares,
But it will come, for now thou com'ft to yeares.

Why





Gofsips meete.

Why woman, if we seeme not in behaiour
As though we car'd not greatly to confort,
They'le thinke forsooth they do vs mighty fauour,
And we must seeme beholden for our sport:
 So best in strangeness we our meanings hide,
 which makes them loue, & giue good words beside.

This for instruction *Besse*, I haue disclosed,
Intruth I yeeld more thanks then may be told,
Heere's to you both against you are disposed.
Lord, while you talke the Sauceages wax cold,
 Come draw your kniues: fall to, I pray begin,
 You know cold Puddings are not worth a pin.

Mayde.
widdow.

How pretty falt they tast: but tis the better,
Most rare efayth to drinke Sacke withall,
Besse, pray go too, will you remaine my detter?
Why de'e not pledge me? troth and fayth you shall,
 Nay sure all this: trust me t'is more then need,
 In truth, in sadnesse, now in very deed.

Wife.
widdow.

Mayde.

E 4

Well,





Tis merry when

Widdow. Well, if you do not *Besse* you do me wrong,
You shall not be forfworne for twenty pound,
Mayde. How't burnes my belly as it goes along,
Wife. My turne is next, and so it passeth round:
 Looke *Gentlewomen* is it full de'e thinke?
 I scorne to be intreated take my drinke.

Widdow. Why laugh you Coffen? sweet lets know,
Mayde. An odde conceite *I* thinke on makes me smile:
When I am forth in company, or so,
How by the dram I take in Wine that while,
 Kifsing the Cup, vpon the Wine I frowne,
 And so with smelling it, *I* fet it downe.

Some simple fooles (all manners for his wit)
Comes on me with the French falute most quaintly,
And faves, Sweet, mend your draft, you drink no whit,
Introth you shew your selfe too mayden-dainty:
 Drinke better Lady at my kind request,
 I say sweet Sir, *I* can no wine digest.

Marry wee'le]





Gofsips meete.

Marry wee'le beare you witnes when you will, *Wid.*
Ile take my oath on twentie Table-bookes,
The last full cup hath made you mightie ill:
Some *Rossa-solis*: see how pale she lookes.
Another pynt of that she tasted last,
To breake winde with, and then the worft is past.

Good (efayth) good, my Cuffe is in the vaine, *Wife.*
Ile match you for it, wench, I hold a Crowne,
Fill none vnlesse you'le drinke about againe.
Content, say I, you cannot put me downe. *Wid.*
How say'ft thon *Besse*, shall it be so girle, speake?
If I make one, pray God my girdle breake. *Mayd.*

Talke not so loude, what will folke thinke that heares? *Wife.*
The very Vintners Boy laugh'd when you spake.
Had I seene that, I would haue found his eares: *Widd.*
Why maister Boy, wee'le pay for that we take,
Base groome, I say, although thou tak'ft me mellow,
Know smooth fac'd Knaue, I am your Mistresse fellow.

F

Good





Tis merry when

Wife. Good Lord! what ayles my coufen be fo hot?
Tush, let it passe, you know Boyes sawcie be.
Widd. It shall not be forgiuen nor forgot:
Your maister liues (you slaue) by such as we.
Call for a reck'ning: let's know what's to pay,
By heau'ns, I scorne a minute more to stay.

Brother, I pra'y, is it your Maisters minde,
Your fellow Boy should flout guests when they drinke?
Vint. My maisters will is for to vse you kinde.
Wid. T'will scath him more my friend, then he do think:
What is thynname? (*Vint.*) Forsooth, an't please yee, *vill.*
Wid. What Countreyman? (*Vint.*) Forsooth, at Fishstrect hill.

VWilliam, we come not heere to be abufed,
There are more Tauerns beside your's in towne,
Wee can go where we might be courteous vsed,
Vint. In truth forsooth my fellowes but a Clowne.
Wid. *VWilliam*, we haue some credit where we dwell:
And *William*, Boyes should vse their betters well.

For





Gofsips meete.

For *VWilliam*, say the cafe were but your owne
And that you were as we are at this seafon
With friends a drinking where you are not knowne
Would you be flouted? (*Vint.*) By my faith no reafon.

William, thou anfwere'ft like a Youth of fence, *VVid.*
For furely *VWilliam*, t'is a great offence.

And *William*, I would haue you vnderftand,
We'le pay your Maifter for the wine we haue:
O Lord forfooth, as fure as in my hand.

William, wee come not to entreat or craue: *Vin.*
Wee met together *VWilliam*, at your doore, *VVid.*
And entred for a pynt, which falles out more.

William, we will not be beholding (fee-ye)
Vnto your Maifter more then to another:
T'is for good Wine and welcome, we come tee-ye,
Or farewell *VWilliam*, and you were my brother.
And therefore *VWilliam*, this abufe we fcorne,
For we are *London Gentle-women* borne.

F 2

Good





Tis merry when

Wid. Good *William*, know: heer's neither *Cifse* nor *Kate*,
Vint. No, so God helpe me, I do see you are not.
Wid. Thinkes sawce your fellow, we vse Parrots prate,
William, our talke is honest, and we care not
If all the Parish were in place to heare it.
No, by this Cup. (*Vint.*) Efaith you need not sweare it.

Vint. Forfooth, I trust your wine was very good.
Wid. *William*, I grant, the wine was not amisse,
But that base Boy, hath vext me to the blood,
A man, *VWilliam*, would neere haue offer'd this:
The Prouerbe sayes t'is manners that doth make:
VWilliam, *Giue guests good words for manners sake.*

VWilliam, when cam'ft thou in this house to dwell
Vint. Forfooth about three yeeres agon, last *May*.
Wid. *VWilliam*, serue God, and please thy master well,
T'will be thine owne *vwilliam*, an other day.
Your maister's marri'd, *vwilliam*, is he not?
Vint. Yes forfooth, yes, a mistresse I haue got.

vwill.





Gofsips meete.

William, your Maister hath no children by-her?
No, forfooth, but I thinke she be with childe,
To haue a Boy she hath a great desire.
So would not I, *William*, for Boyes be wilde,
Though Girles cry, *William*, till they be bepist,
William, giue me a Girle, take boyes who list.

Widdow.

Vin.

Wid.

Cousen, you do forget your selfe, me-thinke,
When *Besse* and I come home, we shall be chid.
Pray fill the cup to *William*, let him drinke.
In trueth forfooth t'is the last thing I did.
Good *William*, drinke: I pree-thee *William*, doo.
Forfooth I pledge you, and I thanke ye too.

Wife.

Widdow.

Vint.

Wife.

Vint.

William, let's know to pay and theres an end,
Marry, forfooth three shillings and a penny.
WWilliam, lay downe their mony, none shall spend
Cousen, and *Besse*, pra'y do not offer any.
Harke, Bow-bell rings, before the Lord tis late,
William, good night, pree-thee take vp thy plate.

void.

Vint.

void.

FINIS.

S. R.



GREENES GHOST HAVNTING CONIE- CATCHERS.

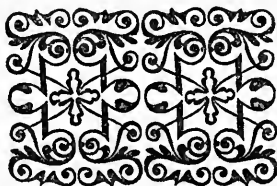
Wherein is set downe,

The Arte of Humouring.
The Arte of carrying Stones.
Will. St. Lift.
Ia. Foft. Law.
Ned Bro. Catch. *and*
Blacke Robins Kindneffe.

*With the conceits of Doctor Pinch-backe a
notable Makeshift.*

Ten times more pleafant then any thing yet
published of this matter.

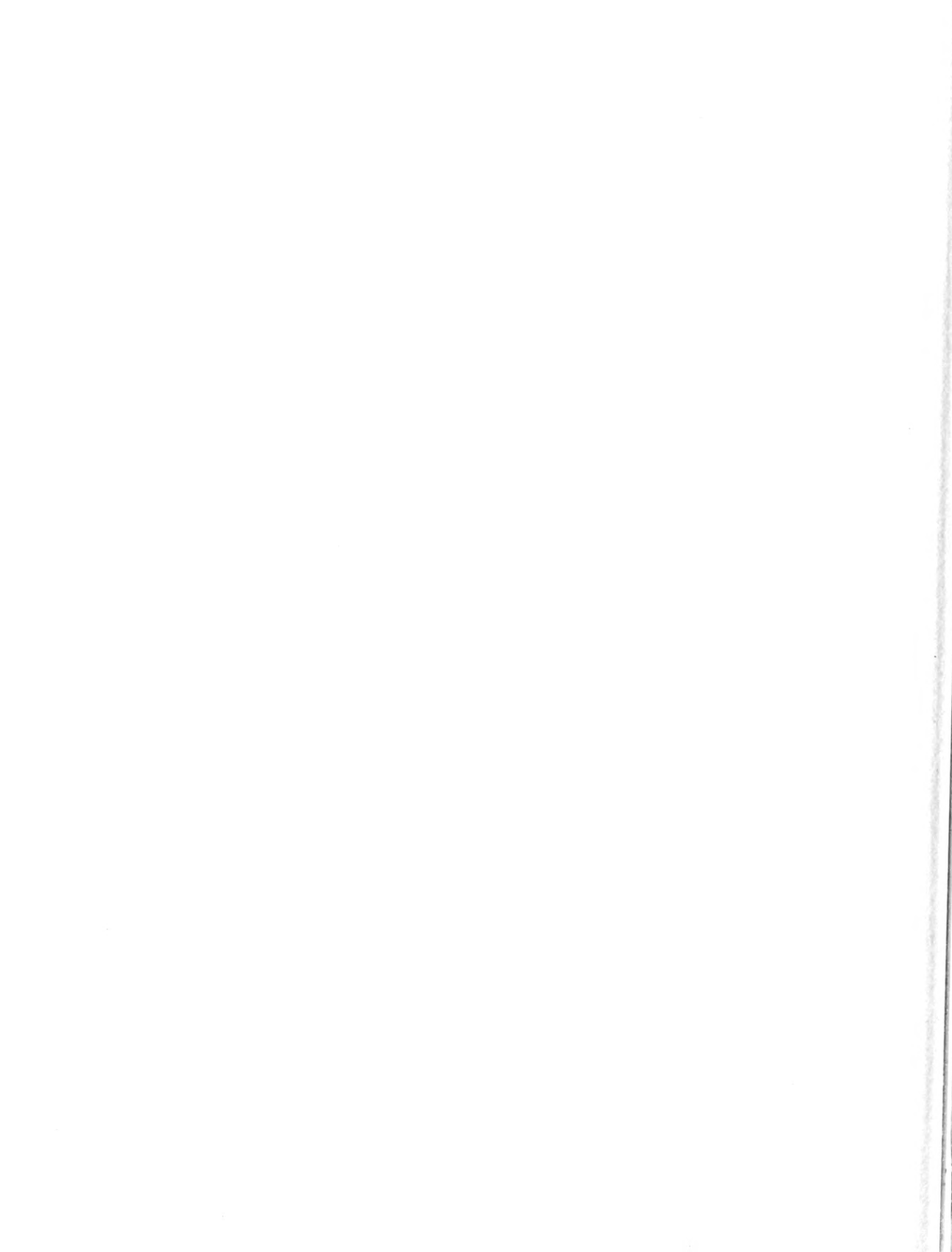
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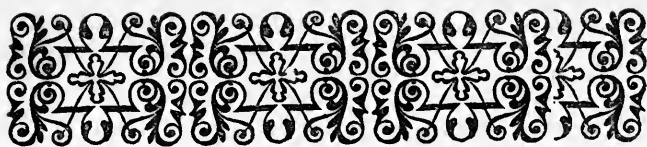


LONDON,

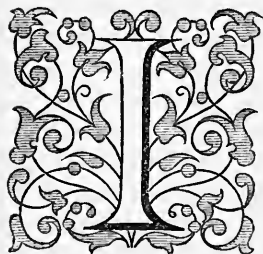
Printed for R. Iackson, and I. North,
and are to be fold in Fleetstreete,
a little aboue the Conduit.

1602.





TO ALL GENTLEMEN, MERCHANTS, Apprentifes, Farmers, and
plaine cuntrymen, health.



IT is most true, Gentlemen, and wo-
full experience dayly teacheth vs,
that the more carefull Princes are in
erecting & establisshing good lawes,
for the rooting out of vice in the
common wealth, the more repug-
nant (the diuell altogether predomi-
nant ouer them) do euil disposed per-
sons, caterpillers, and the off-scumme of the world (and there-
fore to be reiected and excommunicated from the fellowship
of all honest men) oppose themselues against God and good
gouernement, and in steede of an honest and ciuill cariage
(which the Lawc prescribes them) betake them to a most
hatefull, vicious, and detestable life: Who, as they may well
be compared to vipers, most venomous and spitefull beasts,
that for their venime and poison are hated and shunned of all
men, as most preiudiciall creatures: so these base people, not
once thinking of an honest course of life, trusting vpon their
owne mother wits, dayly deuise newe shifts and policies, to
fleece the plaine dealing man, and by that meanes growe in-
to more hate amongst honest men, then do the hated Iewes
at this day: and the name of Conicatchers is so odious, that
now a dayes it is had vp, and vsed for an opprobrious name
for euerie one that sheweth the least occasion of deceit. The
bookes that were not long ago set forth, concerning Conie-
catching and crosse-biting, and the discouerie of each (if anie
sparke of grace were) might haue beene so manie restraints

A 2

and

The Epistle

and bridles to call them from that abominable life, but they that are giuen ouer to their owne hearts lust, with all their might inueigh both against them and their Author.

I haue therefore, Gentlemen, as one inforced (*amore patriæ*) taken in hand to publish this little Pamphlet (which by a very friend came by a chance to my hands, and adding somewhat of mine owne knowledge, and vpon verie credible information) most necessarrie in my mind for the good of the common wealth, both for all men to see, what grosse villanies are now practised in the bright Sunne-shine, that thereby they may be forewarned to take heede how they conuerse with such cofoning companions: as also a iust checke and controll to such wicked liuers, that they perceiuing their goodnesse set abroch, may with remorse and penitencie forsake their abominable course of life, and betake them to a more honest and ciuill behauiour. If any with the spider heere seeke to sucke poison, let such a one take heede, that in practising his villany he chauce commence Bachelor in Whittington Colledge, and so in good time take his degrees and proceede Doctor, and thence with a solemne procession take possession of doctor *Stories* cappe; to which some of the worshipfull companie of Conicatchers haue worthily heretofore attained.

In this Treatise (louing cuntrymen) you shall see what shifts this crue of helhounds haue put in practise since the bookes of Conicatching came forth, vnder these names, viz. *The Art of Humoring, The Art of carrying stones; W. St Lift. Ia. lawe. Ned Br. catch,* and *Blacke Robins kindnesse*: Wherin are manifested the nature of Humorists, such as can insinuate themselues into euerie mans companie: & as they see him addicted, so will they verse vpon him, what policies they haue to purloine goods out of shops vnder the pretence of plainnesse, what shifts they haue to cofen poore Alewiues, by the art of carrying stones, what inconuenience may come by following flattering strumpets, I know not I what should be the cause why so innumerable harlots and Curtizans abide about London, but because that good lawes are not looked vnto: is there not one appointed for the apprehending of such hell-moths,

Dedicatorie.

moths, that eat a man out of bodie & foule? And yet there be more notorious strumpets & their mates about the Citiè and the fuburbs, then euer were before the Marshall was appointed: idle mates I meane, that vnder the habit of a Gentleman or feruing man, think themfelues free from the whip, although they can giue no honeft account of their life. I could wifh, and fo it is to be wifhed of euery honeft subiect, that *Amasis* lawe were receiued, who ordained that euerie man at the yeares end fhould giue an account to the Magiftrate how hee liued, and he that did not fo, or could not make an account of an honeft life to be put to death as a fellow, without fauor or pardon: What then fhould become of a number of our vpftart gallants, that liue only by the fweate of other mens browes, and are the decay of the forwardeft Gentlemen and beft wits? Then fhould we haue fewer conicatching strumpets, who are the verie caufes of all the plagues that happen to this flourishing common wealth. They are the deftruction of fo manie Gentlemen in England. By them many Lordfhips come to ruine. What dangers growe by dallying with fuch vnchafft Libertines, and what inconuenience followes by their inordinat pleafures, let thofe that haue had wofull experience and maifter Surgeon together teftifie: nay, they not onely indanger the bodie by lothfom difeafes, but ingraue a perpetuall shame in the forehead of the partie, and finally confume his foule and make him fit for the diuell.

To leaue thefe bafe companions (that can be by no wholfom counfell, nor aduifed perfwafions bee diffwaded from their lothfom kind of life, nor called to any honeft courfe of liuing) in the dregges of their difhonefty. Would it pleafe the honorable and worfhipfull of the land to take order for the cutting off of thefe cofoners, and confuming cankers of this common wealth, they fhould not only caufe a blessing to be powred on this flourishing ftate, but haue the prayers of euery good subiect for their prosperous healths and welfare. And thus Gentlemen, I conclude with this farewell: God either conuert or confound fuch bafe companions.

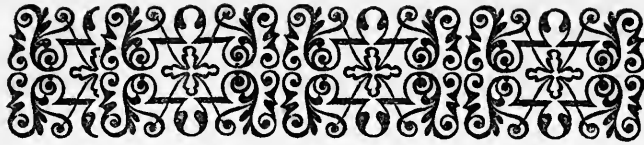
Yours to vfe,
S. R.



To the Reader.

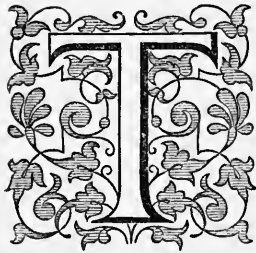


*Se and peruse not with a curious eye,
For Truth oft's blame, yet neuer telleth lie.
I tell not I, what forraine men haue done,
But follow that which others haue begun.
No learned Clarke in Schooles that vse to write,
But Enmie makes their labours some to spite.
What then shall I, that write a homely stile,
Thinke but to haue a homely scoffing smile.
But these and those that either mocke or skorne,
Would they might weare (faire sight) Aeteons horne.
But you kind friends, that loue your countries wealth,
Vouch of my labours, good fortune guide your health.
To pleasure most, and profit all's my end,
My greatest care to please both foe and friend.
Reade then kind friends, my trauell heere you haue,
I looke for nought, nought but your loues I craue.*



GREENES GHOST

haunting Conicatchers.



Here hath béene of late daies published two merrie and pithie Pamphlets of the arte of Conicatching: wherein the Author hath sufficiently expressed his experiēce, as also his loue to his Countrie. Neuerthelesse with the Authors leaue, I will ouerlooke some lawe tearmes expressed in the first part of Conicatching: whereunto, as the Author saith, is necessarilie required thrée parties: *The setter, the Verser, and the Barnacle*. Indéed I haue heard some retainers to this ancient trade dispute of his procéedings in this case, and by them in a full Synode of quart pots it was thorowlie examined and concluded, that there were no such names as he hath set downe, nor anie cheating Arte so christened as Conicatching. Marie, in effect there is the like vnderhand traffique daylie vsed and experienced among some fewe start vp Gallants disperst about the suburbs of London, who tearmes him that drawes the fish to the bait, the Beater, and not the Setter: the Tauerne where they go, the Bush, and the foole so caught, the Bird. As for Conicatching, they cleape it Batfowling, the wine the Strap, and the cards the Limetwigs. Now for the compassing of a woodcocke to worke on, and the fetching him into the wine bench of his wracke, is right beating the bush. The good affe is he will be dealt vpon, stouping to the lure: if he be so wise as to kéep aloofe, a Haggard. And he whom
he

Greenes Ghost

he makes Verfer the Retriuer, and the Barnacle the Pothunter.

But all this breakes no square, so long as we concurre *in eodem subiecto*: yet I wish, that as he hath looked into these wicked actions opened therein, so he had also looked into other grosse finnes, which are séeded in the hearts of fundrie persons. Extortion had béene a large theame to haue wrought vpon: and with the Vfurers bagges full of gold he might haue handled another pretic Treatise: He might haue brought forth Iustice weying bread, and the Baker putting his cares in the ballance to make euen weight. He should haue personated the Thames most pitifully complaining, what monstrous hauocke the Brewers make of her water, without all remorse or compassion: and how they put in willowe leaues and broome buds into their woort in steed of hoppes. So likewise a Christian exhortation to mother Bunch would not haue done amisse, that she should not mixe lime with her Ale, to make it mightie, or cozen the Quéenes liege people of their drink, by fubbing them off with these slender waisted blacke pots and Cannes, that will hold little more then a Sering. A profitable Treatise might haue also béene published for such companions to looke into, as for good fellowship will not sticke to lend two or thrée false oathes to defeate the widdow and fatherlesse of their right, though in short space after they lose their cares for their labour. A perwasion against pride had béene verie profitable: and an exhortation against swearing had béene a thing commendable, if he had in a pleafant Treatise shewed the folly of yong youthes and idle queanes; which entring into the seruice of fundrie honest persons, continue there no longer then they can cleanly conuay some sufficient cariage for their present maintenace. Then had he done well, and peraduenture giuen such light to fundrie honest houfholders, that they would be carefull what persons they had receiued into their houses or put in trust about their businesse.

There might haue also beene compiled a delectable and pleafant

haunting Conicatchers.

pleafant Treatife of the abufe committed by fuch as fell bottle ale, who to make it fly vp to the top of the houfe at the firft opening do put gunpowder into the bottles while the ale is new. Then by ftopping it clofe, make the people beléue it is the ftrength of the ale, when being truly fifted it is nothing indéed but the ftrength of the gunpowder that worketh the effect, to the great heart-burning of the parties that drinke the fame. I would haue had him touch the contrarietie of apparell, and fet downe reasons to diffwade men from wearing French peakes, becaufe they are good for nothing but to ftab men, as alfo told the vfe of the terrible cut, and the Swallow taile flafh.

To leaue daliance and come to the matter. I will informe you what policies haue béene praétifed fince the books of Conicatching were fet forth. Thefe Batfowlers or Conicatchers hauing loft a collop of their liuing, by communicating their fecrets with babling companions, haue now inuented a newe tricke to fetch in the pence. They difguife themfelues like Apparitors or Sumners, and come to a young Gentleman, Merchant, or old pinch-cruft, as it maie fall out, that hath gotten a maid, a mans daughter, or this widdow or ordinarie woman with child, or at leaft haue béene more neere with them then they fhould: and them they threaten with proceffe, citations, the whip, or the white sheete at leaft, vntill they come to compofitiō. The timorous foules fearing to be made a by-word of fhame to the whole Citie, bribe them with all that euer they can rap and rend, to holde their peace, and faue their honeftie. They will vrge the ftrictneffe of their oath, and the danger of the law in fuch cafes of concealement, vntill they can fee them come off roundly: then they will hamme and hauke, and faie they are not euery bodie, and fo take their mony, and returne laughing in their sléues, to thinke how they cofoned them.

Within fhort time after they fend another of their copef-mates after the fame fort, and he giues them the like pluck. And fo two or thrée one after the other, fhall neuer leaue

B

afflicting

Greenes Ghost

afflicting his ghost, till they haue made him as bare as a birds taile, so as he hath not one pennie more to saue him from hanging, if néede were. A monstrous abuse of authoritie, and hindrance to the courts of Iustice, that haue the ouersight of such offences.

Other there be that do nothing but ride vp and downe the countrie, like yong merchants a wooing, and they will marrie euerie moneth a new wife, & then sleece her of all she hath, that done run away, and learne where another rich widow dwelleth, and serue her after the same sort: so rounding England, til they haue pickt vp their crummes, and got enough to maintaine them all their life after.

But excéeding all these are the fine sleights of our Italian humourists, who being men for all companies, will by once conuersing with a man so draw him to them, that he shall thinke nothing in the world too deare for them, nor once be able to part them, vntill they haue spent all they haue on them.

If he be lasciuiously addicted they haue Aretines Tables at his fingers ends, to feede him on with new kinde of filthinesse: they will come in with Rowse the French painter, and shew what an vnlawfull vaine he had in baudrie: not a whore nor a queane about the towne but they knowe, and can tell her markes, and where, and with whom shée hosts.

If they see you couetously bent, they will discourse wonders of the Philosophers stone, and make you beleue they can make gold of goose-grease, only you must be at some two or threé hundred pound charge, or such a small trifle, to helpe to set vp their stills, and then you néede not care where you beg your bread: for they will make you do little better, if you follow their prescriptions.

Discourse with them of countries, they will set you on fire with traouelling: yea what place is it they will not sweare they haue béene in, and I warrant you tell such a found tale, as if it were all Gospell they spake. Not a corner in Fraunce but they can describe. Venice, why? It is nothing, for they haue intelligence of it euerie houre, and
at

haunting Conicatchers.

at euerie word will come in with Siado Curtizano, tell you such miracles of Madame Padilia and Romana Impia, that you will be mad till you be out of England: & if he see you are caught with this baite he will make as though he will leaue you, and faine businesse about the Court, or that such a Noble man sent for him, when you will rather consent to robbe all your friends then bee seuered from him one houre. If you request his companie to traueile, he will say, In faith I cannot tell, I would sooner spend my life in your companie, then in anie mans in England. But at this time I am not so prouided of monie as I would: therefore I can make no promise: and if a man should aduventure vpon such a iourney without money, it were miserable and base, and no man will care for vs. Tut monie say you (like a liberall young maister) take no care for that, for I haue so much land, and I will sell it, my credite is worth so much, and I will vse it. I haue the keeping of a Cofens chamber of mine, which is an old counsellour, and he this vacation time is gone downe into the countrie, we will breake vp his studie, rifle his chestes, diue into the bottome of his bagges, but we will haue to serue our turne, rather then faile we will sell his bookes, pawne his bedding & hangings, and make riddance of all his household stufte to set vs packing. To this he listens a little, and faith, These are some hopes yet, but if he should goe with you, and you haue monie, and he none, you will dominere ouer him at your pleasure, & then he were wel set vp to leaue such possibilities in Englād, & be made a slaue in another countrie. With that you offer to part halfe with him, or put al into his custody, before he should think you meant otherwise then wel with him. He takes you at your offer, and promifeth to husband it so for you, that you shall spend with the best, and yet not wast halfe so much as you do. Which makes you (meaning simplie) to put him in trust, and giue him the purse. Then all a boone voyage into the lowe Countries you trudge, and so traueile vp into Italy, but *per varios casus, & tot discrimina rerum*, in a

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towne

Greenes Ghost

towne of garrifon he leaues you, runnes awaie with your monie, and makes you glad to betake your selfe to pro-uant and become a Gentleman of a companie. If he feare you will make after him he will change his name: and if there be anie Gentleman or other in the countrie, he will borrow his name and creepe into his kinred, or it shall cost him a fall, and make him paie swéetly for it in the end, if he take not the better heed. Thus will he be sure to haue one Assé or other a foote to kéepe himselfe in pleasing.

There is no Arte but he will haue a superficiall sight into, and put downe euerie man with talke: and when he hath vttered the most he can, make men beléue he knowes ten times more then he will put into their heads, which are secrets not to be made common to euerie one.

He will perswade you he hath twentie receipts of loue powders, that he can frame a ring with such a deuise, that if a wench put it on her finger she shal not choose but follow you vp and downe the strectes.

If you haue an enemy that you would be faine rid of, he will teach you to poison him with your verie lookes: to stand on the top of Poules with a burning glasse in your hand, and cast the same with such a force on a mans face that walkes vnder, that it shall strike him stark dead, more violently then lightning.

To fill a letter full of néedles, which shall be laid after such a mathematical order, that when he opens it, to whom it is sent, they shall spring vp and flie into his bodie forcibly, as if they had béene blowne vp with gunpowder, or sent from a Caliuers mouth like small shot.

To conclude, he will haue such probable reasons to procure beléefe to his lies, such a smooth tongue to deliuer them, and set them forth with such a grace, that he should be a verie wise man did not swallow the Gudgin at his hands.

In this sort haue I knowne fundrie young Gentlemen of England trained forth to their owne destruction, which makes me the more willing to publish this discourse

haunting Conicatchers.

course, the better to forewarne other of such Batfowling companions; as also for the rooting out of these insinuating moth-wormes that eate men out of their substance vncene, and are the decaie of the forwardest Gentlemen and best wits.

How manie haue we about London, y^t to the disgrace of Gentlemen liue gentlemanlike of themselues hauing neither mony nor land, nor any lawful means to maintain them, some by play, and then they go a mumming into the countrie all the Christmas time with false dice, or if there be anie place where Gentlemen or merchants frequent in the Citie, or anie towne corporate, thither will they, either disguised like to yong merchants, or substantiall Citizens, and draw them all drie that euer dealt with them.

There are some that doe nothing but walke vp and downe Paules, or come to shops to buy wares, with budgets of writings vnder their armes: and these will vrge talke with anie man about their futes in law, and discourse vnto them how these and these mens bands they haue for money, that are the chiefeest dealers in London, Norwich, Bristow, and such like places, and complaine that they can not get one pennie. Why, if such a one doth owe it you (faith some man that knowes him) I durst buy the debt of you, let me get it of him as I can. O faith my budget-man, I haue his hand and seale to shewe, looke héere els: and with that pluckes out a counterfeit band (as all other his writings are) and reades it to him. Whereupon for halfe in halfe they presently compound, and after that hee hath that ten pounds paid him for his band of twentie besides the forfeiture, or so forth, he sayes, Faith these Lawyers drinke me as drie as a sieue, and I haue mony to pay at such a daie, and I doubt I shall not be able to compasse it: here are all the leafes and euidences of my land lying in such a shire, I would you would lend me fortie pounds on them till the next tearme, or for some fixe moneths, and then either it shall be repayd with interest, or I will forfeit my whole inheritāce, which is better worth then a hundred

B 3

marks

Greenes Ghoft

marks a yeare.

The wealthie retailer, citizen, merchant, Gentleman or young nouice that hath store of crownes lying by him, gréedy of fuch a bargaine, thinking perhaps by one claufe or other to defeat him of all he hath, lends him the mony and takes a faire statute merchant of his lands before a Iudge, but when all comes to all, he hath no more land in England then feuen foote in the Church yard, neither is his inheritance either in *Poffe* or *Effe*, then a paire of gallowes in a gréene field, nor do anie fuch occupiers knowe him, much leffe owe him anie money, whereby the couctous perfon is cheated fortie or fiftie pounds thick at one clap.

Not vnlike to thefe are they, that comming to Ordinaries about the Exchange where Merchants do table for the moft part, will faie they haue two or thrée fhips of coales late come from Newcastle, and wifh they could light on a good chapman that would deale for them altogether. What is your price, faith one? What's your price, faith another? He holds them at the firft at a very high rate, and fets a good face on it, as though he had fuch traffique indéed, but afterward comes downe fo low, y^t euerie man ftriuies who fhall giue him earnest firft: and ere he be aware, he hath fortie fhillings clapt into his hand, to affure the bargaine to fome one of them. He puts it vp quietly, and bids them inquire for him at fuch a figne and place, where he neuer came, fignifying alfo his name, when in troth he is but a cofoning companion, and no fuch man to be found. Thus goes he cleare awaie with fortie fhillings in his purfe for nothing, and they vnlike euer to fée him againe.

There is a certain kind of cofonage called horfecourfing, which is when a man goes to the Cariers of Cambridge, Oxford, Burie or Norwich, or anie great towne of trade, and hires a horfe to ride downe with them, as thefe odde companions will doe: and what doth me he, but as foone as he hath him, fteps afide into fome blind towne or other, and there lies till he haue eaten him out lim by lim in wine and capons, and then when he can get no more on him, he
fends

haunting Conicatchers.

fends the Carier word where he is; who in the end is faine to pay some fiftie shillings or three pounds for his victuals that hired him ere he can haue him. Rochester hackney-men do knowe what belongs to this trade, for they haue béene often times fléeced by these ranke riders, who coming to a towne with a cloke-bag of stones caried after them, as if they were men of some worth, hire a horse to Canterburie, and ride quite away with him.

There be certaine mates called Faunguests, who if they can find a fit Anuill to strike on, will learne what acquaintance he hath in the countrie, and then they will come to him, and say, I am to doe commendations to you from a friend of yours, and he gaue me this bowed fixe pence to drinke a quart of wine with you for his sake: and if he goe to the tauerne, they will not onely make him paie for the wine, but for all he drinks in besides.

So was one in Aldergate-stréete lately serued, who drawne to the tauerne after such a like order called for a pinte of wine, the drawer brought it him, and a goblet with it, and fet them both on the table, and went his way: Whie, quoth this Fawneguest, what a goblet hath the fellow brought vs here, it wil not hold halfe a draught? So ho (quoth he) no attendance giuen here? Ile carie it to him my selfe, since no body will come: for of all things I loue not to drinke in these squirting cups, so downe the staires, forth of the doores he goes with the goblet vnder his cloake, and left his newe acquaintance and small remembrance to paie thrée pound for a thrée-penie shot.

Such Fawneguests were they, that méeting a prentise, who had béene to receiue a hundred pound for his master, sodainly in the middest of Cheapside in the daie time, and open market stept to him, as if they had bin familiarly acquainted with him, and sodainly cast the hinder skirt of his cloake ouer his face, making as though they had iested with him, and séeming to thrust their cold hands in his necke, one of them thratled him so fore by the wind-pipe, that he could make no noife, but sodainly funke to the
ground

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ground muffled in his cloke, while the other took from him the bagge with the money which he had vnder his arme, which done, they ranne away laughing, as if that the déede were done in leſt.

Soone after the market folks and people paſſing by to & fro perceiuing the youth lie ſtill on the ground & not ſtir vp, ſtepped to him, and ſéeing in what ſtate he was, rubbed and chafed him, and gaue him Aqua vitæ, ſo that ſoone after he came againe to himſelf: then looking about him, & ſéeing the people ſo gathered together, he cried vnto them, O, where's my money! They wondring to heare him talke of mony, told him both how his companions left him, and they found him, whereby the people knowing how he was deceiued, made after them, but they were neuer heard of till this day.

But theſe are Gentlemen Batfowlers in compariſon of the common rablement of Cutpurſes and pickpockets, and no man that ſées them but would imagine them to be Caualiers of verie good fort. Marie there be a band of more néedy mates, called Termers, who trauell all the yeere from faire to faire, and haue great doing in Weſtminſter hall. Theſe are the Nips and Foiſts; whereof the firſt part of Conicatching entreateth, and theſe haue their cloyers and followers, which are verie troubleſome to them, for they can no ſooner draw a bung but theſe come in for their tenths, which they generally tearm ſnapping, or ſnappage.

Now if the Cutpurſe denie ſnappage, his cloyer or follower forthwith boyles him, that is, bewrayes him, or ſeazeth on his cloake, which the Nip dares not withſtand, ſo Richard Farrie a notable Liſt of ſixtie yeares of age was ſerued, who beeing dogged or followed by a Cloyer called Iohn Gibſon, who hauing ſéene him pierce a hogſhed in the beginning of a faire challenged him for ſnappage: which old Farrie denied, becauſe Gibſons wife (as hee then ſaid) was a pickpocket, and yet would part with nothing. Then did Gibſon ſweare that he ſhuld not buy one peniworth of ware that day (which is the right cutpurſe phraſe of getting

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ting a purchase) and thereupon he shadowed him vp and downe, and mard his market quite, as hee had before promised.

In reuenge whereof the said *Richard Farrie* at Wayhill faire last, hearing where *Gibson* had purloined a purse with thirtéene nobles in it, sent a lustie fellow of his profession, a yoong dealer in the arte of cloying or following named *Iames Roades*, that was since hanged at *Dorchester*, who being apparelled like a seruingman, came to demaund his mistresse purse of *Gibson*, which he said he saw him vnlawfully take awaie, as if indéed he had béene the Gentlewomans man that had the gléeke. Which *Gibson* at the first vtterly denied, but afterward being further threatned with danger of his life, yeelded the purchase vn-to *Roades*, which was immediatelie shared betwéene him and old *Farrie*.

This thing soone after came to *Gibsons* eare, who was throughly laughed to sorne for his labour.

Manie there be of these wicked persons, and also lewd Officers, who like shadowes or cloyers, do nothing all day long but follow the Lifts vp and downe, pinching them for snappage: and not one of them that hath the right dexteritie in his fingers, but they know, & will conceale and patronize if néede require. Marie, if there be a nouice, that hath not made himselfe knowne to their congregation, hee shall soone be smelt out, and haue no remission, vnlesse hee purchase it by priuy pilferie.

These Cutpurfes of *Sturbridge* sell their luggage commonly at a towne called *Botsham*, where they kéepe their hall at an odde house, bowzing and quaffing, and haue their trulles attendant vpon them so briske as may be.

How a Cheesemonger had his bag cut out of his
Aprone hanging before him.

AT this faire it was, though long since, that the cheesemonger had his pocket cut out of his aprone, which
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all the whole Colledge of Cutpurfes had assayed, which none but one could bring to passe, and he indéed was a doctor in his arte: for going to the Chéefemongers booth to buy a chéefe, he gaue him monie for one of the greatest, and desired him to cut it in péeces, and put it behind him in the cape of his cloake. He did so, and the whilest he was thrusting it in, hee cut his pocket with twelue pounds out of his apron before him: for which deede he liueth renowned in the Cutpurse chronicles, and for his sake they yearly make a feast, and drinke to the soule of his deceased carkasse.

There be diuers forts of Nips and Foyfts both of the citie and countrie: these cannot one abide the other, but are at deadly hatred, and will boyle and discouer one another, by reason one is hindrance to the other. And these the former bookes haue omitted. There are also fundrie other Lawes, not heretofore spoken of, namely Iames Fosters Law, or Iames Fosters Lift: which grewe thus.

How a cofoning Lift stole a cloake out of a Scriueners shop.

THis fellow came into a Scriueners shop to haue a letter written to his wiues mother, signifying that his wife was run awaie with another knaue, and had carried awaie all that he had, and that he had rather be hanged then be troubled anie longer with such a whore. But it must néeds be written in haste, for his owne father doth carie it, and he goes awaie straight. All the while he is telling his tale, he cast a léering eye about the shop, to see if there were euer a cloake vpon a by-settle, or anie other bootie that he might transport vnséene vnder his owne cloak. By chance he espied one, so he leaned against the wall where it lay, and with his hands behind him, he gathered it vp cleanly by little and little: then sodainly starting vp, said, Yonder is my father that would carie it, and I will run after him to call him againe. So out of the doores ran
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he with all speed, hauing the cloake vnder his arme, crying, Ho father, father, leauing the Scriuener yet writing his letter, who mist not his cloake till a great while after, that he saw him not returne againe.

There is a cunninger kind of Lift, when a Batfowler walking in an euening in the streetes, will faine he hath let fall a ring or a Iewell, and come to a shop well furnished with wares, and desire the prentise of the house to lend his candle to looke it: he suspecteth no guile, lends it him: and the Batfowler goes poaring vp and downe by the doores, as if he had lost something in deed, by and by he lets the candle fal to and it goes out. Now I pray you good yong man, faith he, do so much as light me this candle againe: so goes the fellow in to light the candle, while hee steales what he will out of the shop, and gets him going while the light commeth.

There is a Lift called Will. St. Lift, whose maner is to go vp and downe to Faires in a blew coate, sometimes in his doublet and hose, and sometimes in a cloake, which commonly he puts off when he comes thither: this fellow waiteth diligently when any rich yeoman, Gentleman, or gentlewoman goes into an Inne to laie vp his cloak, capcase, fauegard, Portmantua or any other luggage, so following them, marks to whom they are deliuered: then comes he within halfe an houre after puffing and blowing for the cloake, capcase, portmantua, sword, or such like, and in his maisters name demandeth it, giuing the wife, maid, tapster, hostler, or some of the house two pence or a groate for laying it vp. Which hauing receiued, he is soone gone, and neuer returneth. This fellow will sometime stand bareheaded, and offer to hold a Gentlemans stirop, and verie diligently attend vpon him when he alighteth at anie great Inne, and seemeth so seruiceable, as if he were an hostler or chamberlaine belonging to the house: yea and sometimes follow him out of doores as his man, and attend vpon him to the Faire very orderly: within halfe an houre after, when he sees his new maister is so

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buse in the Faire, that he cannot hastily returne to his lodging before him, he will come backe to the Inne running, and tell them his Maister hath sent him to them for his clokebag or Portmantua in all haste: for he is vpon payment of money, and must needs haue it. They thinking him verilie to be the Gentlemans man, because at his comming he was so necessarie about him, they deliuer vnto him whatsoever the Gentleman left with them, who notwithstanding when the true owner commeth, they are faine to answer it out of their owne purses.

A flie tricke of Cofonage lately done in Cheapefide.

BESIDES this, there is a kind of Lift called Chopchain, as when a Gentleman like a batfowler hath hired a chain for a day or two vpon his credit, or hath some of his friends bound for the restoring of it againe, goes to S. Martines, and buyes for a little money another copper chaine, as like it as maie be: then comes he to the Goldsmith, and vpon the right chaine offers to borrow twentie pounds: the Goldsmith toucheth it to see if it be counterfeit or no: then finding it good, he tendereth him his money: which the whilest he is doing, and that both money and chaine lies yet vpon the stall, what doth me he, but fumbles and plaies with the linkes carelesly, as if he minded another matter, so by a fine tricke of Legerdemaine gathers it vp into his hand & chops the copper chaine in place, leauing him that pawne for his twentie pounds.

How a man was cofoned in the euening by buying a guilt spoone.

VWHILEST I was writing this, I was giuen to vnderstand of another like exploit nothing inferiour to any of the former. A fellowe like a clowne that knew all points in his tables, and had béene maister of
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his trade manie yeares together, walking through Silver stréete in London suddenly in the dark spurned a faire gilt spoone (as it féemed) being wrapt vp in a paper, which before he purpofely let fall: the people thinking some other had lost it, and that it had béene his good luck about the rest to find it, gan to flocke about him for to looke on it, and admired his fortune in meeting with it. He counterfeiting the simple foole as well as he could: Now a Gods will what shall I do with such a Gugaw? would some other bodie had found it for me, for I know not what it is good for. Why, said one of the standers by, wilt thou take money for it? I, quoth he, I would I had a crowne for it. And I will come somewhat néere you, faith the other, for thou shalt haue all the money in my purse, which is foure shillings, so forth he drewe his purse, and gaue him the money. And verie well content with the bargain, he put it vp, and said, I marie, this money will doe me more good then twentie spoones, and let them kéepe such toies that list, for I had rather haue one groat in my purse then a cart loade of such trumperie. So away he went laughing in his sléue, to thinke how he had cosoned him that thought to ouerreach him: & he that was so cosoned, as it were triumphing at his bargaine, could neuer looke enough on the spoone, but went presently and caried it to the Goldsmith, to know what it was worth. Birlady fir when he came thither, the spoone was found to be but brasse faire gilded ouer, and worth but seuen pence at the most, if he should sell it, which was a heauie cooling card to his heart, and made him sweare, that for that spoones fake he would neuer be in his plate againe while he liued.

Thus euerie daie they haue new inuentions for their villanies, and as often as fashions alter, so often do they alter their stratagemes, studying as much how to compasse a poore mans purse, as the Prince of Parma did to win a towne. Neither is this spoonefelling the gainfullest of their artes, although in one day they made away a dozen so. I but it is a tricke by the waie for a supper or a breakefast

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fast, which no man at the first can descric. Ouerpassing this catalogue of Lifts and Cutpurfes, Gentlemen, I will acquaint you with a strange newe deuised arte of stone-carying, wherein is contained the right vse of the chalke and the poaft, as also a necessarie cauate for victuallers and nickpots, how to beware of such insinuating companions.

The Arte of carying stones.

First and foremost you must note, that leauing an Alewife in the lurch, is termed making her carie stones, which stones be those great Oes in chalke that stand behind the doore: the weight of euerie one of which is so great that as manie shillings as there be, so many times shee cries O, as groning vnder the waight thereof. Now sir, of these Oes twentie shillings make a iust loade, and tenne pound a bargeful. But here lies the cunning, how to compasse an honest Assie that will vndertake such a burthen: first this is a generall precept amongst them, that he must be some odde drunken companion that they deale vpon, and his wife a good wench, that so she may bee fallen in with, and wipe off her guefts scores, if so he haue no monie to discharge it: a thing that manie women of that kind will willingly do to haue sport and saue their honestie. Yet if this cannot conueniently be brought to passe, or that in respect of her age she is not worth the taking vp, then will they be sure their goodman hoast must be a certaine kind of bawd, or a receiuer of cutpurfes, pickpockets, or such like, whereby it so fals out, that if he and they square about crownes, they may stop his mouth with threatning to betraie him to the Beadle of Bridewell, or telling Hind of Newgate what hospitalitie he keepe. Nay further, they will obserue if he at anie time raile against anie seuerie Iustice that hath the punishment of such notorious persons, and if he do (as in some drunken humour or other he will ouerhoote himselfe in that kind) then will they conceale

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ceale it, neuer difcoer it, but dominéere ouer them, throwe the pots againft the wall, for he and his houfe is forfeit vn-to them. Againe, it maie fo happen that *hospes meus* maie be an old feruingman, who hath belonged in his daies to fome famous recufant that hath long fince broke vp houfe, and now being turned out of feruice, he hath no trade to liue on, but muft marie a whore, and kéepe victualling either in Westminster, or in the fuburbs of London. Then cocke a hoope, they are better then euer they were. For if he be of the right ftampe he will be exclaiming againft the ftate, or thofe that kéepe his maifter, or he will enter into commendations of the old Religion: and this is the onely thing they defire, they neuer wifh a finer fellow to féed on. A Gods name let him fet forth his béefe and brewes, and trudge euerie day to the market to buy Capons & rabbets: for if they run neuer fo much in his debt, if they tell him of a purfeuant, he will neuer threaten thē with a fergeant. A number more of thefe obferuations do appertaine to ftone carying, as namely at their firft comming to their lodging they bee as frée as an Emperour, and draw all the acquaintance that they can procure to fpend their money there before another place, fo that the hoft and hofteffe may conceiue great matter of hope of hauing their houfe cuftomed by their lying in it, and eate no meat but haue either the good man or the goodwife ftill with him at dinner or fupper, which will plucke the ftones on his fhoulders the fafter, if fo he fuffer his guefts to run on the fcore. And this in anie cafe they fet down for a generall rule, that they lie not aboue two moneths in one place, for longer the alefcore is not able to hold out, and the poore man ouerpreffed fo exceffiuely, in a malecontent humour will rather grow desperate, and not care for anie danger they can bring him to, then fuffer more then flefh and bloud can endure, or not rather haue his will on them for vſing him fo badly.

How fay you my maifters, you thinke there is no deceit in a pot of ale, and that there are no cofoners but Conicatchers, but that's not fo, for London is a lickpenie, and euerie

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euerie man hath not a mint in his pocket that liues in it, some muft praétife witcraft, that haue not the gift in kéeping a lanes end with a fword and a buckler, or at the leaft are fo crazed with the Italian bone-ache, that they are afraid to bee cruft in péeces, if they should earne their liuing in a crowde. But to be briefe, I will tell you a merie ftorie how this name of Stone-carying firft came vp, and thus it followeth.

How a Carier of Norwich was made to carie ftones.

A Gentlewoman that made a fhew as if ſhe had béene of good credit, came to the carier of Norwich, and told him ſhee was to remoue houfhold, and went to dwell in the cuntry, wherfore ſhe craued his friendfhip in fafe tranfporting of her things to Norwich: & fo it is (quoth ſhe) that moft of my ſubſtance conſiſts in linnen, money, Iewels, and plate, which I put altogether in a great cheſt, which ſhe brought thither: As for other traſh Ile neuer trouble my ſelfe with remouing. I pray you haue a great care to it that it bee fafely laid in the middeſt of your cart, where théeues maie not eaſily come at it, and that it be kept from raine or wet in anie caſe, promiſing to content him for the cariage with more then ordinarie due. After it was féene to come to thrée hundred weight, he laid it vp immediately in his carte, nor would ſhe depart till ſhe ſaw it fafe packed. About an houre after ſhe came to the carier again, telling him that ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould be conſtrained to haue recourſe to her cheſt, by reaſon ſhe had a few trifles to buy ere ſhe departed, and that ſhe wanted ſome five or ſixe pound. The Carier loath to vnload for ſo ſmall a matter, bid her take no care for money, for what ſhe néeded ſhe ſhould haue of him, till ſhe came downe into the cuntry. So ſixe pounds he lent her: and downe with him ſhe goes with her man as braue as might be. But coming to Windham, ſhee gaue him the ſlip, and he ſawe her
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her no more: Home went the Carier, and laid vp the cheft verie fafe in his storehouse, daily looking when the Gentlewoman would come for it. After a moneth was pafte, and hearing no words of her, fearing he was cofoned, he fent for the Conftable and fundrie other of his neighbours, and before them brake vp the cheft, finding nothing in it but fmall foft fréeftone lapped in ftraw, mixt with Flints and fuch like ftuffe, beeing very fpeciall things to giue the Carier his loading. Alas, kind man, this was but heauie tidings for him: for befides the money that he had laid out of his purfe, he loft the cariage of other luggage, which would haue returned him greater profit. Yet could not this nor ten times as much vndoe him, but fetting light of it, in a merie humour he reported to fome of his friends the circumftance of all his cariage of ftones. And euer fince the left hath beene taken vp by odde companions and Ale-knights.

I would bee loth by this my publifht Difcouerie to corrupt the fimple, or teach them knauerie by my book, that els would haue béene honeft, if they had neuer féene them: for that were all one as if a Chirurgion that teacheth men what the plague is, that they might efchew it, fhould bring his patient that hath a plague fore, into the market place, and there lance it, whereby all men that looke on, in ftéed of learning to auoid it, fhould be moft dangerously infected with it. But my meaning in this is, but to chafe the game which others haue rowfed; and execute them outright which Conicatching only hath branded: and although I do not fpend manie leaues in inueighing againft the vices which I reckon vp, or time and paper in vrging their odioufneffe fo far as I might: yet you muft not thinke, but I hate them as deadly as any, and to make manifelt my hatred to them, haue vndertooke this Treatife. But imagine the Reader to be of this wifdome and difcretion, that hearing fome laid open, he can difcerne it to be finne, and can fo deteft it, though he be not cloid with a common place of exhortation. And footh to fay, I thinke euery man to bee of

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my mind, that when they see a fellow leape from the subiect he is handling, to disswade them by stale arguments from the thing they already detest, they should skip it ouer, and neuer reade it, gainecope him at the next turning point to his text.

To dismisse this parenthesis and returne to *circa quod*. I care not since this occasion of Stone-carrying hath brought me from talking of the cofonage of men to the treacherous subtiltie of women, if I rehearse you a tale or two more of Crosbitings lately done by such detestable strumpets.

A Tale of a whore that crosbit a Gentleman of the Innes of Court.

A Certaine queane belonging to a clofe Nunnerie about Clarkenwell, lighting in the company of a yong Punie of the Innes of Court, trained him home with her to her hospitall: and there couenanted for so much to giue him his houeroome all night. To bed they went together like man and wife. At midnight a crue of her copemates kept a knocking and busling at the doore. She starting sodainly out of her sleepe, arose and went to the window to looke out: wherewith she crying out to him, said, that a Iustice was at the doore with a companie of billes, and came to search for a seminarie Priest, and that there was no remedie but she must open vnto them: wherefore either he must rise and locke himselfe in a studie that was hard by, or they should be both caried to Bridewell. The poore silly youth in a trance, as one new start out of sleepe, and that knew not where he was, suffered her to leade him whither she would, who hastily thrust him into the studie, and there locked him, and went to let them in. Then entred Sim Swashbuckler, Captaine Gogfwounds, and Lawrence Longsword-man, with their appurtenances, made inquirie as if they had bene Officers indeed, for a young Seminarie Priest that should be lodged there that night.

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She simpered it, and made curtesie, & spake reuerently vn-to them, as if she had neuer seene them before, and that they had béene such as they séemed, and told them she knew of none such, and that none lay there but her selfe. With that through signes that shee made, they spied where his clothes were fallen downe betwéene the cheft and the wall: Then they began to raile vpon her, and call her a thousande whoores, saying they would make her an example, I mary would they, and vse her like an Infidell for her lying, nor would they stand searching any longer, but shee should be constrained to bring him forth: And that they might bee sure he should not start, they would carie away his clothes with them. As for the closet, because it was a Gentlemans out of the towne, they would not rashly breake it open, but they would fet watch and ward about the house till the morning, by which time they would resolue further what to do. So out of doores go they with his clothes, doublet, hose, hat, rapier, dagger, shooes, stockings, and twentie marks that he had in his scéue, which he was to pay vpon a band the next day for his father, to a merchant in Cannings streete, and left Nicholas Nouice staruing and quaking in that doghole. The morning grew on, and yet the yong Ninihammer, though he was almost frozen to death, stood still and durst not stirre, till at length the good wife of the house came and let him out, and bad him shift for himselfe, for the house was so belaid, that it was not possible for him to escape, & that she was vtterly vndone through his comming thither. After manie words it grew to this vplot; that he must giue her a ring worth thirtie shillings, which he then had on his finger, onely to helpe him out at a backe doore, and in so doing she would lend him a blanket to cast about him. Which béeing performed, like an Irish begger he departed on the backside of the fieldes to his chamber, vowing neuer to pay so déere for one nights lodging during his life.

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How a Curbar was drest with an vnfaourie perfume,
and how a notable whore was crosbit-
ten in her owne practife.

A Notable whoore of late daies compact with a hooker, whom conicatching English calls Curbar, bargained with a countrie Gentleman or Tearmer aforefaid, to tell her tales in her care all night: & according to appointment he did so. The Gentleman hauing supt, and readie to go to bed, she willed him to lay his clothes in the windowe, for (quoth she) we are so troubled with rats in this place (which was in Peticote lane) that wee cannot lay any thing out of our hands, but they will in one night be gnawne to peces, and made worth nothing: but her intent was this, that the Curbar with his crome might the more conueniently reach them; not that she cared so much for his appa-
rell, as for his purse, which she knew was well stored with crownes, and lay in the slecue of his doublet: whereupon he was ruled by her, and so entred the lifts. Within two houres after, he beeing sore troubled with a laske, rose vp and made a double vse of his chamberpot, which going to throw it out at the window, he remoued the clothes from before it, and set it in the place till he had opened the case-
ment. At that instant the spring of the window leapt open of the one accord. Whereat being amazed, he stept backe with a trice, leauing the chamberpot standing still: then fearing the diuell had béene at hand, by and by he spied a faire iron instrument like a nut came marching in at the window verie solemnly, which in stéede of the doublet and the hose that he ferretted for, arrested that homely seruice in the member vessell, and pluckt goodman Iordan with all his contents down pat vpon the Curbars head and shoul-
ders. Neuer was gentle Angler so drest: for his face, his necke and apparell were all besmeared with the soft Sir-
reuerence, so that I warrant you hee stunke worse then a Iakes-farmer. The Gentleman hearing one crie out,
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and séeing his meffe altogether thus strongly taken away, began to gather courage to him, and looked out to féé what it was: where, to his no small contentment hee might behold the Curbar lying along almost brained, almost drowned, and well neere poisoned with the tragicall euent of the pisspot: whereat he laughed merily, and suspecting his Lemant to haue a share in that conspiracy, and that for ten pounds it was her motion to haue him laie his clothes in the windowe, to the end he might haue lost them and his money, she being a sléepe in the bed all this while, he quietly remoued his owne apparell, took her gowne and petticoat and laid them in the steed. Forthwith the Curbar reuiued, in came the hooke againe verie manerlie, and clapt hold on those parcels, which together went downe with a witnesse. All which conforing to his wish, he went round to bed, and in the morning stole awaie early, neither paying dame Lecherie for her hire, nor leauing her one ragge to put on.

Here was wilie beguily rightly acted, & an aged Ram-palion put besides her schoole-trickes. But simply, these Crofbiterers are necessarie instruments now and then to tame such wanton youths, as will not let a maid or a wife passe a long the stréetes but they will be meddling with her: what they do they learne of the tumbler, who lies squat in the brakes till the Conie be come forth out of her burrow, and gone a gossiping ouer the way to her next neighbors, & then he goes between her and home, and as she returneth with two or three fleshly minded Rabbets or Simplers with them, with whom it maie be she hath made a bargain to go a bucking, then out flies the tumbler like y^e crofbiter & seazeth on them all for his praie. I maruell that the book of Conicatching had not him vp in his table, since by his first example he corrupted the Christian people. But you will say, he is *animal irrationale*, and therefore to be borne withall, because he doth but his kind. Kind me no kind, there is more knauerie in Caulier Canis then you are aware of, as you shall perceiue by his discourse following.

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A notable Scholerlike diſcourſe vpon the nature of Dogges.

NOW Gentlemen, will you giue me leaue to dallie a little for your further recreation, & I will proue vnto you that a dogge is a dangerous man, and not to be dealt withall: yea he is ſuch a kind of creature that he may well be maſter and gouernour ouer all ordinary beaſts: for firſt and formoſt, there is no man of experience that will denie but dogs do excell in outward ſence, for they will ſmell better then we, and therby hunt the game when they ſée it not. Befides, they get the ſight of it better then we, and are wonderfull quicke of hearing. But let vs come to ſpeech, which is either inward or outward. Now that they haue outward ſpéech I make no queſtion, although we cannot vnderſtand them, for they bark as good old Saxon as may be; yea they haue it in more daintie maner thā we, for they haue one kind of voice in the chaſe, and another when they are beaten, and another when they fight. That they haue the inward ſpéech of mind, which is chiefly conuerſant in thoſe things which agré with our nature, or are moſt againſt it, in knowing thoſe things which ſtand vs moſt in ſteed, & attaining thoſe vertues which belong to our proper life, and are moſt conuerſant in our affections, thus I proue: firſt and formoſt he chooſeth thoſe things that are cōmodious vnto him, and ſhunneth the contrarie: He knoweth what is good for his diet, and ſeeketh about for it. At the ſight of a whip he runneth away like a theef from a hue and crie. Neither is he an idle fellow that liues like a trencher Flie vpon the ſweat of other mens browes, but hath naturallie a trade to get his liuing by, as namely the arte of hunting and Conicatching, which theſe late books go about to diſcredit. Yea, there be of them as of men of all occupations, ſome Carriers, and they will fetch; ſome watermen, and they will diue and ſwim when you bid them; ſome butchers, and they will kill ſhéepe; ſome cookes, and they turne the ſpit. Neither are they void of vertue; for if that be
Iuſtice

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Iustice that giues euery one his deserts, out of doubt dogs are not destitute of it: for they fawne vpon their familiar friends and acquaintance; they defend those from danger that haue deserued well of them, and reuenge them of strangers, and such as either haue, or go about to do them iniurie. Then if they haue Iustice, they haue all the vertues, since this is an Axioma in Philofophy, that one vertue cannot be separated from another.

Further, we see they are full of magnanimitie, in incountring their enemies. They are wise, as Homer witnesseth, who entreating of the returne of Vlysses to his owne house, affirmeth that all his household had forgotten him but his dogge Argus, and him neither could Pallas by her subtill arte deceiue in the alteration of his body, nor his twentie yeares absence in his beggers weeds delude anie whit, but he stil retained his forme in his fantasie, which as it appeared was better then any mans of that time.

According to Chryfippus, they are not ignorant of that excellent facultie of Logicke, for he saith that a dogge by canuasing and study doth obtaine the knowledge to distinguish betweene thre seuerall things, as for example, where three waies méete, and of these thre hath staid at two of them, by which he perceiueth the game hath not gone, presently without more adoe hee runneth violently on the third waie: which doth argue (saith Chryfippus) as if hee should reason thus. Either hee went this way, or that way, or yonder waie: but neither that waie, nor yonder waie, therefore this way. Againe, when they are sicke, they knowe what disease they haue, and deuise howe they may ease themselues of their grieffe; if one strike them into the flesh with a stake, this policy they vse to get it out. They traile one of their feet vpō the ground, and gnaweth the flesh where the wound is round about with their téeth, vntill they haue drawne it cleane out. If they chaunce to haue anie vlcér, because vlcers kept foule are hardlie cured, they licke the sore with their tongues, and keepe it cleane. And wonderfull well doe they obserue the precept

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cept of Hippocrates that the onelie medicine for the foote is to rest, for if they haue anie hurt in their feete, they beare them vp, and as much as lies in them, take care they be not stirred: when vnprofitable humours trouble them, they eate an hearbe, whereby they vomite vp all that is offensive vnto them, and so recouers their health againe. How thinke you my masters, are these vnreasonable creatures, that haue all this naturall reason in them? No, though they are beasts, yet are they not as other are, inhumane: for they haue more humanitie then any other beasts whatsoever. But of them I haue said enough, & therefore I will proceede to my former argument: wherein for your better delight, I will acquaint you with a true storie lately performed in Poules Church by a couple of Cutpurfes. The matter was of such truth, as I could for neede set downe the Gentlemans name, and also the names of all the actors therein, but I craue pardon, because the Gentleman was of good place and credit, and for more assurance my selfe was present: the whole matter fell out as followeth.

How a Countrie Gentleman walking in Poules had
his purse cut by a new kind of conueyance,
and in the end by the like wilie
beguily got it againe.

A Countrie Gentleman of some credite walking in Powles, as tearmers are wont that wait on their lawyers, was seene by a couple of light fingred companions, that had got some gentlemanship vpon them by priuie biting in y^e dark, to haue some store of crownes in his purse coacht in a faire trunke sloop, like a boulding hutch. Alas, they were mortall, and could not choose but bee tempted with so glorious an obiect. For what maie not gold doe with him that hath neither money nor credit? Wherefore in verie zeale of a bad spirit, they conspired how to make a breach in his pocket, and possesse themselues of their pray. In the end it was concluded (as necessitie is neuer with-
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out stratagem) that the one should go behind him, while the other gaue the stroke that should deuide life and soule. As they determined, so they brought it to passe, for the good old fellow walking verie soberly in one of the side Iles, deuising where to dine to saue the odde thrée pence, sodainly one of them stept behind him and clapt his hands before his eyes, saying: Who am I? Who am I? while the other gaue the purse the gentle ierke, and beguiled his purse of the gilt: which done, hee went sneaking awaie like a dog that had wearied a shéep. The good minded Gentlemā that was thus muffled, thinking that it had bin one of his acquaintance, that plaid bo péepe with him after that sort, cried to him, Now for the passion of God, who are you? who are you? Tell me I praie you who are you? For I shall neuer reckon while I liue. O, quoth the Cauallero Cutpurse, you shall know by and by, and therewith plucking awaie his hands, looked him full in the face & laughed, but by and by starting aside, as if he had committed an error, God forgiue me (quoth he) what haue I done, I crie you hartily mercie, I haue mistaken you for my acquaintance, one that is so like you, as one peaze is like another: and therefore I pray you pardon me. No harme done, no harme done, quoth the Gentleman, and so they departed. Sinior who was to deuide his bootie where his companion attended him, and my neighbour Mumpsimus to tyrannize on Buls pudding-pies for his fixe pence: short tale to make, his hungrie bodie being refreshed, and euerie one satisfied, there entred in a dumbe shewe, the reckoning with a cleane trencher in his hand verie orderly, as who should say, Lay your hand on the booke. On him attended a well fed Tapster in a shining fute of well liquored fustian, wheron was engrauen the triumphs of many full platter, with his apron on his shoulder, and his knife vnder his girdle. At which sight euery man began to draw, and my honest penifather thought to droppe testers with the rest: but woe alas, his bréeches were like the bottomlesse pit of hell, for there was not one croffe to be found.

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Then began he to fume and chafe, and run vp and downe like a mad man, faying, Well a day yt euer I was borne Who am I? who am I? Whereat the rest of the Gentlemen wondring, he vp and told them the whole storie of his misfortune, as is afore recited. And said, now I know who it was that said, Who am I? who am I? for in troth he was a cutpurse. But here did he not cease or spend much time in finging a *De profundis* ouer his emptie pocket, where was nought els saue Lent and defolation, but iumbled his braines together like stones in a bladder, and toft ouer his thoughts as a Tailer doth his shreds when he hath lost his needle, to find out some meanes to fetch home his straid purse, and to be euen with those vndermining Pioners. In the end his pillow and present pouertie put this policie into his head. The next day early in the morning he went into Poules in the same apparell, and walking iust in the same place where he lost the maine chance the day before, hauing bought him a faire new purse with white strings and great tassels, and filled the same with brasse counters, and thrust it into the slop of his hose, as he was wont, letting the strings thereof hang out for a traine. Well, so it fell out, that he had scarce fetcht thrée turnes, but a poore woman that had the shaking ague in her head came to aske his charitie: he glad of anie occasion to boast his counterfeit wealth, to entrap the eyes of those hungrie espials, gaue her a penie, and therewith drew forth a number of counters, making shew as if they had béene French crownes: which was presently perceiued by Timothy touch and take, that had beene in the action the day before, who sitting vnder a piller, leaning like one twixt sleeping and waking, fell into a great longing, how he might haue that purse also to beare the other companie. Still the olde Snudge went plodding in one path, and euer looked vnder his ouerhanged mossie eye-browes, to séc who came néere him, or once offer to iustle him. He had beside at either end of the Ile on of his men to watch, for feare any more, Who am I? shuld come behind him. At last out steps my nimble
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knaue, and running haftily by him like fome prentife, that had béene fent of an errand, he fliced it fmoothly away, fo as the gentleman neuer perceiued it. But one of his men who had his fenfes both of féeing and féeling better then his mafter, marked when he gaue him the gentle gléeke, and whither he went when hee had obtained his bootie : whereupon dogging him to a Cookes fhoppe in Thames ftréet ; to which place alfo the Gentlemā followed aloofe off. He there laid hands on him, and challenged him for a Cutpurfe, faying, he had féene him doe fuch a thing in Poules, and told him alfo from whom he tooke it. He fwore and ftared, and ftood at vtter defiance with him. And the better to outface the matter, his partner, who being then lodged in the fame houfe, came downe and fell in tearmes of doing the Gentleman wrong, and that he fhould anfwer him, or any man els. And (quoth he) if thou wert well ferued thou fhouldeft be ftabd for offering to difcredit him thus at his lodging. Meane while that thefe matters were thus difputing, and the poore feruingmans death with manie oathes vowed, in came his mafter, who fpying, Who am I ? to ftand vpon his pantofles fo proudly, ftraight tooke him afide, and told him a tale in his eare, that did him fmall good at the heart, and faid flatly hee was the man, and no other whom he fought for, and either he would haue reftitution for his purfe at his hands, or they would trie a conclufion at Tyborne. At which fpéech their courage was fomewhat abated ; and in the end it fo fell out, to auoid further trouble they reftored him both the purfes with quietnes, and made him a fufficient recompence for the trespaffe. Thus at that time they efaped, and all parties were pleafed : but fhortly after they were taken for fuch an other fact, for which they were both condemned and executed at Tyborne.

Now Gentlemen, haue you not heard a pretie pranke of Willie beguily, where the cunning Cutpurfe was pinched in his owne praétife ? fure I thinke neuer was poore Nip fo nipt before. Wherefore I wifh all thofe that are of

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that facultie to be carefull of the right Nip, who if he bee neuer so cunning in his arte, yet at one time or other hee maie hap to meete with Bul, and his sturdie Iade, on whom if he chance to ride with his necke snarled in an hempen halter, he is like to receiue so sharpe a nip, that it will for euermore marre his drinking place.

A notable exploit performed by a Lift.

THere was not long since one of our former profession, hauing intelligence of a Citizen that inuited three or foure of his friends to dinner, came a little before dinner time, and marked when the guesstes were all come: when they were all come, as he thought, knowing the goodman of the house safe (for he was not yet come from the exchange) steps vp the staires boldly, and comes into the roome where the guesstes were: when he comes in he salutes them, and askes if his cosen were not yet come from the Exchange. They told him no. No (saith he) me thinks he is verie long, it is past twelue of the clocke. Then after a turne or two, In saith Gentlemen (quoth my new come guesst) it were good to doe something whereat we may be merie against my cosen comes home, and to that intent I will take this Salt and hide it, that when hee misseth it, we shall see what he will say to my cosen his wife: so hee tooke the Salt, and put it in his pocket, and walked a turne or two more about the roome, within a while when ye other guesstes were busie in talk, he steps downe the staires faining to make water; but when he was downe, he turned downe Théeuces allie, and neuer returned againe. The Citizen when he came home bid his friends welcome, and anon he mist the Salt that should be set on the table, called his wife to know if there were neuer a Salt in the house: His wife busie about dinner, tooke her husband vp, as women at such times will do, when they are a little troubled (for a little thing troubles them God wot) and asked him if he had no eyes in his head. No, nor you wife (quoth he)

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hee) if you fay there be any now: So there paff many fhrewd and hot words betwéene them. At length the guefts vnwilling they fhould difagrée on fo fmall a triffe, they vp and told how one came in and asked for his cofen, and tooke away the Salt, meaning to make a little mirth at dinner. But when they faw he returned no more, they contented themfelues with patience, and went to dinner, as men at fuch times vfe to do, with heauy hearts and cold ftomackes.

THere are a certaine band of Raggamuffin Prentifes about the towne, that will abufe anie vpon the fmallest occafion that is, and fuch men (whom they neuer came to the credit in all their liues to make cleane their fhooes) thefe dare neuer méete a man in the face to auouch their rogarie, but forfooth they muft haue the help of fome other their complices. Of this bafe fort you fhall commonly find them at Playhoufes on holy dayes, and there they will be playing their parts, or at fome rout, as the pulling downe of Baudie houfes, or at fome good exploit or able, fo that if you néed helpe, or you thinke your felfe not able to make your part good with anie that you owe a grudge to, no more but repaire to one of thefe, and for a canne of Ale they will do as much as another for a crowne: & thefe make no more confcience to beat or lame one, whom they neuer before faw nor knew, then the knights of the poaffts when they are feed out of Poules to fweare falfly.

There are another fort of Prentifes, that when they fee a Gentlewoman or a countriman minded to buy anie thing, they will fawne vpon them with their cap in hand, with what lacke you Gentlewoman? what lacke you Countriman? See what you lacke. The Gentlewoman perufing diuers commodities, findeth nothing that perhaps likes her: then going away, they come off with their ouerworne frumps. Will you buy nothing Gentlewoman? Its no maruell you fhould fee fuch choice of good ware. Then they begin to difcommend her perfon to their

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next neighbors, as good as themselves, and at next word, Send a fine dogge after her. These maie bee likened to currish Spaniels, that when a man comes into the house will fawne vpon him, but before he goes forth, if hee take not heed, will catch him by the shinnes. But if they méete with a countrie-man, he is the fittest man in the world to deale vpon. They will aske him iust twise so much as the ware is worth. The plaine simple man offers within a verie little of his price, as they vse in the countrie: which the Apprentise takes, and sweares it was not his for that money, and so makes the poore man a right Conie. I think few in the Exchange will account this for a Conicatching tricke. But if the countriman leaues them and goes his waie without buying anie thing, either for that hee likes not the ware, or that it is of too high a price: then will they come off with, Do you heare Countriman, will you giue me thus much, and leaue your blew coate for a pawn for the rest? or they will bid him sell his sword and buy a paire of shooes? or such like scoffing girds, that the poore man sometimes could find in his heart to giue all the money in his purse, that he had them in Finburie fields, that hee might reuenge himselfe on them for abusing him: a verie great abuse to their maisters and chapmen.

To this societie maie be coupled also another fraternity, viz. Water-rats, Watermen I meane, that will be readie & very diligent for anie man, vntil they can get them to their boates, but when they come to land to paie their fare, if you paie them not to their owne contentments, you shall be sure of some gird or other, yea and perhaps if they know they haue an Assé to deale with, stop his hat or his cloake, till he haue paid them what they list; but these are most commonlie seruants and apprentices: for the order is, that for euerie twelue pence they earne their maister allows them two pence, so then the more they get, whether by hook or crooke, the more think they their gaine comes in. But this fort now and then méete with their mates, who in stéed of a penie more in siluer, send them to the

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the Chirurgians with two penie worth of forrow.

But what need I to spend time in deciphering these common companions? These few I haue particularly named, but thinke you there are no more of this kind? But I let passe Carmen and Dreyemen, as verie knaues as the rest, because these are better knowne then I can fet them forth: I meane not at this time, nor in this Treatise to fet forth the guiles and deceits accustomed in all trades and mysteries from the chiefeft trade to the basest, but will content my selfe for this time, with that that hath beene already dilated, intending in some other Treatise, at one time or other to relate in briefe what hath beene at large too long put in practise.

In the meane time curteous Citizens, let me exhort you to become good exāples to your family: for as the maſter is, so commonly is the seruant, as witnes the old verses in the Sheppards Calender in September.

Sike as the Sheppards, fike beene her sheepe.

And be sure, if thy seruant see thee giuen to spending, and vnchast liuing, there looke thy seruant, when thou thinkest he is about thy businesse, not onely spends his time vainly, but that money, which by thy care in staying at home thou mightest haue saued. Such iollie shauers, that are deepe flashers of others, mens hides, haue I knowne (more is the pitie) to sit vp all night, some at Cardes and Dice, some quaffing and swilling at the Tauerne, and other among their trulles, spending in one night some twentic shillings, and thirtie shillings often: some againe that can maintaine to themselues a wench all the yeare, and then they must filch and purloine whole peeces of stufte for their gownes and peticoats, besides great store of mony: But these are such that can with a wet finger, and by reason of abundance of ware purloine their maisters goods, & not easily be espied. But be sure at one time or other such villains wil come forth: for the pot goes so oft to the water, that at last it comes home crackt. And take this for a principle

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principle and general rule, that whofoeuer he be that giues himselfe to this damnable sinne of lust, let him be assured, as sure as he had it already, that a great punishment hangeth ouer his head. Therefore it behooues the maister to be wise in gouerning his seruants, that they may bee as markes for their seruants to shoote at, to see how their seruants bee addicted and giuen, and not to be sterne and seuerer towards them, but rather keepe them in, that they wander not abroad more then necessitie forceth, remembering that rule that Ouid giueth,

Parce puer stimulis & fortius utere loris.

Spare the whip, raine them hard: for such as are growne to yeares will hardly endure blowes, wherefore the raiuing them from their desires is the next way in my mind to bring them to good.

But here is the griefe that those that should giue light are darke; those that should be guides haue need to be lead; those that should instruct to sobrietie, are inducers to vanitie, according to those verses in Maie,

Those faitors littell regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheep runne at large,
Passen their time that should be sparely spent,
In lustinesse and wanton meriment.
Thilke same be Sheppards for the diuels steed,
That playen, &c.

Againe, what conscience they vse in bargaining and felling, witnesse the whole world, according to Diggon in Septemb.

They fetten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a market of their good name.
The sheppards there robben one another,
And layen baies to beguilde her brother.

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And againe,

Or they bine false or full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.

In fine, to conclude with that which we haue so long stood vpon, namely with vncleanesse, how hard it is for men to bee reclaimed from it: and as it is pernicious to all generally, so particularly to young men that haue newlie set vp for themselues, and haue as it were newly entred into the world, soone maie they cast awaie themselues, except they looke the better about them: but most odious for such that haue wiues, with whom they may solace themselues. Pitie it is that such cannot be noted aboue the rest, it shewes an inordinate lust. And nowe it comes in my mind, I will impart with a tricke serued vpon a married man, and a tradesman by a good wench, as they call them, reported and heard from her owne mouth not long since. The parties names I will conceale, because some of them are of some credite, although somewhat blemished by this skarre: and it was on this maner.

How a Citizen was serued by a Curtizan.

THere was one Mounfieur Libidinoso dwelling at the signe of Incontinencie, hauing cast vp his accounts for the weeke past (for it was Saturday night) after supper resolued with himselfe to walke, which way he cared not, but as his staffe fell, so would he wend: by chance it fell Westward, and Westward he went, vntill he came to Whitefriers. When he came thither he bethought himselfe, and held it a déed of charitie to see some of his old acquaintance, whom hee had not visited a long time before: But they according to the ancient custome were removed, for they vse not to stay long in a place. He hearing that, made no more ado but fel aboard with one that came next to hand, as good as the best, one that had béene tried, and such a one as would not shrink at a shower: little

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intreatie ferues, and vp they goc. When after their beaftly fport and pleafure Mounfieur Libid. heat of luft was fomewhat affwaged, and ready to goc, féeling his pocket for a venereall remuneration finds nothing but a Teftor, or at leaft fo little, that it was not fufficient to pleafe dame Pleafure for her hire. He protefted and vowed he had no more about him now: for (faid he) when I came forth I neur thought what money I had about me. My Ladie would not beléeue Monf. Libid. a great while, but fearched and féeled for more coine, but at that time fhe was frufterate of her expectation: fhe fceing no remedie, fet as good a countenance on the matter as fhe could, and told him fhe would be contented for that time, hoping hee would bee more beneficiall to her hereafter. They were both contented: where no fooner hee is gone downe the ftaires, but fhee whips off her gowne, and puts on a white waftcoate with a trice, and fo dogs M. Libidinof. home to his houfe, and taking a perfect view of his houfe and figne, returnes back againe. On Monday morning fhe came to his houfe verie orderly in her gown with her handbasket in her hand, where fhe found Monf. Libid. and his wife in the fhop: when fhe came in fhe called for this fort and that fort of lace, vntill fhe had called for as much ware as came to twentie fhillings: when fhe was ready to goc, fhe whifpered my Gentleman in the care, and asked him, If he be remembred how fleightly fuch a time he rewarded her kindneffe, but now I am fatiffied for this time. M. Libid. was in a wonderfull freight, and gaue her not a word for an answer, fearing his wife fould knowe anie thing. His wife noting her whifpering in her husbands care, and fceing no mony paid, asked her husband when fhe was gone, who fhe was. Hee verie fmoothly told her, fhee was a very honeft cutters wife, and that hee knew her a long time to bee a good paymaifter. This answer contented his wife: but ful well I know he was not cōtented in his mind al the day after.

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Sée here how a man may bee vnawares ouertaken by these filthie Pitchbarrels. Then let this example teach thee to forgoe their allurements, leaft thou in time be defiled with the like blot, or ouerplunged in a deeper bog: Remember,

Felix qui facit aliena pericula cautum.

For these night birdes not vnlike the Syrens, the more you frequent them, the more you shall be intangled, according to these verses, *Diggon in Sept.*

For they beene like foule wagmoires ouergraft,
That if thy gallage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou doest fwincke,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper fincke.
Yet better leaue of with littell losse,
Then by much wrestling to leefe the grosse.

These may be motiues to all to auoide such infectious plague-fores: but how hard it is to get vp a tyred iade when he is downe, especially in the dirt euery man knowes, and men wil haue their fwinge do all what they can, according to *Thenot in February.*

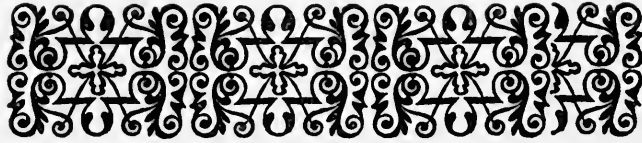
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad; and from bad to worfe;
From worfe vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall.

But for my part I am resolued and with all men of the like mind sticking my staffe by Peirse in Maie.

Sheppard, I list no accordance make
With sheppard that does the right way forsake,
And of the twaine if choise were to me
Had leuer my foe then my friend to be.

F 2

The



THE NOTABLE, SLIE,
and deceitfull pranks of Doctor
Pinchbacke.



Notable fellow of this trade well stricken in yeares, one that was free of the Nitmongers, trauelled with his boy into Yorkeshire. And hauing no mony in his purse, nor other meanes to relieue himselfe but plaine shifting, grewe into vtter despaire of his estate, by reason hee had worne all cofonages threed bare, and made the vttermost of his wit that was possible. Wherefore complaining himself to his trustie page, that had bene patner with him both in weale and woe, and whom hee had brought vp in his occupation, and taught to be as subtile as himselfe: but Maister (quoth he) take no care, for when all is gone and nothing left, well fare the Dagger with the dudgeon haft. I am young and haue crochets in my head: I warrant you, while I haue my fiue senses we will not begge. Goe you and take vp your lodging in the fairest Inne in the towne, and call in lustily, sparing for no cost, and let me alone to pay for all. With this resolution they went into York citie, where seeing a verie faire Tauern, readie to outface the, according to the boyes aduise, they put into it, & called for a roome, and none might content them but the best chamber in the house. Then Iacke of the clocke house summoned the Chamberlaine before him,

haunting Conicatchers.

him, and tooke an inuentorie what extraordinarie prouision of victuals they had for dinner, telling them his maister was no common man, nor would he be pleased with anie grosse kind of fare. The Tapster, who hoping of gaine, seemed verie seruiceable, and told him he should want nothing. And although they had at that time fundrie strangers, by reason the chiefe Iustices of the shire fate there the same day about a Commission, yet promised to giue what attendance he might. Thus did the Crack-rope triumph, and walking in the yard while dinner was preparing, hāmered in his head, & cast an eye about the house to see if anie occasion were offered for him to worke vpon. At last going vp a paire of stayres, hee spied in a faire great Chamber where the Commissioners fate, a side settle, whereon good store of plate stood. Yea, thought he? and it shall go hard but Ile make vp my market. So into the chamber closely hee stept, not being perceiued by any man, couertly conueyed away vnder his cloake one of the greatest gilt goblets, and went immediatly on the backside of the house, where spying an old well, hee flung the same, and went his way vp to his maister, to whom hee discouered what he had done, intreating him the better to furnish out the Pageant, to change his name, and call himselfe Doctor Pinchbacke.

This done, he went downe into the kitchin to see if dinner were readie: where the goodman of the house began to question with him what his Maister was, and who they called him. Sir, quoth he, Doctor Pinchbacke. What, is he a Doctor of Physicke quoth the host? Yea marie, quoth the boy, and a speciall good one. With that answer he ceased questioning any further, but sent vp meat to his dinner, and went vp himselfe to bid him welcome.

Dinner being done and the other guests ready to rise, the Goblet sodainly was missed, and great inquiry

F 3

made

Greenes Ghost

made for it, but at no hand it would be found: all the seruants were examined, the houle was thoroughlie searched, none of the Gentlemen had it. This newe found Doctōr sware hee sawe it not, the boy denied it also, yet still the goodman and the good wife kept a great stirre for it, and were readie to weepe for verie anger that they should kéep such knaues about them as had no more care, but retchlesly let a cuppe of nine pounds bée stollen, and no man knew which waie. Then the host made great offers to haue it againe, which the boy hearing, said, if they could entreate his Maister to take the paines, he could cast a figure, and fetch it againe with heaue and ho. But not a word (quoth he) that I told you so.

The good man hearing that, ranne vp in all hast, and besought Maister Doctōr for the passion of God to stand his friend, or els he was vndone. So it is, quoth he, that I vnderstand of your great learning and knowledge, and that by a speciall gift in Astronomie that God hath giuen, you can tell of maruellous matters, and helpe againe to things that are lost. I praie you as euer you came of a woman shewe mee a little feate about my cuppe: and though I haue but small store of monee, yet will I bestowe fortie shillings on you for your labour. Maister Doctōr at the first made strange of the matter, and séemed verie loth to deale in it, by reason of the daunger of the lawe: yet for that he séemed to bee an honest man, and it grieved him that anie such thing should happen whilest hee was in his houle, hee would straine a little with his cunning to reléue him in the best sorte, not so much for his monee as for his friendship, and swore hee would not doe it for any other for a hundred pounds, therefore hee desired him to leaue him to himselfe, and to take order that no man came to trouble him for some two houres space, and he should see what he would do for him.

Two

haunting Conicatchers.

Two houres hee staid alone by himselfe toasting him by a good fire till he sweate againe, then painting his face with a deadish colour, which hee caried alwaies about with him for such a purpose, and then calling vp the hoste, told him that hee had laboured fore for him, and almost indaungered himselfe in vnder-taking the action, yet by good fortune hee had finished his businesse, and found where the cuppe was. Haue you not a well (quoth hee) on the backe side of your house that stands thus, and thus, for mine owne part I was neuer there (that I can tell of) to see. Yes that I haue, sayd the Hoste. Well (said Maister Doctor) in the bottome of that well is your cuppe: wherefore goe search presently, and you shall finde my words true. The goodman with all expedition did as hee willed him, and drew the well drie: at last hee spied his Goblet where it lay. It was no néede to bid him take it vp, for in his owne person hee went downe in the bucket: and full lightly to Maister Doctour Pinch-packs chamber hee trudged, and caried him fortie shillings, offering him besides a moneths boord in requitall of his great curtesie. This counterfeit forsooth would seeme to refuse nothing, but there lay and fed vpon the stocke, whilest my goodman hoste did nothing but fill the countrie with his praise.

Not manie daies passed but a Gentleman of good credite drawne thither by the ordinarie report, came to visit him, who desirous to make triall of his cunning, he craued to knowe of him (his wife then beeing big with child) whether it was a man childe or a woman childe she went withall? Hee answered he could say little thereto except he saw her naked.

The Gentleman although hee thought it was no vsuall thing for a man to see a woman naked, yet Physitions haue more priuiledge then others, and they

Greenes Ghost

they as well as Midwives are admitted to any secrets. Wherefore he perswaded his wife to disclose her selfe to him, and to dispence with a little inconuenience, so they may be resolued of so rare a secret. But this was Doctor Pinchbackes drift, hee thought to haue shifted the Gentleman off by this extraordinarie imposition, thinking he would rather haue surceas'd his sute, then anie waie haue suffered him to see his wife naked. In conclusion a chamber was prepared warme and close, in which she shewed her selfe, & twise walked vp and down the chamber naked in the presence of M. Doctor and her husband, who demanded M. Doctors answer to his former question, which was as followeth: Quoth he, from meward it is a boy, and to me ward it is a girle: other answer they could get none of him. Wherefore the Gentleman was greatly offended against him, calling him Ass, Dolt, Patch, Cockescombe, Knaue, and all the base names he could deuise. But awaie went maister Doctor as skilfull in those cases as a blind man when he throweth his staffe: and durst not answer the Gentleman one word. And the Gentleman greatly repented him that he had been so foolish to shew his wife in that sort before so fottish a companion.

About foure dayes after the Gentlewoman fell in labour, and was deliuered of a boy and a girle: whereat the Gentleman remembring the blunt answer of the Doctor, and finding it to be true, was greatly astonished, supposing indeed hee had mightily wronged the Doctor: to whom he went immediately crauing pardon for his former follie, shewing himselfe verie sorrowfull for his fault, and offered him in recompence of amends all the fauour he might possibly doe him, granting to him his house at commandement, and his boord for so long time as he would continue with him. Whereupon in signe of loue and amitie he went and sojourned at the Gentlemans house: Whereupon the Doctors cre-

haunting Conicatchers.

credit still more and more began to increafe, fo that all the countrie round about told no fmall tales of the great cunning of Doct̄or Pinchbacke, to whom they reforted early and late.

It fortun'd foone after there was a Faire neere to the Gentlemans houfe, where the people diuerfly talked of the Doct̄ors ſkill and cunning, and that he could doe anie thing, or tell anie thing that was done in anie place. Naie (quoth a plaine Countriman) I will venture twentie Nobles that hee ſhall not doe it. I will my ſelfe goe perſonally to him, and hold ſomething in my hand, and if hee tell me what it is I will loſe my money. I take you, ſayd one or two, and the wager being layd, awaie they went towards the Gentlemans houfe: and paſſing thorough a meadow, the man tooke vp a Graſhopper out of the graſſe, and put it into his hand, ſo cloſe that no man might perceiue it. Then forward they went, and met with Maifter Doct̄or, and they deſired him to ſatiſſie them of that ſecret which was vpon his credite, to tell them what one of the companie held in his hand. Whereunto the Doct̄or was loth to anſwer, conſidering he had no ſuch ſkill as people bruted abroade: neuertheleſſe he caſt in his mind, how he might excuſe the matter by ſome pretie ſleight, if he ſhould gueſſe amiſſe, and therefore concluded in this ieſt, he called to mind that his owne name was Graſhopper, and if (quoth he) I take him by the hand, I may ſay hee hath a graſhopper in his hand, and yet I may iuſtly defend it for a truth. Whereupon the Doct̄or taking him by the hand, ſaid he had a Graſhopper in his hand: which béeing opened was found true. Whereat the Cuntrimen wondred, and went their wayes. Some ſaid hee was but a coſoning knaue: others reported what wonders hee could perſorme: Some ſaid he could

G

goe

Greenes Ghost

goe round about the world in a moment, and that he walked euerie night in the aire with spirites: some said hee had a familiar: thus the people gaue their cenſure; ſome liking, and others miſliking him. And in a word, ſo manie men, ſo manie mindes, but the greater part of the countrey admired his deepe knowledge, and publiſhed his excellent learninge, ſo that he became famous amongſt the people, and the Gentleman not a little proud of ſo worthy a gueſt: in ſo much that hauing one onely daughter, whom he loued moſt entierlie, and as parents moſt deſire their children ſhould match themſelues with ſuch, by whom they hope preferment ſhould come, on a daie brake his minde to the Doctour in his daughters behalfe, aſſuring him hee ſhould not onely finde her a louing and dutifull wife, but would giue him foure hundred pounds, and make him aſſurance of all his land, which was worth (ſayd hee) better then two hundred markes a yeare after his deceaſe, if ſo it would pleaſe his worſhip to accept his kind offer, which hee aſſured him proceeded of meere loue. The Doctour a while coylye refuſed the Gentlemans offer, but béeing earneſtly entreated of the Gentleman, he answered him to this effect.

Sir, for your great friendſhip hitherto and vnexpected kindneſſe, at this time I cannot but confeſſe my ſelfe much indebted to you: and becauſe you are ſo importunate with me to marie your daughter (although I proteſt it is not for my profite) I doe willingly take her to my wife: for I haue (ſaith hé) refuſed many faire and perſonable Gentlewomen in mine owne countrey with large dowries: but to make you part of amends for your vnderſerued kindneſſe, I here am content to yeeld to your request. The Gentleman humbly thanked him, and prolonged not the time

haunting Conicatchers.

time I warrant you, but with great expedition haſted the marriage daie: where with great feaſting and ioy with his friends they paſſed that day with much pleaſure and muſicke.

The Doctour about a moneth after deſired the Gentleman for his wiues portion, which the Gentleman willingly paid him. When two or three dayes were paſſed he told the Gentleman hee would goe into his owne cuntry to ſee his friends, and withall prepare and make readie his houſe (which was let forth to farme) for himſelfe to inhabite, and that he would come againe when all things were readie and fetch his wife. The Gentleman was verie vnwilling to leaue the Doctors companie; but ſeeing the Doctor ſo importunate, at laſt yeelded, and ſo lent the Doctor and his boy two of his beſt geldings: who as ſoone as they were on horſebacke, neuer minding to returne againe, tooke their journey into Deuonſhire, and there ſo long as his foure hundred pounds laſted made merie with their companions, till at laſt hauing ſpent all, beganne to renew his olde trade, and after being taken in companie with ſome ſuſpected perſons was apprehended, and by the law (as I heard) was condemned to bee hanged for a murtherer.

Thus although peradventure hee was not guiltie of the murther, yet it was a iuſt puniſhment for his villanie before practiſed.

The Gentleman after a quarter of a yeare was paſt, beganne to looke for the Doctors comming home againe, but in vaine; ſo hee paſſed a tweluemonth, expecting his ſonne in lawes returne: at laſt as hadde beene at his houſe, and ſeeing the Doctor there, brought word home to the Gentleman that hee ſawe the Do-

G 2

ctor

Greenes Ghost

For for certaine executed at Exceter in Deuonshire,
for a muder. In what a melancholy humour the Gentleman was in, and what grieffe and sorrowe the young Gentlewoman tooke to heart at these heauie tidings, I refer it to the Reader, and none but those that haue tasted of those griefes doe sufficiently know.

FINIS.



Looke to it:
FOR,
Ile Stabbe ye.



Imprinted at London by E. Allde
for W. Ferbrand, and George Loftes,
and are to be folde in Popes-
head Allie. 1604.




THere is a Humour vs'd of late,
By eue'ry Rascall fwagg'ring mate,
To giue the Stabbe: Ile Stabbe (fayes hee)
Him that dares take the wall of me.
If you to pledge a health denie,
Out comes his Poniard; there you lie.
If his Tabacco you dispraise,
He sweares, a Stabbe shal end your daies.
If you demaund the Debt he owes,
Into your guts his Dagger goes.
Death feeing this, doth take his Dart,
and he performes the Stabbing part.
he spareth none, be who it will:
his lifence is the World to kill.

A 2.

S. R.

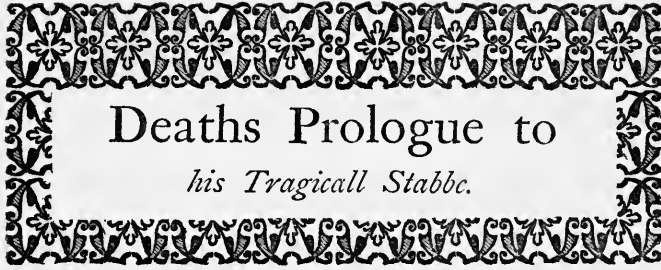




Deaths great and
generall Challenge.

I *Do defie the World and all therein,
My challenge at the Scepter doth begin:
Downe to the Plough Swaine, come who dare in bface,
Set foote to mine, and looke me in the face.
My flesh and fat, doth make no burlie show,
A raw-bone fellow, all the World doth know.
To deale at sundry Weapons, I refuse,
As Fencers (when they play their prizes) vse:
Of Sword and Dagger I haue little skill:
Rapier I neuer wore, nor neuer will.
My sight is very bad to haue about,
For Ile assure you both mine Eyes be out.
But at the Irish Dart I onely deale:
Whose Hart I hit, I nere knew Surgeon heale.
My Horse is pale, well paed; I neuer shoo-him,
Saint Georges Gelding was a Iade vnto-him,
I would ride often, when I go on foote,
But therè's no Shoo-maker cau fit mè a Boote.*





Deaths Prologue to
his Tragicall Stabbe.

*T*O no degree or facultie, I do intende offence;
Al those I threaten heere to stab, & send the wretches hence
Are such, as tremble when they heare, what fatall Stab I giue,
For though I kill both good and bad, all creatures that do liue,
The good are neuer terrified with any power I haue:
I open the them Doore of life, the chiefeest thing they craue.
But to the wicked gracelesse sort, most fearefull I appeare,
Because I sende them to a place, doth passe all torments heere.
To thē the name of death seems death, Oh tis a feareful sound
For of the hope of life to come, they want assured ground,
From this bad World vnto a worse, I send them forth to dwell
I am the Iaylor, leading them vnto the vault of Hell.
Good newes vnto the good I bring: but to the wicked, euill:
Because I send the one to God, the other to the Deuill.
Such as feare God, they feare not me, but bid me do my worst
If any finde himselfe agreew'd, ile stabbe that fellow first.

A 3



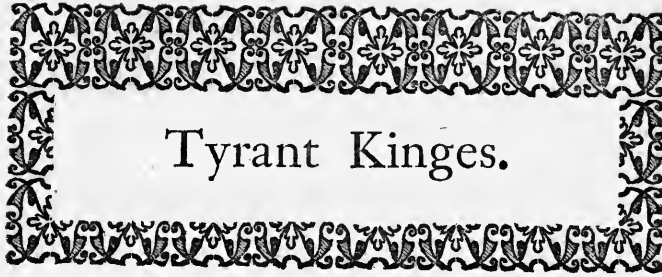
1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring the integrity of the financial statements and for providing a clear audit trail.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data. It includes a detailed description of the sampling process and the statistical techniques employed to interpret the results.

3. The third part of the document provides a comprehensive overview of the findings. It highlights the key areas where discrepancies were identified and discusses the potential causes of these issues.

4. The final part of the document offers recommendations for improving the internal control system. It suggests several practical measures that can be implemented to reduce the risk of errors and to enhance the overall reliability of the financial reporting process.

5. The document concludes with a summary of the main points and a statement of the author's conclusions. It reiterates the significance of the findings and the need for ongoing monitoring and improvement of the financial reporting system.



Tyrant Kinges.

You high Imperious crowne-contending Kings,
Who for Earth's glory (not *Religions* good)
Turne humane bodies into bloody springs,
And die the ground with slaught'ed christians blood
That for the gayning of an earthly Crowne,
Will toffe a spatious Kingdome vpside downe.

You that deuorce the husbands from their wiues,
By fatall warre, the endlesse foe to peace:
you that denye poore new-borne Babes their liues,
and will not graunt fweet life an howers leafe:
That care not how, or by what meanes you raigne,
So you the golden Crowne and Scepter gaine.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Wicked





VVicked Magistrates.



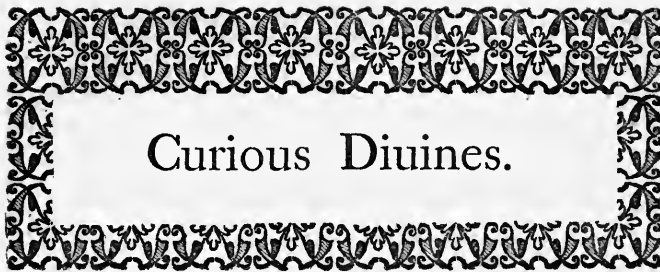
NObles and Iudges, mightie men on Earth,
That carelesse cast the sword of Iustice by:
And let your pleasures surfeit in their myrth,
Not lending poore mens Plaints, eare, hand, nor eye:
Suff'ring the Iust vuiustly be opprest,
When the oppressor liues at ease and rest.

Forgetting God, whom you should represent,
In all the actions of your publique place:
Yeelding the world your hartes, with full consent,
To gather *Mammon*, hoording wealth apace.
You that nere thinke your selues must once appeere
To giue account how you haue Iudged heere:

Ile Stabbe yee.

Curious





Curious Diuines.

D*Iuines*, that are together by the eares,
Puft vp, high-minded, feedes-men of diffention,
Striuing vntill *Christes* feame-lesse garments teares,
Making the Scriptures follow your inuention,
Neglecting that, whereon the foule should feede,
Employde in that, whereof foules haue no neede.

Curious in thinges you neede not stir about,
Such as concerne not matter of faluation:
Giuing offence to them that are without:
Vpon whose weaknes you should haue compassion,
Causing the good to grieue, the bad reioyce;
Yet you with *Martha*, make the worfer choyce.

Ile Stabbe yee.

B

Coue-





Couetous Lawyers.

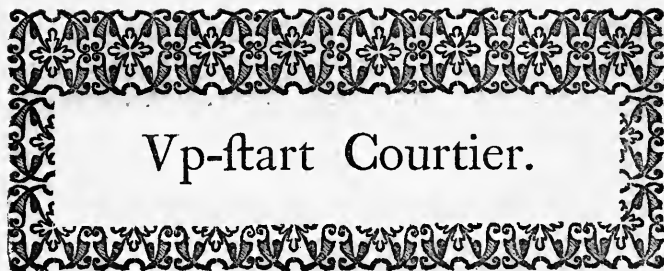
L *Awyers* that wrest the Law to your affection,
To fauour, or disfauour, as you please:
And keepe your Clyants purses in subiection,
Till some doe get *Peirce pennyleffe* diseafe:
Not caring how their cause do stand or fall,
So your felues get golde to rise withall.

That whyle you deale with Angels, serue the Deuill,
Because you banish Conscience out of towne,
Couetoufnesse, you knowe's a damned euill;
And yet you wrap it with you in your Gowne.
You that with if's with and's, demurrs, delayes,
Bring Causes in consumptions and decayes.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Vp-





Vp-ftart Courtier.

*C*ourtier, whose hart with pride, so mighty growes,
thou wilt not to thy Father mooue thy Hat,
because he weares a paire of ruffet Hofe,
Thy Veluet Breeches looke awry at that:
Nay, ere he shall disgrace thee, thou wilt rather
Sweare by the Lord, that he is not thy Father.

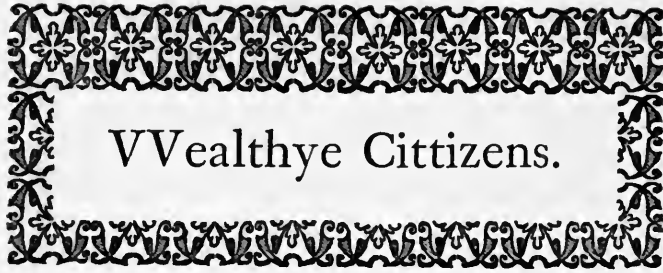
You that deny the stocke from whence you came,
thrusting your selfe into some Gentle kin,
you that will giue your selfe an other name,
Which must not from an old Thatcht-houfe begin.
you that will haue an Armes shall grace you too,
Though your poore Father cobled many a Shoo.

Ile Stabbe yee.

B 2

Wealthie





WVwealthye Cittizens.

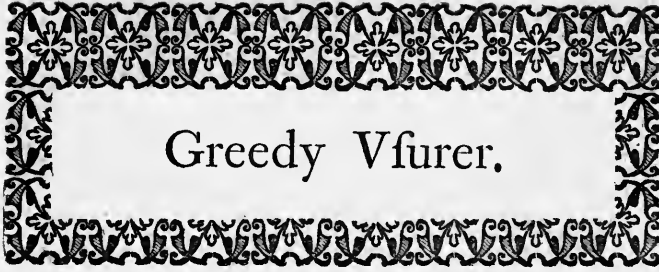
YOU Cittizens that are of *Diues* wealth,
His costly cloathing, and his dainty fare,
Regarding nothing but selfe-ease and health:
How euer *Lazarus* lyes poore and bare:
your Dogges are not so kinde to lick their fores,
But rather ferue to bite them from your dores.

You that do make your Tables Poulters stalles,
Great prouocation to the sinfull flesh:
And though the famish'd, hunger-starued calles
For Iesus sake, with Crummes our wantes refresh:
Your Dishes haue the food for which they cry:
You play with that, for which they pine and die.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Greedy





Greedy Vfurcr.

THou Fur-gown'd slaue, exceeding rich and olde,
Ready to be deuowred of the Graue:
Thou that wilt sell a foule, to purchase Gold,
And gold, still gold, nothing but golde dost craue:
Thou most extreame hard-harted cruell wretch,
Whome Hell gapes for; the Deuill comes to fetch.

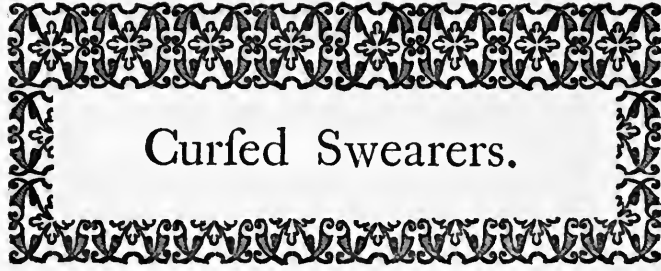
Thou that wilt not forbearc an howers time,
But wilt a forfayture seuerely take:
Thou that by crueltie to wealth dost clyme,
And threatnest Dice of poore mens bones to make,
Hauing that rustie gold vpon thy hand,
For which, there's thousandes perish in the land.

Ile stabbe yee.

B 3

Curfed





Curfed Swearers.

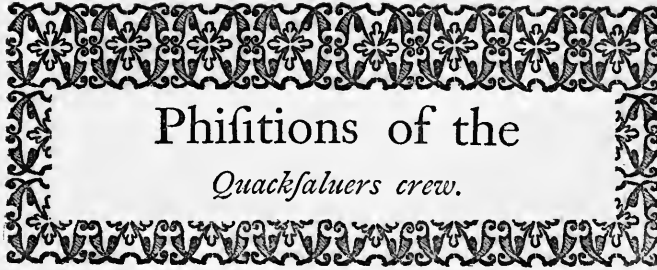
THou that doft take Gods holy name in vaine,
Which is of wondrous feare and reuerence,
Thou that reprou'd, wilt vtter Oathes againe,
To grieue him, that admonifh'd thy offence.
Thou that wilt fay, He that's agreeu'd with fwearing,
May ftop his eares or get him out of hearing.

Thou that wilt fwear a truth, not to be fo,
And fwear that which is falfe, to be moft trew,
Thou that wilt vow moft abfolute to know,
That which thy confcience knowes thou neuer knew.
Thou that wilt fwear, thou car'eft not what thou
because the deuil and thy tongue are neareft. (fwear'eft

He ftabbe yee.

Phifition





Phisitions of the
Quackfaluers crew.

DOctor, or rather Dunce, that purge with Pill,
Vntill that filuer haue a cleane Purgation:
You Artlesse Buffard, that abuse the skill,
Of Learned men, deseruing reputation.
You that had neuer Doctorship in Schooles,
But got your grace from women or from Fooles.

You bafe Quackfaluer in a Common wealth,
That practize Phisicke out of olde wiues tales,
you that can make them sicke which haue their health
And learne by Almanackes, to pare your Nayles.
You that can tell what signe is best affected
To picke ones Teeth, or haue his Beard corrected.

Ile Stabbe yee.

B 4

Gentle-





Gentlemen of

base broode.

G Allant that takes the Altitudes on hie,
and like a Fawk'ners Hawke do hood your wife,
Giuing those golden Angels leaue to flye,
your Father kept clofe prifoners all his life:
you that are Sonne to him that held the Plow,
Transform'd by Gold, into a Gentle now.

You that are Fashions spie, and Humors Ape,
A filken Ass, a very Veluet Clowne:
A perfect Gull, that lets no Fashions scape,
To swagger it in *London*, vp and downe.
you that within a suite of Cyuit dwell,
And Garlike was your Fathers onely smell.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Coun-





Counterfayte

Captaine.

YOU Captine moufe-trap, growne a desperat stabber
You that will put your Poniard in mens guts:
You that laſt Voyage, were no more but ſwabber,
Yet you cracke Blades as men cracke Häfel-nuts,
You that try all your manhood with a Puncke,
And fight moſt brauely when you are moſt drunke:

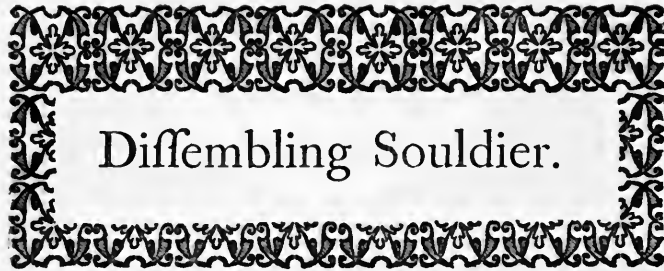
You that proteſt the Feather in your Hat,
came from a Counteſſe Fanne by way of fauour:
Your Rapier, why the great Turke gaue you that
For mightie monſt'rous *Marſhal-like* behaiour.
You that weare Scarfs and Gart'rings for your hoſe,
Made all of Ancients, taken from your foes.

Ile Stab yee.

C

Diffem-





Diffembling Souldier.

YOu Sirha, that vsurpe a *Souldiers* name,
Vaunting your selfe a Thunder-bolt of Warres,
Vowing that every ioynt you haue is lame,
By piercing Bullets, bloody woundes, and scarres:
You that some hundred men at once withstood,
And fought most brauely to the knees in blood.

You that haue slaine more men by breake of day,
Then could haue graues digg'd for them in a weeke,
You that haue made your foes to run away,
Starke naked, when their breeches were to seeke:
You that haue compass'd all the earth's globe round,
Yet neuer trod a step from *English* ground,

Ile Stab yec.

Vnkinde





Vnkinde Parents.

PARENTES, which so vnnaturall are growne,
That for your Children you will not prouide
Becoming so obdurate to your owne,
With hardned heartes you can them not abide,
But to a franger will extend more good,
then to the ofspring of your blood.

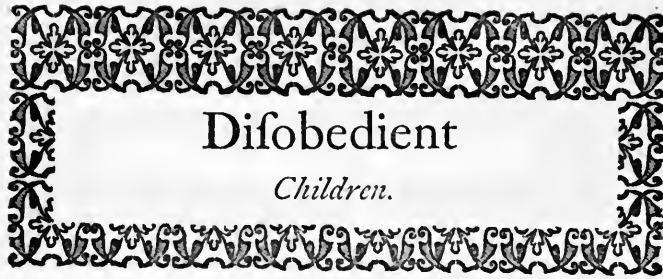
You that in rage and fury, most vnkinde,
Will vtter Curfes where you ought to bleffe:
For which God often yeeldeth to your minde,
and faves Amen, to wished ill fucceffe.
You that from all humanitie haue ceast,
Man-like in shape, in manners but a beaft.

Ile Stabbe yee.

C 2

Dijobe-





Disobedient

Children.

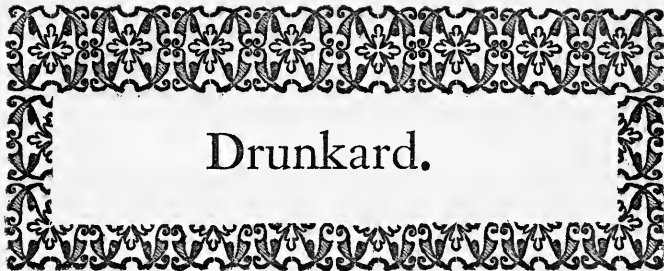
Children that most vndutifull doe liue,
Forgetting what the Law of God commaundes:
You that no reuerence to your parents giue,
But follow that which with your fancie stands,
That onely like the Prodigall, will spend,
But come not home (as he did) to amend.

You that propound your felues vnthriftie wayes,
And will not vnto found aduise consent:
you that doe runne like Follies witles strayes,
Vntill some prifon teach you to repent:
you that liue as you please, do what you list,
and admonition vtterly resist.

Ile Stabbe ycc.

Drun-





Drunkard.

YOU filthy slaues, whom I do often see,
sleeping in Tauerns on the benches drunke:
That will haue full carowfes come to thee,
Till with the liquors lading thou art funke.
Then fill vs Boy one quart of *Charnico*,
To drinke a health to *Dicke* before we goe,

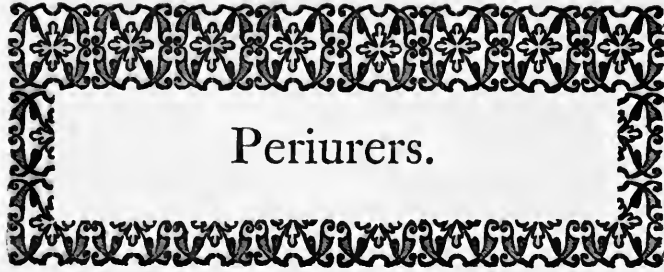
You that will drinke *Reynaldo* vnto death:
The *Dane*, that would carowfe out of his Boote,
and quaffe an hundred *Flemings* out of breath,
Laying as many *French-men* vnder foote:
you that no other course obserue and keepe,
But either drinking, drunke, or els a sleepe.

Ile Stabbe you.

C 3

Periurers





Periurers.

Villaine, that runn'ft the ready way to Hell,
and neuer art at home, till thou com'ft there,
Bafe flauce, that for bafe Bribes thy foule wilt fell,
And any thing wilt vndertake to fweare.
Thou careft not for God, nor mans law feares,
Vntill the Pillorie bite off both thine eares.

Thou that doft make thy tongue a *Serpents* ftिंग,
To wound and hurt the Innocent withall:
Thou that confufion to thy felfe doft bring,
And wilfull wilt into perdition fall:
Thou that art knowne amongft the beft and moft,
and Officer of Hell, Knight of the Poft.

Ile Stabbe yon.

God-





God-lesse Athifts.

THou damned *Athift*, thou incarnate Deuill,
That doest deny his power which did create thee:
a Villaine apt for euery kinde of euill,
And all the eyes in heauen and earth do hate thee.
That mak'ft account when thou shalt breathlesse lie,
Thy foule and bodie like a beaft do die.

That *Pharoa* like dar'ft aske what fellow's God?
Esteeming sacred *Scriptures*, to be vaine:
And that the dead in earth shall make abode,
and neuer rise from out their graues againe:
That fay'ft; eate, drinke, be merrie, take delight:
Swagger out day, and Reuell all the night.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Misera-





Miferable Marchant

MArchant, that doest endeouour all thy daies,
To get commodities for priuate gaine:
Caring no whit by what synifter wayes,
Nor by what hazard, trauell, toyle, or paine:
Neuer respecting other mens hard crosses,
So thou mayst fell deerepen-worths by their losses.

Thou that doest couet all in thine owne hand,
and for another let him sincke or fwim:
Thou that hast blessinges both by Sea and Land,
Giuen by God, yet neuer thankest him:
thou that with carefull nights doest breake thy sleepe;
to gather wealth, which long thou canst not keepe.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Dccit-





Deceitfull Artificers.

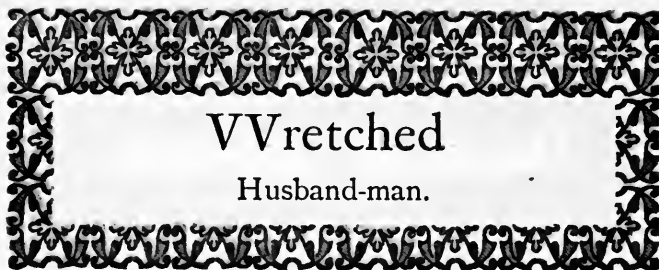
A Rtificers, and Crafts-men of all trades,
That deale by craft in felling and in bying:
You that with falshood often times perfwades
Men to giue credite to vntrueth and lying:
That care not, so your ware content the eye,
Though your owne Father be deceiu'd thereby.

You that protest to vse a man most kind,
And serue him that, shall well be worth his mony,
When he that tryes you, shall be fure to finde
The deedes proue Gall, & words containe the Hony.
You that are out-side goodly protestations,
But all the in-side false difsimulations.

Ile Stabbe yee.

D. *Wretched*





VVretched

Husband-man.

YOU Husband-men that heape & hord vp Corne,
And neuer laugh, but when it waxeth deere:
You whom the poore do wish had nere bin borne,
Because you famish and vndo them heere.
You that an *Almanacke* still beare about,
To search and finde the rainy weather out.

You that at plentie euermore repine,
And hang your selues for grieffe, to see the same.
You that will weepe when as the Sunne doth shine,
And sigh to heare but of faire-weather's name.
You that for nothing but deare yeeres do pray,
To Gentleman your Sonnes, another day.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Swag-





Syvaggring Ruffian.

You Swagg'rer, with your Hat without a band,
Your head beshagg'd with nittie lowfie lockes.
You that vpon *Tabacco* vertue stand,
Your only foueraigne Medicine for the Pockes
You that weare Bootes, and Ginglers at your heeles,
Yet whē you ride, your coatch hath but two wheeles.

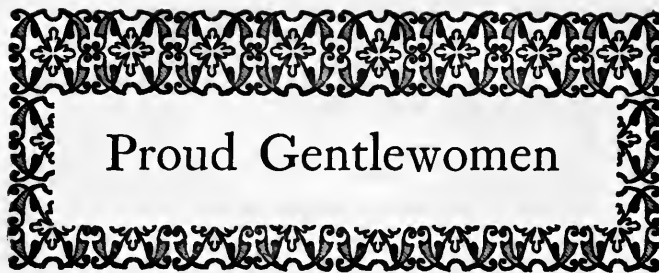
You that will meete one by the high-way fide,
And sweare Gods woundes, Deliuer me thy purse.
You that for Bawdy houses do prouide,
Though many honest true men speed the worfe.
You that will coufen, cheat, robbe, kill, and steale,
Till for your cloathes, Hangman and Broker deale.

. Ile Stabbe yee.

D 2.

Proude





Proud Gentlewomen

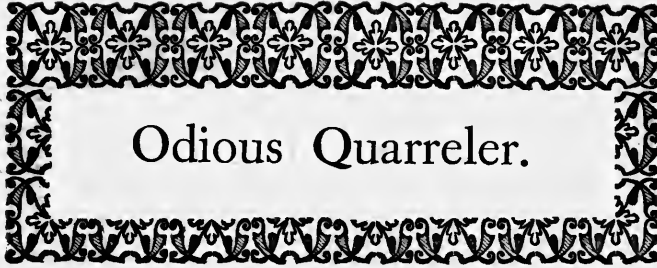
YOU Gentle-puppets of the proudest size,
That are like Horfes, troubled with the Fashions,
Not caring how you do your felues disguise,
In sinfull shameles, Hels abhominations.
You whom the Deuill (Prides father) doth perfwade
To paint your face, & mende the worke God made.

You with the Hood, the Falling-band, and Ruffe,
The Moncky-waft, the breeching like a Beare:
The Perriwig, the Maske, the Fanne, the Muffe,
The Bodkin, and the Buffard in your heare:
You Veluet-cambricke-filken-feather'd toy,
That with your pride, do all the world annoy.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Odious





Odious Quarreler.

YOU Sir, that are so quarrelous by nature,
That you scorne all men, be they what they will:
Tearming each one a cowardly base creature,
That will not sweare and curse, stab, fight, and kill.
You that will challenge any to the feelde,
Vowing while you can stand, neuer to yelde.

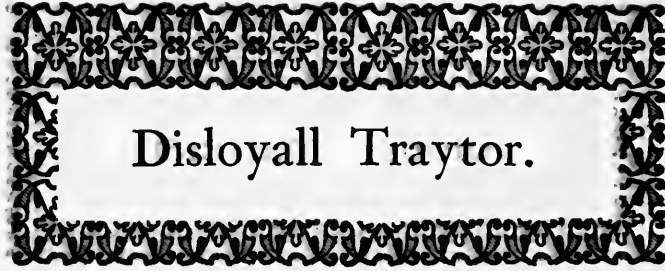
You that without any offence at all,
Will shoulder him you meete vpon the way.
You that (by wounds and blood) will haue the wall,
Eu'en in despight of him that dare say nay.
You that inhumane, brutish, most vncyuill,
Professe your selfe a Champion for the Deuill.

Ile Stabbe you.

D 3.

Disloyall





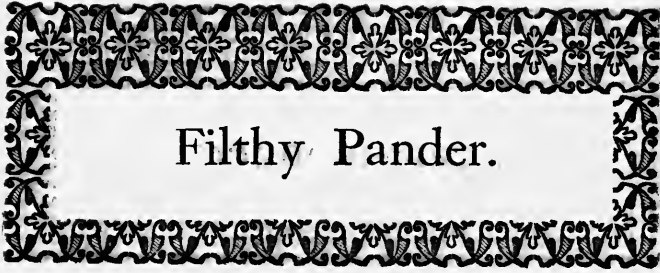
Disloyall Traytor.

FAlse harted Traytor, bred of *Iudas* kinde,
Sent from the Furies, about Helles affayres:
That vnto mischiefe wholly art inclin'd,
And neither for thy foule nor body cares:
Thou that with *Sinon* wishest *Troy* might burne,
To ferue and fit the Deuill, thy Maisters turne.

Thou that doest plot and practife gainst the state,
And Gods Annoynted dar'st with treason touch.
Thou that can't to thy Soueraigne be ingrate,
Whom thou art dearely bound to honour much:
Ile fyle no handes vpon thee; I abhorre thee,
But Ile giue order to the Hangman for-thee.

Filthy





Filthy Pander.

YOU scurvie fellow, in the Brokers suite,
A Sattin Doublet, fac'd with Greace and Ale,
That of the art of Bawdry can't dispute,
To picke a lyuing from a damn'd Whores tayle.
Thou that within thy Table hast set downe,
The names of all the *Squirils* in the towne.

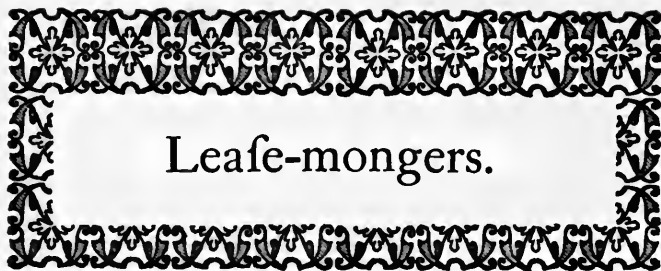
Thou that can't holde a Fanne, and keepe a Dore,
And offer any Constable the stabbe:
Thou that about the strettes can't walke a Whore,
And bring her vnto him that wantes a Drabbe.
Thou that art out-side horned like an Oxe,
Thy in-side all *Tabacco*, and the Poxe.

Ile Stabbe thee.

D 4.

Leafe-





Leafe-mongers.

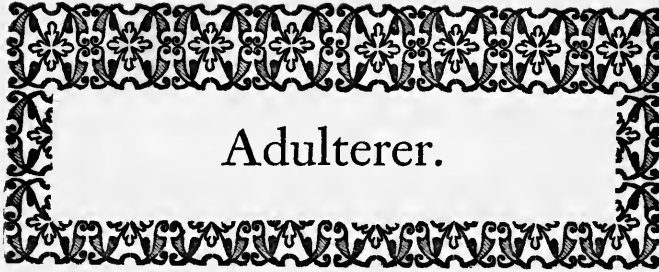
Rent-rayſing rafcals, you that care not how
You do exact vpon the needy wretch,
That liue euen on the poore mans fwearing brow,
And from his painefull toyle, your ryches fetch:
Early and late, his labours all are ſpent,
To pay a churliſh dogged *Naball* rent.

You whom the *Prophet* curſeth with a woe,
Houſe-mongers, that on earth would euer dwell:
Grinding the poore, as their diſtreſſes ſhoe:
And at the price of old Shoes do them ſell.
You that of Earth enough will neuer haue,
Till foule in Hell, and body in the graue.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Adul-





Adulterer.

THou filthy fellow of a beastly life,
Poluted both in body, and in minde:
That breakest wedlocke with thy lawfull wife,
And think'ft all's well, if thou the world canst blinde.
Tut, Death ha's worke enough with other men,
Heele come when th'art an old man; God knowes
(when.

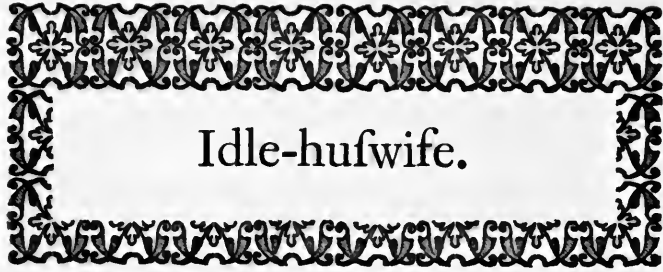
Tell thee of Iudgement, or of Gods displeasure,
Why, thou wilt answere, He hath grace in store:
And for Repentance, thou wilt finde some leasure,
When Age will let thee follow Whores no more.
Thou that wilt serue the Deuill with the best,
And turne God to his leauings, and the rest.

Ile Stabbe thee.

E.

Idle





Idle-hufwife.

FIne, neate, and curious miftris Butter flie,
The Idle-toy to please an Idiots eye
You that wifh all Good-hufwiues hang'd for why,
Your dayes work's done each morning whē you rife
Put on your Gowne, your Ruffe, your Masske, your
Then dine & fup, & go to bed againe. (Chaine)

You that will call your Husband Gull & Clowne,
If he refufe to let you haue your will:
You that will poute and lowere, and fret and frowne
Vnleffe his purfe be lauifh open fill.
You that will haue it, get it how he can,
Or he fhall weare a *Vulcans* brow, poore man.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Prodigall





Prodigall Gallant.

YOu Sir that haue your purse cram'd full of crownes
The liuely picture of the Prodigall: (woundes
That haue your mouth furnish'd with blood and
And come in Whores, Wine, Fidlers: you'le pay all.
You that are like the *Dwarfe* in *Athens*, right,
Who in fīue dayes, spent's Patrimony quite.

You that are churched once in seuen yeere,
But in a Tauerne you could liue and die:
You that haue your Ioy in Belly-cheere,
In Dice, in Dauncing, and in Venerie.
You that for pennance of your passed sinne,
In *Woodstreete*, or the *Poultry*, meane to Inne.

Ile Stabbe thee.

E 2.

Gluttonie





Gluttone.

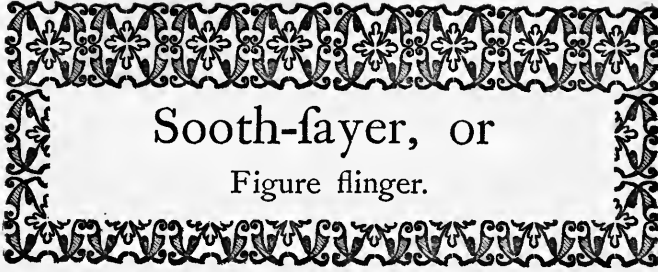
YOu goodman Glutton, belyed like a Butt,
Fac'd like the North-windes-picture in a Map:
Thou with the neuer fatisfied gutt,
VVhose life is eate, and drinke, and take a nap.
Thou that if *Volner* were aliue againe,
VVould'ft eate more at a meale, then he in twaine.

Thou most vnhealthy lothsome rauenus beast,
That tak'ft delight in nothing but exceffe:
And hast a nose to smell out any Feast:
A brazen face to ceaze on euery messe,
That vndertakeft nothing with good-will,
Vnlesse it be thy Pudding-houfe to fill.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Sooth-





Sooth-fayer, or
Figure finger.

YOu Cunning man, or rather co'fning Knaue,
That will tell good-man *Ninney* of his Mare:
Cysley, how many Husbandes she shall haue,
Tom Carter, when the weather will be faire:
My neighbour *Powling*, who hath found his Purfe,
And *Ione* his wife, who did her Chickens curse.

Whether a man shall haue a happy life,
Whether a Louer shall his Loue enioy:
Who shall die first, the husband or the wife?
Whether the childe vnborne, be girle or boy?
You that can fetch home Seruantes runne away,
And finde out any Cattle gone astray.

Ile Stabbe yee.

E 3.

My





My fine Dauncer.

HEigh, w'on turne more, let's see this Galliard out,
I promise you the fellow doth it well:
How nimbly at his trade he turnes about,
At hopping vp and downe he doth excell:
Well, let him daunce it out, and when tis done,
A daunce twixt him and Death must be begun.

You nimble skipiacke, turning on the toe,
As though you had Gun-pouder in your tayle:
You that do leape about and caper foe,
Esteeming our old Country Daunces stale.
You that do liue by shaking of the heele,
By hopping, and by turning like a wheele.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Jeffery





Ieffery Make-shift.

S Hifter, that liues without a lawfull calling,
And onely baseness with your humor fittes,
That cares not in what myschefe you are falling,
But make an occupation of your wittes:
You that haue alwayes cheating Dice in store,
With, *Come sweete Fiue*, I holde yee fixe to foure.

You that can cunningly in Cookes fhops brawle,
And shew your selfe in Chollers mighty heate:
while your Confort steales Viſtuals from the stall,
To finde your poore and needy stomacke meate.
You that for all your diet with your Hoast,
Do fet your hand in Chalke vnto his Poast.

Ile Stabbe you.

E 4.

Spende





Spend-thriftes,
and ill Husbandes.

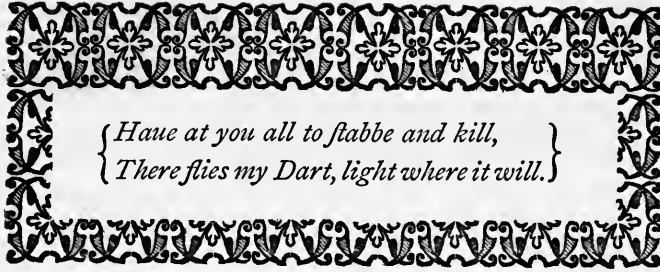
YOU carelesse wretches of the wastfull vaine,
That for your Families will not prouide:
But liue in Idlenesse, and take no paine,
Spending your owne, and other mens beside:
That wife and children vtterly neglect,
And to your seruantes neuer haue respect.

You that do wifh them hang'd, will purchafe landes,
Tearming him that spares Mony, worfe then madde:
You that commit your Stocke to Vitlers handes,
With Tush, a merry Hart outliues a fadde.
You that are a good fellow to your friende,
Druncke from the weekes beginning to the ende.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Haue





HEe that will take no warning, let him chufe,
Few wordes my maisters, I intende to vse:
My deede and word, together alwayes goe,
I loue plaine dealing, you shall finde it so.
The *Stabbe* I promife, and the *Stabbe* Ile pay,
Your Hartes shall haue it, on their dying day.
But thinke that day is very long to come,
And you shall liue more yeeres then other some:
Thinke though your friendes and kindred dayly die,
You shall escape, your turne is nothing nie:
Put my remembrance farre out of your minde,
For wicked men no hope in *Death* can finde:
They thinke vpon me with a cruell feare,
They quake, and tremble, when my name they heare.
I bring but heauie newes, their soules to greeue,
Yet till I come, they will it not beleuee.

F.

Hee





Hee that hath health and ease, with gould stor'd still,
And nere in's life did good, nor neuer will,
Tell him of *Death*, of *Iudgement*, and the *Graue*,
And what reward in *Hell*, the wicked haue;
That very shortly he shall not be heere, (cheere,
That with his flesh the Wormes shall make good-
That other men his hoarded goodes shall share,
That hence he must depart, poore, naked, bare:
That earth's delightes shall be of no esteeme,
That all the world cannot a Soule redeeme:
That *Diuces* begg's for drops, where torments dwell,
That there's no comfort to be had in *Hel*.
That they which haue done good, to *Heau'n* shall go
That they which haue done ill, to endles wo.
His blockish *Sences*, worldes conceites so smother,
It enters one eare, and goes out at tother.
Therefore let him that will hold on his course,
Goe on in euill, and be worfe and worfe:
Tis nothing vnto mee, if heele not mende,
Ile Stabbe him for the Deuill, there's an ende.
Drinke and be merry as good fellowes do,

And





And if you please you may be drunken to.
Caroufe your drunkardes health's from day to day,
Till I, and Sickneffe, take your health away.
Sweare and blaspheme Gods sacred holy name,
And take delight in doing of the fame.
Thunder out Oathes, such as in Hell are bred,
Vntill I teare thy tongue out of thy head.
Bears thy selfe proude as loftie as thou can,
Dispise the poore, disdain an humble man,
Boast of thy store of wealth, thy worldly wit,
Ile turne thy flesh and bones to rot for it.
Mallice thy neighbour, cause thou see'st him thrive,
And for to get away his lyeing, strive.
Vndoe him if thou can'st, and for that sinne,
Ile leaue thee but a Clout to wrap thee in.
Rayse Rentes apace, builde Houses, purchase Landes,
Be alwayes raking with Oppressors handes.
Thinke all is lawfull purchase, thou can'st catch
from thy distressed friendles needy wretch.
Buye thy poore neighbours House ouer his head,
Turne him and's children out to begge their bread.

F 2.

Deale





Deale cruelly with those are in thy debt,
And let them at thy handes no fauour get.
Send them to Prifon; there in all diftreffe,
To tafte the mercie of the mercileffe.
Ile fhackle thee, for ftriving handes or feete
Within a Coffin and a Winding-fheete.
Say to thy felfe, as once the Churle did fay,
(Whofe foule the Deuill fetch'd that night away)
For many yeeres, much goodes thou haft in ftore,
Eate, drinke, be merry; take delight therefore:
Exclude all Pittie, Confcience, and Remorce.
Get Goodes it skills not how, by fraude or force.
Ile come vpon thee, when thou thinkeft leaft,
And thou fhalt die, as thou did'ft liue, a Beaft.
Diffemble cunning, do it with a grace:
Giue all kind wordes before thy neighbours face.
Proteft thy kindneffe he fhall neuer lacke:
Yet hang him (if thou can'ft) behind his backe.
Flatter, and fawne: with falshood pray vpon him:
Bestow the courtecie of *Iudas* on-him:
Of all thy villany I keepe a fcore,

Ere



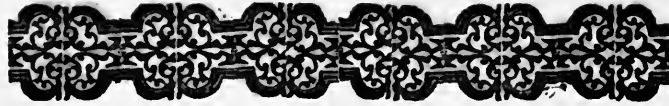


Ere long thou shalt deceiue the world no more.
Be a Time-feruer; liue as others doo:
With some prophane, with some religious too:
Yet howfoeuer thou haft done, or fpoke,
Let thy Religion ferue but as a cloke. (flowes,
Thinke th'art a man from whom much wifedome
If thou can't blinde the eyes of men with flowes.
To get thy felfe Gods curfe, with worldlings prayfe,
Why, t'is a finne most common now adayes.
Looke to it Wretch, as fure as Death; fo fure,
An euerlasting Hell, thou shalt endure.
Striue and contende, reuenge the leaft offence:
Threaten by Law: vrge to extreame expence.
Spende many a pound, in quarrell of a penny,
And be it right or wrong, yeeld not to any.
Let no man haue the ending of thy caufe,
But onely Lawyers; try it by the Lawes.
Ile Stabbe thee foole; there's no Atturneyes fee
Can finde out Law to be reueng'd on mee.
Builde fumtuous Houfes, tytle them thine owne:
Make wrong pay-maifter for the wood and ftone.

F 3.

Let

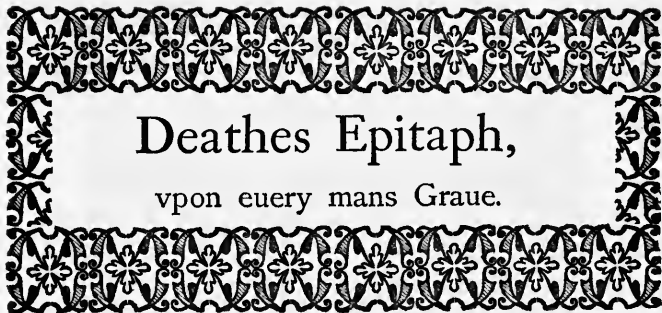




Let thy Wiues pride, be all thy Tennants woe,
Because the Deuill and shee, will haue it so.
Hood-her, and Mask-her; Fanne her with a Feather:
Let Vanitie and Lightnesse, go together.
Vpon the pleasure of thy Hawkes and Houndes
Waste it away most prodigall, by poundes.
Be bountifull in spending on a Whore,
And myserable to relieue the poore.
Feaste every day, as once the *Glutton* did,
And none but Gluttons to thy Banquets bid.
Receiue thy foode, as Beastes do feede on Graffe.
Sit downe like th'Oxe, and rise as doth the Ass,
Steale Gods good giustes, and neuer vse his name,
Vnlesse in swearing, to abuse the same.
Liue as thou list: but for thy time so spent,
By me to Iudgement, hence thou shalt be sent.
And this resolute, howeuer Sinne doth dind-thee,
Eu'en as *Death* leaues thee, so shal *Iudgement* find-thee

FINIS.





Deathes Epitaph,

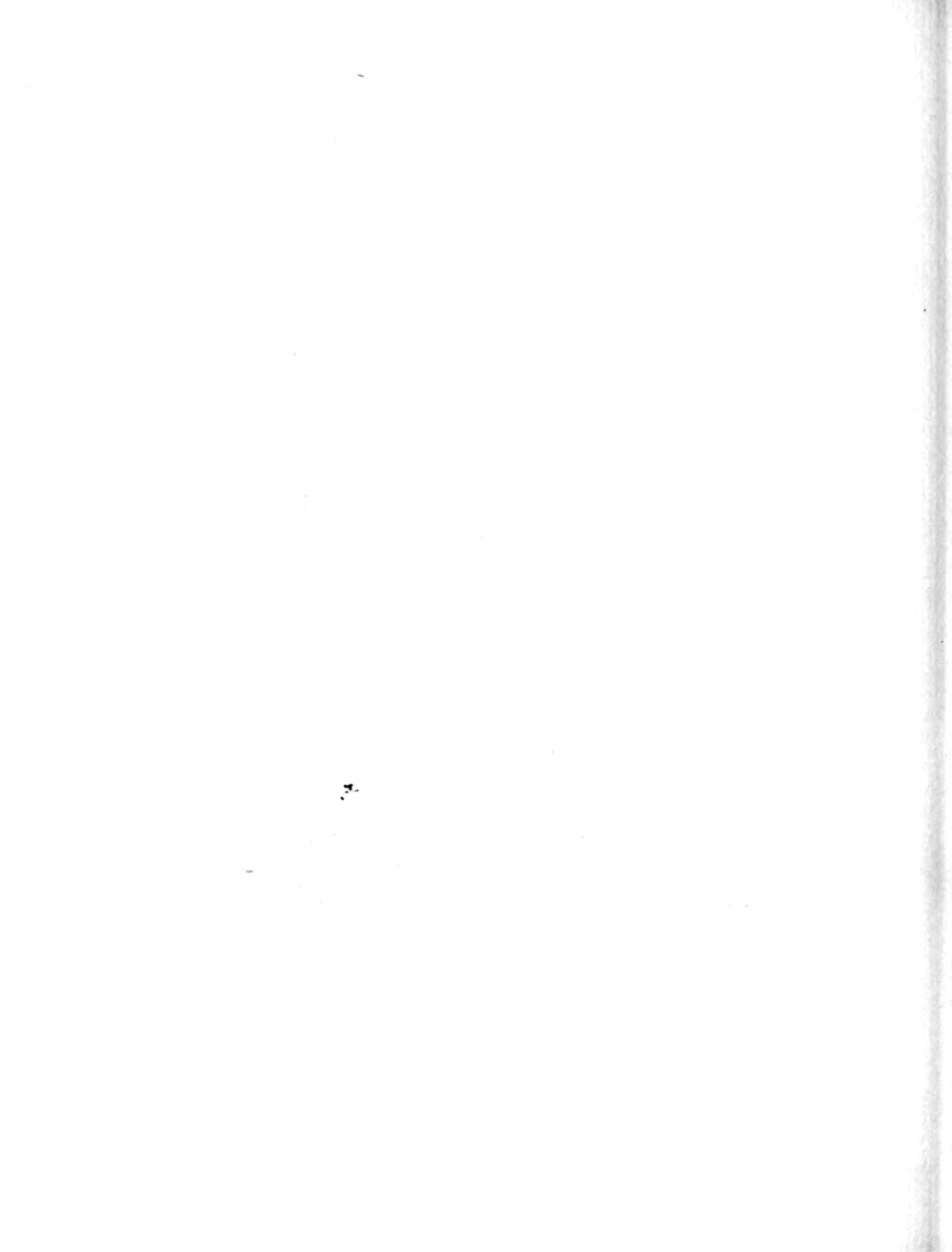
vpon euery mans Graue.

Behold the state of all the Sonne of Men,
That liue to die, and die they know not when:
How Flowerlike they wither and decay;
How soone Deaths Sith doth mow them downe like Hay.
How vaine a thing of all thinges els, is Man,
How short his life is measur'd out a span:
How he is borne with teares, brought vp in paine,
And how with sighes, he leaues the world againe.

FINIS.

S. R.





HELL'S
BROKE
LOOSE.

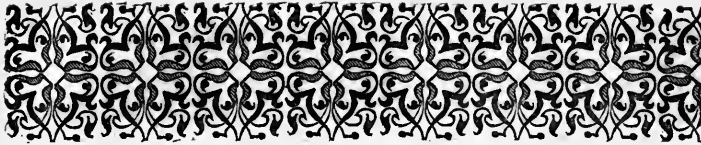


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Allie neare the Exchange.
1605.

An Aduertifement

to the wife and discreete

REader; hee that in discription of a wicked man, doth personate him, is to speake as that wicked man, not besee-
ming a good man; or else he can not aptly deliuer him in his kinde, so odious as hee is: In respect whereof, let not any speach herein be misconstrued, which is onely set downe as spoken by the rebellious Heretiques, the more truely to explaine them as notorious as they were. *Vale.*



TO THE READER.

IN this vn-weeded Garden of the World, hath sprung vp through al ages of the same, most innumerable euen of all sorted kindes, that haue been opposite to Vertue, and pursuers of Vice; Such as haue with great trauell and labour taken paynes to goe to Hell, and runne the broade way path with Hindes fecte, in all poasting speede that the Diuell could employ them. Amongst the rest of this fearefull race runners (of their variable qualities) here is a description of the most notorious Rebels and Heretiques of Europe, certaine Germane Anabaptistes, such as would haue all things common, and all men at free will and libertie to do what they list, without controwle of any Authoritie: euery mans Will Law; and euery ones Dreame Doctrine.

Before the comming of our Sauour Christ; Theudas, and Iudas Galilæus, two seditious fellowes of factious spirit, seduced the Iewes: The first of them saying, that hee was a Prophet sent from God for mans good; and that by his owne powerfull word, hee could deuide the waters of Iordan in as admirable

2.

sort,





To the Reader.

sort, as Ioshua the seruant of the Lord had done. The other, did earnestly promise to enlarge the Iewes from the seruitude and yoke of the Romans: both of them by these meanes, drawing after them great multitudes of people; and both of them conning vnto deserued destruction: For Fatus the Gouvernour of Iury ouertooke Theudas, and sent his head as a monument to Ierusalem: and Iudas likewise perished, and all his following confederates were dispersed.

After our Sauour Christ, in the time of his blessed Apostles, Elimas the Sorcerer mightely withstood the proceeding of Paule & Barnabas, sowing the seed of Heresie in the minde of Sergius Paulus Deputie: but the iudgement of God ouertooke him, and he was stricken with blindness. Not long after him, in the raigne of Adrian the Emperour, arose an other called Bencochab, that professed himselfe to be the Mefsias, & to haue descended from Heauen in the likenes of a Starre, for the safetic & redemption of the people: by which fallacie, he drew after him a world of seditious people; but at last, hee and many of his credulous route were slaine, and was called by the Iewes (in contempt) Bencozba (that is) the Sonne of a lie.

*Manes, of whom the Maniches tooke their name and first originall, forged in his foolish braine a fiction of two Gods,
and*





To the Reader.

and two beginners; and reiecting the old Testament, and the true God, which is reuealed in the same; published a fift Gospell of his owne forgerie, reporting himselfe to be the Holy Ghost: When he had thus with diuulging his diuelish Heresies and Blasphemies infected the world, being pursued by Gods iust iudgement, hee was for other wicked praetises taken, and his skinne pulled ouer his eares aliue.

Montanus that notorious blasphemous wretch, of whom the Montanists tooke their ofspring, denyed Christ our Sauiour to be GOD, saying: Hee was but Man onely, like other men, without any participation of Diuine essence: Hee called himselfe the Comforter, and Holy spirit, which was promised to come into the world; and his two Wiues Priscilla and Maximilla, he named his Prophetesses, and their writings Prophetesies: yet all their cunning could not preuent nor foretell a wretched and desperate end which befell him; for after he had of long time deluded the world, in imitation of Iudas, hee hanged himselfe.

Infinite are the examples that may be collected out of the registers of foregone ages, touching the lamentable euilles, slaughters, blood, and death, that haue ensued from the damnable heriticall Instruments of the Diuell; and how the peo-

A.

ple





To the Reader.

ple (affecting Nouelties, and Innouations) haue concurred from time to time, with the plotters endeuours, Histories are full of their memories. Most Rebellions do pretende Religion for them selues: No Villaine but dare turne a good outside to the eye, though the inside be as bad, as heart can imagine.

These infamous Rebels and Heretiques in Germanie, pretended Religion; they would be Reformers of the Church, and State: new Doctrine of their owne franticke conceites: no Childred should be Baptized: all thinges should be common, & no Magistrate to gouerne, but euery man at his owne libertie to doe what he list; take whatsoeuer he stood in need of, without pay: pluralitie of Wiues: no reconerie of wrongfull detayned Goodes, and such like villanous roguish stufte, that neuer a Theefe in the world would refuse to subscribe vnto it.

This was no sooner taught by Iohn Leyden, alias Yoncker Hans a Dutch Taylor, Tom Mynter a parish Clarke, Knip-perdulling a Smyth, and Crafteing a Ioyner; but it was embraced by thousandes of the Boores, and vulgar illiterate Clownes, who in great companies dayly resorted vnto them forth of all Townes and Villages: A most rude rascall companie that regarded neither Gods feare, nor mans fauour, euen HELLE BROKE LOOSE.

In





To the Reader.

In their outrageous madnes, they attempted much villanie, omitting to put nothing in praetize that stood with their humours lyking; as good Commons Wealths men, as Iacke Straw, Watt Tyler, Tom Myller, Iohn Ball, &c. in the raigne of Richard the 2. and as sound Diuines for Doctrine, as Hackets Disciples; that preached in Cheapefide in a Pease-cart: Yet they found of their owne fraternitie to manage the Diuels affayres; and mustering themselues together, all composed of the scumbe and waste worser-sort could be raken vp, they proceeded so farre, that they tooke the Towne of Munster, and there for a time, domineerd as if they had been Electors apeece to the Emperour; untill being beleagerd by the Duke of Saxon, they were taught to taste how Extremitie did sauour, finding the bitternesse of their rash and gracelesse attemptes, to punish them most seucerely in the end: For when Cattes, Dogges, Rattes and Myce, grew scarce and daintie, (No common dish, but choyce dyet for Iohn Leyden, and the Lordes of his counsaile Knipperdulling the Smyth, Crafteing the Ioyner, and Tom Mynter the Clarke;) They were constrained to frie old greasie Buffe leather Ierkins, and Parchments, Coouers of Bookes, Bootes in Steakes, and Stew-pottes of old Shoes, till in the end being famished as leane as dried

A 2.

Stock-





To the Reader.

Stock-fish, they were subdued: and Leyden (who had tearmed himselfe King of Munster) with his Nobles, made of Smyth, Ioyner, and Parish-Clarke, were according to the iust reward of all Rebels, put to death, with great torture: and being dead, their bodyes were hang'd in Iron Cages vpon the toppe of the high Steeple in Munster called S. Lamberts Steeple, for an example to all of Rebelle race: Their Confederates in great multitudes hauing perished with the Sword and famine, may together with all Traytors witnesse to the world throughout all ensuing ages, how GOD with vengeance rewardees all such State-disturbers, and factious Rebels.





THE GHOST OF IACKE STRAW.

Prologue.

I That did act on *Smythfeildes* bloodie Stage,
In *second Richards* young and tender age:
And there recei'ud from *Walworths* fatall hand,
The stab of *Death*, which life did countermand:
Am made a *Prulogue* to the Tragedie,
Of *LEYDEN*, a Dutch Taylors villanie.
Not that I ere comforted with that flauē,
My rascall rout in *Hollenshed* you haue:
But that in name, and nature wee agree,
An *English* Traytor I, *Dutch* Rebell hee.
In my Confort, I had the Priest *Iohn Ball*;
Mynter the Clarke, vnto his share did fall.
Hee, to haue all things common did intend:
And my Rebellion, was to fuch an end.
Euen in a word, wee both were like apoynted,

A 3.

To





PROLOGVE.

To take the Sword away from Gods Anoynted:
And for examples to the worlds laft day,
Our Traytours names fhall neuer weare away:
The fearefull Path's that hee and I haue trod,
Haue bin accurfed in the fight of God.
Heere in this Register, who ere doth looke,
(Which may be rightly call'd *The bloody Booke*)
Shall fee how bafe and rude thofe Villains bee,
That do attempt like *LEYDEN*; plot like mee.
And how the Diu'll in whose name they begon,
Payes them Hells wages, when their worke is don:
" *Treason* is bloodie; blood thereon attends:
" *Traytors* are bloodie, and haue bloodie ends.

FINIS.





THE ARGVMENT.

From darke Damnaions vault, where Horrors dwell,
Infernall Furies, forth the lake of Hell
Ariu'd on earth, and with their damned euils
Fill'd the whole world full of Incarnat Devils:
For all the finnes that Hells vast gulfe containes,
In euery age, and euery kingdome raignes:
Murder, and Treason, False disloyall plots,
Sedition, Heresie, and roguish knots:
Of trayt'rous Rebels; Some of highest place,
And some of meanest sort, most rascall base:
Of which degree, behold a cursed crue,
Such as Hells-mouth into the World did spue:
IOHN LEYDEN, but a Taylor by his trade,
Of Munster towne a King would needes be made:
A Parrish Clarke, a Ioyner, and a Smyth,
His Nobles were, whom hee tooke counsell with:
To these adioyned thousands, Boores and Clownes,
Out of the Villages, and Germane Townes:
Whereof great losse of blood greeuous enfew'd,
Before that Campe of Hell could be subdew'd.

S. R.







THE LIFE AND DEATH OF IOHN LEYDEN.

When nights blacke mantle ouer th'earth was laide,
And *Cinthias* face all curtaine-drawne with clouds:
When visions do appeare in darksome shade,
And nights sweet rest, dayes care in quiet shrowds;
About the hower of twelue in dead of night,
A mangled Corse appeared to my fight.

Skin torne, Flesh wounded, vgly to behold:
A totterd Body peece-meale pull'd in funder:
Harken (quoth hee) to that which shall be told,
And looke not thus amaz'd with feare and wonder:
Though I am all bestabbed, slash'd, and torne,
I am not *Cæsar*, him, an's ghost I sorne.

Icke bin Hans Leyden; vnderstandst thou Dutch?
IOHN LEYDEN King of Munster, I am hee,
That haue in *Germanie* bin feard as much,
As any *Cæsar* in the world could bee:
From the first houre that I armes did take,
I made the *Germaine* Gallants feare and quake.

B.

By





THE LIFE AND DEATH

By facultie at first, I was a *Taylor*,
But all my minde was Kingly eue'ry thought:
For e'en with *Cerberus*, Hels dogged Iaylor,
A combat hand to hand I durst haue fought:
Then with my trade, what's hee that hath to doo?
Old Father *Adam* was a *Taylor* too:

Hee made him Fig leaue Breeches at his fall,
And of that stufte his Wife a Kirtle wore:
Then let both Needle, Threed, my Sheares and all,
Keepe with the trade; a Noble minde I bore:
And let this Title witnes my renowne,
IOHN LEYDEN Taylor, King of Munster towne.

My Councillers were these, a valiant *Smyth*,
As tall a man as euer strooke a heate,
Call'd *Knipperdulling*; wondrous full of pith:
Crafting the *Toyner*, one of courage great:
Tom Mynter, a madd Rogue, our *Parrish Clarke*,
Whose doctrine wee with diligence did marke.

Hee





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Hee taught on topp of Mole-hill, Bush, and Tree,
The Traytors text in *England*; *Parson Ball*
Affirming wee ought Kings apeece to bee,
And euery thing be common vnto all:
For when old *Adam* delu'd, and *Euah* span,
Where was my filken veluet Gentleman?

Wee *Adams* Sonnes; Hee Monarch of the Earth,
How can wee chuse but be of Royall blood?
Beeing all descended from so high a birth?
Why should not wee share wealth, and worldly good?
Tufh Maifters (quoth *Tom Mynter*) reason binds it,
Hee that lacks Mony, take it where he finds it.

Why, is not euery thing Gods guift, we haue?
Doe Beastes and Cattell buy the Graffe they eate?
Shall that be fould, which *Nature* freely gaue?
Why should a Man pay Mony for his Meate,
Or buy his Drinke, that parboyld Beere and Ale,
The Fyshes broth, which Brewers do retayle?

B 2.

Pray





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Pray who is *Landlord* to the Lyons den?
Or who payes House-rent for the Foxes hole?
Shall Beastes enjoy more priuiledge then Men?
May they feed dayly vpon that is stole,
Eating and drinking freely *Natur's* store,
Yet pay for nought they take, nor goe on score?

Do not the Fowles share fellow like together,
And freely take their foode eu'en where they please,
A whole yeeres dyet costes them not a Fether?
And likewise all the Fyshes in the Seas,
Do they not franckly feed on that they get,
And for their victu'als are in no mans debt?

And shall Man, being Lord of all the rest,
(Vnto whose seruice these were all ordayned)
Of meate, nor drinke, nor clothing, be possfest,
Vnlesse the fame by Mony be obtayned?
Pay House-rent, buy his foode, and all his clothing,
When other Creatures haue good cheare for nothing?

Wee'le





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Wee'le none of that (quoth I, to my comforts.)
No (quoth *Tom Mynter*) frends, it ought not bee:
Come *Libertie*, and *Wealth*, and *Princely sports*:
Why, Kings are made of Clay; and so are wee:
Wee'le ayme our thoughts on high, at Honors marke:
All rowly, powly; Tayler, Smyth, and Clarke.

Wee are the men will make our Valours knowne,
To teach this doting world new reformation:
New Lawes, and new Religion of our owne,
To bring our felues in wondrous admiration:
Let's turne the world cleane vpside downe, (mad flaues)
So to be talk'd of, when w'are in our Graues.

Braue *Knipperdulling*, fet thy Forge on fire.
It shall be done this present night (quoth hee,)
Tom Mynter, leaue *Amen* vnto the Quier.
Quoth *Tom*, I scorne hencefoorth a Clarke to bee,
Cornellis, hang thy wooden Ioyners trade,
For Noble-men apeece you shall be made.

B 3.

And





THE LIFE AND DEATH

And fellow mates; Nobles and Gallants all,
To Maiestie you must your mindes dispose:
My Lord *Hans* Hogg, forfake your Butchers stall.
Hendrick the Botcher, cease from heeling Hofe.
Classe Chaundler, let your Weick and Tallow lye,
And *Pecter* Cobler, cast your old Shooes by.

For you my valiant Lords, are men of witt,
And farre too good for base and seruile trades,
Your Martiall power may be compared fitt,
Vnto the strength of our strong *Germane* Iades:
Who if they had but knowledge to their force,
What whistling Car-man could commaund his Horse?

Your guifts are rare, and singular to finde,
Beeing full of courage, resolute, and wise:
Yet to behold these parts you haue bin blinde.
Oh could you see your Valour with mine eyes,
You would exclame that Ignorance so long,
Hath done so worthy Men, such open wrong.

But





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

But now my Lyon-harted Caualiers,
Let vs march after war-like *Mars* his Drome,
Your Prentiships are out of subiect yeeres;
Now let vs shew the Houses whence wee come:
For wondrous matters there are to be done,
Crownes must be conquerd, Kingdoms must be wonne.

Tom Mynter, goe and preach vnto the Boores
All Libertie, all Freedome, Ease, and Wealth:
And if they will, alow them Queanes and Whores:
Bid them Drinke free, and pledge Good-fellows health:
Say Goods are common, each man to suffize,
The Rich-mans purse, is Poore-mans lawfull prize.

Tell them, they need not stand on honest dealing,
To borrow Mony, and to pay againe:
And those that haue occasion to be stealing,
May take a Purse, if need do so constraîne:
Poore Men must haue it: Gentlemen must liue:
Good-fellowes cannot stay till Mifers giue.

B 4.

Ther's





THE LIFE AND DEATH

There's none of vs (my Maisters) but may want,
Our Purfes may haue emptie stomackes all,
But he shall finde his dyet to be scant,
Whose credit's scord vpon an Ale-house wall,
I owe a debt my felfe onely for Beere,
Amounts to more then I haue earnd this yeere.

And let me come to a bafe Tapsters house,
Where I but owe some twentie doosen of Beere,
The rafcall will not giue me one carowfe,
But tels me ftraight how eu'ery thing is deere:
Tis a hard world, the Brewer muft be pay'd:
Thus on my emptie Purfe the Villaine play'd.

This is his ftate, whose Purfe is lyned thin,
And goes on trust, beholding for his fhout,
With, By your leauc, hee muft come creeping in:
I pray you Brother, let vs haue a Pot,
How does all heere? pray is mine Hoftes well?
Curffe not your debtors: How doeft honeft *Nell*.

This





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

This shaking humor, I do much detest,
Which emptie Purfes do inflict on some:
I can not be beholden, I protest,
Mony must make mee welcome where I come:
If Siluer in my Pockets do not ring,
All's out of tune with mee in eu'ry thing.

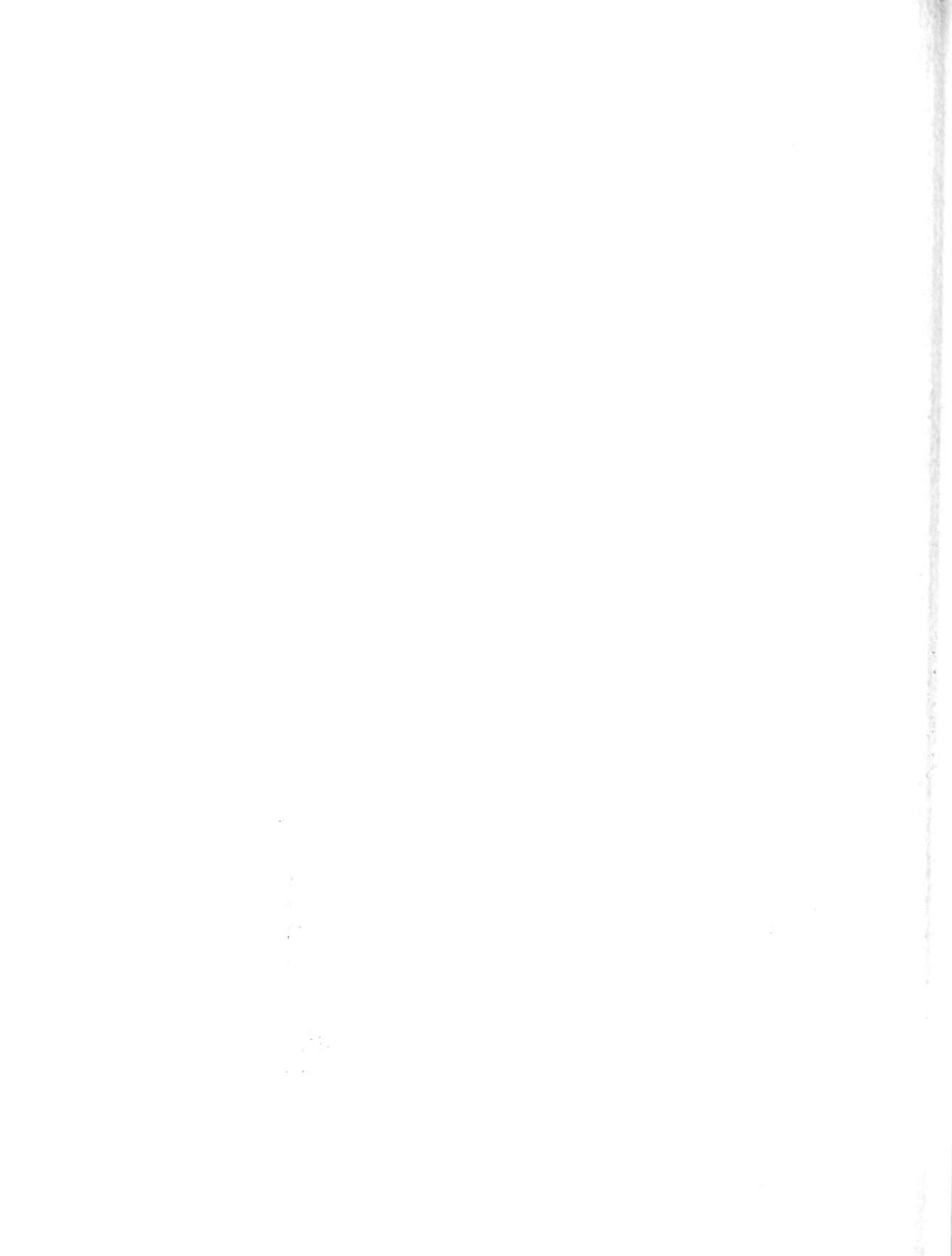
What extreame griefe doth Monyes want procure?
How madd and franticke doth it make the minde?
Againe, how chearefully can Mony cure?
When Phisicke comes in Gold, and Siluer's kinde,
To thinke on this, what's hee, that would not craue it,
And fight himfelfe out of his skin to haue it?

Thus my braue Caualiers, you plainely see,
Vpon what golden ground wee set our foote,
Courage *Dutch* bloods, I say couragious bee,
Wee will haue Wealth, and Libertie to boote:
Let vs goe forward as we haue begone.
And wee'le make bloody sport before ti's done.

C.

Iohn







JOHN LEYDEN, TOM MINTER,
KNIPPERDVLLING, *and their*
confortes; the first inuentors of the
Dreames and Dotages of the
heriticall Anabaptists
in Germanie.

There neuer was so odious a pretence,
Nor any Act so wicked and so vile,
But some would take vpon them a defence
To colour it; the easier to beguile
The simple sort, which haue vnstayed mindes,
Whose hastie Iudgment Errour easly blindes.

So these leawd wretches, sprung from Villain race,
That had all Pietie in detestation:
A Rascall sort, that were eu'en spent of Grace,
Would take on them *Religions* reformation:
And in the fore-front of their villanie,
Tom Mynter vtters new fond Herezie.

C 2.

Deare





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Deare Friends (quoth he) that wee may haue succeffe,
In this our honorable enterprife:
Which you shall see the very heau'ens will bleffe,
If from a Christian zeale it do arife,
Let's mende the Church in matters arc amiffe,
Especially in one thing; which is this,

Christ gaue commifsion to the twelue, saying: *Goe
Into all Nations; Preach, and there Baptize.*
So that you see the very wordes doe showe,
And from the substaunce of them doth arife,
Wee first must be of yeeres to vnderstand,
Before wee take that *Sacrament* in hand.

Therefore wee'le haue no Babes to be Baptized,
Vntill thy come to yeeres of ripe discretion,
That of the *Fayth* they may be first aduised
And yeeld the world accompt of their profesion:
For you may see, vnlesse your sight be blinde,
Beliefe is first, and *Baptisme* comes behinde.

And





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

And yet (my Maiftars) you may dayly fee,
In any Country where fo ere you come,
Such ftore of little Children chriftned bee:
T'is infinite for one to count the fumme:
But let vs take another courfe, I pray;
Thofe forward Sucklings fhall hereafter ftay.

What fay you to it? are you all agree'd,
That this fame doctrine fhall be our chiefe ground?
It fhall (fayd *Leyden*) and I haue decreed,
That it be helde for holfome, good, and found:
And for example I haue thought it beft,
To be new Chriftned heere, before the ref.

Let's haue a Bafon, and fome Water ftaight,
With all the prefent fpeed it may be brought:
For I perceiue this matter is of waight,
My Chrif't'ning when I was a Child, is nought:
Surely I thinke I am no Christian yet,
A Booke good honeft *Mynter* quickly get.

C 3.

Well





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Well fayd, ar't readie? Shall wee need God-father?
Yes: take you *Harman Cromme*, or any other:
I haue a minde to *Knipperdulling* rather:
And *Tannckin* may serue to be God-mother,
Or *Knipperdulling* ioyn'd with Harmon Cromme:
Let it be fo: some water; quickly come.

Thus on they goe, with errours foule defil'd,
In rude prophaning Holy ordinaunce:
And *Mynter* asketh, Who doth name the Child?
Call him (quoth *Knipperdulling*) *Yoncker Hans*,
His noble minde, and nature do agree,
And therefore hee a *Yoncker Hans* shall be.

Now (quoth *Tom Mynter*) let mee make a motion,
To which I do befeech you all incline:
Let euery man that's heere, with one deuotion,
Come follow mee to drinke some Rennish wine;
Our inward loue, let outward deedes reuale it,
And to the Tauerne let vs goe and scale it.

The





*The Rebels dayly increasing in great multitudes of the
rude Boores, and illiterate Clownes, propounded vnto
themselues diuers monstrous absurdities, confir-
med by their Captaines Yoncker, Hans, and
Knipperdulling: which by them are
Intituled Twelue Articles of
Christian Libertie.*

What is it from the *Cocatrice* doth passe,
But such a natur'd *Serpent* as him selfe?
What sees an Ape within a Looking-glasse,
But a deformed, and ill fauour'd elfe?
What Good fruite commeth from an euill tree?
Or how should Villains ought but Villains bee?

Like desper'at mad-men, voyde of Reasons vse,
They run to any outrage can be thought:
And Libertie is made the Rebels scufe,
Which now by Dreames and Fancies so hath wrought,
That *Yoncker Hans* vnto his rable rout,
Twelue Articles of Libertie giues out.

And





THE LIFE AND DEATH

And first sets downe: They need not stand in feare
Of Magistrate or Ruler, for offence:
But they themselues might causes freely heare,
And so end matters; sauing much expence
Of Coyne in Fees, which vnto Lawyers fall:
For wee'le (quoth *Yonker Hans*) be Lawyers all.

If that a wrong to any man be done,
Let him repaire to mee, and my two Lords,
Wee'le end the strife so soone as ti's begone:
For halfe a doozen of Beere, in quiet words,
And make them drinke together, and be friends,
Shake hands, and like good fellowes make amends.

Next, if a man's disposed for to ride,
And hath no Horse, nor doth intend to hire,
Hee may take one vpon the high-way side,
To serue, as his occasion doth require,
All-wayes prouided, when his Iournye's don,
Hee is to turne him loofe, and let him run.

Also,





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Also, if any Woman chauce to marrie,
And that her Husband prooue not to her minde,
Shee shall be at her choyce with him to tarrie,
Or take an other whom she knowes more kinde:
Wee thinke it meete no Woman should be bound,
To him in whom no kindnes can be found.

For if shee match for Wit, and hee turne Clowne,
Or any way her bargaine prooueth ill,
Shee may stay with him till her wedding Gowne
Be worne, and then be at her owne free-will,
To take another, and exchange the Lout:
This Law of our's, shall serue to beare her out.

Yea, further (which should haue bin sayd before)
That man which hath not Wife enough of one,
Why, let him (if he please) take halfe a score:
Wee'le be his warrant, for to builde vpon:
Wee in our wifedomes do alow it fo,
For good found reafons that wee haue to show.

D.

For





THE LIFE AND DEATH

For fay, you meete with fuch, as most men do,
Of this fame proud, and idle hufwife brood,
Shrewifh, and toyifh; foolifh, queanifh to:
Full of bad faults, and nere an inch that's good:
What fhould men do with fuch vngratious wiucs?
Turne them to graffe, and fo liue quiet liues.

Befides, Tenants fhall need to pay no rent,
The Earth's the Lord's, and all that is therein:
Land-lords may hang them-felues with one confent;
And if they pleafe, next Quarter day begin:
Wee will not be indebted vnto any,
But be Free-holders, paying not a penny.

All Bonds and Bils, fhall be of no effect:
And hee that will not pay his Debt, may chufe:
This Hand, and Seale, no man fhall need refpect:
Day of the month; and toyes that Scriueners vse:
Sheepe-skins, and Waxe, fhall now no more preuayle,
To bring a man into the dolefull Iayle.

All





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

All Prisons shall be presently pul'd downe,
For wee will haue good Fellowes walke at large:
A paire of Stocks shall not appeare in Towne:
This in our names, wee very fraightly charge:
What reason is it when the hands haue stole,
To put the Legs into a wodden hole?

No man shall need obey any Arest,
Let th' action be what t'will, trespassse or debt:
All Surety-ship, shall be an idle iest:
No Creditor thereby shall vantage get:
All Beasts and Cattell, Oxen, Sheepe, and Kine,
Shall be his that will haue them: yours, and mine.

All Forrests, Parks, and Chafes, shall be free
For each man that delighteth in the game:
Orchards and Gardens likewise common bee:
All Fruites and Hearbs, let him that will come clayme:
And euery thing that any man shall need,
According to his will, let him proceed.

D 2.

Who





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Who will not draw his weapon in this cause,
And fight it out, as long as he can stand?
Which of you all will difalow these Lawes,
And will deny our Articles his hand?
Then all cry'd out, This Doctrine wee'le defende,
And liues a peece about it wee will spende.

Our Will's our Law; our Swordes the fame shall pen,
What wee decree, let's see who dare resist?
Wee care not for the Lawes of other men,
But will without controule do what wee list:
Wee are growne strong; and wee are very wise,
My honest Gentlemen, let this suffice.

With courage now let vs our felues addresse,
Attempting on the fodaine *Munster* Towne:
Let euery one be in a readines,
Kind Fortune smyles: regard not who doth frowne:
At euery Church wee'le hang a Tauerne signe,
And wash our Horses feete in Rennish-wine.

The





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

*The Rebels in a furious resolution, enter the Towne of
Munster: where with insolent proude audacious
Spirits, they inflict most iniurious wronges
vpon the inhabitants, taking greatest
glorie in acting villanie.*

W^Ith desp'rat Resolution, mad-braine heat,
Munster they enter like to sauage Beares:
The Cittizens no fauour could entreat,
For all their goods are common, *Leyden* sweares
Catch that catch may; hee bids his Souldiers share,
Deuide the spoyle, and take no further care.

Freely supply your wants, who euer lacks:
Chearely my harts; eate, drinke, and domineere,
Ryfell the rich and wealthy Marchants packes:
Make all things cheape that heeretofore were deere:
And where you finde an Vfurer, be bold
To cut his throat, and take away his gold.

D 3.

Adorne





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Adorne your felues in princely braue attire,
Put downe with State the Emperours of *Roome*:
And giue the foolish world cause to admire,
And fay, wee passe, each base and common Groome:
Though some of you (my Lords) came from the Plow,
Wee'le make them stoope, that haue disdaind to bow.

Haue you not heard that *Scythian Tamberlaine*
VVas earst a Sheepheard ere he play'd the King?
Ffirst ouer Cattell hee began his raigne,
Then Countries in subiection hee did bring:
And Fortunes fauours so mayntain'd his side,
Kings were his Coach-horfe, when he pleas'd to ride.

Do you not see our valorous successe,
How casily wee haue attayn'd this Towne?
VVhat thinke you then in time wee shall possesse,
VVhen Greatnes comes to backe vs with renowne?
VVhy sure I thinke our shares will so increase,
That wee shall let out Kingdomes by the lease.

Fill





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Fill Bowles of VVine, and let vs drinke a health:
Carowfe in Glaffes that are fwe foote deepe:
You worthy members of the Common-wealth,
Munfter is ours, and *Munfter* wee will keepe:
Boone-fier the streets; fet Bells a worke to ring
For ioy a Taylour is become a King.

Bring foorth all Pris'ners presently to mee,
And let the Magistrates fupply their place;
Prifons for true-men now fhall only bee:
Braue Theeues, with many fauours wee will grace,
Such men as they, with courage do proceed,
And of their feruice wee fhall ftand in need.

For Theeues (you know) of feare make no account,
They'le hazard hanging, for a little gaine:
And though vnto the Gallowes top they mount,
Both Halter and the Hang-man they difdaine,
How many die at Tyburne in a yeere?
VVould make vs gallant Souldiers, were they heere.

D 4.

Ile





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Ile tell yee Maisters, I haue knowne men die,
That haue out-brau'd the Hang-man to his face:
Such as would giue an *Emperour* the lie,
And valiant take a Purse in any place,
Bid a man stand vpon the hige-way side,
When he hath had exceeding haste to ride.

As full of courage as their skins could hold,
Spending as franckly as they freely got:
Scowring the rust from Siluer and from Gold,
That Misers hoorded vp and vsed not:
As honest men as wee, in all their dealing,
And yet are hang'd for nothing but for stealing.

Example to you of a friend Ile make,
And I beseech you all, to note the thing:
Who being to be married, went and spake
Vnto a Goldsmith for a wedding Ring,
And comming for it when he should be wed,
The dores were shut, and e'ry one abed:

Hee





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Hee had no reason stand and knocke all day,
But brake the windowes open, in a iest,
Taking all Rings he found, with him away,
To chuse his owne the better, from the rest:
Meaning to put the Gold-smith but in feare,
In making him suppose some Theefe were there.

Well, this poore fellow hee was apprehended,
Brought to the Barr, and as a Fellow try'd,
And yet you see hee iestingly offended,
Hauing good reason for it on his fyde:
But all his protestations were in vaine,
For he was hang'd in earnest for his paine.

Another honest fellow as hee went,
Did draw a Halter after him along,
Thinking no hurt, nor hauing an intent
To offer any kind of creature wrong:
One comes behind him was the Hang-mans friend,
And tyde a Horfe vnto the Halters end.

E.

The





THE LIFE AND DEATH

The owner met him leading of his beast,
And charged him with felony (poore man)
Although in this same matter he knew least,
There is no remedie, say what he can
To prison, hang him for an arrant thiefe.
How say my maisters is not this a grieffe?

But wee'le take order for such matters now,
For theeues and Gentlemen shall be all one,
To take a purse, or horse, we will allow,
And let him boldly do it that hath none:
Take any thing that any man shall lacke,
To fill the belly and to cloth the backe.

If any finde himselfe herewith agreed,
Let him be whipt and banisht forth the towne,
With rich mens goods we meane to haue releued
The very poorest meane and basest clowne,
Weele haue it so my Lords, it shall be thus,
Lets see who dare but stand on tearmes with vs.

Tom





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Tom Mynter, prethe search the towne with speed,
Chuse out the fayrest of the female kinde,
Some lustie wenches of the Germane breede,
For to the flesh I feel my selfe inclinde:
Some halfe a dosen wiues for me prouide,
And stocke me with some Concubines beside.

Go to the Goldsmithes in my princely name,
Will and commaund them presently forthwith
They send such chaynes and Iewels as I clayme
By *Knipperdullings* mouth, my Lord the Smith,
Without demanding any thing therefore,
I neither meane to pay, nor go on score.

Let others to the Mercers shops repayre,
And tell them we do filke and veluet lacke,
Our seame-rent Souldiers are exceeding bare,
Scant any tatters hanging on their backe.
Rich Taffata and Veluet of three pile,
Must serue our vse to swagger in a while.

E 2.

Com-





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Commaund the Marchants to supply our Court
With all abundance of the choysest Wine:
Vnto the Butchers likewise make resort,
Bid them prouid vs Oxen, Sheepe, and Swine:
Charge Brewers to present vs with their trade,
And that their Beere be somewhat stronger made.

The Baker in his office to appeere,
His Mealy-worship wee do greatly want:
And store of Cookes let vs haue likewise heere,
To dresse our dishes, that they be not scant:
All things in plentie, and abundant store,
Bee merry, eate, and drinke, and call for more.

This for a Refolution wee set downe,
And do ordaine that it continue still:
All is our owne that is within the Towne,
And wee are men that haue the world at will:
Fill Bowles of Wine, carowfe a High-Dutch round,
For Cares lye conquerd, and our Ioyes are croun'd.

Munster





*Munster being besieged by the Duke of Saxonie, the Rebels
indure great myserie, and extremitie by famishment; but
constrained in the end to yeelde: their principall
Captaines Leyden, Knipperdulling, and Myn-
ter, are tortur'd and put to death, for exam-
ple to all of Rebellious damned disposi-
tion, ending as desperate, as their
liues were diuelish.*

A *Mbitious* wheele, which Traytors do aspire,
Hath brought the Rebels to their altitude:
And now declining, downe-ward they retire,
By iust Reuenge a downe-fall to conclude,
From top of Treason, thus they turne about:
For now behold, their curfed date run out.

The Martiall *Duke* layd feige vnto them now,
Preuenting them of needfull wants supply,
With Hungers sharpest sword, to make them bow:
No expectation but resolute to dye,
Their length of life was measur'd by their store,
Which could not be enlarg'd a crum the more.

E 3.

Yet





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Yet most extreame hard cruell shift they made,
Holding the towne besieg'd aboue a yeere,
In which sharpe time their paunches were betraide
Of all their former feastes and belly cheere,
For each man's stomack deem'd his throat was cut,
There was such emptinesse in cry gut.

When wholesome foode was all consumde and gone,
After a hard allowance they had past,
Horfes and Dogges they lickt their lips vpon,
Then Rats and Mife grew daintie meate at last,
Olde shooes they boyld, which made good broth beside,
Buffe-lether Ierkins cut in Steakes they fride.

Not an olde payre of Bootes did walke the streete,
Their bellies could not spare their legs the lether,
But stew'd they were, and hunger made them sweete,
For with that fauce they shar'd alike together.
Cours of Bookes were in like maner drest,
And happie he was such a dishes ghest.

The





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

The Chaundlers crawling tallow vt'tred well,
It feru'd *Hans Leyden* and his Lords owne table,
There was no fault found with the taste nor smell,
Their onely grieffe was this, they were not able
To maintaine that good cheere, which grew so scant,
Of filthie kitchin stufte they found great want.

When they had eaten vp the Chaundlers trade,
As likewise all the ware Shoomakers had,
The Scriueners shops for parchment they inuade,
And seize vpon it euen hunger mad,
Cancellling with their teeth both bond and bill,
Looke after debts and pay them he that will.

In these extreames (quoth *Leyden* to the rest)
What shall we doe in this accurfed case?
Aduise me now *Tom Mynter* what were best,
What's to be done in this fame hungry place?
Speake *Knipperdulling* lets haue thy aduice,
There's no prouision left of Rats and Mice.

Why





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Why, fire the Towne, as late I did my Forge,
(Quoth *Knipperdulling*) I do thinke it meete,
Leaft *Saxon* imitate English *Saint George*,
And trample vs like Dragons vnder feete:
Like *Troy*, let flame and smoake ascend the skyes,
Wee burne like *Phenix*, that in fier dyes.

Or let vs on a fodaine issue out,
And rush vpon those rascals keepe vs in:
Most desperat in that wee go about,
As not respecting if wee lose or win:
Be as it will, wee haue but liues to spend,
A puffe of breath, and therewithall an end.

In this estate despayring of their liues,
John Leyden plots in his fantastique hed,
To fend out of the Towne one of his Wiues
Vnto the *Duke*, to tell him shee is fled
From those accursed Rebels, to his grace,
To signifie the Citties weakeft place.

Thou





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

Thou mustt (quoth hee) play *Iudiths* part for all,
And free vs from this fame *Afsirian* host:
Bring *Holofernes* head vnto the wall,
That thus against *Bethulia* doth bofst:
I had a Vision did appeare to mee,
Which signified thou should'ft our *Iudith* bee.

And by thy meanes deliuerance procure,
Sauing our liues, to thy immortall prayse:
Then holy woman, put this worke in vre,
Thou seest we die, if wee indure delays:
Thou hast rare beautie, on with rich attire,
And good successe incline to thy desire.

This filly Woman casily deluded,
Prepares her selfe vnto the enterprife:
Departs the Towne as *Leyden* had concluded,
Vnto the *Duke*, attyred in disguise,
As if shee had by secret made escape,
Taking on her an Hipocrites true shape.

F.

Deliuers





THE LIFE AND DEATH

Deliuers all the cunning she was taught,
To gaine her credit, and to free suspect.
The *Duke* misdoubts her practize to be nought,
And by examination findes direct
The plot, and all the drift why shee was sent,
And thus to worke with this false *Judith* went.

A Scaffold was erected in the fight
Of all the Rebels, that they might perceiue
Their Gentlewoman playd not *Judith* right:
Because her head behind her she did leaue:
" For Treason neuer is so well contriu'd,
" But still the plotter is the shortest liu'd.

Then did the *Duke* assault them very strong,
Who being weake, vnable to resist,
Tir'd out with Famine they endured long,
And did subdue them euen as he list:
Such leane *Anotamies* they seemed all,
Like those dry bones in the Chirurgeons hall.

And





OF IOHN LEYDEN.

And heere ends *LEYDENS* kingdome and his raigne,
His counterfayted tittle's out of date,
Hee is *Iohn Leyden* Taylor now againe:
And those that were his Noble-men of late,
Are eu'en restored to their first degree,
Smyth, Clarke, and Ioyner, arrant Knaues all three.

To their deserued deaths they are appoynted,
For all their villanies, and extreame wrongs:
Drawne through the Cittie streets, and then disioynted,
Their flesh torne from the bones with fiery tongs:
And as their liues did to all mischeife tend,
So did the desp'rat vnrepentant end.

Being dead, there were three Iron Cages made
For strength and substaunce to endure and last,
And into them their bodyes were conueyd,
And on the Citties highest Steeple plaft,
Leyden hung highest, to expresse his pride,
Mynter, and *Knipperdulling*, on each side.

F 2.

The





THE LIFE AND DEATH

The like reward, be like offenders due.
Let Traytors ends be violent, and euill:
And as these past, so all that shall ensue,
Let them receiue their wages from the Deuill:
Hee sets a worke, and stirres them to aspire,
And is to pay them vengeaunce for their hire.

FINIS.



A
Terrible Battell be-
tweene the two confumers
of the whole World:
T I M E, and D E A T H.

By Samuell Rowlands.



Printed at London for Iohn Deane, and are to be sold at his
shop at Temple barre vnder



To the wife and well accomplisht
Gent: M. George Gaywood,
health and happinesse.



I R, the great and good report which my beloued friend (the bearer hercof) hath giuen of you, hath made me more then halfe in loue with you, which makes me thinke in some sort (as the rude and rusticke phrase is) to scratch acquaintance of you. But sir belecue it to be thus, for you shall finde it so, that this is not done of purpose to draw from you any bounty or rewarde to me, for my Penne neuer was, nor neuer shalbe, (God saying Amen,) Mercinarie: but to let you know that the bringer hereof, who doth acknowledge himselfe to be more indebted to you then his poore estate or deiectioned life can make satisfaction for) hath some friends, that will in some measure giue you thankes for the more then fatherly kindnesse you haue shewed to him. This vnspeakable loue and kindnesse of yours extended to him, hath made me to dedicate this sillie work vnto you, which by the generall report of your worthinesse, I thinke vnto worthie your acceptance. But if it please you to call back againe some of the loue which you haue heretofore borne him, and withall to consider that this is sent to you, but as a gratulation from me for him, then I make no doubt but you will accept it for his sake, if not, yet still I will rest your friende and Wel-willer, made so by my friends report.

.S .R



*A bloody Battell betwixt
Time and Death.*



Read potent Monster, mighty frō thy birth, *Time.*
Gyant of strength, against al mortal power,
Gods great *Earle Marshall* ouer al the earth:
Taking account of each mans dying houre,
Landlord of Graues, and Toombs of Marble stoncs,
Lord Treasurer of rotten dead-mens bones.

Victorious confort, Slaughtering Cauallier,
Mated with me, to combat all aliue,
Know worthy Champion, I haue met thee here,
Only to vnderstand how matters thriue:
As our affayres alike in nature be,
So let vs loue, conferre, and kind agree.

A 3

Great

A bloody Battell

Great Regefter of all things vnder Sunne,
Gods speedy poaft, that euer runs and flyes,
Ender of all that euer was begun,
That haft the Mappe of life before thine eyes:
And of all Creatures fince the worlds creation,
Haft feene the finall dufty confumation.

Death. Let me entreat thee pardon me a while,
Because my bufineffe now is very great,
I muft go trauayle many a thoufand mile,
To looke with care that Wormes do lacke no meat:
Theres many crawling feeders I maintaine,
I may not let thofe *Cannibals* complaine.

I muft fend murtherers with fpeed to Hell,
That there with horror they may make abode,
I muft fhew Atheifts where the Deuils dwell,
To let them feele there is a powerfull God:
I muft invyte the Glutton and the Lyer,
Vnto a banquet made of flambes of fire.

I

betweene Time and Death.

I muſt bring PRIDE where Faſhions are inuented,
[You ydle headed Women, quake and feare]
Your toyiſh fooleries will be preuented,
A fhute of crawling Serpents you ſhall weare:
You that endeour onely to go braue,
What Hel affords, you ſhal be ſure to haue.

I haue the ſwagring Ruffian to diſpatch,
That moth and canker of the common wealth,
The graceles Theefe, that on the pray doth watch,
The dronkard a carrowing of his health:
And of all finners ſuch a damned rowt,
As full of worke as *Death* can ſtir about.

This lawfull buf'nes I do well allow,
But in my abſence how wilt thou proceede?
I muſt be preſent too as well as thou,
Before *Time* come thou canſt not doe the deed:
My Sythe cuts downe; vpon thy dart they die,
Thou haſt an houre glaſſe, and ſo haue I.

Time.

B

Looke

A bloody Battell

Looke my kinde *Death*, here is some fand to run,
[What do I bid thee look that haft no eies]
Let's suffer their laft minute to be don,
Some man repents the instant when he dies:
As one example I remember chiefe,
Of him that died a Saint, and liu'd a Theefe.

Death Thou speak'ft it true, that penitent indeede
Had neuer happy houre till his laft,
But of like fecond finner who can read?
From fuch a hellifh life to heauen paff,
But one, to keepe pore finners from difpaire,
And from prefumption, one, and he moft rare.

Thou knowft all flefh that is of woman borne,
Corruptly vnto fin giues full confent,
Seruing the Diuell with the fineft corne,
Their pleafure, youth, and ftrengh, on him is fpent:
And when the night of age brings painfull grones,
Then in Gods difh they caft their rotten bones.

Who

betweene Time and Death.

Who would not censure him a foolish man,
To loyter out the spring and sommer tide?
And when another reapes, make feede time than
Expecting what the season had deni'de,
Yet such bad husbands hell affourds good-cheap.
Will vndertake to sow, when others reape.

Some make my picture a most common thing,
As if I were continual in their thought,
A *Deaths hed* seale vpon a great gold ring,
And round about *Memento Mori* wrought:
Which memory with gold cannot agree,
For he that hates the fame best thinks on me.

I onely am a welcome frend to such
As know by me they enter vnto rest,
And that no second death their soules can touch,
The peace of conscience harbors in their brest,
And with the diuell, flesh and world, still striue,
Vntill at *Canaan* they doe ariue.

B 2

But

A bloody Battell

But *Time* for tother thou shalt witnesse be,
How most vnwilling those same wretches die,
Their ends thou daily doest behold and see,
And can't enforme the world I do not lie,
With horror, griefe, and anguish discontented,
In foule, and body, furiously tormented.

Time Surely they are, their states cannot be told,
We apprehend but outward things in sight,
Most fearefull are those obiects to behold,
That curfe their birth and time they saw the light;
Sinne hath no falue but mercy, that they craue-not,
Repentance, findeth grace, and that they haue-not.

Death I came to kill a Vfurer of late,
And staying by his bed a while for thee,
His fpeech was all of mony-bags and plate,
But not a word of God: nor thought of me:
Quicke, fetch a fcriuener, let a bil be drawne,
Sirrha, your day is broke, ile keepe your pawne.

Intreat

betwixt Time and Death.

Intreat me not: you should haue kept time better,
Thou shalt buy wit, a foole must feele the smart,
Get me a Seriant, to areft a debter,
And with that word, my mace went through his heart,
Thus died the wretch, with Mony, Bond, and Bill,
And if God haue him, t'was against his will.

When this bad fellowes date was thus croft out,
I do remember we came to a place
Where laye a *Diues* groning of the gowte,
Crying *Lord, Lord*, methought he ment for grace:
Vntill I heard the burden of his song,
Was, *Lord where may this Doctor stay so long.*

Sir (quoth his wife) twere good haue a Diuine;
Thou art a foole (said he) I need him not,
I haue a hart as perfect founde as thine,
What is there not a Doctor to be got?
A Doctor with al expedition wife,
My legges wil make me weary of my life.

B 3

This

A bloody Battell

Time This misers answere I haue noted frend,
In sicknes men on Doctors most relie
Vnto Apothicaries shops they fend
Till phisicke giues them ouer, they must die:
And when they see there is no way but one,
Fetch a Diuine, God shal be thought vpon.

Death T'is true indeede, but weele giue pill and potion
To such as whole on outward meanes depend,
And come to god for want, more then deuotion,
As forc'd vnto it at their helples end,
For ere the doctör could a drinke prouide
I stab'd my dart, thus deepe into his side.

Death From him thou know'ft we to a lawyer went,
Time. Tis right, we found him arguing of cafes,
This is (quoth he) the very lawes intent,
With that the golden fees came in by braces:
Wher's your instructions, and his declaration?
I cannot answere thee, till next vacation.

Come

betwixt Time and Death.

Come thou in Tearme thy matter shal be heard,
Sir I remember'd you the other day,
The bill you wot off, I haue now preferd,
With that stept I and said, frend Lawyer stay:
An execution gainst your life I haue,
You must vnto my Iaile, is cald the Graue.

Leauing him to the Sexton and the bells,
We came vnto a Marchant in this towne
That mighty bags of money ouer-tels,
Wrapt very orderly in his night gowne,
Sirra (quoth he) is not the poste come yet?
Make speed and fumme me vp this bill of debt.

There can no ships come yet, Ile raife my price,
Oh that the winde would hold but thus a while;
There comes into my head an odde deuice,
The very thought thereof doth make me smile:
Some shal be fure to pay if this geare hold,
The plot is pretious, and must yeeld me gold.

Thus

A bloody Battell

Thus he sat plotting till I spoild his braine,
With *Oh I feele my selfe exceeding sicke,*
I gaue his hart a gripe, it grond againe,
By this, on price of wares he would not sticke
But lay a gasping, while the bell did towle,
And there his body lies without a soule.

Next doore to him, we found a London dame
Vpon her bed, with finger aking laide,
And there most bitterly she did exclaime
Against the misdemeanors of her maide,
Base queane (quoth she) how dost thou make me fret?
To see my ruffe of that ilfauord set.

Your manners hufwife you haue quite forgot,
As sure as death ile make your ioynts to bow,
You whore, the poking yron is too hot,
Durst thou presume to vex thy mistris now,
If I were well thou queane I would not misse
To had my fists about thine cares ere this,

Let

betweene Time and Death.

Let me not rise, for if I doe; no more:
Few wordes are best, I thinke you will repent it,
Ile make you feele your sides this fortnight fore,
Except Death crosse my purpose and preuent it:
With that I stept betweene to part the Fray,
The Mayd scapt blowes, and Miftris brake her day.

A Muskie-Gentle, we did visit then,
A Silken Gallant, very curyous fine,
That kept a swagging crew of Seruingmen,
Whose rapyer-hylts embrued with gold did shine,
And for he would from all contention cease,
He wifely bound his weapons to the Peace.

One that would fend his challenge to his Foe,
And braue him out with paper in disgrace,
But to the felde, he alwaies scornd to goe,
For he kept men, that would supply the place:
He would preferue his life, yet fend his Gloue,
His person must attend on Ladies loue.

C

Well

A bloody Battell

Well this fame figure with the tender skin,
That dedicateth all his daies and houres
To dauncing, drunkenesse, and *Venus* sinne,
Neuer respecting *Time* and *Deaths* sterne powers
Was met by me thinking his life secure,
I killed the knave to keepe my hand in vre.

Where went we then, doest thou remember *Time*?
Time Yes very well, we visited a Poet,
That tyrd inuention day and night with rime
And still on *Venus* seruice did bestow it:
Death Tis true indeed a Poet was the next,
With foolish idle loue extreamely vext.

Time All that he did endeuour to deuise,
Was onely *Venus* praise, and *Cupids* power,
Within his head he had a mint of lyes,
On truth he neuer spent, in's life an houre:
His fictions were to feed those in their pride,
Who take delight to heare themselues belide.

For

betweene Time and Death.

For flander, women to haue vertues many,
Admird their beauties, when they lack good faces,
Say they haue wit at will, not feeing any,
Tell them their empty minds are full of graces:
Why then they thinke you loue them past compare,
And euery toy they weare becoms them rare.

This Poet thus a fonneting we found,
Riming himselfe euen almost out of breath,
Cupid (quoth he) thy cruell Dart doth wound,
Oh graunt me loue, or else come gentle *Death*:
I heard him say, come gentle death in Iest; *Death*
And in good earnest graunted his request.

Leaue him a rotting, then we march'd along *Time*
Vnto a Godly reuerent graue deuine,
Whose faith on *Christ* was grounded firme and strong,
And all his hope to heauen did he incline ;
At prayer deuout, we found him on his knees,
And with these words he spake, his hart agrees.

C 2

The

A bloody Battell

The wounds that IESVS suffred for my sinne,
Are mouthes that cry, *O loue him with thy hart,*
The thornes that pierced thorow his flesh and skin,
Are tongues, (pronouncing) *Loue is his defart,*
The torturing whips, that did to anguifh moue him,
Are *Ecchoes* founding, *Wretched Sinner loue him.*

With *Peters* finnes in greatnesse mine abound,
Who by his oathes and curffes *Christ* denied,
And with the woman in Adultry found,
The filthinesse of sinne in me doth bide:
With *Magdalens* in multitudes they be,
Her seauen *Deuils* haue infected me.

The shame of sinne vpon my foule doth fall,
That on the wretched *Publican* did light,
The cruelty of sinne I haue with Paul
To profecute the holy and vpriht:
And with the Theefe, that all his life did ill,
Vnto my graue, my finnes attend me still.

Oh

betwixt Time and Death.

Oh come sweet Iesus, for thy seruant coms,
I doe belecue, Lord helpe my vnbeliefe:
My debt of finnes amount to mighty fums,
Of Mercies treasure onely thou art chiefe:
Though finnes be red as scarlet, yet I know,
Thy precious blood can wash them white as fnow,

To be dissolued, greatly I desire,
This world doth passe, the things thereof are vaine,
To be with *Christ*, I onely do require,
And see the Citty where his Saints do raigne,
He is my life, *Death* is a gaine to me,
With that his foule ascends where Angels be.

A happy soule, one that had learn'd to die,
And rightly vnderstood his earthly state,
Whose constant faith enfor'cd the Deuill fly,
That still assaulteth men with deadly hate,
For thou know'st *Time* how that same hel-hound striues
About the hower that men yeeld vp their liues.

Death

C 3

For

A bloody Battell

For in mans sicknes *Sathan* doth conceiue,
It may be mortall, that difeafe may end-him,
And therefore no temptation he will leaue,
That to eternall torment he may fend-him:
Tis time (faith he) to do my moft endeour,
If now I loofe his fowle, tis loft for euer.

First then heele tempt him to impatient mind,
To grudge and to repine, at Gods correction,
Whereto with paine and grieffe he feemes inclin'd,
But finding grace preuenteth that infection,
He feekes to draw him to a pride of hart,
To thinke himfelfe a man of great defart.

And one in whome perfection doth abound,
That constantly aduerfities can beare,
For his good workes deferving to be crownd,
And that of fin he need not stand in feare:
If this cannot his fowle for hell prepare,
He labors then to driue him to defpaire.

Com-

betwixt Time and Death.

Compares Gods iudgements and his fins together,
And bids his conscience looke vpon the law,
Where damned foules remain, he muft go thither,
No mercy fuch a finner euer faw;
It ftands not with Gods iuftice for to faue-him,
The Deuils come, and onely he muft haue-him.

Thus plots that foe, and thus he oft preuailes,
And doth enlarge his kingdome wondrous thus;
Millions of fowles go hel-ward with thefe gales,
When men from memory do banifh vs:
“ To count thee precious all men haue great reafon:
“ To thinke on me, is neuer out of feafon.

Death, it is true but that fame monfter fin,
That brood of hell, that Deuils eldeft childe,
Which with the fall of *Adam* did begin,
And all his off-fpring odious hath defil'd:
That Viper of the foule doth ftill appeare,
To all thofe finners entertaine it heere.

Time.

Sinne,

A bloody Battell

Sinne, the despising of Gods Maiesty,
And the contempt of his Eternall power,
The death of *Vertue*, Graces enemy,
Canker of true felicities faire flower,
The obscure darkenes of mans vnderstanding,
Rebell to all the lawes of Gods commanding.

Sinne, the director vnto all mishap,
The fetters of th'eternall vault of hell,
The tempters net he vseth to intrap,
The price wherewith the Deuils buy and fell,
The seed of *Sathan* daily by him sowne
In those hard harts which are become his owne.

Sinne, euerlasting poison, curelesse killing,
The imitation of the evill sprites,
Folly of men, to vvhich the world runs willing,
Pleasing destruction, fil'd with loath'd delights,
Soules pestilence, from darke infections Den,
The cause of all Gods plagues that light on men.

Hath

betweene Time and Death.

Hath ouer man such rule and Empire got,
And generally on earth beares such a fway,
That ther's not one doth good and fineth not,
The righteous falleth feuen times a day:
This is the cause the Lyon roares about,
And heauens narrow way, is hard found out.

True time: Well, then we went with expedition
(Killing about some hundred by the way)
Vnto the mansion of a rare phifition,
That with my subiects bare a mighty fway,
Of sicke, and lame, and gowty, ery fort,
Gaued all of him a wonderfull report.

Death

Within his hand he held a vrinall,
Which after he had view'd a little space,
This party (quoth he) very shortly shall
Be perfect well, and in a healthy case:
There is no daunger, do as I haue wild,
Yet that same person I had newly kild.

D To

A bloody Battell

To many he gaue notes, what they should take,
Some pill, some potion, others must let blood,
And diuers compounds some with speed must make,
And on his life this phisicke would do good,
Quoth I, *Phisitian cure thy selfe fond man,*
Thou diest this howre, preuent it if thou can.

About this time much worke I had to do,
As wofull London did both feele and see,
A dreadfull plague began six hundred two,
Which did continue out six hundred three,
The bloody busines I had then in hand,
Became a terror vnto all the land.

Deadly destruction was in e'ry street,
A daily mourning and a daily dying,
Great vse of Coffin, and of winding Sheet,
From empty houses many hundreds flying:
Each faculty, profession, and degree,
Tooke counsell with their legs to run from me.

But

betweene Time and Death.

But how they sped experience can declare,
How many left their liues vpon the way,
Poore mortals in my hands are brittle ware,
Like Vapor, Buble, Flower, wither'd Hay;
Where can they run, but I am still behind-them?
Where can they liue secure, but I will find-them?

The Cittizens that out of plague time, euer
Are entertain'd with welcomes in all Townes,
To fhun like Serpents, each man did endeour,
Amongst the rusticke rude vnciuill Clownes,
The name of *Londoner*, that very breath,
Had power to terrifie as much as death.

Let him be friend or kinfman, what he will,
Maister, or seruant, husband, or the wife:
You must keepe out, saies *Iobson* with his bill,
The plagu's about him neighbors on my life:
Heere is no meat and drinke for horse or man,
Starue if thou wilt, or get it where thou can.

D 2

God

A bloody Battell

God which detested cruelty seeing this,
Gave vs commiffion ouer all the land,
That flesh and blood might know the plague was his,
And he had power to ftrike or hold his hand:
Then we his officers to worke did go,
And make the Country taft of *Citties* wo.

How could they fhun their owne infection now?
That held the Londoners contagious foes,
What vertue can their worm-wood fmels allow,
To charme the plague, for comming neare their nofe?
Angellica is but a rotten root,
Hearbe-grace in fcorne, I trample vnder-foot.

Vnicorns horn's not worth a marrow-bone,
Though men esteeme fo precious of the duft,
Bugell is euen as good as *Beazer* ftone,
If I but fay, *Sirrha* away you must:
Prepare thy soule, repent the guilt of fin,
Coffin, and sheete, attend to take thee in.

I

betwixt Time and Death.

I wonder what men thinke that daily see,
Their friends and kindered carried to the graue,
How they can count themfelues secure to be,
That not an howers time, of life-time haue;
That find they are but tenants heere at will,
Yet liue, as they could liue free-holders fill.

Where's old *Methuselah* that long liu'd man?
Whers's al the fathers saw so many daies?
Their liues were but the length of *Dauids* span,
A vapor that most sodainly decaies:
Th'are borne, grow strong, wax old, fall ficke, and die,
So other do: and others them supply.

Where's that strong man that did so many kill?
And admirable things by valour did,
That carried *Afah* gates to *Hebron* hil,
And rent a Lyon like a tender Kyd:
Looke in the graue where this great man doth lie,
There's no strength left, to kil a filly flie.

Whers

A bloody Battell

Wher's that most rare and comely shaped prince,
That would haue puld his Father from his throne?
Whofe like no age hath seene for feature since,
Nor any age before his age had known:
Not a locke left of all his goodly haire,
Hundreds ago, his scull was bald, and bare.

Wher's *Hector* gone, and *Hercules* become?
What newes with *Pompey* and *Achilles* now?
Where marcheth *Alexander* with his drum,
To *Cæsars* scepter who doth yeeld or bow:
Where are these great and mighty conquering ones,
Time, shew an ounce of dust of all their bones.

Time *Death* preethy stay, let this discourse stand by,
And make me answere vnto one request,
Some doubt and difference is twixt thee and I,
Which to resolue in my conceit were best,
And this it is; The world exclames on me,
For diuers actions that are done by thee.

If

betwixt Time and Death.

If thou stab children in their mothers wombe,
Or kill a king as foone as he is crown'd,
Or make the bloodie field the Souldiors tombe,
Or in the Seas caufe thoufands to be drown'd,
Why presentlie what will the people fay?
Their Time was come: thus *Time* beares blame awaie.

If this be all, let it not greeue thy hart, *Death*
To heare thy selfe abused now and then,
But ile reuenge, I vow it with my dart,
I marry wilt thou, but I preethy when. *Time*
To foone by many daies ile meet with fome, *Death*
If thou but fay, strike for their *Time* is come.

I thats another matter, now you speake: *Time.*
By my glasse all thy tragedies are acted,
The prifon of mans soule thou canst not breake,
With wals of flesh and blood, and bones compacted;
Nor giue the same enlargement to go free,
Before my hand, to thy commiffion be.

Thou

A bloody Battell

Thou knowst *Time* is Gods agent in affaires,
And hath bin so, euer since the creation,
Thou knowst he seateth *Monarchs* in their chairs,
Admitting kings vnto their coronation:
If long they raigne, *Time* giues their yeares the length,
If short they rule, *Time* cutteth off their strength.

The ornaments of heauen, sun, and Moone,
With al the glittering brauery of stars,
Are taught by me, their morning, night, and noone,
I order them, which else disorder mars:
Their motions, reuolutions, and aspects,
Time with his iust proportion, due directs.

Death Why what a bragging and a coile do'st keepe?
Best take my dart, be *Time*, be *Death* and al,
Ile into graues, and there go lie and sleepe,
And answere thou when Gods affaires do cal:
Be Lord of Coffin, Pickaxe, Sheet, and spade,
And do my worke, with those in ground are laid.

Thou

betweene Time and Death.

Thou art for kings, and thou dost this and that,
And without thee, ther's nothing to be done,
To crowne, depose, and do I know not what,
Nay thou art busie with the Moone and Sunne:
Thou hast an ore in e'ry bodies boate,
Vpon my conscience thou begin'st to dote.

I haue bin *Death* almost six thousand yeares,
Yet neuer heard thee vaunt so vaine before,
Thou coun'st thy selfe my better it appeares,
But if thou dost, thy aime is wide a score;
I tell thee *Time*, thou dost infence me now,
Knowing my selfe a better man then thou.

At least thy selfe knowes I am full as good,
Being Gods steward, sinnes reward to pay,
He that denies it I will see his blood,
Be he the greatest Monarch liues this day;
If he were *Cæsar* of the earths whole Globe,
He make him poorer then the Deuill made *Iob*.

E

The

A bloody Battell

The mony-bag whose Idols in his cheft,
Whose Gods his gold, whose golds his prifoner,
Whose thoughts are euer haunted with vnrest,
And loues that best, becomes his murderer:
I take him fodaine from huge heapes of treasure,
The flauē was scraping all his life times leifure.

Wounds, hart, and blood, that wil not fell his fwearing
To him would giue him forty pound a yeare,
That vowes a tale is dull and harsh in hearing,
Vnlesse by oaths the matter be made cleare:
Oft when the tempter chiefly doth prouoke-him,
His mouth being fil'd with bitter oaths, *I choake him.*

The swaggering Ruffian in his heady braulēs,
Whose hand is euer on his ponyard hilt,
That bloody fraies his recreation cals,
Chiefely delighted with foule murders guilt:
Whose thoughts are onely for the stab pretence,
I haue a tricke for him and all his fence.

The

betweene Time and Death.

The quaintly futed Courtier in attyre,
Whose lookes are fixt no lower then the sky,
Is croft by me, in height of his desire,
And vnder ground I make his carrion lie:
He scorn'd the earth, and that I make his bed,
Wrapt in a rotten sheet, from foot to head.

And wherefoeuer, or what ere he be,
For countenance, for credit and condition,
Dignity, calling, office, or degree,
Peffant, or prince, patient, or els Phifition:
Euen from the Crowne and scepter to the plow,
I make all looke as I my selfe do now.

Perhaps thou think'ft because thy beard is gray,
I owe officious reuerence to thine age,
And must beleeeue whatfoeuer thou say,
Applauding thee chiefe actor on earths stage:
Ile neuer do it, *Time* expect it not,
For at my hand ther's nothing to be got.

E 2

But

A bloody Battell

But prethee tell me, what is he feares *Time*?
Not one vpon my life that doth expect thee,
For all the sinful brood of *Adams* slime,
Do euery day, and euery hower neglect thee:
To vse time well, who is not slow and slacke?
But with their euils, al men loade thy backe.

Pyrats and theeues take *Time* to fit their turne,
Time must assist them ere they can preuaile,
The fawning flatterer doth *Time* subborne,
To give him leifure for his lying tale;
The lustfull Letcher borrowes thee by night,
And makes *Time* pandor to his finnes delight.

The scatter good, in *Time* consumes the wealth,
That might sustaine both him and his successor,
The drunkard takes his *Time* to pledge a health
Till drinke, to wit and fence be an oppressor;
Nay not an euill since the world begun,
But *Time* was accessary till twas done.

Wel

betwixt Time and Death.

Well preethy slander on, ile heare thee out,
And thy vntruths, with truth I will confute,
Touching the wronging me, thou goest about,
Thou art not able for thy life dispute:
Death, th'art a lying fellow in this case,
I scorne thee I, for vsing *Time* so bafe.

What (Father gray-beard, doth your choler rife?
Can you so ill digest to heare your crimes?
Why goodman bone-face, with your vaulty eies,
What i'ft to me if men abuse their *Times*?
Where learnd your dry and empty pate the skil,
That *Time* should answere for mens doings il.

Man is ordaind by th'almighty maker,
To spend his *Time* of earthly pilgrims state
So holy, that he proue foule finnes forfaker
And with faire vertue finish out his date:
I being the *Time* and limmit for that vse,
My il employment, is the worlds abuse?

What

A bloody Battell

What simple reason hath thy braine in store,
That dost all fence so vtterly forget?
Shal I be charg'd to answere finners score,
That neuer past my word to pay their debt:
Proue that, and let all that is good detest me,
Th'art a leane knaue: *Take witnes and areft me.*

Death By my darts point, (I fwore not so this yeare,
Ile fight with thee, next time we meet in field,
Time Why if thou haft a stomacke try it heere,
I feare thee not, my sith is newly steeld:
And take this warning ere the fray begins,
Looke to your legs, ile cracke those rotten shins.

Death My shins you whorfon vglie prating flaue,
Sirrha ile keepe you at the point aloofe,
For dotard know ther's not a bone I haue,
But tis compos'd of stufte, full cannon prooffe,
Laie on my legs an houre by thy glasse,
Als one, to hevv a pillar made of brasse.

Peace

betwixt Time and Death.

Peace bragging foole, I laugh thy vaunts to scorne, *Time.*
Thy tongue inclines to much vnto thy lying,
Feare children with thy force but newly borne,
And terrifie the sicke that lie a dying:
I know the houre when God did first begin thee,
Thy mold and making, and how much is in thee.

Thy office is to murder and to kill,
Stabbing of men, is folace to thy hart,
Tho goest about and carriest with thee ftill,
A Spade, and Pickaxe, Hower-glasse, and Dart:
VVith one toole, thou dost giue a cowards wound
Vnseene, and with tother turne men vnder ground.

Thou lookest like the inside of a tombe,
All rotten bones, with sinnews bound together,
Thy guts are gone, for they lacke belly roome,
And al thy flesh is lighter then a feather:
Thy head is like an empty drie oile iarre,
VVhere neather teeth, nor nose, nor eies there are.

From

A bloody Battell

From eare to eare thou haft a mouth vnfhut,
With armes and hands like to a Gardners rake,
Thy ribs shew like a leather Ierkin cut,
Thy voice refembles hissing of a fnake:
Thy legs appeare a paire of Crane-ftilts right,
And al thy formes more vgly then a fprite.

Thy picture ftands vpon the Ale-houfe wall,
Not in the credit of an ancient ftory,
But when the old wiues guefts begin to braule,
She points, and bids them read *Memento mori*:
Looke, looke (faies she) what fellow ftandeth there,
As women do, when crying Babes they feare.

No memory of worth to thee belongs,
To call thee famous is condemned error,
And though fometime th'art baletted in fongs,
Thy names imploide vnto no vfe but terror,
Thy companie both rich and poore defie,
Loathfome to eare, moft vgly to the eie.

Time

betweene Time and Death.

Time, I perceiue thou art dispos'd to raile,
So am not I, my head is not so vaine,
Thy tearmes are very base, most scuruy stale,
And th'art a testie old foole, for thy paine:
What needst thou vse this speeches vnto me,
A man so handsome thou wilt neuer be.

Death

Best shapen forme, by natures powerfullnesse,
And sweetest face on which loues eyes do fawn,
The chiefest stature, praif'd for comlineffe,
Are but my picture when the Curtaines drawne:
Remoue the veile of flesh and blood away,
Tis *Death's* true picture all the world wil say.

But what art thou, a foule mishapen monster,
Behind all bald, a Locke elle long before,
With clouen feet, whereby a man may conster,
Caron from hell hath brought thee late a shore,
Which if he did, thy swiftnes doth declare,
Thou ranst away and neuer paid his fare.

F

Aëæons

A bloody Battell

Aetæons feet, (I would thou hadst his horns)
Wing'd like an Owle, a Cat hath lent thee eies:
A fugitiue that neuer backe returnes,
One that will run with *Titans* horse in skies:
Neuer to be intreated, stopt, or staid,
For whom repofe and rest was neuer made.

And dost thou thinke ile pocket vp disgrace,
Of such a paltry rusticke peasant boore,
Nay rather I defie thee to thy face,
Thou knowst me honest, though thou knowst me poor:
I care for no man, all that liue feare me,
A figge for the whole world. *A rush for thee.*

Time Well art thou now reueng'd? preethy haue done?

Thou striu'ft to haue the last word I dare sweare it,

Death Why should I not as long as you begun,

Fie, fie, I am asham'd that any man should heare it:

Time. For were it knowne, we two were at contention,

The world would laugh, and terme it *Mad discention.*

Giue

betweene Time and Death.

Giue me thy hand, imbrace, let choler passe: *Death*
For my part I do beare thee no ill-will,
Take heed (good *Death*) thy bones will crack my glasse, *Time*
I would be loath to do thee so much ill: *Death.*
Lay downe thy sith, as I lay downe my dart:
Shake hands, and so be friends before we part.

Time
Where goest thou now, Marry harke in thine eare: *Death*
I haue a Lady presently to kill:
One thats at dice, and doth no daunger feare?
But haue at al she saies, come fet me stil:
She is at passage, passing sound and wel,
And little thinketh on the passing-bel.

And then I go to baile an honest man,
Lies in the Counter for a little debt,
Whom's creditor in most extreames he can
Doth deale withal, now he is in the net;
He sweares heele keepe him there this dozen yeare,
Yet the knaue lies, this night ile fet him cleare.

F 2 And

A bloody Battell

And then I go to see two fellows fight,
(With whome there is no reason to be had)
About a cup of wine they dranke laſt night,
One ſwore twas good, and tother vowd twas bad;
Ile giue one that, no Chirurgion's like to heale,
And with the tother let the hangman deale.

And hundreds more, come *Time* with ſpeed along,
About our buſines we haue ſtood heere now:
Till Prieſt, and Clarke, and Sexton haue the wrong,
More dead worke for their profit lets allow:
My dart is dry, ther's no freſh blood thereon,
VVe ſuffer ſicke to ly too long and grone.

Harke a monſtrous rich fellow a Cittizen.

Time. VVeele take him with vs euen in the way,
(Preethy be thou a quiet man a while)
Some hower, by my glaſſe he hath to ſtay,
Before the date be come of his exile;
And then in ſuch a hole he ſhal be plac'd,
He is not like be ſeene againe in haft.

The

betwixt Time and Death.

The villains rich, exceeding rich indeed,
And loues a bag of gold moft dearely well,
His wife is of a proud and dainty breed,
And for imbrafing fashions doth excell:
She married him for pure loue to his wealth,
But hath a friend for tother thing by ftealth.

His children long, as mifers children do,
To be a fharing, ery months a yeare,
They hope heele dy, their minds confent thereto,
And then their gallant humors wil appeare,
The angels kept in darknes by his might,
Shal by their power approach and come to light.

Vintners make welcomes ready for they come,
Let them not want (I praie) *Potato* pies,
And Cheaters with falfe dice looke out for fome,
No little profit to your fhares will rife:
But Bawds and whores haue you a fpecial care,
To fit them penni-worths with your pocky ware.

The

A bloody Battell

As the oppreffer got it wicked in,
The prodigal wil fend it vainly out,
One wickednes requites anothers fin,
If vengeance haue a plague to bring about:
For what is got by rapine and by wrong,
The Deuil wil be doer in't ere long.

Let them haue Lord-ships, and be *Lords of Towns*,
Let them inioy the world, at wit and wil,
Let them bequeath fiew hundred mourning gownes,
And prosper al their daies in doing il:
Giue backe their goods when life is almost spent,
As *Iudas* when to hange himfelfe he went.

VVhat of al this, it warrants not from hel?
The wicked getting is not iustified,
Because the rich difpofeth riches wel,
Wrong gotten, and wel giuen when he died:
For tis like him, steales from anothers store,
And of that coine giues almes vnto the poore.

The

betwixt Time and Death.

The vsurer whom God forbids as plaine,
Take any intrest, as the theife from stealing,
And yet wil venter foule for mony gaine,
Opreffing al that vndergo his dealing,
Thinks it inough to make an honeft wil,
How ere he got his goods, that fhall not skil.

Thus men delude, deceiue, beguile, betray
Themfelues, their fowles, their hope, their happines:
Running the common beaten paffage way,
That leads to hel, the haunt of all diftreffe:
And like the foolifh Virgins knocke too late,
When ther's no entrance in at heauens gate.

One builds a houfe, and titles that his owne,
Giues it his name, to keep his name in found,
When prefently a graue with one fquare ftone,
Wil ferue his bodies turne to ly in ground,
Ten thousand pounds his costly houfe requires,
A coffin of a crowne's al death defires.

Another

A bloody Battell

Another fals to purchasing of land,
Heele haue it out of Orchard, field, and wood,
And onely with his humor it doth stand,
To get much in his hand, and do no good:
This Mole that in the earth is moiling thus,
With six foot ground is fatisfied by vs.

Death No more, away, looke heere my glasse is out,
Thou art to tedious *Time* in telling tales,
Our bloody bufineffe let vs go about,
Thousands are now at point of death, breath failes:
To worke, to worke, and lay about thee man,
Let's kil as fast, as for our liues vve can.

*Harke, listen Time, I pray giue care,
What bell is that a towling there?*

F I N I S .

HUNTERIAN CLUB.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

1872-73.

THE Publications issued to the Members for the Second Year are:—

ALEXANDER CRAIG'S POETICALL ESSAYES,	1604
„ „ POETICALL RECREATIONS,	1623
„ „ THE PILGRIME AND HEREMITE,	1631
„ „ MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, INTRODUCTION BY MR. DAVID LAING, &C.,	—
SAMUEL ROWLANDS' LETTING OF HUMOURS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE,	1600
„ „ A TERRIBLE BATTELL BETWEEN TIME AND DEATH,	[1602?]
„ „ DIOGINES LANTHORNE,	1607
„ „ MARTIN MARK-ALL,	1610
„ „ A FOOL'S BOLT IS SOONE SHOTT,	1614
BANNATYNE MS.,	Part I.
RICHARD NICCOLS' SIR THOMAS OVERBURIES VISION,	1616

(Presented to the Members of the Club by Mr. Alexander Young).

In the Third Year it is expected that considerable progress will be made with the Bannatyne MS. and the Works of Rowlands. As was formerly announced, Members for the Third Year will receive Mr. Russell's presentation volume of Patrick Hannay's Poetical Works (containing about 270 pages), printed uniformly with the other books of the Club.

The Annual Statement of Income and Expenditure is appended.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—YEAR ENDING 30th APRIL, 1873.

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>	
To Balance from last year,	£15 17 0	By Printing,	£232 18 0
„ Subscriptions,	373 16 0	„ Paper,	67 16 6
„ Bank Interest,	10 12 6	„ Transcribing and Collating at Oxford and Edinburgh,	38 6 11
		„ Wood Engraving,	15 1 0
		„ Binding,	12 2 9
		„ Photographing,	2 17 7
		„ Fire Insurance,	1 2 6
		„ Postage and Receipt Stamps, and Inci- dental Expenses,	15 9 2
		„ Commission on Cheques,	0 9 6
		„ Balance to Third Year,	14 1 7
	<u>£400 5 6</u>		<u>£400 5 6</u>

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DI OG I N E S

LANTHORNE.

Athens I seeke for honest men;
But I shal finde thẽ God knows when.



Ile searck the Citie, where if I can see
One honest man; he shal goe with me.

LONDON

Printed for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be folde at his Shop
in Popes-head Pallace, neere the Royall-
Exchange. 1607.





Prologue.

AN odde dayes worke *Diogines* once made,
And 'twas to seeke an honest man he said.
Through *Athens* with a Candle he did goe,
When people sawe no cause he should doe so:
For it was day-light and the Sunne did shine;
Yet he vnto a humour did incline
To checke Mens manners with some od-crosse iest,
Whereof he was continually possesst.
Full of reproofes where he abuses found;
And bolde to speake his minde, Who euer found.
He spake as free to *Alexanders* face,
As if the meanest Plow-man were in place.
Twas not mens persons that he did respect;
Nor any calling: Vice he durst detect.
Imagine you doe see him walke the strectes,
And every one's a knaue, with whome he meetes.
Note their discriptions; which good cenfure craues
Then judge if he haue cause to count them knaues.

SAMVELL ROVVLANDS.

A 2







DI OG I N E S In his Lanthorn

Humoure.



Ow fye vpon seeking honest men in knaues skins, I am euen as weary as euer was *Platoes* Dogge. Not a Stréete, Lane nor Alley in *Athens* but I haue trode it, and cannot méet a man worthy the giuing good morowe too: why what raskalles be these? haue they banisht honest men out of the Towne quite? Alas poore *Vertue*, what hast thou done to deserue this contempt? bafe is thy attyre, as thrid-bare in thy apparel as my Gowne: thy company out of request, for thou hast walked so long alone, that thou art euen walked away with thy selfe: ther's no goodnes to be found Al's fet vpon villany. Yonder walkes *Bribery*, taken for an honest substantiall graue Cittizen, I marry is he, pra'y make him one of your Common Counsell.

There goes *Crueltye* and *Extortion*, put off your hattes to him: tis well done, he is one of the principall and best in the parish, he hath borne all Offices and neuer did good: a most abhominable rich fellowe, but how the deuill came he by his wealth? Widowes, widowes, thrée or foure olde rustie golde-begetting wi-

A 3 dowes

Diogines Lanthorne.

dowes haue crown'd him with their wealths, and that wicked Mammon is déerer vnto him then his owne foule: Nay, if he had fwe thousand soules, he would fell them all for fwe thousand Dukcats of golde.

Stay, let me fee! what's he? Oh tis *Prodigallitie* and his whore, a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are walking towards the suburbs of a Bawdie-houfe for their recreation: yonder rides the Bawde in her Coach before, and they two come leysurely (with the pox) behinde, but will all méete together anone to make worke for the Chirurgiõ, who will anſwer their loofe bodyes with the squirt.

Now Ile assure you though I laugh but fildome, I muſt néedes make merry with yonder Affe: why he is trapt for all the world like *Alexanders* horfe, ſuch a Feather in's head, ſo begarded, and the very ſame trot: I haue knowne his Father well, he was a moſt graue Senator (in regarde of his gray beard) and did much little good in the Cittie, got wealth, and pylde vp golde euen as they pyle vp ſtockfiſh in *Iſland*, and now his Sonne (the ſecond parte of a foole) has all, all: mary what doth he with it? (ſtay, let me ſnuffe my Candle and Ile tell you) euen like one of *Signieur* Scattergoods Polititians he deuides it into partes: A great portion for Dycing, a good ſumme for drinking, a parcel for whoring, a moytie for pride, a third for dauncing, fix ſhares and a halfe for ſwaggering, and all the remayner for beggery. Walke along knaue, walke along.

Who haue we next comes créeping with the palfey in his ioyns, a great leather pouch by his ſide as large a gammon of Bacon, his long ſtockins, and a ſide coat croſſe-bard with veluet to his knées? ſtay (light, light) let me ſée! oh I know the damnd ſlaue, tis Mounſieur *Vſury*, what a leane lanke thin-gut it is: he lookes meruailous like a long emptie Cats-ſkin purſſe, I would

Diogines Lanthorne:

would I had his skin to make me a Sommer payre of Buskins.

O what a bleffednes is it to me, that I neuer came into fuch a villaines clutches! What doe's he pray as he goes, his chaps walke fo fast? No, no, the rogue is ruminating vpon his pawnes, he chawes the Cud in contemplation of Bonds and Billes, I dare be fworne he neuer champes fo much vpon his dinner or fupper, for his paunch cryes out on him, and all the guttes in his pudding-houfe rumble and grumble at their flender allowance. He obiects the olde prouerb to his belly, *Many a Sacke is tyed vp before it be full.* I would I had the dyeting of him fome month with my rootes, I would fend him déeper vnder ground then ere they grewe: the Canibal should neuer féed more vpon poor men, & play the Dice-maker with their bones: hang him rogue hang him.

How now thou drunken knaue, canst not fee but réele upon me? I would I had bene ware of thée, thou shouldst haue borne me a good bange with my staffe: what a flaue's this, as I liue I was almost downe.

Looke how his cloake hanges, one fide to his ankles and th'other fide to his elbowe: his steppes take the longitude and the latitude, hoyse, hoyse: This fellow is now (in his owne conceit) mightily strong, for he dares fight with any man: he is exceeding rich, scornes money, and cares not for twenty thousand pound: he is marueilous wise, and tut tel not him, for he knowes more thē any man whatfoeuer. What's he that dares refuse to pledge him? as sure as Death if he could féele or finde his Dagger, stabbes would be dealt: harke how the villaine sweares, there's all his Hostesse hath in pawne for his score, yet hee's a passing good Customer for vtterance, about a Barrell a day goes downe his gutter. So take him in there at the red Lattice, he has cast Ancker at the blew Ancker for this day, fill
him

Diogines Lanthorne.

him of the best, for hee is euen one of the best guesstes that euer tooke vp sodden water with chalk-ccredite on a post. Out vpon him, out vpon him, Ile reade his Destinie, dye in a ditch knaue, or end in an Hospitall Rascall, chuse whether thou wilt.

How lookes yonder fellow? whats the matter with him trow? has a eaten Bul-beefe? there's a lofty slaue indeede, hee's in the altitudes: Oh ist you Maister *Ambition*? I would be glad to see you hang'd awhile, for an old acquaintance: A great man with the Emperor ile assure you, a great man with the Emperor: his voice is heard in the Court now, and his Fathers voice was wont to be heard in the Cittie: for I haue heard him many a time and often crye broomes in *Athens*: a good plaine honest man, and delt much with old shooes: I heard him once tell this proud knaue (being then a Boy) a good discourse of *Iustice* out of a Broome: Sirra said he, heere's Birch to correcte you in Child-hood, and when you growe to be a great lubber, heere's a staffe to be-labour you: If that will not ferue to amend you, why then heere's euen a With to hang you vp: Amen say I, hee's growing towards it apace: aspiring to rise hie, plotting to be mightie: and what tooles has a out of the deuils shop for this worke? *Treason, Treason* he will ascend by Treason, though he climbe the Gallowes for it, and cracke his necke in comming downe againe. If I salute him, and put off my cap, I would my Lanthorne were in my belly. *Vertue* scornes him, I know him not: strout along sirra, strout along, for thou hast not long to strout it.

More knaues abroad yet? yonders *Boasting & Presumption*, I hold my life as old as I am ile take his Rapier from him with my walking staff, he is al sound and breath; tongue and talk; feares no man, cares for no man, beholding to no man: but trie his valour, put him to it, see whats in him, dare him to the prooffe, and
there's

Diogines Lanthorne:

there's mine emptie fellowe like a water bubble flying in the ayre till a puffe cracke him: I neuer knew (since I knew reafon) a wordiè fellow prouue a worthy fellow: a man muft fet his hand to his man-hood and finger it, 'twil not be had with wounds and blood, hart and nayles, as euery rascally knaue makes account: when two Curres méete, all the while they bark they haue no leyfure to bite: *Alexander* had a bragging Soldier that fwore he had kild fwe hundred men with fillips, yet this fellowe fware the peace againft a woman that had broken his head with his owne dagger: and tother day I followed a couple of notorious brag-garts into the field, one fware he would imbreme his Rapier hilts in the bowels of his foe, the other vowed to make him eate iron and Steele like an *Eftrige*: whē they came to the place appoynted, both drew their weapons, layd them prefently downe, and went to buffetts for a bloody nofe, which I feeing, ran to the towne and cry'd murder, murder, & fo brought three hundred people together to laugh at them, I tould tell many like examples of *Signieur* feather cap and his fellow, but that I fpy another knaue cōminge, that puts me out. Tis, *Contention* (nay ile go low enough to the kēnel, ȳ fhalt not iuffle me for the wall) looke how a ftares fee how a frownes, he has had a poore man in law this three yeare, for bidding his dog *Come out cuckolds curre*, yet if the dogge could fpeake he would beare witnes againft his maifter for horne worke that he hath feene wrought by his myftris in her chāber to make her husband night caps of.

Oh strife is the fom of his defires, tis the folace of his fowle, he is neuer well at harts eafe if he be not wranglinge with one or other: ile try it by law (fayes hee) the law fhall iudge it: ile come to no agreement but law, ile pynch him by law, I haue a hundred pouñd to fpend at law, and all law, law: yet he himfelfe

B

is

Diogines Lanthorne.

is altogether voyd of equitie: hee'l neither take wrong nor doe right: bytes his poore neighbour doggedly by the backe, scornes his Superiour, tramples vpon his inferiour, and so he may be wrangling, cares not with whome it be, to kéepe his hand in vre. He neuer went to bed in charitie in his life, nor neuer wakes without meditating shrewd turnes. Oh he loues wonderfully to be féeding on the bread of strife, and immitates the Camels which delight to drink in troubled pooles: well he shall ioyne no neighbour-hood with me for it: my Tunne stands farre inough off from his house: I had rather haue a Beare to my next neighbour, then such a brabbling rascall, goe walke a knaue in the horse-faire, I haue nothing to fay to thée but farwel and be hangd, and when th'art going that iourney, take all thy fel-lowes with thée.

Well met, or rather ill met *Hipocrisie*: Ah thou smoothe face villaine with the fawning tongue, art thou become a Citizen too? then looke about you plaine fel-lowes, you shall be fure to want no deceite: he hates fwearing, so doe I: tis well doone to hate it, but he loues lying, and wil ouer-reach you in a bad bargaine or with false weight and meafure: *Yes indeed, I truly will he.* Héele sigh and say ther's no Conscience now-adayes, and then makes his owne actions beare witness to it: by yea and nay if he can he will deceiue you.

Looke to his handes, harken not to his tongue, and fay I haue giuen you faire warning, For a Philosopher hath bene coufnd by him. I had rather haue it said, *Diogines* was deceiued, then to heare it reported he is a deceiuer. I payde for a better Cap then I weare, and my gowne is scarce worth halfe the money it cost me, marry what remedie? nothing: I haue learn'd by it onely *A knacke to knowe a Knaue*: and while I liue ile looke better to *Yes truelye*, and *I indeed: Hipocrisie* shall neuer sell me good wordes againe while he liues: Ile neu'r buye breath more for
money

Diogines Lanthorne :

money. If a Theife should méete me going home, and take away my purffe, I would fay I met with an honefter man then hee that coufon'd me in the buying of my Gowne, for the Theife would proue a man of his worde, and tell me what I should trust to in the peremptory tearmes of *Stand, deliuer your Purffe.*

But my Gowne-brother, he promift me good stufte *truly*, a great peny - worth *indeed*, and verily did gull me. But let him take leaue of my purffe, hée's a villaine, an arrant villaine, and I could euen finde in my harte to eat his Liuer fry'd with Parsley to morowe morning for my breakfast.

How now, what's the matter? whether goes all this hurly burly? héer's a clutter indéed. Now I féé, now I féé. *Coufnage* the Swaggerer is caryed to prifon: I heare the people fay he hath stab'd the Conftable, beate the Watch, broke the Tapfters head, and lyen with his Hofteffe.

Héer's no villaine: pray' fearch his pockets, I tolde you afmuch: falfe hart, falfe hand, and falfe dice: what crooked tooles are thofe in's tother pocket? pick-locks, pick-lockes: This fellowe liues by his wits, but yet longs not to Wits Common wealth: he fwears he is a gentleman: I but of what houfe? marry Cheaters Ordinary: an Ingenious flaué that workes a liuing out of hard bones, and has it at his fingers ends: eue-ry man him is a very rogue and a bafe gull: He threatens ftabs and death, with hart, wounds & blood, yet a bloody nofe hath made him call for a Chirurgion. He fcornes to dwel in a fuite of apparell a wéeke: this day in fattin, to morow in fackcloath: one d ayll new, the next day all seam-rent: now on his backe, anon at the brokers: & this by his reckning is a gentlemans humour. Sure I cannot deny but it may be fo, but I pray' then what humor is the gentlemā in? he is neuer (in my opinion) like to prooue gentlemā by the humor.

B 2

Away

Diogines Lanthorne.

Away with him, away with him, make fure worke,
chayne and kennell him vp in layle, make him a
knight of the dolorous castell.

He wil do better farr tyed vp, then loofe at lyberty, let
him not play the wandring pilgrim in any cafe, ther's
no remedy for fuch wilde fellowes but to tame them
in the dungeon of darkenes: follow him clofe watch-
men with your halberts, leaft he fhew you a new
daunce call'd run-awayes galliard. So, fo, by this tyme
he lyes where hee's like to proue lowfie, if there be not
some speedy remedy vfd, with a medecine made of
hempe feede, to kill his ytche.

Who haue we next pra'y? I fhould know him by
his villanous, scuruy looks, a makes a wry mouth, &
has a grinninge countenance, for all the world like
Detraction, why tis he indeed: a rope stretch him, has
not the crowes peckt out his eyes yet? See how hee
laughs to him felfe, at yonder playne gentlewoman in
the old fashon, because fhe ha's not the traft & trum-
pery of miftris *Loofe-legges* about her.

Doft thou deride Cyuility knaue? is decency become
rediculous? looke vpon thy felfe, thou rafcall, looke
vpon thy felfe, whom al the wifemen in the world may
laugh to fcorne indeede.

Thou haft nothinge in thee, (if thy infide were tur-
ned outward) worthy of the leaft commendation, and
yet fuch villains wil euer be scoffing (deriding and de-
tracting, from thofe of the beft fpirrits and worthyest
endeuours) learned mens workes, induftrious mens
trauells, graue mens counfells, famous mens vertues,
and wife mens artes, *Detraction* wil fpit venome at:
nothing is well done that flowes not from his durty
Inuention: he has scoffes for them he knowes not, and
lefts for thofe he neuer faw, what a world's this? when
a foole fhall cenfure a Philofopher? a doults, an ideot?
one that hath wit in's heele & head alike to condemne
and

Diogines Lanthorne.

and depraue natures miracles for wit and wifdome.

This is he that can mend euerie thing that is ready made to his hand, detracting from the worthines of euerie mans work: tis a villaine, a right villaine bred and borne, he came not long since along my tub-houfe and scoffing at mee, asked why I made it not a tap-houfe? Mary (quoth I) I haue determined so to doe, but I want such a Rogue as thou art, to make mee a signe of: with that a cal'd me Dogge. Said I, thou didst neuer heare me barke, but thou shalt feele mee bite, and so thrust my pike-staffe through his cheekes, that I made his teeth chatter in his head like a viper as he is.

Nay then we shal neuer haue done: looke where *Iealousie* is, as yellowe as if hee had the yellow *Iaundice*: his wife's an honest woman in my conscience, loyall and true in wedlocke, but because hee like a fornicating rascall vses common Curtezans, hee thinkes her curtesies and theirs are al alike to euerie man, come who will: his eyes followe her feete wherfoeuer she goes: if any friend salute her, shee dares not replie, but must passe sträger-like without any show of curtesie: he sweares shee's a whore, and himself a large horn'd cuckold, all be to runne butt with all Cuckolds in the Towne.

Nay hee's growne to such out rage, that he is euen franticke with *Iealousie*, sometimes offering to lay wagers y^t no Bull dares encoüter with his head, and that his hornes are more pretious then any *Unicorn*: the Haberdasher cannot fit him with a Hat wide enough: the Barbor cannot trim his fore head close enough, and yet the pox hath made his beard thin enough: he saies he thinkes there's not an honest woman in *Athens* to his knowledge, and the reason is, he is familiar with none but whores. A bawdie houfe is for his bodily exercife, and hee cannot liue without
his

Diogines Lanthorne.

his letchery, he hath whores of all cōplexions, whores of all fyzes, and whores of all defeafes: and this is the cause that the vilanous fellow déems all to be whores.

But maisters marke the end of him that hath beene laide fīue times of the pox: if he be not throughly frenched, and well peper'd for his venerie, then wil I for feauen yeares eate hay with a horfe: wel Ile crosse the way to tothor side the streete, before hee come too nie me, I dare not indure him, tis good sleeping in a sound skinne: I would not be in's coate for *Alexanders* rich gowne, out stinking knaue out. Hold off thy Cart knaue, wilt ouer runne me? thy horfe hath more honestie in him then thou, for he auoides mee, and thou drawst vpon me. So Villaine so, curse the creature that gets thy liuing, & see how thou wilt thriue by it. Thou blinde knaue Porter, doost rush vpon me with thy basket, and then saist *by your leaue?* belike thou meanst to iustell me againe, for thou didst aske no leaue the first time beforehand, what brutish slaues doe I meete with? my staffe shall meete with some of you anon, take thou that knaue, for crying broomes so loud in mine eares, heeres a quioile indeed: your cittie shufflings, rumbling, and tumbling, is not for my humor. What a filthie throat has that Oyster wife, I thinke twill eccho in my braine-pan this houre. This is the raging streete of out-cries, ile outwalke it with al the speede I can.

Hetherto haue I met with neuer an honest man, well, ile burne out my Candles end, and then make an end and get we home. So, this is good to begin withall, had your streete neuer a knaue to enconnter my first entrance but *Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen*, This is he that sets countries and kingdoms together by the eares, breedes Cittie mutinies, and domestickall contentions, Prince against Prince, nation against nation, kindred, neighbour, friend all at variance.

Diogines Lanthorne.

variance, This is he that calles *Peace* with her palme tree, idle hufwife, and foundes defiance through out the whole world: you are wrong'd (faies he) put not vp such a vile indignitie, this disgrace no manhood can indure, your valour and reputation is in state of preiudice, tis wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wife put it vp, for the whole world takes notice of it, and all men will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made me fall out with *Plato*, call him proud fellow, and trample vppon his bed, because it was somewhat hansomer and better deckt then mine. In all his life time, (and ile assure you tis an old, gray, leane, drie, rotten bond villaine) did hee neuer show cheerefull countenance but at the sight of some mischief: he would rather byte his tong thorow then bid any man good morrow. So fo, now it workes, hee's got amongst a crew of scolding fish-wiues, off goes her head ittire, haue at tothers throate, too her green waft-coat, why now it works like waxe.

Thrust in Cut-purse, for theres good penniworths to be had amongst them, thy trade is like to be quicke by and by, customers come apace, make a priuie searck without a Constable, ile stay no longer with you, a rope rid you al. Now fie vpō thee flouently knaue, whē didst thou wash thy face? Heeres *Sloth* right in his kinde: the hat he weares all day, at euening becomes his night-cap: his frieze gowne sconce, wherein he intrenches himselfe, is at least thirtie thousand strong: Garter thy hose beast, garter thy hose, or will the pox indure no garters?

This fellowe I remember comming to a Fig-tree, beeing so extreame lazie that hee could not stretch his arme out to gather any, laide himselfe downe vppon his backe, and gaping cried:

Sweete

Diogines Lanthorne.

*Sweete Figges drop downe in yeelding wife,
For Lazie will not let me rise.*

This is he that rifeth late, and goes earely to bed, vp to eate, and downe to sleepe : scornes labour, for hee is as stiffe ioynted as the *Elaphant*, and rather then he would indure halfe an howers labour, hee would willingly chuse a whole howres hanging. I know no vse in the world for him, except to keep the Citie bread from moulding, and the townes liquor from fowring.

This is he, that lying at ease vpon his backe, where a cart was to passe, intreated the Carman to draw ease ouer him, for he could not rise yet til his tasie fit was past. this is he that could rather be lowfie then endure to haue his shirt wash'd, and had rather goe to bed in hose and shooes, then stoope to pull them off, Hee's fitted with a wife euen pat of his owne humor, for tother day heating broth for her Husbands breakefast, the Cat cride mew in the porredg-pot, wife (said he) take out poore puffle, alas how came shee there? with that she tooke out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the porredg from her into the pot, they two went louingly to breakefast with it.

A shame take them both for filthie companions, for their broth is abhominable: who! then we shall neuer haue done, heeres hell broke loose, swarming together. *Derision*, hee goes before, and scoffes euerie man hee meetes: dost laugh at my Lanthorne knaue, because I vse Candle-light by day? why villaine tis to seeke such as you'le neuer be, *Honest men*.

Violence he walkes with him, heele doe iniurie to his owne Father if he can, al that he weares on's back and all that he puts in's belly, is got by oppreffion, wrong, and crueltie, he cares not how he get it, so hee get it, nor from whence he rake it, so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in their confort, an inhumane

Diogines Lanthorne.

mane and vnciuill fauadge, if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day, he would neuer giue a thousand good wordes in a yeare for them.

Impatience is another of their fraternity: a raging knaue, an vnquiet turbulent rogue: hée'le allow time for nothing, al's at a minutes warning that he cal's for, or hée'le rage, rayle, curffe and fwear, that a wife man would not for ten pound be within ten myles of him.

Who's the other? holde vp thy head knaue: Oh tis *Dulnes*, the most notorious block-head that euer pift, Instructe him till your tongue ake, he has no eares for you: theres nothing in him but the Affes vertue, thats dull melancholy: how lumpish a lookes? out rafcalles out: Now a murraine take you all, I did neuer make a worfe dayes worke in my life then I haue done to day: héere's a Cittie well blest, tis well prouided I warrant you. If a man should néed an honest mans help, where should he find him? Well farwel *Athens*, I and my Tubbe scorne thée and thy Cittizens.

Diogines lost labour.

*P*hilosopher, thy labour is in vaine,
Put out thy Candle, get thée home againe,
If company of honest men thou lacke,
They are so scarce, thou must alone goe backe.
But if thou please to take some knaues along,
Giue but a becke, and store will focke and throng.
He that did vomit out his house and land,
Euen with a wincke, will ready come to hand.
And he of whome thou didst ten shillings craue,
As thinking nere againe his almes to haue

C

Because

Diogines Lanthorne.

Because he was a prodigall, in waste,
And to vndoe him-felfe made wondrous haste:
If thou hast roome to stooe him in thy Tunne,
He will be ready both to goe and runne.
Or those same drunken Fidlers, thou didst finde
A tuning wood, when they them-selues were blinde,
Whome thou didst with thy staffe belabour well:
They'le sing about the Tub where thou dost dwell:
All those that were presented to thy fight,
When thou sought'st honest men by Candle-light,
Make a step backe, they in the Cittie bée,
With many hundreds which thou didst not sée.
Houses of rascalles, shops euen full of knaues,
Tauerne and Ale-houise fild with drunken slaues.
Your Ordinaries and your common-Innes
Are whole-sale ware-houses of common sinnes.
Into a bawdy house thou didst not looke,
Nor any notice of their caperings tooke. (straps
Bawds with their Puncks, and Padners with their
Whores with their feathers in their veluet caps.
Those *Sallamanders* that doe bathe in fier,
And make a trade of burning lusts desire.
That doe salute them whome they entertaine,
With *A pox take you till we meete againe.*
Nor those which daily, Nouices entice,
To lend them money vpon cheating Dice.
And in the Bowling-alleys rooke with betting,
By thrée, and foure to one, most basely getting.
All these vnféene, appeare not to thy face,
With many a Cut-purse in the market place.
That searches pockets being siluer lynde,
If Counterfets about men he can finde:
And hath Commiffion for it so to deale.
Vnder the hang-mans warrant, hand, & seale.

Innume-

Diogines Lanthorne:

Innumerable such I could repeat,
That vse the craft of Coney-catch and cheat,
The Citties vermin, worffe then Rats and Mice,
But leaue the actors, to reward of vice:
He that reproues it, shoves a detestation,
He that corrects it, workes a reformation.
Who doe more wrongs and iniuries abide
Then honest men that are best quallified?
They that doe offer least abuse to any,
Must be prepared for enduring many.
Buthéer's the comfort that the Vertuous finde:
Their Hell is first, their Heauen is behinde.

Diogines Morralls.

A Cocke stood crowing proud,
Fast by a riuér side:
A Goose in water hyft at him
And did him much deride:
The Cocke in choler grew,
vowing by him that made him,
That he would fight with that base Goose
Though all his Hennes diffwade him.
Come but ashore (quoth he)
White lyuer, if thou dare,
And thou shalt see a bloody day,
Thy throat shall soone be bare.
Base craven (said the Goose)
I scorne to beare the minde
To come ashore, amongst a crewe
Of scraping donghill kinde:
Thy Hennes will backe thee there,
Come hether chaunting slaue:

C 2

And

Diogines Lanthorne.

And in the water hand to hand,
A Combat we will haue.
Héer's none to interprete,
I challenge thée come héere:
If there be valour in thy combe
Why let it now appéere.
Enter thy watery field,
Ile spoyle thy Crowing quite:
Why dost not come? oh now I fee
Thou hast no hart to fight.
With that the Cocke replide,
There was no want in him:
But fure the water was so bad,
It would not let him fwim.

Morrall.

I T happens alwayes thus
When Cowards doe contend:
With wrangling wordes they doe begin
And with those weapons end.
Nothing but vaunts are vs'd,
Till tryall should be made:
And when they come to action
Each of other are affraide.
Then for to keep skinnes whole,
It is a common vse:
To enter in some drunken league,
Or make a cowards scuse.

A great

Diogines Lanthorne:

A Great assembly met of Mice,
Who with them-selues did take aduice
What plot by policye to shape,
How they the bloody Cats might scape.
At length, a graue and auncient Moufe
(Belike the wifest in the houe)
Gauē Counsaile (which they all lik'd well)
That eu'ry Cat should weare a Bell:
For so (quoth he) we shall them heare,
And flye the daunger which we feare.
If we but heare a Bell to ting
At eating Chéese, or any thing,
When we are busie with the nippe,
Into a hole we straitē may skippe.
This about all they lyked best:
But quoth one Moufe vnto the rest,
Which of vs all dare be so stout,
To hang the Belles, Cats neckes about,
If héere be any, let him speake:
Then all reply'd, we are too weake.
The stoutest Moufe, and tallest Rat,
Do tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

Morrall.

Thus fares it with the weake,
Whome mighty men doe wrong:
They by complaint may wish redresse,
But none of force so strong
To worke their owne content:
For euery one doth feare,
Where cruelty doth make abode
To come in presence there.

The

C 3

Diogines Lanthorne.

THE Owle being weary of the night
Would progresse in the Sunne,
To see the little Birds delight,
And what by them was done.
But comming to a stately groue,
Adorn'd with gallant greene,
Where yeares proud sea, Summer stroue
Most beautious to be séene.
He lights no sooner on a trée
That Summers lyerie weares:
But all the little Birds that be
Ware flock'd about his eares.
Such wondring and such noyse they kept,
Such chirping, and such péeping:
The Owle for anger could haue wept,
Had not shame hindred wéeping.
At length he made a solemne vow
And thus vnto them spake:
You haue your time of pleasure now
An Owle of me to make,
But ere to morowe light appéere
In dawning of the East:
Fiue hundreth of you that are héere
I will dispatch at leaft:
If that I crush you not most rare,
Why then Ioue let me dye:
A *Tittimouse* I will not spare,
Nor the leaft *Wren* doth flye.
And so at night when all was hush,
The Owle with furious minde,
Did search and pry in eu'ry bush
With sight when they were blinde.
He rent their flesh and bones did breake,
Their feathers flewe in th' aire:

And

Diogines Lanthorne.

And cruelly with bloody beake
Those little creatures teare.
Now am I well reueng'd (quoth he)
For that which you haue done :
And quited all my wrongs by Moone,
Were offred in the Sunne.

Morrall.

*G*ainst mightie one, the weake of strength
May not them-selues oppose:
For if they doe, twill proue at length,
To wall the weakest goes.
The little shrubs must not contend
Against the taller Trees,
Nor meaner sorte seeke to offend
Their betters in degrees.
For though amongst their owne consorts,
Superiours they deride:
And wrong them much by false reports,
At length Time turnes the Tide.
There comes a change, the wils they wrought
In selfe conceit thought good:
May be in the'nd too deerly bought
Euen with the price of blood.

A Cobler kept a fcuruye Crowe,
A Bird of bafest kinde,
And paines inough he did bestowe
To worke her to his minde.
At length he taught her very well
To speake out very lowde:

God

Diogines Lanthorne.

God saue the King, and troth to tel,
The Cobler then grew prowde.
She was too good to hop about
Vpon his Olde-fhooe stall:
But he vnto the Court would strout
His Bird should put downe all
Their paynted Parrats, So he went
To *Cæsar* with *Iacke-dawe*,
And said to him, he did present
Best Bird that ere he sawe.
The Monarch gracious minde did showe
For Coblers poore good will:
And made a Courtier of the Crowe,
Where he remaind, vntill
He standing in a windowe, spy'd
His fellowes flye along:
And knew the language which they cry'd,
Was his owne mother song,
Away goes he the way they went,
And altogether flye,
A poore dead Horfe to teare and rent
That in a ditch did lye.
When they had shar'd him to the bone
Not a Crowes mouthful left:
To a Corne-field they flye each-one
And there they fall to theft.
This life the Coblers Crowe did chuse,
Pick's liuing out of strawe:
And Courtly dyet did refuse
Euen like a foolish *Dawe*.

Morrall.

Diogines Lanthorne.

Morrall

*H*EE that from basenes doth deriue,
The roote of his discent:
And by preferment chaunce to thrive
The way that Iack-daw went:
Whether in court or common wealth,
In Cittie, or in towne,
How ere he pledge good Fortunes health,
Heele line and dye a Clowne,
Dawes, will be dawes, though grac'd in court
Crowes will to carrion still,
Like euer unto like resort,
The bad embrace the ill,
And though euen from a Coblers stall,
He purchase land, what then,
With coblers heele conuerse with-all,
Rather then better men.

*T*He Lyon, in a humour once,
As with his pleasure stood,
Commaunded that on paine of death,
Horne beasts should voide the wood,
Not any one to tarry there,
That had an armed head,
This was no fooner publish'd forth
But many hundreds fled
The Hart, the Bucke, the *Unicorne*,
Ram, Bull, and Goate consent
With haft, post-haft to run away
Their daungers to preuent.

With

D

Diogines Lanthorne.

With this fame crew, of horned kinde
That were perplexed so
A beast conforsts, vpon whose head,
Only a Wenn did grow.
The Fox met him, and said thou foole,
Why whether doest thou run?
Marry (quoth he) to saue my life
Hear'ft thou not what is done?
Horne creatures all haue banishment
And must auoide the place,
For they are charg'd vpon their liues,
Euen by the *Lions* grace.
Trew (said the Foxe) I know it well
But what is that to thee?
Thou hast no horne, thy wen is flesh,
T'is euident to see.
I graunt (quoth he) t'is so indéede,
Yet nere-thelesse, Ile fly,
For ift be taken for a horne
Pray in what case am I?
Sure (said the Fox) it's wisely done
I blame thee not in this,
For many wrongs are dayly wrought,
By taking thinges amiffe.

Morrall

*W*ise-men will euer doubt the worst,
In what they take in hand,
And seeke that free from all suspect,
They may securely stand,
Remouing euery least offence,
That may a daunger breed.

For

Diogines Lanthorne.

*For when a man is in the pit,
It is to late take heede
If mighty men doe censure wrong,
How shall the weake resist?
It is in vaine contend with him
That can doe what he list,
The best and most reposed life,
That any man can finde,
Is this; to keepe his conscience free
From spotted guilty minde.*

ASauage creature chaunc'd to come,
Where ciuill peopled welt
Whom they did kindly entertayne,
And curteous with him delt.
They fed him with their choycest fare
To make his welcome knowne,
And diuers wayes, their humane loue
Was to the wilde man showne.
At length (the weather being colde)
One of them blew his nayles,
The *Sauage* ask'd why he did so?
And what his fingers ayles?
Marry (quoth he) I make them warme,
That are both colde and numme,
And so they fet them downe to boord,
For supper time was come.
The man that blew his nayles before,
Vpon his broth did blow:
Friend, faves the *Sauage* what meanes this,
I préee thee let me know?
My broth (said he) is ouer hot,
And I doe coole it thus:

D 2

Fare-

Diogines Lanthorne.

Farewell (quoth he) this déede of thine
For euer parteth vs,
Hast thou a breath blowes hot and colde,
Euen at thy wish and will?
I am not for thy company,
Pray kéepe thy supper still
And heate thy hands, and coole thy broth
As I haue seene thée doo,
Such double dealers as thy felse,
I haue no minde vnto,
But will retire vnto the woods,
Where I to-fore haue bin,
Resoluing euery double tongue
Hath hollow hart within.

Morrall.

A Heedefull care wee ought to haue,
When we doe frends elect
The pleaseing gesture and good wordes
Wee are not to respect,
For curteous cariage oftentimes
May haue an ill intent:
And gracious wordes may gracelesse proue,
Without the harts consent.
Let all auoyde a double tongue
For in it ther's no trust,
And banish such the company,
Of honest men meane iust:
A counterfeits societie
Is neuer free from daunger
And that man liues most happy life,
Can liue to such a straunger.

When

Diogines Lanthorne.

When winters rage, and cruell stormes,
Of euery pleafant tree,
Had made the boughs starke naked all,
As bare, as bare might be,
And not a flower left in field,
Nor greene on bush or brier:
But all was rob'd in pitteous plight,
Of Sommers rich attire,
The *Grasse-hopper* in great distresse,
Vnto the *Ant* did come
And said déere friend I pine for foode,
I prethée giue me some.
Thou art not in extreames with me,
I know thy euer care
For winters want, and hard distresse
In Sommer doth prepare,
Know'ft thou my care, replyd the *Ant*?
And doest thou like it well?
Wherefore prouid'ft not thou the like?
Pray thée *Grasse-hopper* tell?
Marry (said he) the Sommer time
I pleasantly doe passe,
And sing it ont most merily,
In the delightfull *grasse*,
I take no care for time to come,
My minde is on my song,
I thinke the glorious funne-shine dayes
Are euerlasting long.
When thou art hording vp thy foode,
Against these hungry dayes
Inclined vnto prouidence,
Pleasure I onely praise.
This is the caufe I come to thée,
To help me with thy store.

D 3

Thou

Diogines Lanthorne.

Thou art deceiu'd friend said the *Ant*,
I labour'd not therefore.
T'was not for you I did prouide,
With tedious toyle-some paynes:
But that my selfe of labours past
Might haue the future gaynes.
Such idle ones must buy their wit,
T'is best when deere bought:
And note this lesson to your shame,
Which by the *Ant* is taught,
If *Sommer* be your singing time,
When you doe merry make:
Let *Winter* be your weeping time,
When you must pennance take.

Morrall.

*N*Eglec̄t not time, for pretious Time,
Is not at thy commaund,
But in thy youth and able strength,
Giue prouidence thy hand.
Repose not trust in others helpe,
For when misfortun's fall,
Thou mayst complaine and pine in want,
But friends will vanish all.
They'le heape reproofes vpon thy head,
And tell thy follies past:
And all thy actes of negligence,
Euen in thy teeth will cast:
Thou might'st haue got, thou might'st haue gain'd,
And liued like a man:
Thus will they speake filling thy soule,
With extreame passion than:

Pre-

Diogines Lanthorne.

*Preuent this foolish after wit,
That comes when t'is to late:
And trust not ouermuch to frends,
To helpe thy hard estate.
Make youth the Sommer of thy life,
And therein loyter not:
And thinke the Winter of olde age,
Will spend what Sommer got.*

A Lustie begger that was blind,
But very strong of limbe:
Agréed with one was lame of legges,
That he would carry him.
And tother was to guide the way,
(For he had perfect sight:)
Vpon condition, all they got,
Should still be shar'd at night.
So as they chaunc'd to passe along,
The Cripple that had eyes,
Sitting vpon the blind mans backe,
On ground an Oyfter spyes.
Stoope take that Oyfter vp (quoth he)
Which at thy féete lyes there:
And so he did, and put it in,
The scripp which he did weare.
But going on a little way,
Sayes cripple, to the blinde:
Giue me the Oyfter thou tookst vp,
I haue thereto a mynde.
Not so said tother by your leaue,
In vaine you do intreate it:
For fure I kéepe it for my selfe,
And doe intend to eate-it,

Ile

Diogines Lanthorne.

Ile haue it fir the Cripple swore,
Who spide it, thou or I?
If that I had not seene, and spoke
Thou wouldst haue passed by.
It is no matter said the blind
Thou know'st it might haue lyen,
Had I not stoopt and tooke it vp
Therefore it shall be mine.
• And so they hotly fell to wordes,
And out in choller brake
With thou lame rogue, and thou blind knaue,
Not caring what they spake.
At length it happen'd one came by
And heard them thus contend,
And did entreat them, both that he,
Might this their discord end.
They yeild, and say it shall be so,
Then he Inquiring all,
Did heare their league, and how about
An Oyfter they did brall.
Said he, my maysters let me see
This Oyfter makes such strife,
The blindman forthwith gaue it him
Who present drew his knife,
And ope'ning it, eate vp the same,
Giuing them each a shell
And said good fellowes now be freinds,
I haue your fish, Farewell.
The beggers both deluded thus,
At their owne folly smilde,
And said one subtill crafty knaue,
Had two poore fooles beguilde.

Morrall.

Diogines Lanthorne.

Morrall.

*When men for trifles will contend,
And vainely disagree:
That ofte for nothing friend and friend,
At daggers drawing be.
When no discretion there is vs'de,
To qualifie offence:
But reason is by will abus'd,
And anger doth incense.
When some in fury seeke their wish,
And some in mallice swels:
Perhaps some Lawyer takes the Fish,
And leaues his clyent shels.
Then when their folly once appeares,
They ouer late complayne:
And wish the wit of fore-gone yeares,
Were now to buy againe.*

*Within a groue, a gallant groue,
That wore greene Sommers fute,
An Oxe, an Ass, an Ape, a Fox,
Each other kinde salute.
And louingly like friends embrace,
And much good manners vse:
At length sayes th' Oxe, vnto the Ass,
I pray thee friend what newes?
The Ass look'd sad, and thus reply'd,
No newes at all quoth he:
But I grow euer discontent,
When I doe méete with thee.*

E

The

Diogines Lanthorne.

The Oxe look'd strange, and stepping back,
Quoth he déere neighbour Affe:
Haue I wrong'd thée in all my life,
Mouthfull of Hay or Grasse?
Affure thy felfe if that I had,
T'would gréeue me very much:
No kinde bedfellow said the Affe,
My meaning is not fuch.
On *Jupiter* I doe complayne,
T'is he wrongs me alone:
In arming thée with those large hornes,
And I poore wretch haue none.
Thou wearst two weapons on thy head,
Thy body to defend:
Against the stoutest dogge that barkes,
Thou boldly dar'st contend.
When I haue nothing but my skinne,
With two long foolish cares,
And not the basest Goose that liues,
My hate or fury feares.
This makes me sad and dull, and slow,
And of a heauy pace:
When eu'ry scuruy shepheards curr,
Doth braue me to my face.
Sure quoth the Ape, as thou art gréeu'd,
So I hard dealing finde:
Looke on the Fox, and looke on me,
Pray view vs well behinde.
And thou wilt sweare, I know thou wilt,
Except thy eye-fight fayles:
That Nature lack'd a payre of eyes,
When she made both our tayles.
I wonder what her reason was,
To alter thus our shapes:

Ther,s

Diogines Lanthorne.

Ther's not a Fox, but hath a tayle,
Would ferue a dozen Apes.
Yet we thou feest goe bare-arfe all,
For each man to deride:
I tell thee brother Affe I blush,
To see mine owne, backe-side.
I must endure a thousand Iests,
A thousand scoffes and scornes:
Nature deales bad with me for tayle,
And hard with thee for hornes.
With this the ground began to stirr,
And forth a little hole,
A créeping foure legg'd creature came,
A thing is call'd a Mole.
Quoth he my maysters I haue heard,
What faults you two doe finde:
B'out Tayle and Hornes, pray looke on me,
By Nature formed blinde.
You haue no cause thus to complaine,
Of your, and your defect,
Nor vse dame Nature hard with wordes,
If me doe you respect.
The things for which you both complaine,
Are vnto me deni'de:
And that with patience I endure,
And more, am blind beside.

Morrall.

*W*Ee ought complaine, repine and grudge
At our dislike estate:
And deeme our selues, (our selues not pleas'd)
To be vnfortunate.

E 2

Now

Diogines Lanthorne.

*None marck'd with more extreame then wee,
None plung'd in sorrow so:
When not by thousand parts of want,
Our neighbours griefes we know.
Most men that haue sufficiencie,
To serue for natures neede:
Doe wrong the God of Nature,
And vngratefully proccede.
They looke on others greater giftes,
And enuiously complaine:
When thousands wanting what they haue,
Contented doe remaine.*

TH' *Astronomer* by night did walke,
(He and his Globe together:)
Hauing great busines with the starres,
About the next yeares weather
He did examine all the sky,
For tempests, winde, and raine:
And what diseafes were to come,
The plannets told him plaine.
The disposition of the Spring,
The state of Sommer tide:
The Haruest fruit, and Winters frost,
Most plainely he espide.
He did conferr with *Iupiter*,
Saturne and all the *Seauen*:
And grew exceeding busie, with
Twelue houfes of the heauen.
But while with staring eyes he lookes,
What newes the starres could tell:
Vpan the sodaine downe he comes,
Headlong into a well.

Help

Diogines Lanthorne.

Helpe helpe, he calls or else I drowne,
Oh helpe, he still did cry:
Vntill it chaunc'd some passengers,
Came very early by.
And hearing him, did helpe him out,
In a drown'd mouses case:
Then question'd with him how he came,
In that fame colde wet place.
Marry (quoth he) I look'd on hie,
Not thinking of the ground:
And tumbled in this scuruy Well,
Where I had like bin drown'd.
Which when they heard and knew his art
They smyling said, friend straunger?
Wilt thou fore-tell thinges are to come,
And knowest not present daunger.
Hast thou an eye for heauen, and
For earth so little wit:
That while thou gazeft after starres,
To tumble in a pit?
Wilt thou tell (looking ore, thy head)
What weather it will be?
And deadly daunger at thy foote,
Thou hast no eyes to see?
We giue no credit to thy Art,
Nor doe esteeme thee wife:
To tumble headlong in a Well,
With gazing in the skyes.

Morrall

M Any with this Astronomer,
Great knowledge will pretend:

E 3

Those

Diogines Lanthorne.

*Those giftes they haue, their haughty pride,
Will to the skyes commend.
Their lookes must be aspiring,
(For ambition aymes on hye)
Fortun's aduancements make them dreame,
Of Castels in the sky.
But while bewitching vanity,
Deludes them with renowne:
A sodaine alteration, with
A vengeance pulles them downe.
And then the meanest sort of men,
Whom they doe abiect call:
Will stand in scorne, and point them out,
And censure of their fall.*

Great Alexander came to fee
My mansion, being a Tun:
And stood directly opposite,
Betwéene me, and the Sun.
Morrow (quoth he) Philosopher,
I yeild thee time of day:
Marry (said I) then Emperour,
I preethee stand away.
For thou depriuest me of that,
Thy powre hath not to giue:
Nor all thy mighty fellow Kings,
That on earth's Foote-ball liue.
Stand backe I say, and rob me not,
To wrong me in my right:
The Sunne would shine vpon me,
But thou tak'ft away his light.
With this he stept aside from me,
And smiling did entreat:

That

Diogines Lanthorne.

That I would be a Courtier,
For he liked my conceit.
He haue thy house brought nie my Court,
I like thy vaine so well:
A neighbour very néere to me,
I meane to haue thée dwell.
If thou bestow that paine (quoth I)
Pray when the worke is don:
Remoue thy Court, and carry that,
A good way from my Tun.
I care not for thy neighbour-hood,
Thy treafure, trash I hold:
I doe esteeme my Lanterne horne,
As much as all thy gold.
The costlyest cheere that earth affords,
(Take Sea and Ayre to boote)
I make farre lesse account thereof,
Then of a Carret-roote.
For all the robes vpon thy backe,
So costly, rich, and straunge: (weare
This plaine poore gowne, thou séest me
Thred-bare, I will not change.
For all the Pearle and pretious Stones,
That is at thy command:
I will not giue this little Booke,
That heere is in my hand.
For all the citties, countries, townes,
And Kingdomes thou haft got:
I will not giue this empty Tun,
For I regard them not.
Nay if thou would'st exchange thy crowne
For this fame Cap I weare:
Or giue thy Scepter for my Staffe,
I would not do't I fweare.

Doest

Diogines Lanthorne.

Doest sée this tubb? I tell thée man,
It is my common wealth:
Doest see yon water? tis the Wine?
Doth keepe me found in health.
Doest see these rootes that grow about,
The place of my abode?
These are the dainties which I eate,
My back'd, my roste, my sod.
Doest sée my simple thrée-foote stoole?
It is my chayre of state:
Doest sée my poore plaine woodden dish?
It is my siluer plate:
Do'ft sée my Wardrope? then beholde
This patched seame-rent gowne:
Doest see you mat and bull-rufhes?
Why th'are my bed of downe.
Thou count'ft me poore and beggerly,
Alas good carefull King:
When thou art often sighing fad,
I chéerefull sit and sing.
Content dwels not in Pallaces,
And Courts of mighty men:
For if it did, assure thy selfe,
I would turne Courtier then.
No *Alexander* th'art deceiu'd,
To censure of me so:
That I my swéet contented life,
For troubles will forgo:
Of a repofed life tis I,
Can make a iust report:
That haue more vertues in my Tun,
Then is in all thy Court.
For what yeilds that but vanitie,
Ambition, Enuie, pride:

Op-

Diogines Lanthorne:

Oppression, wronges and cruelty,
Nay euery thing beside.
These are not for my company,
Ile rather dwell thus odde:
*Who-euer walkes amongst sharp thornes,
Had need to goe well shodde.*
On mighty men I cannot fawne,
Let Flat'ry crouch and créep:
The world is nought, and that man's wife
Leaft League with it doth kéep.
A Crowne is heauy wearing, King
It makes thy head to ake:
Great *Alexander*, great accounts
Thy greatnes hath to make.
Who féeketh rest, and for the same
Doth to thy Court repayre:
Is wife like him that in an Egge
Doth féeke to finde a Hare.
If thou hadst all the world thine owne,
That world would not suffice:
Thou art an Eagle, mighty man,
And Eagles catch no Flyes.
I like thée for thy pacience well,
Which thou doest shoue, to heare me:
Ile teach thée fomwhat for thy paynes,
Drawe but a little neare me:
Some honest Prouerbs that I haue,
Vpon thée Ile bestowe:
Thou didst not come so wife to me
As thou art like to goe.

He that performes not what he ought
But doth the same neglect:
Let him be fure not to receiue
The thing he doth expect.

F

When

Diogines Lanthorne.

When oncy the tall and loftye Tree
Vnto the ground doth fall:
Why euery Pessant hath an Axe
To hewe his boughes withall.

He that for vertue merrits well
And yet doth nothing clayme:
A double kinde of recompence
Deferueth for the fame.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goest
And thy companions tell,
I will resolute thee what thou doest,
Whether ill done or well.

He knows enough that knoweth nought
If he can silence keepe:
The Tongue oft makes the Hart to sigh,
The Eyes to wayle and weepe.

He takes the best and choyfest course
Of any men doth liue:
That takes good counsel, when his freind
Doth that rich Iewell giue.

Good horse and bad, the Ryder faves,
Must both of them haue Spurres:
And he is sure to rife with Fleaes
That lyes to sleepe with Curres.

He that more kindnes sheweth thee
Then thou art vs'd vnto,
Eyther already hath deceiu'd
Or shortly meanes to do.

Birds

Diogines Lanthorne:

Birds of a feather and a kinde,
Will still together flocke:
He need be very straight him-felfe
That doth the crooked mocke.

I haue obserued diuers times
Of all fortes Olde and Young:
That he which hath the leffer hart
Hath still the bigger tongue.

He that's a bad and wickedman
Appeering good to th'eye:
May doe thee many thousand wronges
Which thou canst neuer fpye.

In present want, deferre not him
Which doth thy help require:
The water that is farre off fetch'd
Quencheth not neyghbours fire.

He that hath money at his will,
Meate, Drinke, and leysure takes,
But he that lackes, must mend his pace,
Neede a good foot-man makes.

He that the office of a friend
Vp rightly doth respect:
Must firmly loue his friend profest
With faulte, and his defect.

He that enjoyes a white Horse, and
A fayre and dainty wife:
Must needs finde often cause, by each
Of discontent and strife.

Chuse

F 2

Diogines Lanthorne.

Chuse thy companions of the good,
Or else conuerse with none:
Rather then ill accompanied,
Farre better be alone.

Watch ouer wordes, for from the mouth
There hath much euill sprunge:
T'is better stumble with thy feet
Then stumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habite, Vertue 'tis
That doth aduaunce thy fame:
The golden brydle betters not
A Iade that weares the fame.

The greatest Ioyes that euer were,
At length with forowe meetes:
Taste Hony with thy fingers end
And surfet not on fweetes.

A Lyer can doe more then much,
Worke wonders by his lyes:
Turne Mountaynes into Mole-hils
And huge Elaphants to Flyes.

Children that are vnfortunate,
Their Parents alwaies prayse:
And attribute all thristines
Vnto their fore-gone dayes.

When Sicknes enters Healths strong hold
And Life begins to yeild:
Mans forte of Flesh to parley comes,
And Death must winne the field.

The

Diogines Lanthorne.

The Flatterer before thy face
With smiling lookes will stand:
Presenting Hony in his mouth,
A Razor in his hande.

The truly Noble-minded, loues,
The bafe and feruile feares:
Who-euer tels a foole a tale,
Had need to finde him eares.

To medle much with idle thinges,
Would vex a wife mans head:
Tis labour, and a weary worke
To make a Dog his bed.

The worst wheele euer of the Cart,
Doth yeild the greatest noyce:
Three women make a Market, for
They haue sufficient voyce.

First leafe all Fooles desire to learne
With stedfast fixed eyes:
Is this: *All other Idiots are,*
And they exceeding wife.

When once the Lyon breathles lyes,
Whome all the Forrest fear'd:
The very Hares, presumtuoufly
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtst,
Though inconuenience growe:
A wife man will not Seed-time loofe
For feare of euery Crowe.

F 3

On

Diogines Lanthorne.

One man can neuer doe so well
But some man will him blame:
Tis vayne to seeke please euery man,
Ioue cannot doe the fame.

To him that is in misery
Do not affliction adde:
With forowe to load forowes backe,
Is most extreamly badde.

Showe me good fruit on euill trees,
Or Rose that growes on Thistle:
Ile vndertake at fight therof,
To drinke to thee and whittle.

Censure what conscience rests in him,
That sweares he Iustice loues:
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,
To punish simple Doues.

There's many, that to aske, might haue,
By their ode silence croft:
What charge is speech vnto thy tongue?
By asking, pra'y whats loft?

He serues for nothig, that is Iust
And faithfull in his place:
Yet for his dutie well perform'd,
Is not a whit in grace.

He makes him-felse an others flaue,
And feares doth vnder-goe:
That vnto one being ignorant,
Doth his owne secrets show.

On

Diogines Lanthorne.

On *Neptune* wrongfull he complaynes
That oft hath bene in daunger:
And yet to his deuouring waues
Doth not become a ftraunger.

Age is an honourable thing,
And yet though yeares be fo,
For one wife-man with hoary hayres,
Three dozen fooles I knowe.

F F N I S.







H V M O R S
LOOKING
Glasse.



LONDON.

Imprinted by *Ed. Alde* for *VWilliam Fere-*
brand and are to be sold at his Shop in
the popes-head Pallace, right ouer a-
gainst the Tauerne-dore.

1608.







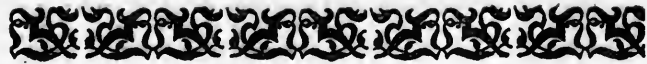
*To his verie Louing Friend Master
George Lee.*

E *Steemed friend, I pray thee take it kinde,
That outward action beares an inward minde,
What obieets heere these papers do deliuer,
Bestow the viewing of them for the giuer.
I make thee a partaker of strange sights,
Drawne antique works of humours vaine delights.
A mirrour of the mad conceited shapes,
Of this our ages giddy-headed apes,
These fash'on mongers, selfe besotted men
Of kindred to the fowle that wore my pen,
Are at an howers warning to appeare,
And muster in sixe sheetes of Paper heere.
And this is all at this time I bestow,
To euidence a greater loue I owe.*

Yours SAMVEL ROWLANDS.

A 2





Reader.

AS many antique faces passe,
From Barbers chaire vnto his glasse,
There to beholde their kinde of trim,
And how they are reform'd by him,
Or at *Exchang* where Marchants greete,
Confusion of the tongues do meete,
As *English, French, Italian, Dutch,*
Spanish, and Scot'sh, with diuers such.
So from the Presse these papers come
To show the humorous shapes of some.
Heere are such faces good and bad,
As in a Barbers shop are had,
And heere are tongues of diuers kindes,
According to the speakers mindes.
Beholde their fashions, heare their voice,
And let discretion make thy choice.

SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

Some





Epigram.

SOME man that to contention is inclin'de;
With any thing he sees, a fault wil finde,
As, that is not so good, the fame's amisse,
I haue no great affection vnto this.
Now I protest I doe not like the fame,
This must be mended, that deserueth blame,
It were farre better such a thing were out,
This is obscure, and that's as full of doubt.
And much adoe, and many words are spent
In finding out the path that humours went,
And for direction to that Idle way
Onely a busie tongue bears all the sway.
The dish that *Aesope* did commend for best;
Is now a daies in wonderfull request,
But if you finde fault on a certaine ground,
Weele fall to mending when the fault is found,

A 3

Pra'y





Epigram.

PRa'y by your leaue, make mouſieur humors roome
That oft hath walk'd about Duke Humphries
And fat amongst the Knights to ſee a play, (tombe
And gone in's ſuite of Sattin eu'ry day,
And had his hat diſplay a buſhie plume,
And's verie beard deliuer forth perfume.
But when was this? aſke Frier Bacons head
That answered *Time is paſt*, O time is fled!
Sattin and filke was pawned long agoe,
And now in canuaſe, no knight can him knowe.
His former ſtate, in dark obliuion ſleepes,
Onely Paules Gallarie, that walke he keepes.

Epigram.

CRoſſe not my humor, with an ill plac'd worde,
For if thou doeſt, behold my fatall ſworde:
Do'ſt ſee my countenance begin looke red?
Let that fore-tell ther's furie in my hed.
A little diſcontent will quickly heate it.
Touch not my ſtake, thou wert as good to eate it,
Theſe damned dice how curſed they deuoure:
I loſt ſome halfe ſcore pound in halfe an houre.
A bowle



A bowle of wine, firha: you villaine, fill:
Who drawes it Rascall? call me hether *Will*.
You Rogue, what ha'ft to Supper for my dyet?
Tel'ft me of Butchers meate? knaue I defie it.
Ile haue a banquet to enuite an Earle,
A *Phoenix* boyld in broth diftil'd in Pearle.
Holde drie this leafe, a candle quickly bring,
Ile take one pipe to bed, none other thing.
Thus with *Tabacco* he will fup to night:
Flefh-meate is heaueie, and his purfe is light.

Epigram.

TWo Gentlemen of hot and fierie fprite,
Tooke boate, and went vp Westward to goe fight
Imbarked both, for Wenf-worth they fet faile,
And there ariuing with a happie gaile,
The Water-men difcharged for their fare,
Then to be parted, thus their mindes declare.
Pray Ores (faid they) ftay heere and come not nie,
We goe to fight a little, but heere by.
The Water-men with ftaves did follow then,
And cryd, oh holde your hands good Gentlemen,
You know the danger of the law, forbear:
So they put weapons vp and fell to fweare.

One



Epigram.

O Ne of these Cuccold-making Queanes
did graft her husbands head:
who arm'd with anger, steele and horne
would kill him stain'd his bed,
And challeng'd him vnto the field,
Vowing to haue his life,
Where being met, sirha (quoth he,)
I doe suspect my Wife
Is scarce so honest as she should,
You make of her some vse:
Indeed said he I loue her well,
He frame no false excuse.
O! d'ye confesse? by heauens (quoth he)
Had'st thou deni'de thy guilt,
This blade had gone into thy guts,
Euen to the verie Hilt.

Occasion.





Epigram.

O Ccasion late was ministred for one to trie his friend,
Ten pounds he did intreat him y^t of all loue he would
His case was an accursed case, no comfort to be found, (lēd
Vnles he friendly drew his purse, & blest him with tē poūd
He did proteft he had it not, making a solemne vow,
He wāted means & money both, to do him pleafure now.
Thē fir (quoth he) you know I haue a Gelding I loue wel,
Necessitie it hath no law, I must my Gelding sell,
I haue bin offered twelue for him, with ten ile be cōtent,
Well I will trie a friend (said he,) it was his cheft he ment.
So fetch'd the money presently, tother sees Angels shine
Now God americy horfe (quoth he) thy credit's more then
(mine.

B

Dice





Epigram.

DIce diuing deepe into a Ruffians purse,
Leauing it nothing worth but strings and leather:
He presently did fall to sweare and curse,
That's life and money he would loofe together,
Tooke of his hat, and swore, let me but see
What Rogue dares say this same is blacke to me?

Another lost, and he did money lacke,
And thus his furie in a heate reuiues:
Where is that Rogue denies his hat is blacke?
Ile fight with him, had he ten thousand liues.
Oh fir (quoth he) in troth you come too late,
Choller is past, my anger's out of date.

Epigram.

AKinde of *London*-walker in a boote,
(Not *George* a Horfe-backe, but a *Gerge* a foote,)
On eu'ry day you meete him through the yeare,
For's bootes and spurs, a horfe-man doth appeare.
Was met with, by an odde conceited stranger,
Who friendly told him that he walk'd in danger.

For





For Sir (in kindenes no way to offend you)
There is a warrant foorth to apprehend you.
Th'offence they say, you riding through thee streete,
Haue kil'd a Childe, vnder your Horses feete.
Sir I protest (quoth he) they doe me wrong,
I haue not back'd a horse, God knows how long,
What slaues be these, they haue me false bely'd?
Ile prooue this twelue-month I did neuer ride.

Epigram.

WHat feather'd fowle is this that doth approach
As if it were an *Estredge* in a Coach?
Three yards of feather round about her hat,
And in her hand a bable like to that:
As full of Birdes attire, as Owle, or Goose,
And like vnto her gowne, her selfe seemes loose.
Cri'ye mercie Ladie, lewdnes are you there?
Light feather'd stufte befits you best to weare.

B 2

A Poore





A deafe eare, in a iust cause.

(state,
A Poore man came vnto a Iudge & shew'd his wronged
Entreating him for Iesus sake to be compassionate,
The wrōgs were great he did sustaine, he had no help at al
The Iudge sat stil as if the man had spoken to the wall.
With that came two rude fellows in, to haue a matter tride
About an Asse, that one had let the other for to ride: (by,
Which Asse the owner found in field, as he by chance past
And he that hired him a sleepe did in the shadow lye.
For which he would be satisfied, his beast was but to ride:
And for the shadow of his Asse, he would be paid beside.
Great raging words, and damned othes,
these two asse-wrangles swore, (fore
Whē presently the Iudge start vp, that seem'd a sleepe be-
And heard y^e follies willingly of these two sottish men,
But bad the poore man come againe, he had no leasure thē.
A Iolly





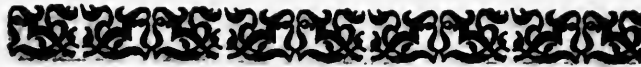
Epigram.

A Iolly fellow Effex borne and bred,
A Farmers Sonne, his Father being dead,
T'expell his grieffe and melancholly pafsions,
Had vowd himfelfe to trauell and see fashions.
His great mindes obiect was no trifling toy,
But to put downe the wandring Prince of Troy.
Londons difcouerie firft he doth decide,
His man muft be his Pilot and his guide.
Three miles he had not pafft, there he muft fit:
He ask't if he were not neere London yet?
His man replies good Sir your felfe befturre,
For we haue yet to goe fixe times as farre.
Alas I had rather ftay at home and digge,
I had not thought the worlde was halfe fo bigge.
Thus this great worthie comes backe (thoewith strife)
He neuer was fo farre in all his life.
None of the feauen worthies: on his behalfe,
Say, was not he a worthie Effex Calfe?

B 3

A Gentleman.





The Humors that haunt a Wife.

A Gentleman a verie friend of mine,
Hath a young wife and she is monstrous fine,
Shee's of the new fantaftique humor right,
In her attire an angell of the light.
Is she an Angell? I: it may be well,
Not of the light, she is a light Angell.
Forfooth his doore must suffer alteration,
To entertaine her mightie huge Bom-fashion,
A hood's to base, a hat which she doth male,
With braueft feathers in the Estridge tayle.
She scornes to treade our former proud wiues traces.
That put their glory in their on faire faces,
In her conceit it is not faire enough,
She must reforme it with her painters stuffe,
And she is neuer merry at the heart,
Till she be got into her leatherne Cart.
Some halfe amile the Coach-man guides the raynes,
Then home againe, birladie she takes paines.
My friend feeling what humours haunt a wife,
If he were loofe would lead a fingle life.

Next

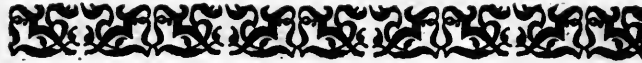




A poore Mans pollicy.

NExt I will tell you of a poore mans tricke,
Which he did practife with a polliticke,
This poore man had a Cow twas all his stocke,
Which on the Commons fed: where Catell flocke,
The other had a fteere a wanton Beast,
Which he did turne to feede amongst the rest.
Which in processe although I know not how,
The rich mans Oxe did gore the poore mans Cow.
The poore man heereat vexed waxed sad,
For it is all the liuing that he had,
And he must loose his liuing for a song,
Alas he knew not how to right his wrong.
He knew his enemy had pointes of law,
To faue his purse, fill his deuouring mawe,
Yet thought the poore man how so it betide,
Ile make him giue right sentence on my side.
Without delay vnto the Man he goes,
And vnto him this fayned tale doth gloze,
(Quoth he) my Cow which with your Oxe did feede,
Hath kild your Oxe and I make knowne the deede.
Why (quoth my Politique) thou shouldst haue helpt it
Thou shalt pay for him if thou wert my father. (rather,
The

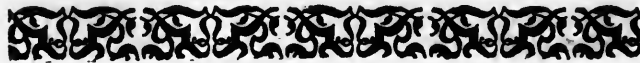




The course of law in no wife must be stayde,
Leaft I an euill president be made.
O Sir (quoth he) I cry you mercy now,
I did mistake, your Oxe hath gorde my Cow:
Conuict by reason he began to brawle,
But was content to let his action fall.
As why? (quoth he) thou lookst vnto her well,
Could I preuent the mischief that befell?
I haue more weightie causes now to trie,
Might orecomes right without a reason why.

Epigram.

ONE of the damned crew that liues by drinke,
And by Tobacco's stillified stink,
Met with a Country man that dwelt at Hull:
Thought he this pefant's fit to be my Gull.
His first salute like to the French-mans wibe,
Wordes of encounter, please you take a pipe?
The Countrie man amazed at this rabble,
Knewe not his minde yet would be conformable.
Well, in a petty Ale-houfe they enfonce
His Gull must learne to drinke Tobacco once.





Indeede his purpose was to make a iest,
How with Tobacco he the peasant drest.
Hee takes a whiffe, with arte into his head,
The other standeth still astonished.
Till all his fences he doth backe reuoake,
Sees it ascend much like Saint Katherins smoake.
But this indeede made him the more admire,
He saw the smoke: thought he his head's a fier,
And to increase his feare he thought poore foule,
His scarlet nose had been a firie cole.
Which circled round with smoak, seemed to him
Like to some rotten brand that burneth dim.
But to shew wifdome in a desperat case,
He threw a Can of beere into his face,
And like a man some furie did inspire,
Ran out of doores for helpe to quench the fire.
The Ruffin throwes away his Trinidado,
Out comes huge oathes and then his short poynado,
But then the Beerè so troubled his eyes,
The councieman was gone ere he could rise,
A fier to drie him, he doth now require,
Rather than water for to quench his fire.

C

Come





Epigram.

Come my braue gallant come, vncafe, vncafe,
Nere shall obliuion your great actes deface.
He has been there where neuer man came yet,
An vnknowne countrie, I, ile warrant it,
Whence he could Ballace a good ship in holde,
With Rubies, Saphiers, Diamonds and golde,
Great Orient Pearles esteem'd no more then moates,
Sould by the pecke as chandlers mefure oates,
I meruaile then we haue no trade from thence:
O tis too farre it will not beare expence.
T'were far indeede, a good way from our mayne,
If charges eate vp fuch excefsiue gaine,
Well he can shew you some of Lybian grauell,
O that there were another world to trauell,
I heard him sweare that hee (twas in his mirth)
Had been in all the corners of the earth.

Let



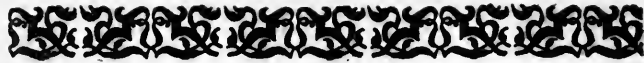


Let all his wonders be together sticht,
He threw the barre that great *Alcides* pitch:
But he that saw the Oceans farthest strands,
You pose him if you aske where Douer stands.
He has been vnder ground and hell did see,
Aeneas nere durst goe so farre as hee.
For he has gone through *Plutæ* Regiment,
Saw how the Fiendes doe Lyers there torment.
And how they did in helles damnation frye,
But who would thinke the Traueller would lye?
To dine with *Pluto* he was made to tarrie,
As kindly vs'd as at his Ordinarie.
Hogshedes of wine drawne out into a Tub,
Where he did drinke hand-smooth with *Belzebub*,
And *Proserpine* gaue him a goulden bow,
Tis in his chest he cannot shew it now.

C 2

One toulde





Of one that coufned the Cut-purfe.

O Ne toulde a Drouer that beleeu'd it not,
What booties at the playes the Cut-purfe got,
But if t'were fo my Drouers wit was quicke,
He vow'd to ferue the Cut-purfe a new tricke.
Next day vnto the play, pollicy hy'd,
A bag of fortie fhillings by his fide,
Which houlding faft he taketh vp his ftand,
If ftringes be cut his purfe is in his hand.
A fine conceited Cut-purfe fpying this,
Lookt for no more, the for fhillings his,
Whilst my fine Politique gazed about,
The Cut-purfe feately tooke the bottom out.
And cuts the ftrings, good foole goe make a ieft,
This Difmall day thy purfe was fairely bleft.
Houlde faft good Noddy tis good to dreade the worfe,
Your monie's gone, I pray you keepe your purfe.
The play is done and foorth the foole doth goe,
Being glad that he coufned the Cut-purfe foe.
He thought to iybe how he the Cut-purfe drest,
And memorize it for a famous ieft.
But putting in his hand it ran quite throw
Dafh't the conceite, heele neuer speake on't now,
You that to playes haue fuch delight to goe,
The Cut-purfe cares not, ftill deceiue him fo.

Dicke.



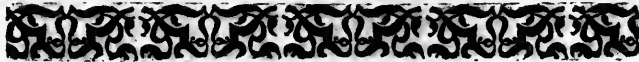


A drunken fray.

D*icke* met with *Tom* in faith it was their lot,
Two honest Drunkars must goe drinke a pot,
Twas but a pot, or say a little more,
Or say a pot that's filled eight times ore.
But being drunke, and met well with the leese,
They drinke to healthes deuoutly on their knees,
Dicke drinks to *Hall*, to pledge him *Tom* reiects,
And scornes to doe it for some odde respects
Wilt thou not pledge him thar't a gill, a Scab,
Wert with my man-hood thou deferuest a stab,
But tis no matter drinke another bout,
Weele intot'h field and there weele trie it out.
Lets goe (saies *Tom*) no longer by this hand,
Nay stay (quoth *Dicke*) lets see if we can stand.
Then forth they goe after the drunken pace,
Which God he knowes was with a reeling grace,
Tom made his bargaine, thus with bonnie *Dicke*
If it should chance my foote or so should slip,
How wouldst thou vse me or after what Size,
Wouldst bare me shorter or wouldst let me rise.
Nay God forbid our quarrells not so great,
To kill thee on aduantage in my heat.

C 3

Tuff





Tush we'le not fight for any hate or foe,
But for meere loue that each to other owe.
And for thy learning loe Ile shew a tricke,
No sooner spoke the worde but downe comes Dicke,
Well now (quoth Tom) thy life hangs on my sworde,
If I were downe how wouldst thou keepe thy worde?
Why with these hilts I'de braine thee at a blow,
Faith in my humor cut thy throate, or foe,
But Tom he scorne to kill his conquered foe,
Lets Dicke arise, and too't againe they goe.
Dicke throwes downe Tom, or rather Tom did fall,
My hilts (quoth Dicke) shall braine thee like a maull,
Is't so (quoth Tom) good faith what remedie,
The Tower of Babell's fallen and so am I.
But Dicke proceedes to giue the fatall wound,
It mist his throate, but run into the ground.
But he supposing that the man was slaine,
Straight fled his contrie, ship himselfe for Spaine,
Whilst valiant Thomas dyed dronken deepe,
Forgot his danger and fell fast a sleepe.

What's





Epigram.

What's he that stares as if he were afright;
The fellowe fure hath feene some dreadfull
Masse rightly guesst, why fure I did diuine, (spright
Hee's haunted with a Spirit feminine.
In plaine termes thus, the Spirit that I meane,
His martiall wife that notable curst queane,
No other weapons but her nailes or fist,
Poore patient Idiot he dares not resist,
His neighbor once would borrow but his knife,
Good neighbor stay (quoth he) ile aske my wife:
Once came he home inspired in the head,
He found his neighbor and his wife a bed,
Yet durst not sturre, but hide him in a hole,
He feared to displease his wife poore soule.
But why should he so dreade and feare her hate,
Since she had giuen him armor for his pate?
Next day forfooth he doth his neighbor meete,
Whome with sterne rage thus furiously doth greete,
Villaine ile slit thy nose, out comes his knife,
Sirra (quoth he) goe to Ile tell your wife.
Apaled at which terror, meekely faide
Retire good knife my furie is allaide.

Time





Proteus.

Time seruing humour thou wrie-faced Ape,
That canst transforme thy selfe to any shape:
Come good *Proteus* come away a pace,
We long to see thy mumping Antique face.
This is the fellow that liues by his wit,
A cogging knaue and fawning Parrafit,
He has behaiour for the greateft porte,
And hee has humors for the rascall forte,
He has beene great with Lordes and high estates,
They could not liue without his rare conceites,
He was associat for the braueft spirits,
His galland carriage fuch fauour merrits.
Yet to a Ruffiin humor for the stewes,
A right graund Captaine of the damned crewes,
With whome his humor alwayes is vnstable
Mad, melancholly, drunke and variable.

Hat





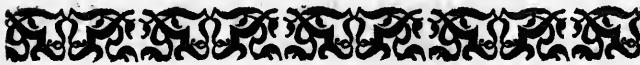
Hat without band like cutting Dicke he goe's,
Renowned for his new inuented oathes.
Sometimes like a Ciuilian, tis strange
At twelue a clocke he must vnto the Change,
Where being thought a Marchant to the eye,
He tels strange newes his humor is to lie.
Some Damaske coate the effect thereof must heare,
Inuites him home and there he gets good cheare.
But how is't now such braue renowned wits,
Weare ragged robes with such huge gasty flits,
Faith thus a ragged humour he hath got
Whole garments for the Summer are too hot.
Thus you may censure gently if you please,
He weares such garments onely for his ease.
Or thus his credit will no longer waue.
For all men know him for a prating knaue.

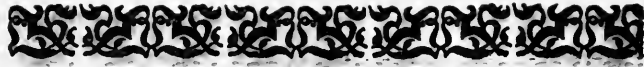
Epigram.

A Scholer newly entred marriage life
Following his studdie did offend his wife,
Because when she his company expected,
By bookish busines she was still neglected:
Comming vnto his studdy, Lord (quoth she)
Can papers cause you loue them more than mee:

D

I would





Epigram.

I would I were transform'd into a Booke
That your affection might vpon me looke,
But in my wish, withall be it decreed,
I would be such a Booke you loue to reede,
Husband (quoth she) which books form should I take,
Marry (said hee) t'were best an Almanacke,
The reason wherefore I doe wish thee so,
Is, euery yeare wee haue a new you knowe.

Epigram.

Sira, come hether boy, take view of mee,
My Lady I am purpof'd to goe see:
What doth my feather flourish with a grace,
And this same dooble fette become my face,
How descent doth this doublets forme appeare
(I would I had my fute in houns-ditch heere)
Do not my spurs pronounce a siluer sounde?
Do's not my hose circumference profounde?
Sir these are well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Tailour with a sheete of paper bill,
Vowes heel'e be paid, and Sericants he had feed,
Which wayte your comming forth to do thy deede:
Boy god-amercy let my Lady stay,
Ile see no counter for her fake to day.

A





Much a doe about chusing a wife.

A Widdower would haue a wife were old,
Past charge of children to preuent expence
Her chefts and bagges cram'd till they crake with gold,
And she vnto her graue post quickly hence,
But if all this were fitting to his minde,
Where is his leafe of life to stay behinde?

A Batcheler would haue wife were wife,
Faire, Rich and Younge, a maiden for his bed,
Not proude, nor churlish but of fautles size,
A country houfewife, in the Citty bred.
But hees a foole and longe in vaine hath staide,
He shoulde bespeake her, there's none ready made

D 2

The





The taming of a wilde Youth.

OF late a deare and louing friend of mine,
That all his time a Gallant youth had bene,
From mirth to melancholy did decline,
Looking exceeding pale, leane, poore, and thin,
I ask'd the cause he brought me through the streete,
Vnto his houle, and there hee let me see,
A woman proper, faire, wise and discrete
And said behould, heer's that hath tamed mee,
Hath this (quoth I,) can such a wife do so?
Lord how is he tam'd then, that hath a shrow:

A straunge





A straunge sighted Traueller.

AN honest Country foole being gentle bred,
Was by an odde conceited humor led,
To trauell and some English fashions see,
With such strange sights as heere at London be.
Stuffing his purse with a good golden some,
This wandring knight did to the Cittie come,
And there a seruingman he entertaines,
An honefter in Newgate not remaines.
He shew'd his Maister sights to him most strange,
Great tall Pauls Steeple and the royall-Exchange:
The Bosse at *Billings-gate* and *London-stone*
And at *White-Hall* the monstrous great Whales bone,
Brought him to the banck-side where Beares do dwell
And vnto *Shor-ditch* where the whores keepe hell,
Shew'd him the Lyons, Gyants in Guild-Hall,
King *Lud* at *Lud-gate*, the *Babounes* and all,
At length his man, on all he had did pray,
Shew'd him a theeuifh trick and ran away,
The Traueller turnd home exceeding ciuill,
And swore in London he had feene the Deuill.

D 3

Three





Three kinde of Couckoldes,

One, And None.

First there's a Cuckolde called One and None,
Which foole, from fortune hath receiu'd such
He hath a wife for beutie stands alone, (faouour
Grac'd with good carriage, and most sweete behaiour
Nature so bounteous hath her gifts extended.
From head to foote ther's nothing to be mended.

Besides, she is as perfect chafte, as faire,
But being married to a iealous asse,
He vovves she hornes him, for he sees a paire
Haue bin a growing euer since last grasse,
No contrary perswasions hee'l indure,
But's wife is faire and hee's a Cuckolde sure.





The second.

None, and One.

THe fecond hath a wife that loues the game,
And playes the fecret cunnig whore at plaifure.
But in her husbands fight fhees wondrous tame,
Which makes him vow, he hath *Vliffes* treasure.
fheele with al whores were hang'd, with weeping teares
Yet fhe her felfe a whores cloathes dayly weares.

Her husband's friends report how's wife doth gull him
With false deceitfull and difsembling shewe
And that by both his hornes a man may pull him,
To fuch a goodly length they daylie growe,
He fayer they wrong her, and he fwears they lye,
His wife is chafte, and in that minde hee'le dye.

The





The Third,

One, and One.

THe third is he that knowes women are weake,
And therefore they are dayly apt to fall,
Words of vnkindnesse their kind hearts may breake,
They are but flesh and therefore sinners all,
His wife is not the first hath trod a wry,
Amongst his neighbours he as bad can fpye.

What can he helpe it if his wife do ill,
But take it as his crosse and be content,
For quietnesse he lets her haue her will,
When shee is old perhaps she will repent,
Let euery one amend their one bad life,
Th'arc knaues and queans that medle with his wife.

FINIS.









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