Elizabeth Countess of Bristol
her Book 1738
POEMS,
AND
FANCIES:
WRITTEN
By the Right HONOURABLE, the Lady
MARGARET
Countess of
NEWCASTLE.

LONDON,
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THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY:

TO SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH,

Noble Brother-in-Law.

SIR,

Do here dedicate this my Work unto you, not that I think my Book is worthy such a Patron, but that such a Patron may gain my Book a Respect, and Esteeme in the World, by the favour of your Protection. True it is, Spinning with the Fingers is more proper to our Sexe, then studying or writing Poetry, which is the Spinning with the braine: but I having no skill in the Art of the first (and if I had, I had no hopes of gaining so much as to make me a Garment to keep me from the cold) made me delight in the latter; since all braines work naturally, and incessantly, in some kinde or other; which made me endeavour to Spin a Garment of Memory, to lapp up my Name, that it might grow to after Ages: I cannot
cannot say the Web is strong, fine, or evenly Spun, for it is a Courfe peice; yet I had rather my Name should go meanly clad, then dye with cold; but if the Sute be trimmed with your Favour, she may make such a shew, and appeare so lovely, as to wed to a Vulgar Fame. But certainly your Bounty hath been the Difstaffe, from whence Fate hath Spun the thread of this part of my Life, which Life I wish may be drawne forth in your Service. For your Noble minde is above petty Interest, and such a Courage, as you dare not onely look Mistortunes in the Face, but grapple with them in the defence of your Freind; and your kindnesse hath been such, as you have neglected your felle, even in ordinary Accoutrements, to maintaine the distressed; which shews you to have such an Affection, as St. Paul expresses for his Brethren in Christ, who could be accurfit for their fakes. And since your Charity is of that Length, and Generosity of that Height, that no Times, nor Fortunes can cut shorter, or pull downe lower; I am very confident, the sweetnesse of your disposition, which I have alwayes found in the delightful conversation of your Company, will never change, but be so humble, as to accept of this Booke, which is the VVork of,

Your most Faithfull
Servant,

M: N.
TO ALL
NOBLE, AND WORTHY LADIES.

Noble, Worthy Ladies,

Ondemne me not as a dishonour of your Sex; for setting forth this Work; for it is barmecesse and free from all dishonesty; I will not say from Vanity: for that is to natural to our Sex, as it were unnaturall, not to be so. Besides, Poetry, which is built upon Fancy, Women may claime, as a work belonging most properly to themselves: for I have observ'd, that their Brains work usually in a Fantastical motion; as in their several, and various dresses, in their many and singular choices of Cloaths; and Ribbons; and the like; in their curious shadowing, and mixing of Colours, in their Wroght works, and divers sorts of Stitches they employ their Needle, and many Curious things they make, as Flowers, Boxes, Baskets with Beads, Shells, Silke, Straw, or any thing else; besides all manner of Meats to eat; and thus their Thoughts are employed perpetually with Fantasie. For Fancy goeth not so much by Rule, & Method, as by Choice: and if I have chosen my Silke with fresh colours, and matched them in good shadows, although the stitches be not very true, yet it will please the Eye; so if my Writing please the Readers, though not the Learned, it will satisfy me; for I had rather be praised in this, by the most, although not the best. For all I desire, is Fame, and Fame is nothing but a great noise, and noise lives most in a Multitude; wherefore I wish my Book may let a work every Tongue. But I imagine I shall be censur'd by my owne Sex; and Men will cast a smile of scorn uppon my Book, because they think thereby, Women incroach too much
much upon their Prerogatives; for they hold Books as their Crowne, and the Sword as their Scepter, by which they rule, and govern. And very like they will say to me, as to the Lady that wrote the Romancy,

Work Lady, work, let writing Books alone,
For surely wiser Women were wrote one.

But those that say so, shall give me leave to wish, that those of nearest Relation, as Wives, Sisters, and Daughters, may employ their time no worse then in honest, Innocent, and harmless Fancies; which if they do, Men shall have no cause to fear, that when they go abroad in their absence, they shall receive an Injury by their loose Carriages. Neither will Women be desirous to Gossip abroad, when their Thoughts are well employed at home. But if they do throw scorn, I shall intreat you, (as the Woman did in the Play of the Wife, for a Month, which caused many of the Effeminate Sex) to help her, to keep their Right, and Priviledges, making it their owne Case. Therefore pray strengthen my Side, in defending my Book; for I know Womens Tongues are as sharp, as two-edged Swords, and wound as much, when they are angered. And in this Battell may your Wit be Quick, and your Speech ready, and your Arguments so strong, as to beat them out of the Field of Dispute. So shall I get Honour, and Reputation by your Favours; otherwise I may chance to be cast into the Fire. But if I burn, I desire to die your Martyr; if I live, to be

Your humble Servant,

M. N.
AN EPISLE

TO

MISTRIS TOPPE.

SOME may think an Imperfection of wit may be a blemish to the Family from whence I sprung: But Solomon lays, A wise man may get a Fool. Yet there are as few meer Fools, as wise men: for Understanding runs in a level course, that is, to know in general, as of the Effects, but to know the Cause of any one thing of Nature's workes, Nature never gave us a Capacity there-to. She hath given us Thoughts which run wildly about, and if by chance they light on Truth, they do not know it for a Truth. But amongst many Errors, there are huge Mountaines of Follies; and though I add to the Bulk one of them, yet I make not a Mountain alone, and am the more excusable, because I have an Opinion, which troubles me like a conscience, that tis a part of Honour to aspire towards a Fame. For it cannot be an Efferminacy to leck, or run after Glory, to love Perfection, to desire Praise; and though I want Merit to make me worthy of it, yet I make some satisfaction in desiring it. But had I broken the Chains of Modesty, or behav'd my selfe in dishonourable and loose carriage, or had run the ways of Vice, as to Periure my self, or betray my Freinds, or denied a Truth, or had lov'd deceit: Then I might have prov'd a Greife to the Family I came from, and a dishonour to the Family I am link't to, raised Blushes in their cheeks being mentioned, or to turne Pale when I were published. But I hope, I shall neither greive, nor shame them,
them, or give them cause to wish I were not a Branch thereof. For though my Ambition’s great, my designs are harmless, and my ways are plain Honesty: and if I stumble at Folly, yet will I never fall on Vice. ’Tis true, the World may wonder at my Confidence, how I dare put out a Book, especially in these censorious times; but why should I be ashamed, or afraid, where no Evil is, and not please my life in the satisfaction of innocent desires? For a smile of neglect cannot dishearten me, no more can a Frown of dislike affright me; nor but I should be well pleased, and delight to have my Book commended. But the Worlds dispraises cannot make me a mourning garment: my mind’s too big, and I had rather venture an indiffer- tion, then loose the hopes of a Fame. Neither am I ashamed of my simplicity, for Nature tempers not every Brain alike; but tis a shame to deny the Principles of their Religion, to break the Laws of a well-governed Kingdom, to disturb Peace, to be unnaturall, to break the Union and Amity of honest Freinds; for a Man to be a Coward, for a Woman to be a Whore; and by these Actions, they are not only to be cast out of all Civil society, but to be blot- ted out of the Roll of Mankinde. And the reason why I summon up these Vices, is, to let my Freinds know, or rather to remember them, that my Book is none of them: yet in this Action of letting out of a Book, I am not clear without fault, because I have not asked leave of any Freind thereto; for the fear of being denied, made me silent: and there is an Old saying; That it is easier to aske Pardon, then Leave: for a fault will sooner be for- given, then a suite granted: and as I have taken the One, so I am very confident they will give me the Other. For their Affection is such, as it doth as easily obscure all in- firmity and blemishes, as it is fearful and quick sighted in spying the Vices of those they love; and they doe with as much kindness as pardon the One, as with grief reprove the Other. But I thought it an Honour to aime at Excel- lencies, and though I cannot attaine thereto, yet an En- deavour shews a good will, and a good will ought not to be turned out of Noble mindes, nor be whipt with dispraises.
but to be cherished with Commendations. Besides, I Print this Book, to give an Account to my Friends, how I spend the idle Time of my life, and how I busie my Thoughts, when I think upon the Objects of the World. For the truth is, our Sex hath so much waste Time, having but little employments, which makes our Thoughts run wildly about, having nothing to fix them upon, which wilde thoughts do not only produce unprofitable, but indiscreet Actions; winding up the Thread of our lives in snarles on unfound bottoms. And since all times must be spent either ill, or well, or indifferent; I thought this was the barmeflesst Pastime: for sure this Work is better then to stil, and cenfure my Neighbours actions, which nothing concerns me; or to condemn their Humours, because they do not sympathize with mine, or their lawfull Recreations, because they are not agreeable to my delight; or ridiculously to laugh at my Neighbours Cloaths, if they are not of the Mode, Colour, or Cut, or the Ribbon tyed with a Mode Knot, or to busie my selfe out of the Sphere of our Sex, as in Politicks of State, or to Preach false Doctrine in a Tub, or to entertaine my selfe in hearkning to vaine Flatteries, or to the incitements of evil perswasions, where all these Follies, and many more may be cut off by such innocent worke as this. I write not this only to satisfie you, which my Love makes me desire to doe; but to defend my Book from spightfull Invaders, knowing Truth and Innocence are two good Champions against Malice and Falshood: and which is my defence, I am very confident is a great satisfaction to you. For being bred with me, your Love is twisted to my Good, which shall never be undone by any unkinde Action of Mine, but will always remaine

Your loving Freind,

M. N.
Madam,

You are not only the first English Poet of your Sex, but the first that ever wrote this way: therefore whosoever that writes afterwards, must own you for their Pattern; from whence they take their Sample; and a Line by which they measure their Conceits and Fancies. For whatsoever is written afterwards, it will be but a Copy of your Original, which can be no more Honour to them, than to Labouring Men, that draw Water from another man's Spring, for their own use; neither can there be anything writ, that your Honour have not employed your Pen in: As there is Poetical Fictions, Morall Instructions, Philosophical Opinions, Dialogues, Discourses, Poetical Romances. But truly, Madam, this Book is not the only occasion to Admire you; for having been brought up from my Childhood in your Honourable Family, and always in your Ladyships company; seeing the course of your life, and honouring your Ladyships disposition, I have admired Nature more in your Ladyship, than in any other Works besides. First, in the course of your Life, you were always Circumspect, by Nature, not by Art; for naturally your Honour did hate to do any thing that was mean and unworthy, or any thing that your Honour might not own to all the World with confidence; & yet your Ladyship is naturally bashful, & apt to be out of Countenance, that your Ladyship could not oblige all the World. But truly, Madam, Fortune hath not so much in her power to give, as your Honour hath to bestow; which apparently shineth in all Places, especially where your Ladyship hath been, as France, Flanders, Holland, &c., to your everlasting Honour and Fame; which will manifest this Relation to be the Truth, as well as I, who am,

Madam,

Your Honours most humble
and obedient Servant,

E. Toppe.
To Natural Philosopher.

If any Philosophers have written of these Subjects, as I make no question, or doubt, but they have, of all that Nature hath discover'd, either in mere Thought, and Speculation, or other waiues in Observation; yet it is more than I know of: for I never read, nor heard of any English Booke to Instruct me: and truly I understand no other Language; not French, although I was in France five yeares: Neither do I understand my owne Native Language very well; for there are many words, I know not what they signifie; so as I have only the Vulgar part, I mean, that which is most usually spoke. I do not mean that, which is us'd to be spoke by Clowns in every Shire, where in some Parts their Language is knoowne, but those that are bred there. And not only every Shire hath a severall Language, but every Family, giving Marks for things according to their Fancy. But my Ignorance of the Mother Tongue makes me ignorant of the Opinions, and Discourses in former times; wherefore I may be assur'd, and errore grossely. I cannot say, I have not heard of Atomes, and Figures, and Motions and Matter; but not throughly reason'd on: but if I do erre, it is no great matter: for my Discourse of them is not to be accounted Authentick: so if there be any thing worthy of noting, it is a good Chance; if not, there is no harm done, nor time lost. For I had nothing to do when I wrot it, and I suppose those have nothing, or little else to do, that read it. And the Reason why I write it in Verse, is, because I thought Errors might better passe there, then in Prose; since Poets write most Fiction, and Fiction is not given for Truth, but Pastime, and I feare my Atomes will be as small Pastime, as themselves: for nothing can be lesse then an Atome. But my desire that they should please the Readers, is as big as the World they make; and my Feares are of the same bulk; yet my Hopes fall to a single Atome agen; and so shall I remaine an unsettled Atome, or a confus'd heape, till I heare my Censure. If I be prais'd, it fixes them; but if I am condemn'd, I shall be Annihilated to nothing: but my Ambition is such, as I would either be a World, or nothing.

I de-
I desire all that are not quick in apprehending, or will not trouble themselves with such small things as Atomes, to skip this part of my Book, and view the other, for fear these may seem tedious: yet the Subiect is light, and the Chapters short. Perchance the other may please better; if not the second, the third; if not the third, the fourth; if not the fourth, the fifth; and if they cannot please, for lack of Wit, they may please in Variety, for most Palates are greedy after Change. And though they are not of the choicest Meates, yet there is none dangerous; neither is there so much of particular Meat, as any can fear a Surfeit; but the better pleas'd you are, the better Welcome. I wish heartily my Brain had been Richer, to make you a fine Entertainment: truly I should have spar'd no Cost, neither have I spar'd any Paines: for my Thoughts have been very busily employed, these eight, or nine Months, when they have not been taken away by Worldly Cares, and Trouble, which I confess hath been a great hindrance to this Work. Yet have they fat up late, and risen early, running about untill they have been in a fiery heat, so as their Service hath not been wanton, nor their Industry slack. What is amiss, excuse it as a Fault of too much Care; for there may be Faults committed with being over-busie, as soon as for want of Diligence. But those that are poore, have nothing but their labour to betow; and though I cannot serve you on Agget Tables, and Persian Carpets, with Golden Dishes, and Chrystal Glasses, nor feast you with Ambrosia, and Nectar, yet perchance my Rye Loafe, and new Butter may taff more favour, then those that are sweet, and delicious.

If you dislike, and rise to go away,
Pray do not Scoff, and tell what I did say.
But if you do, the matter is not great,
For tis but foolish words you can repeat.

Pray do not confirme all you do not know,
But let my Atomes to the Learned go.
If you judge, and understand not, you may take
For Non-sense that which learning Senfe will make.
But I may say, as Some have said before,
I'm not bound to fetch you Wit from Natures Store.
TO THE READER.

I f any do read this Book of mine, prays be not too severe in your Cenfures. For ftre I have no Children to imploynye Care, and Attendance on; and my Lords Eftate being taken away, had nothing for Hufwifery, or thriihy Industry to imploynye me in; having no Stock to work on. For Houfewifery is a discreet Managemet, and ordering all in Private, and Houfepold Affaires, feeing nothing spoild, or Profuely spent, that evey thing has its proper Place, and evey Servant his proper Work, and evey Work to be done in its proper Time; to be Neat, and Cleanly, to have their House quiet from all disturbing Noise.

But Thriftinefs is something stricter for good Houfewifery may be ufed in great Expences but Thriftinefs signifies a Saving, or a getting; as to increase their Stock, or Eftate. For Thrift weighs, and measures out all Expence. It is just as in Poetry: for good Hufbandry in Poetry, is, when there is great store of Fancy well order'd, not only in fine Language, but proper Phraies, and significant Words. And Thrift in Poetry, is, when there is but little Fancy, which is not onely spen to the laft Thread, but the Thread is drawn so smal, as it is scarce perceived. But I have nothing to spin, or order, fo as I become Idle; I cannot say, in mine own Houfe, because I have none, but what my Mind is lodg'd in. Thirdly, you are to spare your severe Cenfures, I having not fo many yeares of Experience, as will make me a Garland to Crowne my Head; onely I have had fo much time, as to gather a little Pofie to stick upon my Breaff. Latelv, the time I have been writing them, hath not been very long, but fome I came into England, being eight Yeares out; and nine Months in; and of these nine Months, onely three Hours in the Day, or rather in the Night. For my Repft being broke with discontented Thoughts, becaufe I was from my Lord, and Husband, knowing him to be in great Wants, and my felfe in the fame Condition, to divert them, I frote to turne the Stream, yet fumming the
the muddy, and soule waies of Vice, I went to the Well of Helicon, and by the Wells side, I have sat, and wrote this Work. It is not Excellent, nor Rare, but plaine; yet it is harmlesse, modest, and honest. True, it may take my Indiscretion, being so fond of my Book, as to make it as if it were my Child, and striving to shew her to the World, in hopes Some may like her, although no Beauty to Admire, yet may praise her Behaviour, as not being wanton, nor rude. Wherefore I hope you will not put her out of Countenance, which she is very apt to, being of bafhfull Nature, and as ready to feed Repentant Teares, if she think she hath committed a Fault: wherefore pity her Youth, and tender Growth, and rather taxe the Parents Indiscretion, then the Childs Innocency. But my Book coming out in this Iron age, I fear I shall find hard Hearts; yet I had rather she should find Cruelty, than Scorne, and that my book should be torn, rather then laught at; for there is no such regret in Nature as Contempt: but I am resolv'd to set it at all Hazards.

If Fortune plays Aums Ace, I am goo; if she Cinque, I shall win a Reputation of Fancy, and if I looke, I looke but the Opinion of Wit: and where the Gaine will be more then the Losse, who would not venture: when there are many in the World, (which are accounted Wife) that will venture Life, and Honour, for a petty Intereft, or out of Envie, or for Revenge fake. And why should not I venture, when nothing lies at Stake, but Wit? let it go; I shall nor cannot be much Poorer. If Fortune be my Friend, then Fame will be my Gaine, which may build me a Pyramid, a Praise to my Memory. I shall have no caufe to fear it will be so high as Babels Tower, to fall in the mid-way; yet I am sorry it doth not touch at Heaven: but my Incapacity, Feare, Awe, and Reverence kept me from that Work. For it were too great a Presumption to venture to Discourse that in my Fancy, which is not decribeable. For God, and his Heavenly Mansions, are to be admired, wondred, and altonished at, and not disputer.

But at all other things let Fancy flye,
And, like a towering Eagle, mount the Skie.
Or like the Sun, swiftly the World to round,
Or like pure Gold, which in the Earth is found.
But if a drossie Wit, let it buried be,
Under the Ruines of all Memory.
The Poetresses hasty Resolution.

Reading my Verses, I like't them so well,
Selfe-love did make my Judgement to rebell:
Thinking them so good, I thought more to write;
Considering not how others would them like.

I writ so fast, I thought, if I li-v'd long,
A Pyramid of Fame to build thereon.

Reason observing which way I was bent,
Did stay my hand, and ask't me what I meant;
Will you, said shee, thus waste your time in vaine,
On that which in the World small praise shall gaine?

For shame leave off, say'd shee, the Printer spare,
H ee't loose by your ill Poetry, I see.

Besides the World hath already such a weight
Of uselesse Bookes, as it is over fraught.
Then pitty take, doe the World a goodturne,
And all you write cast in the fire, and burne.

Angry I was, and Reason strook away,
When I did heare, what shee to me did say.

Then all in haste I to the Pressle it sent,
Fearing Persuasion might my Book prevent:
But now'tis done, with greife repent doe I,
Hang down my head with shame, blush high, and cry.
Take pitty, and my drooping Spirits raise,
Wipe off my tears with Handkerchiefes of Praise.

The Poetresses Petition.

Like to a Feavers pulse my heart doth beat,
For fear my Book some great repulse should meet.

If it be naught, let her in silence lye,
Disturbe her not, let her in quiet dye;

Let not the Bells of your dispraise ring loud,
But wrap her up in silence as a Shrowd;
Cause black oblivion on her Hearse to hang,
In stead of Tapers, let darke night there stand;

In
In stead of Flowers to the grave her strow
Before her Heart, sleepy, dull Poppy throw;
In stead of Scutcheons, let my Tears be hung,
Which griefe and sorrow from my eyes out wrung:
Let those that bear her Corps, no letters be,
But sad, and sober, grave Mortality:
No Satyr Poets to her Funerall come;
No Altars ray'd to write Inscriptions on:
Let dust of all forgetfulness be cast
Upon her Corps, there let them lie and waste:
Nor let her rise againe; unless some know,
At Judgments, some good Merits shee can shew;
Then shee shall live in Heavens of high praise:
And for her glory, Garlands of fresh Bayes.

An excuse for so much writ upon my Verses.

Ondemne me not for making such a coyle
About my Book, alas it is my Childe.
Just like a Bird, when her Young are in Nest,
Goes in, and out, and hops, and takes no Rest;
But when their Young are fledg'd, their heads out peep,
Lord what a chirping does the Old one keep.
So I, for feare my Strengthlesse Childe should fall
Against a doore, or stoole, aloud I call,
Bid have a care of such a dangerous place:
Thus write I much, to hinder all disgrace.

POEMS.
POEMS.

Nature calls a Councell, which was Motion, Figure, matter, and Life, to advise about making the World.

First Nature spake, my Friends if we agree,
We can, and may do a fine work, said she,
Make some things to adore us, worship give,
Which now we only to our selves do live.
Besides it is my nature things to make,
To give out worke, and your directions take,
And by this worke, a pleasure take therein,
And breed the Fates in huswifery to spin,
And make strong Destiny to take some pains,
Least she growe idle, let her Linke some Chains:
Inconstancy, and Fortune turne a Wheele,
Both are so wanton, cannot stand, but reele.
And Moisture let her pour out water forth,
And Heat let her suck out, and raise up growth,
And let sharp cold stay things that run about,
And Drought stop holes, to keepe the water out.
Vacuum, and Darkness they will domineere,
If Motion power make not light appeare;
Produce a Light, that all the World may see,
My only Child from all Eternity:
Beauty my Love, my Joy, and dear delight,
Else Darknaife rude will cover her with Night.

Alas, said Motion, all pains I can take,
Will do no good, Matter a Braine must make:
Figure must draw a Circle, round, and small,
Where in the midst must stand a Glassy Ball,
Without Comrexe, the inside a Conceave,
And in the midst a round small hole must have,
That Species may passe, and repasse through,

Life the Prouidence every thing to view.

Alas, said Life, what ever we do make,
Death, my great Enemy, will from us take:
And who can hinder his strong, mighty power?
He with his cruelty doth all devoure:
And Time, his Agent, brings all to decay:
Thus neither Death, nor Time will you obey:
He cares for none of your commands, nor will
Obey your Lawes, but doth what likes him still:
He knowes his power far exceedeth ours;
For whatfoever we make, he foone devours.
Let me advise you never take such paines,
A World to make, since Death hath all the gains,

Figures opinion did agree with Life,
For Death, said he, will fill the World with strife:
What Forme for ever I do turne into,
Death findes me out, that Forme he doth undo.
Then Motion spake, none hath such cause as I,
For to complaine, for Death makes Motion dye.
'Tis beft to let alone this worke, I thinke.
Saies Matter, Death corrupts, and makes me sinke.
Saies Nature, I am of another minde,
If we let Death alone, we foone shall finde,
He wars will make, and raife a mighty power,
If we divert him not, may us devourne.
He is ambitious, will in triumph sit,
Envies my workes, and seekes my State to get.
And Fates, though they upon great Life attend,
Yet feare they Death, and dare not him offend.

Though
Though *two* be true, and spin as *life* them bids,
The *third* is false, and cuts short the long threads.
Let us agree, for fear we should do worse,
And make some worke, for to imply his force.
Then all rose up, we do submit, say, they,
To *natures* will, in every thing obey.

First *matter* she brought the *materialis in,
And *motion* cut, and carv'd out every thing.
And *figure* she did draw the *formes* and *plots,*
And *life* divided all out into *lots.*
And *nature* she survey'd, directed all,
With the four *elements* built the *worlds ball.*
The solid *earth,* as the foundation laid,
The *waters* round about as *walls* were rais'd,
Where every drop lies close, like *stone,* or *brick,*
Whose *moisture* like as *morter* made them sticke.

*Aire* as the *seeling,* keeps all close within,
Least some *materialis* out of place might spring,
*Aire* preseths downe the *seas,* if they should rife,
Would overflow the *earth,* and drowne the *skies.*

For as a *rooffe* that's laid upon a *wall,*
To keepe it steddy, that no side might fall,
So *nature* *aire* makes that place to take,
And *fire* highest lies, like *tyke,* or *slar,*
To keepe out raine, or wet, else it would rot:
So would the *world* corrupt, if *fire* were not.
The *planets,* like as *weather-fans,* turne round,
The *sun* a *diall* in the midst is found;
Where he doth give fo just account of time,
He measures all, though round, by even *line.*

But when the *earth* was made, and seed did sow,
*Plants* on the *earth,* and *mineralis* downe grow,
Then *creatures* made, which *motion* gave them sense,
Yet *reason* none, to give *intelligence.*

But *nature* found when she was *man* to make,
More difficult then new *worlds* to create:
For she did strive to make him long to last,
Into *eternity* then he was cast.
For in no other place could keep him long,
But in *eternity,* that *castle* strong.
There she was sure that Death she could keep out,  
Although he is a Warrior strong, and stout.  
Man she would make not like to other kinde,  
Though not in Body, like a God in minde.

Then she did call her Counsell once againe,  
Told them the greatest work did yet remaine.  
For how, said she, can we our selves new make?  
Yet Man we must like to our selves create:

Or else he can never escape Deaths share,  
To make this worke belongs both skill, and care;  
But I a Minde will mixe, as I thinkes fit,  
With Knowledge, Understanding, and with Wit,

And, Motion, you your Serjeants must impoye:  
Which Passions are, to waite still in the Eye,  
To dresse, and cloath this Minde in fashions new,  
Which none knowes better how to doe then you.

What though this Body dye, this Minde shall live,  
And a free-will we must unto it give.  
But, Matter, you from Figure Forme must take,  
Different from other Creatures, Man must make.

For he shall go upright, the rest shall not,  
And, Motion, you in him must tye a knot  
Of severall Motions there to meet in one:  
Thus Man like to himselfe shall be alone.

You, Life, command the Fates a thread to spin,  
From which small thread the Body shall begin.  
And while the thread doth last, not cut in twaine,  
The Body shall in Motion still remaine:

But when the thread is broke, then downe shall fall,  
And for a time no Motion have at all.  
But yet the Minde shall live, and never dye;  
We le raiue the Body too for company.

Thus, like our selves, we can make things to live  
Eternally, but no past times can give.
Deaths endeavour to hinder, and obstruct Nature.

When Death did heare what Nature did intend,
To hinder her he all his force did bend.
But finding all his forces were too weake,
He alwaies strives the Thread of life to breake:
And strives to fill the Minde with black despaire,
Let's it not rest in peace, nor free from care;
And since he cannot make it dye, he will
Send griefe, and sorrow to torment it still,
With grievous paines the Body he displeases,
And binds it hard with chaines of strong diseases.
His Servants, Sloth, and Sleep, he doth imployle,
To get halfe of the time before they dye:
But Sleep, a friend to Life, oft disobeys
His Masters will, and softly downe her lay's
Upon their weary limbs, like Birds in nest,
And gently locks their senses up in rest.

—a World made by Atomes.

Small Atomes of themselves a World may make,
As being subtle, and of every shape:
And as they dance about, fit places finde,
Such Formes as best agree, make every kinde.
For when we build a house of Bricke, and Stone,
We lay them even, every one by one:
And when we finde a gap that's big, or small,
We seeke out Stones, to fit that place withall.
For when not fit, too big, or little be,
They fall away, and cannot stay we see.
So Atomes, as they dance, finde places fit,
They there remaine, lye close, and fast will sticke.
Thosse that unsfit, the rest that rove about,
Do never leave, until they thrust them out.
Thus by their severall Motions, and their Formes,
As severall work-men serve each others turnes.

And
And thus, by chance, may a New World create:
Or else predestinated to work my Fate.

The foure principall Figur'd Atomes make
the foure Elements, as Square, Round,
Long, and Sharpe.

The Square flat Atomes, as dull Earth appeare,
The Atomes Round do make the Water cleere.
The Long freight Atomes like to Arrowes fly,
Mount next the points, and make the Aery Skye;
The Sharpest Atomes do into Fire turne,
Which by their piercing quality they burne:
That Figure makes them active, active, Light;
Which makes them get above the rest in flight;
And by this Figure they stick fast, and draw
Up other Atomes which are Round and Raw:
As Waters are round drops, though nere so small,
Which shew that water is all spherical;
That Figure makes it spongy, spongy, wet,
For being hollow, softnesse doth beget.
And being soft, that makes it run about;
More solid Atomes thrust it in, or out;
But sharpest Atomes have most power thereon,
To nip it up with Cold, or Heat to run.
But Atomes Flat, are heavy, dull, and slow,
And sinking downward to the bottome go:
Those Figur'd Atomes are not active, Light,
Whereas the Longe are like the Sharp in flight.
For as the Sharp do pierce, and get on high,
So do the long shoot freight, and evenly.
The Round are next the Flat, the Long next Round,
Those which are sharp, are still the highest found:
The Flat turne all to Earth, which lye most low,
The Round, to Water cleer, which liquid flow.
The Long to Aire turne, from whence Clouds grow,
The Sharp to Fire turne, which hot doth glow.
These Foure Figures Foure Elements do make,
And as their Figures do incline, they take.

For
For those are perfect in themselves alone,
Not taking any shape, but what's their owne.
What forme is else, must still take from each part,
Either from Round, or Long, or Square, or Sharp;
As those that are like to Triangular cut,
Part of three figures in one forme is put.
And those that bow and bend like to a Bow;
Like to the Round, and jointed Atomes they.
Those that are Branch'd, of those which crooked be;
You may both the Long, and Sharp Figures see.
Thus several Figures, several tempers make,
But what is mixt, doth of the Four partake.

Of Aiery Atomes.

The Atomes long, which streaming Aire makes,
Are hollow, from which Forme Aire softnessie takes.
This makes that Aire, and water neer agree.
Because in hollownesse alike they be.
For Aiery Atomes made are like a Pipe,
And watry Atomes, Round, and Cimball like.
Although the one is Long, the other Round;
Yet in the midst, a hollownesse is found.
This makes us think, water turns into Aire;
And Aire often runs into water faire.
And like two Twins, mistaken they are oft;
Because their hollownesse makes both them soft.

Of Aire.

The reason, why Aire doth so equall spread,
Is Atomes long, at each and both alike ballanced.
For being long, and each end both alike,
Are like to Weights, which keep it steddy, right.
For howsoeere it moves, to what Forme joyned,
Yet still that Figure lies in every line.
For Atomes long, their Formes are like a Thread,
Which interweaves like to a Spiders Web.
And thus being thin, it so subtle growes,
That into every empty place it goes.
Of Earth.

WHY Earth's not apt to move, but flow and dull,
Is, Atomes flat, no Vacuum hath' but full.
That Forme admits no empty place to bide,
All parts are fill'd, having no hollow side.
And where no Vacuum, Motion is not flow,
Having no empty places for to go.
Though Atomes all are small, as small may bee,
Yet by their Formes, Motion doth disagree.
For Atomes sharp do make themselves a Way,
Cutting through other Atomes as they fray.
But Atomes flat will dull, and lazy lay,
Having no Edge, or point to make a Way.

The weight of Atomes.

IF Atomes are as small, as small can bee,
They must in quantity of Matter all agree:
And if consisting Matter of the same (be right,)
Then every Atome must weigh just alike.
Thus Quantity, Quality and Weight all
Together meets in every Atome small.

The bignesse of Atomes:

WHEN I say, Atomes small, as small can bee;
I mean Quantity, quality, and Weight agree
Not in the Figure, for some may shew
Much bigger, and some lesser: so
Take Water fluid, and Ice that's firme;
Though the Weight be just, the Bulk is not the same.
So Atomes are some soft, others more knit,
According as each Atome's Figure'd;
Round and Long Atomes, hollow are, more slake.
Then Flat, or Sharp, for they are more compact:
And being hollow they are spread more thin,
Then other Atomes which are close within:
And Atomes which are thin more tender far,
For those that are more close, they harder are.
The joyning of severall Figur'd Atomes make other Figures:

Everall Figur'd Atomes well agreeing,
When joyn'd, do give another Figure being.
For as those Figures joyned, severall waies,
The Fabric of each severall Creature raise.

What Atomes make Change.

This severall Figur'd Atomes that make Change,
When severall Bodies meet as they do range.
For if they sympathize, and do agree,
They joyn together, as one Body bee.
But if they joyne like to a Rabble-rout,
Without all order running in and out;
Then disproportionate things they make,
Because they did not their right places take.

All things last, or dissolve, according to the Composure of Atomes.

Those Atomes loosely joyn'd, do not remaine
So long as those, which closeness do maintain:
Those make all things 'th World ebb, and flow;
According as the moving Atomes go.
Others in Bodies, they do joyne so close,
As in long time, they never stir, nor loose:
And some will joyne so close, and knit so fast,
As if unfit'd, they would for ever last.

In smallest Vegetables, loosest Atomes lye,
Which is the reason, they so quickly dye.
In Animals, much closer they are laid,
Which is the cause, Life is the longer staid.
Some Vegetables, and Animals do joyne
In equall strength, if Atomes so combine.
But Animals, where Atomes close lay in,
Are stronger, then some Vegetables thin.
But in Vegetables, where Atomes do stick fast,
As in strong Trees, the longer they do last.  
In Minerals, they are so hard wedg’d in,  
No space they leave for Motion to get in :  
Being Pointed all, the closer they do lye,  
Which make them not like Vegetables dye.  
Those Bodies, where loose Atomes most move in,  
Are Soft, and Porous, and many times thin.  
Those Porous Bodies never do live long,  
For why, loose Atomes never can be strong.  
There Motion having power, tosses them about,  
Keeps them from their right places, so Life goes out.

Of Loose Atomes.

In every Braine loose Atomes there do lye,  
Those which are Sharpe, from them do Fancies flye.  
Those that are long, and Airy, nimble be.  
But Atomes Round, and Square, are dull, and sleepie.

Change is made by several-figur’d Atomes,  
and Motion.

If Atomes all are of the selfe same Matter;  
As Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water:  
Then must their several Figures make all Change  
By Motions helpe, which orders, as they range.

Of Sharpe Atomes.

Then Atomes Sharpe Motion doth mount up high;  
Like Arrowes sharpe, Motion doth make them flye.  
And being sharpe and swift, they peirce so deep,  
As they passe through all Atomes, as they meet :  
By their swift motion, they to bright Fire turne;  
And being Sharpe, they peirce, which we call Burne.
What Atomes make Flame:

Those Atomes, which are Long, sharp at each end,
Stream forth like Aire, in Flame, which Light doth seem:
For Flame doth flow as if it fluid were,
Which shewes, part of that Figure is like Aire.
Thus Flame is joyn'd, two Figures into one:
But Fire without Flame, is sharpe alone.

Of Fire and Flame.

Although we at a distance stand; if great
The Fire be, the Body through will heat.
Yet those sharpe Atomes we do not perceive,
How they flye out, nor how to us they cleave.
Nor do they flame, nor shine they cleere and bright;
When they flye out, and on our Bodies strike.
The reason is, they loose, and scattered flye;
And not in Troupes, nor do they on heaps lye.
Like small dust raised, which scatter'd all about;
We see it not, nor doth it keep Light out:
When gathered thick up to a Mountaine high,
We see them then in solid Earth to lye.
Just so do Atomes sharpe looke, cleere, and bright,
When in heaps lye, or in a streaming flight.

Of Fire in the Flint.

The reason, Fire lies in Flint unseen;
Is, other FIGUR'd Atomes lye betweene:
For being bound, and overpowred by
A Multitude, they do in Prison lye.
Unlesse that Motion doth releafe them out,
With as strong power, which make them flye about,
But if that Flint be beat to powder small;
To sep'rate the grossest, releafe'd are all.
But when they once are out, do not returne,
But seeke about to make another Forme.
Of the Sympathy of Atomes.

By Sympathy, Atomes are fixed so,
As past some Principles they do not go.
For count the Principles of all their works,
You'll finde, there are not many severall forts.
For when they do dissolve, and new Formes make,
They still to their first Principles do take.
As Animals, Vegetables, Minerals;
So Air, Fire, Earth, Water falls.

Of the Sympathy of their Figures.

Such Sympathy there is in every Figure,
That every severall fort do flock together.
As Air, Water, Earth and Fire;
Which make each Element to be entire:
Not but loose Atomes, like Sheep stray about,
And into severall places go in, and out:
And some as Sheep and Kine do mixe together;
Which when they mixe, tis severall change of weather.
But Motion, as their Shepheard drives them so,
As not to let them out of order go.

What Atomes make Vegetables, Minerals, and Animals.

The Branched Atomes Formes each Planted thing,
The hooked points pull out, and makes them spring.
The Atomes Round give Juice, the Sharpe give heate;
And those grow Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers sweet.
Those that are Square, and Flat, not rough withall,
Make those which Stone, and Minerals we call.
But in all Stones, and Minerals (no doubt,)
Sharpe points do lye, which Fire makes strike out.
Thus Vegetables, Minerals do grow,
According as the severall Atomes go.
In Animals, all Figures do agree;
But in Mankind, the best of Atomes bee.
And thus, in Nature the whole World may be,
For all we know, unto Eternity.

What Atomes make Heat and Cold.

Such kinde of Atomes, which make Heat, make Cold: Like Pincers sharpe, which nip, and do take hold. But Atomes that are pointed sharpe, pierce through: And Atomes which are sharpe, but Hook'd, pull to. Yet, all must into pointed Figures turne; For Atomes blunt will never freeze, nor burne. 'Cause Blunt Figures do to a soft Forme bend; And Soft do unto wet, or Liquid tend.

What Atomes make Fire to burne, and what Flame.

What makes a Spurke of Fire to burne more quick,
Then a great Flame? because 'tis small to ftick.
For Fire of it selfe, it is so dry.
Falls into parts, as crowds of Atomes lyce.
The sharpest Atomes keepe the Body hot,
To give out Heat, some Atomes forth are shot.
Sometimes for anger, the Sparkes do flye about;
Or want of roome, the weakest are thrust out.
They are so sharpe, that whatsoere they meet,
If not overpow'r'd, by other Atomes, * eate:
As Ants, which small, will eate up a dead Horse:
So Atomes sharpe, on Bodies of lesse force.
Thus Atomes sharpe, yet sharper by degrees;
As Stings in Flies, are not so sharpe as Bees.
And when they meet a Body, solid, flat,
The weakest Flye, the sharpest worke on that.
Those that are not so sharpe, do flye about,
To seeke some lighter matter, to eate out.
So lighter Atomes do turne A're to Flame;
Because more thin, and Porous is the same.
Thus Flame is not so hot as Burning Coale;
The Atomes are too weake, to take fast hold.
The sharpest into firmeft Bodies flye,
But if their strength be small, they quickly dye.

*This is, when some Atomes overpow'r others by their Numbers, for they cannot change their Formes.
Or if their Number be not great, but small;  
The Blunter Atomes beate and quench out all.

What Atomes make the Sun, and the Sea, go round.

All pointed Atomes, they to Fire turn;  
Which by their drinesse, they so light become:  
Above the rest do flye, and make a Sun.

Which by consent of parts, a heele of Fire growes,  
Which being Sphericall, in a round motion goes:
And as it turns round, Atomes turne about;  
Which Atomes round, are Water, without doubt.
This makes the Sea go round, like Water-Mill;  
For as the Sun turns round, so doth the water still.

What Atomes make Life:

All pointed Atomes to Life do tend,  
Whether pointed all, or at one end.
Or whether Round, are set like to a Ring;  
Or whether Long, are roul’d as on a String.
Those which are pointed, straight, quick Motion give;  
But those that bowe and bend, more dull do live.
For Life lives dull, or merrilie,  
According as Sharpe Atomes be.
The Cause why things do live and dye,  
Is, as the mixed Atomes lye.

What Atomes make Death.

Life is a Fire, and burnes full hot,  
But when Round watry Atomes power have got:
Then do they quench Life Atomes out,
Blunting their Points, and kill their courage stout.
Thus they sometimes do quite thrust out each other,  
When equall mix’d, live quietly together.
The cause why things do live and dye,  
Is as the mixed Atomes lye.
What Atomes cause Sickness.

When sicke the Body is, and well by fits,
Atomes are fighting, but none the better gets.
If they agree, then Health returns againe,
And so shall live as long as Peace remaine.

What Atomes make a Dropsie.

When Atomes round do meet, joyne in one Ball,
Then they swell high, and grow Hydropicall.
Thus joyning they come strong, so powerfull grow,
All other Atomes they do overflow.

What Atomes make a Consumption.

THE Atomes sharpe, when they together meet,
They grow so hot, all other Atomes beate.
And being hot, becomes so very dry,
They drinke Life's moisture up, make motion dye.

What Atomes make the wind Collick.

Long airy Atomes, when they are combin'd,
Do spread themselves abroad, and so make Wind:
Making a Length and Breadth extend so far,
That all the rest can neither go nor stir.
And being forc'd, not in right places lye;
Thus press'd too hard, Man in great paine doth lye.

What Atomes make a Palsey, or Apoplexy.

Dull Atomes flat, when they together joyne,
And with each other in a heape combine;
This Body thick doth stop all passage so,
Keeps Motion out, so num'd the Body grow.
Atomes that are sharpe, in which Heat doth live,
Being smothered close, no heat can give:
But if those Atomes flat meet in the Brain,
They choake the Spirits, can no heat obtaine.
In all other Diseases they are mixed, taking parts, and factions.

But in all other Diseases they are mix'd, And not in one consisting body fix'd. But do in factions part, then up do rise; Striving to beate each other out, Man dies.

All things are govern'd by Atomes

Thus Life and Death, and young and old, Are, as the severall Atomes hold. So Wit, and Understanding in the Braine, Are as the severall Atomes reign: And Dispositions good, or ill, Are as the severall Atomes still. And every Passion which doth rise, Is as the severall Atomes lies. Thus Sicknesse, Health, and Peace, and War: Are alwaies as the severall Atomes are.

A war with Atomes:

Some factions Atomes will agree; combine, They strive some form'd Body to unjoyne. The Round beate out the Sharpe: the Long The Flat do fight withall, thus all go wrong. Those which make Motion General in their war, By his direction they much stronger are.

Atomes and Motion fall out.

When Motion, and all Atomes disagree, Thunder in Skies, and sicknesse in Men bee. Earthquakes, and Windes which make disorder great, Tis when that Motion all the Atomes beate. In this confusion a horrid noise they make, For Motion will not let them their right places take. Like frighted Flocks of Sheepe together run, Thus Motion like a Wolfe doth worry them.
The agreement of some kinde of Motion, with some kinde of Atomes.

Some Motion with some Atomes well agree;
Fits them to places right, as just may bee.
By Motions helpe, they so strong joyne each to,
That hardly Motion shall againe undo.

Motions inconstancy oft gives such power
To Atomes, as they can Motion devour.

Motion directs, while Atomes dance.

Atomes will dance, and measures keep just time;
And one by one will hold round circle line,
Run in and out, as we do dance the Hay.
Crossing about, yet keep just time and way:
While Motion, as Musicke directs the Time;
Thus by consent, they altogether joyne.
This Harmony is Health, makes Life live long;
But when they're out, 'tis Death, so dancing's done.

The difference of Atomes and Motion, in youth and age.

In all things which are young, Motion is swift:
But moving long, is tir'd, and groweth stiff.
So Atomes are, in youth, more nimble, strong,
Then in old Age, but apt more, to go wrong.
Thus Youth by false Notes and wrong Steps doth dye,
In Age Atomes, and Motion, weary downe do lye.

Motions Ease is Change, weary soone doth grow,
If in one Figure the doth often go.

Motion makes Atomes a Bawd for Figure.

Did not wild Motion with his subtile wit,
Make Atomes as his Bawd, new Formes to get.
They still would constant be in one Figure,
And as they place themselves, would last for ever.

D

But
But Motion she persuades new Formes to make,
For Motion doth in Change great pleasure take.
And makes all Atomes run from place to place;
That Figures young he might have to imbrace.
For some short time, she will make much of one,
But afterwards away from them will run.
And thus are most things in the World undone,
And by her Change, do young ones take old's roome.
But 'tis but like unto a Batch of Bread,
The Floure is the same of such a Seed,
But Motion she a Figure new mould, bak'd,
Because that she might have a new hot Cake.

Motion and Figure.

A Figure Spharicall, the Motion's so,
Straigt Figures in a darting Motion go:
As severall Figures in small Atomes bee,
So severall Motions are, if we could see.
If Atomes joyne, meetin another Forme,
Then Motion alters as the Figures turne.
For if the Bodies weighty are, and great,
Then Motion's slow, and goes upon lesse feet.
Out of a Shuttle-cocke a feather pull,
And flying strike it, as when it was full;
The Motion alters which belongs to that,
Although the Motion of the hand do not.
Yet Motion, Matter, can new Figures find,
And the Substantiall Figures turne and wind.
Thus severall Figures, severall Motions take,
And severall Motions, severall Figures make.
But Figure, Matter, Motion, all is one,
Can never separate, nor be alone.

Of the Subtlety of Motion.

Ould we the severall Motions of Life know,
The Subtle windings, and the waies they go:
We should adore God more, and not dispute,
How they are done, but that great God can do't.
But we with Ignorance about do run,
To know the Ends, and how they first begun.
Spending that Life, which Natures God did give
Us to adore him, and his wonders with.
With fruitless, vain, impossible pursuits,
In Schooles, Lectures, and quarrelling Disputes.
But never give him thanks that did us make,
Proudly, as petty Gods, ourselves do take.

**Motion is the Life of all things.**

As Darkness a privation is of Light;
That's when the Opticke Nerve is stopp'd from Light.
So Death is even a cessation in
Those Formes, and Bodies, wherein Motions spin.
As Light can only shine but in the Eye,
So Life doth only in a Motion lye.
Thus Life is out, when Motion leaves to bee,
Like to an Eye that's shut, no Light can see.

**Of Vacuum.**

Some think the World would fall, and not hang so,
If it had any empty place to go.
One cannot think that Vacuum is so vast,
That the great World might in that Gulfe be cast.
But Vacuum like is to the Porous Skyn,
Where Vapour *goeth out, and Air takes in;*
And though that Vapour fills those places small,
We cannot think, but first were empty all:
For were they all first full, they could not make
Room for succession, their places for to take.
But as those Atomes passe, and repasse through,
Yet still in empty places must they go.

**Of the Motion of the Sea.**

If that the Sea the Earth doth run about,
It leaves a Space, where first the Tide went out.
For if the Water were as much as *Land,*
The Water would not stir, but still would stand.

D 2 Which
Which shewes, that though the Water still goes round,
Yet is the Land more then the Water * found.
But say, the Aire * that's moveable without,
Which being thin, gives leave to run about.
Or like a Wheele, which Water * makes to go,
So Aire may the Water make to flow.
But if that Aire hath not room to move,
It cannot any other Body move.
Besides what drives, must needs be stronger far,
Then what it drives, or else it would not stir.
If so, then Infinites of strengths must be
In Motions power, to move Eternally.
But say, all things do run in Circles line,
And every part doth altogether joynye.
They cannot in each others places stir,
Unlesse some places were left empty bare.
For take a Wheele, circumference stop without,
And Center too, it cannot turne about.
If Breadth and Depth were full, leaving no * space,
Nothing can stir out of the selfe same place.

Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea.

The Reason the Sea so constant Ebbs and Flowes,
Is like the Hammer of a Clocke, which goes.
For when it comes just to the Notch, doth strike,
So water to that empty place doth like.
For when it Flowes, Water is cast out stille,
And when it Ebbs, runs back that place to fill.

Vacuum in Atomes.

If all the Atomes, Long, Sharpe, Flat, and Round,
Be onely of one sort of Matter found:
The Hollow Atomes must all empty be.
For there is nought to fill Vacuitie.
Besides being severall Bodies, though but small,
Betwixt those Bodies, there is nought at all.
For as they range about from place to place,
Betwixt their Bodies there is left a Space,
How should they move, having no space between?
For joyning close, they would as one Lump seem.
Nor could they move into each others place,
Unlesse there were somewhere an Empty space.
For though their Matter's infinite, as Time,
They must be fix'd, if altogether joyne.
And were all Matter fluid, as some say,
It could not move, having no empty way.
Like Water that is flopt close in a Glasse,
It cannot stir, having no way to passe.
Nor could the Fixis swim in Water thin,
Were there no Vacuum to crowd those waters in.
For as they Crowd, those waters on heapes high
Must some waies rise to Place that empty lye.
For though the water's thin, wherein they move,
They could not stir, if water did not shove.

Of Contracting and Dilating, whereby Vacuum must needs follow.

Contracting, and Dilating of each part,
It is the chiefest worke of Motions Art.
Yet Motion can't dilate, nor yet contract
A Body, which at first is close compact:
Unlesse at first an empty place was found,
To spread those Compact Bodies round.
Nor fluid matter can contract up close,
But by contracting it some place must lose.

The Attraction of the Earth.

The reason Earth attracts much like the Sun,
Is, Atomes sharpe out from the Earth do come:
From the Circumference, those like Bees arise,
As from a Swarm, dispers'd, severally flyes.
And as they wander, meet with duller Forms,
Wherein they sticke their point, then backe returns.
Yet like a Bee, which loaded is each Thigh,
Their weight is great, they cannot nimbly flye.
So when their points are loaded, heavy grow,
Can pierce no further, backward must they go.
And, as their Hives, to Earth returne againe:  
Thus by their travell they the Earth maintain:

**The Attraction of the Sun.**

When all those Atomes which in Rayes do spread,  
And ranged long, like to a slender * thread:

They do not scatter'd flye, but joyne in length,  
And being joyn'd, though small, add to their strength.

The further forth they stremme, more weake become,  
Although those Beames * are fastened to the Sun.

For all those Rayes which Motion sends downe low,  
Are, loose, sharpe Atomes, from the Sun do flow.

And as they flow in severall Streams, and Rayes,  
They stick their points in all that stop their waies.

Like Needle points, whereon doth something firke,  
No passage make, having no points to pricke.

Thus being stopp'd, strait-waies they backe do run,  
Drawing those Bodies with them to the Sun.

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* I mean all Rayes in general, of all sorts of Atomes which move.

* The Suns Rayes.

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**The cause of the breaking of the Suns Beames.**

If Porous Atomes by the Sharpe are found,  
They're borne on points away, as Prisoners bound:

But as they mount, Atomes of their owne kinde,  
If chance to meet, straight helpe them to unbinde.

For Porous Atomes being soft and wet,  
When Numbers meet, they close together get:

And being glut, they joyne together all,  
By one content they pull, so backe do fall.

If they be round, in showring Drops returne,  
Like Beads that are upon a long thread strung.

But if their Figures different be from those,  
Then like a thicke and foggy mist it shewes.

---

**Of the Rayes of the Sun.**

The Rayes are not so hot, as is the Sun,  
Because they are united strong to burne.

But
But with a Glass those scatter'd Beames draw in,
When they're united, pierce through every thing,
But being separate, they weak become,
And then like Cowards several ways they run.

Of the Beames of the Sun.

Those Splendent Beames which forth the Sun doth spread,
Are loofe sharpe Atomes, ranged long like Thread.
And as they stream, if Torous bodies meet,
Sticke in their Points; to us that Touch is heat.

The Sun doth set the Aire on a light, as some Opinions hold.

If that the Sun so like a Candle is,
That all the Aire doth take a Light from his;
Not from Reflection, but by kindling all
That part, which we our Hemisphere do call;
Then should that Aire whereon his Light takes place,
Benever out, unless that Substance waste:
Unlesse the Sun Extinguishers should throw,
Upon the Aire, so out the Light doth go.
But sure the Suns reflexion gives the Light,*
For when he's gone, to us it is dark Night.
For why, the Sun is Atomes sharpe entire,
Being close wedg'd round,* is like a wheele of Fire.
And round that Wheel continually do flow
Sharpe Streaming Atomes, which like Flame do shew.
And in this Flame* the Earth its face doth see,
As in a Glass, as cleere, as cleere may bee.
And when the Earth doth turne aside his face,
It is not scene, but Darkness in that place.
Or when the Moone doth come betwixt that Light,
Then is the Earth shut up* as in darke Night.

What Atomes the Sun is made of.

The Sun is of the sharpest Atomes made,
Close knit together, and exactly laid.
The Fabrick like a Wheele is just made round,
And in the midst of all, the Planets found,
And as the Planets move about the Sun,
Their Motions make the loose sharpe Atomes run.

Of Vapour.

Loose Atomes sharpe, which Motion shoots about,
Sticke on loose Porous Atomes, thofe draw out.
From thofe more close, for thofe do higheft lye,
Thus Vapours drawne toward the Region high.
But being their weight is equall with their owne,
They let them fall to Earth, so backe returne.

Of Dewes, and Mists from the Earth.

Some Atomes sharpe thrust from the Earth some Round,
And then a Pearled dew lies on the ground.
But if they beare them on their sharpe points high,
Those being raif'd, a Mist seemes to the Eye.
On the Circumference of the Earth there lies
The looett Atomes, which are apt to rise;
Yet not to mount so high as to the Sun,
For being dull, they backe to Earth returne;
As water, which is show'd with force of strength,
Is not so apt to move, as run at length.

The Attraction of the Poles, and of Frost.

The North and South Attracts, Contracts, are like the Sun,
They freeze as hard, as he with Heate doth burne.
For Atomes there are like to Pincers small,
At the Poles, by which they draw, and others pull withall.
When Motion from the Poles shoots them about,
Mixing with Porous bodies when they're out:
And with thofe Pincers small thofe Bodies nip,
So close and hard, they cannot from them get;
Unlesse that fiery Atomes sharpe do pierce
Betwixt thofe Pincers small, so do release.

Those
Those Porous Atomes, like an Aule that bores;
Or like a Picklock, which doth open doors.
For when they’re opened by those fiery Aules,
Let go their holds, which Move a Thaw strait calls.
If not, they pinch those Bodies close together,
Then men do say, it is hard Froaly weather.

Quenching out of Fire.

The Atomes round, 'tis not their Numbers great
That put out Fire, quenching both Light and Heate.
But being wet, they loosen, and unbinde,
Those sharpe dry Atomes, which together joynd.
For when they are dispersed, their power's but small,
Nor give they Light, nor Heate, if single all.
Besides those Atomes sharpe will smother'd be,
Having no vent, nor yet Vacuity.
For if that Fire in a place lies close,
Having no vent, but stopp'd, it strait out goes.
There is no better Argument, to prove
That Vacuum is, then to see Fire move.
For if that Fire had not Liberty
To run about, how quickly would it dye?

Quenching, and Smothering out of Heat, and Light, doth not change the Property, nor Shape of sharpe Atomes.

This not, that Atomes sharpe do change their Forme,
When Heat and Flame is out, but Motion's gone:
When Motion's gone, sharpe Atomes cannot prickle,
Having no force, it any thing to stickle.
For if the Sun quicker Motion mov'd it not,
'Twould neither shine, nor be to us hot.
Just so, when Creatures dye, change not their Forme;
That kind of Motion, which made Life, is gone.
For Animal Spirits, which we Life do call,
Are onely of the sharpe Atomes small.
Thus Life is Atomes sharpe, which we call Fire,
When those are stopp'd, or quench'd, Life doth expire.

Round Atomes are water.
Sharpe Atomes.

* by Gone, is meant Motion ceas'd.
Their Forme doth not dissolve yet as their Death.
* Life is such kind of Motion as sharpe Atome.
That is, when they are separat'd, of their Motion firepower, and though every Figure hath proper Motions belonging to their Shape, yet they do not move always alike for they have one kind of Motion singly, and another kind when they are united, but when they are mixt with other Figures, their Motion is according to their several mixtures.
Of a Sparke of Fire:

A Sparke of Fire, is like a Mouse, doth eate
Into a Chafe, although both hard, and great.
Just to a Sparke, although it be but small,
If once those Points can fasten, pierce through all.

Of a Coale.

WHY that a Coale should set an house on Fire,
Is, Atomes sharpe are in that Coale entire.
Being strong arm'd with Points, do quite pierce through;
Those flat dull Atomes, and their Formes undo.
And Atomes sharpe, whose Forme is made for flight,
If loose, do run to helpe the rest in fight.
For like as Souldiers, which are of one side,
When they see Friends ingag'd, to rescue ride.
But Atomes flat, where Motion is but slow,
They cannot fight, but strait to Ashes go.

Of Ashes:

Burnt wood is like unto an Army's rout,
Their Formes undone, lye scattered all about.
When Atomes sharpe, flat Atomes unbinde all,
Those loose flat Atomes, we strait Ashes call.

The Increasing, and Decreasing of visible Fire.

When Fuel's kindled, Fire seemes but small,
That Fuell afterward doth seem Fire all.
Just like a Crow, that on a dead Horse lights;
When other Crowes perceiving in their flights,
They strait invite themselves unto that Feast,
And thus from one, to Numbers are increas'd.
So Atomes sharpe, which singly flye about,
Joyne with the rest, to eate the Fuell out.
And, as the Fuell doth increase, do they,
And as it wasting, so do they flye away.
The Power of Fire.

Fire such power hath of every thing,
As like to Needle points that peirce the Skyn.
So doth that Element peirce into all,
Bee't nere so hard, strong, thicke, or Solid Ball.
All things it doth dissolve, or bow, or breake,
Keeping its strength, by making others weake.

Of Burning.

The cause why Fire doth burne, and burning smarts,
The reason is of Numerous little parts,
Which parts are Atomes sharpe, that wound like Stings,
If they so far do peirce into our Skyns;
And like an angry Porcupine, doth shoot
His fiery Quils, if nothing quench them out.
Their Figure makes their Motion sudden, quicke,
And being sharpe, they do like Needles pricke.
If they peirce deep, * do make our flesh to ake,
If only touch * the skyn, we pleasure take.
That kinde of paine, do we a Burning call:
For Atomes numerous, and very small,
Do make from Needles point a different touch,
Whose points are grosse, and Numbers not so much;
Which cannot lye so close, and spread so thin,
All at one time our Pores to enter in.

The Reason Water quenches Fire.

The Reason Water Fire quenches out,
Is, Atomes * round the sharpe put to a rout.
For when a Houfe is on a Fire fer,
Is, Atomes sharpe do in great Armies meet.
And then they range themselves in Ranks and Files,
And strive alwaies to havocke, and make spoiles.
Running about as nimble as may bee,*
From side to side, as in great Fire we see.
But Atomes round do like a reseme * come,
And separate the sharpe, which in heapes run.

* They separate the sharpe Atomes.

* When Water is thrownne on Fire.
For being separate, they have no force;
Like to a Troope, or Regiment of Horse:
Which when great Canon bullets are shot through,
They disunite, and quite their strength undo.
So water, that is throwne on flaming Fire,
Doth separate, and make that strength expire.

Of the sound of Waters, Aire, Flame,
more then Earth, or Aire without Flame.

When crowds of Atomes meet, not joyned close,
By Motion quicke do gi ve * each other blowes.
So Atomes hollow, which are Long, and Round,
When they do strike, do make the greatest sound:
Not that there's any thing that moves therein,
To make Rebounds, but that their Formes more thin.*
For being thin, they larger are, and wide,
Which make them apt to strike each others side.
In larger Bulks encounters are more fierce,
When that they strike, though not so quicke to pierce.
This is the reason Water, Aire, and Flame,
Do make most noise, when Motions move the same.
For Atomes loose are like to people rude,
Make horrid noise, when in a Multitude.

The reason of the Roaring of the Sea.

All Waters Spharicall, when Tides do flow,
Beat all those Spharicall Drops as they do go.
So in ends do strike those watry drops together,
Which we at Sea do call Tempestuous weather:
And being Spharicall, and Cymball like,
They make a sound, when each 'gainst other strike.

The Agilenesse of Water.

Water is apt to move, being round like Balls,
No points to fixe, doth trundle as it falls.
This makes the Sea, when like great Mountaines high
The waves do rise, it steddy cannot lye.

But
But falls againe into a Liquid Plaine
Tides, Winds disturbe them not, levell remaine.
Thus watry Balls they do not intermixe,
But sticke * so close, as nothing is betwixt.

Of the Center.

In Infinites no Center can be laid,
But if the * World has Limits, Center's made.
For whatso're's with Circumference fac'd,
A Center in the midst must needs be plac'd.
This makes all Forms that Limit have, and Bound,
To have a Center, and Circumference round.
This is the Case the World in circle runs,
Because a Center hath, whereon it turnes.
The Center small, Circumference big without,
Which by the weight doth make it turne about.

All sharpe Atomes do run to the Center, and
those that settle not, by reason of the straitnesse
of the Place, flye out to the Circumference.
Sharpe Atomes to the Center, make a Sun.

All Atomes sharpe to every Center flye,
In midst of Earth, and midst of Planets lyce;
And in * those Planets there are Centers too,
Where the sharpe Atomes with quicke Motion go.
And to the Center of the Earth they run,
There gathering close, and so become a Sun.
This is the Axe whereon the Earth turnes round,
And gives the heat, which in the Earth is found
A World of Fire: thus may we guesse the Sun;
If all sharpe Atomes to the Center run.
For why, the Sun amongst the Planets round,
Just as a Center, in the midst is found.
And fixed Stars, which give a twinkling Light,
Are Center Worlds of Fire, that shineth bright.
In the Center Atomes never Separate.

Just at the Center is a point that's small,
Those Atomes that are there are wedg'd in all;
They lye so close, firm in one Body binde,
No other Forme, or Motion can unwinde:
For they are wreath'd so hard about that point,
As they become a Circle without joint.*

If Infinite Worlds, Infinite Centers.

If Infinities of Worlds, they must be plac'd
At such a distance, as between lies waste.
If they were joyned close, moving about,
By justling they would push each other out.
And if they swim in Aire, as Fishes do
In Water, they would meet* as they did go.
But if the Aire each World doth inclose
Then all about, then like to Water flowes;
Keeping them equal, and in order right.
That as they move, shall not each other strike.
Or like to water wheels by water turn'd,
So Aire round about those Worlds do run:
And by that Motion they do turne about,
No further then that Motions strength runs out.
Like to a Bowle, which will no further go,
But runs according as that strength do throw.
Thus like as Bowles, the Worlds do turne, and run,
But still the Jacke, and Center is the Sun.

The Infinities of Matter.

If all the World were a confused heape,
What was beyond? for this World is not great:
We finde it Limit hath, and Bound,
And like a Ball in compass is made round:
And if that Matter, with which the World's made,
Be Infinite, then more Worlds may be said;
Then Infinities of Worlds may we agree,
As well, as Infinities of Matters bee.
A World made by foure Atomes.

Harpe Atomes Fire subtle, quicke, and dry,
The Long, like Shafts full into Aire fly.
The Round to Water moist, (a hollow Forme,)
The Figure square to heavy dull Earth turne.
The Atomes sharpe hard Mineralls do make,
The Atomes round soft Vegetables take,
In Animals none singly lyne alone,
But the foure Atomes meet, and joyne as one;
And thus foure Atomes the Substance is of all;
With their foure Figures make a worldly Ball.

Thus the Fancy of my Atomes is, that the foure Principal Figures, as Sharpe, Long, Round, Square, make the foure Elements; not that they are of severall matters, but are all of one matter, onely their severall Figures do give them severall Proprieties; so likewise do the mixt Figures give them mixt Proprieties, & their severall composures do give them other Proprieties, according to their Formes they put themselves into, by their severall Motions. This I do repeate, that the ground of my Opinion may be understood.

Of Elements.

Some hold foure perfect Elements there bee,
Which do surmount each other by degree.
And some Opinions thinke that One is all,
The rest from that, and to that One shall fall:
This single Element it selfe to turne
To severall qualities, as Fire to burne.
So water moist, that heate to quench, and then
To subtle Aire, and so to Earth a'gen.
Like fluid water, which turnes with the Cold,
To Flakes of Snow, or in firme Ice to hold.
But that Heate doth melt that Icy Chaine,
Then into water doth it turne againe.
So from the Earth a Vapour thicke ascends,
That Vapour thicke it selfe to thin Aire spends;
Or else it will condens[e] it selfe to Raine,
And by its weight will fall to Earth againe.

And
And what is very thin, so subtle growes,
As it turnes Fire, and so a bright flame shewes.
And what is dull, or heavy, slow to move;
Of a cold quality it oft doth prove.
Thus by contracting, and dilating parts,
Is all the skill of Natures working Arts.

Fire compared to Stings.

Nothing is so like Fire, as a Flies Sting,
If we compare th' effect which both do bring.
For when they sting the flesh, they no blood draw,
But blisters raise, the Skin made red, the Flesh raw.
Were there as many Stings, as Fiery Atomes small,
Would peirce into the Flesh, Bones turne to Ashes all.
Thus we finde Flies do carry every where
Fire in their Tails, their Breech they do not feare.

Comparing Flame to the Tide of the Sea.

Like watry Tides, a Flame will ebb and flow,
By sinking downe, and then strait higher grow.
And if supprest, all in a rage breake out,
Streaming it selfe in severall parts about.
Some thinke the Salt doth make the Sea to move,
If so, then Salt in Flame the like may prove.
From that Example, Salt all Motions makes,
Then Life the chief of Motion from Salt takes.

What is Liquid.

We cannot call all Liquid which doth flow,
For then a Flame may turne to water so.
But that is Liquid, which is moist, and wet,
Fire that Propriety can never get.
Then 'tis not Cold, that puts the Fire out,
But 'tis the Wet that makes it dye, no doubt.

Fire and moisture.

If Hay be not quite dry, but stackt up wet,
In time that Moisture will a Fire beget.

This
This proves that Fire may from Moisture grow,
We profe have none, Moisture from Fire flow.
This shewes that Fire in its selfe is free,
No other Element in it can bee.
For Fire is pure still, and keeps the flame,
Where oylly Moisture's not, no Fire can blaze.

Aire begot of Heate and Moisture.

Heate, and Moisture joyn'd with equall merit,
Get a body thin of Aire, or Spirit;
Which is a Smoake, or Steame begot from both,
If Mother Moisture rule, 'tis full of float.
If the Father Fire predominates,
Then it is active, quicke, and Elevates.
This Aiery Child is sometimes good, or bad,
According to the nourishment it had.

The Temper of the Earth.

The Earth we finde is very cold, and dry,
And must therefore have Fire and water nigh,
To wash and bath, then dry her selfe without;
Else she would uselesse be without all doubt.

Winds are made in the Aire, not in the Earth.

How can we thinke Winds come from Earth below,
When they from Skye do downe upon us blow?
If they proceeded from the Earth, must run
Strait up, and upon Earth againe backe come:
They cannot freely blow, least Earth were made
Like to a Bowling-Greene, so levell laid.
But there are Rocks, and Hills, and Mountaines great,
Which stop their waies, and make them soone retreat.
Then sure it is, the Sun drawes Vapour out,
And rarifies it thin, then blow'st'bout.
If Heat condens'd, that turns it into Raine,
And by its weight falls to the Earth againe.
Thus Moisture and the Sun do cause the Winds,
And not the Crudities in hollow Mines.

Thunder
Thunder is a Wind in the middle Region.

Who knowes, but Thunders are great Winds, which Within the middle vault above the Sky, lyde
Which Winde the Sun on Moisture cold begot,
When he is in his Region Cancer hot.
This Child is thin, and subtle, made by heat,
It gets a voice, and makes a noise that's great:
It's Thinnesse makes it agile, agile strong,
Which by its force doth drive the Clouds along.
And when the Clouds do meet, they each do strike,
Flashing out Fire, as do Flints the like.
Thus in the Summer Thunder's caus'd by Wind,
Vapour drawne so high, no way out can find.
But in the Winter, when the Clouds are loose,
Then doth the Wind on Earth keep Rendezvous.

Of cold Winds.

As rarified water makes Winds blow,
So rarified Winds do colder grow.
For if they thin are rarified, then they
Do further blow, and spread out every way.
So cold they are, and sharpe as Needle points,
For by the thinnesse breaks, and disunites;
Into such Atomes fall, sharpe Figures bee,
Which Porous Bodies peirce, if we could see.
Yet some will thinke, if Aire were parted so,
The Winds could not have such strong force to blow.
'Tis true, if Atomes all were Blunt and Flat,
Or Round like Rings, they could not peirce, but pat;
But by themelves they do so sharpe become,
That through all Porous Bodies they do run.
But when the Winds are soft, they intermixe,
As water doth, and in one Body fixe.
More like they wave, then blow as Flames are spread,
Which Ladies use to coole their Cheeks, when red.
As water Drops feele harder, when they strike,
Then when they're intermixt, and on us light;

Unlesse
Unless such streams upon our heads downe runne,
As wea a shelter seeke the Wet to shun.
But when a Drop congealed is with Cold,
As Haile-stones are, more strength thereby doth hold.
Then Flakes of Snow may have more quantity,
Then Haile-stones, yet not have more force thereby:
They fall so soft, they scarce do strike our Touch,
Haile-stones we seele, and know their weight too much.
But Figures that are Flat, are dull, and slow,
Make weake Imression wherefoe're they go.
For let ten times the quantity of Steele
Be beaten thin, no hurt by that you'll seeele.
But if that one will take a Needle small,
The Point be sharp, and press the Flesh withall:
Strict it shall hurt, and put the Flesh to paine,
Which with more strength that shall not do, that's plaine.
Although you press it hard against the Skin,
May heavy seele, but shall not enter in.
So may the Wind that's thinly rarified,
Press us downe, but it shall not pierce the Sides.
Or take a Blade that's flat, though strong and great,
And with great strength upon the Head that beat;
The Skull may breake, seldom knocke out the Braines,
Which Arrowes sharp soone do, and with lesse paines.
Thus what is small, more subtle is, and quicke,
For all that's small in Porous Bodies stick.
Then are the Winds more cold when they do blow,
Broke into Atomes small, then streaming flow:
For all which knit, and closely do compose,
Much stronger are, and give the harder Blowes.
This shewes what's neereft absolute to bee,
Although an Atome to its small degree:
Take quantity, for quantity alike,
Union more then Mixture hard shall strike.

Of Stars.

We finde in the East-Indies Stars there bee,
Which we in our Horizon did nere see;
Yet we do take great paines in Glasses cleere,
To see what Stars do in the Skie appeare;
But
But yet the more we search, the lesse we know,
Because we finde our Workes doth endleffe grow.
For who doth know, but Stars we see by Night,
Are Suns which to some other Worlds give Light?
But could our outward Sense pace the Skie,
As well as can Imaginations high;
If we were there, as little may we know,
As those which stay, and never do up go.
Then let not Man, in fruitefull paines Life spend,
The most we know, is, Nature Death will send.

Of the Motion of the Sun.

Sometimes we finde it Hot, and sometimes Cold,
Yet equall in Degrees the Sun doth hold:
And in a Winters day more Heat have found,
Then Summer, when the Sun should parch the Ground.
For if this heat doth make him gallop fast,
Must ever equall be, or stay his haste.
If so, then Seas which send a Vapour high,
May coole his Courage, so in the mid way lye.
Besides, the middle Region which is cold,
And full ofIce, will of his strength take hold.
Then 'tis not heat that makes him run so fast,
But running fast, doth heat upon Earth cast;
And Earth sends Vapours Cold, to quench his heat,
Which break his strength, and make his Beames so weake.

Of the Suns weakness.

The Sun doth not unto the Center go,
He cannot shoot his Beames so deep and low.
For, a thick Wall will break his Arrows small,
So that his heat can do no hurt at all;
And Earth hath Armes so thicke, to keepe out all
His fiery Darts, which he on her lets fall.

A Fire in the Center.

As Heat about the Heart alwaies keeps nigh,
So doth a Fire about the Center lye.
This heat disperses through the Body round,
And when that heat is not, no Life is found.
Which makes all things she sends, to bud, and beare;
Although the Sun hot Beames do nere come there.
But yet the Sun doth nourish all without,
But Fire within the Earth gives Life, no doubt.
So heat within begets with Child the Earth,
And heat without is Mid-wife to her Birth.

The Sun is Nurse to all, the Earth beares.

Though the Earth to all gives Forme, and Feature,
Yet the Sun is Nurse to every Creature.
For long she could not live without his Heat,
Which is the nourishing, and ripening Meat.
Just as a Child is got, and born of Man,
It must be fed, or 'twill soon dye again.

What makes Echo.

The same Motion, which from the Month doth move,
Runs through the Aire; which we by Echo prove.
As several Letters do a word up-joyne,
So several Figures through the Aire combine.
The Aire is waxe, words Seale, and give the Print,
Those words an Echo in the Aire do mint.
And while those Figures last, Life do maintain;
When Motion weares it out, is Echo blaine.
As Sugar in the Month doth melt, and taste,
So Echo in the Aire it selfe doth waste.

Of Rebounds.

Rebounds resisting substance must worke on,
Both in its selfe, and what it beates upon.
For yeilding Bodies, which do bow, or breake,
Can nere Rebound, nor yet like Echo speake.
Then every word of Aire fornes a Ball,
And every Letter like a Ball doth fall.
Words are condened Aire, which heard, do grow
As water, which by Cold doth turne to Snow.

And
And as when Snow is press'd, hard Balls become,  
So words being press'd, as Balls do backward run.

Of Sound:

A Sound seems nothing, yet a while doth live,  
And like a wanton Lad, mocke-Answers give.  
Not like to Souls, which from the Body go,  
For Eccho hath a Body of Air we know.

Yet strange it is, that Sound so strong and cleere,  
Refiling Bodies have, yet not appeare;  
But Air which subtle is, encounter may.  
Thus words a Sound may with selfe Eccho play;

Grow weary soone, and cannot hold out long,  
Seemes out of breath, and faulter with the Tongue.

Of Shadow, and Eccho.

A Shadow fell in love with the bright Light,  
Which makes her walke perpetually in her sight;  
And when He's absent, then poore Soule the dies,  
But when He shewes himselfe, her Life revives.

She Sitter is to Eccho loud, and cleere,  
Whose voice is heard, but no Body appeare:  
She hates to see, or shew her selfe to men,  
Unlesse Narcissus could live once a'gen.

But these two Souls, for they no Bodies have,  
Do wander in the Air to seeke a Grave.

Silence would bury on the other Night,  
Both are denied by Reflections spight;  
And each of these are subject to the Sense,  
One strikes the Ear, Shadow the Eye presents.

Of Light.

Some thinke no Light would be without the Eye,  
Tis true, a Light our Braine could not descry;  
And if the Eye makes Light, and not the Sun,  
As well our Touch may make the Fire to burne.
Of Light, and Sight.

Philosophers, which thought to reason well,
Say, Light, and Colour, in the Braine do dwell;
That Motion in the Braine doth Light beget,
And if no Braine, the World in darkness shut.
Provided that the Braine hath Eyes to see,
So Eyes, and Braine, do make the Light to bee.
If so, poor Donne was out, when he did say,
If all the World were blind, 'twould still be day.
Say they, Light would not in the Aire reign,
Unlesse (you'd grant) the World were one great Braine.
Some Ages in Opinion all agree,
The next doth strive to make them false to be.
But what is, doth please so well the Sense,
That Reasons old are thought to be Non-sense.
But all Opinions are by Fancy fed,
And Truth under Opinions lieth dead.

The Objects of every Sense, are according to their Motion in the Braine.

We mad should thinke those Men, if they should
That they did see a Sound, or taste a Smell. (tell
Yet Reason proves a Man doth not err much,
When that we say his Senses all are Touch.
If Actions in a Table be lively told,
The Braine strait thinks the Eye the same behold.
The Stomack Hungry, the Nose good Meat doth smell,
The Braine doth thinke that Smell the Tongue tastes well.
If we a Thee see, and him do see,
We strait do thinke that breaking Doors we heare.
Imaginations just like Motions make,
That every Sense doth strike with the mistake.

According
According as the Notes in Musicke agree with the Motions of the Heart, or Braine, such Passions are produced thereby.

In Musicke, if the Eights tun'd Equal are,
If one be strucke, the other seemes to jarre.
So the Heart-strings, if equally be stretch'd,
To those of Musick, Love from thence is fetch'd.
For when one's strucke, the other moves just so,
And with Delight as evenly doth go.

The Motion of Thoughts.

Using alone, mine Eyes being fixt
Upon the Ground, my Sight with Marrvell mixt:
My Feet did walke without Directions Guide,
My Thoughts did travell farre, and wander wide;
At last they chanc'd up to a Hill to climbe,
And being there, saw things that were Divine.

First, what they saw, a glorious Light to blaze,
Whose Splendor made it painfull for the Gaze:
No Separations, nor Shadowes by stops made,
No Darknesse to obstruct this Light with Shade.
This Light had no Dimension, not Extent,
But fild'd all places full, without Circumvent;
Alwaies in Motion, yet fixt did prove,
Like to the Twinkling Stars which never move.
This Motion working, running severall waies,
Did seeme a Contradiction for to raise;
As to it selfe, with it selfe disagree,
Is like a Skein of Thread, if 't knotted bee.
For some did go strait in an even Line,
But some againe did cross, and some did twine.
Yet at the last, all severall Motions run
Into the first Prime Motion which begun.
In various Formes and Shapes did Life run through,
Life from Eternity, but Shapes still new;
No sooner made, but quickly pass'd away,
Yet while they were, desirous were to stay.

But
But Motion to one Forme can nere constant be, For Life, which Motion is, joyes in varietie.
For the first Motion every thing can make, But cannot add unto it selfe, nor take. Indeed no other Matter could it frame, It selfe was all, and in it selfe the same. Perceiving now this fixed point of Light, To be a Union, Knowledge, Power, and Might; Wisdome, Justice, Truth, Providence, all one; No Attribute is with it selfe alone. Not like to severall Lines drawne to one Point, For what doth meet, may separate, disjoynt. But this a Point, from whence all Lines do flow, Nought can diminish it, or make it grow.
Tis its owne Center, and Circumference round. Yet neither has a Limit, or a Bound. A fixt Eternity, and so will laft, All present is, nothing to come, or past. A fixt Perfection nothing can add more, All things is It, and It selfe doth adore. My Thoughts then wondering at what they did see; Found at the laft * themselves the same to bee; Yet was so small a Branch, perceive could not, From whence they sprung, or which waies were begot.

Some say, all that we know of Heaven above, Is that we joye, and that we love. Who can tell that? for all we know, Tho'se Passions we call Joy, and Love below, May, by Excess, such other Passions grow, None in the World is capable to know. Jult like our Bodies, though that they shall rise, And as St. Paul saies, see God with our Eyes; Yet may we in the Change such difference find, Both in our Bodies, and also in our Mind, As if that we were never of Mankind, And that these Eyes we see with now, were blind. Say we can measure all the Planets high, And number all the Stars be in the Skie; And Circle could we all the World about, And all th' Effects of Nature could finde out: All things come from God Almighty.
Yet cannot all the Wise, and Learned tell,
What's done in Heaven, or how we there shall dwell.

**The Reason why the Thoughts are one-
ly in the Head.**

The Sinewes are small, slender Strings,
Which to the Body Senses brings;
Yet like to Pipes, or Gutter, hollow be,
Where Animall Spirits run continually.
Though they are small, such Matter do containe,
As in the Skull doth lye, which we call Braine.
That makes, if any one doth strike the Heele,
The Thought of that, Sense in the Braine doth feel.
Yet tis not Sympathy, but tis the same
Which makes us thinke, and feel the paine.
For had the Heele such quantity of Braine,
Which doth the Head, and Skull therin containe;
Then would such Thoughts, which in the Braine dwell high,
Descend downe low, and in the Heele would lye.
In Sinewes small, Braine scatter'd lyes about,
It wants both roome, and quantity no doubt.
For if a Sinew could so much Braine hold,
Or had a Skin so large for to infold,
As in the Skull, then might the Toe, or Knee,
Had they an Optick-Nerve, both heare and see.
Had Sinewes roome, Fancy therein to breed,
Copies of Verses might from the Heele proceed.

**The Motion of the Blood.**

Some by Industry of Learning found,
That all the Blood like to the Sea runs round:
From' two great Arteries the Blood it runs
Through all the Veines, to the same backe comes.
The Muscles like the Tides do ebb, and flow,
According as the severall Spirits go.
The Sinewes, as small Pipes, come from the Head,
And all about the Body they are spread;
Through which the Animall Spirits are conveyed,
To every Member, as the Pipes are laid.
And from those Sinewes Pipes each Sense doth take
Of those Pure Spirits, as they us do make.

This thought, an Unformous Matter comes from the Sun
In streaming Beames, which Earth doth feed upon:
And that the Earth by those Beames backe doth send
A Nourishment to the Sun, her good Friend.
So every Beame the Sun doth make a Chaine,
To send to Earth, and to draw backe againe.
But every Beame is like a blazing Ship,
The Sun doth traffick to the Earth in it.
Each Ship is fraught with heat, through Aire it swims,
As to the Earth warme Nourishment it brings:
And Vapour moist, Earth for that warmth returns,
And sends it in those Ships backe to the Sun.
Great danger is, if Ships be over-fraught,
For many times they fincke with their owne weight:
And those gilt Ships such Fate they often find,
They fincke with too much weight, or split with Wind.

* When the Sun draws up more Moisture then it can digest, it turns to Rains, or Wind.

It is hard to beleive, that there are other Worlds in this World.

Nothing so hard in Nature, as Faith is,
For to beleive Impossibilities:
As doth impossible to us appeare,
Not 'cause 'tis not, but to our Sense not cleere:
But that we cannot in our Ration finde,
As being against Natures Course, and Kinde.
For many things our Senses dull may scepe,
For Sense is gross, not every thing can shape.
So in this World another World may bee,
That we do neither touch, taste, smell, beare, see.
What Eye so cleere is, yet did ever see
Tho'se little Hookes, that in the Load-Stone bee,
Which draw hard Iron? or give Reasons, why
The Needles point still in the North will lye.
As for Example, Atomes in the Aire,
We never perceive, although the Light be faire.
And whatsoever can a Body claim,
Though near so small, Life may be in the same.
And what has Life, may Understanding have,
Yet be to us as buried in the Grave.
Then probably may Men, and Women, small,
Live in the World which we know not at all.
May build them Houses, several things may make,
Have Orchards, Gardens, where they pleasure take;
And Birds which sing, and Cattell in the Field,
May blow, and sow, and there small Crops may yield;
And Common-wealths may have, and Kings to Reigne,
Wars, Battles have, and one another slain:
And all without our hearing, or our sight,
Nor yet in any of our Senses light.
And other Stars, and Moones, and Suns may be,
Which our dull Eyes shall never come to see.
But we are apt to laugh at Tales so told,
Thus Senses grossly do back our Reason hold.
Things against Nature we do thinke are true,
That Spirits change, and can take Bodies new;
That Life may be, yet in no Body live,
For which no Sense, nor Reason, we can give.
As Incorporeal Spirits this Fancy faines,
Yet Fancy cannot be without some Brains.
If Fancy without Substance cannot bee,
Then Soules are more, then Reason well can see.

Of many Worlds in this World.

Just like unto a Nest of Boxes round,
Degrees of sizes within each Boxe are found.
So in this World, may many Worlds more be,
Thinner, and leffe, and leffe still by degree;
Although they are not subject to our Sense,
A World may be no bigger then two-pence.
Nature is curious, and such works may make,
That our dull Sense can never finde, but scape.
For Creatures, small as Atomes, may be there,
If every Atom a Creatures Figure beare.
If four 
Atoms a World can make,* then see,
What several Worlds might in an Eare-ring be.
For Millions of these Atomes may bee in
The Head of one small, little, single Pin.
And if thus small, then Ladies well may weare
A World of Worlds, as Pendants in each Eare.

A World in an Eare-Ring.

AN Eare-ring round may well a Zodiacke bee,
Wherein a Sun goeth round, and we not see.
And Planets seven about that Sun may move,
And Hee stand still, as some wise men would prove.
And fixed Stars, like twinkling Diamonds, plac’d
About this Eare-ring, which a World is vast.
That fame which doth the Eare-ring hold, the hole,
Is that, which we do call the Pole.
There nipping Frosts may be, and Winter cold.
Yet never on the Ladies Eare take hold.
And Lightnings, Thunder, and great Winds may blow
Within this Eare-ring, yet the Eare not know.
There Seas may ebb, and flow, where Fishes swim,
And Islands be, where Spices grow therein.
There Chriftall Rocks hang dangling at each Eare,
And Golden Mines as Jewels may they weare.
There Earth-quaker be, which Mountains vaft downe fling,
And yet nere stir the Ladies Eare, nor Ring.
There Meadowes bee, and Pastures fresh, and green,
And Cattell feed, and yet be never scene:
And Gardens fresh, and Birds which sweetly sing,
Although we heare them not in an Eare-ring.
There Night, and Day, and Heat, and Cold, and so
May Life, and Death, and Young, and Old, still grow.
Thus Youth may spring, and several Ages dye,
Great Plagues may be, and no Infections nigh.
There Cities bee, and stately Houses built,
Their inside gaye, and finely may be gilt.
There Churches bee, and Priests to teach therein,
And Steeple too, yet heare the Bells not ring.

* As I have before shew’d they do, in my Atomes.
From thence may pious Tears to Heaven run,
And yet the Eare not know which way they're gone.
There Markets bee, and things both bought, and fold,
Know not the price, nor how the Markets hold.
There Governours do rule, and Kings do Reigne,
And Battles fought, where many may be slaine.
And all within the Compass of this Ring,
And yet not tidings to the Eareer bring.
Within the Ring wise Counsellors may sit,
And yet the Eare not one wise word may get.
There may be dancing all Night at a Ball,
And yet the Eare be not disturb'd at all.
There Rivals Duels fight, where some are slaine;
There Lovers mourn, yet heare them not complaine.
And Death may dig a Lovers Grave, thus were
A Lover dead, in a faire Ladies Eare.
But when the Ring is broke, the World is done,
Then Lovers they into Elysium run.

Severall Worlds in severall Circles.

Here may be many Worlds like Circles round,
In after Ages more Worlds may be found.
If we into each Circle can but slip,
By Art of Navigation in a Ship;
This World compar'd to some, may be but small:
No doubt but Nature made degrees of all.
If so, then Drake had never gone so quick
About the Largeste Circle in one Ship.
For some may be so big, as none can swim,
Had they the life of old Methuselah.
Or had they lives to number with each day,
They would want time to compass halfe the way.
But if that Drake had liv'd in Venus Star,
His Journey shorter might have been by farre.
THE CLASPE.

HEN I did write this Book, I took great pains.
For I did walke, and thinke, and breake my Braines.
My Thoughts run out of Breath, then downe would lye.

And panting with short wind, like those that dye.
When Time had given Ease, and lent them strength,
Then up would get, and run another length.
Sometimes I kept my Thoughts with a strict dyet,
And made them Ease with Ease, and Rest, and Quiet;
That they might run agen with swifter speed,
And by this course new Fancies they could breed.
But I doe fear they're not so Good to please;
But now they're out, my Brain is more at ease.

The Circle of the Brain cannot be Squar'd.

A Circle Round divided in four Parts,
Hath been a Study amongst Men of Arts;
Ere since Archimedes, or Euclid's time,
Hath every Brain been stretch'd upon a Line.
And every Thought hath been a Figure set,
Doubts Cyphers are, Hopes as Triangulars meet.
There is Division, and Substraction made,
And Lines drawne out, and Points exactly layd.
But yet None can demonstrate it plaine,
Of Circles round, a just Four square remaine.
Thus while the Brain is round, no Squares will be,
While Thoughts are in Divisions, no Figures will agree.
Another to the same Purpose.

And thus upon the same account,
Doubling the Cube must mount;
And the Triangular must be cut so small,
Till into Equall Atomes it must fall.
For such is Mans Curiosity, and mind,
To seek for that, which hardest is to find.

The Squaring of the Circle.

Within the Head of Man's a Circle Round
Of Honesty, no Ends in it is found.
To Square this Circle many think it fit,
But Sides to take without Ends, hard is it.
Prudence and Temperance, as two Lines take;
With Fortitude and Justice, foure will make.
If th' Line of Temperance doth prove too short,
Then add a Figure of a discreet Thought;
Let Wisdomes Point draw up Discretion Figure,
That make two equall Lines joyn'd both together.
Betwixt the Line Temperance, and Justice, Truth must point,
Justices Line draw downe to Fortitude, that Corner joyn't;
Then Fortitude must draw in equall length,
To Prudence Line, Temperance must give the bread;
And Temperance with Justice Line must run, yet stand
Betwixt Prudence and Fortitude, of either hand.
At every corner must a Point be laid,
Where every Line that meets, an Angles made;
And when the Points too high, or low do fall,
Then must the Lines be stretch'd, to make' even all.
And thus the Circle Round you'll find,
Is Squar'd with the foure Virtues of the Mind.

A Circle Squar'd in Prose.

A Circle is a Line without Ends, and a Square is foure equall Sides, not one longer, or shorter then another. To square the Circle, is to make the Line of the Square Figure to be equall with
with the Round Figure. Honesty is the Circle without Ends, or By-respects, but is honest for Honesty’s sake. But to square this Circle, it is very difficult, and hard it is for Honesty to take part with foure sides without Faction: for where there is siding there’s Faction, and where Factions are, there is Partiality, and where Partiality is, there is Injustice, and where Injustice is, Wrong, and where Wrong is, Truth is not, and where Truth is not, Honesty cares not to live. But let us see how we can square this Circle of Honesty. First, draw foure Lines, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice; these foure Lines let them be Cross Parallels, that they may be Longitudes, and Latitudes to each other, and at each end of every Line make a Point. As at the Line of Justice a point of Severity at one end, and another of Facility at the other end. And at either end of Fortitude, one of Rashnesse, and another of Timorosity. And at the end of Temperance, Prodigality, and Covetousnesse: At each end of Prudence, Sloth, and Stupidity. Then draw out these Points, and make them Angles: As Severity, and Timorosity make one Angle; Rashnesse, and Stupidity another. Sloth, and Prodigality make a third Angle; Facility and Covetousnesse make the fourth. Then exactly in the midst of either Line, set of either side of the Line, a Figure: As Distributive on the outside of the Line of Justice, and Communicative within the Line. So on the side of Fortitude, Despair on the outside, and Love within. On Prudence Line, Experience on the outside, and Industry within. On Temperance Line, Observation on the outside, and Ease within. Then draw a Line of Charity from the point Distribution, and from the Point of Observation, a Line of Discretion, and make an Angle with Hope. Then from Community, a Line of Clemency, and from the point of Ease, a Line of Comfort, which make an Angle of Peace. Then from Despair, a Line of Hope, and from Industry, a Line of Fruition, which make an Angle of Tranquility. Then from the point of Love, a Line of Faith, and from the point of Ease, a Line of Pleasure; this makes an Angle of Joy. Then set a Point at every Angle, as Obedience, Humility, Respect, and Reverence; And thus the Square measur’d with Truth, the Line will be equall with the Circle of Honesty.
The Trafection.

CUT the Line of Wisdome into three parts; Prudence, Experience, and Judgment; Then draw a Line of Discretion, equal to the Line of Experience, and a Line of Industry, equal to the Line of Prudence, and a Line of Temperance, equal to the Line of Judgment; and to Temperance, an equal Line of Tranquility, and to the Line Industry, a line of Ingenuity, and to the Line of Discretion, draw an equal line of Obedience. Then all these lines measured with the Rule of Reason, and you'll find it equal to the line of Wisdome; join these lines together, Truth makes the Angle. This is the Trafection.

The Arithmetick of Passions.

With Numeration Morals begin Upon the Passions, putting Quotients in, Numbers divide with Figures, and Subtract, And in their Definitions are exact: And there Subtract, as taking One, from Three, That add to Four, 'twill make Five to be, Thus the Odd Numbers to the Even joyn'd, Will make the Passions rise within the Mind.
TO MORALL PHILOSOPHERS.

Morall Philosophy is a severe Schoole, for there is no Arithmetitian so exact in his Accounts, or doth Divide and Substract his Numbers more subtly, than they the Passions: so as Arithmetick can multiply Numbers above all use, so Passions may be divided beyond all Practice. But Moralists live the happiest lives of Man-kind, because most contented, for they do not only subdue the Passions, but can make the best use of them, to the Tranquility of the mind: As Fear to make them Circumspect, Hate to Evill, Desire to Good, Love to Vertue, Hope makes Industry Jealous of Indiscretions, Angry at Follies, and so the like of all the rest. For they do not only subdue the fiercest of them, making them Slaves to execute several works, in several places. But those Passions that are mild, & of gentle Nature, they make perfect Friend-ship with: for the Passions are like Privie Counsellors, where some Counsell for Peace, others for Warre, and some being brib'd with the World, and Appetite, persuad to mutiny, which ues a Rebellion. But Moralists are like powerfull Monarchs, which can make their Passions obedient at their pleasure, condemning them at the Bar of Justice, cutting of their heads with the Sword of Reason; or, like skilfull Mystians, making the Passions Musical Instruments, which they can tune so exactly, and play so well, and sweetly, as every severall Note shall strike the Eares of the Soule with delight: and when they play Concord, the Mind dances in Measure, the Sarabrand of Tranquility. Whereas when they are out of Tune, they do not only found harsh and unpleasant, but when the Notes disagreeing, the Mind takes wrong Steps, and keeps false time, and the Soule is disquieted with the noise. But there is no Humour, or Passion so troublesome as Desire, because it yeilds no sound satisfaction; for all it is mixt most commonly with pleasing hopes; but hope is a greater pleasure then Injoyment, just as Eating is a greater pleasure to the Hungry, then when the Stomacke is fully satisfied. Yet Desire, and Curiosity make a Man to be above other Creatures: for by desiring Knowledge, Man is as much above
a Beast, as want of perfect Knowledge makes him less than God; and Man, as he hath a transcending Soul to out-live the World to all Eternity; so he hath a transcending desire to live in the World's Memory, as long as the World lasteth, that he might not dye like a Beast, and be forgotten; but that his Works may beget another Soul, though of shorter life, which is Fame; and Fame is like a Soul, an Incorporeal Thing.
DIALOGUES
Of Fame.
A Dialogue between two Supernaturall Opinions.

H.O. knows, but that Mans Soul in Fame delights after the body and it disunities?
If we allow the soul shall live, not dye,
Although the body in the grave doth lie;
And that some knowledge still it doth retain.

Why may not then some love of fame remaine?
There doth no vanity in souls then dwell,
When separate, they go to Heaven, or Hell.
Fame’s Vertues Child, or ought to be.
What comes not from her, is an Infamy.
Soules of the World remember nought at all.
All that is past into Oblivion fall.
Why may not soules, as well as Angels know.
And heare and see, what’s done i’ th World below?
Soules neither have Ambition, nor desire.
When once in Heaven, nor after Fame inquire.
Who can tell that, since Heaven loves good Deeds.
And Fame of Piety from Grace proceeds.

Of Fame.
A Dialogue between two Naturall Opinions:

To desire Fame, it is a Noble thought,
Which Nature in the best of Minds hath wrought.
Alas, when Men do dye, all Motion’s gone.
If no Motion, no thought of Fame hath none.
What if the Motion of the Body dye?
The Motion of the Mind may live on high;
And in the Airy Elements may lye.

Although
Although we know it not, about may flye.
And thus by Nature may the Mind delight
To heare its Fame, and see its Pyramid;
Or grieve, and mourn, when it doth see, and know,
Her Aids and Fame do to Oblivion go.

A simple naturall Opinion of the Mind.

Nature a Talent gives to every one,
As Heaven gives grace to work Salvation from.
The Talent Nature gives a Noble Mind,
Where Actions good are minted currant Coyne.
Where every Virtue stamps their Image so,
That all the World each several Peace may know.
If Men be lazy, let this Talent lye,
Seek no occasion to improve it by:
Who knowes, but Nature's punishment may be,
To make the Mind to grieve eternally?
That when his Spirit's fled, and Body rot,
To know himselfe of Friend's, and World's forgot.
If men have used their best Industry,
Yet cannot get a Fame to live thereby:
Then may the Minds of Men rest satisfied,
That they had left no Meanes, or waies untri'd.

The Purchase of Poets, or a Dialogue betwixt the Poets, and Fame, and Homers Marriage.

A Company of Poets drove to buy Parnassus Hill, where Fame thereon doth lye:
And Helicon, a Well that runs below,
Which those that drink thereof, straight Poets grow.
But Money they had none, (for Poets all are poore,)
And Fancy, which is Wit, is all their store.
Thinking which way this Purchase they should get,  
They did agree in Council all to fit:  
Knowing that Fame was Honour to the Well,  
And that She alwayes on the Hill did dwell:  
They did conclude to tell her their desire,  
And for to know what price she did require.  
Then up the Hill they got, the Journey long,  
Some nimbler feet had, and their breath more strong:  
Which made them get before, by going fast,  
But all did meet upon the Hill at last.  
And when she heard them all, what they could say,  
She asked them where their Money was to pay.  
They told her, Money they had none to give,  
But they had Wit, by which they All did live;  
And though they knew, sometimes She Bribes would take,  
Yet Wit, in Honours Court, doth greatnesse make.  
Said she, this Hill 1 le neither fell, nor give,  
But they that have most Wit shall with Mee live.  
Then go you downe, and get what Friends you can,  
That will be bound, or plead for every man.  
Strait every Poet was twixt hope, and Doubt,  
And Every strong to put each other out.  
Homer, the first of Poets, did begin;  
Brought Greece, and Troy for to be bound for him.
Virgil brought Aeneas, bee all Rome,  
For Horace all the Country-men came soon.
Juvenall, Catullus, all Satyrs joynd,  
And in firme Bonds they all themselves did bind.  
And for Tibullus, Venus, and her Sonne
Would needs be bound; caufe wanton verse he sung.
Pythagoras his Transmigration brings.
Ovid, who seales the Bond with severall things.
Lucan brought Pompey, Senate all in armes,  
And Caesars Army with their hot Alarums:  
Mustring them all in the Emathian Feilds,
To Fames Bond to set their hands, and Seales.
Poets, which Epitaphes on the Dead had made,  
Their Ghosts did rise, faire Fame for to perswade
To take their Bonds, that they might live, though dead,  
To after Ages when, their Names were read.

**The**
The Muses nine came all at Earre to plead,
Which partiall were, according as th' were see'd.
At last all Poets were cast out, but three,
Where Fame disputed long, which should her Husband bee.

Pythagoras for Ovid first did speake,
And said, his numbers smooth, and words were sweet.
Variety, said he, doth Ladies please,
They change as oft, as he makes Beasfs, Birds, Trees:
As many severall Shapes, and Forms they take,
Some Goddesse, and some do Devils make.

Then let faire Fame sweet Ovids Lady be,
Since Change doth please that Sex, none's fit but he.
Then spoke Æneas on brave Virgils side,
Declar'd, he was the glory, and the pride
Of all the Romans, who from him did spring,
And in his Verse his praises high did sing.
Then let him speed, even for faire Venus sake,
And for your Husband no other may you take.

Wife Ulisses in an Orators Stile
Began his Speech, whose Tongue was smooth as Oyle;
Bowing his head downe low, to Fame did speake,
I come to plead, although my Wit is weake:
But since my Cause is just, and Truth my Guide,
The way is plaine, I shall not erre aside.

Homer's lofty Verse doth reach the Heavens high,
And brings the Gods downe from the Aiery Skie:
And makes them side in Factions, for Man-kind,
As now for Troy, then Greece, as pleas'd his mind.
So walkes he downe into Infernals deep,
And wakes the Furies out of their dead sleepe:
With Fancy's Candles seekes above all Hell,
Where every Place, and Corner he knowes well.
Opening the Gates where sleepy Dreames do lye,
Walking into the Elysium fields hard by:
There tells you, how Lovers their time impoy,
And that pure Soules in one another joy.
As Painters shadower make, mixing Colours,
So Soules do mixe of Platonick Lovers:
Shewes how Heroick Spirits there do play
At the Olympick Games, to passe the time away.
As Wrestling, Running, Leaping, Swimming, Ride,
And many other Exercises beside.
What Poet, before him, did ever tell
The Names of all the Gods, and Devils in Hell?
Their Mansions, and their Pleasures He describes,
Their Powers, and Authorities divides.
Their Chronologies, which were before all time,
And their Adulteries he puts in Rhime:
Besides, great Fame, thy Court he hath fill'd full
Of Brave Reports; which else an Empty Skull
It would appear, and not like Heaven's Throne,
Nor like the Firmament, with Stars thick strowne:
Makes Hell appear with a Majestick Face,
Because there are so many in that Place.
Fame never could so great a Queen have bin,
If Wits Invention had not brought Arts in.
Your Court by Poets fire is made light:
Quench out, you dwell as in perpetuall Night.
It heats the Spirits of Men, inflames their blood,
And makes them seek for Actions great, and good.
Then be you just, since you the balance hold,
Let not the Leaden weights weigh downe the Gold.
It were Injustice, Fame, for you to make
A *Servant low, his Masters place to take.
Or Theeves, that pick the Purse, you should preferre
Before the Owner, since condemn'd they were.
His are not Servants Lines; but what He leaves,
Theeves *steale, and with the same the World deceives:
If so, great Fame, the World will never care
To worship you, unless you right preferre.
Then let the best of Poets find such grace
In your faire Eyes, to choose him first in place.
Let all the rest come offer at thy Shrine,
And shew thy selfe a Goddess that's divine.
I, at your word, will Homer take, said Fame,
And if he proves not good, be you to blame.
Diss's bowed, and Homer kiss'd her hands,
Then were they joyn'd in Matrimonial Bands:
And Mercury from all the Gods was sent,
To give her joy, and with her much content.
And all the Poets were invited round,
All that were knowne, or in the World were found.
Then did they dance with measure, and in time,
Each in their turne took out the Muses nine.
In Numbers smooth their Feet did run,
Whilst Musick plaid, and Songs were sung.
The Bride, and Bridegroome went to bed,
There Homer got Fames Maiden-head.

A Dialogue betwixt Man, and Nature.

T is strang,
How we do change,
First to live, and then to dye,
Is a great misery.

To give us sense, great paines to seele,
To make our lives to be Deaths wheele;
To give us Sense, and Reason too,
Yet know not what we're made to do.
Whether to Atomes turne, or Heaven up flye,
Or into new Formes change, and never dye.
Or else to Matter Prime to fall again,
From thence to take new Formes, and so remaine.
Nature gives no such Knowledge to Man-kind,
But strong Desires to torment the Mind:
And Senses, which like Hounds do run about,
Yet never can the perfect Truth find out.
O Nature! Nature! cruel to Man-kind,
Gives Knowledge none, but Misery to find.

Why doth Man-kind complaine, and make such Moane?
May not I work my will with what's my owne?
But Men among themselves contrast, and make
A Bargaine for my Tree; that Tree will take:
Most cruelly do chop in pieces small,
And formes it as he please, then builds withall.
Although that Tree by me was made to stand,
Just as it growes, not to be cut by Man.

O Nature, Trees are dull, and have no Sense,
And therefore feel not paine, nor take offence.
But Beasts have life and Sense, and passion strong,
Yet cruel man doth kill, and doth them wrong.
To take that life, I gave, before the time
I did ordaine, the injury is mine.
What ill man doth, Nature did make him do,
For he by Nature is prompt thereunto.
For it was in great Natures power, and Will,
To make him as she pleas'd, either good, or ill.
Though Beasts hath Sense, feels paine, yet whilst they live,
They Reason want, for to dispute, or grieve.

Beasts hath no paine, but what in Sense doth yse,
Nor troubled Thoughts, to think how they shall dye.
Reason doth stretch Mans mind upon the Rack,
With Hopes, with joys, pull'd up, with Fears pull'd back.
Desire whips him forward, makes him run,
Despair doth wound, and pulls him back again.
For Nature, thou mad'st Man betwixt Extremities,
Wants perfect Knowledge, yet thereof he dreams.
For had he bin like to a Stock, or Stone,
Or like a Beasts, to live with Sense alone.
Then might he eate, or drink, or lye sense-still,
Nere troubled be, either for Heaven, or Hell.

Mans knowledge hath enough for to inquire,
Ambition great enough for to aspire:
And Knowledge hath, that yet he knowes not all,
And that himselfe he knoweth least of all:
Which makes him wonder, and thinks there is mixt
Two severall Qualities in Nature fixt.
The one like Love, the other like to Hate,
By striving both hindrs Predestinate.
And then sometimes, Man thinks, as one they be,
Which makes Contrariety so well agree;
That though the World were made by Love and hate,
Yet all is rul'd, and governed by Fate.
These are Mmans fears; mans hopes run smooth, and high,
Which thinks his Mind is some great Deity.
For though the body is of low degree,
In Sense like Beasts, their Souls like Gods shall be.
Saies Nature, why doth Man complain, and crye,
If he beleives his Soul shall never dye?
A Dialogue betwixt the Body, and the Mind:

What Bodies else but Mans, did Nature make,
To joyn with such a Mind, no rest can take 3
That Ebbs, and flowes, with full, and falling Tide,
As Minds dejected full, or swell with Pride:
In Waves of Passion, roule to Billowes high,
Alwaies in Motion, never quiet ly.
Where Thoughts like Fishes swim the Mind about,
Where the great Thoughts, the smaller Thoughts cate out.
My Body, the Barque rows in Minds Ocean wide,
Whose Waves of Passions, beat on every side.
When that dark Cloud of Ignorance hangs low,
And Winds of vaine Opinions strong do blow:
Then Showers of doubts into the Mind rain downe,
In deepe vast Studies my Barque of flesh is drown'd.

Why doth the Body thus complains, when I
Do helpe it forth of every Misery?
For in the World, your Barque is bound to swim,
Nature hath rigg'd it out to traffick in.
Against hard Rocks you break in pieces small,
If my Invention helpe you not in all.
The Load-stone of Attraction I find out,
The Card of Observation guides about.
The Needle of Discretion points the way,
Which makes your Barque get safe into each Bay.

Yet in great mighty Battles I am slaine.
By your Ambition, I am force'd to fight,
When many Wounds upon my Body light.
For you care not, so you a Fame may have,
To live, if I be buried in a Grave.

If Bodies fight, and Kingdomes win, then you
Take all the pleasure that belongs thereto.
You have a Crown, your Head for to adorne,
Upon your Body Jewels are hung on.
All things are fought, to please your Senses Five,
No Drugge unpractis'd, to keepe you alive.

And
And I, to set you up in high Degree,
Invent all Engines us'd in Warre to be.
Tis I that make you in great triumph sit,
Above all other Creatures high to get:
By the Industrious Arts, which I do find,
You other Creatures in Subjection bind:
You eat their Flesh, and after with their Skinne,
When Winter comes, you lap your Bodies in.
And so of every thing that Nature makes,
By my direction you great pleasure takes.
What though my Senses all do take delight,
Yet you upon my Entrails always bite.
My flesh eate up, that all my bones are bare,
With the sharpe Teeth of Sorrow, Griefe, and Care.
Draws out my Blood from Veines, with envious sight,
Decays my Strength with shame, or extreme fright.
With Love extreamly sicke I ly,
With cruel hate you make me dye.
Care keeps you from all hurt, or falling low,
Sorrow, and Griefe are Debts to Friends we owe.
Feare makes man just, to give each one his owne,
Shame makes Civility, without there's none.
Hate makes good Laws, that all may live in Peace,
Love brings Society, and gets Increase.
Besides, with joy I make the Eyes looke gay,
With pleasing Smiles they dart forth every way.
With Mirth the Cheeks are fat, smooth, Rose-red,
Your Speech flowes Wit, when Fancies fill the Head.
If I were gone, you'd misle my Company,
With we were joyn'd againe, or you might dye.

A Complaint of Water, Earth, and Aire,
against the Sun, by way of Dialogue.

Here's none hath such an Enemy as I,
The Sun doth drinke me up, when he's a dry,
He sucks me out of every hole I ly:

Draws me up high, from whence I downe do fall,
In Showers of Raine, am broke in peeces small,
Where I am forc'd to Earth for helpe to call.
Strait Earth her Porous doors sets open wide,
And takes me in with haft on every side;
Then joynes my Limbs fast in a flowing Tide.

Alas, Deare Friend, the Sun, my greatest Fee,
My tender Buds he blasts as they do grow:
He burns my Face, and makes it parcht, and dry,
He sucks my Breast, which starves my Young thereby.
Thus I, and all my Young, for thirst were flame,
But that with Wet you fill my Breast again.
The Sun doth use me ill, as all the rest,
For his hot Sonltry heats do me molest:
Melts me into a thin and flowing Flame,
To make him light, when men it Day do name.
Corrupts me, makes me full of Plaguys Soares,
Which Putrefaction on mens Bodies pours:
Or else the subtle Flame into mens Spirits run,
Which makes them raging, or starke mad become.
Drawes me into a length, and breadth, till I
Become so thin, with windy wings do flye:
Never can leave, till all my Spirits spent,
And then I dye, and leave no Monument.

O most unkind, and most ungratefull Earth,
I am thy Mid-wife, brings your Young to Birth:
I with my heat do cause your Young to grow,
And with my light I teach them how to go.
My Sun-Beames are Strings, whereon to hold,
For feare they fall, and break their Limbs on Cold.
All to Maturity I do bring, and give
Youth, Beauty, Strength, and make Old Age to live.

Suggisfj Moisture I active, and light make,
All grosse and corrupt Humours away take.
All Superfluity I dry up cleane,
That nothing but pure Christall waters seen.
The hard-bound Cold I loosen, and unty,
When you in Icy Chains a Prisoner lye:
With Frost your Limbs are nipt, and bit with Cold,
Your smooth, and glassie Face makes wrinkled, Old.

I mak
I make you nimble, soft, and faire,
And Liquid, Nourishing, and Debonaire.

Aire I purge, and make it cleere, and bright,
Black Clouds dissolve, which make the Day seem Night.
The crude, raw Vapours, I digest and st rain e,
The thicker part all into Showers of Raine.
The thickest part I turne all into Winds,
Which, like a Broome, sweeps out all Dirt it findes.
The clearest part turne into Azure Skie,
Hang'd all with Stars, and next the Gods you lye.

A Dialogue between Earth, and Cold.

O Cruell Cold, to life an Enemy,
A Misery to Man, and Posterity!
Molt envious Cold, to Stupifie Mens Braines,
Deftroies that Monarchy, where Wit should reigne.
Tyrant thou art, to bind the Waters clear
In Chains of Ice, lye fetter'd halfe the yeare.
Imprisons every thing that dwels in me,
Shutting my Porous doors, no Light can see:
And smothered am almoft up to death,
Each hole is close, can take no breath.
Congeales the Aire to massie Clouds of Snow,
Like Mountaines great, they on my Body throw.
And all my Plants, and strong great fruitful Trees,
You nip to death, or cloath them in course Freeze.
My fresh green Robes, which make me fine, and gay,
You strip me of, or change to black or gray.
For feare of Cold, my Moisture shrinks so low,
My Head weares bald, no baire thereon will grow:
And breaks the Suns bright Beames, their heat destroy,
Which takes away my comfort, and my joy:
And makes my Body stiff, so deadly numb'd,
That in my Veines nothing will fluent run.

Why do you thus complaine, poore Earth, and grieve?
I give you strength, and make you long to live.
I do refresh you from the Scorching Sun,
I give you breath, which makes you strong become.

I cloath
I cloath you from the Cold with Mike-white Snow,  
Send downe your Sap to nourish you below.  
For if that heat should dwell, and long time stay,  
His Thirst would drinke your Moisture all away.  
I take nought from you, nor do make you poore,  
But, like a Husband good, do keepe your Store.  
My Ice are Locks, and Bars, all safe to keepe;  
From haste Motion gives you quiet sleepe.  
For heat is worth, and doth you molest,  
Doth make you worke, and never let you rest.  
Heat spends your Spirits, makes you crackt, and dry,  
Drinkes all himselfe; with Thirst you almost dye.  
With Sweating Labour you grow weake, and faint,  
I wonder why you make such great complaint.

Both Heat, and Cold, in each extreme Degree,  
Two Hells they are, though contrary they be.  
Two Devils are, torment me with great paines,  
One shoots hot Arrows, th' other ties in Chains.

A Dialogue betwixt Earth, and Darkness.

O Horrid Darkness, and you powers of Night,  
Melancholy Shades, made by obscur'd Light;  
Why so Cruell? what Evil have I done?  
To part me from my Husband, the bright Sun?  
I do not part you, he me hither sends,  
Whilst Hee rides about, to visit all his Friends,  
Besides, he hath more Wives to love, then you;  
He never constant is to one, nor true.

You do him wrong, for though he Journies make  
For Exercise, he care for me doth take.  
He leaves his Stars, and's Sister in his place,  
To comfort me, whilst he doth run his Race.  
But you do come, moft wicked Theevish Night,  
And rob me of that faire, and Silver Light.

The Moon, and Stars, they are but shadowes thin,  
Small Cob-web Lawne they from his Light do spin:  
Which they in scorne do make, you to disgrace,  
As a thin Vaile, to cover your Ill Face.

For
For *Moon,* or *Stars* have no strong *Lights* to shew
A *Colour* true, nor how you *bud,* or *grow.*
Onely some *Ghosts* do *rise,* and take delight,
To *walke* about, when that the *Moon* *shines* bright.

Your are deceived, they call no such *Disguise,*
Strive me to please, by *twinkling* in the *Skies.*
And for the *Ghosts* my *Children* are, being weake,
And *tender* *Ey'd,* helpe of the *Moon* they *seeke.*
For why, *her Light* is *gentle,* *moist,* and *Cold,*
Doth *cafe* their *Eyes,* when they do it behold.
But you with *Shadows* *fright,* delude the * Sight,*
Like *Ghost* appeare, with *gloomy shades* of *Night.*

And you with *Clouds* do cast upon my *Back*
*A Mourning Mantle* of the *deepest black:*
That covers me with *darke Obscuritie,*
That none of my *deare Children* I can see.

Their *Lovely Faces* *mask* it thou from my *Sight,*
Which shew most *beautiful* in the *day Light.*
They take delight to *View,* and to *adorne,*
And fall in love with one another's *Forme.*

By which kind *Sympathy* they bring me *store*
Of *Children* young: those, when growne up, *brings more.*

But you are spightfull to those *Lovers kind,*
*Muffling* their *Faces,* makes their *Eyes* quite blind.

Is this my thanks for all my *Love,* and *Care,*
And for the great *respect* to you I beare?
I am thy *kind,* *true,* and *constant Lover,*
I all your *Faults,* and *Imperfections* cover.
I take you in my gentle *Armes* of *rest,*

With *cool fresh* *Dewes* I bath your *dry,* *hot Breast.*
The *Children* which you by the *Sun* did beare,
I lay to sleepe, and rest them from their *Care.*

In *Beds* of *silence* *soft* I lay them in,
And cover them, though *black,* with *Blankets* *cleane.*
Then shut them close from the *Disturbing Light,*
And yet you raile against your *Lover, Night.*

Besides if you had *Light* through all the yeare,
Though *Beauty* *great,* 'twould not so well appeare.

For, *what is Common,* hath not such *respect,*
Nor such *regard:* for *Use* doth *bring neglect.*

K
Nought is admired, but what is seldom seen,
And black, for change, delights as well as green.
Yet I should constant bee, if I might stay,
But the bright sun doth beat me quite away.
For he is active, and runs all about,
Nere dwells with one, but seeks new Lovers out.
He spightfull is to other Lovers, since
He by his Light doth give intelligence.
But I Loves confident am made, I bring
Them in my Shade, to meet and whisper in.
Thus am I faithful, kind to Lovers true,
And all is for the sake, and Love to you.
What though I am Melancholy, my Love's as strong,
As the great Light which you so date upon.
Then flight me not, nor do my Suit dislaine,
But when the Sun is gone, me entertaine.
Take me sweet Love with Joy into your Bed,
And on your fresh green Breast lay my black Head.

A Dialogue between an Oake, and a Man cutting him downe.

WHY cut you off my Bowers both large, and long,
That keepe you from the heat, and scorching Sun?
And did refresh your fainting Limbs from sweat?
From thundring Raines I keepe you free, from Wet.
When on my Barke your weary head would lay,
Where quiet sleepe did take all Cares away.
The whilft my Leaves a gentle noise did make,
And blew coole Winds, that you fresh Aire might take.
Besides, I did invite the Birds to sing,
That their sweet voice might you some pleasure bring.
Where every one did strive to do their best,
Oft chang'd their Notes, and strain'd their tender Breast.
In Winter time, my Shoulders broad did hold
Off bruistring Stormes, that wounded with sharpe Cold.
And on my Head the Flakes of Snow did fall,
Whilft you under my Bowers fate free from all.
And will you thus requite my Love, Good Will?
To take away my Life, and Body kill?

Oake. 
For all my Care, and Service I have past,
Muift I be cut, and laid on Fire at last?
And thus true Love you cruelly have slaine,
Invent always to torture me with paine.
First you do peele my Bark, and flay my Skinne,
Hew downe my Boughes, so chops off every Limb.
With Wedges you do peirce my Sides to wound,
And with your Hatchet knock me to the ground.
I min'd shall be in Chips, and peeces small,
And thus doth Man reward good Deeds withall.

Why grumblest thou, old Oake, when thou hast stood
This hundred yeares, as King of all the Wood.
Would you for ever live, and not resigne
Your Place to one that is of your owne Line?
Your Acornes young, when they grow big, and tall,
Long for your Crowne, and wish to see your fall;
Think every minute lost, whilst you do live,
And grumble at each Office you do give.

Ambition flieth high, and is above
All sorts of Friend-ship strong, or Natural Love.
Besides, all Subjects they in Change delight,
When Kings grow Old, their Government they flight:
Although in ease, and peace, and wealth do live,
Yet all those happy times for Change will give.
Growes discontent, and Factions still do make;
What Good so ever he doth, as Evil take.
Were he as wise, as ever Nature made,
As picus good, as ever Heaven fav'd;
Yet when they dye, such Joy is in their Face,
As if the Deuill had gone from that place.
With Shuts of Joy they run anew to Crowne,
Although next day they strive to pull him downe.

Why, said the Oake, because that they are mad,
Shall I rejoice, for my owne Death be glad?
Because my Subjects all ingratefull are,
Shall I therefore my health, and life impair.

Good Kings governe justly, as they ought,
Examines not their Humours, but their Fault.
For when their Crimes appeare, 'tis time to strike,
Not to examine Thoughts how they do like.
If kings are never lov'd, till they do dye,
Nor wish to live, till in the grave they lye:
Yet he that loves himselfe the lesse, because
He cannot get every mans high applause:
Shall by my judgment be condemn'd to weare,
The Asses Eares, and burdens for to beare.
But let me live the life that Nature gave,
And not to please my subject, dig my grave.

But here, Poore Oak, thou live'st in ignorance,
And never seek'st thy knowledge to advance.
I'll cut the downe, 'caufe knowledge thou maist gaine,
Shalt be a ship, to traffick on the maine:
There shalt thou swim, and cut the seas in two,
And trample downe each wave, as thou dost go.
Though they rise high, and big are sweld with pride,
Thou on their shoulders broad, and back, shalt ride:
Their lofty heads shalt bowe, and make them stoop,
And on their necks shalt set thy steady foot:
And on their breast thy flatly ship shalt beare,
Till thy sharpkeel the watry waves doth tear.
Thus shalt thou round the world, new land to find,
That from the rest is of another kind.

O, said the oaks, I am contented well,
Without that knowledge, in my wood to dwell.
For I had rather live, and simple be,
Then dangers run, some new strange sight to see.
Perchance my ship against a rock may hit;
Then were I strait in sundry pieces split.
Besides, no rest, nor quiet I should have,
The winds would tosse me on each troubled wave.
The billows rough will beat on every side,
My breast will ake to swim against the tide.
And greedy merchants may me over-spright,
So should I drowned be, with my owne weight.
Besides with sailes, and ropes my body ty'd,
Just like a prisoner, have no liberty.
And being alwaies wet, I shall take such colds,
My ship may get a rope, and leak through holes,
Which they to mend, will put me to great pain,
Besides, all patch'd, and peec'd, I shall remaine.
I care not for that Wealth, wherein the paines,
And trouble, is farre greater then the Gaines.
I am contented with what Nature gave,
I not Repine, but one poore wight would have,
Which is, that you my aged Life would save.

To build a Stately House I'le cut thee downe,
Wherein shall Princes live of great renowne.
There shalt thou live with the best Companie,
All their delight, and pastime thou shalt see.
Where Players, and Masques, and Beauties bright will shine,
Thy Wood, all oyl'd with Smoake of Meat, and Wine.
There thou shalt heare both Men, and Women sing,
Farre pleasanter then Nightingales in Spring.
Like to a Ball, their Echoes shall rebound
Against the Wall, yet can no Voice be found.

Alas, what Musick shall I care to heare,
When on my Shoulders I such burthens beare?
Both Brick, and Tiles, upon my Head are laid,
Of this Preferment I am fore afraid.
And many times with Nailes, and Hammers strong,
They peirce my Sides, to hang their Pictures on.
My Face is smuict with Smoake of Candle Lights,
In danger to be burnt in Winter Nights.
No, let me here a poore Old Oake still grow;
I care not for these vaine Delights to know.
For fruitlesse Promises I do not care,
More Honour tis, my owne green Leaves to beare.
More Honour tis, to be in Natures dreffe,
Then any Shape, that Man by Art expresse.
I am not like to Man, would Praifes have,
And for Opinion make my selfe a Slave.

Why do you wish to live, and not to dye,
Since you no Pleasure have, but Misery?
For here you stand against the scorching Sun:
By's Fiery Beames, your fresh green Leaves become
Wither'd; with Winter's cold you quake, and shake:
Thus in no time, or season, rest can take.

Yet I am happier, said the Oake, then Man;
With my condition I contented am.
He nothing loves, but what he cannot get,  
And soon doth surfeit of one dish of meat:  
Dislikes all Company, displeas'd alone,  
Makes Griefe himselfe, if Fortune gives him none.  
And as his Mind is restless, never pleas'd:  
So is his Body sick, and oft diseas'd.  
His Gouts, and Pains, do make him sigh, and cry,  
Yet in the midst of Paines would live, not dye.  

Alas, poore Oake, thou understandst, nor can  
Imagine halfe the misery of Man.  
All other Creatures onely in Sense joyne,  
But Man hath something more, which is divine.  
He hath a Mind, doth to the Heavens aspire,  
A Curiosity for to inquire:  
A Wit that nimble is, which runs about  
In every Corner, to seeke Nature out.  
For She doth hide her selfe, as fear'd to shew  
Man all her works, lest he too powerfull grow.  
Like to a King, his Favourite makes so great,  
That at the last, he fears his Power he'll get.  
And what creates desire in Man's Breaft,  
A Nature is divine, which seeke the best:  
And never can be satisfied, untill  
He, like a God, doth in Perfection dwell.  
If you, as Man, desire like Gods to bee,  
I'll spare your Life, and not cut downe your Tree.

A Dialogue of Birds.

As I abroad in Fields, and Woods did walke,  
I heard the Birds of severall things did talke:  
And on the Bougher would Gifip, prate, and chat,  
And every one discourse of this, and that.  
I, said the Larke, before the Sun do rise,  
And take my flight up to the highest Skies:  
There sing some Notes, to raise Appollo's head,  
For feare that bee might lye too long a Bed.  
And as I mount, or if descend downe low,  
Still do I sing, which way so ever I go.
Winding my Body up, just like a Servant,
So doth my Voice wind up a Trilloo too.
What Bird, besides my selfe, both flyes and sings,
Just tune my Trilloo keeps to my flitting Wings.
I, said the Nightingale, all night do watch,
For feare a Serpent should my young Ones catch:
To keep back sleep, I severall Tunes do sing,
Which Tunes so pleasant are, they Lovers bring
Into the Woods, who listing fit, and mark:
When I begin to sing, they cry, bark, bark,
Stretching my Throat, to raise my Trilloo high,
To gaine their praisies, makes me almost dye.
Then comes the Owe, which saies, here's such a doe
With your sweet Voices; through spight cries Wit-a-woo.

In Winter, said the Robin, I should dye,
But that I in a good warm house do flye:
And there do pick up Crummes, which make me fat,
But oft am fear'd away with the Pussie-cat.
If they molest me not, then I grow bold,
And stay so long, whilst Winter Tales are told.
Men superstitiously dares not hurt me,
For if I am kill'd, or hurt, ill Luck shall be.

The Sparrow said, were our Condition such,
But Men do strive with Nets us for to catch:
With Guns, and Bowos they shoot us from the Trees,
And by small shot, we oft our Lives do lose,.
Because we pick a Cherry here, and there,
When, God he knowes, we eate them in great feare.
But Men will eate, untill their Belly burn,
And surfets take: if we eat, we are curst.
Yet we by Nature are revenged still,
For eating over-much themselves they kill.
And if a Child do chance to cry, or brawle,
They strive to catch us, to please that Child withall:
With Threads they tye our legs almost to crack,
That when we hop away, they pull us back:
And when they cry Fip, Fip, I trait we must come;
And for our paines they'll give us one small Crumm.

I wonder, said Mag-pye, you grumble so,
Dame Sparrow, we are us'd much worse I trow.
For they our Tongues do slit, their words to leame,  
And with the paine, our food we dearly came.  

Why, say the Finches, and the Linnets all,  
Do you so prate Mag-pie, and so much baule?  
As if no Birds besides were wrong'd but you,
When we by cruel Man are injur'd to.
For we, to learn their Tunes, are kept awake,
That with their whistling we no rest can take.
In darknesse we are kept, no Light must see,
Till we have learnt their Tunes most perfectlie.
But Jack-dawes, they may dwell their houses nigh,
And build their Nests in Elms that do grow high:
And there may prate, and flye from place to place;
For why, they think they give their House a grace.

Lord! said the Partridge, Cock, Pyet, Snite, and Quaile,
Pigeons, Larks, my Masters, why d'ye raile?
You're kept from Winters Cold, and Summers heat,
Are taught new Tunes, and have good store of meat.
Having a Servant you to wait upon,
To make your Cages clean from filth, and Dung:
When we poore Birds are by the dozens kill'd,
And luxuriously us eate, till they be fill'd:
And of our Flesh they make such cruel feast,
That but some of our Limbes will please their tast.
In Wood-cockes thigges they onely take delight,
And Partridge wings, which swift were in their flight.
The smaller Lark they eate all at one bite,
But every part is good of Quaile, and Snite.
The Murtherous Hawk they keep, us for to catch,
And learn their Dogs, to crouch, and creep, and watch:
Uttill they have sprung us to Nets, and Toiles,
And thus poore Creatures we are made Mans spoiles.
Cruell Nature! to make us Gentle, Mild:
They happy are, which are more fierce, and wild.
O would our flesh had been like Carrion, coarse,
To eate us onely Famine might enforce.
But when they eate us, may they surfets take,
May they be poore, when they a Feast us make.
The more they eate, the leaner may they grow,
Or else so fat, they cannot stir, nor go.

O said
O, said the Swallow, let me mourne in black.

For, of Man's cruelty I do not lack:
I am the Messenger of Summer warme,
Do neither pick their Fruit, nor eate their Corne;  
Yet they will take us, when alive we be,
I shake to tell, O horrid Cruelty!
Beate us alive, till we an Oile become.
Can there to Birdes be a worse Martyrdom?

Man, O Man, if we should serve you so,
You would against it your great Curses throw.

But Nature, she is good, do not her blame:
We ought to give her thankes, and not exclaime.
For Love is Nature’s chiefest Law in Mind,
Hate but an Accident from Love we find.
Tis true, Selfe-Preferation is the chiefse,
But Luxury to Nature is a Theife.

Corrupted manners alwaies do breede Vice,
Which by Persuasion doth the Mind intice.
No Creature doth usurp so much as Man,
Who thinkes himselfe like God, because he can
Rule other Creatures, makes them to obey:
We Soules have, Nature never made, say they.

What ever comes from Nature’s Stock, and Treasure,
Created is onely to serve their pleasure.
Although the Life of Bodies comes from Nature,
Yet still the Soules come from the great Creator.
And they shall live, though we to dust do turne,
Either in Bliss, or in hot flames to burne.

Then came the Parrot with her painted wing,
Spake like an Orator in every thing.
Sister Jay, Neighbour Daw, Gossip Pie,
We taken are, not like the rest, to dye:
Onely to talk, and prate, the best we can,
To Imitate to th’ Life, the Speech of Man.
And just like men, we passe our time away,
With many words, not one wise Speech can say:
And speak as gravely Non-sense as the best,
As full of empty words as all the rest.

Then Nature we will praise, because she have
Given us such Tongues, as Men our Lives to save.

L

Mourne
Mouine not my Friends, but sing in Sun-shine gay,
And while you have time, joy in your selves you may.
What though your lives be short, yet merry be,
And not complain, but in delights agree.

Strait came the Titmoufe with a frowning face,
And hop'd about, as in an angry pace.
My Maske all, what are you mad,
Is no regard unto the publick had?
Are private Home-Affaires cast all aside?
Your young Ones cry for meat, tis time to chide.
For shame disperse your selves, and some pains take,
Both for the Common good, and young Chickes sake:
And not fit murmuring here against great Man,
Unlesse for to revenge our selves we can.
Alas, alas, we want their Shape, which they
By it have power to make all obey.
For they can Lift, beare, strike, turne, and wind,
What waies they will, which makes them new Arts find.
Tis not their Wit, which new Inventions make,
But tis their Shapes, which height, breadth, depth, can take.
Thus they can measure the great worldly Ball,
And Numbers set, to prove the Truth of all.
What Creature else hath Armes, or goeth upright,
Or have all sorts of Motions so unite?

Man by his Shape can Nature imitate,
Can govern, rule, and new Arts can create.
Then come away, since talk no good can do,
And what we cannot help, submit unto.
Then some their Wives, others their Husbands call,
To gather Sticky, to build their Nests withall.
Some that were Shrewes, did chide, and scold, and fret,
The Wind blew downe their Nest where they should fit:
For all they gathered, with pains, and care,
Those Sticky, and Strawes were blowne they knew not where.
But none did labour like the little Wren,
To build her Nest, to hatch her young Ones in.
Shee laies more Eggs then all the rest,
And with much Art doth build her Nest.
The younger sort made love, and kis'd each others Bill,
The Cock would catch some Flies to give his Mistresse still.

The
The yellow hammer cried, tis wet, tis wet,
For it will rain before the sun doth set.
Taking their flight, as each mind thought it best,
Some flew abroad, and some home to their nest.
Some went to gather corn from sheaves outstrew'd,
And some to pick up seed that's newly sowed.

Some had courage a cherry ripe to take,
Others catch'd flies, when they a feast did make.
And some did pick up ants, and eggs, though small,
To carry home, to feed their young withall.

When every crop was fill'd, and night came on,
Then did they stretch their wings to fly fast home.
And as like men, from market home they come,
Set out alone, but every mile adds some:

Untill a troop of neighbours get together,
So do a flight of birds in sun-shine weather.
When to their nests they get, lord how they baule.
And every one doth to his neighbour call:

Asking each other if they weary were,
Rejoycing at past danger, and great fear.
When they their wings had pruned, and young ones fed,
Sate gossipping, before they went to bed.

Let us a caroll, said the black-bird, sing.
Before we go to bed this fine evening.
The thrushes, linnets, finches, all took parts,
A harmony by nature, not by arts.

But all their songs were hymns to God on high,
Praising his name, blessing his majesty.
And when they ask'd for gifts, to God did pray.
He would be pleas'd to give them a faire day.

At last they drouse grew, and heavy were to sleep,
And then instead of singing, cried, peep, peep.
Just as the eye, when sense is locking up,
Is neither open wide, nor yet quite shut:
So doth a voice still by degrees fall down,
And as a shadow, so doth a sound.
Thus went to rest each head, under each wing.

For sleep brings peace to every living thing.
A Dialogue between Melancholy, and Mirth.

As I sat musing, by my selfe alone,
My thoughts on severall things did work upon.
Some did large Houses build, and Stately Towers,
Making Orchards, Gardens, and fine Bowers:
And some in Arts, and Sciences delight,
Some wars in Contradiction, Reasons fight.
And some, as Kings, do govern, rule a State;
Some as Republickes, which all Monarches hate.
Others, as Lawyers, pleading at the Bar,
Some privie Counsellors, and Judges are.
Some Priests, which do preach Peace, and Godly life,
Others Transnutious are, and full of strife.
Some are debauch’d, do wench, swagger, and swear,
And some poore Thoughts do tremble out of feare.
Some jealous are, and all things do suspect,
Others so Careless, every thing neglect.
Some Nymphes, Shepheardes, and Shepheardesses,
Some so kind, as one another kiss.
All sorts of Lovers, and their Passions,
Severall waies of Courtship, and fine Fashions.
Some take strong Townes, and Battels win,
Few do loose, but all must yeild to him.
Some are Heroick, Generous, and Free,
And some so base, do crouch with Flattery.
Some dying are, and in the Grave halfe lye,
And some Repenting, which for sorrow cry.
The Mind oppressed with Griefe, Thoughts Mourners bee,
All cloath’d in Black, no light of Joy can see.
Some with Despaire do rage, are almost mad,
And some so merry, nothing makes them sad.
And many more, which were too long to tell,
Thoughts severall bee, in severall places dwell.
At last came two, which were in various dress,
One Melancholy, the other did Mirth expresse.
Melancholy was all in black Array,
And Mirth was all in Colours fresh, and gay.
Mirth laughing came, running unto me, flung

Her fat white Arms, about my Neck she hung:

Imbrac'd, and kis'd me oft, and strok't my Cheek,

Telling me, she would no other Lover seek.

She sing you Songs, and plaise you every day,

Invent new Sports, to passe the time away.

She keep your Heart, and guard it from that Theefe,

Dull Melancholy Care, or sadder Grieue:

And make your Eyes with Mirth to over-flow,

With springing blood, your Cheekes they fat shall grow,

Your Legs shall nimble be, your Body light,

And all your Spirits, like to Birds in flight.

Mirth shall digest your Meat, and make you strong,

Shall give you Health, and your short daies prolong.

Refuse me not, but take me to your Life,

For I shall make you happy, all your Life.

If you take Melancholy, she'll make you leave,

Your Cheekes shall hollow grow, your Jawes all seen:

Your Eyes shall buried be, within your Head,

And look as pale, as if you were quite dead.

She'll make you start at every noise you heare,

And Visions strange shall in your Eyes appeare,

Your Stomack, cold, and raw, digesting nought,

Your Liver dry, your Heart, with sorrow fraught.

Your shriveled Skin, and Cloudy Browes, blood thick,

Your long lank Sides, and back to Belly stick.

Thus would it be, if you to her were wed,

But better far it were, that you were dead.

Her Voice is low, and gives a hollow sound,

She hates the Light, in darknesse onely found:

Or set with blinking Lampes, or Tapers small,

Which various Shadowes make against a Wall.

She loves nought else but Noise, which discord makes,

As croaking Frogs which do dwell in the Lake,

The Ravens hoarse, and so the Mandrakes groane,

And shrieking Owles, which in Night flye alone.

The Tolling Bell, which for the dead rings out,

A Mill, where rushing waters run about.

The roaring windes, which shake the Ceilings tall,

Plow up the Sea, and bear the Rocks with all.
Shee loves to walk in the Still Moon-shine Night,
Where in a thick dark Grove she takes delight.
In hollow Caves, Houses thatch'd or lowly Cell,
Shee loves to live, and there alone to dwell.
Her Eares are flop with Thoughts, her Eyes purblind,
For all shee heares, or sees, is in the Mind.
But in her Mind, luxuriously shee lives,
Imagination feverall pleasures gives.
Then leave her to her selfe, alone to dwell;
Let you and I in Mirth and pleasure dwell:
And drink long lusty Draughts from Bacchus Bottle,
Untill our Brainses on vaporous Waves do roule.
Lets joy our selves in Amorous Delights,
There's none so happy, as the Carpet Knights.

Melancholy.  
Complexion pale, but of a comely grace:
With modest Countenance, soft speech thus spake.
May I so happy be, your Love to take?
True, I am dull, yet by me you shall know
More of your selfe, so wiser you shall grow,
I search the depth, and bottom of Man-kind,
Open the Eye of Ignorance that's blind.
I travell far, and view the World about,
I walk with Reasons Staff to find Truth out,
I watchfull am, all dangers for to shun,
And do prepare 'gainst Evils that may come.
I hange not on incertant Fortune wheele,
Nor yet with unresolving doubts do reele.
I shake not with the Terrors of vaine feares,
Nor is my Mind fill'd with unusefull Cares.
I do not spend my time like idle Mirth,
Which onely happy is just at her Birth.
Which seldome lives for to be old,
But, if she doth, can no affections hold.
For in short time shee troublesome will grow,
Though at the first shee makes a pretty show,
But yet shee makes a noise, and keepes a rout,
And with dislike most commonly goes out.
Mirth good for nothing is, like Weeds do grow,
Such Plants cause madness, Reason doth not know.
Her face with Laughter crumples on a heap,
Which plowes deep Furrowes, making wrinkles great.
Her Eyes do water, and her Skin turns red,
Her mouth doth gape, Teeth bare, like one that's dead.
Her fides do stretch, as set upon the Last,
Her Stomack heaving up, as if she'd cast.
Her Veines do swell, Joynts seem to be unset;
Her Pores are open, streaming out a sweat.
She fulsome is, and gluts the Sense's all.
Offers her selfe, and comes before a Call:
Seekes Company out, hates to be alone.
Unsent For Guests Affronts are throwne upon.
Her house is built upon the golden Sandes;
Yet no Foundation hath, whereon it standes.
A Palace tis, where comes a great Restort,
It makes a noise, and gives a loud report.
Yet underneath the House, Disasters ly,
Beates downe the house, and many kills thereby.
I dwell in Groves that gilt are with the Sun,
Sit on the Bankes, by which cleare waters run.
In Summers hot, downe in a Shade I ly;
My Museik is the buzzing of a Fly.
Which in the Sunny Beames do dance all day,
And harmlessly do passe their time away.
I walk in Madowes, where grows fresh green Grass.
Or Fields, where Corn is high, in which I passe:
Walk up the Hills, where round I Prospects see;
Some Bristly Woods, and some all Champions bee.
Returning back, in the fresh Pasture go,
To heare the bleating Sheep, and Cows to lowe.
They gently feed, no Evil think upon,
Have no designes to do another wrong.
In Winter Cold, when nipping Frosts come on,
Then do I live in a small House alone.
The littleness doth make it warm, being close,
No Wind, nor Weather cold, can there have force.
Although tis plaine, yet cleanly tis within,
Like to a Soul that's pure, and cleare from Sin.
And there do I dwell in quiet, and still Peace,
Not fill'd with Cares, for Riches to increase.

I wish,
I wish, nor seek for vain, and fruitless pleasures,
No Riches are, but what the Mind intreasures.
Thus am I solitary, and live alone,
Yet better lov'd, the more that I am knowne.
And though my Face b'ill favoured at first sight,
After Acquaintance it shall give delight.
For I am like a Shade, who fits in me,
Shall not come wet, nor yet Sun-burned be.
I keep off blustering Stormes, from doing hurt,
When Mirth is often snitch'd with dust, and dart.
Refuse menot, for I shall constant be,
Maintaine your Credit, keep up Dignity.

A Dialogue betwixt Joy, and Discretion.

Joy. Give me some Musick, that my Spirits may
Dance a free Galliard, whilst Delight doth play.
Let every Voice sing out, both loud, and shrill,
And every Tongue too run what way it will.
For Fear is gone away with her Pale Face,
And Pain is banished out from every place.

Discretion. O Joy, take Moderation by the hand,
Or else you'll fall so drunk, you cannot stand.
Your Tongue doth run so fast, no time can keep,
High as a Mountaine, many words you heap.
Your Thoughts in multitudes the Braine do throng,
That Reason is cast downe, and trod upon.

Joy. O wife Discretion, do not angry grow,
Great dangers, fears, alas, you do not know.
But Fear being past, they suddenly are slackt,
Fears, being a string, bindes hard; when once is crackt:
Spirits find Liberty, strait run about:
Hard being stopp'd, they suddenly burst out,
And to recover what they had before,
When once untied, their Liberty is more.
Like Water, which was pent, then passage findes,
Goeth in a Fury like the Northerne Winde.
What gathers on a heap, so strong doth grow,
That when they're loose, far swifter do they go.
But deare Discretion with me do not scold,
Whilft you do feele great Feares, your Tongue pray hold.
For Joy cannot containe it selfe in rest:
It never leaves till some way is exprest.

A Dialogue betwixt Wit, and Beauty.

Mixt Rose, and Lilly, why are you so proud,
Since Faire is not in all Minds best allow'd?
Some like the Black, the Browne, as well as White,
In all Complexions some Eyes take delight:
Nor doth one Beauty in the World still reigne.
For Beauty is created in the Braine.
But say there were a Body perfect made,
Complexion pure, by Natures penfill laid:
A Countenance where all sweet Spirits meet,
A Haire that's thick, or long curl'd to the Feet:
Yet were it like a Statue made of stone,
The Eye would weary grow to look thereon.
Had it not Wit, the Mind still to delight,
It soon would weary be, as well as Sight.
For Wit is fresh, and new, doth sport, and play,
And runs about the Humour every way.
Withall the Passions Wit can well agree;
Wit tempers them, and makes them pleas'd to bee.
Wit's ingenious, doth new Inventions find,
To ease the Body, recreate the Mind.

When I appeare, I strike the Optick Nerve,
I wound the Heart, I make the Passions serve.
Soules are my Prisoners, yet love me so well,
My Company is Heaven, my absence Hell.
Each Knee doth bow to me, as to a Shrine,
And all the World accounts me as Divine.

Beauty, you cannot long Devotion keep:
The Mind growes weary, Senses fall a sleep.
As those which in the House of God do go,
Are very zealous in a Prayer, or two:

M
But if they kneele an houre-long to pray,  
Their Zeale growes cold, nor know they what they say.  
So 

Admirations last not very long,  
After nine daies the greatest wond'rs gone.  
The Mind, as Senes all, delights in Change;  
They nothing love, but what is new, and strange.  
But subtle Wit can both please long, and well;  
For, to the Eare a new Tale Wit can tell.  
And, for the Tast, meat dresse severall waies,  
To please the Eye, new Formes, and Fashions raise.  
And for the Touch, Wit spins both Silk, and Wool,  
Invents new waies to keep Touch warm, and coole.  
For Sent, Wit mixtures, and Compounds doth make,  
That still the Nose a fresh new smell may take.  
I by discourse can represent the Mind,  
With severall objects, though the Eyes be blind,  
I can create Ideas in the Brain,  
Which to the Mind seem real, though but fain'd.  
The Mind like to a Shop of Toies I fill,  
With fine Conceits, all sorts of Humours fell.  
I can the work of Nature imitate;  
And change my selfe into each severall Shape.  
I conquer all, am Master of the Field,  
I make faire Beauty in Loves Wars to yeild.

A Dialogue between Love, and Hate.

Both Love, and Hate fell in a great dispute;  
And hard it was each other to confute;  
Which did most Good, or Evill most did shun.  
Then Hate with frowning Browses this Speech begun.

Hate. I flye, said she, from wicked, and base Acts,  
And tear the Bonds unjust, or ill Contrails.  
I do abhor all Murther, VVar, and Strife,  
Inhumane Actions, and disorder'd life.

Ungratefull, and unthankfull Mindes, that shun  
All those, from whom they have receiv'd a Bon.  
From Discords harsh, and rude, my Eares I stop,  
And what is Bad, I from the Good do lop.

I Perjur'd
Perjured Lovers brand with foule disgrace,
And from ill objects do I hide my face.
Things, that are bad, I hate; or what seems so:
But love is contrary to this, I know.
Love loves ambition, the mind's hot fire,
And worlds would ruine, for to rise up higher.
You love to please your appetite, and your will,
To glut your gusto you delight in still.
You love to flatter, and be flattered too;
And for your lust, poor virgins would undo.
You love the ruine of your foes to see,
And of your friends, if they but prosperous be.
You nothing love besides your selfe, though ill,
And with vain-glorious wind your braine do fill.
You love no waies, but where your bias tends,
And love the gods only for your owne ends.

But love, in words as sweet, as nature is,
Said, hate was false, and alwaies did amisse.
For she did canker-fret, the soule destroy,
Disturbe the pleasure, wherein life takes joy;
The world disorder, which in peace would keep;
Torment the head, the heart revenge to seek.
And never rests, till she descends to hell;
And therefore ever amongst devils dwell.
For I, said love, unite, and concords make,
All musick was invented for my sake.
I men by laws in common wealths do joyne;
Against a common foe, as one combine.
I am a guard, to watch, defend, and keep,
The sick, the lame, the helpless, aged, weak;
I for honours sake high courage raise;
And bring to beautie shrine, offerings of praise.
I pity, and compassion the world throughout.
Do carry, and distribute all about.
I to the gods do reverence, bow, and pray,
And in their heavenly mansions beare great sway.
Thus love, and hate, in somethings equall bee;
Yet in disputes will alwaies disagree.

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A Dialogue betwixt Learning, and Ignorance.

Learning. Thou Base Forrester, that searchest about
The Wor'd, to find the Heart of Learning out.
Or, Pericles like, soule Monsters thou dost kill;
Rude Ignorance, which alwaies doeth ill,

Ignorance. O thou Proud Learning, that standest on Tip-toes high,
Can never reach to know the Deity:
Nor where the Cause of any one thing lies,
But fill man full of Care, and Miseries.
Learning inflames the Thoughts to take great paines,
Doth nought but make an Almes-tub of the Braines.

Learning. Learning doth seek about, new things to find;
In that Pursuit, doth recreate the Mind,
It is a Perspeclive, Nature to expie,
Can all her Curiosity descry.

Ignorance. Learning's an uselesse paine, unless it have
Some waies, or means to keep us from the Grave.
For, what is all the World, if understood,
If we do use it not, nor taste the Good?
Learning may come to know the use of things,
Yet not receive the Good which from them springs.
For Life is short, and Learning tedious, long:
Before we come to use what's Learned, Life's gone.

Learning. O Ignorance, thou Beast, which dull and lazy lies;
And onely eat'st, and sleepest, till thou diest.

Ignorance. The Lesson Nature taught, is most delight,
To please the Sense, and eke the Appetite.
I Ignorance am still the Heaven of Bliss;
For in me lies the truest happiness.
Give me still Ignorance, that Innocent Estate,
That Paradise, that's free from Envious Hate.
Learning a Tree was, whereon Knowledge grew,
Tasting that Fruit, Man onely Misery knew.

Had
Had Man but Knowledge, Ignorance to love,
Hee happy would have been, as Gods above.

O Ignorance, how foolish thou dost talk!
I't happiness in Ignorance to walk?
Can there be Joy in Darkness, more then Light?
Or Pleasure more in Blindness, then in Sight?

A Dialogue betwixt Riches, and Poverty.

I, Wealth, can make all Men of each degree,
To crouch, and flatter, and to follow me.
I many Cities build, high, thick, and large,
And Armies raise, against each other charge:
I make them loose their Lives, for my deare sake,
Though when they're dead, they no Rewards can take.
I trample Truth under, my Golden Feet,
And tread downe Innocence, that Flower sweet.
I gather Beauty, when tis newly blowne,
Reape Chastity, before tis over-grownne.
I root out Virtue with a Golden Spade,
I cut of Justice with a Golden Blade.
Pride, and Ambition are my Vassals low,
And on their Heads I tread, as I do go:
And by Man-kind much more adorn'd am I,
Although but Earth, then the Bright Sun so high.

Riches, thou art a Slave, and runn'ft about,
On every Errant thou com'st in, go'ft out:
And Men of Honour set on thee no price,
Nor Honesty, nor Virtue can intice.
Some foolish Gamblers, which do love to play
At Cardes, and Dice, corrupt perchance you may:
A silly Virgin gather here, and there,
That doth gay Clothes, and Jewels love to weare.
Some Poore, which hate their Neighbour Brave to see,
Perchance may seek, and love your Company.
And those that strive to please their Senses all,
If they want Health, if you pass by, will call.
On Age, tis true, you have a great, strong power;
For they embrace you, though they dye next Houre.
Riches. You speake, poor Poverty, mere out of spight,
Because there's none with you doth take delight:
If you into Man's Company will thrust,
They call that Fortune ill, and most accurst.
Men are ashamed with them you should be seen,
You are so ragged, torne, and so unclean.
When I come in, much Welcome do I find,
Great Joy there is, and Mirth in every Mind.
And every door is open set, and wide,
And all within is busily imploy'd.
There Neighbours all invited are to see,
And proud they are in my deare Company.

Poverty. TisProdigality you brag so on,
Which never lets you rest, till you are gone;
Calls in for help to beat you out of doors,
His deare Companions, Drunkards, Gamblers, Whores.
What though you're Brave, and Gay in outward Show?
Within you are foul, and beastly, as you know.
Besides, Debauchery is like a Sink,
And you are Father to that filthy Slink.
True, I am thread-bare, and am very lean;
Yet I am Decent, sweet, and very clean.
I healthfull am, my Diet being spare:
You're full of Gouts, and Pains, and Surfets scare.
I am Industrious new Arts to find,
To ease the Body, and to please the Mind.
The World like to a Wilderness would be,
If it were not for the Poore Industry.
For Poverty doth set a work the Brains,
And all the Thoughts to labour, and take paines.
The Mind were idle sorts, but is imploy'd:
Riches breed Sloth, and fill it full of Pride.
Riches, like a Sow, in its owne Mire lies;
But Poverty's light, and like a Bird still flies.
A Dialogue betwixt Anger, and Patience.

Anger, why are you so hot, and fiery red?
Or else so pale, as if you were quite dead?
Joynts seem unset, Flesh shakes, the Nerves grow Slack,
Your Spirits all disturb'd, your Senses lack.
Your Tongue doth move, but not a plaine word speak,
Or else words flow so thick, like Torrents great.

Lord, what a Beadroule of dislike you tell!
If you were stung with wrong, your Mind would swell:
Your Spirits would be set on flame with Fire,
Or else grow chill with Cold, and back retire.

Alas, it is for some supposed wrong:
Sometimes you have no ground to build upon.
Suspicion is deceitfull, runs about,
And, for a Truth, it oft takes wrong, no doubt.
If you take False-hood, up, nere search them through,
You do a wrong to Truth, and your self too.
Besides, you're blind, and undiscerning flye
On every object, though Innocence is by.

O Patience, you are strict, and seem precise,
And Counsels give, as if you were so wise.
But you are cruel, and fit times will take
For your Revenge, and yet no show do make.
Your Browes unknit, your Heart seemes not to burne,
Yet on Suspicion will do a shrewd turne.
But I am sudden, and do all in hasty,
Yet in short time my fury all is past.
Though Anger be not right, but sometimes wrong,
The greatest Mischiefe lies but in the Tongue.
But you do mischief, and your time you'll find
To work Revenge, though quiet in your Mind.

If I take time, I clearly then can see,
To view the Cause, and seek for remedy.
If I have wrong, my selfe I well may right,
But I do wrong, if Innocence I strike.
The Knot of Anger by degrees unties;
Take of that Muffler from Discreetions Eyes.
My Thoughts run clear, and smooth, as Christall Brookes,
That every Face may see, that therein lookes.
Though I run low, yet wisely do I wind,
And many times through Mountains passage find:
When you swell high, like to a flowing Sea,
For windy Passions cannot in rest be.
Where you are round in Waves, and tost about,
Tormented is, no passage can find out.

Angry. Patience, your mouth with good words you do fill,
And preach Morality, but you act ill.
Besides, you seem a Coward full of feare,
Or like an Ass, which doth great Burthens beare.
Lets every Poultron at his will give blowes,
And every foole in scorn to wring your Nose.
Most of the World do think you have no Sense,
Because not angry, nor take no Offence.
When I am thought right wise, and of great Merit,
Heroick, Valorous, and of great Spirit;
And every one doth feare me to offend,
And for to please me, all their Forces bend:
I flatter'd am, make Feare away to run:
Thus I am Master wherefoere I come.
A way you foolish Patience, give me rage,
That I in Wars may this great World ingage.

Patience. O Anger thou art mad, there's none will care
For your great brags, but Foole and cowardly Feare.
Which in weak Women, and small Children dwell;
Wifedom knowes you talk, more then fight, right well.
Besides, great Courage takes me by the hand,
That whilst he fights, I close by him may stand.
I Patience want, not Sense, Misfortunes t'elpie,
Although I silent am, and do not cry.
Ill Accidents, and Grieves, I strive to cure,
What cannot help, with Courage, I indure.
Whilst you do vex your selfe with grievous Paines,
And nothing but Disturbance is your Caines.
Let me give counsell, Anger, take't not ill,
That I do offer you my Patience still.
For you in danger live still all your life,
And Mischief do, when you are hot in Strife.

A Dialogue between a Bountifull Knight,
and a Castle ruin'd in Var.

A Las, poore Castle, how thou now art chang'd
From thy first Form! to me thou dost seem strange.
I left thee Comely, and in perfect health;
Now thou art wither'd, and decayed in Wealth.

O Noble Sir, I from your Stock was rais'd,
Flourish'd in plenty, and by all Men prais'd:
For your Most Valiant Father did me build,
Your Brother furnish'd me, my Neck did gild:
And Towers on my Head like Crownes * were plac'd,
Like to a Girdle, Walls went round my Waste.
And on this pleasant Hill he set me high,
Viewing the Vaiges below, as they did lye.
Where every Field, like Gardens, is inclos'd,
Where fresh green Grass, and yellow Cowslips grow'd.
There did I see fat Sheep in Pastures go.
Hearing the Coves, whose bags were full, to low.
By Wars am now destroy'd, all Right's o'repowr'd,
Beauty, and Innocency are devoured.
Before these Wars I was in my full Prime,
And thought the greatest Beauty in my time.
But Noble Sir, since I did see you last,
Within me hath a Garrison been plac'd.
Their Gunnes, and Pistols all about me hung,
And in despight their Bullets at me flung:
Which through my Sides they passagés made out,
Flung downe my Walls, that circl'd me about.
And let my Rubbish on huge heapes to lye,
With Dust am choackt, for want of Water, dry:
For those small Lead Pikes, which winding lay,
Under the ground, the water to convey:
Were all cut off, the water murmuring,
Run back with Griefe to tell it to the Spring.
My Windowes all are broke, the wind blowes in,
With Cold I shake, with Agues shivering.
O pity me, deare Sir, releafe my Band,
Or let me dye by your most Noble hand.

Knight. Alas, poore Castle, I small help can bring,
Yet shall my Heart supply the former Spring:
From whence the water of fresh tears shall rise,
To quench thy Drought, will spout them from mine Eyes.
That Wealth I have for to release thy woe,
Will offer for a Ransome to thy Foe.
Thy Health recover, and to build thy Wall,
I have not Means enough to do't withall.
Had I the Art, no paines that I would spare,
For what is broken downe, I would reaie.

Castle. Most Noble Sir, you that me Freedome give,
May your great Name in after Ages live.
For this your Bounty may the Gods requite,
And keep you from such Enemies of Spight.
And may great Fame your Praises sound alou'd:
Gods give me life to shew my Gratitude.

A Dialogue betwixt Peace, and War.

Peace. War makes the Vulgar Multitude to drink
In at the Eare the foule, and muddy Sinck.
Of Falshous Tales, by which they dizzy grow,
That the cleare sight of Truth they do not know.
And reeling stand, know not what way to take,
But when they chuse, 'tis wrong, so a War make.

War. Thou Flattering Peace, and most unjust, which drawes
The Vulgar by thy Rhet'rick to hard Laws:
Which makes them silly Ones, content to be,
To take up Voluntary Slavery.
And mak'st great Inequalities beside,
Some like to Asses beare, others on Horsback ride.
O War, thou cruel Enemy to Life,
Unquieted Neighbour, breeding alwaies Strife.
Tyrant thou art, to Rest will give no time,
And Blessed Peace thou punishest as a Crime.
Factions thou mak'st in every Publick-scale,
From Bonds of Friendship tak'st off Wax, and Scale.
On Natural Affections thou dost make
A Massacre, that hardly one can scape.
The Root of all Religion thou pull'st up,
And every Branch of Ceremony cut.
Civil Society is turn'd to Manners base,
No Laws, or Customs can by thee get place.
Each Mind within it selfe cannot agree,
But all do strive for Superiority:
In the whole World dost such disturbance make,
To save themselves none knowes what waies to take.

O Peace, thou idle Drone, which lovest to dwell,
If it but keep the safe, in a poore Cell.
Thy Life thou sleep'st away, Thoughts lazy lye.
Sloth buries Fame, makes all great Actions dye.

I am the Bed of Rest, and Couch of Ease,
My Conversation doth all Creatures please.
I the Parent of Learning am, and Arts,
Nurse to Religion, and Comfort to all Hearts.
I am the Guardian, which keepes Virtue safe,
Under my Roofe security thee hath.
I am adorned with Pastimes, and with Sports,
Each severall Creature still to me resorts.

I am a great Schoole am, where all may grow wise:
For Truncate Wisdom in Experience lyes.
And am a Theater to all Noble Minds,
A Mint of true Honour, that Valour still coines.
I am a high Throne for Valour to sit,
And a great Court where all Fame may get.
I am a large Field, where doth Ambition run,
Courage still seekes me, though Cowards me shun.

N 2 Morall
Moral Discourses.

A Discourse of Love, the Parent of Passions.

No Mind can think, or Understanding know, To what a Height, and Vastness Love can grow. Love, as a God, all Passions doth create, Besides it selfe, and those determinate. Bowing downe low, devoutly prayeth Fear, Sadness, and Griefe, Love being burthened. Anger, Rage makes, Envie, Spleene, and Spight, Like Thunder roares, and in Loves quarrels fight. Jealousie, Loves Informer is the Spies, And Doubt its Guide, to search where 'ts Foe doth ly. Pity, Loves Child, whose Eyes Tears overflow, On every Object Misery can shew. Hate is Loves Champion, which opposeth all Loves Enemies, their Ruine, and their Fall.

A Discourse of Love neglected, burnt up with Griefe.

Love is the Cause, and Hate is the Effect, Which is produced, when Love doth find Neglect. For Love, as Fire, doth on Fuell burne, And Griefe, as Coles, when quenched, to Blackness turne. Thence pale, and Melancholy Ashes grow, Which every Wind though weak dispersing blow. For Life, and Strength from it is gone, and past, With the Species, which caused the Forme to last. Which nere regaine the Form it had at first: So Love is lost in Melancholy dust.
A Discourse of Pride.

What Creature in the World, besides Man-kind,
That can such Arts, and new Inventions find?
Or hath such Fancy, as to Similize,
Or that can rule, or governe as the Wife?
And by his Wisdom he can his Mind indite,
As Numbers set, and Subtle Letters write.
What Creature else, but Man, can speak true sense?
At distance give, and take Intelligence?
What Creature else, by Reason can abate
All Passions, raise Doubts, Hopes, Love, and Hate?
And can so many Countenances shew?
They are the ground by which Affections grow.
They're several Dresses, which the Mind puts on.
Some serve as Veiles, which over it is throwne.
What Creature is there hath such piercing Eyes,
That minglest Souls, and a fast Friend-ship tyes?
What Creature else, but Man, hath such Delights,
So various, and such strong odd Appetites?
Man can distill, and is a Chymist rare,
Divides, and separates, Water, Fire, and Aire.
Thus can he divide, and separate
All Natures work, what e're he made:
Can take the Breadth, and Height of things,
Or know the Virtue of all Plants that springs:
Makes Creatures all submit unto his will,
Makes Fame to live, though Death his Body kill.
What else, but Man, can Nature imitate,
With Pen, and Pencil can new Worlds create?
There's none like Man, for like to Gods is he:
Then let the World his Slave, and Vassall be.

Of Ambition.

Ten Thousand Pounds a yeare will make me live:
A Kingdome, Fortune then to me must give.
I'll conquer all, like Alexander Great,
And, like to Cesar, my Opposers beat.
Give me a Fame, that with the World may last,
Let all Tongues tell of my great Actions past
Let every Child, when first tis taught to speak,
Repeat my Name, my Memory for to keep.
And then great Fortune give to me thy power,
To ruine Man, and raise him in an Hour.
Let me command the Fates, and spin their thread;
And Death to stay his Sighs, when I forbid.
And, Destiny, give me your Chains to tye,
Effects from Causes to produce thereby.
And let me like the Gods on high become,
That nothing can but by my will be done.

Of Humility.

When with returning Thoughts my selfe behold,
I find all Creatures else made of that Mould.
And for the Mind, which some say is like Gods,
I do not find, ‘twixt Man, and Beast such oddes:
Onely the Shape of Men is fit for use,
Which makes him seem much wiser than a Goose.
For had a Goose (which seemes of simple Kind)
A Shape to form, and fit things to his Mind:
To make such Creatures as himselfe obey,
Could hunt and shoot those that would escape away;
As wise would seem as Man, be as much fear’d,
As when the Goose comes neere, the Man be scar’d.
Who knowes but Beasts may wiser then Men bee?
We no such Errors, or Mistakes can see.
Like quiet Men besides they joy in rest,
To eat, and drink in Peace, they think it best.
Their Food is all they seek, the rest think vaine,
If not unto Eternity remaine.
Despise not Beasts, nor yet be proud of Art,
But Nature thank, for forming so each Part.
And since your Knowledge is begot by form,
Let not your Pride that Reason overcome.
For if that Motion in your Braine workes best,
Despise not Beasts, cause Motion is deprest.
Nor proud of Speech, 'cause Reason you can shew,
For Beast hath Reason too, for all we know.
But \textit{Shape} the \textit{Mind} informs with what doth find,  
Which being \textit{taught}, is \textit{wiser} then \textit{Beast-kind}.

\textbf{Of Riches, or Covetousness.}

\textit{W}hat will not \textit{Riches} in abundance do,  
Or make the \textit{Mind} of \textit{Man} submit unto?  
It bribes out \textit{Vertue} from her strongest hold,  
It makes the \textit{Coward} \textit{valorous}, and \textit{bold};  
It corrupts \textit{Chastity}, melts \textit{Thoughts} of \textit{Ice},  
And \textit{basefull} \textit{Modesty} it doth intice.  
It makes the \textit{humble}, \textit{proud}, and \textit{Meek} to swell,  
Deftroies all \textit{Loyalty}, makes \textit{Hearts} rebell.  
It doth unty the \textit{Knots} of \textit{Friend-ship} fast,  
\textit{Naturall Affections} away to caft.  
It cuts th' \textit{Innocents} \textit{Throat}, and \textit{Hearts} divide;  
It buies out \textit{Conscience}, doth each \textit{Cause} decide.  
It makes \textit{Man} venture \textit{Life}, and \textit{Limbo},  
So much is \textit{Wealth} desir'd by him.  
It buies out \textit{Heave n}, and caft \textit{Soules} to \textit{Hell},  
For \textit{Man} to get this \textit{Muck}, his \textit{God} will fell.

\textbf{Of Poverty.}

I live in \textit{low Thatcht House}, \textit{Roomes} \textit{small}, my \textit{Cell}  
Not big enough for \textit{Prides} great \textit{Heart} to dwell.  
My \textit{Roomes} are not with \textit{Stately Cedars} built,  
\textit{No Marble Chimney-piece}, nor \textit{Wainscot gilt}.  
\textit{No Statues} cut, or \textit{carv'd}, nor \textit{cast} in \textit{Brasse},  
Which, had they \textit{Life}, would \textit{Natures Art} surpasse.  
\textit{Nor painted Pictures} which \textit{Appelles} drew,  
There's nought but \textit{Lime}, and \textit{Haire} homely to view;  
\textit{No Agget Table}, with a \textit{Tortoise Frame},  
\textit{Nor Stooles} stuft with \textit{Birds feathers}, \textit{wild}, or \textit{tame}.  
But a \textit{Stump} of an old \textit{decayed Tree},  
And \textit{Stooles} with three \textit{legs}, which halfe lame they bee,  
\textit{Cut} with a \textit{Hatchet} from \textit{some broken} \textit{Boughes}.  
And this is all which \textit{Poverty} allowes;  
Yet it is free from \textit{Cares}, no \textit{Theevers} do \textit{feare},  
The \textit{Doore} stands open, all is welcome there.
Not like the Rich, who Guests doth entertaine,
With cruelty to Birds, Beasts that are slaine.
Who oile their Bodies with their melted Grease,
And by their Flesh their Bodies fat increase.
We need no Cook, nor Skill to dresse our Meat;
For Nature dressest most of what we eate:
As Roots, and Herbes, not such as Art doth sow,
But such in Fields which naturally grow.
Our wooden Cups we from the Spring do fill,
Which is the Wine-press of great Nature still.
When rich Men they, for to delight their taste,
Suck out the juice from Earth, her strength do wait:
For, Bearing often, see will grow so leane,
A Skeleton, for Bones bare Earth is seen.
And for their Drink, the subtle Spirits take
Both from the Barley, and the full-ripe Grape.
Thus by their Luxury, their life they waist,
All the ir delight is still to please their taft.
This heates the Mind with an ambitious fire,
None happy is; but in a low desire.
Their desires run, they fix themselves no where,
What they have, or can have, they do not care.
What they injoy not, long for, and admire,
Sick for that want; so restlesse is desire.
When we from Labours come, blest with a quiet sleep,
No restlesse Thoughts our Sense awake doth keep.
All's still and silent, in our House, and Mind,
Our Thoughts are cheerfull, and our Hearts are kind.
And though that life in Motion still doth dwell,
Yet rest in life a poore Man loveth well.

Of Tranquillity.

That Mind which would in Peace, and quiet be,
Must cast offcares, and foolish Vanity.
With honest desires a house must build,
Upon the ground of Honour, and be seild
With constant Resolutions, to laft long,
Rais'd on the Pillars of Justice strong.
Let nothing dwell there, but Thoughts right holy,
Turne out Ignorance, and rude rash folly.
There will the Mind enjoy it selfe in Pleasure,
For, to it selfe, it is the greatest Treasure.
For, they are poore, whose Mind is discontent,
What they have, it is but to them lent.
The World is like unto a troubled Sea,
Life as a Barque, made of a rotten Tree.
Where every Wave indangers it to split,
And drown'd it is, if 'gainst a Rock it hit.
But if this Barque be made with Temperance strong,
It mounts the Waves, and Voyages takes long.
If Discretion doth, as the Pilot guide,
It escapes all Rocks, still goes with Wind, and Tide.
Where Love, as Merchant, trafficks up to Heaven,
And, for his Prayers, he hath Mercies given.
Conscience, as Factor, sets the price of things,
Tranquillity, as Buyers, in the Money brings.

Of the Shornesse of Mans Life, and
his foolish Ambition.

In Gardens sweet, each Flower mark did J,
How they did spring, bud, blow, wither, and dye.
With that, contemplating of Mans short stay,
Saw Man like to those Flowers passe away.
Yet build they Houses, thick, and strong, and high,
As if they should live to Eternity.
Hoard up a Pliss of Wealth, yet cannot fill
His Empty Mind, but covet he will fill.
To gaine, or keep such Falshood Men do use,
Wrong Right, and Truth, no base waies will refuse.
I would not blame them, could they Death out keep,
Or ease their Paines, or cause a quiet Sleep.
Or buy Heavens Mansions, so like Gods become,
And by it, rule the Stars, the Moon, and Sun.
Command the Winds to blow, Seas to obey,
To levell all their Waves, to cause the Winds to stay.
Bnt they no power have, unlese to dye,
And Care in Life is a great Miserie.
This care is for a word, an empty sound,
Which neither soul nor substance in is found.
Yet as their heir, they make it to inherit,
And all they have, they leave unto this spirit.
To get this child of fame, and this bare word,
They fear no dangers, neither fire, nor sword.
All horrid pains, and death they will indure,
Or any thing that can but fame procure.

O man, O man, what high ambition growes,
Within your braine, and yet how low he goes!
To be contented only in a sound,
Where neither life, nor body can be found.

A Morall Discourse betwixt man, and beast.

Man is a creature like himselfe alone,
In him all qualities do joyne as one.
When man is injur'd, and his honour stung,
He seemes a lion, furious, fierce, and strong.
With greedy covetousness, like to wolves, and bears,
Devour's right, and truth in peeces teares.
Or like as crafty foxes lye in wait,
To catch young novice-kids by their deceit;
So subtill knaves do watch, who errors make,
That they thereby advantages might take.
Not for examples them to rechifie,
But that much mischief they can make thereby.
Others, like crouching spaniels, close will set,
Creeping about the partridge too in net.
Some humble seem'd, and lowly bend the knee,
To those which have power, and authority:
Not out of love to honour, or renowne,
But to insnare, and so to pull them downe.
Or as a mastiff flyes at every throat,
So spight will flye at all, that is of note.
With slanderous words, as teeth, good deeds out teare,
Which neither power, nor strength, nor greatness spare.
And are so mischievous, love not to see
Any to live without an infamy.

Most
Most like to ravenous Beasts in blood delight,
And only to do mischiefe, love to fight.
But some are like to Horses, strong, and free,
Will gallop over Wrong, and Injury.
Who feare no Foe, nor Enemies do dread,
Will fight in Battells till they fall downe dead.
Their Heart with noble rage so hot will grow,
As from their Nostrils Cloudes of Smoake do blow.
And with their Hooves the firm hard ground will strike,
In anger, that they cannot go to fight.
Their Eyes (like Flints) will beat out Sparkes of Fire,
Will neigh out loud, when Combates they desire.
So valiant Men their Foe aloud will call,
To try their Strength, and grapple Armes withall.
And in their Eyes such Courage doth appear,
As if that Mars did rule that Hemi sphere.
Some like to flow, dull Asses, full of Fear,
Contented are great Burthens for to bear.
And every Clowne doth beat his Back, and Side,
Because hee's slow, when fast that he would ride.
Then will hee bray out loud, but dare not bite;
For why, he hath not Courage for to fight.
Base Minds will yield their Heads under the Toake,
Offer their Breeches to every Tyrants stroke.
Like Fools will grumble, but they dare not speak,
Nor strive for Liberty, their Bonds to break.
Those that in Slavery live, so dull will grow,
Dejected Spirits make the Body slow.
Others as Swine lye groveling in the Mire,
Have no Heroick Thoughts to rise up higher:
They from their Birth, do never sport, nor play,
But eat, and drink, and grunting, run away:
Of grumbling Natures, never doing good,
And cruel are, as of a Boorish Brood.
So Gluttons, Sluggards care for nought but ease,
In Conversations will not any please:
Ambition none, to make their Name to live;
Nor have they Generosity to give:
And are so Churlish, that if any pray
To help their Wants, will cursing go away.
So cruell are, so far from death to save,
That they will take away the Life they have.
Some like to searefull Hart, or frighted Hare,
Shun every noise, and their owne Shadowes feare.
So Cowards, that are fent in Wars to fght,
Think not to beat, but how to make their flight.
When Trumpet sounds to charge the Foe, it calls,
And with that noise, the Heart of th Coward falls.
Others as harmleff Sheep in peace do live,
Contented are, do Injury will give:
But on the tender Grasfe they gently feed,
Which do no Spight, nor ranckled Malice breed.
They never in the waies of mifchiefe stood,
To fet their Teeth in fte, or drink up blood.
They grieve to walk alone, will pine away,
Grow fat in Flockes, will with each other play.
The naked they do cloath with their soft Wool,
The Ewes do feed the hungry Stomack full.
So gentle Nature's Disposition sweet
Shuns foolifh Quarrels, loves the Peace to keep.
Full of Compassion, pitying the diftreft,
And with their Bounty help they the opprefst.
They swell not with the Pride of self-conceit,
Nor for their Neighbours life do lye in wait.
Nor Innocence by their Extortions teare,
Nor fill the Widowes Heart with Griefe, or Care:
Nor Bribes will take with covetous hands,
Nor fet they back the Mark of th Owners Lands.
But with a gratefull Heart do still returne
The Curtesies that have for them been done.
And in their Conversation, meek, and mild,
Without Lascivious words, or Actions wild.
Those Men are Fathers to a Common-wealth,
Where Justice lives, and Truth may shew her felfe.
Others as Apes do imitate the reft,
And when they mifchiefe do, feem but to fjeft.
So are Euffoons, that feem for Mirth to fport,
Whose liberty fills Faction in a Court.
Those that delight in Foolers, muft in good part
Take what they fay, although the words are smart.

But
But many times such rancked Thoughts beget
In Hearts of Princes, and much Envy set,
By praising Rivals, or else do reveal
Those Faults, most fit for privacy to conceal.
For though a Fool, if he an ill truth tells,
Or be it false, if like a Truth it fineth;
It gets such hold, though in a wise mans Braine,
That hardly it will ever out againe.
And so like Wormes, some will be trode to Earth,
Others as venomous Vipers stung to death.
Some like to suble Serpents wind about,
To compass their designs craulein, and out:
And never leave until some Nest they find,
Suck out the Eggs, and leave the Shels behind.
So Flatterers with Praisers wind about
A Noble Mind, to get a Secret out.
For Flattery through every Eare will glide,
Downe to the Heart, and there some time abide;
And in the Breast with feigned Friend-ship lye,
Till to the Death he slings him cruelly.
Thus some as Birds, and Beasts, and Flies are such:
To every Creature men resemble much:
Some, like to soaring Eagle, mount up high:
Wings of Ambition beare them to the Skie.
Or like to Hawkes, flye round to catch their Prey,
Or like to Puttockes, beare the Chick away.
Some like to Ravens, which on Carrion feed,
And some their Spight feed on, what Flanders breed.
Some like to Peacock, proud, his tale to shew:
So men, that Followers have, will haughty grow.
Some Melancholy Owles, that hate the Light,
And as the Bat flyes in the Shades of Night:
So Envious Men their Neighbour hate to see,
When that he Shines in great Prosperity:
Keep home in discontent, repine at all,
Untill some Mischief on the Good do fall.
Others, as cheerfull Larkes sing as they flye.
So men are merry, which have no Envy.
And some as Nightingales do sweetly sing,
As Messengers, when they good Messes do bring.
Thus Men, Birds, Beasts, in Humours much agree,
But several Properties in these there bee.
Tis proper for a lively Horse to neigh,
And for a flow, dull foolish Ass to bray.
For Dogs to bark, Bulls roare, Wolves houle, Pigs squeak,
For Men to frowne, to weep, to laugh, to speake.
Proper for Flies to buzz, Birds sing, and chatter,
Onely for Men to promise, sware, and flatter:
So Men these Properties can imitate,
But not their Faculties that Nature made.
Men have no Wings to flye up to the Skie,
Nor can they like to Fish in waters ly.
What Man like Roes can run so swift, and long?
Nor are they like to Horse, or Lions strong.
Nor have they Sent, like Dogs, a Hare to find,
Or Sight like Swine to see the subtile mien.
Thus several Creatures, by several Sense,
Have better far (then Man) Intelligence.

These several Creatures, several Arts do well,
But Man, in general, doth them far excell.
For Arts in Men as well did Nature give,
As other qualities in Beasts to live.
And from Mens Brains such fine Inventions flow,
As in his Head all other Heads do grow.
What Creature builds like Man such Stately Towers,
And make such things, as Time cannot devour?
What Creature makes such Engines as Man can?
To traffick, and to use at Sea, and Land,
To kill, to spoile, or else alive to take,
Destroying all that other Creatures make.
This makes Man seem of all the World a King,
Because hee power hath of every thing.
He'll teach Birds words, in measure Beasts to go,
Makes Passions in the Mind, to ebb, and flow.
And though he cannot flye as Birds, with wings,
Yet he can take the height, and breadth of things.
He knowes the course and number of the Stars,
But Birds, and Beasts are no Astrologers.
And though he cannot like to Fishes swim,
Yet Natives make to reach those Fishers.
And with his Ships he'll circle the World round.
What Beast, or Bird that can do so, is found?
He'll fell downe Woods, with Axes sharp will strike;
Whole Heards of Beasts can never do the like.
What Beast can plead, to save another's Life,
Or by his Eloquence can end a Strife?
Or Counsels give, great Dangers for to shun,
Or tell the Cause, or how Eclipses come?
He'll turne the Current of the Water clear,
And make them like new Seas for to appear.
Where Fishes onely in old waters glide.
Can cut new Rivers put on any side.

Hee Mountains makes so high, the Cloudes will touch,
Mountains of Moles, or Ants, scarce do so much.
What Creature like to Man can Reasons shew,
Which makes him know, that he thereby doth know?
And who, but Man, makes use of every thing,
As Goodness out of Poison Hee can bring?
Thus Man is filled a with strong Desire,
And by his Rhetrick sets the Soule on Fire.

Beasts no Ambition have to get a Fame,
Nor build they Tombes, thereon to write their Name.
They never war, high Honour for to get,
But to secure themselves, or Meat to eat.
But Men are like to Gods, they live for ever shall;
And Beasts are like themselves, to Dust shall fall.

Of the Ant.

M

Ark but the little Ant, how she doth run,
In what a busy motion she goeth on:
As if she ordered all the Worlds Affaires;
When tis but onely one small Straw shee beares.
But when they find a Flye, which on the ground lyes dead,
Lord, how they fir; so full is every Head.
Some with their Feet, and Mouths, draw it along,
Others their Tails, and Shoulders thruft it on.

And if a Stranger Ant comes on that way,
Shee helps them strait, nere asketh if shee may.
Nor slaes to ask Rewards, but is well pleas'd:
Thus pales her selfe with her owne Paines, their Ease.

They
They live as the Lacedemonians did,
All is in Common, nothing is forbid.
No Private Feast, but altogether meet,
Wholesome, though Plaine, in Publick, do they eat.  
They have no Envy, all Ambition's downe,
There is no Superiority, or Clowne.
No Stately Palaces for Pride to dwell,
Their House is Common, called the Ants Hill.
All help to build, and keep it in repair,
No speciall work-men, all Labourers they are.
No Markets keep, no Meat they have to sell,
For what each one doth eat, all welcome is, and well.
No Jealousie, each takes his Neighbours Wife,
Without Offence, which never breedeth Strife.
Nor fight they Duels, nor do give the Lyce,
Their greatest Honour is to live, not dye.
For they, to keep in life, through Dangers run,
To get Provisions in 'gainst Winter comes.
But many loose their Life, as Chance doth fall,
None is perpetuall, Death devoures all.

A Morall Description of Corne.

The yellow Bearded Corne bowes downe each Head,
Like Gluttons, when their Stomackes over-fed.
Or like to those whose Wealth make heavie Cares,
So doth the full-ripe Corne bow downe their Eares.
Thus Plenty, makes Oppression, gives small ease;
And Superfluity is a Disease.
Yet all that Nature makes, aspiring runs
Still forward for to get, nere backward turns;
Untill the Sight of Death doth lay them low,
Upon the Earth, from whence at first they grow.
Then who would hoard up Wealth, and take such paines,
Since nothing but the Earth hath all the Gaines?
No Riches are, but what the Mind doth keep:
And they are poor, who from the Earth do seek.
For Time, that feeds on Life, makes all things fall,
Is never satisfied, yet eates up all.
Then let the Minds of Men in peace to rest,
And count a Moderation still the best:

Nor
Nor grumble not, nor covet Natures Store,
For those that are content, can nere be poore.
And bleffe the Gods, submit to their Decree,
Think all things belte, what they are pleas’d shall bee.
For he that murmures at what cannot mend,
Is one that takes a thing at the wrong End.

A Discourse of Beasts.

Who knowes but Beasts, as they do lye,
In Meadowes low, or else on Mountaines high?
But that they do contemplate on the Sun,
And how his daily, yearely Circles run.
Whether the Sun about the Earth doth rove,
Or else the Earth upon its owne Poles move.
And in the Night, when twinkling Stars we see,
Like Man, imagines them all Suns to bee.
And may like Man, Stars, Planets number well,
And could they speake, they might their Motions tell.
And how the Planets in each Orb do move:
‘Gainst their Astrology no Man can prove.
For they may know the Stars, and their Aspects,
What Influence they cast, and their Effects.

Of Fishes.

Who knowes but Fishes which swim in the Sea,
Can give a Reason, why so Salt it be?
And how it Ebbs and Flowes, perchance they can
Give Reasons, for which never yet could Man.

Of Birds.

Who knowes but Birds which in the Aire flyes,
Do know from whence the Blustering Winds do rise?
May know what Thunder is, which no Man knowes,
And what’s a blazing Star, or where it goes.
Whether it be a Chip, fallen from the Sun,
And so goes out, when Aliment is done.
Whether a Sulphurous Vapour drawne up high,
And when the Sulphures spent, the Flame doth dye.
Or whether it be a *Gelly* set on *Fire*,
And wasting like a *Candle* doth expire.
Or whether it be a *Star* wholly intire,
Perchance might know of *Birds*, could we inquire.

**Earth's Complaint.**

O *Nature*, *Nature*, hearken to my *Cry,*
Each *Minute* wounded am, but cannot dye.
My *Children* which *I* from *my Womb* did beare,
Do dig my *Sides,* and all my *Bowels* teare:  
Do plow deep *Furroughs* in *my very Face,*
From *Torment,* *I* have neither time, nor place.
No other *Element* is so abus'd,  
Nor by *Man-kind* so cruelly is us'd,  
*Man* cannot reach the *Skies* to plow, and sowe,  
Nor can they set, or mark the *Stars* to grow.
But they are still as *Nature* first did plant,  
Neither *Maturity,* nor *Growth* they want.  
*They* never dye, nor do they yeld their place  
To *younger Stars,* but still run their owne *Race.*

The *Sun* doth never groane *young Suns* to beare,  
For he himselfe is his owne *Son,* and *Heire.*
The *Sun* just in the *Center* fits, as *King,*
The *Planets* round about incircle him.
The *flowest Orbes* over his *Head* turne *flow,*
And underneath, the *swiftest Planets* go.
Each severall *Planet,* severall *measures* take,  
And with their *Motions* they sweet *Music* make.
Thus all the *Planets* round about him *move,*  
And he returns them *Light* for their kind *Love.*

**A Discourse of a Knave.**

A *Prosperous Knave,* that *Mischiefes* still doth plot,  
Swells big with *Pride,* since he hath power got.
Whole *Conscience,* like a *Purse,* drawne open wide,  
*t'asfe hands* do cast in *Bribes* on *every side.*
And as the *Guts* are stuffed with *Excrement,*  
So is his *Head* with *Thoughts* of ill intent.
Complications none, for them who've pres'd with Grief,
But yet is apt to pity much a Thiefe.
Hee thinkes them Fools, that wickednesse do shun,
Esteemes them wise, which Evill waies do run.
He scornes the Noble, if that they be poore,
The Rich, though base, he doth adore.
He alwaies smiles, as if he Peace still meant,
When all the while his Heart is evill bent.
A seeming friend-ship, large Professions make,
Where he doth think Advantages to take.
Thus doth a Glossing Knave the World abuse,
To work his End, the Devil a Friend will chuse.

Of a Fool.

I hate your Fools, for they my Brains do crack,
And when they speak, my Patience's on the Rack.
Their Actions all from Reason quite do run,
Their Ends prove bad, cause ill they first begun.
They flye from Wisdom, do her Counsels fear,
As if some Ruines neere their heads there were.
They seek the Shadow, let the Substance go,
And what is good, or best, they do not know.
Yet stiff in their Opinions, Stubborne, strong,
Although you bray them, sayeth Salomon.
As Spiders Webs intangle little Flies,
So Fools wrapt up in Webs of Errors Iyes.
Then comes the Spider, Flies with Poyson fills,
So Mischiefe, after Errors, Fools oft kills.

A Discourse of Melancholy.

Sad, and solemn Verse doth please the Mind,
With Chains of Passions doth the Spirits bind.
As Pensive Pictures drawne presents the Night,
Whose Darker Shadows give the Eye delight;
Melancholy Aspects invite the Eye,
And alwaies have a seeming Majesty.
By its Converting Qualities, there growes
A Perfect Likeness, when it selfe it shewes.
Then let the World in mourning fit, and weep,
Since onely Sadness we are apt to keep.
In light and Toyful things we seek for Change,
The Mind growes weary, and about doth range.
What Serious is, there Constancies will dwell;
Which shewes, that Sadness Mirth doth far excell.
Why should Men grieve, when they do think of Death,
Since they no settlement can have in Mirth?
The Grave, though sad, in quiet still they keep,
Without disturbing Dreams they lye a sleep.
No rambling Thoughts to vex their restleffe Brains,
Nor Labour hard, to scorche, and dry their Veins.
No care to search for that, they cannot find,
Which is an Appetite to every Mind.
Then with good Men, to dye in quiet Peace,
Since Death in Misery is a Release.

A Discourse of the Power of Devils.

Women, and Fools, fear in the Dark to be;
They think the Devil in some Shape should see:
As if like silly Owles, he takes delight,
To sleep all Day, then goes abroad at Night.
To beat the Pots, and Pans, Candles blow out,
And all the Night to keep a Revel-rout.
To make the Sow to grunt, the Pigs to squeak,
The Dogs to bark, Cats mew, as if they speak.
Alas, poor Devil, whose Power is small,
Onely to make a Cat, or Dog to baule:
And with the Pomer, Brass to make a noise,
To fiew with fearfull sweat poore Girles, and Boys.
Why should we feare him, since he doth no harm?
For we may bind him fast within a Charm.
Then what a Devil ailes a Woman Old,
To play such Tricks, to give away her Soul?
Can he destroy Man-kind, or new Worlds make,
Or alter States for an Old Woman's sake?
Or put Day-light out, or stop the Sun,
Or change the Planets from their course to run?
And yet methinks tis odd, and very strange,
That since the Devils cannot Bodies change,
Should have such power over souls, to draw
Them from their God, and from his holy Law.
Persuading conscience to do more ill,
Then the sweet Grace of God to rule the Will:
To cut of faith, by which our souls should climb,
To make us leave our folly, and our crime:
Destroying honesty, disgracing truth;
Yet can he neither make old age, nor youth.
Nor can he add, or take a minute short;
Yet many souls he keepes from heaven's court.
It seemes, his power shall for ever last,
Because tis on the soul, which never waft,
And thus hath God the devil power lent,
To punish man, unlesse he doth repent.
THE CLASPE:

Give me the Free, and Noble Stile,
Which seems uncurb'd, though it be wild:
Though it runs wild about, it cares not where;
It shewes more Courage, then it doth of Fear.

Give me a Stile that Nature frames, not Art:
For Art doth seem to take the Pedants part.
And that seems Noble, which is Eafie, Free,
Not to be bound with or-e-nice Pedantry.

The Hunting of the Hare.

Between two Ridges of Fland-land, lay Wat,
Pressing his Body close to Earth lay squat.
His Nose upon his two Fore-feet close lies,
Glaring obliquely with his great grey Eyes.
His Head he always sets against the Wind;
If turne his Tail, his Haires blow up behind:
Which he too cold will grow, but he is wise.
And keepes his Coat still downe, so warm he lies.
Thus resting all the day, till Sun doth set,
Then riseth up, his Relief for to get.
Walking about untill the Sun doth rise,
Then back returns, downe in his former lyes.
At last, Poore Wat was found, as he there lay,
By Hunt-men, with their Dogs which came that way.
Seeing, gets up, and fast begins to run,
Hoping some waiies the Cruell Dogs to shun.
But they by Nature have so quick a Sent,
That by their Nose they trace what way he went.
And with their deep, wide Mouths set forth a Cry,
Which answer'd was by Echoes in the Skie.
Then Wat was struck with Terror, and with Fear,
Thinkes every Shadow still the Dogs they were.
And running out some distance from the noise,
To hide himselfe, his Thoughts he new imploies.

Under
Under a Clod of Earth in Sand-pit wide,
Poore Wat shut close, hoping himselfe to hide.
There long he had not sat, but straight his Eares
The Winding Hornes, and crying Dogs he heares:
Starting with Fear, up leapes, then doth he run,
And with such speed, the Ground scarce treads upon.
Into a great thick Wood he trait way gets,
Where underneath a broken Bough he sits.
At every Leaf that with the Wind did shake,
Did bring such Terror, made his Heart toake.
That Place he left, to Champion Plaines he went,
Winding about, for to deceive their Sents.
And while they Snuffing were, to find his Track,
Poore Wat, being weary, his swift pace did slack.
On his two hinder legs for ease did sit,
His Fore-foot rub'd his Face from Dust, and Sweat.
Licking his Feet, be wipe'd his Eares so cleane,
That none could tell that Wat had hunted been.
But calling round about his faire great Eyes,
The Hounds in full Careere he neere him spies:
To Wat it was so terrible a Sight,
Fear gave him Wings, and made his Body light.
Though weary was before, by running long,
Yet now his Breath he never felt more strong.
Like those that dying are, think Health returns,
When tis but a faint Blast, which Life out bumes.
For Spirits seek to guard the Heart about,
Striving with Death, but Death doth quench them out.
Thus they so fast came on, with such loud Cries,
That he no hopes hath left, nor help espies.
With that the Winds did pity poore Wats case,
And with their Breath the Sent blew from the Place.
Then every Nose is busily implored,
And every Nostril is set open, wide:
And every Head doth seek a several way,
To find what Graffe, or Track, the Sent on lay.
Thus quick Industry, that is not slack,
Is like to Witchery, brings lost things back.
For though the Wind had tied the Sent up close,
A Busie Dog thrust in his Snuffing Nose:

And
And drew it out, with it did foremost run,
Then Hornes blew loud, for th' rest to follow on.
The great flow-Hounds, their throats did set a Base,
The Fleit fisifi Hounds, as iemens next in place;
The little Beagles they a Treble sing,
And through the Aire their Voice a round did ring?
Which made a Comfor, as they ran along;
If they but words could speake, might finge a Song,
The Hornes kept time, the Hunters shout for Joy,
And valiant seeme, poore Wat for to destroy:
Spurring their Horses to a full Career,
Swim Rivers deep, leap Ditches without feare;
Indanger Life, and Limbes, so fast will ride,
Onely to see how patiently Wat died.
For why, the Dogs so neere his Heeles did get,
That they their sharpe Teeth in his Breech did set.
Then tumbling downe, did fall with weeping Eyes,
Gives up his Ghost, and thus poore Wat he dies.
Men hooping loud, such Acclamations make,
As if the Devill they did Prisoner take.
When they do but a shifflles Creature kill,
To hunt, there needs no Valiant Souldiers skill.
But Man doth think that Exercise, and Toile,
To keep their Health, is best, which makes most spoile.
Thinking that Food, and Nourishment so good,
And Appetite, that feeds on Flesh, and Blood.
When they do Lions, Wolves, Beares, Tigers see,
To kill poore Sheep, its trait say, they cruell be.
But for themselves all Creatures think too few.
For Luxury, with God would make them new.
As if that God made Creatures for Mans meat,
To give them Life, and Sense, for Man to eat;
Or else for Sport, or Recreations sake,
Destroy those Lives that God saw good to make:
Making their Stomachs, Graves, which full they fill
With Morib'rd Bodies, that in Sport they kill.
Yet Man doth think himselfe so gentle, mild,
When he of Creatures is most cruell wild.
And is so Proud, thinkes onely he shall live,
That God a God-like Nature did him give.

And
And that all Creatures for his fake alone,
Was made for him, to Tyranise upon.

The hunting of the Stag.

Here was a Stag did in the Forrest lye,
Whose Neck was long, and Hornes branch'd up high.
His Hunch was broad, Sides large, and Back was long,
His Legs were Nervous, and his Joyns were strong,
His Haire lay fleck, and smooth upon his Skin,
None in the Forrest might compare with him.

In Summers heat he in coole Brakes laies,
Which grew so high, kept of the Suns hot Raies.
In Evenings coole, or dewy Mornings new,
Would he rise up, and all the Forrest view.
Then walking to some cleare, and Christall Brook,
Not for to Drink, but on his Hornes to look:
Taking such Pleasure in his Stately Crowne,
His Pride forgets that Dogs might pull him downe.
From thence unto a Shady Wood did go,
Where Streightsie Pines, and tallse Cedars grow;
And upright Olives, which th' loving Vine oft twines;
And slender Birch bowes head * to golden Mines.
Small Aspen Stalkt which shakes like Agues cold,
That from perpetuall Motion never hold.
The sturdy Oake on Foamy Seas doth ride,
Firre, which tall Trees doth make, where Sailes are tied.
The weeping Maple, and the Poplar green,
Whose Cooling Buds in Salves have healing been.
The Fatting Chestnut, and the Haflie small,
The Smooth-rind Beech, which groweth large, and tall.
The Loving Myrtle is for Amorous kind,
The yeilding Willow, as inconstant Mind.
The Cypres sad, which makes the Funerall Hearfe,
And Sicomors, where Lovers write their Verse:
And Juniper, which gives a pleasant smell,
And many more, which were too long to tell.
Round from their Sappy Roots sprout Branches small,
Some call it Under-wood, that's never tall.
There walking through, the Stag was hindred much,
The bending Twigs his Hornes would often catch.

While
While on the tender Leaves, and Buds did brouse,
His Eyes were troubl'd with the broken Boughs.
Then straight he sees this Labyrinth to unwind,
But hard it was his first way out to find.
Unto this Wood a rising Hill did joyce,
Where grew wild Margerom, and Sweet wild Time:
And Winter-Sawry which was never set,
On which the Stag delighted much to eat.
But looking downe upon the Valles low,
He sees the Grass, and Cowslips thick to grow;
And Springs, which dig themselves a Passage out,
Much like as Serpents wind each Field about.
Rising in Winter high, do over-flow,
The Flowry Banks, but rich the Soil doth grow.
So as he went, thinking therein to feed,
He saw a Field, which scow'd was with Wheat Seed.
The Blades were growne a hand-full high, and more,
Which Sight his Tast did soon invite him o're.
In hast goes on, feeds full, then downe he lies,
The Owner coming there, he soon efpies:
Strait call'd his Dogs, to hunt him from that place,
At last it came to be a Forrest Chafe.
The Chase grew hot, the Stag apace did run,
Dogs followed close, and Men for sport did come.
At last a Troop of Men, Horses, Dogs did meet,
Which made the Hart to try his Nimble Feet.
Full swift he was, his Horses he bore up high,
Then Men did shout, the Dogs ran yelping by:
And Bugle Hornes with severall Notes did blow,
Hunt-men to close the Stag did side-ways go.
The Horses beat their Hooves against dry ground,
Raising such Clouds of dust their waies scarce found.
Their Sides ran downe with Sweat, as if they were
New come from Matring, dropping every Haire.
The Dogs their Tongues out of their Mouths hung long,
Their Sides did beat like Feaverish Pulse so strong.
Their Short Ribbs heave up high, then fall downe low,
As Bellowes draw in Wind the same to blow.
Men tawny grew, the Sun their Skins did turne,
Their Mouths were dry, their Bowels felt to burne.

The
The Stag so hot as Coles, when kindled through,
Yet swiftly ran, when he the Dogs did view.
Coming at length unto a Rivers side,
Whole Current flow'd, as with a falling Tide:
Where he leapes in to quench his scorching heat,
To walk his Sides to coole his burning Feet.
Hoping the Dogs in water could not swim,
But bee's deceiv'd, the Dogs do enter in;
Like Fisher, try'd to swim in water low:
But out alas, his Hornes too high do shew.
When Dogs were cover'd over Head, and Eares,
No part is seen, onely their Nose appears.
The Stag, and River, like a Race did shew,
He striving still the swift River to out-go.
Whilst Men, and Horses ran the Banks along,
Encouraging the Dogs to follow on:
Where he on waters, like a Looking-glass,
By a Sight sees their Shadowes passe.
Fear cuts his Breath off short, his Limbs do shrink,
Like those the Cramp doth take, to bottom sink.
Thus out of Breath, no longer could he stay,
But leapes on Land, and swiftly runs away.
Change gave him ease, ease strength, in strength hope lives,
Hope joyes the Heart, or light Hecle joy still gives.
His Feet like to a Feather'd Arrow flies,
Or like a winged Bird, that mounts the Skies.
The Dogs like Ships, that faile with Wind, and Tide,
Which cut the Aire, and waters deep divide.
Or like a greedy Merchant, seeks for Gaine,
Will venture Life, so trafficks on the Maine.
The Hunters, like to Boies, no dangers shun,
To see a Sight, will venture Life, and Limb.
Which had become, when Mischiefse takes not place,
Is out of Contenance, as with disgrace.
But when they see a Ruine, and a fall,
Return with Joy, as Conquerors they were all.
Thus their several Passions their waies did meet,
As Dogs desire to catch did make them Fleet.
The Stag with fear did run, his life to save,
Whilst Men for love of Mischiefse dig his Grave.
The angry Dust in every Face up flies,
As with Revenge, seeks to put out their Eyes,
Yet they so fast went on with such loud cries,
The Stag no hope had left, nor help espies:
His Heart so heavi grew, with Grieife, and Care,
That his small Feet his Body could not beare:
Yet loth to dye, or yeild to Foes was he,
But to the last would strive for Victory.
T was not for want of Courage he did run,
But that an Army against One did come.
Had he the Valour of bold Cæsar stout,
Must yeild himselfe to them, or dye no doubt.
Turning his Head, as if he dar'd their Spight,
Prepar'd himselfe against them all to fight.
Single he was, his Hornes were all his helpers,
To guard him from a Multitude of Whelpes.
Besides, a company of Men were there,
If Dogs should fail, to strike him every where.
But to the last his Fortune he'll try out:
Then Men, and Dogs do circle him about.
Some bite, some bark, all ply him at the Bay,
Where with his Hornes he tosses some away.
But Fate his thread had spun, so downe did fall,
Shedding some Teares at his owne Funerall.

Of an Island.

T

Here was an Island rich by Natures grace,
In all the World it was the sweetest place:
Surrounded with the Seas, whose Waves don't misse
To do her Homage, and her Feet do kiss.
Where every Wave by turne do bow downe low,
And proud to touch her, as they overflow.
Armies of Waves in Troopes high Tides bring on,
Whose watry Armes do glister like the Sun:
And on their backs burthens of Ships do beare,
And in her Havens places them with care.
Not Mercenary, They no pay will have,
Yet as her Guard they watch to keep her safe,
And in a Ring they circle her about,
Strong as a Wall, to keep her Foes still out.
So *Winds* do serve, and on the *Clouds* do ride;
Blowing their *Trumpets* loud on every side;
And serve as *Scouts*, do search in every *Lane,*
And gallop in the *Forest*, *Fields* and *Plaine.*
And while *she* please the *Gods,* in safety lives,
They to delight her *all* fine *Pleasures* gives.
For all this *Place* is *fertile, rich,* and *fivre,*
Both *Woods,* and *Hills,* and *Dales,* in *Propfets* are.
*Birds* *pleasure* take, and with delight *do sing,*
In *Praises* of this *Ifle* the *Woods* do ring;
*Trees* thrive with joy, this *Ifle* their *Roots* do feed,
Grow tall with *Pride,* their *Tops* they *over-spread*;
*Dance* with the *Winds,* when they *do sing,* and blow;
Play like a *wanton Kid,* or the *swift Roe.*
Their *several Branches* *several* *Birds* *do beare,*
Which *hop,* and *skip,* and always merry are.
*Their Leaves* do wave, and rushing make a *noise*;
Thus many waies *do strive* to *express* *their* *Joyes.*
And *Flowers* there look *freh,* and *gay,* with *Mirth,*
Whilst they are dance'd upon the *lap* of *Earth:*
*Their Mother* the *Ifland,* *they* her *Children* *sweet,*
Born from her *Laines,* got by *Apollo* *great,*
Who takes great care to *dress,* and prune them oft,
And with *clear* *Dew* he washes their *Leaves* *soft.*
When he hath done, he *wipes* those *drops* away,
With *Webs* *of heat,* which he weaves every day.
*Paints* *them* with *several Colours* *intermixt,*
*Veiles* *them* with *Shadomes* *every leaf* *betwixt.*
*Their Heads* he *dresses,* *spreads* their *hairy leaves,*
And round their *Crownes* his *golden Beames* *he wreaths,*
For he this *Ifle* esteems above the rest;
*Of all his Wives,* *we find* he loves her best.
*Presents* her daily with some *fine new Gift,*
*Twelve Ells* of *Light* to make her *Smocks* *for shift.*
Which *every time* he comes, he puts on cleane,
And changes oft, that *she* may lovely seem.
And when he *goeth* from her, the *World* to see,
He leaves his *Sister* *for her company:
*Cynthia* she is, *though pale,* yet *clear,*
Which makes *her* always in *Dark Cloudes* appeare.

*Sun Beames:*
*There would be no Colours, if no Light.*

*These Smocks are the dates.*
*The Moon.*

Besides,
Besides, he leaves his stars to wait, for fear
His Isle too far should be, when he's not there.
And from his bounty cloaths them all with Light,
Which makes them twinkle in a Frosty Night.
He never brings hot Beanes, to do her harm,
Nor lets her take a Cold, but lifts her warm;
With Mantles rich of equall heat doth spread,
And covers her with Colour Crimson red.
He gives another o're her head to lye,
The Colour is a pure bright Azure Skie:
And with soft Aire doth line them all within,
As Furs in Winter, in Summer Satten thin.
With silver Clouds he fringes them about,
Where Spangled Meteors, glistering hang without.
Thus gives her Change, lest she should weary grow,
Or think them old, and so away them throw.
Nature adorns this Island all throughout,
With Land-skips, Prospects, and Rills that run about.
There Hills o're top the Dales, which levell be,
Covered with Cattell feeding Eagerly.
Where Grasse grows up even to the Belly high,
Where Beasts, that chew their Cud, in Pleasure lye:
Whisking their Tails about, the Flies to beat,
Orelse to coole them from the Soulistry heat.
Nature, willing to th' Gods her Love to shew,
Sent plenty in, like Niles great overflow;
Gave temperate Seasons, and equall Lights,
The Sun-shine daies, and Dewy Moon-shine Nights.
And in this pleasant Island, Peace did dwell,
No noise of War, or sad Tale could it tell.

The Ruine of the Island.

This Island liv'd in Peace full many a day;
So long as she unto the Gods did pray.
But she grew proud with Plenty, and with Ease,
Ador'd her self, so did the Gods displease.
She flung their Altars downe, her owne set up,
And she alone would have divine Worship.
The Gods grew angry, and commanded Fate,
To alter, and to ruine quite the State.

For
For they had chang'd their Mind of late; they said,
And did repent unhankfull Man th'had made:
Fates wondred much, to heare what said the Gods,
That Mortall Man, and they were at great odds;
And found them apt to Change, they thought it shew'd,
As if poore Man the Gods had not foreknow'd.

For why, said they, if Men do evill grow,
The Gods foreseeing all, Men's Hearts do know,
Long, long, before they made, or were create;
If so, what need they Change, or alter Fate?
T was in their power to make them good, or ill:
If so, Men cannot do just what they will.
Then why do Gods complain against them so,
Since Men are made by them such waies to go?
If Evill power hath Gods to oppose,
To equall Deities it plainly shewes;
Having no Power to keep Obedience, long,
If Disobedient Power be as strong:
As being ignorant how Men will prove,
Nor know how strong, or long will last their Love.
But may not Gods decree on this Line run,
To love Obedience whensoe'rc it come?
So from the first Variation creates,
And for that work made Destiny, and Fates.
Then tis the Mind of Men, that's apt to range,
And not the Minds of Gods, subject to Change.
Then did the Fates unto the Planets go,
And told them they Malignity must throw
Into this Island, for the Gods will take
Even high Revenge, since she their Laws forfake.
With that the Planets drew up with a Scree
The Vapour bad from all the Earth, then view
What Place, to squeeze that Poison, in which all
The Venome was, that's got from the Worlds Ball.
Which through Mens Veines, like molten Lead it came,
And like to Oile, did all their Spirits flame.
Where Malice boy'd with rancor, Spleen, and Spight
In War, and Fraud, Injustice took delight.
Studying which way might one another rob,
In open sight do Ravish, boldly Stab.
To Parents Children unnat'raly grow,
And former Friend-ship now's turn'd cruell Foe,
For Innocency no Protection had,
Religious Men were thought to be stark mad.
In Witche Wizzards did they put their Trust,
Extortions, Bribes, were thought to be most just.
Like Titans Race, all in a Tumult rose,
Blasphemous words against high Heaven throwes.
Gods in a Rage unbind the Windes and blow
In foreign Nations, formerly their Foe.
Where they did plant themselves, no Brittons live,
For why the Gods their Lives, and Land them give.
Compassion wept, and Virtue wrung her hands,
To see that Right was banish'd from their Lands.
Thus Windes, and Seas, the Planets, Fates, and all,
Conspired to work her Ruine, and her fall.
But those that keep the Lawes of God on high,
Shall live in Peace, in Graves shall quiet Iye.
And ever after like the Gods shall be,
Injoy all Pleasure, know no Misery.
TO

POETS.

HERE is no Spirit frights me so much, as Poets Satyrs, and their Fairy Wits: which are so subtle, airy, and nimble, as they passe through every small Crevice, and Cranie of Errors, and Mistakes, and dance upon every Line, and round every Fancy; which when they find to be dull, and sleepy, they pinch them black, and blew, with Robbin-hoods Jests. But I hope you will spare me: for the Harth is swept clean, and a Basin of water with a cleane Towell set by, and the Ashes rake'd up; wherefore let my Book sleep quietly, and the Watch-light burning clearly, and not blew, and Blinkingly, nor the Pots, and Pans be disturbed: but let it be still from your noise, that the Effemenate Cat may not Mew, nor the Masculine Curs bark, nor houle forth Railings to disturb my harmless Bookes rest. But if you will judge my Book severely, I doubt I shall be cast to the Bar of Folly, there forc'd to hold up my Hand of Indiscretion, and confess Ignorance to my Enemies dislike: For I have no Eloquent Orator to plead for me, as to perswade a Severe Judge, nor Flattery to bribe a Corrupt One, which makes me afraid, I shall lose my Suit of Praise. Yet I have Truth to speak in my behalfe, for some favour which faith first, that Women writing seldom makes it seem strange, and what is usuall, seems Fantastical, and what is Fantastical, seems odd, and what seems odd, Ridiculous: But as Truth tells you, all is not Gold that glitters; so she tells you, all is not Poor, that hath not Golden Cloaths on, nor mad, which is out of Fashion; and if I be out of the Fashion, because Women do not generally write, yet, before you laugh at me, let your Reason view strictly, whether the Fashion be not usefull, gracefull, ease, comely, and modest: And if it be any of these, spare your Smiles of Scorne, for those that are wanton, careless, rude, or unbecoming: For though her Garments are plaine, and unusuall, yet they are clean, and decent. Next, Truth tells you, that Women have seldom; or R

never,
never, (or at least in these latter Ages) written a Book of Poetry, unless it were in their Dressings, which can be no longer read than Beauty lasts. Wherefore it hath seemed hitherto, as if Nature had compounded Men's Erasms with more of the Sharp Atomies, which make the hot, and dry Element, and Women's with more of the round Atomies, which Figure makes the cold, and moist Element: And though Water is a useful Element, yet Fire is the Nobler, being of an Aspiring quality, But it is rather a Dishonour, not a Fault in Nature, for her Inferior Workes to move towards Perfection; though the best of her Workes can never be so Perfekt as her selfe: yet she is pleased when they imitate her; and to imitate her, I hope you will be pleased, I Imitate you. Tis true, my Verses came not out of Jupiter's Head, therefore they cannot prove a Pallas: yet they are like Chaff Penelope's Work, for I wrote them in my Husbands absence, to delude Melancholy Thoughts, and avoid Idle Time. The last thing Truth tells you; is, my Verses were gathered too soon: wherefore they cannot be of a Mature growth; for the Sun of time was not at that height, as to draw them forth, but not heat enough to ripen them; which makes me fear they will last hard, and unpleasant; but if they were fire'd with some Sugar of Praisef, and Bake'd in the Oven of Applause, they may passe at a general Feast, though they do not relish with nice, and delicate Palates; yet the Vulgar may digest them: for they care not what the Meat is, if the Cloth be good, or indeed thick: for they judge according to the quantity, not the quality, or rarity: but they are oft perswaded by the senses of others, more then their owne. Wherefore if it be not worthy of Commendations, pray be silent, and cast not out severe Censures: And I shall give Thanks for what is Eaten.

I desire all those which read this part of my Book, to consider, that it is thick of Fancies, and therefore requires the more Study. But if they understand not, I desire they would do as those, which have a troubled Conscience, and cannot resolvethemselves of some Doubts; wherefore they are required by the Church to go to a Minister thereof, to have them explained, and not to interpret according to their owne Imaginations: So I intreat those that cannot find out the Conceit of my Fancies, to ask a Poet where the Conceit lies, before they Censure; and not to accuse my Book for Non-sense, condemning it with a false Construction, through
The ignorant zeal of Malice; nor do not mistake, nor ask a Rhimer instead of a Poet, least he be condemned as a Traytor to Sense, through the blindness of the Judges Understanding. But if the Judge be learned in the Lawes of Poetry, and honesty from Bribes of Envy; I shall not need to fear, but that the Truth will be found out, and its Innocence will be freed at the Bar of Censure, and be sent home with the Acquittance of Applause. Yet pray, do not think I am so Presumptuous, to compare myself in this Comparison to the Church: but I only here compare Truth to the Church, and Truth may be compared from the lowest Subject, or Object to the Highest.

I must intreat my Noble Reader, to read this part of my Book very slow, and to observe very strictly every word they read; because in most of these Poems, every word is a Fancy. Wherefore if they loose, by not marking, or skip by too hasty reading, they will entangle the Sense of the whole Copy.

Of Poets, and their Theft.

As Birds, to hatch their Young do sit in Spring,
Some Ages severall Broods of Poets bring;
Which to the World in Verse do sweetly sing.

Their Notes great Nature set, not Art so taught:
So Fancies, in the Braine that Nature wrought,
Are best; what imitation makes, are naught.

For though they sing as well, as well may bee,
And make their Notes of what they learne, agree;
Yet he that teaches still, hath Majesty;

And ought to have the Crown of Praise, and Fame,
In the long Role of Time to write his Name:
And those that steale it out to blame.

There's None should Places have in Fame's high Court,
But those that first do win Inventions Fort:
Not Messangers, that onely make Report.

To Messengers Rewards of Thanks are due,
For their great Pains, telling their Message true,
But not the Honour to Invention new.
Many there are, that Sutes will make to weare,  
Of severall Patches stole, both here, and there;  
That to the World they Gallants may appeare.

And the Poore Vulgar, which but little know,  
Do Reverence all, that makes a Gliftring show;  
Examines not, the same how they came to,

Then do they call their Friends, and all their Kin,  
They Faddions make, the Ignorant to bring:  
And with their help, into Fames Court get in.

Some take a Line, or two of Horace Wit,  
And here, and there they will a Fancy pick.  
And so of Homer, Virgill, Ovid sweet:  
Makes all those Poets in their Book to meet:  
Yet makes them not appeare in their right shapes,  
But like to Ghosts do wander, in dark Shades.

But those that do so, are but Poet-Juglers,  
And like to Conjurers, are Spirit-troublers.

By Sorcery the Ignorant delude,  
Shewing falso Glasses to the Multitude.

And with a small, and undiscerning Haire,  
They pull Truth out the place wherein she were.

But by the Poets Layes they should be hang'd,  
And in the Hell of Condemnation damn'd.

Oft of our Moderne Writers now a daies,  
Consider not the Fancy, but the Phrase.

As if fine words were Wit; or, One should say,  
A Woman's handsome, if her Cloaths be gay.

Regarding not what Beauty's in the Face,  
Nor what Proportion doth the Body grace.

As when her Shooes be high, to say she's tall,  
And when she's straight-lac'd, to say she's small.

When Painted, or her Haire is curl'd with Art,  
Though of it felle she Plaine, and Skin is swart.

We cannot say, from her a Thanks is due  
To Nature, nor those Arts in her we view.

Unless she them invented, and so taught  
The World to set forth that which is stark naught.

But
But Fancy is the Eye, gives Life to all;
Words, the Complexion, as a whitewashed Wall.
Fancy is the Form, Flesh, Blood, Bone, Skin;
Words are but Shadow, have no Substance in.
But Number is the Motion, gives the Grace,
And is the Countenance to a well-formed Face.
The five Senses are Nature's Boxes, Cabinets; The Braine her chiefest Cabinet.

FANCIES.

The several Keys of Nature, which unlock her several Cabinets.

Bunch of Keys which hung by Nature's Side, Nature to unlock these her Boxes try'd.
The first was Wit, that Key unlockt the Ear, Opened the Brain, to see what things were there.
The next was Beauties Key, unlockt the Opened the Heart, to see what therein lyes.
The third was Appetite, that Key was quick, Opens the Stomack, meat to put in it.
The Key of Sent opens the Braine, though hard, For of a Stink the Nose is much afeard.
The Key of Paine unlocked Touch, but flow, Nature is loath Diseases for to shew.

Natures Cabinet.

In Nature's Cabinet, the Braine, you'll find Many a fine Knack, which doth delight the Mind.
Several Colour'd Ribbons of Fancies new, To tye in Hats, or Haire of Lovers true.
Masques of Imaginations only thew The Eyes of Knowledge, 't other part none know.
Fans of Opinion, which wave the Wind, According as the Heat is in the Mind.
Gloves of Remembrance, which draw off, and on, Thoughts in the Braine sometimes are there, then gon.
Veiles of Forgetfulness the Thoughts do hide, The Scarfe turn'd up, then is their Face espied.
Pendants of Understanding heaviest were, But Nature hangs them not in every Ear.
Black Patches of Ignorance, to stick on
The Face of Fools: this Cabinet is shewn.
Natures Dresse.

The Sun crowns Natures Head, twenty splendid are,
And in her Haire, as Jewels, hang each Star.
Her Garments made of pure Bright Watchet Skie,
The Zodiack round her Waist those Garments dye.
The Polar Circles are Bracelets for each Waist,
The Planets round about her Neck do twirl.
The Gold, and Silver Mines, Shoes for her Feet,
And for her Garters, are soft Flowers sweet.
Her Stockings are of Grass, that's fresh, and green,
And Rainbow Ribbons, many Colours in.
The Powder for her Haire is Milk-white Snow,
And when she combs her Locks, the Windes do blow.
Light a thin Veil doth hang upon her Face,
Through which her Creatures see in every place.

Natures Cook.

Death is the Cook of Nature; and we find
Meat drest several ways to please her Mind.
Some Meats shee roasts with Feavers, burning hot,
And some shee boils with Dropes in a Pot.
Some for Jelly consuming by degrees,
And some with Vleers, Gravie out to squeeze.
Some Flesh as Sage she stuffs with Gouts, and Paines,
Others for tender Meat hangs up in Chains.
Some in the Sea she pickles up to keep,
Others, as Branne is sour'd, those in Wine steep.
Some with the Pox, chops Flesh, and Bones so small,
Of which She makes a French Fricasse withall.
Some on Gridirons of Calentures is broy'd
And some is trodden on, and so quite spoyle'd.
But those are bak'd, when another'd they do dye.
By HeSick Feavers she some Meat she doth fry.
In Sweat sometimes she stews with savoury smell,
A Hodge-Podge of Diseases tasteeth well.
Braines drest with Apoplexy to Nature with,
Or swimmes with Sauce of Megrimes in a Dish.

And
And Tongues she dries with Smock from Stomacks ill,
Which as the second Course she sends up still.
Then Death cuts Throats, for Blood-pudding to make,
And puts them in the Guts, which Collicks rack.
Some hunted are by Death, for Deer that's red,
Or Stal-fed Oxen, knocked on the Head.
Some for Bacon by Death are Sing'd, or scal'd,
Then powdered up with Flegme, and Rhume that's salt.

**Nature's Oven.**

The Braine is like an Oven, hot, and dry,
Which bakes all sorts of Fancies, low, and high.
The Thoughts are Wood, which Motion sets on fire,
The Tongue a Peele, which draws forth the Desire.
But thinking much, the Braine too hot will grow,
And burns it up; if Cold, the Thoughts are Dough.

**A Posset for Nature's Breakfast:**

Life summes the Cream of Beauty with Times Spoon,
And draws the Claret Wine of Blushes Soon,
There boiles it in a Skillet cleane of Tooth,
Then thick's it well with crumb'd Bread of Truth.
And sets it on the Fire of Life, which grows,
The clearer, if the Bellowes of Health blowes.
Then takes the Eggs of Faire, and Bassfull Eyes,
And puts them in a Countenance that's wise,
And cuts a Lemon in of sharpest Wit,
By Discrections Knife, as he thinkes fit,
A handfull of Chast Thoughts double refined,
Six Spoonfuls of a Noble, and Gentle Mind.
A Graine of Mirth, to giv'e a little Tail,
Then takes it off, for feare the Substance waft,
And puts it in a Bason of Rich Wealth,
And in this Meat doth Nature please her selfe.

Life takes a young, and tender Lovers heart,
That hunted was, and wound by Cupids Dart.
Then sets it on the Fire of Love, and blowes
That Fire with Sighes, by which the Flame high growes.
And boiles it with the water of fresh Teares,
Flings in a bunch of Hope, Desires, and Fearers.
More Sprigs of Passion throwes into the Pot,
Then takes it up, when it is seething hot;
And puts it in a cleane Dish of Delight,
That scoured was from Err'rie, and from Spight.
Then doth she press, and squeeze in Juice of Youth;
And cast therein some Sugar of sweet Truth.
Sharp Melancholy gives a quickning taff,
And Temperance doth cause it long to last.
Then doth she garnish it with Smiles, and Drest,
And serves it up a Faire, and Beautious Mist.
But Nature's apt to surfeit of this Meat,
Which makes her seldom of the same to eat.

A Bisk for Natures Table.

A Fore-head high, broad, smooth, and very sleek,
A large great Eye, black, and very quick.
A Brow that's Arch'd, or like a Bow, that's bent,
A Rosie Cheek, and in the midst a dent.
Two Cherry Lips, whereon the Dew lies wet,
A Nose between the Eyes, that's even set.
A Chin that's neither short, nor very long,
A sharp, and quick, and ready, pleasing Tongue.
A Breath of Musk, and Amber in do strew,
Two soft round Breasts, that are as white as Snow.
A Body plump, white, of an even growth,
Quick, alive lives, that's void of Sloth.
A Sound firm Heart, a Liver good,
A Speech that's plaine, and easie understood.
A Hand that’s fat, smooth, and very white,
The inside moist, and red, like Rubies bright.
A Brawny Arme, a Wrift round, and small,
And Fingers long, and Joints not big withall.
A Stomack strong, and easie to digest,
A Swan-like Neck, and an out-bearing Chest:
These mixing all with Pleasure, and Delight,
And strew upon them Eyes that’s quick of Sight;
Putting them in a Dish of Admiration,
And serves them up with Praises of a Nation.

A Hodge-Podge for Natures Table.

A wan’ton Eye, that seeke to allure,
Disssembling Countenance that looks demure.
A griping hand that holds what’s none of his,
A jealous Mind, which thinks all is a misse.
A Purple face where Matter Pimples flood,
A Slandering Tongue that still dispraises Good.
A frowning Brow, with Rage, and Anger bent:
A Good that comes out from an ill Intent.
Then took he Promises that ne’re were perform’d,
And profferd Gifts, that flighted were, and scorn’d.
Affected words that signifi’d noe thing,
Feigning Laughter, but no Mirth therein.
Thoughts idle, unusefull, and very vaine,
Which are creat’d from a Lovers Brain.
Antick Postures, where no Coherence is,
Well meaning Mind, yet alwaies doth amisse.
A Voice that’s borse, where Notes cannot agree,
And squinting Eyes, that no true Shape can see.
Wrinkles that Time hath set in every Face,
Vaine-glory brave, that fall in full Disgrace.
A Selfe-conceited Pride without a Cause,
A painfull desperate Art without Applause.
Verses no Sense, nor Fancy have, but Rhyme.
Ambitious fall, where highest Hopes do clime.
All in the Pot of dislike boileth fast,
Then stirs it with a Ladle of Displeas.
The Fat of Gluttons in the Pot did flow,
And Roots of severall Vices in did throw;
And severall Herbs as aged Time that's dry,
Heart-burning Parsley, Buriall Rosemary.
Then powers it out into Repentant Dishes,
And sends it up by Shadowes of Vaine Wishes.

A Heart drest.

Lfe takes a Heart, and Passions puts therein,
And covers it with a dissembling skin.
Then take some Anger that like Pepper bite,
And Vinegar that's sharp, and made of Spight.
Hot Ginger of Revenge, grated in Flunge,
To which she adds a lying cloven Tongue.
A lazy flake of Mace, that lies downe flat,
Some Salt of Slander put also to that.
Then serves it up with Sauce of Jealousie,
In Dishes of Carefull Industry.

Head, and Braines.

A Braine that's wash'd with Reasons cleare,
From Groffe Opinions, Dulness lying there;
And Judgment hard, and found is grated in,
Whereeto is squeezeed Wit, and Fancies thin.
A Bunch of Sent, Sounds, Colours, tied up fast,
With Threads of Motion, and strong Nerves to last.
In Memory then strew them with long Time,
So take them up, and put in Spirits of Wine.
Then pour it forth into a Dish of Touch,
The Meat is good, although it is not much.

A Tart.

Lfe took some Flours made of Complexions white,
CFlournd Butter, by N-wrishment, as cleane as might.
And kneads it well, then on a Board it layes,
And roules it o{t, and so a Pye did raise.
Then did she take some Cherry Lips that's red,
And Sloe-black Eyes from a Faire Virgins Head.
And Strawberry Teats from high Banks of white Breast,
And Juice from Raspes Fingers ends did presse.
Thefe put into a Pye, which soone did bake,
Within a Heart, which the strait hot did make;
Then drew it out with Reasons Pecle, and sends
It up to Nature, she it much commends.

A Dissert.

Sweet Marmalade of Kisses new gathered,
Preferv'd Children that are not Fathered:
Sugar of Beauty which melts away soon,
Marchpane of Youth, and Childish Macaroon,
Sugar Plum-words most sweet on the Lips,
And wafer Promises, which wait into Chips.
Bisket of Love, which crumbles all away,
Gelly of Fear, that quaking, quivering lay.
Then came in a fresh Green-sickness Cheese,
And tempting Apples, like those eat by Eve;
With Creme of Honour, thick, and good;
Firm Nuts of Friend-ship by it stood.
Grapes of delight, dull Spirits to revive,
Whose Juice, tis said, doth Nature keep alive.
Then Nature rose, when eat, and drank her fill,
To rest her selfe in Ease, she's pleas'd with still.

Natures Officers.

Eternity, as Usher, goeth before,
Destiny, as Porter, keepes the Doore
Of the great World, who lets Life out, and in;
The Fates, her Maides, this Thread of Life do spin.
Mutability orders with great Care,
Motion, her Foot-boy, runneth every where.
Time, as her Page, doth carry up her Traine,
But in his Service little doth he gaine.
The daies are the Surveyors, for to view,
All Natures worke, which are both old, and new.
The Seasons foure their Circuites by turnes take,
Judges to order, and distribute, make.
The Months their Pen-clerks, write downe every thing,
Make Deeds of Gifts, and Bonds of all that spring.
Lifes Office is to pay, and give out all
To Death, which is Receiver, when he call.

**Natures House.**

The Ground, whereon this House was built upon,
Was Honesty, that hates to do a Wrong.
Foundations deep were laid, and very sure,
By Love, which to all times will firm indure.
The Walls, strong Friendship, Hearts for Brick, lay thick,
And Constancy, as Mortar, made them stick.
Free-Stone of Obligations Pillars raise,
To beare high Roofed thanks, seal'd with praise.
Windowes of Knowledge let in Light of Truth,
Curtaines of Joy, wh'are drawne by pleasant Youth.
Chimnies with Touch-stone of Affection made,
Where Beauty, the Fuell of Love, is laid.
The HARTH is innocent Marble white,
Whereon the Fire of Love burnes cleare, and bright:
The Doors are Cares, Misfortunes out to shut,
That cold Poverty might not through them get.
BESIDES, these Rooms of severall Passions built,
Some on the right hand, others on the left.
This House, the outside's ty'd with Noble Deeds,
And high Ambition covers it with Leaders.
Turrets of Fame are built on every side,
And in this Palace Nature takes great pride.
This House is furnished best of Natures Courts,
For hung it is with Virtues of all sorts.
As Morall Virtues, and with those of Art,
The last from AES, the first is from the Heart.

Comparing the head to a Barrell of Vine.

The Head is like a Barrell, which will break,
If Liquors be too strong; but if they're weake,
They will the riper grow by lying long:
Close kept from vent, the Spirits grow more strong.
So Wit, which Nature in a Braine turns up,
Never leaves Working, if it close be shut:
Will through Discretions burft, and run about,
Unlesse a Pen, and Inke do tap it out.
But if the It be small, then let it lye,
If Broacht to soon, the Spirits quickly dye.

Comparing of Wit's to Vines.

Nature's wine.
Mega Wits, when broach'd, which Pens do pierce,
If strong, run strait into Heroick Verse.
Sharp Claret Satyrs searching run about
The Veines of Vice, before it pales out:
And makes the Blood of Virtue fresh to spring
In Noble Minds, Faire Truths Complexions bring.
But all high Fancy is in Brandy Wits,
A Fiery heat in Understanding fits.

Nature's Wardrobe.

In Nature's Wardrobe there hangs up great store
Of severall Garments, some are rich, some poor.
Some made on Beauties Stuff, with Smiles are lac'd,
With lovely Favour is the out-side fac'd.
Some fresh, and new, by Sickness are rent,
Not having care the fame for to prevent.
Physick, and good Diet sowses close againe,
That none could see where those slits did remaine.
Some wore so bare with Age, that none could see
What Stuff it had been, or what it might bee.
Others were so ill-shap'd, and Stuff so course,
That none would weare, leaft Nature did inforce.
And severall Mantles, Nature made, were there,
To keep her Creatures warm from the Cold Aire.
As Sables, Martin, and the Fox that's black,
The powder'd Ermines, and the fierce wild Cat.
Most of her Creatures She hath clad in Furre,
Which needs no Fire, if they do but stir.
And some in Wool She clads, as well as Hair,
And some in Scales, others do Feathers weare.

But
But _Man_ She made his _Skin_ so smooth, and faire,
It needs no _Feathers, Scales, Wool_, nor _Hair_.
The out-side of all things _Nature_ keeps here,
Severall _Creatures_ that _She_ makes to _weare._
_Death_ pulls them off, and _Life_ doth put them on,
_Nature_ takes care that none puts on the _wrong._
_Nature_ hath *but two forts of stuffe* whereon,
All _Garments_ which are made, that _Life_ puts on,
But yet such severall _Sorts_ there is to _weare_,
That seldom any two alike _peare_.
But _Nature_ severall _Trimmings_ for those _Garments_ makes,
And severall _Colours_ for each _Trimming_ takes.

_Soule, and Body._

_Great_ _Nature_ _She_ doth cloath the _Soule_ within,
_A Fleasly Garment_ which the _Fates_ do _spin_.
And when these _Garments_ are growne old, and bare,
With _Sicknesse_ _torne_, _Death_ takes them off with care.
And _folds_ them up _in Peace_, and quiet _Rest_,
So _laies_ them _safe_ within an _Earthly Chest_.
Then _scours_ them, and _makes_ them _sweet_, and _cleane_,
_Fit_ for _the Soule_ to _wear_ _those Cloaths_ _agen_.

_Natures Grange._

_Grounds_ _of lusse_ was _plow'd_ with _Sorrowes_ _deep_,
_Wherein_ was _sowed_ _Cares_, a _Fertile Seed_.
_Carts_ _of Industry_ _Horses_ _of Hopes_ _drew_,
_Laden_ with _Expectations_ _in Barnes of Braines_ they _threw_.
_Covers_ _of Content_, which _gave_ the _Milk_ of _Eyes_,
_Cards_ _prest_ with _Love_, which _made_ _a Friend-shipe Cheefe_.
_Cream of Delight_ _was put in Pleasures Churn_,
_Wherein short time_ _the Butter of Joyes_ _come_.
_Sweet_ _Whey_ _of_ _Tears_ _from_ _laughing_ _Eyes_ _did_ _run_,
_Thus Houswifery_ _Nature_ _her selfe_ _hath_ _done_.
_Eggs of Revenge_ were _laid_ by some _designe_,
_Chickens of Mischiefe_ _hatch'd_ _with Words_ _divine_,
_Nourishment_ _the Poultry_ _fat_ _doth cram_,
_And so She doth all Creatures elfe, and _Man_.

And
And Nature makes the Fates to fit and spin,
And Destiny lays out, and brings Flax in.
For Nature in this Housewifery doth take
Great pleasure, the Cloth of Life to make:
And every Garment she her selfe cuts out,
Dispoyling to her Creatures all about.
Where some do weare them long, all thread-bare torne,
And some do cast them off before halfe worne.
Thus Nature buily doth her selfe employ
On every Creature small, till they do dye.
When any dies, that work is done,
And then a new work is begun.

Comparing the Tongue to a VVheele.

The Tongue's a Wheel, to spin words from the Mind,
A Thread of Sense, doth Understanding twine.
The Lips a Loom, to weave those words of Sense,
Into a fine Discourse each Eare presents.
This Cloth'th Chefs of Memory's laid up,
Untill for Judgments Shirts it out be cut.

Similizing the Braine to a Garden.

The Braine a Garden seems, full of Delight,
Whereon the Sun of Knowledge shineth bright.
Where Fancy flowes and runs in Bubbling Streames,
Where Flowers growes upon the Banks of Dreams.
Whereon the Dew of Sleepy Eyes doth fall,
Bathing each Leaf, and every Flower small.
There various Thoughts as severall Flowers grow,
Some Milk-white Innocence, as Lillies, shew.
Fancies, as painted Tulips, colours fixt,
By Natures Pencils they are intermift.
Some as sweet Roses, which are newly blowne,
Others as tender Buds, not full out grown.
Some, as small Violets, yet much sweetnesse bring:
Thus many Fancies from the Braine still spring.
Their Wit, as Butter-flies, hot love do make,
On every Flower fine their pleasure take.

Dancing
Dancing about each Leaf in pleasant sort,
Passing their time away in Amorous sport.
Like Cupids young, their painted Wings display,
And with Apollo's golden Beams they play.

Industry, as Bees suck out the sweet,
Wax of Invention gather with their Feet.
Then on their Wings of Fame fly to their Hive,
From Winter of sad Death keeps them alive.
There Birds of Poetry Sweet Notes still sing,
Which through the World, as through the Aire ring.
Where on the Branches of Delight do sit,
Pruning their Wings, which are with Study wet.
Then to the Cedars of High Honour fly,
Yet rest not there, but mount up to the Skie.

Similizing the Heart to a Harp, the Head to an Organ, the Tongue to a Lute, to make a Consort of Musick.

The Heart like to a Harp compare I may,
The Passions, Strings on which the Mind doth play;
A Harmony, when they just time do keep,
With Notes of Peace they bring the Soul to sleep.

The Head, unto an Organ I compare,
The Thoughts, as several Pipes make Musick there.
Imagination's Bag doth draw, then blow
Windy Opinions, by which the Thoughts go.
The small Virginall Jacks which skip about,
Are several Fancies that run in, and out.

The Tongue, a Lute, the Breath, are Strings string strong,
The Teeth are Pegs, Words, Fingers play thereon.
These moving all, a sweet soft Musick make,
Witty Sentences, as grounds of Musick take.

Witty light Aires are pleasant to the Ear,
Strains of Description all Delights to heare.
In Quavers of Similizing lies great Art,
Flourishes of Eloquence a sweet part.
Stops of Reproof, wherein there must be skill,
Flattering Division delights the Mind still.
Similizing the VVindes to Musick.

No better Musick then the Windes can make,
If all their severall Notes right places take:
The Full, the Half, the Quarter-Note can set,
The Base, the Tenor, and the Treble fit.
The strong big Base the Northern wind doth sing,
The East is the sweet, soft small Treble String.
The South, and West as Tenors both applied,
By East, by West, by South, and North divide.
All that this Musick meets, it moves to dance,
If Bodies yeilding be with a Complance.
The Clouds do dance in circle, hand in hand,
Wherein the mids the Worldly Ball doth stand.
The Seas do dance with Ships upon their back,
Where Capering high, they many times do Wrack.
As Men, which venture on the Ropes to dance,
Oft tumble downe, if they too high Advance.
But Dust, like Country-clowes, no measure keep,
But rudely run together on a Heap.
Trees grave, and civilly, first bow their Head,
Towards the Earth, then every Leaf will spred;
And every Twig each other will salute,
Embracing oft, and kissle each others Root.
And so each other Plant, and Flower gay,
Will sweetly dance, when that the Windes do play.
But when they're out of Tune, they Discord make,
Disorder all, not one right place can take,
But when Apollo with his Beames doth play,
He places all againe in the right way.

Of a Picture hung in Natures House.

A Painter was to draw the Firmament,
A round plump Face the fame he did present;
His Pencils were the Beames shot from faire Eyes,
Where some of them he in red Blusses dies.

Which
Which, as the Morning, when the Clouds are cleare,
Shewes just so red before the Sun appeare.
An Azure-blew from Veines he drawes a Skie,
And for the Sun, a faire, and great gray Eye.
A Raine-bow like a Brow doth pencill out,
Which circles halfe a weeping Eye about.
From pure pale Complexions takes a White,
Mixt with a Countenance sad, he shades a Night.
Thus Heaven as faire that doth a Face present,
Which is adorn'd with Beauty excellent.

Natures Exercise, and Pastime.

Great Nature by Variations lives,
For she no constant course to any gives.
We find in Change she swiftly runs about,
To keep her Health, and yet long Life, (no doubt.)
And we are onely Food for Nature fine,
Our Flesh her Meat, our Blood is her strong Wine.
The Trees, and Herbes, Fruits, Roots, and Flowers sweet,
Are but her Sallets, or such cooling Meat.
The Sea's her Bath to wash, and cleanse her in,
When she is weary, hot, or Journey bin.
The Sun's her Fire, he serves her many waies,
His Lights her Looking-glass, and Beauties praise.
The Wind her Horses, paces as she please,
The Clouds her Chariot soft to sit in ease.
The Earth's her Ball, by which she trundles round,
In this flow Exercise, much Good hath found.
Night is her Bed, her rest therein to take,
Silence watches, least Noise might her awake.
The Spheres her Music, and the Milkie way Is, where she dances, whilst those Spheres do play.

Natures City.

Nature of Mountaines, Rocks, a City built,
Where many severall Creatures therein dwelt.
The Citizens, are Wormes, which seldom stir,
But sit within their Shops and sell their Ware.
The Moles are Magistrates, who undermine
Each one's Estate, that they their Wealth may finde,
With their Extortious, they high House builds,
To take their Pleasure in, called Mole-hills.
The lazy Dormouse Gentry doth keep
Much in their Houses, eat, and drink, and sleep.
Unleas it be to hunt about for Nuts,
Wherein the sport is still to fill their Guts.
The Panant Ants industrious are to get
Provisions store, hard Labours make them sweet.
They dig, they draw, they plow, and reap with care,
And what they get, they to their Barns do beare.
But after all their Husbandry, and Paines,
Extortion comes and eates up all their Gains.
And Merchant Bugs of all sorts they
Traffick on all things, travell every way.
But Vapours they are Artisans with skill,
And make strong Windes to fend which way they will.
They make them like a Ball of Wild-fire to run,
Which spreads it selfe about, when that round Forme's undone.
This is the City which great Nature makes,
And in this City Nature pleasure takes.

Natures Market.

IN Natures Market you may all things finde,
Of severall Sorts, and of each severall Kind.
Carts of Sickness bring Paines, and Weaknesse in,
And Baskets full of Surfets some do bring.
Fruits of Green-sickness there are to be sold,
And Collick Hearbes, which are both hot, and cold.
Lemmons of sharp Paine, sourre Orange fores,
Besides those things, within this Market store.

Of two Hearts.

Here were two Hearts an hundred Acres wide,
Which hedg'd were round, and ditches on every side.
The one was very rich, and fertile Ground,
The other Barren, where small good was found.
In Pasture, Graffe of Virtue grew up high,
Where Noble Thoughts did feed continually.
There they grew nimble, strong, and very large,
Fit for the Manage, or in War to charge.
Or like good Kine, that give the Milk of Wit,
And Cream of Wisedome for grave Counsels fit.
And Sheep of Patience, whose Wool is thick, and long,
Upon their Backs, and Sides to keep out Wrong.
Rich Meadowes, where the Hay of Faith doth grow,
Which with the Sithes of Reason downe we mow.
Devotions stackt it up on Hay-cocks high,
For feare in Winter Death the Soule should dye.

On Barren Ground there nothing well will grow,
Which is the cause I no good Seed will sow.
First, soure Rye of crabbed Nature ill,
Which gives the Collick of displeasure still,
And cruell Hempseed, hanging Ropes to make,
And treacherous Linseed, small Birds for to take.
And many such like Seeds this Ground doth beare,
As cole black Branch, and Melancholy Tare.
The other parts so tepid, and so dry,
That neither Furse, nor Ling will grow, but dye.
Rich Arable good Education plow'd,
Deep Furroughs of Discretion well allowed.
And severall sorts of Seeds about did sowe,
Where Crops of Actions good in full Eares grow.
First Wheat of Charity, a fruitfull Seed,
It makes the Bread of Life the Poore to feed.
Ripe valiant Barley, which strong Courage make,
Drinking the Spirits no Affront will take.
And Hospitable Peas firm Friend-ship breeds,
And gratefull Oates, rettoring still good Deeds.
This Corne is reap'd by Flames sharp Sithe, and cut,
And into large great Earnes of Honour put.
Where Truth doth thresh it out from grosse abuse,
Then Honestly doth grind it fit for Use.

Similizing
Similizing the Clouds to Horses.

Nature's Horses.

The airy Clouds do swiftly run a Race,
And one another follow in a Chase.
Like Horses, some are sprightfull, nimble, fleet,
Others swelled big with warry Spavind Feet.
Which lag behind, as tir'd in mid-way,
Or else, like Resly Jades, stick-still will stay.
They of all severall Shapes, and Colours be,
Of severall Tempers, seldome well agree.
As when we see Horses, which highly fed,
Do proudly short, their Eyes look fiery red:
So Clouds exhaled, fed by the hot Sun,
With Sulphur, and Salt-Peter fierce become,
Flashing out Fire, when together Strike,
And with their Flames do th' World with Terror fright;
Meeting each others they Encounters make,
With strong Assaults they one another break;
Falling upon each others Head, and Back,
Nere parted are, but by a Thunder Clap;
Pouring downe Showres of Raine upon the Earth,
Blow out strong Gusts of Wind with their long Breath.
Then Boreas whips them up, and makes them run,
Till their Spirits are spent, and Breath is gone;
Apollo breaks, and backs them fit to ride,
Bridling with his hot Beames their strengths to guide;
And gives them Heaters, until they foam, and sweat,
Then wipes them dry, least they a Cold should get;
Leades them into the middle Region Stable,
Where are all sorts, dull, quick, weak, and able.
But when they loose do get, having no feares,
They fall together all out by the Eares.

Similizing Birds to a Ship.

Nature's Ship.

Birds from the Cedars tall, which take a flight,
On stretched Wings, to bear their Bodies light.
As Ships do fail over the Ocean wide,
So Birds do fail, and through the Aire glide.

Their
Their Bodies as the Keele, Feet Cable Rope.
The Head the Steer-man is, which doth guide the Poop.
The Wings, as Sails, with Wind are stretch't out wide,
But hard it is to flye against the Tide.

For when the Clouds do flow against * their Breast,
Soon weary grow, and on a Lough * they rest.

Hope Verses still to me do seem the best, li.
Where Limes run smooth, and Wit easly express.

Where Fancies flow, as gentle Waters glide,
Where Flowry banks of Fancies grow each side.
That when they read, Delight may them invite
To read againe, and with they could so write.
For Verse must be like a Beauteous Face,
Both in the Eye, and in the Heart take place.
Where Readers must, like Lovers, wish to be
Alwaies in their Deare Mistris Company.

Simplizing the Mind.

The Mind's a Merchant, trafficking about
The Ocean of the Braine, to finde Opinions out.

Remembrance is the Ware-house to lay in
Goods, which Imaginations Ships do bring.
Which severall trade-men of belief still buies
They onely gain in Truth, but loose by Lier.

Thoughts as the Journey-men, and Prentice Buies,
Do help to sort the Wares, and sell the Toies.

A Prospect of a Church in the Mind.

Standing at Imaginations Window high,
I saw a Prospect in the Mind to lye:
Shutting the Ignorant Eye as close may be,
Because the Eye of Knowledge cleare might see:

Drawing a Circle round of fine Conceits,
Contracting Extravagant Speeches strait.
The more I view'd, my Eye the farther went,
Till Understandings Sight was almost spent.

An Isle of Thoughts so long, could see no End,
Fill'd full of Fancies Light * to me there seem'd.

* A Church.
Pillars of Judgments thick stood on a row,
And in this Isle Motion walk'd to, and fro.

Fear, Love, Humility kneel'd downe to pray,
Desires beg'd of all that pass'd that way.

Poor Doubts did seem, as if they quaking stood,
Yet were they lap'd in Mantles of Hope good.

Generous Faith seem'd bountifull, and free,
She gave to all that askt her Charity.

All sorts of Opinions in Pulpits seem'd to Preach,
False Doctrine for Truth might many teach;
Not that I heard what their Opinions were,
For Prospect's Eye do lye, not 'rth Eare.

A Land-skip.

Standing upon a Hill of Fancies high,
Viewing about with Curiosities Eye;
Saw severall Land-skips under my Thoughts to lye.

Some Champions of Delights where there did feed,
Pleasures, as Weather's fat, and Times to breed.

And Pastures of green Hopes, wherein Cows went,
Of Probability give Milk of sweet content.

Some Fields though plow'd with Care, unfow'd did lye,
Wanting the fruitfull Seed; Industry.

In other Fields full Crops of Joys there grow'd,
Where some Ripe Joys Fruition downe had mov'd.

Some blasted with ill Accidents look'd black,
Others blowne downe with Sorrow strong * lay flat.

Then did I view Inclosures close to lye,
Hearts hedg'd about with Thoughts of secrecy.

Fresh Meadow of green Youth did pleasent seem,
Innocency, as Cowslips, grew therein.

Some ready with Old Age to cut for Hay,
Some Hay cock'd high for Death to take away.

Cleare Rivulets of Health ran here, and there,
No Mind of Sickness in them did appeare.
No Stones, or Gravel stop't their passage free,
No Weeds of Pain, or Slimy Gouts could see.
I Tossim, 145

Woods did present my view on the left side,
Where Trees of high Ambition grew great Pride.
There Shades of Envy were made of dark Spight,
Which did Eclipse the Fame of Honours Light.

Faults stood so close, not many Beams of Praise
Could enter in, Spight fopt up all the waies.
But Leaves of pratling Tortoise, which nere lye still,
Sometimes speak Truth, although most Lyes they tell.

Then did I a Garden of Beauty view,
Where Complexions of Roses, and Lillies grew.
And Violets of blew Veines there grow'd,
Upon the Banks of Breasts most perfect shew'd.

Lips of fresh Gilliflower grew up high,
Which oft the Sun did kisfe as he past'd by.
Hands of Narcissus, perfect white were set,
The Palmes were curious Tulips, finely streakt.

And by this Garden a lovely Orchard stood,
Wherein grew Fruit of Pleasure rare, and good.
All colour'd Eyes grew there, as Bullice gray,
And Dampsons black, which do taste best, some say.

Others there were of the pure blewft Grape,
And Pearre-plum Faces, of an oval Shape.
Cheeks of Apricotes made red with Heat,
And Cherry Lips, which most delight to eat.

When I had view'd this Land-skip round about,
I fell from Fancies Hill, and so Wits Sight went out.

Similizing Thoughts.

Thoughts as a Pen do write upon the Braine,
The Letters which wise Thoughts do write, are plaine.
Foolers Scribble, Scrabble, and make many a Blot.
Which makes them Non-sence speake, they know not what.

Or Thoughts like Pencils draw still to the Life,
And Fancies mixt, as Colours give delight.
Sad melancholy Thoughts are for Shadowes plac'd,
By which the lighter Fancies are more grac'd.
As through a dark, and watry Cloud, more bright,
The Sun breaks forth with his Resplendent Light.
Or like to Nights black Mantle, where each Star
Doth clearer seem, so lighter Fancies are.
Some like to Raine-bowes various Colours shew,
So round the Braine Fantastick Fancies grow.

Of Thoughts.

Imagination high like Cedars shew,
Where Leaves of new Invention thick do grow.
Which Thoughts, as gentle Winds, do blow about,
And Contemplation makes those Leaves sprout out.
And Pleasure with Delight, as Birds, do sing,
On every Bough, to think what Fame they bring.

Similizing Navigation.

The Sea's like Desarts which are wide, and long,
Where Ships as Horses run, whose Breath is strong.
The Stern-man holds the Reines, thereby to guide
The Sturdy Steed on foamy Seas to ride.
The Wind's his Whip, to beat it forward on;
On either side, as Stirrops, serve each Gun
The Sails, as Saddles, spread upon the back;
The Ropes as Girts, which in a Storme will crack.
The Pump, the Breech, where Excrements come out.
The Needle, as the Eye, guides it about.

Similizing the Sea to Meadowes, and Paltures, the Marriners to Shepherds, the Mast to a May-pole, Fishes to Beasts.

The Waves like Ridges of Flow'd-land lies high,
Whereat the Ship doth stumble, downe doth lye.
But in a Calme, level as Meadowes seem,
And by its Saltmell makes it look as green.
When Ships thereon a flow, soft pace they walke,
Then Marriners, as Shepherds sing, and talke.

Some
Some whistle, and some on their Pipes do play,
Thus merrily will passe their time away.
And every Maff is like a May-pole high,
Round which they dance, though not so merrily,
As Shepherds do, when they their Laffers bring,
Whereon are Garlands tied with Silken string.
But on their Maff, instead of Garlands, hung
Huge Sails, and Ropes to tie those Garlands on.
Instead of Laffers they do dance with Death,
And for their Maffick, they have Boreas Breath.
Instead of Wine, and Wassals, drink salt Tears,
And for their Meat they feed on nought but Feares.
For Flocks of Sheep great Holes of Herrings swim,
As ravenous Wolves the Hales do feed on them.
As sportfull Kids skip over Hillocks green,
So dancing Dolphins on the Waves are seen.
The Porpoise, like their watchfull Dog espies,
And gives them warning when great Windes will rise.
Instead of Barking, he his Head wil shew
Above the waters, where they rough do flow.
When showring Raines power downe, and Windes do blow:
Then fast Men run for Shelter to a Tree;
So Ships at Anchor lye upon the Sea.

Comparing VVaves, & a Ship to Rebellion.

Thus the rough Seas, whom highly Windes inrage,
Assault a Ship, and in feirce War ingage.
Or like rude Multitudes, whom Factions swell,
With ranckled Spleen, which makes them to rebell
Against their Governors, thronging about,
With hideous Noise to throw their power out.
And if their Power gets the upper-hand,
They'll make him sink, and then in Triumph stand.
Foaming at Mouth, as if great Deeds th' had done,
When they were Multitudes, and he but One.
So Seas do foam, and froth about a Ship,
And both do strive which shall the Better get.
Or Wisedeme, like skil'd Mariners, will guide
The Ship through James of Death that do gape wide.
And to a Heaven safe will bring her in,
Although through many dangers she did swim.

Similizing the Head of Man to the World.

The Head of Man is like the World made round,
Where all the elements in it are found.
The Brain, as Earth, from whence all Plants do spring,
And from the Womb it doth all Creatures bring.
The Fore-head, Nose, like Hills, that do rise high,
Which over-top the Dales that level lye.
The Hair, as Trees, which long in length do grow,
And like its Leaves with Wind waves to, and fro.
Wit, like to several Creatures, wildly runs
On several Subjects, and each other shuns.
The Blood, as Seas, doth through the Veins run round,
The Sweat, as Springs, by which fresh water's found.
As Winds, which from the hollow Caves do blow,
So through the Mouth the wind'd Breath doth go.
The Eyes, are like the Sun, do give in light,
When Sense are asleep, it is dark Night.
And after Sleep halfe open are the Eyes,
Like dawning Light, when first the Sun doth rise.
When they do drowsie grow, the Sun doth set;
And when tis quite gone downe, the Lids do shut.
When they are dull, and heavy, like thick Mist seem,
Or as a dark black Cloud hides the Sun's Beame.

By which there shewes, some Shower of Tears will fall,
As twinkling Stars shew in dark Clouds, that's clear,
So Fancies quick do in the Brain appear.
Imaginations, like the Orbes move so,
Some very quick, others do move more slow.
And solid Thoughts, as the twelve Signs, are plac'd
About the Zodiac, which is Wisdom vast.
Where they as constantly in Wisdom run,
As in the Line Ecliptick doth the Sun.

To the Ecliptick Line the Head compare,
The illustrious Wit, to the Sun's bright Sphere.
Similizing the Head of Man to a Hive of Bees:

The Head of Man just like a Hive is made,
The Braine, like as the Combe's exactly laid.
Where every Thought just like a Bee doth dwell,
Each by it selfe within a parted Cell.
The Soul doth govern all, as doth their King,
Each Thought imploies upon each severall thing.
Just as the Bees in arm in the hottelst Weather,
In great round heapes they do hang all together.
As if for Counsell wise they all did meet;
For when they flye away, new Hives they seek.
So Men, when they have any great designe,
Their Thoughts do gather, all in Heapes do joyne.
When they resolved are, each one takes Flight,
And strives which first shall on Desire light.
Thus Thoughts do meet, and flye about, till they
For their Subsistence can finde out a way.
But Doubting Thoughts, like Drones, live on the rest,
Hoping Thoughts, which Honey bring to Nests.
For by their Stings Industry do they get,
That Honey which the Stingleste Drones do eat.
So Men without Ambitious Stings do live,
Upon th' Industrious Stock, their Fathers give.
Or like to such that itcales a Poets Wit,
And dresse it up in his owne Language fit.
But Fancie into every Garden flies,
And sickes the Flowers sweet, of Lips, and Eyes.
But if they light on those that are not faire,
Like Bees on Hearbes that are wither'd, dry, and seare.
For purest Honey on sweet Flowers lies,
So finest Fancies from young Beauties rise.
The Prey of Thoughts.

If Thoughts be the Mindes Creatures, as some say,
Like other Creatures they on each do Prey.
Ambitious Thoughts, like to a Hawk, flye high,
In Circles of Desires mount the Skie.
And when a Crowe of young Hopes do spring,
To catch them strive they with the swiftest Wing.
Thus as the Hawk on Partridgers do eat,
So Hopefull thoughts are for Ambitions Meat.
Thoughts of Selfe-love do swim in Selfe-conceit,
Imaginary Thoughts of Praises bait.
By which the Thoughts of Pride do catch to eat,
And thinke it most high, and delicious Meat.
Thoughts of Revenge are like to Lions strong,
Which whet the Appetite with Thoughts of Wrong.
With subtle Thoughts they couch to leap along,
But Bloody Thoughts like Flesh they feed upon.
And Spightfull Thoughts, like Cats, they Mice do catch,
At every corner of Imperfections Watch.
When Spight perceives detracting Thoughts to speak,
It strait leaps on, no other Meat doth seek.
Suspicious Thoughts like Hounds do hunt about,
To find the Hare, to eat of Timorous Doubt.
Observing Thoughts do swell which way to trace,
And Hatefull Thoughts do follow close the Chafe.
But Thoughts of Patience like to Dormiws live,
Eate little; Sleep most nourishment doth give.
And when it feeds, a Thought of Sorrow cracks
A Nut so hard, its Teeth against it knacks.
But Gratefull Thoughts do feed on Thoughts of Thank,
And are induftrious, as prudent Ants.
But Thoughts of Love do live on severall Meat,
Of Fear, of Hopes, and of Suspicion eat.
And like as Bees do flye on severall Flowers,
To suck out Honey; so Thoughts do of Lovers.

Similizing
POEMS.

Similizing Fancy to a Gnat.

Some Fancies, like small Gnats, buz in the Brain,
Which by the hand of Worldly Cares are slaine.
But they do sting so sore the Poets Head,
His Mind is blister'd, and the Thoughts turn'd red.
Nought can take out the burning heat, and paine,
But Pen, and Ink, to write on Paper plaine.
But take the Oile of Fame, and point the Mind,
And this will be a perfect Cure you'll finde.

Of the Spider.

The Spiders Housewifry no Webs doth spin,
To make her Cloath, but Ropes to hang Flies in.
Her Bowels are the Shop, where Flax is found,
Her Body is the Wheele that goeth round.
A Wall her Dishoff, where she sticks Thread on,
The Fingers are the Feet that pull it long.
And wherefoever she goes, here idle fits,
Nor wants a House, builds one with Ropes, and Nets.
Though it be not so strong, as Brick, and Stone,
Yet strong enough to beare light Bodies on.
Within this House the Female Spider lies,
The whilst the Male doth hunt abroad for Flies.
Nere leaves, till he the Flies gets in, and there
Intangles him within his subtle Snare.
Like Treacherous Hose, which doth much welcome make,
Yet watches how his Guests Life he may take.

A Comparison between Gold, and the Sun.

I am the purest of all Natures works,
No Drosse, nor sluggish Moisture in me lurks.
I am within the Bowels of the Earth,
None knowes of what, or whence I took my Birth.
And as the Sun I shine in Glory bright,
Onely I want his Beam to make a Light.
And as the Sun is chiefe of Planets high,
So on the Earth the chiefest thing am I.

Aud
And as the Sun rules there, as Lord, and King,
So on the Earth I govern every thing.
And as the Sun doth run about the World,
So I about from Man to Man about am hurl'd.

**Poets have most Pleasure in this Life.**

Nature most Pleasure doth to Poets give;
If Pleasures in Variety do live.
There every Sense by Fancy new is fed,
Which Fancy in a Torrent Brain is bred.
Contrary is to all that's borne on Earth,
For Fancy is delighted most at's Birth.
What ever else is borne, with Paine comes forth,
But Fancy needs not time to make it grow,
Hath neither Beauty, Strength, nor perfect Growth.
Those Brain like Gods, from whence all things do flow.

Where Gardens are, then Paradise we call,
For-bidden Fruits, which tempt young Lovers all,
Grow on the Trees, which in the midst is place'd
Beauty, on the other Desire vast.
The Devil self-conceit full craftily
Did take the Serpents shape of Flattery,
For to deceive the Female Sex thereby.
Which made was onely of Inconstancy.
The Male high Credence, which doth relaxe
To any thing, the Female Sex will ask.
Two Rivers round this Garden run about,
The one is Confidence, the other Doubt.
Every Bank is set with Fancies Flowers,
Wit raines upon them fine refreshing Showers.
Truth was the Owner of this place,
But Ignorance this Garden out did raze.

Then from this Garden, to a Forrest goes,
Where many Cedars of high Knowledge growes;
Oakes of strong Judgment, Haste Wits, which Tree
Beares Nuts ful of Conceits, when crackt they bee.
And smooth Tongu'd Beech, kind-hearted Willow bowes,
And yeilds to all that Honesty allowes.
Here Birds of Eloquence do sit, and sing,
Build Nefts, Logick to lay Reasons in.
Some Birds of Sophistry till hatch'd there lye,
Wing'd with false Principles away they flye.
Here doth the Poet hawk, hunt, run a Race,
Untill he weary growes, then leaves this Place.

Then goes a Fishing to a Rivers side,
Whose Water's cleare, where Fancy flows high Tide;
Angles with Wit, to catch the Fishe of Fame,
To feed his Memory, and preserve his Name.
And of Ambition builds Ships swift, and strong,
Sailes of Imaginations drive her on.
With Winds of several Prizes fills them full,
Swimmes on the salt Sea Braine, round the Worlds Scull,
Mariners Thoughts labour both day, and night,
For to avoid a Ship-wreck of dislike.
These Ships are often cast upon the Sands of Spight,
And Rocks of Malice sometimes split them quite.
But Merchant Poets, and Ship-Master Mind,
Do compass take some unknowne Land to finde.

Of the Head,

The Head of Man's a Church, where Reason preaches,
Directs the Life, and every Thought it teaches.
Perfwades the Mind to live in Peace, and quiet,
And not in fruitlesse Contemplation riots.
For why, saies Reason, you shall damned be
From all Content, for your Curiosity,
To seek about for that you cannot finde,
Shall be a Torment to a restless Mind.

The Mine of Wit.

This strange Man think so vaine, and seem so sage,
And act so foolifh in this latter Age.
Their Braines are alwaies workingsome designe;
Which Plots they dig, as Miners in the Mine.
Fancy the Mineral, the Mine's the Head,
Some Gold are, Silver, Iron, Tin, and Lead.
The Furnace which 'tis melted in, is great,
Quick Motion 'tis, which gives a glowing Heat.
The Mouth's the Gutter, where the Oare doth run:
The Hammer which the Bars do beat's the Tongue.
The Eare's the Forge to shape, and forme it out,
And severall Merchants fend it all about.
And as the Mettle's worth, the price is set,
And Schollers, which the Buyers are, do get.
On Gold, and Siluer, which are Fancies fine,
Are Poets stamp'd, as Masters of that Coine.
Strong Judgments Iron hard is fit for use,
For Peace, or War to joyne up Errors loose.
Though Lead is dulle, yet often use is made,
Like to Translators in every Language trade.
But Tin is weake, and of small strength we see,
Yet, joyn'd with Siluer Wits, makes Alchemy.
Halfe-witted Men joyn'd with strong Wits, might grow
To be of use, and make a Glifring Shew.

Give me that Wit, whose Fancy's not confin'd,
That buildeth on it selfe, not two Braines joyn'd.
For that's like Oxen yoaked, and forc'd to draw,
Or like two WITnesse for one Deed in Law.
But like the Sun, that needs no help to rise,
Or like a Bird in Aire which freely flies.
Good Wits are Parallels, that run in length,
Need no Triangular Points to give it strength.
Or like the Sea, which runneth round without,
And grasps the Earth with twining Armes about.
Thus true Born Wits to others strength may give,
Yet by its owne, and not by others live.
THE CLASPE.

Fantasmes Masque.

The Scene is Poetry.
The Stage is the Brain, whereon it is Acted.
First is presented a Dumb Shew, as a young Lady in a Ship, swimming over the Scene in various Weather. Afterwards this Ship came back again, having then a Commander of War, as the Owner; in various Weather this Ship being in great distress, Jupiter relieve it.

Then appeared six Masquers in several Dresses, as dress by Love, Valour, Honour, Youth, Age; Vanity. Vanity signifies the World, and Age Mortality.

Then there is presented in Shew the Nine Muses, who dance a measure in four and twenty Figures, and nine Musical Instruments, made of Goose-quills, playing several Tunes as they dance.

Then a Chorus speaks.

The Bride, and Bridegroom going to the Temple; Fancy speaks the Prologue to Judgment as King. Vanity speaks an Epilogue to the Thoughts, which are Spectators: Honour speaks another.

Fancies Prologue to Judgment.

Great King, we here present a Masque to Night,
To Judgment's view, and for the Mind's delight.
If it be good, let Lights of Praise about,
If it be bad then put those Torches out.

Simulating a young Lady to a Ship:

A ship of youth in the World's Sea was sent;
Ballanced with Self-conceit, and Pride it went.
And large Sails of Ambition set thereon,
Hung to a tall Mast of good Opinion.
And on the Waves of Plenty did it ride,
With Winds of Praise, and Beauties flowing Tide.
Unto the Land of Riches it was bound,
To see if Golden Fame might there be found;
And in a Calm of Peace she swims along,
No Stormes of War at that time thought upon.
But when that she had past nineteen Degrees,
The Land of Happinesse she no longer sees.
For then Rebellious Clouds somle black did grow,
And Showers of Blood into those Seas did throw.
And Vapours of sad Sighs, full thick did rise
From grieved Hearts, which in the bottome Iyes.
Then Fears like to the Northern Winds blew high,
And Stars of Hopes were clouded in the Skie.
The Sun went downe of all Prosperity,
Reel'd in the troubled Seas of Misery.

On Sorrows Billows high this Ship was toss'd,
The Card of Mirth, and Mark of Joy was loft.
The Point of Comfort could not be found out,
Her sides did beat upon the Sands of Doubt.
Prudence was Pilot, she with much ado,
A Haven of great France she got into.
Glad was this Ship that she safe Harbour got,
Then on the River of Loire she straight swam up.
For on this River she no Time's feares,
Directly to faire Paris this Barque steers.
And in that place she did for me time remaine,
To mend her totter'd, and borne Barque againe.
New Sailes she made, and all her Tacklings fit,
Made her selfe Fine, and Gay, Respect to get.
Where there a Noble Lord this Ship did buy,
And with this Ship he meanes to live, and dye.

The Ship.

After this Ship another Voyage went,
Ballanc'd it was with Spice of sweet Content.
The Mast was Merit, where Sailes of Love tied on,
By virtuous Zephyrus those Sailes were blowne.
And on the Sea of Honour did it swim,
And to the Land of Fame did Trafficke in.
At last a Storm of Poverty did rise,
And Showers of Miseries fell from the Skies.
And Thundring Creditors a Noise did make,
With threatening Bills, as if the Ship would break.
This Ship was forc'd towards the Northern Pole;
There Icy Wants did on this Ship take hold.
At last the Sun of Charity did melt
Those Icy Wants, so Liberty she felt:
And oares of honest industry did row,
Till gentle gales of friend-ship made it go.
But when the stormes of dangers all were past,
Upon the coast of it was cast.
Yet was this ship so totter'd, tore, and rent,
That none but gods the ruin could prevent.

A Lady drest by Love.

HER haire with lovers hopes curl'd in long rings,
Her braides plaited hard with his protestings.
Yet often times those curled haires went out,
With lovers windy fears, and damps of doubt.
Strings of threaded tears about her neck she wore,
Dropt from her lovers eyes, whose image bore.
His sighs as pendants hung at either ear,
Sometime were troublesome, if heavy were.
Of admiration was her gowne made on,
Where praises high imbroder'd were upon.
Ribbons of verses love hung here and there,
According as the several fancies were.
With some the tied her looking-glass of pride,
And fan of good opinion by her side.
Sometimes love pleasure took a veil to place,
Of glances, which did cover all her face.

A Souldier arm'd by Mars.

A head-peece made of prudence, where's his eye
Of judgments dangers, or mistakes to spy:
His breast-plate made of courage, to keep out
Bullets of fear, or blowes of timorous doubt.
And on his hands gauntlets of active skill,
Wherewith he held a pole-axe of good will.
His sword was a strong, and stiff-mettell'd blade;
For it was all of pure bright honour made.
A scarf, which fortune gave, his waist did tye,
Imbroder'd thick with stars of purple dye.
A plume of valiant thoughts did on his head-peece toss,
A leaguer cloak of merit, about him was.
His spurs rowell'd with hope, which pierc'd the side
Of strong ambition, whereon he did ride.

Thus
Thus he was arm'd, and for great Fame did fight,  
She was his Missisfe; he her Champion Knight.

A Lady drest by Youth.

HER Haire was curls of Features, and Delight,  
Which through her Skin did cast a Glimmering Light.  
As Lace her bafeful Eye-lands downwards hung,  
A Modest Countenance over her Face was flung.  
Blushes as Coral Beside the string, to weare,  
About her Neck, and Pendants for each Ear.  
Her Gowne was by Proportion cut, and made,  
With Veines Imbrodered, with Complexion laid.  
Light words with Ribbons of Chrift Thoughts up ties,  
And loole Behaviour, which through Flowers flies.  
Rich Jewels of bright Honour she did weare,  
By Noble Actions plac'd were every where.  
Thus drest, to Fame's great Court Strait waies she went,  
The re danc'd a Brall with Touth, Love, Mirth, Content.

A Woman drest by Age.

Milk-white Haire-lace wound upall her Haires,  
And a desfe Coife did cover both her Eares.  
A sober Countenance about her Face she ties,  
And a dim Sight doth cover half her Eyes.  
About her Neck a Kercher of course Skin,  
Which Time had crumpl'd, and wornen Creses in.  
Her Gowne was turn'd to Melancholy black,  
Which loofe did hang upon her Sides, and Back.  
Her Stockings Crampes had knit, Red Worfled Cont,  
And Faines as Garters tied her Legs about.  
A paire of Palfey Gloves her Hands draw on,  
With Weakness stich'd, and Nummefie trimm'd upon.  
Her Shoos were Cornes, and hard Skin how'd together,  
Hard Skin were Soles, and Cornes the upper Leather.  
A Mantle of Difeafes laps her round,  
And thofe she's drest, till Death laies her in Ground.

The Chorus.

Thus Love, and War, and Age, and Youth did meet  
In scenes of Poetry, and numbers sweet.  
War took out Love, and Age did take out Youth;  
And all did dance upon the Stage of Youth.

The Bride.

Upon her Head a Crowne of Jewels put,  
And every Jewell like a Planet cut.  
The Diamond, Carbuncle, and Ruby Red,  
The Saphir, Topaz, and Green Emerald.  
His Face was like the Sun that shined bright,  
And all thofe Jewels from her Face took Light.
A Chaine of Gold the Deffinies had linckt,
And every Link a good Effect had in't.
And as the Zodiac round the World doth bind,
So doth the Chaine about her Body wind.
A Cloath of Silver Govern the Fates did spin,
Where every Thread was twisted hard therein.
Her Haire in curles hung loose, which Cupid blowes,
Betwixt those Curles, her Shoulders white he fhowes.
Toth strew'd green Hufhes to the Temple Gate,
In Beauties Chariot the rid on in State.
With great Applause her Charrioteer drove on,
Eyes of Delight, as Lackies, run along.
And to the Altar this faire Bride was led,
By Blushing Modesty in Crimson red.
And Innocence dreft in Lily white,
And Hymen beares the Torch that burned bright,
Her Traine was car ried up by Graces Three,
As lovely Hope, and Faith, and Charity.

The Bridegroome.

The Bridegroome all was dreft by Honour fine,
And was attended by the Muses Nine.
Virtue Flowers strew'd of Dispositions sweet,
In honest mates to walk on gentle Feet.
A Crowne of Civility upon his Head,
And both by Fortitude, and Justice lead,
Over his Crowne a Lawrell Fame did fet,
Which Fortune often striv'd away to get.
And many Bells of severall Censures rung,
And all the Streets was with Inquiry hung.
And in a Charriot of good Deeds did ride,
And many thankfull Hearts run by his side.

To the Temple.

To the Temple the Bride, and Bridegroome went,
Though Envy strove the Marriage to prevent.
Hymen did joyne their Hands, their Hearts did dye,
Not to dissolve untill their Bodies dye.
The Gods did joyne their Souls in Wedlock-Bands,
In Heavens Record their Love for ever stands.

A Masquer dreft by Vanity, spoke the Epilogue; his Dresse.

His Persuasion's power in's long curles of Haire,
He made Lime-twigs to catch a Maid that's faire.
His Glittering Suit, which every Seam Pride lace'd,
Is made a Bande for to corrupt the Chast.
A Cut-work Band which Vanity had wrought,
A price by which his Mistresse Love was brought.
Silk, Stockings, Garters, Rofes, all of Gold,
Are Bribes by which his Mistresse Love doth hold.
His feverall colour'd Ribbons, which he weares,
As Pages to his M'siree Letters, bear-es.
Feathers like Sailes, which wave with every Wind,
Yet by those Sailes he finds his M'siree kind,
His Flattering 'tongue' deludes a simple Maid,
Perfwades her all is Truth, when all's False he said.

Vanity. Epilogue to the Thoughts.

Noblest, you see how finely I am drest,
Yet all is Counterteit that's here exprest.
Vanity doth cheat you all, and doth take Pride,
Forto allure you from fine Virtues Side.

TO Silver Ribbons turn'd was every Haire,
Knots of Experience every one tied there.
Cover'd his Head was all with Wisedomes Hat,
Good Managements as Hat-band about that.
His Garments loose, yet Manly did they fit,
Though Time had crumpil'd them, no spots did get.
His Cloake made of a free, and noble Mind,
And all with Generosity was lin'd.
And Gloves of Bounty his hands drew on,
Stich'd with Love, free Hearts were trimm'd upon.
A Sword of Valor hung close by his side,
To cut of all base Fears, and haughty Pride.
His Boots were Honesty, to walk upon,
And Spurs of good Desires tied them on.
Thus he was drest by Honour, and by Time,
The one did give him Wit, the other made him Fine.

Honours. Epilogue.

Noble Spectators, pray this learn by me,
That nothing without Honour, Time, can perfect be.
Honour doth dresse the Mind with Virtuous Weeds,
And is the Parent to all Noble Deeds.
Time doth the Body dresse with Youth, and Age,
And is great Natures Chamber-maid, and Page.
If in Times *Cabinet great Spoiles you find,
The Fault is Ignorance, who's Stupid, blind.
Which Carelesse is, and tumbles all about,
Mifplacing all, taking the wrong things out.
But Time's a Huswife good, and takes much paine
To order all, as Nature did ordaine.
All severall Ages on severall Heapes she laies,
And what she takes from Life, to Death she pays.
But if Disorder'd Life doth run in Debt,
Then Death his Serjeants doth Diseases set.
Which causes Time to give a double Pay,
Because Life spent so much before Rent-day.
To all Writing Ladies.

It is to be observed, that there is a secret working by Nature, as to cast an influence upon the mindes of men: like as in Contagions, when as the Aire is corrupted, it produces severall Diseases; so severall distempers of the minde, by the inflammations of the spirits. And as in healthfull Ages, bodies are purified, so wits are refined; yet it seemes to me as if there were severall invisible spirits, that have severall, but visible powers, to worke in severall Ages upon the mindes of men. For in many Ages men will be affected, and disaffected alike: as in some Ages so strongly, and superstitiously devout, that they make many gods: and in another Age so Atheisticall, as they beleevve in no God at all, and live to those Principles. Some Ages againe have such strong faiths, that they will not only dye in their severall Opinions, but they will Massacre, and cut one anothers throats, because their opinions are different. In some Ages all men seek absolute power, and every man would be Emperor of the World; which makes Civil Wars: for their ambition makes them restless, and their restlessnesse makes them seek change. Then in another Age all live peaceable, and so obedient, that the very Governours rule with obedient power. In some Ages againe, all run after Imitation, like a company of Apes, as to imitate such a Poet, to be of such a Philosophers opinion. Some Ages mixt, as Moralists, Poets, Philosophers, and the like: and in some Ages again, all affect singularity; and they are thought the wiftest, that can have the most extravagant opinions. In some Ages Learning flouriseth in Arts, and Sciences; other Ages so dull, as they
they loose what former Ages had taught. And in some Ages it seems as if there were a Common-wealth of those governing spirits, where most rule at one time. Some Ages, as in Aristocracy, when some part did rule; and other Ages a pure Monarchy, when but one rules; and in some Ages, it seems as if all those spirits were at defiance, who should have most power, which makes them in confusion, and War; so confused are some Ages, and it seems as if there were spirits of the Feminine Gender, as also the Masculine. There will be many Heroick Women in some Ages, in others very Propheticall; in some Ages very pious, and devout: For our Sex is wonderfully addicted to the spirits. But this Age hath produced many effeminate Writers, as well as Preachers, and many effeminate Rulers, as well as Actors. And if it be an Age when the effeminate spirits rule, as most visible they doe in every Kingdom, let us take the advantage, and make the best of our time, for feare their reign should not last long; whether it be in the Amazonian Government, or in the Politick Common-wealth, or in flourishing Monarchy, or in Schooles of Divinity, or in Lectures of Philosophy, or in witty Poetry, or any thing that may bring honour to our Sex: for they are poore, dejected spirits, that are not ambitious of Fame. And though we be inferior to Men, let us shew our selves a degree above Beasts; and not eate, and drink, and sleep away our time as they doe; and live only to the sense, not to the reason; and so turne into forgotten dust. But let us strive to build us Tombs while we live, of Noble, Honourable, and good Actions, at least harmless;

That though our Bodies dye,
Our Names may live to after memory.
Wonder any should laugh, or think it ridiculous to hear of Fairies, and yet verily believe there are spirits: which spirits can have no description, because no dimension: And of Witches, which are said to change themselves into several forms, and then to return into their first form again ordinarily, which is altogether against nature: yet laugh at the report of Fairies, as impossible; which are only small bodies, not subject to our sense, although it be to our reason. For Nature can as well make small bodies, as great, and thin bodies as well as thick. We may as well think there is no Aire, because we do not see it; or to think there is no Aire in an empty Barrel, or the like, because when we put our hands and arms into the same, we do not feel it. And why should not they get through doors or walls, as well as Aire doth, if their bodies were as thin? And if we can grant there may be a substance, although not subject to our sense, then we must grant, that substance must have some form; And why not of man, as of any thing else? and why
not rational foules live in a small body, as well as in a grosse, and in a thin, as in a thicke?

Shall we say Dwarfs have leffe soules, because leffe, or thinner bodies? And if rational souls, why not saving souls? So there is no reason in Nature, but that there may not onely be such things as Fairies, but these be as deare to God as we.
Of the Theam of Love.

Love, how thou art tired out with Rhime!
Thou art a Tree whereon all Poets clime;
And from thy branches every one takes some
Of thy sweet fruit, which Fancy feeds upon,
But now thy Tree is left so bare, and poor,
That they can hardly gather one Plumb more.

The Elysium.

The Brain is the Elysian fields; and here
All Ghosts and Spirits in strong dreams appeared
In gloomy shades sleepy Lovers doe walke,
Where soules do entertain themselves with talke.
And Heroes their great actions do relate,
Telling their Fortunes good, and their sad Fate;
What chanc'd to them when they awak'd did live;
Their World the light did great Apollo give;
And what in life they could a pleasure call,
Here in these Fields they passe their time withall.
Where Memory, the Ferriman, doth bring
New company, which through the Sentes Swim.
The Boat Imagination's alwayes full,
Which Charon roweth in the Region Seal;
And in that Region is that River Styx;
There some are dipt, then all things soon forgets.
But this Elysium Poets happy call,
Where Poets as great Gods do record all.
The souls of those that they will choose for bliss,
And their sweet number'd verse their passport is.
But those that strive this happy place to seek,
Is but to goe to bed, and fall asleep.
Yet what a fhir doe Poets make, when they
By their wit Mercury those soules convey.
But what, cannot the God-head Wit create,
Whose Fancies are both Destiny, and Fate,
And Fame the thread which long and short they spin,
The World as Flax unto their Distaffe bring.
This Distaffe spins fine canvas of conceit,
Wherein the Sense is woven even, and straight.
But if in knots, and snarles intangled be,
The thread of Fame doth run unevenly:
Those that care not to live in Poets verse,
Let them lye dead upon Oblivions Hearse.

A Description of Shepherds, and Shepherdes.

The Shepherdes which great Flocks doe keep,
Are dabl'd high with dew, following their Sheep,
Milking their Ewes, their hands doe dirty make;
For being wet, dirt from their Duggs doe take.
The Sun doth scorche the skin, it yellow growes,
Their eyes are red, lips dry with wind that blowes.
Their Shepherds sit on mountains top, that's high,
Yet on their feeding sheep doe cast an eye;
Which to the mounts steep sides they hanging feed
On short moist grassle, not suffer'd to beare feed;
Their feet though small, strong are their finews string
Which make them fast to rocks & mountains cling;
The while the Shepherds leggs hang dangling down,
And sets his breech upon the hills high crown.
Like to a tanned Hide, so was his skin,
No melting heat, or numming cold gets in,
And with a voyce that's harfh against his throat,
He straines to sing, yet knowes not any Note:
And yawning, lazie lyes upon his side,
Or strait upon his back, with armes spred wide;
Or snorting sleepe, and dreames of Joan their Maid,
Or of Hobgoblin wakes, as being afraid.
Motion in their dull braines doth plow, and low,
Not Plant, and yet, as skillfull Gardeners doe.
Or takes his Knife new ground, that half was broke,
And whittles sticks to pin up his sheep-coat:
Or cuts some holes in straw, to Pipe thereon
Some tunes that pleaseth Joan his Love at home.
Thus rustic Clownes are pleas'd to spend their times;
And not as Poets faine, in Sonnets, Rhimes,
Making great Kings and Princes Pastures keep,
And beauteous Ladies driving flocks of sheep:
Dancing 'bout May-poles in a rusticke fring,
When Ladies seerne to dance without a Court.
For they their Loves would hate, if they should come
With leather Jerkins, breeches made of Thrum,
And Buskings made of Freeze that's course, and strong,
Wth clouted Shooes, tyed with a leather thong.
Those that are nicely bred, fine cloaths still love,
A white hand flutterish seemes in dirty Glove.

A Shepherds imployment is too meane an Allegory for Noble Ladies.

To cover Noble Lovers in Shepherds weeds,
Of high descent, too humble thoughts it breeds:
Like Gods, when they to Men delcend down low,
Take off the reverence, and respect we owe.
Then make such persons like faire Nymphs to be,
Who're cloath'd with beauty, bred with modesty:
Their treisses long hang on their shoulders white,
Which when they move, doe give the Gods delight.
Their Quiver, Hearts of men, which faft are ty'd,
And Arrows of quick flying eyes beside,
Buskings, that's buckl'd cloe with plates of gold,
Which from base wayes their legs with strength doe hold.
Men, Champions, Knights, which Honour high doe prize,
Above the tempting of alluring eyes,
That seeke to kill, or at the leaf to binde,
All evil Passions in a wandering minde.

To
To take those Cables kept by scandals strong,
That have by errors been enchanted long,
Destroying monstrous Vice, which Vertues sate,
These Lovers worthy are of praisef great.
So will high Fame aloued those praiies sing,
Cupid those Lovers shall to Hymen bring,
At Honours Altar joyne both hearts and hands,
The Gods will leale those Matrimoniall hands.

Between Shame and Dishonour.

Dishonour in the house of Shame doth dwell,
The way is broad, and open is as Hell:
Yet Porter have, which Baseness some doe call,
And Idlenesse, as usher of the Hall.
The house with dark forgetfulness is hung,
And round about Ingratitude is flunge:
Boldness for Windows, which out-face the Light,
Dissimbling as Curtains drawne with spight:
Where Covetousness all gilded are the roofes,
The Weather-cock Inconstancy still moves:
Pillars of Obstinacies as firmly stands,
Carved with Perjury by cunning hands,
And Lust on beds of Luxury doe lye,
Where Chamberlaines of Jealousies out-spy:
Gardens of riot, where the wantons walke,
Lascivious Arbours where Obsceneness talks:
Store-houses of Theft ill gotten goods lyes in,
A secret doore bolted with a false pin:
Bake-house ill Conferences mould, and make
False hearts as oven hot, those hard doe bake:
Brew-houses, where ill designs are tunned up,
With their light Graines, false Measurers, and corrupt:
Cellars of Drunkennesse, barrels, stomacks made,
And mouthes for Taps, where spue for drink out-wades:
Kitchens of blander, where good names they burne,
Spits of revenge, on which ill deeds doe turne:
The Slaughter-room of horrid Murder built,
A Knife of Cruelty, by which bloud is spilt:
The Temple of Honour.

Honours brave Temple is built both high and wide,
Whose walls are of clear glass on every side,
Where actions of all sorts are perfectly seen,
True as a Priest approves, which worthy it been;
And on the Altar of the world them lays,
And offers them with sacrificing praise.
Which offerings are so clean without a speck,
As Honours God-head cannot them reject.
As pious Tears, with thoughts most chaste and pure,
And patient minds afflictions to endure;
Wise-men's brains, which bring things to good effect,
A helping hand without a bribe suspect,
A tongue, which Truth in Eloquence doth dresse,
And Lips, which worthy praises do express;
Eyes that pry, and spie examples good,
Feet that in ways of mischief never stood,
Hair from heads, that had for holy vow,
Which as a witness, blessing gods allow.
Breasts, from whence proceed all good desires,
Which lock up secrets, if that need requires;
And hearts, from whence clear springs of love do rise,
Where loyal courage in the bottom lies.
Besides here's spleen's, which never malice bore,
And shoulders, with distressed burthens wore.
A humble knee, that bows to ruling powers,
And hands of Bounty, which on misery showers.
Kings Crowns, which rule'd with Justice, Love, and Peace,
Whole power serv'd, from slavery to release.
Here speculations from much Musings grow,
Which Reasons proof, and Times experience shew.
Witty inventions, which men profit bring,
Inspiring verses, which Poets to gods sing,
Whose innocence, as Girdles Virgins wear,
That only Hymen from their waste doth tear:
And Hymens Torches, which burn bright and clear.
Shew, jealousy and falsehood here came neere.
Garlands of Laurell, which keep ever green,
Which for the best of Poets Crownes have been:
The Olive branch, which embleme is of peace,
There offer'd is for the worlds good increase:
Mistletoe for Lovers constant, which are true,
Then for Misfortunes lay the bitter Rue:
Sighs, which from deep compassion do flow out,
And faiths, which never knew to make a doubt.
Thus offer'd all, with gratefull Hearts in rankes,
Whereon was prickled the essence of thankes.
Brought was the fire of Love, which burnt all then,
Holy-water, the penitentiall Tear:
The Priests, which were the Cardinal Vertues soure,
Those Ceremonies executed o're.
In grave procession hono'r high did raise,
And with their Anthems sweet did sing her praise.

Fame.

Then on her wings doth Fame those Actions bear
Which flye about, and carry 'em every where.
Sometime she overloaded is with all,
And then some downe into Oblivion fall.
But those that would to Fame's high Temple go,
Must first great Honours Temple quite passe through.

The Temple of Fame.

This Temple is divided into parts,
Some open lye, others obscure as hearts;
Some light as day, others as darke as night,
By times obscurity worn out of sight.
The outward rooms all glorious to the eye,
In which Fame's image placed is on high.
Where all the windows are Triangulars cut,
Where from one face a million of faces put:
And builded is in squares, just like a Cube,
Which way to double hard is in dispute.
Wherein the Echoes do like balls rebound,
From every corner, making a great sound.
The walls are hung with chapters all of gold,
In Letters great all actions there are told,
The Temple door is of successive Glass,
Through which a small beam of our eye can pass.
That makes truth there so difficult to know,
As for the bright Moone, a new world to show.
The Steeple, or Pillars, of Goose quills built,
And plastered over with white paper guilt:
The painting thereof with Ink black as jet,
In several works and figures like a Net.
This Steeple high is, and not very light,
As a faire Evening is 'twixt day, and night.
Five Tongues, the five Bells through the world do ring,
And to each several ear much newes doe bring.
The Philosophers Tongue doth give a deep sound,
But the Historians is no better found:
The Orators Tongue doth make a great noyse,
Grammarians found harsh, as if it had flaws:
The small Bell, a Poets tongue, changes oft,
Whose motion is quick, smooth, even, and soft.
The ropes they hung by, we could not well see,
For they were long small threads of Vain-glory.
But yet when they did ring, made a sweet chime,
Especially when the Poet he did rhime.
The Belfrey man, a Printer by his skill,
That, if he pleases, may ring when he will.
When Priest to Mattens, or to Vespers goe,
To the High Altar they bow downe low.
This Altar, whereon they offer unto Fame,
Is made of brains, arms, and hearts without blame:
On which lies Wisdom, Wit, Strength, Courage, Love,
Offer'd as sacrifices to Fame above:
Vertues, Arts, Sciences, as Priest here stands,
But Fortune Prioreffe all these commands.
Incense of noble deeds to Fame she sends,
Nothing is offer'd, but what she recommends.
For Fortune brings more into Fame's high Court,
Then all their vertues with their great resort.
Fames Library within the Temples.

Fames Library, where old Records are plac'd,
What acts not here unto oblivion cast.
There stands the shelves of Time, where books do lye,
Which books are tyed by chains of destiny.
The Master of this place they Favour call;
Where Care the door-keeper, doth lock up all:
Yet not to fall, but Bribery in thefts,
Partialities, confinement truths not reveals.
But Bribery through all the world takes place,
And offerings as a bribe in heaven findes grace.
Then let not men disdaine a bribe to take,
Since gods doe blessing give for a bribes fake.

The Fairy Queen.

The Fairy Queen's large Kingdom got by birth,
Is in the circled center of the Earth,
Where there are many springs, and running streams,
Whose waves do glister by the Queens bright beams.
Which makes them murmur as they passe away,
Because by running round they cannot stay.
For they do ever move, just like the Sun,
As constantly in their long race they run:
And as the Sun gives heat to make things spring,
So water moisture gives to every thing.
Thus these two Elements give life to all,
Creating every thing on Earths round ball.
And all along this liquid source that flows,
Stand Mistle trees, and banks where flowers grows.
'Tis true, there are no Birds to sing sweet notes,
But there are winds that whistle like birds throats;
Whole founds, and notes by variation off,
Make better Musick then the Spheres aloft,
Nor any beasts are there of cruel nature,
But a flower, soft worm, a gentle creature,
Who fears no hungry birds to pick them out,
Safely they grasp the tender twigs about.
There Mountains are of pure refined gold,
And Rocks of Diamonds perfect to behold;
Whose brightnesse is a Sun to all about,
Which glory makes Apollo's beams keep out.

Quarries of Rubies, Saphirs there are store,
Chriftals, and Amathifs many more.
There polish'd pillars naturally appeare,
Where twining vines are cluftred all the yeare.
The Axe-tree whereon the Earth turnes round,
Is one great Diamond, by opinion found.

And the two ends, which called are the Poles,
Are pointed Diamonds, the Antartick holds,
And Artick, which about the world is rowld,
Are rings of pure refined, perfect gold.
Which makes the Sun so feldome there appear,
For fear those rings should melt, if he came near.
And as a wheele the Elements are found
In even Layers, and often turnings round.

For firft the fire in circle, as the spoake,
And then the water, for aire is the smoak
Begot of both; for fire doth water Boyle,
That causes clouds, or smoak which is the oyle,
This smoaky childe sometimes is good, then bad,
According to the nourishment it had.
The outward Circle, as the Earth suppose,
Which is the surface where all plenty flows.
Yet the Earth is not the cause of turning,
But the fiery spoak, not fear of burning
The Axe-tree, for that grows hard with heat,
And by its quicknesse turns the wheel, though great,
Unlesse by outward weight it selfe presse down,
Raising the bottome, bowing down the Crown.
Yet why this while am I so long of proving,
But to shew how this Earth still is moving.
And the heavens, as wheels, do turn likewise,
As we do daily see before our eyes.
To make the Proverb good in its due turn,
That all the world on wheels doth yearly run.
And by the turn such blasts of wind doe blow,
As we may think like Windmils they do go,
But \textit{winds} are made by \textit{Vulcans bells} sure,
Which makes the \textit{Earth} such \textit{Collicks} to endure.
For he, a \textit{Smith} set at the \textit{forge} below,
Ordained is the \textit{Center-fire} to blow.

But \textit{Venus} laughs to thinke what horns he wears,
Though on his shoulders halfe the \textit{Earth} he bears,
\textit{Nature} her \textit{metal} makes him hammer out,
All that she lends through \textit{Mines} the \textit{world} about.
For he's the \textit{old-man} that doth i'th \textit{Center} dwell,
She \textit{Proserpine}, that's thought the \textit{Queen} of hell.
Yet \textit{Venus} is a \textit{Tiners wife}, we see,
Not a \textit{goddeff}, as she was thought to be;
When all the \textit{world} to her did offerings bring,
And her high praife in profe, and verle did sing:
And \textit{Priests} in orders, on her Altars tend,
And to her \textit{Image} all the wise heads bend.
But to vain wayes that \textit{men} did go,
'Tis true, her \textit{sonne's a pretty Lad},
And is a \textit{Foot-boy} to \textit{Queen Mab};
Which makes fires, and sets up lights,
And keeps the door for \textit{Carpet Knights}.
For when the \textit{Queen} is gone to sleep,
Then revel-rout the \textit{Court} doth keep.
Yet heretofore \textit{men} striving'd to prove,
That \textit{Cupid} was the \textit{god of love}.
But if that \textit{men} could to the \textit{Center} go,
They soon would see that it were nothing so.

Here \textit{Nature} nurles, and sends them season,
All things abroad, as she seeth reason.
When she commands, all things do her obey,
Unless her countermand some things do stay.
For she stays life, when drugs are well apply'd,
And healing \textit{balmes} to deadly wounds beside.
There \textit{Mab} is \textit{Queen} of all, by \textit{Natures will},
And by her favour she doth govern still.
Happy \textit{Mab}, that is in \textit{Natures grace}:
For young she's always, being in this place.
The Pastime, and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairy-land, the Center of the Earth.

Where this Queen Mab, and all her Fairy train Are dancing on a pleasant mole-hill high;
With fine small straw-pipes sweet Musicks pleasure,
By which they do keep just time and measure.
All hand in hand, a round, a round,
They dance upon this Fairy ground.
And when the Queen leaves off to dance,
She calls for all her Attendants:
Her to wait on unto a Bower,
Where she doth sit under a flower,
To shade her from the Moon's shine bright,
Where Gnats do sing for her delight.
Some high, some low, some Tenour strain,
Making a Consort very plain.
The whilst the Bat doth flye about,
To keep in order all the routs;
And with her wings she strikes them hard,
Because no noise there should be heard.
She on a dewy leafe doth bathe,
And as she sits, the leafe doth wave.
There, like a new-fallen flake of snow,
Doth her white limbes in beauty shew.
Her garments faire her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the Sun;
From whence such colours she invades,
In every object she invades.
Then to her dinner she goes freight,
Where every one in order wait;
And on a Mushroom there is spread
A cover fine of Spiders web.
And for her stool a Thistle-down,
And for her cup an Acorns crown;
Wherein strong Nectar there is fill'd.

That
That from sweet flowers is distill'd,
Flies of all sorts both fat, and good,
Partridge, Snipes, Quailes, and Poults, her food,
The Sants, Larks, Cocks, or any kinde,
Both wild, and tame, you may there finde,
Amelets made of Ants' eggs new,
Of these high meats she eats but few.
Her milk comes from the Dormouse udder,
Making fresh Cheese, Creame, and Butter;
This milk doth make many a fine knack,
When they fresh Ants' eggs therein crack.
Both Pudding, Custards, and Seed-cake,
As her skill'd Cook knows how to make.
To sweeten them, the Bee doth bring
Pure honey, gathered by her fling:
But for her guard serves groser meat,
On stall-fed Dormouse they do eat.
When din'd, she calls to take the aire,
In Coach, which is a Nussel faire;
Lin'd soft it is, and rich within,
Made of a glittering Adders skin.
And there fix Crickets draw her fast,
And she a journey takes in halfe;
Or else two serves to passe a round,
And trample on the Fairy ground.
To hawke sometimes she takes delight,
Which is a Hornet swift for flight;
Whose horns do serve for Talons strong,
To gripe the Partridge Flye among.
But if she will a hunting go,
Then she the Lizard makes the Doe,
They are so swift, and fleet in chase,
As her flow Coach can never pase.
Then on Grasshopper doth she ride,
Who gallops far in forrest wide.
Her Bow is of a willow branch,
To shoot the Lizard on the haunch.
Her arrow sharp, much like a blade
Of a Rosemary leaf is made.
Then home she's called by the Cock,
Who gives her warning what's a Clock.
And when the Moon doth hide her head,
Their day is done, so goeth to bed.
Met'ors do serve, when they are bright,
As Torches do, to give her light.
Glow-worms for candles are light up,
Set on her table, while she sup.
And in her chamber they are plac'd,
Not fearing how the Tallow wait.
But women, that inconstant are by kind,
Can never in one place content their mind.
For she her Chariot calls, and will away,
To upper Earth, impatient is of stay.

The Pastime of the Queen of Fairies, when
she comes upon the Earth out of the Center.

His lovely sweet, and beauteous Fairy Queen,
Begins to rise, when Vesper's star is seen.
For she is kin unto the god of Night,
So to Diana, and the stars so bright.
And to all the rest in some degrees,
Yet not so near relation as to thele.
As for Apollo, she disclaims him quite,
And swears the nere will come within his light.
For they fell out about some foolish toy,
Where ever since in him she takes no joy.
She faith, he always doth more harm than good,
If that his malice were true understood.
For he brings deaths by parching up the ground,
And sucks up waters, that none can be found,
He makes poor man in scry'rish plagues to dye,
His arrows hot, both man and beast do dye.
So that to him she never will come neare,
But hates to see, when that his beams appear.
This makes the Cock her notice give, they say,
That when he rises, she may goe her way.
And makes the Owle her favorite to be,
Because Apollo's face she hates to see.
Owls sleep all day; yet hollow in the night,
Make acclamations that they're out of sight.
So doth the Glow-worm all day hide her head,
But lights her taper-tail, when he's a bed,
To wait upon the fairest Fairy Queen,
Whilst she is sporting on the meady green.
Her pastime onely is when she's on earth,
To pinch the Sluts, which make Hobgoblin mirth:
Or changes children while the nurses sleep,
Making the father rich, whose child they keep.
This Hobgoblin is the Queen of Fairies fool,
Turning himself to Horse, Cow, Tree, or Stool,
Or any thing to crosse by harmleffe play,
As leading Travellers out of their way,
Or kick downe Payls of Milk, cause Cheefe not turn,
Or hinder Butter's coming in the Churne:
Which makes the Farmers wife to scold, and fret,
That she the Cheefe, and Butter cannot get.
Then holds he up the Hens Rumps, as they say,
Because their Eggs too soon they should not lay.
The good Wise sad, squats down upon a chaire,
Not at all thinking it was Hob the Faire:
Where frowning fits; then Hob gives her the flip,
And downe she falls, whereby she hurts her hip.
And many prankeNS, which Hob playes on our stage,
With his companion Tom Thumb, the Queenes Page;
Who doth like peice of fat in pudding lye,
There almost chokes the Eater, going awry.
And when he's down, the Guts, their wind blowes out,
Putting the flanders by into a rout.
Thus blames the Eater with a soule disgrace,
That never after dare he shew his face.
Befides, in many places puts himselfe,
As Baggs, Budgets, being a little Elfe,
To make his bearers start away with feare,
To thinke that any thing alive is there.
In this, the Queen of Fairies takes delight,
In summers even, and in winters night;
And when that She is weary of these playes,
She takes her Coach, and goeth on her wayes,
Unto her Paradise, the Center deep,
Which is the Store-houie rich of Nature sweet:

**Her descending downe:**

The stately Palace in which the Queen dwells,
Whose fabrick is built of Hodmandod thels,
The hangings thereof a Rainbow that’s thin,
Which seemes wondrous fine, if one enter in;
The Chambers are made of Amber that’s cleare,
Which gives a sweet smell, if fire be near:
Her Bed a Cherry-stone, carved throughout,
And with a Butter-flyes wing hung about:
Her Sheets are made of a Dove’s eyes skin;
Her Pillow a Violet bud laid therein:
The large doores are cut of transparent Glass,
Where the Queen may be seen, as she doth passe;
The doores are locked fast with silver pins,
The Queens asleep, and now our day begins:
Her time in pleasure passes thus away,
And shall doe so, untill the worlds last day.

**The VVindy Gyants.**

The four chiefest winds are Gyants, long in length,
As broad are set, and wondrous great in strength,
These Gyants have Heads (as it doth appeare)
More then the Months, or Seaons of the yeare,
And some lay more then days, and all the nights,
That they are numberlesse, and infinites.

The first four Heads are largest of them all,
The twelve are next, the thirty two but small,
The rest so little, and their breath so weake,
Their mouths so narrow, cannot heare them speake,
These Gyants are so lustfull, and so wilde,
As they doe force to get the Earth with childe,
And big she swells untill the time of birth

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Her bowels stretcht, high belly'd is the earth;
Then doth she groane with grievous paines, and shake;
Untill she's brought a bed with her Earth-quake.

This Child of Wind doth ruine all it meets,
Rends Rocks and Mountains, like to Paper sheets:
It swallows Cities, and the Heavens doth teare,
It threatens force, and makes the gods to fear.

And the cold North wind, his Nerves dry, and strong,
Pulling up Oakes, then layes them all along.
In fetters of hard Ice bindes Rivers fast,
Imprisons Fishes in the Ocean vast:
Plowes up the Seas, and Haile for seed in flings,
Where crops of over-flowes the Tide in brings.

He drives the Clouds in troops, which makes them run,
And blowes, to put the light out of the Sun.

The Southern Wind, who is as fierce as he,
And to the Sun as great an enemy;
Raising an Army of thick Clouds, and Mists,
Which with them thinks to doe just as he lieth;
Throwing up waters to quench out his Light,
Flings in his face black Clouds, to hide his sight.
But the hot Sun cannot endure this scorne,
And back in showres of raine doth them returne.

The Westerne wind, without ambitious ends,
Doth what he can to joyne, and make them friends;
For he is of a nature sweet, and milde,
And not so head-strong, rough, nor rude, nor wilde.
He's soft to touch, and pleasant to each eare,
His voyce sounds sweet, and small, and very cleare;
And makes hot love to young fresh buds that springs;
They give him sweets, which he through Aire them flings;
Not from dislike, but to divulge them farre,
As Pictures doe, for faces that are faire.

But O, the Easterne Wind is full of spight,
Disceaves brings, which cruelly doe bite;
He blasts young buds, and Corn within the blade,
He rots the Sheep, to men he brings the Plague:
He is an enemy, and of Nature ill,
The world would poyson, if he had his will.

VWitches of Lapland.

Lapland is the place from whence all winds come;
From Witches, not from Caves, as doe thouk some:
For they the Aire doe draw into high Hills,
And beat them out againe by certaine Mills:
Then sack it up, and fell it out for gaine
To Mariners, which traffick on the maine.

Of the Sunne, and the Earth.

Through Earth's porous holes her sweat doth passe,
Which is the Dew that lyes upon the Grass:\nWhere ( like a Lover kinde ) the Sun wipes clean,
That her faire face may to the Light be seen;
And for her faire that water he esteemes,
Threading those drops upon his silver beams,
Like ropes of Pearle; he drawes them to his sphere,
Turning those drops to Chrysfall when they're there.
Yet, what he gatheres, cannot he keep all,
But downe againe some of those drops doe fall:
When turning back upon her head they run,
He clouds his browes, as if he had ill done.
But Lovers thinke they always doe amisse,
Although those showres her refreshment is,
When she by sweat exhausted growes, and dry,
The Sun the moystest Clouds doth squeeze in sky;
Or else he takes some of his sharpest beams,
To break the Clouds, from whence poure Chrysfall streams.
Then Earth doth drink too much, yet doth not reele,
She cannot dizzy be, though sicknesse feele.

Of a Garden.

A Garden is, some Paradise doe call,
The place is always th' Equinoctiall:
Ecchoes there are most artificiall made,
And cooling Grottoes from the heat to shade.
The azure sky is always bright, and clear;
No grosse thick vapours in the Clouds appeare.

There many Stars doe comfort the fad night,
The fixt with twinkling, with the rest give light.
No noyse is heard, but what the eare delights;
No fruities are there, but what the taste invites.

Up through the Noe bruis'd Flowers fume the braine,
As Honey-dew in balmy showres raine.
Various colours, by Nature intermixt,
Direct the eyes, as no one thing can fix.

Here Atomes small on Sun-beames dance all day,
While Zephyrus sweet doth on the aire play:
Which Musick from Apollo beares the praife,
And Orpheus at the found his Harp downe layes:
Apollo yeelds, and not contends with light,
Presenting Zephyrus with twelve houres of light:
And night, though fad, in quiet pleafure takes,
With silence liftens when he Musick makes.

And when day comes, with griefe descends down low,
That she no longer must heare Zephyrus blow:
And with her Mantle black her felfe in fhrouds,
Which is imbroyder'd all of Stars in clouds.

Here are intermixing walkes of pleafure,
Grasfe, Sand, short, broad, and all forts of meafure.
Some fhaded, fit for Lovers musing thought
Of Loves Idea, when the mind's full fraught.

The walkes are firme, and hard, as Marble are,
Yet soft as Downe, by Grasfe that growth there.
Where Daisies grow as Mushrooms, in a night,
Mix'd white, and yellow, green, to pleafe the fight.

At Dawning day the dew all over-spreads,
In little drops upon thofe Daisies heads:
As thick as Stars are fet in heaven high,
So Daisies on the earth as clofe doe lye.

Here Emerald bankes, from whence fine flowers spring,
Whofe fents and colours various pleafure bring.
Primrofes, Coaslips, Violets, Daffadils,
Rosets, Honey-fuckles, and white Lillies,
Wall-flowers, Pinks, and Marigolds besides,
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Sit on the bank, inrich'd with Natures pride,
On other bankes grow Simples, which are good
For Medicines, well applied, and understand.
There Trees doe grow, that proper are, and tall;
Their bark is smooth, and bodies foud withall;
Whose spreading tops are full, and ever green,
As Nazarites heads, where Raisor hath not been:
And curled leaves, which bowing branches bear,
By warmth are fed; for winter nere comes there.
There Fruits delicious to the taste doe grow,
Where with delight the fente doth over-flow:
And Arched Arbours, where sweet Birds doe finge,
Whole fellow roofes doe make each Ecoching;
Propefts, which Trees, and Clouds by mixing fheves;
Joyn'd by the eye, one perfect piece it grows.
Here Fountaines are, where trilling drops down run,
Which sparkes do twinkle like fixt Start, or Sun:
And through each feverall fport such noyfe it makes;
As Bird in Ipring, when he his pleafure takes.
Some chirping Sparrow, and the finging Lark,
Or quavering Nightingale in evening dark;
And whiffling Black-bird, with the pleafant Thrufh,
Linnet, Bul-finch, which finge in every buft.
No weeds are here, nor wither'd leaves, and dry,
But ever green, and pleafant to the eye.
No Frost, to nip the tender buds in birth,
Nor winter noow to fall on this sweet earth,
For here the Spring is alwayes in her prime,
Because this place is underneath the Line:
The Day, and Night, equall, by turnes keep watch,
That theevifh time fhould nothing from them catch.
And every Muse a feverall wakke injoyes,
The lad in shades, the light with sports impoyes.
Cenfuring Satyrs, they in corners lurke;
Yet, as their Gard'ners, they with Art do work,
To cut and prune, to fow, ingraft, and fet,
Gather fruits, flowers, what each Muse thinkes fit:
And Nymphs, as Hand-maids, their attendance give;
Which, for reward, their names by Muses live.
Of an Oake in a Grove.

Shady Grove, trees grew in equal space,
Which seem'd to be a consecrated place.
Through spreading boughs, their quivering light broke in,
Much like to Glasse, or Christal shiver'd thin:
Those pieces small on a green Carpet strew'd,
So in this wood, the light all broken shew'd.
But this disturbed light the Grove did grace,
As sadness doth a faire and beauteous face.

And in the midst an ancient Oake flood there,
Which heretofore did many Offerings beare;
Where all the branches round with relics hung,
To shew what cures the Gods for men had done:
And for rewards, long life the Gods did give
Unto this Oake, that aged he must live.

His younger years, when Acorns he did beare,
No Dandriffe, Moss, but fresly green leaves grew there.
There curled hung his shoulders, broad they spread,
His crown was thick, and bushy was his head,
His stature tall, full breasted, broad, and big,
His body round, and straight was every twig,
But youth, and beauty, which are shadowes thin,
Doe fade away, as if they ne're had been.

For all his fresh green leaves, and smooth moist vine,
Are quite wore off, and now grown bald with time.
His arms so strong, which grapp'd with the winds,
His barke so thick, as skin, his body binds;
Where he all times and seasons firme could stand,
And many a blustering storme he over-came,
Yet now so weake and feeble he doth grow,
That every blast is apt him downe to throw.
His branches all are fear'd, his bark grown gray,
Most of his vine with time is peel'd away.
The liquid sap, which from the root did rife,
(Where every thirsty bough it did suffice)
Is all drunke up, there is no moisture left,
The root is rotten; and his body's cleft.

Thus
Thus *Time* doth ruine, brings all to decay,
Though to the *Gods* doth still devoutly pray:
For this *old Oake* was sacred to high *Force*,
Which was the *King* of all the *Gods* above.

But *Gods*, when they created all at first,
They did ordaine all should returne to dust.

*Of a wrought Carpet, presented to the view of working Ladies.*

*The Spring* doth spin fine grasse-green silk, of which

To weave a *Carpet* (like the *Persian rich*)

And all about the *borders* there are spread

*Clusters of Grapes* mix'd green, blew, white, and red;

And in the mia'd the *Gods* in *sundry* *shapes*,

Are curious wrought, divulging all their *Rapes*,

And all the *ground* with *Flowers* there are row'd,

As if by *Nature* they were set, so grow'd.

Those *Figures* all like *Sculpture* doe heare out;

To lye on *Flats* many will make a doubt.

The *Dark* and *Light* to intermix'd are laid,

For shady *Groves* that *Priest* devoutly pray'd.

The *fruits* so hung, as did invite the *taste*;

And small *Birds* picking seen to make a *maste*.

The *ground* was wrought like threads drawne from the *Sun*;

Which shin'd so blasing like to a *fir'd Gun*.

This peice the *pattern* is of *Arts'all skil*,

*Art, Imitator is of Nature still.*

*O* doe not grieve, *Dear Heart*, nor shed a teare;

Since in your eyes my life doth still keep there

And in your countenance my death I finde,

And buried in your melancholly mind.

But in your smiles I'me glorifi'd to rife,

And in your love you me eternalize:

Thus by your favour I a *God* become,

And by your hate I doe a *Devil* turne.
The Claspe.

Of small Creatures, such as we call Fairies.

Who knowes, but in the Braine may dwell
Little small Fairies, who can tell?
And by their severall actions they may make
Those forms and figures, we for fancy take.
And when we sleep, those visions, dreams we call,
By their industry may be raised all;
And all the objects, which through senses get,
Within the Braine they may in order set.

And some pack up, as Merchants do each thing,
Which out sometimes may to the Memory bring.
Thus besides our owne imaginations,
Fairies in our braine beget inventions.
If so, the eye's the sea they traffick in,
And on salt watry tears their ship doth swim.
But if a tear doth breake, as it doth fall,
Or wip'd away, they may a shipwrach call.
When from the stomach vapours doe arise,
Fly up into the Head, (as to the skies)
And as forms ufe, their houses down may blow;
Which, by their fall, the Head may dizzy grow.
And when those houses they build up againe,
With knocking hard they put the Head to paine.
When they dig deep, perchance the Tooth may ake,
And from a Tooth a Quarry-bone may take;
Which like to stone, may build their house withall:
If much took out, the tooth may rotten fall.
Those that dwell neere the eares, are very cool,
For they are both the South, and Northern Pole.
The eyes are Sun and Moon, which give them light,
When open, day, when shut, it is dark night.
The City of the Fairies:

The City is the Braine, incompast in
Double walls (Dura Mater, Pia Mater thin)
It's trenched round about with a thick scull,
And fac'd without with wondrous Art; and skill.
The Fore-bead is the fort, that's builded high,
And for the Sentinels is either Eye.
And the place where Memory doth lye in,
Is the great Magazine of Oberon King.
The Market-place the Mouth, when full, begin
Is Market day, when empty, Markets done.
The City Conduit where the water flows.
Is through two spouts, the nostrils of the Nose.
But when those watry spouts close stopt are not,
Then we say strait a Cold, or Puse have got.
The Gates are the two Eares, when deaf they are;
It is when they those City Gates doe bar.
This City's govern'd as most Cities be,
By Aldermen, and so by Mayoralty.
And Oberon King dwells never any where,
But in a Royall Head, whose Court is there:
Which is the kernel of the Braine, if seen,
We there might view him, and his beauteous Queen;
Sure that's their Court, and there they sit in state,
And Noble Lords, and Ladies on them wait.

The Fairies in the Braine, may be the causes of
many thoughts.

When we have pious thoughts, and thinke of heaven,
Yet goe about, not ask to be forgiven,
Perchance their preaching, or a Chapter saying,
Or on their knees devoutly they are praying.
When we are sad, and know no reason why,
Perchance it is, because some there doe dye.
And some place in the Head is hung with black,
Which makes us dull, yet know not what we lack.
Our fancies, which in verse, or prose we put,
Are Pictures which they draw, or Figures cut,
And when those fancies are both fine, and thin,
Then they ingraven are in scale, or ring.
When we have croffe opinions in the minde,
They in the Schooles disputing we shall finde.
When we of childifh toys doe thinke upon,
A Fayre may be wherefore those people throng,
And in those stables may all such knacks be fold;
As Bells, and Rattles, or bracelets of Gold.
Or Pins, Pipes, Whifles are to be bought there,
And thus within the Head may be a Fayre.
When that our braine with amorous thoughts doth run,
Are marrying there a Bride with her Bride-groom.
And when our thoughts are merry, humours gay,
Then they are dancing on their Wedding day.

Of the Animal Spirits.

Those Spirits which we Animal doe call,
May Men, and Women be, and Creatures small;
And in the body Kingdoms may divide,
As Nerves, Muscles, Veines, and Arteries wide.
The head, and heart, East and West Indies be,
Which through the veines may traffick, as the sea:
In seaers great by shipwrack many dyes;
For when the bloud is hot, and vapours rise
On boiling pulse, as waves they toffe, if hit
Against hard rock of great obstructions, split.
Head the East Indies, where spicy Fancies growes,
From Oranges and Lemons sharp Satyr flowes;
The Heart the West, where heat the bloud refines,
Which bloud is gold, and silver heart the mines.
Those from the head in ships, their spice they fetch;
And from the heart the gold and silver rich.

The War of those Spirits.

Sometimes these Animal Creatures they doe jarre,
And then those Kingdoms all are up in war,
And when they fight we Cramps, Convulsions feel,  
Gouts in our toes, and Chilblaines in our heele.

Peace:

When there is peace, and all do well agree,  
Then is Commerce in every Kingdom free,  
And through the Nerves they travell without feare,  
There are no Theives to rob them of their ware.  
Their wares are severall touches which they bring  
Unto the Senfes, they buy every thing,  
But to the Muscles they doe much recourse,  
For in those Kingdomes trading hath great force,  
Those Kingdomes joyne by two, and two,  
So they with cafe doe passe, and re-passe through.

The description of their world, which is the Body.

The Arteries are the Ocean deep, and wide,  
The Blood the Sea which ebbs, and flows in Tide:  
The Nerves great continent they travell through,  
Muscles are Cities, which they traffick to.

Similizing the Body to many Countries.

The Nerves are France, and Italy, and Spaine,  
The Liver Britanny, the Narrow Seas, the veins,  
The Spleen is Ethiopia, which breeds in  
A People that are black, and tawny skin,  
The Stomach Egypt, the Chylus Nile, that flowes  
Quite through the Body, by which it fruitfull growes.  
The Heart, and Head, East, and West Indies are,  
The South, and Northern Pole is either Ear.  
The Lungs are Rocks, and Cavernes, whence rife winds,  
And Life which passeth through great danger findes.

FINIS.
An Epistle to Souldiers.

Reat Heroicks, you may justly laugh at me, if I went about to censurse, instruct, or advise in the valiant Art, and Discipline of Warre. But I doe but only take the name, having no knowledge in the Art, nor practice in the use; for I never saw an Army together, nor any Incounters in my life. I have seen a Troop, or a Regiment march on the High way by chance, or so, neither have I the courage to looke on the cruel assault, that Mankind (as I have heard) will make at each other; but according to the constitution of my Sex, I am as fearfull as a Hare: for I shall start at the noyse of a Potgun, and shut my eyes at the sight of a bloody Sword, and run away at the least Alarum. Only My courage is; I can heare a sad relation, but not without griefe, and chilnesse of spirits: but these Armies I mention, were rais'd in my braine, fought in my fancy, and registred in my closet.
The Fort, or Castle of Hope.

Hope hearing Doubt an Army great did bring,
For to assault the Castle she was in;
For her defence, her Castle she made strong,
Placing great Ordnance on the wall along.
Bulwarks she built at every corners end,
A Curtaine of twelve score was drawn between
Two faces make a point, from whence the Cannons play;
Two points do make a third, to stop the enemy’s way.
The wings were not too short, nor curtains were too long,
The points were not too sharp, but blunt to make them strong.
Round the Castle, enemy’s out to keep,
A ditch was digg’d, which was both wide and deep;
And bridges made to draw, or let at length,
The gates had iron bars of wondrous strength:
Souldiers upon the Curtains-line did stand,
And every one a Musket in his hand.
When Hope had ordered all about her Fort,
Then she did call a council to her Court.
I hear sayes Hope, that Doubt a war will make,
And bring great force this Castle for to take;
Wherefore my friends, provisions must be sought,
And first of all good store of victuals bought;
Hunger doth lose more Forts, then force doth win,
Then must we with the stomach first begin.
The next is arms, the body for to guard,
Those that unarm’d are, are soon’t afraid.
But to small use, we make a ditch, or wall,
If not men arm’d to keep this wall withall.

POEMS

E  Shall
Shall we neglect the lives, and strength of men, 
More than a wall, that may be broken in? 
For Ammunition, that mighty power, 
Engines of death, which Armies, Towns devour, 
Yet are they of no use, unless mankind 
Hath strength, skill, will, to use them, as design'd; 
The last for to advise, what ways are best, 
For to defend our selves from being oppress'd. 

Then Expectation being gray with age, 
Advises Hope by no means to engage 
Too near her Castle, but let that be free, 
Draw out a Line about the Town, said she: 
There make some works, Soldiery intrench therein, 
Let not the wars close at your gates begin. 
With that, Desire, although young, did speak, 
Alas, said she, Doubt will that small line take. 
So great a compass will your strength divide, 
A body weak may break through any side. 
Besides, the soldiery will more carelessly be, 
When they a rescue strong behind them fee. 
But in the Castle, where lies all their good, 
There they will fight to the last drop of blood.

Doubts Assault, and Hopes Defence.

About the Fort of Hope, Doubt intrenched lay, 
Stopt all provisions that should passe that way; 
They dig forth earth, to raise up rampiers high, 
Against Hopes Curtains did their Cannon lye. 
The Line being long, it seem'd the weakest place, 
Or else to batter down the frontiers face. 
There Pioniers did dig a Mine to spring, 
Balls and Granadbes in the Fort did fling; 
Rams they did place, to beat their walls down flat; 
And many other Engines, as good as that. 
But as Doubt breaches made in any part, 
Straight Hopes industry soon clo't'd with art; 
Yet Doubt did resolve fierce assaults to make, 
And letting Ladders up, the Fort to take. 
When Hope perceiv'd, great stones and weights down flung,

Which
Which many kill’d, as they on Ladders hung:
Many did fall, and in the ditch did lye,
But then fresh men did streight their place supply.
Upon the walls of Hope many lay dead,
And those that fought, did on their bodies tread.
Thus various Fortune on each side did fall;
And Death was onely Conqueror of all.

A Battle between Courage, and Prudence.

Courage against Prudence a War did make,
For Rashness, her foe, his favourites take.
Rashness against Queen Prudence had a spighe,
And did perfwade great Courage for to fight.
Courage did raise an army vast and great,
That for the numbers Tamberlaine might beat;
Cloath’d all in glittering coats, which made a shew.
And tosting Feathers which their pride did blow;
Such fiery horses men could hardly wield,
And in this Equipage they took the field.
Loud noise of this great Army every where,
Untill at last it came to Prudence ear.

Prudence a Council call’d of all the wise;
Aged Experience for her to advise;
Industry was call’d, which close did wait;
And orders had to raise an Army streight.

But out alas, her Kingdom was so small,
That scarce an Army could be rais’d of all.
At last they did about ten thousand get;
Then Care employ’d was, them arms to fit;
Discipline train’d, and taught each severall man.
How they should move, and in what posture stand.
Great store of victuals Prudence did provide,
And Ammunition of all sorts beside.
The Foot were cloth’d, though course, in warm array,
Their wages small, yet had they constant pay.
Well armed they were all Breast, Back, and Pot,
Not for to tire them, but to keep out shot.
Each had their Muskets, Pikes, and Banners right;
That nothing might be wanting when they fight.
The Cavalry all arm’d as in a Frock,
E c 2

Vanity.
Pride.
Ambition.
Fame.
Gauntlet and Pistols, and some Fire-locks,
Swords by their sides, and at their Saddle bow
Hung Pole-axes to strike, and give a blow.
Horfes, e'ne such, as pamper'd in a Stable,
but from the Plow, which were both strong and able
To make a long March, or endure a shock,
That quietly will stand firme, as a rock;
Nor start, although the Guns shoot in their face,
But as they're guided, goe from place to place.
Prudence for man, and Horfe she did provide;
Physitians, Surgeons, Farriers, Smiths beside,
Wagons, and Carts, all Luggages to beare,
That none might want, when in the Field they were.
Strict order she did give to every one,
Forfsake that by mistake they should doe wrong.
And as they marcht, Scouts every way did goe,
To bring Intelligence where lay the Foe:
And when the Army ftaid some rest to take,
Prudence had care what Sentinels to make,
Men that were watchfull, full of industry,
Not such as are debaucht, or lazie, lyc.
For Armies oft by negligence are loft,
Which had they fought, might of their valour boaft.
But Prudence, she with care still had an eye,
That every one had Match, and Powder by.
Besides through a wise care, though not afraid,
She always lay intrenched where she stay'd.
At laft the Armies both drew neare in fight,
Then both began to order for the fight.
Courage his Army was so vast, and great,
As they did fororne the others when they met.
Courage did many a scornful meffage fend,
But Prudence still made Patience by her stand.
Prudence call'd to Doubt, to ask his advise,
But in his anfwers he was very nice:
Hope, of that Army great, she made but light,
Perfwaded Prudence by any meanes to fight;
For why, faid Hope, they doe us so despiffe,
That they grow careleffe, error blindes their eyes.
Whereby we may fuch great advantage make,
As we may win, and many prisoners take.
Then Prudence let her Army in array,
Choosing their Roman custom, and their way.
In bodies small her Army she did part,
In Mollops, which was done with care and Art:
Ten on a rank, and seven file deep they were,
Between each part, a lane of ground lay bare,
For single, and loose men, about to run,
To skirmish first, before the fight begun.
The Battle order'd, in three parts was set,
The next supplyes, when the first part is beat.
Then Prudence rode about, from rank to rank,
Taking great care to strengthen well the flanke.
Prudence the Van did lead, Hope the right wing,
Patience the left, and Doubt the reare did bring.
The other Army fiercely up did ride,
As thinking presently them to divide.
But they were much deceiv'd, for when they met,
They saw an Army small, whose force was great;
Then did they fight, where Courage bore up high,
For though the worst he had, he scorn'd to fly.

A Description of the Battle in Fight.

Some with sharp Swords, to tell, O most accurst,
Were above halfe into the bodies thrust:
From whence fresh streams of blood run all along
Unto the Hills, and there lay clodded on.
Some, their Legs hang dangling by the Nervous strings,
And shoulders cut, hung loose, like flying wings.
Here heads are cleft in two parts, brains lye masht,
And all their faces into slices hafft.
Brains only in the Pia Mater thin,
Which quivering lyes within that little skin:
Their Sculls all broke, and into pieces burst,
By Hoses hooves, and Chariot wheeles, to dust.
Others, their owne heads lyes on their owne laps,
And some againe, halfe cut, lyes on their Paps;
Whose Tongues out of their mouths are thrust at length;

For
For why, the strings are cut that gave them strength.

Their eyes do flare, the lids wide open set,
The little Nerves being shrunk, they cannot shut.
And some again, those glassie bals hang by,
Small slender strings, as Chains to tye the Eye.

Those strings, when broke, Eyes fall, which trundling roun,
Untill the film is broke upon the ground.
In death, their teeth strong set, their lips left bare,
Which grinning seems, as if they angry were.

Their Hairs upon their Eyes in clodded gore;
Or wildly spreads, as not in life they wore;
With frowns their Fore-heads in deep furrows lyce,
As Graves their Foes to bury when they dye;
Heaving up spongy lungs through pangs of death,
With pain and difficulty fethch short breath.

Some grasping hard, their hands through pain provok'd,
For why, the raling flagge their throats do choak.
Their bodies bowing up, then downe they fall,
For want of strength to make them stand withall.

Some staggering on their legs do feebly stand,
Or leaning on their Sword with either hand,
Whereon the Pummel doth their breast rely,
More griev'd they cannot fight, then for to dye.

Their hollow eyes funke deep into their brains,
And hard fethch groans from every heart-string strains.
Their knees pull'd up, to keep their bowels in;
But all too little through their blood doth lavm:

And Guts like Sausages their bodies twine,
Or like the spreading plan; or wreatheing vine.
Their restlessheads, not knowing how to lyce,
Through grievous paines do quickly wish to dye.
Rowling from off their back upon their belly,
Tumbling in their blood as thick as gelly.

And gaping lyce with short breaths, and constraint,
With cold sweat drops upon their faces faint.
Then heaving up their dull pale eye-balls, looke,
As if through paine, not hate the world forsook.

Some chilly cold, as shivering Agues are;
Some burning heat, as in high Feavers were.
Spewing of blood from stomacks that are sick,
Through parching heats their tongues to 'th' roofs do stick.
With loud groans, bodies call'd their soules back,
While smarting wounds did set them on the wrack;
And on their arms their faces lay a crosse.

As if in death they were ashamed of lofe.
Some, dying like a flame, whose oyle is spent,
Or fire smother'd out which wanteth vent.
And some do fall like strong, and hardy Oaks.

Their limbs chop'd small, as wood for fire to burn,
Or carved, or chipt out for joiners turne.
Some underneath their horses bellies hung,
Some by the heels in their own stirrups hung;
Others their heads, and neck lay all awry,
And on their horses manes, as pillows, lye.

As life despis'd, since Honour in death's found.
Some for death do call, some life desire.
Some care not, others burial require.
Some beat their breasts, as evil they had done,
Others in fiery hot revenge do burn.

Some lay, as if to hear the Trumpet sound,
And others lay, as sprawling on the ground.
Some wish'd their deaths revenge upon their foe,
Others with dying eyes their friends not know.

Some their parents, children cry'd to see,
Others wish'd life, some difference to agree.
But lovers with a soft and panting heart,
Did wish their misris at their last depart,
To shut their eyes, and wounds to close,
Whofe dying spirits to their misris goes.

Foes Hands into each others wounds thrust wide,
As if their hearts would pull out from each side;
Where friends in dear embracements are close twin'd
By their affection strong, in death they are joyn'd.
Some wish'd to live, yet long for death through paine,
Others dye grieving that their foes not slain.
Or else repent, what they so rash have done,
And wish the battle were to be begun.
Some gently sinking, so by fainting fall,
And quietly do yeeld, when Death them call.

Some drunk with death, not able are to stand,
And reeling fall, struck down by death's cold hand.
Some lingring long, as lovers when part must,
Others, as willing yeeld to Fate, their dust
And sweetly lies, as if asleep in night;
Some stern, as if new battles were to fight.
Some softly murmuring like a bubbling stream,
Yet sweetly smile in death, as in a dream.
Whose soules with soft-breath'd sighs to heaven flye,
To live with gods above the starry skie.
Thus severall noyseth through the aire do ring,
And severall postures Death to men doth bring.
Where some do dye out-ragious in despaire,
Others so gentle, as appears no fear.
With heaps of bodies, hills up high are growne,
Where haire as grasse, and teeth, as seeds are sown.
Their head, and heels, horsemen together lay,
Smother'd to death which could not get away.
Their arms lay back'd, and all were thrown about,
And Targets full of holes, that kept death out.
Their Flags flying, like moving woods did show,
Various colours seem'd on their tops to grow,
As if flowers had sprouted from trees high,
Or strew'd about, did in the clouds so lie.
Now all are fallen, and into pieces torn,
Their mottoes raz'd that did their sides adorn.
Yet some as winding sheets their bearers shrou'd,
Which was an Honour fit to make Death proud.
Some like Virgins, that cast their eyes down low
Through shamefastnesse, although no fault they know,
Nor guilty are, but overcome with strength,
Though not consenting, yet is forc'd at length;
As Chastity, so courage forc'd we finde,
To lay down Arms though fore against their minde.
Here Gauntlets, Coarselets, Gorgets, Saddles throw'n,
Flags, Pikes, Drums, Guns, Bullets, all o're strown;
Plumes of feathers, which waved with the wind,
And proudly stol, like to some haughty mind.
Like to prosperity when over-born.
POEMS.

Now humbly lyes, where they are trodden on.

Horses prance proudly, when they backed were,
By men of courage, never knowing fear;
If they are over-powered by strong assault,
And lost by strength, was not their courage fault;
For they on deaths dull face could boldly stare;
Since life should hate, if not victorious were.

Dead horses lye on back, their heels up flung,
Eyes sunk, their heads lye turn'd, their jaws down hung.
Their thick curl'd Manes, which grew down to the ground,
Or by their Master in fine Ribbons bound.
W as torn halfe off, or sing'd by fire from Guns,
Or snarl'd in knots, or clods that backward runs;
Their nostrils wide, from whence thick smoak out-went
Which from their hot stout hearts that vapour sent;
Their sleek bright hair, on skin like coats of Mayle,
Their courage fierce, that nothing could them quail;
All in death lay, by Fortune they were cast,
And Nature to new formes goes on in haft;
For neither beauty, strength, or nimble feet,
Could serve in death, all beasts alike there meet;
In severall postures, horse and man thus lyes,
With severall pains, in severall places dyes.

When horses dye, they know no reason why,
Where men do venture life, for vain-glory.

Smoak from their bloods into red clouds did rise,
Which flash'd like lightning in the living's eyes;
Their groans into the middle region went,
Echoes in the Aire like Thunder rent;
W inds tarified, sighs such gusts did blow,
As if ascended from the shades below.
Men strives to dye, to make their names to live,
When gods, no certainty to Fame will give.
A Battle between Honour and Dishonour.

With grief and sorrow Honour did complain,
How that her sons and servants all are slain.
Now none are left, but those that do her slieght,
Open rebellion doth against her fight.

Besides, this Age doth dirt upon her throw,
For fear the next, she should her baseness show.
Thus mourneth Honour, veiled in clouds of night,
When heretofore her garments were of light.

Her Crown was Laurel wreath'd with Fancies tire,
Her Scepter Mars's sword made Foes retire.

All did obey her, none did break her laws.
But now Dishonour arm'd against her doth rise,
And all her laws she utterly denies.

Then Honour fearing she should be surpris'd,
And by her counsel being well advis'd,

Did raise an Army to maintain her right,
Resolv'd she was Dishonour for to fight.
Courage the Van did lead, Fidelity the Rear,
The Left-wing, and the Right; Wisdom, and Wit they were,
The Artillery, Invention doth command,
Constancy and Patience, Sentinels stand.

Sciences, are Pioneers of great skill,
Which undermine Towns, Castles when they will;
And Trenches make, Soldiers 'tis safety sleep,
There for a guard a watchful eye do keep.

Arts, Dragoons, which serve on Foot and Horse,
To skirmish, or an Enemy informe.

Resolution, the Colours high doth bear,
And with the Bag and Baggage standeth Care.

Prudence, Quarter-master, allots them place,
Who disobeys is punish'd with disgrace.

Industry, Purveyor which provides the meat,
And Temperance, proportions what they eat.

Truth, Scout-master intelligence to give,

By
By which the Army doth in safety live.

The Drum is faith, with reasons braced are,
The sticks that beat thereon, are Hope, and Fear.
Trumpeters, Orators sound loud, and clear;
Doe call to Horse, when th' enemy is near.

Gratitude, Treasurer, the Army to pay;
Generosity, General, leads the way.

When this Army was in Battalia set,
Dishonour, with her Army near did get;

Partiality did lead the Van awry,
And Treachery the Rear, which came not night.
Perjury the left wing ordered that day,
Unthankfulness the right, did bear the way.

Suspicion was the Scout, to search the way,
And Envy close in Ambuscado lay.

Revenge as Cannoner, which took the Aim;
But miss the Mark, which made him high exclaim;
Envy, and Malice, were two Engineers,
Subtily, had Practised many years.

Their Drum is Ignorance, where they beat,
Obstinacy, Stupidity thereupon treat;
And brac'd it is with Rudeness which is harsh,
On string of Willfulness, which is ever rash.

A Battle between King Oberon, and the Pygmees.

King Oberon, and the Pygmees tall, and stouter,
Did goe to War, the cause was just no doubt;

For Pygme King, out of his Kingdome brought
His people all, another Kingdome sought.

Like Goths and Vandals, they did range about,
With force full strong, to finde another out;
At last into the Fairy Land they went,

For to that fertile place their hearts were bent.
This is the place, said they, where pleasure flowes,
And like to flowers on banks, where delight growes;

Here let us pitch, and try if Fortune will
Joyne with our Courage, that our Foes may kill.
Then on they went, and plundered every where,
The Fairies all ran crying in great fear,
And fire on all their Beams placed high,
Which warning is to give, when dangers nigh.
Whereat King Oberon then a war prepar'd,
Which made his Queen, and all his Court afraid,
His Counsell grave and wise, did to him call,
Which came with formal busie faces all:
Where every one did speake their minde full free,
Disputing this, and that, at last agree.
In War, said they, 'tis better that we dye,
Then to be slaves unto our enemy.
Then said the King, an Army we must raise,
In which he dye, said he, or win the Bays:
Straight Officers of all degrees were made,
To lead, and rule, in courage, and preserve.
Thus did they muster, and arme all their shout,
To meet their Enemy, and beat them out.
Well arm'd they were, and put in good array,
Which made them fight with courage all that day.
Their Trumpets were made of small siluer wyre,
Calling the Horse to charge, or to retire:
These Horses for War, were Grasshoppers large,
On which they did ride, and bravely discharge,
And Saddles were of a velvet Peach-skin,
Their Bridles small strings, that Spiders doe spin,
And Stirrops, in which they put their feet in,
Was made of a Raff, just round like a Ring.
Of small Cockle-shels their Targets were made,
And for their long Swords a Rosemary blade.
Their Flags colour'd flowers, glorious to see,
Give severall sweet smels, when flying they be.
And how they were arm'd, it well did appear,
In a Beans hull, just like a Corasfer.
Their Guns were slender small Pipes of Glasse,
And Bullets round, of Seeds to shout, there was.
Their Drums of Filbeard skins were very strong,
And wheaten strawes, for sticks to beat thereon.
Their Vans, their Rear's, their left Wing, and their Right,
Were placed so, as they saw good to fight.
Their Colours flying, and their Drums did beat,
Their Trumpetsounding, none fought a retreat.
The files, and formes, the Pygmees plac’d themselves
Was like in figure, unto Muscle-shels,
To pierce through enemies, give way to friends,
The midst being broad, and sharp at the two ends.
But Fairies like a halfe Moon fought, which know,
When each end meet, incircle all their foe:
Where in the midst King Oberon rid full brave,
And he the honour of this day shall have.
Thus this Warrior in armour bright and strong,
As for-most man, did lead his men along.
Then spake He to them in a temper meek,
These enemies, said he, our ruine seek;
Goe on all you brave borne, and valiant bred;
And fight your enemy, till they be dead;
Let not your foes with scorne upbraid your flight,
But let them see, with courage you can fight,
And teach them what their folly rash hath brought
Upon themselves, when they this Kingdom sought.
But Owaine Princes, that for glory seek;
Which will not let poore subjects in peace keep:
Foolish Ambition sets the world on fire,
Which ruines all to compass its desire:
I only fight to keep what is my owne,
And not to rob another Kingly throne.
But if this quarrell ill, decide I can’t;
I’ll fight my enemy then hand to hand.
With that he sent an Heralds stout and bold,
Which to King Pygme he this message told:
Who said, King Oberon him a challenge sent,
To save their Men, and much bloud to prevent;
That only their two persons fight alone,
And let the Armies both the whilelook on.
Then laughs the Pygme, what’s your King, said he,
That in a Duel hopes to conquer me?
I came not here a single strength to try,
A Kingdom for to win, or else to dye:
I prouder am, my Subjects strength to show,
Where by direction they my skill may know.

Herald.
TOEMS,>
Herauld,
go back, and tell your King from me,
He'll know my strength, when Prisoner he shall be.
Then spake he to his Men in voice full high,
Here's none said he, I hope, this day will fly;
You know, my Souldiers, we came here to fight,
Not from ambition, or of envies fright;
For we by famine were with meagre face,
Here sent about to seek a fertile place.
Then here's a fraud, which needs not be manur'd,
And we a people, not to work inured:
For we by Nature can no great paines take,
Nor by our sweat a live-lobhood out make:
For who would live in paine, or griefe, or care,
And always of their goods to stand in scarce?
Who lives in trouble are not very wise,
Since in the Grave no troubles there doe rise.
Then let us fight, even for sweet pleasures sake,
Or let us dye, that we no care may take.
Thus did the Kings their Souldiers courage raise,
And in Orations did their valour praise.
Then did they both in order, rank, and file,
Prepare themselves, each other for to spoyle.
Their Horses stout, whereon they ride in field,
Will dye under their burthen, but not yeeld.
In Caprioles those Grasshoppers do move,
By which his Riders skill he soone will prove.
Some think for War, it is an Aire unfit,
With whose swift motion his Rider cannot fight,
Or take his turnses, and vantages to have,
Unleffe by leaping high themselves can save.
Erroneous this, in some case it is good,
Though not in all, if truly understood:
What's in the world that's to all use employed,
But at some times and seasons is denied:
Fire, and Water, the life of all which are,
Can only serve in their due time and call.
Some may say in this Aire of Horfemanfhip
'Tis good, hills of dead men to over-leap:
For if that they goe low upon the ground,
Where dead men, horse, and armes are firewed round:
Or else in heaps they lye, like to a wall,
Whereat the Horse will stumble, Man downe fall.
Thus Horses of manage, taught in measure,
Many doe think are only fit for pleasure,
And not for war, but no use of them is,
As though their Rules did make them goe amisse.
They are mistaken, for like men they're taught,
For to obey their Guider as they ought.
To stop, to goe, to leap, to run, and yet
Obey the heele, the hand, the wand, the bit.
Befide, they're taught their passion to abate,
Not resly be, with feare, anger, or hate;
And by applause great courage they have got,
That they dare goe upon a Canon shot,
Not that they shew them severall dangers on run,
For Horses cowardly, danger doe shun,
And arc so full of feares as they will shake,
And will not goe, which proves their hearts do quake.
Befides, all Aires in Warre are very fit,
As Curvetts, Dimivoltoes, and Pernicet:
In going back, and forward, turning round,
Side-waes, both high and low upon the ground.
Sometimes in a large circle, compasse take,
And then with Art, a lesser circle make.
But Horses that unlearn'd are in this way,
May march strait forth, or in one place may stay.
So men, when they doe fight, having no skill,
May venture life, but few that they shall kill.
For 'tis not blowses, and thrusts shall doe the feat,
Or going forward, or by a retreat:
He must the center be, his sword the line,
His feet his compasse, with his strenght to joyne.
These are the Arts for Horse, and Men of War,
Unlesse with stratagem they think to fear:
Which shewes more wit then courage in the field,
So 'tis to run away, or else to yeeld.
But here the Bodies of each Army's knit
So close, as skin unto the flesh doe fit:
No stratagems us'd to have men flaine,
But they did fight upon an open Plaine.
For those that use flight stratagems in warres,
No fighters are, but cruel Murtherers.
Nor is it bravely done, as some think 'tis,
For every petty Thief, has skill in this.
Poor Theves, more courage in their acts doe show,
For if their plots doe faile, muft dye they know.
Warriors designes found out, they doe not care,
Because no hanging for that act they feare;
They'll say, 'tis different thus enemies to use,
For Theves by their deceit their friends abuse.
But 'tis not so, for coucenage is the theft,
And of that Order, Generals are the chief:
Fighting's the Soldierns trade, not to intrap,
Nor foxing with craft, a prey for to inwrap,
But kill, or pursue, with Swords in their hands;
Without any fraud, or treacherous bands.
Thus fought these brave valiant Cavaliers,
By the unhappy end, as it appears:
For they did joyn, and fierce together fight,
Which was to all, a lamentable sight.
Some lay upon the ground, without a Head,
Others that gasping lay, but not quite dead:
Their groans were heard, and cries of severall Notes,
Some rutling lay, with thick bloud in their throats:
Here a Head-piece lay, there a Corset throwne,
Bodies so mangled, that none could be known.
Rivers of bloud like to a full high tide,
Or like a Sea, where shipwrack'd bodies dy'd:
And their laborious breath such mists did raise,
Which made a cloud, as darkned the Suns raies.
With severall noysest that rebounded far,
Armies of Ecchoes in the aire were.
Here bodies hid with smoke, Imother'd, lay dead,
While formesse sounds, were in the aire spread.
Thus were they active, and earnest in their fight,
As if to kill, or dye, were a delight.
Here beasts and men, both in their bloud lay mast,
As if that a French Cook had them minc'd, so halst,
Or with their bloud a Gelly Boyle,
To make a Bouillon of the spoyle.
For Nature's table several dishes brings,
By her directions in transforming things:
At last the Pigmee found themselves quite spent,
And of their war begun now to repent,
Which made their King, though little, yet at length;
Did call to Oberon King to try his strength;
Let's here, said he, our skill and fortunes try,
In conquering one, or both in graves to lie;
Content, said Oberon King, though most unjust
You have your selfe into my Kingdome thrust.
Yet will I not refuse this offer bold,
And if I live this day will sacref hold.
Then like two Lions fallen out for prey,
Encounter did, not yeelding any way.
Their bright sharp swords, so quick with motion flyes,
Like sable lightning in each others eyes.
Pigmee King was strong, he two handfulls tall,
But Oberon King was low, and very small.
Yet was he dextrous in his skillful Art,
And by that means struck Pigmee neer the heart,
Whose blood run warm, and trickling down his side;
That where he flood, the grave was purple dy'd.
Then leaning on his sword, as out of breath,
Said he to Oberon, I have got my death;
Grew faint, then sinking on the ground did lyce,
Finding his soul from's body soon would flye:
Saying to Oberon, do you mercy shew,
And let my Army freely from you go.
And those that here lyce slaine, O let them have
Full rights in burial, and their bones in grave;
That their free souls in quiet peace may sleep,
And for this Act the gods your Fame will keep.
I care, nor grieve not for my own sad Fall,
But for my subjects that are ruin'd all.
And in a deep-fetcht sigh, and hollow groan,
His Soul went forth unto a place unknown.
When that his soldiers heard their King was dead,
Their hearts did fail, yet none of them there fled;
But to him run like shuttles in a loom,
And with their bodies did his Corps intomb.

Gg
For through their loyall breast did dig their grave,
Because their King a Monument should have;
So all did dye, no story yet hath shown;
Was ever any Pygmees after known;
Then did their moves with sighs lament their falls,
And with their tears did strew their Funerals;
Those Tears did mix with blood upon the ground,
Where Rubies since hath in the Earth been found.
Their Bodies moist to Vapour rarified,
And now in Clouds do neer the Sun reside.
When they their grief unto remembrance call,
Those fallen clouds in shouring tears do fall.
Their sighs are winds that blow here and there,
And all their bodies transmigrated are.
Unhappy battle to destroy a Race,
That on the earth deliev'd the chiefest place;
For they were valiant, and did love their King,
Without dispute obey'd in every thing.
Nature pitying to see their Fortune sad,
Who by her favour a remembrance had;
For she their bones did turn to Marble white,
Of which are Statues carv'd for Mans delight;
And in some places are as gods let up,
Idols that superstition doth worship.
There Oberon King a Temple builded high,
In which great Fortunes name did magnifie.

The Temple of Fortune.

The Temple was built of Cornelian red,
To signify that much blood there was shed.
Her Altars were carv'd from an Agget stone,
Where there were musk-Flies sacrificed on:
And Priest there is that sings her praires loud,
Whereat the people kneels all in a crowd.
For though she be blind, and cannot well see,
Yet she her hearing hath perfectly.
The Steeple was built of black mourning jet,
And carved finely with many a Fret.
The Bels of Nightingales tongues which did ring,
As sweetly as in the Spring they do sing.
Their Holy fire is made of Sweet Spice,
And kept by Virgins young, that know no Vice.
Their gods sometimes they place in a Bower;
Which made is of a Gesamin Flower;
And all her sacred Groves, in which she walks,
Are set with Roses that grow's by the stalks.
Thus in Procesion her about they bear,
Where none, but in Devotion, cometh there:
The King and Queen, do wait where e're she go;
And all about sweet incense they do strew.

Nature frown'd to see her so respected,
And by these Honours done, she thought her self rejected.
Wherefore faith Nature, let me take the place,
And let not Fortune proud, me thus out-face;
When all that's good you do receive from me,
For she my Fassal low, you soon shall see,
For I with Virtues, do the Mind inspire,
And cloathes the Soul in beautifull attire.
The body equall makes, and very strong,
The Heart with Courage, to revenge a wrong.

In brains, Invention, Wit, and Judgement lyes,
Creating like a god, orders as wife.
The Senses all, as perfectly are made,
To hear, to see, to taste, to touch, perswade.
And in the Soul, Affections, Passions live,
There's, nothing done, but what my powers give.
All which to mutability I throw.
Who in perpetuall motion always goe.
Thus all Invention from my power comes,
For Arts in men, are but by scraps and crumbs.
So Fate and Fortune, are my Handmaids sure,
For what they do, shall never long endure.
For I throughout the World do make things range,
And constant am in nothing, but in change.
Then let your worship to blind Fortune fall,
Or else shall my displeasure bury all.
But false devotion unto men is sweet,
Whilst Truth's kickt out, and trodden under feet.
Their minds do ebb and flow, just like the Tide.
And what is to be done, is cast aside.  
This makes that men are never in the way,  
But wander up and down like sheep astray;  
Oh wretched man that cannot in peace be,  
For with himselfe he cannot well agree.  
Sometimes he hates, what he before approves,  
But in a constant course he never moves.  
Nor to himself, nor God that's good, can stay,  
He ever seeking is some unknown way.  
No sad example he by warning takes,  
If none will do him hurt, some mischief makes;  
As if he fear'd in happiness to live;  
And to himself a deadly wound will give.  
But why do I complain, that Man is bad?  
Since what he hath, or is, from me he had?  
Not only Man, the World, but Gods also,  
And nothing greater then myself I know.  
Which made them take high Fortune down,  
And in her room, great Nature crown.

A Battle between Life and Death.

A Cruel Battle is betwixt two Foes,  
When Nature will decide it, none yet knows;  
These two are Life and Death, the world divide,  
And whilst it lasts, the Cause will n'ere decide.  
First, Life is active, seeking to enjoy,  
And Death is envious, striving to destroy.  
When Life a curious piece of Work doth make,  
And thinks therein some pleasure for to take;  
Then in comes Death, with Rancour, and with Spleen,  
Destroys it so, that nothing can be seen;  
For fear her ruins, Beauty might present,  
Leaves not so much, to make Life's Monument.  
This makes Life mourn, to see her pains, and cost  
Destroy'd, for what the doth, in Death is lost.  
Weeping, complains at Nature's crueltie,  
That onely made her, for Death's Slave to be.  
I am his food, his sharp teeth doth me tear,  
And when I cry, no pity hath, nor care.

The
The pain he puts me in, doth make me sore,
And his pale face that's grim, affrights me sore.

And when I think away from him to run,
Falls fright into his jaws, no wayes can shun:
But why do I thus sigh, lament, and mourn?
And try not means for to revenge my wrong.
I will call all my friends their strength to trye;
Either I perish quite, or Death shall dye.

Then brings the motion, nimble at each turn;
And Courage, that doth like Fire burn.
Preventing, and inventing wits, to make
Scones and Forts, too strong for death to take.
A Regiment of Arts, defending with their skill,
And do assault her foes, and sometimes kill.

A Brigade of clear strengths, stand firm and sure,
Which can the assaults of Death endure.

A Party of perfect healths, arm'd so well,
As Death how to destroy them, cannot tell.
A Troop of Grows, at first, small, weak, and low,
Increasing every minute, numbers grow.

And many more Companies hath Life there.
As all the Passions, chiefly Hope and Fear.

Love leads this Army, his motto a Heart,
Their Arms are their Free-Wills, all bear a part.

Deaths Army are all to destruction bent;
As Wars, and Famine, both these, Pestilent.
Fury, and Rage, Despair, that run about,
Seeking which way, that they may Life put out.

Troops, Regiments, Brigades, in numbers are,
As Sickness, Dullest, Griefs, and Care.

And seeble Age, but few, nor scarce can stand,
Yet in Deaths battle, fight will hand to hand.

Hate leads the Army, in a dull flow pace,
And for his Motto, has, a lean, pale face.

With several weapons, Death poor Life doth take
Her as a Prisoner, and his slave doth make.

And on her Ashes doth in triumph ride,
And by his Conquest, swells he big with pride.

Lifes force was strong enough, to keep her state,
If Death, befriended had not been by Fate.
She againft Death could make her party good,
Had not the Fates her happinesse withflood.
Who spins the thread of life, so small and weak,
That of neceffity it needs muft break.
If not, they cut it into peeces small,
And give it Death, to make him nets withall;
To catch in Life, when clofely she would hide
Her felfe from Death, but in this net is ty'd.
Or in the Chains of Deftiny is hung,
The world from fide, to fide, about is flung;
Having no reft, nor settlement, but flyes
About from Death, and yet it never dyes;
Runs into feveral forms, Death for to fium,
But he destroys these Forms, that Life in comes.
Death like a Snake, in Nature's boſome lyes,
Like flattering friends, but yet in heart envies.
And Nature fseems to Life an enemie,
Because she ftil lets Death a Conqueror be.

Of a Travelling Thought.

A Thought, for breeding, would a Travellour be,
The feveral Countries in the brain to fee.
Spurr'd with Desires, and booted with Hope,
Cap't with curioſity, a patient cloake.
Thus f suited, then a horfe he did provide,
Strong imagination he got to ride,
Sadl'd with Ambition, and girted with pride.
Bridled with doubt, refolving stirrups on each fide,
When he was mounted, faft away they went,
In a full gallop of a good intent.
Some ways in the brain, very ill, there were,
Into deep errors, often tumbled th'are.
High mountains of great fear, was fore'd to hide,
Steep Precipices of Defpair down fide.
Woods of forgetfulness, they oft paft through,
To find the right way out, had much ado.
In troubles, he had travell'd a long way;
At laft he came where Theeves of Spight close lay.
Who coming forth, drew out reproachful words,
Which wounded Reputation, as sharp swords;
When he did feel the wound to smart, drew out
From Time's Scabbard, Truth which fought full stout,
With an innocent thrust he left Spight dead,
Wip'd off the bloud of slander purple red;
Coming to a river of Temptation,
Deep and dangerous of Tribulation.
With Temperance he swim, got out at last,
And with security all dangers past;
At last got to the City of power,
Whereon stood Tyranny, a great Tower.
With discords populous, there Riot rules;
Great Colledges there was to breed up fools.
Large houses of Extortions high were built,
And all with prodigality were gilt;
Their streets were pitch'd with dull and lazy stone,
Which never hurts the feet when trodden on.
Markets of plentiful circuits were there,
Where all forts did come, and buy without care.
Herbs of repentance there were in great store;
But roots of ignorance were many more.
Carts of knowledge brought much provisions in,
Some understanding bought, which truth did bring:
Yet what is bought proves good, or bad by chance,
For some were couns'd by false ignorance.
Then forthwith into shamble-row he went,
Where store of meat hung up, for 'twas not Lent;
There lay head with wit, and Fancies fil'd,
And hearts were there, which grieve and sorrow kill'd;
Tongues of Eloquence hung upon an Ear,
Bladders blown with windy opinions there:
Weak Livers of great fear, lay there to fell,
And malice, spleens, which very big did swell.
Tough lungs of wilfulness, hard and dry;
Whole guts of self-conceit did hang thereby.
Into a Poulterers shop he went to see
What fowl there were, if any good there be.
There lay wild Geese, though black and heavy meat,
Yet some grosse appetite lik'd them to eat.
The choleric Turkey, and the Peacocks pride,
The foolish dotterels lay there close beside.
Capons of Expectation, cram'd with hope.
Swans of large desires, lay in the shop.
Reproachfull words were told by dozens there,
And ignorant Guls lay every where.
Poetical Birds were many to fell,
More Fowl, which he remembred not to tell;
But being a Traveller, would see all there,
So straight he went to Churches of great fear;
Where every one kneeled upon the knee of pain,
And prayers said with tongues that were prophan.
Petitioning tears drop'd from coveting eyes,
Deceitfull hearts on Altars of disguise.
Earnest they were to gods, that they would give
Worldly request, not grace for souls to live;
But travailes of Experience he would see,
Which made him go to the Court of Vanity.
The Porter, Flattery's fate at the Gate,
Who civill was, and carried him in straight.
First to the Presence-chamber of Beauty went,
There stay'd some time, with great, and sweet content.
Next to the Privy-chamber of Discourse,
Where Ignorunc, and Non-sense had great force.
Then to the Bed-chamber of Loves delights,
The Grooms which served there, were Carpet Knights.
From thence to Counsel of Direction went,
Where great Disorder's fate as President.
No sooner that poor stranger he did view,
Reproachfull words out of his mouth he threw;
Commanding Poverty, a Serjeant poor,
To take that stranger, cast him out of door.
Strait Flattery for him intreated much,
But he Disorders ear doth seldom touch.
For cast he was into necessity,
Which is a prison of great misery.
But Patience got him an expedient Passe,
So home he went, but rid upon an Ass.
A REGISTER
OF
MOVRNFULL VERSES.

On a Melting Beauty.

Oing into a Church my prayers to say,
Close by a Tombe a mourning Beauty lay.
Her knees on Marble cold were bow'd down low,
So firme were fix'd, as if the there did grow.

Her Elbow on the Tombe did steady stand,
Her Head hung back, the hind-part in her hands;
Turning her Eyes up to the Heavens high,
Left nothing but the white of either eye.
Upon the lower shut * did hang a teare,
Like to a Diamond pendent in an eare.

Her Breast did pant, as if Life meant
To seek her Heart, which way it went,
Standing there, observing what she did,
At last she from her hand did raise her head:
And casting down her eyes, ne're look'd about,
Teares pull her eye-lids down, as they gush'd out,
And with a gentle Groane at last did speake,
Her words were soft, her voice sound low, and weak.

O Heavens (said she) what doe you mean,
I dare not think you Gods can have a spleen,
And yet I finde great torments you doe give,
Creatures to make in misery to live.
You shew us joyes, but we posseße not one,
You give us Life, for Death to feed upon.
O cruel Death, thy Dart hath made me poore,
You struck that Heart my Life did most adore.
You Gods, delight not thus me to torment,
But strike me dead by this deare Monument:

And
And let our Ashes mixe both in this Urne;
So as one Phoenix shall we both become.
Hearing her mourne, I went to give reliefe;
But, Oh alas, her eares were stopp'd with griefe.
When I came neere, her bloud congeal'd to Ice,
And all her Body changed in a trice;
That Ice straight meltend into tears, down run
Through porous earth, so got into that Urne.

On a Furious Sorrow.

Vpon a Grave out-raging Sorrow set,
Digging the Earth, as if the through would get.
Her hair unty'd, loose on her shoulders hung,
And every hair with tears, like Beads, was strung.
And when those tears did fall with their own weight,
With new-born tears supplied their places straight.
She held a Dagger, seem'd with courage bold,
Griefe bid her strike, but Fear did bid her hold;
Impatience rays'd her voice, and shrieking thrill,
Which sound'd like a Trumpet on a hill.
Her face was flikt, like Marble streak'd with red,
Caus'd by Grieves vapours flying to her head.
Her bosom bare, her garments loose, and wide,
And in this posture lay by Deaths cold side.
By chance a man, who had a fluent tongue,
Came walking by, seeing her lye along,
Pittying her sad condition, and her grieue,
Did straine by Rhythmicks help to give reliefe.
Why doe you mourne, said he, and thus complain,
Since grief wil neither Death, nor Gods restraine?
When they at first all Creatures did create,
And gave them life, to death predestinate.
Your sorrow cannot alter their Decree,
Nor call back life by your impatience.
Nor can the dead from Love receive a heat,
Nor heares the sound of lamentations great.
For Death is flatuid, being numb'd and cold,
No eares to heare, nor eyes for to behold.
Then mourp no more, since you no help can give;
Take pleasure in your Beauty, whiles you live,
For, in the fairest, Nature pleasure takes,
But if you dye, then Death his triumph makes.
At last his words like Keys unlock'd her ears,
And then the strait considers what she hears.

Pardon, you Gods, (said the) my muttering crime,
My grief shall ne'er dispute your will Divine:
And in sweet life will I take most delight:
And so went home with that fond Carpet-Knight.

On a Mourning Beauty.

Upon the Hill of Melancholy fate
A Mourning Beauty; but no word the spake.
Silent as Night, where no Articulate noise
Did once rife up, but close from light of joys;
Only a wind of Sighs, which doth arise
From the deep Cave, the Heart, wherein thofe eyes.
Sadness as a Veile, over her face was flung;
Sorrow a Mantle black about her hung.
Her leaning Head upon her hand did rest,
The other hand was laid upon the Breast.

Her Eyes did humble bow towards the ground,
The Earth the object in her Eyes quite drown'd;
From her soft Heart a spring of tears did rife,
Which run from the two fountains of her Eyes:
And where thofe Showers fell, Flowers up sprung,
No comfort give, their Heads, for griefe down hung.
Yet did the Stars shine bright, as Tapers by,
Shadows of light did fit as Mourners nigh.
At laft the Gods did pity her sad Fate,
Her to a shining Comet did tranflate.

Of Sorrowes Teares.

Into the Cup of Love pour Sorrowes teares,
Where every drop a perfect Image beares:
And trickling down the Hill of Beauties cheek,
Falls on the Breast, dives through, the Heart to meet.
Which Heart, burnt up would be with fire of grief,
Did not thofe tears with noyflare give reliefe.

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An Elegy on a Widow.

Widow, which honour to her Husband gave!
By virtuous life, and faithful to her Grave,
Set Altars on this Hearse for memory,
And let her Fame live here eternally.
Here celebrate her Name, and bring
Your Offerings, and all her praises sing.
For she was one whom Nature strove to make
A Pattern fit, Examples out to take.

On a Mother, that dyed for griefe of her only Daughter, which dyed.

Visit this Grave let unkind Parents come,
And touch these loving Ashes in this time.
All the dislike, Parents in Children find,
Shall vanish quite, and be of Nature kind.
For in this Tombe such pure Love buried lyes,
None perfect is, but what from hence doth rise.

On a beautifull young Maid, that dyed Daughter to the grieved Mother.

You Lovers all come mourn here, and lament
Over this Grave, and build a Monument,
For Beauties everlasting memory:
The world shall never such another see.
Her face did seem like to a Glory bright,
And when the Sun did rise, from her took light.
The Sun and Moon could ne're eclips'd have been,
If ere those Planets had her beauty seen.
Nor had this Isle been subject to dark nights,
Had not Sleep shut her eyes, so stop'd those lights.
No Bodies could infection take, her breath
Did cleanse the Air, restoring life from death.
But Nature finding she had been too free,
In making such a mighty Power as She,
Used all Industry's powersfull Art, and skill.

Gave
Gave Death a greater power this body to kill.
For if that Nature let this body live,
She had no work for Death, nor Fates to give.

The Funerall of Calamity.

Calamity was laid on Sorrows Hearse,
And coverings had of Melancholy verse.
Compassion, as kind friends, doth mourning goe,
And tears about the Corps as flowers throw.
A Garland of deep sighs by pity made,
On the sad Corps of Calamity laid.
Bells of complaints did ring it to the Grave,
And History a monument of fame it gave.

OF a Funerall.

Alas, who shall condole my Funerall,
Since none is neere that doth my life concern?
Or who shall drop a sacrificing tear,
If none but enemies my hearse shall bear?
For here's no mourner to lament my fall,
But all rejoiced in my fate, though sad;
And think my heastie raine far too light,
So cruel is their malle, and their spight.

For men no pity, nor compassion have,
But all in savage wildernesse doe delight,
To wash, and bathe themselves in my pure blood,
As if they health receiv'd from that red flood.
Yet will the Winds ring out my knell,
And shouring raine fall on my hearse,
And Birds as Mourners sit thereon,
And Grass a coveting grow upon.

Rough stones, as Scutchions, shall adorne my Tombe,
And Glow worm burning Tapers stand thereby;
Nightable covering shall me over-spread,
Elegies of Man-drakes groans shall write me dead.

Then
Then let no Spade, nor Pick-axe dig me up,
But let my bones lye quietly in peace.
For who the dead dislodges from their grave,
Shall neither blessedness, nor honour have.

An Elegy on my Brother, kill'd in these unhappy Wars.

Dear Brother, thy Idea in my minde doth lye,
And is intomb'd in my sad memory;
Where every day I to thy Shrine doe goe,
And offer tears, which from my eyes doe flow.
My heart the fire, whose flames are ever pure,
Laid on Loves Altar last, till life endure.
My sorrow's incense strew, of sighs fetch'd deep,
My thoughts doe watch while they sweet spirit sleeps.
Dear blessed soul, though thou art gone, yet lives
Thy fame on earth, and men thee praises give.
But all's too small, for thy Heroick minde
Was above all the praises of Man-kinde.

Of the death and burial of Truth.

Ruth in the Golden Age was healthy, strong,
But in the Silver Age grew lean, and wan;
In the Brazen Age for sick abed did lye,
And in the last hard Iron Age did dye.
Measuring, and Reckoning, both being just,
She as her two Executors did trust,
Her goods for to distribute all about
To her dear friends, as Legacies gave out.
First, usefull Arts, the life of men to ease;
Then those of pleasure, which the mind doe please.
Distinguishments from that to this, to shew
What's best to take, or leave, which way to goe;
Experiments to learn, or to apply,
Either for health, or peace, or what to fly:
And Sympathies, which keep the world unite,
Aversions otherwise would ruine quite.
This Will and Testament she left behind,
And as her *Deed of Gift*, left to *Mankinde*.

*Mourning* she gave to all her friends *to weare*,

And did appoint that *four* her *Hearfe* should *bear*;

*Lover* at the *head* did *hold* the *Wending-sheet*;

*On each side*, *Care* and *Feare*, *Sorrow* the *feet*.

This *sheet* at *every corner* *fast* was ty'd,

Made of *Oblivion* *strong* and very *wide*.

*Natural affections in mourning clad,*

Went *next* the *Hearfe*, with *griefe* *distracted mad*:

*Did tear* their *hair*, *cracht* *face*, *and hands* *did wring*,

And from *their eyes* *fountains of tears* *did spring*.

For *Truth*, *said* they, *did always* with *us live*.

But *now she's dead*, *no Truth* that *we can give*.

After came *Kings*, which *all good Lawes* did *make*,

And *power us'd for Truth*, and *Vertues fake*.

Next *them* came *Honour*, in *Garments black*, and long;

*With blubber'd face*, and her *head down hung*:

*Who wift to dye*, *for life* *was now a paine*;

Since *Truth was dead*, *honour* no *more could gaine*.

Next these, *Lovers* with *faces pale* as *Death*;

*With flame-faft eyes*, *quick Pulse*, and *shortned breath*;

*And in each hand*, a *bleeding heart* *did bring*,

*Which hearts* within the *grave of truth* *did fling*.

*And ever since*, *Lovers inconstant prove*;

*They more profession give*, then *real love*.

Next *them* came *Counsellours* of *all degrees*;

*From Courts*, and *Countries*, and *chiefe Cities*.

*Their wife heads* were a *guard*, and a *strong wall*;

*So long as Truth did live amongst them all*.

*All sorts of Trade*-*men*, *using* 'not to swear*;

*So long as Truth*, *not Oaths*, *fold off their ware*.

*Physitians* *came*, who *try new wayes* *for skil*;

*And for Experience fake* *doe many kil*.

*But doe use* *Simples good*, which *Nature sent*;

*To strengthen man*, and *sicknesse to prevent*.

*Some Judges were*, *no wrangling Lawyers base*:

*For Truth alive did plead*, *decide each case*.

*Widowes*, that to *their Husbands* *kind had ioure*;

*That when they dyed*, *would never marry more*.

*At last the Clergy* *came*, *who taught Truths way*,
And how men in devotion ought to pray:
By Morall Lawes the lives of men direct,
Perfwade to peace, and Governours respect,
They wept for grief, as Prophets did fore-tell,
That all the world with falf-hood would rebell.
Fausion will come, say they, and beare great fway,
And bribes the Innocent shall all betray.
Controversies within the Church shall rife,
And Heresies shall beare away the prize.
Instead of Peace, the Priests shall discords preach,
And high Rebellion in their doctrines teach.
Then shall men learn the Laws to explain,
Which learning only serves for Lawyer's gain.
For they doe make, and spread them in a Net,
To catch in Clients, and their money get.
The Laws, which Wise-men made to keep the peace,
Serve only now for quarrels to increase.
All those that sit in Honours stately throne,
Are counterfeit, not any perfeci known.
They put on vizards of an honest face,
But all their Arts unworthy are, and base.
Friendship in words, and complements will live,
Not one nights lodging in the heart shall give.
Lovers shall dye for Lust, yet love not one;
And Virtue unregarded fit alone.
Now Truth is dead, no goodnesse here shall dwell,
But with disorder make each place a Hell.
With that they all shrieks out, lament, and cry
To Nature; for to end their misery.
And now this Iron Age's so ruddy grown,
That all the Hearts are turn'd to hard flint-stone.

FINIS.
THE ANIMALL PARLIAMENT

He Soul called a Parliament in his Animal Kingdom, which Parliament consisteth of three parts, the Soul, the Body, and the Thoughts; which are Will, Imaginations, and Passions. The Soul is the King, the Nobility are the Spirits, the Commonalty are the Humours and Appetites. The Head is the upper House of Parliament, where at the upper end of the said House fits the Soul King, in a Kernel of the Braine, like to a Chair of State by himself alone, and his Nobility round about him. The two Arch-Bishops, Admiration, and Adoration; the rest are, Apprehension, Sentiment, and Astonishment. The Judges are the Five Senses, and the Wool-Sacks they sit on, are Sight, Sound, Scents, Taste, Touch. The Master of the Black Rod is Ignorance: Understanding, the Lord Keeper, is always Speaker. The Clerk that writes downe all, is Memory.

The lower House of Parliament is the Heart, the Knights and Burgesses are Passions, and Affections. The Speaker is Love. The Clerk that writes downe all, is Fear. The Serjeant is Dislike. The severall Writs that are sent out by this Parliament, are sent out by the Nerves into every part of this Animal Kingdom, and the Muscles execute the power and Authority of those Writs upon the Members of the Commonwealth. The lower House presents their Grievances, or their desires, to the upper House the Braine, by the Arteries.

When they were all set in order, and a dead silence through all the House, the King made a Speech to the Assembly after this manner following.
The Kings Speech.

The reason why I called this Parliament is, not only to rectifie the riotous disorders made by Vanity, and to repeal the Lawes of erroneous opinions made in the minde, and to cut off the entayl of evil Confidences; but to raise Four Subsidies of Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance, whereby I may be able to defend you from the allurements of the World, as Riches, Honour, and Beauty, and to beat out incroaching falshoods, which make inrodes, and doe carry away the innocency of Truth, and to quench the rebellion of superfuous words; but also to make and enact strict Lawes to a good Life, in which I make no question, but every one which are in my Parliament will be willing to consent, and be industrious thereunto: the rest I leave to my Keeper Understanding, to informe you further of.

After the King had thus spoken, the Keeper made another Speech, as followeth.

The Lord Keepers Speech, who is Speaker.

My Noble Lords:

You may know by the calling of this Parliament, not only the wisdom of our gracious King, in deiring your aide and assistance, in the beginning of danger, before the fire growes too violent for your help to quench out; but his love, and tender regard of your safety. Besides, he hath shewed the unwillingness he hath to oppress, and burthen his good Subjects with heaevie Taxes, before palpable necessity requires them: for he hath not called you upon suppositions and fears, but upon visible truths; neither was it imprudence in staying so long, for it is as imprudent to disturbe a peaceable Common-wealth with doubts of what may come, as to be so negligent to let a threatening ruine run without opposition. Thus is our gracious Soveraigne wife in chusing his time, valiant in not fearing his enemies, careful in calling the help and advice of his Parliament, and most bountiful, in that he requires not these Subsidies to spend in his particular delights, but for the good and benefit of the Common-wealth, and safety of his Subjects. Wherefore if any be obstinate in opposing, or seemes
to murmur thereat, he is not worthy to be a Citizen thereof, and ought to be cast out as a corrupt member therein.

After he had ended his speech, he sits down in his place, and then rose up the Lord of Objection, and thus spake.

The Lord of Objection's Speech.

My Lord:

All that your Lordship spake is true, and therein you have shewed your self a Loyall Subject, and a faithfull Servant; and I make no question, but every Member in the House will not only give their Estates, but spend their Lives for their King, and Country. Yet let me tell your Lordship, that I do beleive the Parliament will never be able to raise a Subsidy of Justice from the Commonalty: it is too strict a demand; as it is impossible for us to satisfy the Kings desire, unless the Commons were richer in Equity. But if our gracious Sovereigne will take a Subsidy of Faith in lieu of it, I dare say it may be easily got, raising it upon the Clergy, who are rich therein.

After he had spake, rose up the Bishop of Resentment, and said.

The Bishop's Speech.

My Lord:

I may be easily perceived, that this Lords desire is, that the King should lay the heaviest Subsidy upon the Church: not but that I dare say too much for the Ecclesiasticall Body, as they would be as willing to assist the King in his Wars, as any of his Lay Subjects; yet what the Clergy have, belongs to the Gods, and what they take from us, they take from them.

After him, spoke the Bishop of Adoration.

The Bishop of Adoration's Speech.

My Lord:

Our Brother hath told you the truth, that Faith is not to be given from the Gods; but, my Lord, to shew our willingness and readiness to the Kings service, we will give his Majesty a Subsidy of Prayers, which are the effects of Faith. The King, and the rest of the Lords approved of it, and sent a Writ of it, through
the Arteries to the lower House the Heart for her approbation, which one of the Judges delivered to Master Speaker; then the Speaker taking the report said:

Gentlemen,

This Message is to let you know, that the Episcopall Body hath offered the King a Subsidy of Prayer, to help him in his Warres, if you agree to it.

With that rose up a Gentleman, and said.

The Gentleman's Speech.

Master Speaker:

The Clergy are able to give the King more then one Subsidy, if they will, being so rich as they have ingrossed all the Consciences in the Kingdom, building great Colleges of Factions there-with; and these Colleges do not only disturb the Commonwealth, but impoverish it very much: for all that are bred therein, employ all their time so in Speculations, as there is no time left for honest and industrious practices; besides, their Tithes are so great, which they have out of Ten, as their poor Parishioners have almost none left (after their proportions are taken out) to serve their owne use, and maintenance.

Upon this Speech a Gentleman, one Master Zeale rose up, and thus spake.

Master Speaker:

Although the Clergy are Masters, and Rulers of Consciences, or should be so, yet they are to employ them to no other use, but to the service of the Gods: But I fear, we of the Layes strive to usurpe that authority to our owne worldly ends, or else we should never have those large Consciences, as to lay the Burthen (from our owne shoulders) on theirs, but to doe as we should be done unto: let us take their charitable assistance with thanks.

Most of the House were of this Gentleman's opinion, and voted an acceptance, and lending up to the upper House, that Subsidy was passed. After that was agreed, there was a Rational Lord, that thus spake.

My Lord:

Here were some Opinions which were passed in former times, when the Parliament of Errors fate, in the yeare of Ignorance one thousand eight hundred
and two: That none must be thought State-men, but those which were formal. That all that are bold must be thought wise. That those which have new and strange Fantastical must be thought the only men of knowledge. That none must be thought Wits, but Buffoons. That none must be thought learned, but Sophisterian Disputants. That all that are not debanch'd, must be thought unsociable. That all that do not flatter, must be thought unci-oil. That all which tell severe truths, must be thought rude, and ill-natur'd. That all that are not Fantastical, must be thought Clownish, and ill-bred. That all must be thought Cowards, that are not quarrelsome. That none must be thought valiant, but those that kill, or be killed. That none must be thought bountiful, but those that are prodigall. That none must be thought good Masters, but those that let their servants couzen them. That none must be esteemed, but those that are rich. That none must be beloved, but those that are powerful. That none must be respected, but those that have outward honour. That none must be thought religious, but those that are superstitious. That none must be thought constant, but those that are stubborn. That none are patient, but those that suffer affronts of some. That none are thrifty, but those that are fluttish. That none are chaste, but those that are not beautiful. That no man must be seen abroad with his owne Wife, lest he bee thought jealous. That Blushing must be thought a Crime, proceeding from guiltiness. That none must be thought merry, but those that laugh. That none must be thought sad, but those that cry. That all poore men must be thought fools. That all Citizens must be thought Cuckolds. That none must be thought good Lawyers, and Doctors, but those which will take great Fees. That all duty and submission belongs to power, not to virtue. That all must have ill luck, after much mirth. That all those that marry on Tuesdays and Thursdays, shall be happy. That a man's Fortune can be told in the palm of his hand. That the falling of Salt portends misfortune. Those that begin journeys upon a Wednesday, shall run through much danger. That all women that are poore, old, and ill-favoured, must be thought Witches, and be burnt for the same. That the bouling of a Dog, or the croaking of Ravens, fore-tell a friends death.

These
These ought to be repealed, and new ones enacted in their room; That all those that have got the power, though unjustly, ought to be obeyed, without reluctancy. That all light is in the Eye, not in the Sun. That all Colours are a Perturb'd Light, and so are reflections, rather an inherent quality or substance. That all Sound, Sent, Sight, is created in the Brain. That no Beast hath remembrance, numeration, or curiosity. That all passions are made in the Head, not in the Heart. That the Soul is a Kernel in the Brain. That all the old Philosophers were fooles, and knew little. That the Moderne Philosophers have committed no Errors. That there are six primitive Passions. That the blood goeth in a Circulation. That all the fixt Stars are Suns. That all the Planets are other worlds. That Motion is the Creator of all things, at least of all formes. That Death is only a privation of Motion, as Darkness is a privation of Light. That the Soul is a thing, and nothing.

This motion which this Noble Lord made, was enaited by the whole Parliament with much applause. When he was set down, my Lord Reason rose, and thus spake.

My Lord:

I should thinke in my judgement, that it would be beneficial to the Common-wealth, that there should be a Statute made against all false Coyne, as dissembling tears, and hollow sighs, flattering words, and seigning smiles. But upon this Speech rose up one of the Lords, and thus spake.

My Lord:

The Propositions of this Lord are very dangerous: for if this great Councell of Parliament should goe about to call in all false Coyne which is minted, they must call in all which is in the Kingdom, to make a triall of the currantnesse; which would discontent most therein. For why, the stamp is so lively, and artificially imprinted therein, as it is impossible for the right to bee knowne from the false. Further, my Lord, these Coynes are so cunningly mixt with Alchemy, as the difference would hardly be knowne, if they were new melted.

With that rose up one of the Judges, and said thus.

My Lord:

It is an ancient Law belonging to this Kingdom, to make it death for any to clip currant Coyne with Hypocrifie, or to mixe false
falsehood with slander: and if this abuse should be winckt at, there would be no commerce with this Kingdom and Truth.

The Lord Reason rose up againe, and said thus.

My Lord:

There is another abuse in this Kingdom, which is, there are many Luxurious Palaces, as they doe destroy the strength of the Stomack, and quench out the natural heat therein, making it so weake by reason of ill digestion, never giving so much time as to make a good concoction, to breed new bloud, as there is like (if speedy order be not taken to prevent it,) may come a Dearth of Flesh over all the Kingdom of the Body.

Upon this, Judge Taffe rose up, and thus spake.

My Lord:

There was never any Lanes made in all the former Kings reigne, that there should be a perpetuall abstinence, but only in time of Lent, when the penance of Physick was taken. For if the stomack should eate sparingly, and not such things as the Appetite doth desire, the Body of the Kingdom would grow weak and faint; and all Industry would cease: for the Legs would never be able to goe, nor the Hands to works, nor the Armes to lift; the Complexion would grow pale, the Skin rough, the Liver dry, and all the parts of the Kingdom would grow unfit for use; that if a warre of sickness should come, they would never be able to defend themselves.

The same Lord Reason rose up, and said thus.

My Lord:

There is another great abuse, which is in Articulate, and Verbal sounds, or tone of the Voyces: for most when they read, do to whine, raising their Notes upon the Peg of the Tongue so high, as they crack the string of Sense; or else the singers of words play so fast, as they keep no stops, or else so slow, as they make more stops then they should: which make it preposterous. Truly my Lord, if these be not rectified, all the Nobles of understanding will be ruined, and affronted with a seeming Non-sense. This was disputed hard on, before it would be pass'd, but at last it was.

After this Dispute, there was a Lord rose up, and said thus.

My Lord:

We spend here our time to rectifie the Errors that are committed in the Kingdom amongst our selves, and not considering the danger we live in from forrigne enemies abroad, which are Rhyming Pirates, who make continual intrudes
rodes, stealing all our Cattle of Fancies, and plunder us of our best, and richest conceptions: which if we do not provide Armes of Rheborick to exclaim against them, they may chance to usurp the Crowne of Wit, and make themselves Heires to that they were never born to. Wherefore, my Lord, let us joyne, to set up Forts of Satyrs, and there plant Cannons of Scorne, from thence to shoot Bullets of Scoffes, to strike them dead with Shame. To this all the House assented.

In the mean time, the lower House were busily employed with affairs too, about Naturalizing a Gentleman. For one of the Members said:

Master Speaker:

Here is a Gentleman, one Mr. Friendship, desires to be Naturaliz'd by the Parliament.

Another Member rose, and said thus.

Master Speaker:

In my sense it is very prejudicial to Naturalize Strangers: for why should Strangers receive the same Privileges with the Natives, and to be made capable to inherit our Lands, unless we could cut off the Entayles of Afection, which are tied to their Native Country, the Kingdom of Parents, or the Islands of Children, or the Provinces of Brethren, and Kindred; otherwise it is likely they will turn Rebels, if a warre chance to be with this Kingdom, and that, where they were borne.

With that the former Gentleman rose up, and said.

Master Speaker:

Would not preferre this Gentleman's suite, had he been born in the Land of Obligation, Civilities, or Courteties; but he was born in the Land of Sympathy, whereunto this Kingdom hath a relation, by reason our King hath a right therein, and ought to have the power thereof, by the Laws of Justice; for his Mother, Queen Resemblance, was Daughter to the Sympathian King: so that this Gentleman, Master Friendship, in Justice is a natural Subject to our King, although not a Citizen in the Common-wealth. Hereupon the House was divided, some gave their Voyces for Him, others against Him: but when they came to be numbered, he had most Voyces on his side; for he had been so industrious in Petitioning every particular Member before hand; that he made himselfe many friends, some out of favour to himselfe, others for the good will to those that favoured him: so that one way,
Parliament.

Here are in the Kingdom some grievances, which ought to be reform'd: which is, to make an Act, That all the High ways, and common Rodes should be mended, and kept in repair. For in some Mouths the Teeth are so foule, and rotten, and such deep holes, as great pieces of meat tumble downe into the Saw-pits of the Maw without chewing.

The next is, that many Nose-bridges are ready to fall downe, by reason the great French Pox doth travell so often over them, as they crack the very foundation thereof.

The third is, That the Stomack is so often over-overflowed with Drink, by reason the Throat sluces are so wide, as the Kingdom is not only much impaired thereby, making obstructions, by reason there passes oft-times much mud of Meat, with liquid Drinks, but indangers the Kingdom of drowning; the more, for that slugg which makes the liquor rise higher; besides, it breeds many thick vapours, which cause much Raine, and strong Winds, and unwholesome Aires, which breed dizzie Diseases, and bring Appoplexies of sleep.

The fourth grievance is, that the Puritans, and Roman Priests cut downe all the slately and thick woods of Haire, as there is almost none left grown to build ships of ornament with: this in time will decay the Navigation of Becoming, and leave the Islands of the Eares bare, to the ruine of Cold; besides the prodigall effiminate Sex burns it up with Iron workes, or breaks it off at the roots, in making traps for Lovers.

This grievance was refented much in the House, and a Committee ordained to make a strict inquiry, and to report back to the House; which was done with all speed.

The Chair-mans Report back.

The Committee hath found, that many of the High-ways, and Common Rodes are much impaired by negligence: for some are so bad, as nothing will mend them; others the Committee hath examin'd, & found out some helps: for the deep holes might be fill'd up with
with white wax, and those that are broken and ragged, may be fil'd smooth, and even; and those that are black, and scal'd, may be scrape'd with a steel instrument, and those that are dirty, and soule, may be rubb'd with China, or Brick, or the like; those that are loose, may be wash'd with Allum-water, or Myrrhe-water, which will fasten them againe. As for the Bridges, there are not many fallen downe, but only sagg'd, and loose; which, if the Common-wealth will be at the charges, may keep them from falling with Silver pinnes, which will prop them up. But truly, Mr. Speaker, there are great spoils of the woods of Haire; but in youth, Time will repair them againe, but in Age, they will never grow againe: for the ground is always dry, and barren, as it will always be bare, and bald. As for the great Over-flowes, there is no way to hinder, or stop that torrent, but by shutting the Water-gates, the Lips.

After this relation, the lower House sent the reports to the upper House, after which they made an Act of prevention; Their Statutes running thus.

Be it knowne to all, and some in this Kingdom; That henceforth from this present of January, one thousand eight hundred and two, that no Sweet-meats shall travel through the Mouth, nor no Nuts be crackt, nor no Pins lye in the high-ways of the mouth, to canker, fret the Teeth; as also be it enabled, that all hands labourers shall be employed with Pick-tooths after meat had passed those ways, and let every particular Shire be at the charge thereof.

Be it also enabled, to keep the bridges strong, lest they fall to ruine, that the flud-slush be given to all the amorous sort, with bashes, and dry dyes every spring and fall, for feare the foundation of the Nose should be rotted, by reason of much corruption which passeth through; also let there be cut a passage upon each shoulder, making gatters of issues, that the Humour may be diverted by running those ways, that the Kingdom may be drain'd from superfluos mayflure. Also be it enabled, that to the conerving of the woods of Haire, that no haires be pull'd up by the roots, but only prun'd by the Husbandmen Barbers; also we forewarn the use of Curling-Irons, Crisping-Irons, or the like, but let the loose woods of hair be bound up with springs.

Be it also enabled, That no great Draughts be drunk, unless great drought
dr ought require it: alio no Healths to be dranke but upon Festi-
vall dayes. But upon going out of this All, all the young women and
men in the Kingdom made such a mutiny, as the Parliament had
much ado to pacifie them; nor could not, until they had alter'd
that clausel of Sweet-meats, and Healths. After this there was a
Member rose up, and said.
Master Speaker:

Here is in this Kingdom some foolish and unnecessary Customs,
which have been brought from foraigne parts, which
ought to be abolished. One is, to digge holes in the Eares, to set
Pendants in, which puts the Kingdom to a charge of paine, and also
is a heavie burthen therein. The second is, to pull up the Hedges
of the Eyebrows by the roots, leaving none but a narrow and thin
row, that the Eyes can receive no shade therefrom. The third is,
to peele the first skin off the face with Oyle of Vitriol, that a new skin
may come in the place, which is apt to shrivel the skin under
neath. But for the abolishing of these customs few agreed to, fear
ring such another Mutiny as the former, amongst the effeminate sex.

Whiles they were demurring upon this, there came Petitioners
with a Petition to offer to the House, which when that was heard,
they sent for their Petition in, and made the Clerk read it.

The Petition of the Veines.

WEE, your Honours humble and poore Petitioners, desire a
redresse from all ill Livers, or else we cannot furnish
your Honours with such good as your Honours require from us. For
by reason of dry, hot, corrupted, or obstruited Livers, we, your Ho-
nours Pipe-veines, want filling, or else we are fill'd with such water-
lish, or else with such black and melancholy blood, as the Kingdom is
either parcht for want of moysture, or over-flowed with too
much, being always in extremes: so as we are all undone, and
our Trading utterly decayed thereby. Wherefore we befeech
your Honours to take it into your Honours considerations, and give
us a separation from the Liver, for which we shall be bound to
pray for your Honours.

Upon this Petition, the House ordained a writ, to warne the Li-
ver to appeare before a Committee to be examined, where it shal
the Liver appear'd; who excus'd himself, laying, the Appetite
flung into the Stomach a great quantity of rubish, and the Stomack
being an il Neighbour, to disburthen himself from that fill'd flung it
upon him, flopping up all crosse passages; inform'd that he had
not roome to discharge himself freely: but as for his own part, he

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was much poorer; and weaker then they, and had more reason to complaine.

Whereupon the House made an Act, that the Stomach should be cleansed every spring and fall with Purges.

Then rose up a Member, and said, Mr. Speaker, There are a people in this Kingdom ought to be banished, which are Fuglers, Mountebanks, and Gypses, as jugling Lovers, which deceive all the effeminate Sex with false and deluding praires. The next are Mountebank Buffoons, who have gotten Priviledges of freedom, to put off their bald Feats at an easie rate, selling upon the Stage of Mirth, taking laughter for pay from the poore ignorant vulgar. These Fellows take upon themselves the name of Doctors of Wits professing their skill, whereby they doe much harme, by reason their Drugs are naught, and their skill little, by which many times they kill, instead of curing; for they doe apply their poisonous jets on unprepared Bodies, and give their Medicines in unseasoneable time; besides their Medicines, being most commonly bitter, gives a dislike to the Taste; and being not taken in fit time, bring the disease of Suspicions, and being wrong applied, cause death to a good name. The next are Gypses, which delude many, as Sympathy Powder, Viper Wine, Love Powder, Cramp Rings, cross Knots, wroung up the ashes on St. Agnes Eve, laying Bride-cake under their heads, and many the like.

Another Member said: Mr. Speaker, There are light Wenchses of vanity, and crafty Bawds, ought to be whipt, Black patches, Snets, Pouders, Periwigs, Bracelets made of their Lovers Haire, fancy-coloured Ribbons, to resemble the feveral Passions, Looking-glasses to hang by their sides, Love-Posies in Rings, Love-Letters wrought in Handkerchiefs, Valentines wore on sleeves, and to discourse by signes.

Another Member said, next is Bawds, as Romances, Bals, Collations, Questions and Commands, Riddles, Purposes, &c.

There was another Member rofe up, and said thus, Mr. Speaker, there are worse Creatures in the Kingdom, and more dangerous, which ought to be burnt; as Lovely Feature, exact Proportion, clear Complexion: when these spirits are raised in the circle of the face, who do comes neere that Face, although it be the Soul it selfe, is bewitch'd with a looke; and such power is in that Magick, that nothing can undoe it, but Sicknesse, and old Age.

The other Witch, is elegant Eloquence: this Witch hath much power, railing up Sense, Fancy, Phrase, Number, in the circle of the Eare, and whosoeuer comes neer them, although the Soul it selfe, that spirit the Tongue bewitches them, and this is so strong a Magick,
gick, as nothing can undoe, but forgesfulnesse. 'Tis true, there is a Law against them, which belongs to the Judges care, as, Hearing and Sight; but when they come before them to be examin'd, and to be condemn'd, if they be found guilty, they are so farre from punishing them, as they set them at liberty, and those bonds that should bind them, they bind themselves with, and so become voluntary slaves to those Witches.

Then did the King call both Houses together into a great Hall, and thus spake.

My good and loving Subjects, I give you thankes for your care and industry, in rectifying the Errours of this Kingdom, and for your love to me, in giving me those Subsidies I require'd, although I call'd for them as well for your safety, as my owne; such is my tender regard to my people, as their safety is my care, and their prosperity my happinesse. For I desire to be King of Affection, ruling them with Clemency, rather then to be only King of Power, ruling them with Tyranny, binding my Subjects to slavery. The power I desire, is, to beat my enemies abroad, not to fright my Subjects at home, to defend them, not to ruine them; I covet not the riches of my Subjects, I hold not the Sword to cut their Purse-strings, but to decide truth from fальhood, to give Equity, and to doe Justice. Yet let me tell them, my Sword is as ready to punish Offenders, as my Clemency is to reward the vertuous. But I have found, and I make no question I shall finde them always as ready to obey, as I to command; and because every one may returne to his owne private affairs, since in publique businesse there is little left now to doe, but what I can order myselfe, I dissolve my Parliament for this time, untill there be an occasion to call them together againe.

Whereupon the Parliament all cryed;

God save the King,
God save the King.
Know, those that are strict and nice about Phrase, and the placing of words, will carp at my Booke: for I have not set my words in such order, as those which write elegant Prose. But I must confess ingenuously, my shallow wit could not tell how to order it to the best advantage; besides, I found it difficult, to get so many RHymes, as to join the sense of the Subject: and by reason I could not attain to both, I rather chose to leave the Elegance of words, than to obstruct the sense of the matter. For my desire was to make my conceit easie to the understanding, though my words were not so fluent to the ear. Again, they will finde fault with the Numbers; for I was forc'd to fewer or more, to bring in the sense of my Fancies. All I can say for my selfe is, that Poetry consists not so much in Number, Words, and Phrase, as in Fancy. Thirdly, they will finde fault at the Subject, saying, it is neither material, nor useful for the Soule, or Body. To this I answer, My intention was, not to teach Arts, nor Sciences, nor to instruct in Divinity, but to passe away idle Time; and thought Time might be better spent: yet 'tis oft spent worse amongst many in the world.

Language want, to dress my Fancies in,
The Hair's uncurl'd, the Garments loose, and thin;
Had they but Silver Lace to make them gay,
Would be more courted then in poore array.
Or had they Art, might make a better show;
But they are plaine, yet cleanly doe they goe.
The world in Bravery doth take delight,
And glistening Shews doe more attract the sight;
And every one doth honour a rich Hood,
As if the outside made the inside good.
And every one doth bow, and give the place,
Not for the Mans sake, but the Silver Lace.
Let me intreat in my poore Bookes behalfe,
That all may not adore the Golden Calf.
Consider pray, Gold hath no life therein,
And Life in Nature is the richest thing.
So Fancy is the Soul in Poetrie,
And if not good, a Poem ill must be.
Be just, let Fancy have the upper place,
And then my Verses may perchance finde grace,
If flattering Language all the Passions rule,
Then Sense, I feare, will be a meere dull Foole.

The worst Bookes have, when they are once read,
They're laid aside, forgotten like the Dead:
Under a heap of dust they buried lye,
Within a vault of some small Library.
But Spiders they, for honour of that Art
Of Spinning, which by Nature they were taught;
Since Men doe spin their Writings from the Braine,
Striving to make a lasting Web of Fame,
Of Cobwebs thin, high Altars doe they raise,
There offer Flyes, as sacrifice of praise.

When that a Book doth from the Press e come new,
All buyes, or borrows it, this Book to view:
Not out of love of Learning, or of wit,
But to finde Faults, that they may cenfure it.
Were there no Faults for to be found therein,
As few there are, but doe erre in some thing;
Yet Malice with her ranckled Spleen, and Ight,
Will at the Time, or Print, or Binding bite.
Like Devils, when they cannot good soules get,
Then on their Bodies they their Witches set.

Sir Charles into my chamber coming in,
When I was writing of my Fairy Queen;
I pray, said he, when Queen Mab you doe see,
Present my service to her Majesty:
And tell her, I have heard James loud report,
Both of her Beauty, and her stately Court.
When I Queen Mab within my Fancy view'd,
My Thoughts bow'd low, fearing I should be rude;
Kissing her Garment thin, which Fancy made,
Kneeling upon a Thought, like one that pray'd;

In
In whispers soft I did present
His humble service, which in mirth was sent.
Thus by imagination I have been
In Fairy Court, and seen the Fairy Queen.
For why, imagination runs about
In every place, yet none can trace it out.

Poet I am neither borne, nor bred,
But to a witty Poet married:
Whose Brain is Fresh, and Pleasant, as the Spring,
Where Fancies grow, and where the Muses sing.
There oft I lean my Head, and lis'ning harke,
To hear his words, and all his Fancies mark;
And from that Garden Flowers of Fancies take,
Whereof a Poem up in verse I make.
Thus I, that have no Garden of mine own,
There gather Flowers that are newly blowne.

Reader, I have a little Traet of Philosophical Fancies in prose,
which will not be long before it appear in the world.

FINIS
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