

*To the right Hon. the Lord Burghley, Lord high Treasurer
of England, one of the most Noble order of the Garter, &c.*

IF Romaines held Sibillaes workes so deare,
Because they from Deuining spright did grow;
More precious present, then, receiue you here,
Which God on king, king did on world bestow.
Our Sibill you, our Salomon we know,
And so your words and workes the world doth prize:
To vertue you, your selfe a father show;
Hence honor yours, hence countries good doth rise:
Then this (no fiction that man doth deuise,
But built on best experience life can bring)
With patience reade, and do it not despise;
Ye wise experience can confirme each thing:
It is not rated as Sibillaes were,
But (priz'd by you) it will the value reare.

*To the Ri. Ho. the Earle of Essex, Great Master of the Horse
to her Highnesse, and one of the most Noble order of the &c.*

NOT Neptunes child, or Triton I you name,
Not Mars, not Perseus, though a Pere to all;
Such word I would find out or newly frame,
By sea and land might you triumphant call,
Yet were such word for your desert too small;
You Englands ioy, you en'mies terror are;
You vices scourge, you vertues fenced wall:
To Church a shield, to Antichrist a barre.
I need not feare my words should stretch to farre,
Your deedes out-fly the swiftest soaring pen,
You praise of peace, th'vndaunted powre of warre,
Of heauens elect, the happieloue of men:
Not knowing then, How to expresse my mind;
Let silence craue, this gift may fauour find.

When