This book is priced in Isaac Beresford's sale catalogue for the 1796 London out. £2 2 -.

206 Wooden Cuts.
MINERVA
BRITANNA
OR A GARDEN OF HEROICAL
Devises, furnished, and adorned with Emblemes
and Impress' of sundry natures, Newly devised,
moralized, and published,

BY HENRY PEACHAM, MR. OF ARTES.

LONDON
Printed in Shoe-lane at the signe
of the Faulcon by Wa: Dight.
Epigramma Authoris.

Se dicit Servum modo patre superstite Prin-
ceps,

Primus at Imperio Servus (b) HIC, IN-

DE regit.
TO THE RIGHT HIGH AND
MIGHTIE HENRIE, ELDEST SONNE OF
our Soveraigne Lord the KING, Prince of Wales,
DUKE of CORNWALL and ROTHSAIT
and Knight of the most noble order of
the GARTER.

OST EXELLENT PRINCE.

Having by more then ordinarie signes, tafted heretofore of your gracious favour: and evidently known your Princely and Generous inclination, to all good Learning and excellencie. I am emboldened once againe, to offer vp at the Altar of your gracious acceptance these mine Emblems: a weake (I confesse,) and a worthlesse Sacrifice, though an assured pledge, of that Zeale and Dutie, I shall for ever most Religiouslie owe vnto your Highnes: shewing herein rather a will to desire, then worth to deserve, so peerlesse a patronage. Howsoever the world shall esteeme them in regard of their rude and homely attire, for the most part they are Royally discended, and repaire into your owne bosome (farre from the reach of Envie) for their protection. For in truth they are of right your owne, and no other then the substance of those Divine Instructions, his Maiestie your Royall Father prescribed vnto you, your guide (as that golden branch to ÆNEAS,) to a vertuous & true happy life. It is now two yeares since I presented vnto your Highnes some of them, then done by me into Latine verse, with their pictures drawen and limned by mine owne hand in their lively coulours; wherein, as neere as I could, I observed the Method of his Maiesties BASILICON DORON, but by reason of the great number I had since that, newly invented: with some others collectèd, (tieng my invention to no one

S: biec®
The Epistle to the Prince.

Subject as before) I am here constrained as well of Necessitie as for varietie sake, to intermixe (as it were promiscue) one with the other in one entire volume, the rather because of their affinitie & end, which is one and the selfe same, that is, the fashioning of a vertuous minde. I dare not discourse at large vnto your Highnes, of the manifold Use, Nature, Libertie, and ever esteemed excellencie of this kind of Poesie: it being the rarest, and of all others the most ingenious, and wherein, the greatest Princes of the world, many times haue most happily exercis'd their Invention: because I doubt not, but your Highnes already knoweth whatsoever I might speake herein. Onely what I haue done, I most humbly offer vp the same vnto your gratious view, and protection. Desiring of GOD to beautifie and enrich your most hopefull & Heroique minde, with the divinest giftes of his grace, and knowledge, heartily wishing, there were any thing in me, worthy of the least favour, and respect of so excellent a Prince.

To your Highnes,

The most sincerely and affectionately devoted

in all dutie and service.

HENRY PEACHAM.
To the Reader.

have here (kind Reader) sent abroad unto thy view, this volume of Emblemata, whether for greatness of the charge, or that the Invention is not ordinary: a Subject very rare. For except the collections of Master Whitney, and the translations of some one or two else beside, I know not an Englishman in our age, that hath published any worke of this kind: they being (I doubt not) as ingenious, and happy in their invention, as the best French or Italian of them all. Hence perhaps they terme vs Tramontani Sempi, Simple and of dull conceipt, when the fault is neither in the Climate, nor as they would have it, in the constitution of our bodies, but truly in the cold & frozen respect of Learning, and artes, generally amongst vs: comming far shorte of them in the just valuing of well deserving qualities. To begin at the foote of their Alpes, and so descend by Germanie (which Bodine truly termeth officinam hominum, a shoppe of absolute men for all Artes) how she hath excelled in this, as in all other rare Invention, witness the many volumes she hath sent vs over of this Subject. With what excellent Bodies, and Motto's, have the Netherlandes especially Holland, and Zealand, upon sundry occasions (as the recoverie of their Libertie, the overthrow in eightyeight, and the like) commended their Invention to the world? as we finde in Mertonius, and others. I should seem partial, if I should lay to your view, the many and almost vnimitable Impresa's of our owne Countrie: as those of Edward the black Prince, Henry the fourth, Henry the seuenth, Henry the eight, Sir Thomas Moore, the Lord Cromwell, & of later times, those done by Sir Phillip Sydney, and others. Nor were it needefull since their Memory is fresh, and many of their sheildes yet scarce drie in the world. Who hath ever scene more wittie, proper, & signifiant devises, then those of Scotland? (to omit more aytient times) as that of King James the third, devising for himselfe (to express the care he had of his country and People) a Hen sitting over her Chickens, with the word Non dormit quicubodit: as also of Iames the fourt, taking to himself a biffront, or double face, plac't upon the top of a Column: the heads crowned with Laurell, the word Vrnumque: meaning (as
it is thought) he would constantly, and advisedly like Iamus, observe
the proceedings as well of the French as the English, holding them both
at that time in Ielousie. Many and very excellent haue I seene of his
Maiesties owne Invention, who hath taken herein in his younger years
great delight, and pleasure, by which thou maieft see, that we are not
so dull as they would imagine vs, nor our Soile so barren as that we
neece to borrow from their Sunne-burnt braines, our best Invention.
Whereas I haue heere dedicated many Emblems to sundry and great
Personages, (yea some to Foraigne Princes,) I haue heerein but imi-
tated the best approved Authours in this kind: as Alciat, Sambucus,
Iovius, Reusnerus, and others: they being such, as either in regard of
their transcendent dignitie, and vertues, deservce of all to be honoured:
or others whome for their excellent parts and qualities, I haue ever
loued, and esteemed: or lastly some of my private friendes, to whome I
haue in particular beene most beholdsme some way or other. Wherein
I truft thou wilt not condemne me, since I haue no other meane then
by word to shew a thankfull minde towards them.
It is not my intent here (which I might well doe) to discourse at large
of the Nature and Libertie of Emblems, wherein it differeth from the
Impresa; because heerein I haue beene alreadie prevented by others.
The true vs heereof from time to time onely hath beene, Virile dulce
miscere, to feede at once both the minde, and eye, by expressing milit-
cally and doubtfully, our disposition, either to Loue, Hatred, Clemenc-
ie, Justice, Pietie, our Victories, Misfortunes, Griefes, and the like:
which perhaps could not haue beene openly, but to our prejudice re-
vealed. And in truth the bearer heerein doth but as the Travailer, that
changeth his Silver into Gold, carry about his affection in a narrow
roome, and more safely; the valew rather bettered then abated.
Accept I pray thee in good worth, what I haue heere done, not for any
hope of reward, or gaine, but onely for thy pleasure, and recreati-
on. Imagining thou art delighted (as I haue ever beene my selfe) with
these ever esteemed, honest, and most commendable Devises.

Thine assuredly,

HENRY PEACHEAM.
Carmen Panegyricum.

Quae damus ista novis excusa EMBLEMATA formis,
(Docta sonare prius numeris sua verba Latinis;)
Accipe quo soleas vultu, votisq. secundis
Annue, parva licet, nec sint te Principe digna.
Cum rabidus latè torreret SIRIVS arva,
Flavaque anhelantis premeret Sol terga LEonis,
Fronde sub vmbrosa patulae requievimus vlni,
Ad ripas GRENOVICA tuas; (vbi THAMESIS vnda
Alluit ANGLIGENVM regalia testa Monarchæ.)
Hic vbi sollicita dum plurima mente revolvo,
Adstitit insomni coram pulcherrima Virgo,
Testa caput galea, gemmis auroque nitente:
Pone suas diffusa comas, clypeusque sinistrâ,
GORGONIS ostendens argenteus ora MEDVSAE:
Vndique fraxineam dum dextra viriliter hastam
Torquet, et incerto circûm æra verberat istu.
Obstupui, et gelidus tremor inde per ossa cucurrit,
Cum Dea facunda extemplò sic ora resolvit.
Pone metum Vates, animos timor vrget inertes,
Consilijque venit sani notissimus hostis:
Hinc citus exurgas et summi Principis Aulam
Ipete, quæ silvas Nymphæ coluère virentes:
Qua DRYADVM fedes THAMESIDOS vnda salutat,
Turrigerumque caput ia&tat RICHMVNDIA coelo.
Carmen panegyricum.

Est HENRICVS ibi, quo non clementior alter,
Quoque Deus nostro dederit nil dulcius aëvo;
Aemulus Heroum veterum ac virtutis avitæ;
(St mea siquid habet vnquæm præfagia veri)
PIERIDVM pater, et doctis decus omne futurus.
Excipiet longos hic læta fronte labores,
Aspice vt huic desint proveñti Iudicis ora,
Nec fulcat faciem mimitantis ruga Tyranni:
Candor ineñt vuln placidus, mens concolor isti.
Insuper invitet te Bibliotheca referta,
Artibus omnigenis MVSAE quam struxit Asylum:
Namque fero toto compescuit orbe tumulus
Candida PAX, coelo laxis invecta triumphis.
Non furit indomitus MARS ferro et caede nefanda,
Buccina non orbis exoßaque matribus arma;
Infestant nostras subitis terroribus oras.
Las posuiere NOTI immites, creberque procellis
AFRICVS, et BOREAS solito sunt carcere vinci:
Occidui spirant ZEPHYRI, nunc omnia Tellus
Parturit, atque novo rident animalia Verc.
Dum Nymphæae ducunt circum per opaca choreas,
Et Rosa verna viret, silvis dnum mille sonoras,
Gutture multiplices renovat PHILONELA querelas:
Ad gelidos fontes, vel forte legaris in vmbra,
Grator aut hospes fis (post convivia) mentæ,
Vix ego servum librum, properantem visere tecta
Regia, et HENRICI notos pietate Penates.
Iste tibi veniatmodo qualiscunque libellus,
Inconcinna, levis, male culta, incompta MINERVÆ,
Hanc precor excipias placide, (Dignissime PRINCEPS.)
Maiori intera nitetur carmine Mula,
(Pone legens retum vestigia lata inratum).
Vt magnum resonent GANOGETICA litora nomen;
Et reducem (b) HEROEM horreñant grañfantia latæ,
(Sacrilege ACHMETES) olim tua castra BRITANNVM,
Cun tua non tantum tibi ferviet ultima THVLE
Vaticinor,
Carmen panegyricum.

Vaticinor, toto regnabis latius orbe,
Et reditura tuis sunt aurea secla BRITANNIS.
Tu vero interea vive, (Augustissime PRINCEPS,
Ducat et ad seros CLOTHO tua filanepotes:
Vt tua te longum, BRITANNIA lata fruatur,
Immensumque tuis repleas virtutibus orbem.

HENRICVS PEACHAMVS.

AD D. HENRICUM PEACHAMVM
DE SVA MINERVA.

Prodiit ex cerebro IOVIS, alma MINERVA profundo;
Vt quondam cecinit PINDARVS ore fluens.
Prodiit aet ietu VVLCANI emissa securis:
Dum caput AEIOCHI percutit ille IOVIS:
Prodiit e celo RHODIIS dum depluit aurum,
Aureus est in quo nata MINERVA dies;
Prodiit et cataphracta: caput bene cattide testa,
AEgide tuta sua, cuspide tuta sua.

Fabula applicatio.

Eft PEACHAME, IOVIS cerebrum tibi, prodiit illinc
Hic liber, ingenii vera MINERVA tui.
Singula sunt in eo quamvis extempore nata,
VVLCANI liber hic totus habebat opem,
De summo (PEACHAME) polo, tibi depluet aurum,
Illico et incipient, aurca secla tibi.
Armatur galea, clypeo, ense, MINERVA BRITANNA,
Et contra MOMOS, eft ea tuta satis.
Ex puris Lambis. Ad eundem.

Iniquus testinator ille ducitur,
Suo metitur omne qui modo ac pede;
Sapitque perparum ille, cui nihil sapit,
Nisi quod approbatur a sua nota.
At aequus ille, quisquis addit ipsius
Opinionis, acutioris arbitri
Probationem, et acer testimonium,
Et eis, et suis videns ocellulis.

Peritiorum amica testimaonia
Habes, labore de tuo probissimo;
Nec illa paucæ, laude te ferentium
Ad astra, siue hoc meretur inelitum
Opus. Mihi nec est opus quid amplius
Loqui, quasi adderem mari, meas aquas;
Tamen quod ipse postulas, ego libens
Eos sequor, meumque iungo calculum.

Pecchame perge fausto vinctis pede
Et ede plura, lividumque Zolvm,
Malumque virus huius invidentiae
Teruntio valeto, cuncta qui potest,
Placere non potest ei, ipse IVPITER;
Nihil morare candidum lapillulum,
Nigrumque facis infima, placès quibus
Sat est placere, doctioribus viris.

THO: HARDINGVS.

IN CLARISSIMI VIRI D. HENRICI PEA.
CHAMI POETAE ANGLI CANTABRIGI-
ENSIS

Minervam Britannam.

Nendo tulit palmam de slultâ PALLAS Arachnê
Ingenij, cum lis inter utramque foret:
Nec satis, offensam facto illam habuisse MINERVAM
Legimus, et poenas inde dedisse Deæ.
Tela tua est opus hoc ipsâ vel PALLADE dignum

Ingenio.
IN MINERVAM AVGTHORIS.

Ingenio, et doctae facta labore manus
Quam culpare velit quisquis, vel vincere certet,
Fata feret flolidae MOMVS araneola.

Hannibal Vrfsinus
Neapolitanus.

SOPRA LA MINERVA BRITANNA DEL
SIGR: HENRICO PEACHAMO.
ODE.

Tosto ch'al mondo apparse
Questa P ALLA novella,
Fulminò d'ira, ed' arse
GIOVE d' invidia, e saegno.
Tremò la terra, e lo stellante regno.

Stupido APOLLO fisse
Le luci riverente
Nel Padre, e così disse
Mentre la terra lieta
Al bel lume di lui, tornò quieta.

Esposto ha fuor dal seno
* LA BRITANNA G I V N O N E
Parto: non gia terreno;
Mà quel novello MARTE;
Promesso al mondo in non *mentite carte.

Da un tronco D A N O altiero,
Fiorito c'IL PRENCE HENRICO
Ritratto illustre, et vero
D' ARTV. cui sorte acerba
Tolse quello, chi a questi il Ciel riserba.

* ANNA Regina,
* Gildam et Met-
linum fortasse
intelligit.
ODE.

ViVd
I
novo
farto
y
Illum'mAr
U
terra:
Invito
dcielfArto,
BrAmando
dar
in
luce
Altro
parto
che
servi
al
novo
Duce.

Dal
capo
di
P E A C H A M O,
Lieto
discopra
al
mondo
Quel
che
cotanto
bramo,
Che
quegli
vscì
d' ANNA
Questi
produce
M I N E R V A
B R I T A N N A

Giovan: Batiffa Casella.

______________________________

AV TRES-EXCELLENT ET TRES-DOC
TE POETE MONS., HENRY PEACHAM.
SONNET.

O
n
cognit
des
grands
Dieux
ou
l'aíse
ou
la
doleur,
A
ces
pourtraïets
astres,
que
le
Ciel
nous
figure:
Et
leurs
fils,
ces
Herôs
de
leur
noble
valeur,
En
leurs
riches
blasons
tousjours
ont
quelque
Augure.
Tel
fust
l'ancien
devis,
qui
premier
fust
parleur
Des
Misteres
plus
beaux,
la
voix
et
l'escriture,
Luy
cervoient
côme
aux
Dieux,
d'un
servile
M E R C V R E
Truchemens
à
qui
manque
et
le
vray
sens
et
l'heur.
P E A C H A M,
cc
beau
devís
est
ton
choix,
et
ta
Muse;
Les
points
Hebreux,
le
traïets
dont
le
M E M P H I T I Q U E
vse,
Ains
Dieu
mesme,
et
le
Ciel,
t'apprend
cet
tile
vieux
Que
tu
peux
bien
nommer,
la
M I N E R V E
B R E T O N N E;
Car
par
dessus
la
Grecque,
on
luy
doibt
Couronne;
Si
le
filer
n'est
plus,
que
de
scavoir
de
Dieux.

N. M. Fortnaius.
ALLAS thou hast a second champion bred,
As great in Artes, as was stout D I O M E D
In Armes; that gainst enraged M A R S could stand,
And dar'd to wound faire V E N V S in the hand:
The A R G I V E fleete his sole Arme could defend,
And with the Gods he durst alone contend;
All this thy influence gaue, and more desired,
Like power thou hast into this braine inspired:
Thy champion too, whose Artes are fam'd as farre;
As was T Y D I D E S for his deedes of warre.
We know thou art M I N E R V A that alike
Hold'f Artes and Armes, canst speake as well as strike.

Tho: Heywood.

VPON THE AVTHOVR AND HIS MINERVA.

Al eies behold, and yet not all alike,
Effects, and defects, both are in the eie,
As when an object gainst the eie doth strike,
Th' imagination straightwaies doth implye
Shapes, or what else the object doth present,
Weaker or stronger, as the fight is bent.

Within the minde two eies there are haue sight,
To judge of thinges interiour hauing fence;
Foresight, and Infight, Judgment makes them bright,
And most perspicuous through intelligence.
Foresight, foresetharmes, that may ensue:
Infight, doth yeild to reason what is due.

B 3. Then
Then let not men deeme all with corp' rall ei' ne,
Eies may deluded be by false illusions:
Eies may be partiall, eiesight may decline
By weakenes, age, or by abusions.
Pride, envie, folly, may the sight pervert,
And make the eie transgresses against the heart.

VWith outward ei' ne first view, and marke this booke,
Variety of objects much will please;
VWith inward ei' ne then on the matter looke,
Foresee the Authours care, and little ease
T' invent, t' imprint, and publish for delight,
And for reward but craues your good insighit.

Peacham my friend, I must confess to thee,
My Insighit is but weake; such as it is,
I verdict thus, no better worke I see
Of this same kinde, nothing I finde amisse,
If any fault there be, it is not thine,
The fault shall rest in mens imperfect eie.  

TO MASTER HENRY PEACHAM.
A VISION UPON THIS HIS MINERVA.

Me thought I saw in dead of silent night
A goodly Citie all to cinders turn'd,
Vpon whose ruines fate a Nympe in white,
Rending her haire of wiery gold, who mourned
Or for the fall of that faire Citie burn'd,
Or some deare Loue, whose death so made her sad:
That since no ioye in worldly thing she had.

This was that GENIVS of that auntenent TROY,
In her owne ashes buried long agoe:
So grieu'd to see that BRITAIN should enjoy
Her PALLAS, whom she held and honour'd so:
And now no little memorie could show
To eternize her, since she did infuse,
Her Enthean soule, into this English Muse.

E. S.
A S E C R E T arme out stretched from the skie,
   In double chaine a Diadem doth hold:
     Whose circlet boundes, the greater B R I T A N N I E,
From conquered F R A V N C E, to * T H V L E sung of old:
Great I A M E S, whose name be yond the I N D E I S told:
            To G O D obliged so by two-fold band,
As borne a man, and Monarch of this land.

Thus since on heauen, thou wholly doft depend:
    And from * about thy Crowne, and being haft:
With malice vile, in vaine doth man intend,
  T'vnloose the knot that G O D hath link't so fast:
Who shoot's at * heaven, the arrow downe at laft
  Lightes on his head: and vengeance fall on them,
That make their marke, the Soveraigne Diadem.

Nubibus en duplici vinculum Diadema catena,
Qod procul a nostro solius horbe manus:
Non alia te lege Deus (I A C O B E) ligavit,
Quem regere imperio, fecit, et esse virum.

Initium
APOYSNOVS Serpent wreathed vp around In scalie boughtes, a sharpe two edged Sword, Supported by a booke vpon the ground, Is worldly wisedome grounded on gods word, The which valeffe our proiects doth sustaine, Our plot is nought, and best devièses vaine.

What ever then thou hap to take in hand, In formost place, the feare of gods preferre, * Else, like the Foole thou buildest on the sand, By this (the Lesbian * stone) thou caust not erre, Which who so doth, his * first foundation lay, Continues a worke that never shall decay.

S quammi ger in gyros gladio se colligit anguis; Naturam signant quæ politia tuam; Effera Iustitia est, Prudentia vanæ solonis, Hæc nifi sustentent Biblia sacra DEI.

Timor igitur DEI solus est, qui custodishominum inter se societatem, per quem vitæ ipsa sustinuet, mantitur, gubernatur. &c.

[C]
Two handes togeither heere with griping hold,
And all their force, doe strive to take away
This burning Lampe, and Candlestick of Gold,
Whose light shall burne in spite of Hell for ay:
And brighter then the beames of Phoebus shine,
For tis the Truth so holy and divine.

Which soule Ambition hath so often vext,
And swelling pride of Prelates put in doubt,
With Covetousnes that greedie Monster next,
That long I feare me since it had bene out,
Did not thy hand (deare Saviour) from aboue
Defend it so, that it might never moue.

Psalms: "Doro Nisi"
1:2:38
Perdita Avarities, et dira Superbia, Pelif
Christiadum infelix, Ambitioque simul
Certatim ut tentent extinguere lampada verbi;
Ni tuis succurrat (CHRISTE misere) manus.

Gregory: "Moral"
36
Sumnus locus bene regitur cum is qui præcit, vitiis potius quam fratribus dominatur.
Omnis adeundi honoris ecclesiastic abscindetur ambitio, si se iudicant
Dos potius quam iudicaturos hi qui præesse volunt populis cogitarent.

Nusquam
The sily Hind among the thicketes greene,
While nought mistrusting did at safetie goe,
His mortall wound receiued with arrow keene
Sent singing from a Sheepeheard's secret bowe;
And deadly peirc'd, can in no place abide,
But runnes about with arrow in her side.

So oft we see the man whome Conscience bad
Doth inwardly with deadly torture wound,
From * place to place to range with Furie mad,
And seeke his eafe by shifting of his ground
The weane neglecting which might heale the sinne,
* That howerly ranckles more and more within.

Dictaeus volucrid quam fixit arundine pastor
Cerva fugit, nullis convalitura locis;
Conscia mens seceleris quem torquet, ubique pererrat,
Vulnere neglecto quod miser intius alit.

Tranquilitate conscientia nihil beatius excogitari potest.
Conscientia affectuum corrector et animi pedagogus.

C 2.

* Perfecto demum seceleris magnitudo eius intelligitur. Tacitus 14.
Basil: Doron.
lib: 1. pag: 15.

Augustin: 31. de civitate Dei.

Origen.
Philautus

VIRGIN'S face with robes of light array,
Why hath (Selfe-loue) our Poets thee assign'd?

Philaut: Looke should be young, and fresh as merry May,
Such clothing best agreeeth with my mind.

What means that poisonous Serpent in thy hand?
Philaut: My bane I breed, by this you understand.

In't other hand (say why that looking glasse?)

Since in thee no deformities I find,

Philaut: Know how in Pride Selfe-loue doth most surpass,
And still is in her Imperfections blind:
And faue her owne devises doth condemn,
All others labours, in respect of them.

Cur Virgo incedes Philautia?

Philaut: Pectore virus alo. Speculum sed consulis. PHI: inde
Cætera dedignor, dum mea sola placet.

Humana
At last my branch doth wither and decay,
And with the ruin down my self do fall,
Whose pride did loath on surer ground to stay,
But needs would reign as king upon the wall,
To overlooke in scorn the shrubs below,
That did (I find) in greater safety growe.

By this same tree, are all Traditions ment,
And what else hammer'd out of humane braine,
That on the Rocke, to rest are not content,
But puffed up with pride, and glory vaine;
Unto their shame, doe moulder downe, and fall,
As doth this Elder growing on the wall.

Spreta cada tandem lapidum compage soleta
Nec terrae ramos rebar ecere meos:
Sic freta clanguent humano cuncta cerebro,
Ut stablis fugiant seder a firma dei.
My hope is heaven, the crosse on earth my rest,
The foode that feedes me is my Saviours bloud,
My name is faith to all I doe protest,
What I beleue is Catholique and good,
And as my Saviour strictly doth command,
My good * I doe with close and hidden hand.
Nor Heresie, nor Schisme, I doe maintaine,
But as Christ’s coate so my beliefe is one,
I hate all fancies forg’d of humane braine,
I let contention and vaine strifes alone;
If ought I neede I crave it from aboue,
And live with all in Charitie and Love.


Crux mihi grata quiet, sola et fiduea, celo. Sancta Fides dico, cunctis mea dogmata pande.
Me terris laetani vulnera (Christe) tua: Abdo sed occulta Religionis opus.

Currunt bonis operibus praecie qui credunt Deo.

Mors fidei est separatio charitatis, credis in Christum? fac Christi opera
et vivat fides tua.
The Ethiopian Princes at their feastes,
Did vsue amid their cates, and costly cheere
A deadmans head, to place before their guestes,
That it in minde might put them what they were:
And PHILLIP dayly caused one to say,
Oh King remember that thou art but clay.

If Pagans could bethinke them of their end,
And make such vsue of their mortality,
With greater hope their course let christians bend,
Vnto the haven of heavens foelicitie;
And so to liue while heere we drawe this breath,
We haue no cause to feare, or wish for death.

Perge tuo laute genio indulgere PHILIPPE,
Imperium cernis quam brevis hora manet:
Non properans timeo lethum mens conscia recti
Inculcat quovis tempore CHRISTE veni.

Sed hoc meditatum ab adolescentia esse debet, mortem vt negligamus, sine quae meditatione,
tranquillo esse animo nemo potest.
To the right Reverend Father in God, John Bishop of London.

To sundry keies doth *HILARIE compare
The holy Pfalmes of that prophetique King,
Cause in their Natures so dispo'd they are,
That as it were, by sundry dores they bring,
The soule of man, oppreft with deadly sinne,
Vnto the Throne, where he may mercy winne.

For wouldst thou in thy Saviour *still rejoyce,
Or for thy finnes, with teares lament and pray,
Or sing his praises with thy heart and voice,
Or for his mercies giue him thankes alway?
Set DAVIDS Pfalmes, a mirrour to thy mind,
But with his Zeale, and heavenly spirit join'd.

Clavibus innexis hymnos HILARIVS aptat,
Iesu ecce hic qui piaustria tenis,

Prins
WHO takes in hand to turne this sacred booke,
And heavenly wisedome, doth from hence require,
His handes be cleane, I wish him first to looke:
No Dog or Swine, that walloweth in the mire,
Let dare to come, this pretious Jewell nigh,
The foe to filth, and all impuritie.

But if thou needes wilt launch into this sea,
Where Lambes may wade, and Elephants may swimme,
Cast all vnCLEane affections away,
And first with heartie prayer call on him,
Whose holy Spirit must guide thee in the sence,
A thousand times else better thou wert thence.

Sacra tuis manibus quicunque volumina versas
Sordibus immunis quære salutis iter:
Quoque volutaras carnis prius exue cenum,
Aut Sus consilium linque lutosa DEI.

veluti in coronis flores esse puros et suaves, nisi pura sit et castra manus contextens; sic non sitis est Tuitiensis
vt in sacrarum literarum lectione verba sunt lata et pia nisi pura etiam ac sanctissima mente hae
legantur, ac animo concipientur.

D I.  *Ad Divos calle adeunto.*
S I C. *Cicero.*
To the High and mightie JAMES, King of greate Britaine,

Thou LIONS stout the Diadem uphold,
Off famous Britaine, in their armed pawes:
The one is Red, the other is of Gold,
And one their Prince, their sea, their land and lawes;
Their loue, their league: whereby they still agree,
In concord firme, and friendly amitie.

BELLONA henceforth bounde in Iron bandes,
Shall kisse the foote of mild triumphant PEACE,
Nor Trumpets sterne, be heard within their landes;
Envie shall pine, and all old grudges cease:
Braue Lions, since, your quarrell's lai'd aside,
On common foe, let now your force be tri 'de.
The Thistle arm'd with vengeaunce for his foe,
And here the Rose, faire Cytheraeas flower;
Together in perpetuall league doe growe,
On whom the Heavens doe all their favours power;
" For what * th' Almightyes holy hand doth plant,
" Can neither cost, or carefull keeping want.

Magnifique prince, the splendour of whose face,
Like brightest Phoebus virtue doth revive;
And farre away, light-loathing vice doth chase,
These be thy Realmes, that under thee doe thrive,
And which unite, gods providence doth bleufe,
With peace, with plentie, and all happines.

Terror hic hosilis, Cypriae facra illa puellæ,
Carduus vnanimes, et rosa verna virent.
Quæ gelidus coelo succundans imber ab alto
Omina dat regnis (summe Monarcha) tuis.
TO THE THRI CE-VERTV OVS, AND 
FAIST OF QUEENES, ANNE QUEENE 
OF GREAT BRITAI NE.

IN ANNA regnantium arbor.
ANNA Britannorum Regina.

AN Oliue lo, with braunches faire dispredd,
Whose top doth reach vnto the azure skie,
Much seeming to disdaine, with loftie head
The Cedar, and those Pines of TH ESSALIE,
Fairest of Queenes, thou art thy selfe the Tree,
The fruite * thy children, hopefull Princes three.

Which thus I ghesse, shall with their outstretcht armes,
In time o'respread Europa's continent,
* To shield and shade, the innocent from harms,
But overtop the proud and insolent:
Remaining, raigning, in their glories greene,
While man on earth, or Moone in heauen is scene.

Fatum
To the most excellent Princesse elsabeTht, onely Daughter to our Soveraigne Lord King James, King of great Britaine.

ELISABETHa STEUARTA. Has Artes beata velit.

FAIRE Princesse, great, religious, modest, wise,
By birth, by zeale, behavour, judgment found,
By whose faire arme, my Mufe did first arise,
That crept before full lowly on the ground,
And durst not yet from her darke shade aspire,
Till thou sweete Sunne, didst helpe to raise her higher.

Thus since by thee, shee hath her life and sappe,
And findes her growth by thy deere cherishment,
In thy faire eie consitstes her future hap:
Hecere write her fate, her date, her banishment,
Or may she that day-lasting Lillie be,
Or * SOLI-SEQVVM e're to follow thee.

* The flower of the Sunne (some take it for the Marigold) continually following the same.

Auspice
Most Christian King, if yet hast turn'd away,
Those kindly rivers, from thy royall cies
For Fathers losse, this little view I pray
Our Muse refcrues from his late Exequies:
The leaft of littles, yea though leffe it be,
It's thine, and signe, of her loues loyaltie.

Which, wherefo're presented to thy view,
(For all things teach vs) thinke a heavenly mind
Is meant unto thee, by that cullour Blew,
The Gold, the golden plentie thou doft find;
The number of thy * Heaven-sent Lillies, three,
Is concord's ground, the sweetest harmonie.
To you great Prince, strong stay, and powerfull prop
Of Christian state, who by thy feared might,
And restles care; the same supported vp;
From neighbour Mahovnd's underrmining spight;
From thy gate's pillars, to the west as farre,
As Thetis leades vs to the Southerne starre.

I offer vp these Arrowes, with the Tree
Of thy * Grenade, the Symbole long agoe
Of great Fernando's famous * victorie,
What Time he gaue the Moores their overthrow:
Though here it may impart, the fruite that springes
By Peace and concord of all Christian Kinges.

* In the time
of King Henry
the 7. in me-
mony of which
battale wonne
by Archerie,
the sheafe of
Arrowes is yet
given on the
Spanish coine.
TO THE MOST RENOWNED, AND
Hopefull, HENRIE Prince of Wales, &c.

HENRICUS Wallie Princeps.
Par Achillis, Puer une vincere.

That (once as P H I L L I P) I A M E S may say of thee,
Thy BRITAINE scarcely shall thy courage hold,
That whether T V R K E, S PA I N E, F R A V N C E, O T I A L I E,
The R E D - S H A N K E, or the I R I S H Rebell bold,
Shall rouze thee vp, thy Trophees may be more,
Then all the H E N R I E S ever liu'd before.

* Plutarch in A lexandro.

M a c t e tua virtute decus, spes alma B R I T A N N V M
Pro vocet H i s t a r u s, seu Turcs, rebellis H i b e r n e c
B a s i l : D o r o n.
A l t e r A L E X A N D E R conspicuicnde tuis: Herulis a terno fixe laceslat inops.
E corpore;
TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, AND MOST TOWARDLY YOUNG PRINCE, CHARLES DUKE OF YORK.

SWEETE Duke, that bare sth thy Fathers Image right
Aswell in * bodie, as thy towardly mind;
Within whose cheeke * methinkes in Red and white
Appeare the Roses yet againe conioind;
  Where, howsoe're their warres appeased be,
Each, strines with each, for Soveraigntie.

Since Nature then in her faire - Angell mould,
Hath framd thy bodie, shew'd her beft of art:
Oh let thy mind the * fairest virtues hold,
Which are the beautie of thy better part:
  And which,(braue CHARLES) shall make vs * loue thee more,
Then all thy state we outwardly adore.

E i.  TO
TH' Arabian Phoenix here, of golden plumes,
And bicie brest, upon a sacred pile.
Of sweetest odors, thus himselfe consumes;
By force of Phoebus fiery beames, the while,
From forth the ashes of the former dead,
A faire, or fairer, by and by is bred.

You, you (Great Lord) this wondrous Phoenix are,
Who waft your selfe in Zele, and whot desire,
Of Countries good, till in the end your care
Shall worke your end, as doth this Phoenix fire.
But while you are consumming in the same,
You breede a second, your immortall Fame.
A SNOW-WHITE Lion by an Altar sleepe,
(Whereon of Virtue are the Symboles plact,
Which day and night, full carefully he keepes,
Least that so sacred thing mought be defact
By Time, or Envie, who not farre away,
Doe lurke to bring the same into decay.

Great Lord, by th' Altar Pictue is ment
Thus, whereupon is virtue seate d sure:
Which thou protectedst with deare cherishment;
And dost thy best, their safetie to procure
By howerly care, as doth this Lion white
Tipe of thy mildnes, and thy feared might,

HENRICVS HOWVARDVS Comes Northamptoniensis.
Pius, Castus huius mentis honor, mere honorandus.
A LADIE faire, who with Maiestique grace,
Supportes a huge, and stately Pyramis.
(Such as th'old Monarches long agoe did place,
By NILE'S bankes, to keepe their memories;)
Whose brow (with all the orient Pearles beset,)
Begirte's a rich and pretious Coronet.

Shee Glorie is of Princes, as I find
Describ'd in Moneies, and in Meddailes old;
Those Gemmes are glorious proiectes of the mind,
Adorning more their Roiall heades, then Gold.
The Pyramis the worldes great wonderment,
Is of their fame, some * lafting Moniment.

* Ingenii praecelarum factiorum sunt Anima Immortalia sunt.
Salut:
Ovid: ad Liviam.

Fauta Ducis vivent operosique gloria rerum
Hae manet haec avidos effugit vna rogos.
To the right Honourable Sir IULIUS CAESAR, Knight.

Who sits at Sterne of Common wealth, and State
Of his charge and office here may take a view,
And see what daungers howerly must amate,
His ATLAS-burden, and what cares accrue
At once, so that he had * enough to beare,
Though HERCULES, or BRIAREVS he were.

He must be strangely arm'd against his foes
Without, within, with hidden Patience:
Be serv'd with * cies, and listening cares of those,
Who from all partes can give intelligence
To galler his foe, or timely to prevent
At home his malice, and intendment.

That wand is signe of high Authoritie,
* The Poppie heads, that wisdome would betime,
* Cut of ranke weedes, by might, or pollicie,
As mought molest, or over-proudly clime:
The Lion warns, no thought to harbour base,
The Booke, how lawes must give his projectes place.

His
THREE Girlondes once, COLONNA did devise
For his Impresa, each in other join'd;
The first of OLIVE, due unto the wise,
The learned brow, the LAUREL green to bind:
The OAK was his due above the rest,
Who had deserved in the Battle belt.

His meaning was, his mind he would apply
By due desert, to challenge each, his prize:
And rather choose a thousand times to die,
Then not be learned, valiant, and wise.

How fewe alas, doe now adayes we finde
(Great Lord) that beare, thy truely noble mind.
WHEN Troian youth went out into the field,
With courage bold, against the Greekes to fight;
With * naked Sword they marched, and their Shield.
Devoide of charge; saue only painted white:
Herein the Captaine with his hand did write,
(The Batallie done,) some Ensigne of his fame,
Who had by valour, best deseru'd the fame.

Oh Age of Justice, yet vnlike to this
Wherein wee line, where M O M E and M I D A S share
* In vertues merit, and th' inglorious is
Allow'd the place sometimes in Honours chaire,
Wherein Armes ill, but worser, Artes doe fare,
Times haft, be gone, with all the speede ye may,
That thus we liu'd, no after Age may say.
Felicitas publica.

To my Honourable Lord OLIVER Lord Saint JOHN of Bletnesbo.

FELICITIE by IVLIA once devis'd
This shape doth beare, a Ladie lovely bright
With Mercuries Caduceus, enthroniz'd,
Her golden haire with flowery girlonds dight:
The horne of plentie, th'other hand doth hold
With all the fruities, and dainties may be told.

For why? content, she raigneth like a Queene;
Richest in Quiet, and the Mules skill,
Without the which, wee most unhappie beene
The * plentie that her horned cup doth fill;
Our labours fruite, the which when we possesse
Wee haue attain'd our worldly happines.
HEERE Learning sits, a comely Dame in yeares;
Vpon whose head, a heavenly dew doth fall:
Within her lap, an opened booke appeares:
Her right hand shewes, a sunne that shines to all;
* Blind Ignorance, expelling with that * light:
The Scepter shewes, her power and soveraigne might.

Her out * spread Armes, and booke her readines,
T' imbrace all men, and entertaine their loue:
The shower, those sacred graces doth expresse
By Science, that do flow from heaven aboue.
Her age declares the studie, and the paine;
Of many yeares, ere we our knowledge gaine.

Via ad Deum est Scientia quæ ad institutionem recte et
honesti vivendi pertinet.
THE CASPIAN Sea, as Histories do show,
(Whome Rocky Shores, on every side surround,)
Was never scene by man, to ebb and flow:
But still abides the same, within his bound;
That drought no whit, diminisheth his store,
Nor neighbour streames, augment his greatnes more.

Thus should we beare, one and the selfe-fame faile,
In what ere fortune, pleaseth God to send,
In midst of trouble, not of courage faile,
Nor be too proud, when fortune is our friend:
And in all honest aétes, we take in hand,
Thus constant, in our resolutions stand.

Nec tamen hic mutata quies, probitasque secundis
Intumuit, tenor idem animo, moresque, modesti
Fortuna crescente mament.----

His
TO the honourable the Lord Wootton.

Ye E Noblest sprightes, that with the bird of love,
Haue learnt to leaue, and loath, this baser earth,
And mount, by your inspired thoughtes aboue,
* To heaven-ward, home-ward, whence you had your birth:
Take to you this, that Monarches may envie,
Your heartes content, and high fœlicitie.

You, you, that over-looke the clouds of care,
And smile to see a multitude of Antes,
Vpon this circle, strining here and there,
For thine and mine, yet pine amid their wantes;
While yee your felues, sit as spectactors free,
From action, in their follies tragædie.

* Virtus reclu-
dens immensis
mori
Cælum, negata
tentat iter via
Ceræque vulga-
tes, et vdam fœ-
nic humum
fugiente pennæ.
Horæ: 3 carm: ode. 2.
To the Honourable Sir Edward Coke, Lord chief Justice of the common Pleas.

The fiery Coales, that in the silent night,
(When veil of darknes, all had overspred)
With glowing heat, about did give their light,
Since glorious Rhobys hath discovered
Doe loose forthwith their splendor, at his sight:
And of themselves, doe fall to Cinders quite.

So * traiterous projectes, while they lie obscure,
They closely feede the plotter, with their light,
Who thinks within, he hath the matter sure,
Not dreaming how, the Truth that shineth bright;
Will soone reveal the secret of his thought;
And bring his ripest practises to nought.

Nulla esse potest in tantis coleris immanitate punienda crudelitas.
Cicero. 4. in Catilin.
A DRAGON lo, a Scepter grasping fast
Within his paw: doth shew a King should be
Like Esculapius, ever watchfull plac't;
Amongst his subjects, and with skill to see,
To what ill humors, of th'infectious mind.
The multitude, are most of all inclind.

And when he findes corruption to abound,
In that huge body, of all vices ill,
To purge betimes, or else to launch the wound,
Least more, and more, it rancles inward still:
Or when he would, it bring to former state,
Past all recure, his physic comes to late.

Quæ mala contraxit populus contagia morum,
Nepigeat medica tot refecasse manu:
(Et Reges olim juvit medicina) venenis,
Hinc citus occurras quæ valuere mora.
WHILE deadly foes, their engines hauue prepar'd,
with furie fierce, to batter downe the walles,
My dutie is the Citie gate to guard,
And to rebate their Rammes, and fierie balls:
So that if firmly, I do stand without,
Within the other, neede no daunger doubt

Dread Soveraigne IAMES, whose puissant name to heare,
The Turke may tremble, and the Traitor pine:
Belou'd of all thy people, farre and neere:
Bee thou, as this Port-cullies, vnto thine,
Defend without, and thou within shalt see,
A thousand thousand, liue and die with thee.

Obfessis ut opem certo munui vine praferam,
Qua non futino, demna creata mihi.
Sis catastrophis (animosi Monarcha) Britannis,
Inus et inventis pectora firma tibi.

Si status Imperii, aut saus provinclarum
The fairest natures, whose in youthfull prime,
Nor counsel good, nor reasons rule, could tame,
Are by their owne experience, and in time;
To order brought, and taught themselves to frame,
To honest courses, and to loath the waires;
So well they liked, in their youthfull daies.

Why then dispaire yee Madame, of your sonne,
Whose wit, as in the sappe, doth but abound:
These branches pruned, that over rancklie runne,
You'll find in time, the bodie inward sound:
When Dullard sprightes, like fenny flagges belowe,
Or fruictles beeone, or rot, while they do grow.

Eximit it; sa dies omnes de corpore mendae,
Quod, sit vitium, desinit esse, mora.

Labor
Labor viris convenit.

TO the most Honorable Lord, the L. Dingwell.

WHO this steth after Honor, and renowne,
By valiant act, or lasting worke of wit:
In vaine he doth expect, her glorious crowne,
Except by labor, he achieveveth it;
And sweate brow, for never merit may,
To drousie floath, impart her living bay.

HAMILCARS sonne, hence shall thy glory liue,
Who or e the Alpes, didst foremost lead the way,
With Cæsar's eke, that would the onset giue,
And first on foote, the deepest foors assay:
Let Carpet Knight es, of Ladies favours boast,
The manly hart, brave Action loveth most.

Disce puere virtutem ex me verum, laborum
Fortunam ex aliis: mine te tuae dextera bello
Defensum dabit, et magna inter prae mia ducet.

Virgil AEneid.
To the most judicious, and learned, Sir Francis Bacon, Knight.

The Viper here, that stung the sheepheard swaine,
(While careless of himselfe asleepe he lay,)
With Hysope caught, is cut by him in twaine,
Her fat might take, the poison quite away,
And heale his wound, that wonder tis to see,
Such soveraigne helpe, should in a Serpent be.

By this same Leach, is meant the virtuous King,
Who can with cunning, out of manners ill,
Make wholesome lawes, * and take away the sting,
Wherewith foule vice, doth greeue the virtuous still:
Or can prevent, by quicke and wise foresight,
Infection ere, it gathers further might.

Afr a venenato pupugit quem viper a morsu,
Dux Gregis antidotum leius ab hoste petit:
Viperis stidend leges ex moribus aptas
Doctus Apollinca conficit arte Solon.

viciis que plurima menti
Femineae natura deuit humana malignas
Cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit
Invidia nostra negant &c.

Ovid Metamor: lib 10.

* vitiorum emen-
darncem legem
esse oportet Cie s
1. de legibus.

Salus Civitatis in
legibus. Arif:
HERE Virtue standes, and doth impart a scroule,
To living fame, to publish farre and neere:
The man whose name she did within enroule,
And kept to view vnseene this many yeare,
That erst me thought she seemed to envie,
The world his worth, his fame, and memorie.

But since she sees, the Muse is left forlorne,
And fortune fawning, on the worthles wight,
And eke her selfe, not cherisht as beforne.
She brings Mocenas once againe to light:
The man (if any else) a friend to Artes,
And good rewarder, of all best desertes.
To the right worshipfull Sir DAVID MURRAY Knight.

Virtus Romanæt antiqua.

To her lastling praise,
In action still, delightes to spend her dayes.

Within whose hand, three apples are of gold,
The same which from th' Hesperides he fetched,
These are the three Heroique vertues old,
The Lions skinne, about his shoulers strecht,
Notes fortitude, his Clubbe the crabbed paine,
To brasse atchievements, ere we can attaine.

Mecum honor et laudes, et Lauro gloria vultu,
Et decus, et niveis Victoria concolor alis:
Me cinctus Lauro perducit ad astra triumphus,
Castra mih domus, et cella stant colle penates.

Virtus hominis proprium bonum
Tacitus lib: 4.

1. Moderation of anger.
2. Contempt of pleasure.
3. Abstinence from covetousnes.

Silius Itali lib: 15
Virtus loquitor
THE Spartan virgines, ere they had composed;
Their Gironds, of the fairest flowers to fight:
The wholesom'ft herbes, they heere withall inclosed,
And so their heads, full iollily they dight,
In memorie of that fame leach they wright:
Who first brought simples, and their use to light.

So ye braue Lord, who like the heavenly Sphere,
Delight in motion, and aboute to roame:
Must learne to mixe in travaile farre and neere,
With pleasure profite, that returning home:
Your skill, and Judgment, more may make you known;
Then your French suite, or locke so largly grown.

For who's he, that's not ravisht with delight,
Farre Countries, Courtes, and Cities, straung to see;
To have old Rome, presented to his sight:

Troy-walls, or Virgil's sweete Parthenope.

Yet nothing worth, unless ye herewith find,
The fruits of skill, and bettering of your mind.

Omnis peregrinatio obscura et fordida est illis, quorum industria in patria potest esse celebris. Cicero ad calum. Epist.

Tandem divulganda.

THE weightie counsels, and affaires of state,
The wiser managge, with such cunning skill,
Though long lock't vp, at last abide the fate,
Of common cenfure, either good or ill:
And greatest secrets, though they hidden lie,
Abroad at last, with swiftest wing they flie.

G 3.
To the right worshipfull and my singuler good friend Mr: ADAM NEWTON Secretarie to Prince Henry.

THE Laurel joyned to the fruiteful vine,
In frendly league perpetually doe growe,
The Laurell dedicate to wits divine,
The fruite of Bacchus that in clusters growe,
Are such as doe enjoy the world at will,
And swimme in wealth, yet want the muses skill.

This frendship should inviolate remaine,
The * rich with Bountie should rewarde the Artes,
The living muse should gratefully againe,
Adorne Mceenas with her learned partes:
And when his branch is drie, and withered scene,
By her support, preserue him alway greene.

Salomonis
The means of wisedome, heere a booke is scene,
Sometime the glory of great Salomon,
A Cedar branch, with Hyfope knotted greene,
The heart and eie withall, plac’d herevpon:
For from the Cedar faith the Text he knew,
Vnto the Hyfope, all that ever grew.

The eie and heart, doe shew that Princes must,
In weightiest matters, and affaires of state,
Not vnto others over rashly trust,
Least with repentance they incurre their hate,
But with sound judgment, and vnpartial eie,
Discerne themselves twixt wrong and equitie.

Vis consili expers mole ruat sua.
S V C H frendly league, by nature is they say;
Betwixt the Mirtle, and Pomegranate tree,
Who, if not planted over-farrer-away,
They seek each others mutuall amitie:
By open signes of Frendship, till at last,
They one another haue with armes embrac't.

Which doth declare, how * neighbours should vnite
Themselves together, in all frendly loue;
And not like Tyrants, excercise their spight,
On one another, when no cause doth moue:
But letting quarrels, and old grudges cease,
Be reconcild, to liue, and die, in peace.

* Melior est vicens iuxta, quam frater proximus.
    Proverbs

Ovid 3. Trist. 4.

Vive sine Invidia, molle'sque inglorius annos
Exige, amicitias et tibi iunge pares.
To the right worshipfull Sir Edmund Ashfeild Knight.

Edmund Ashfeild.

I sted unshamed.

To the right worshipfull Sir Edmund Ashfeild Knight.

Edmund Ashfeild.

I sted unshamed.

THE clouded Sunne, that westward left our sight,
And for a night, in THETIS lap had slept,
Againe's return'd, with farre more glorious light,
"To cheere the world, that for his absence wept:
His beames retaining, uncorrupt and pure,
Although he lay imprison'd and obscure.

* So, Sir, although the cloudes of troubles, had
A while conceal'd you, from your loving frendes;
You doe appeare at length to make them glad,
And so much higher stil your name ascenides,
By how much Envie, seeketh to oppresse,
And dimme the splendor of your Worthines.

H i. Premio
The vernant Bay, with lining fame shall crowne,
Victorious Caesar, or sweete Maro's brow,
As due reward of Learning, and renowne:
To Justice hand, we do the Sword allow:
   For by these two, all common-wealthes doe stand,
   And virtue is upheld in every land.

For Honor, Valour drawes her sword to fight,
* Devoide of feare, or cuts the foamy surge:
The Muse for glorie labours day and night,
To braue attempts, yea this doth cowards verge:
   When Justice sword, th' inglorious and the base,
   Unworthy life, pursues with all disgrace.

* Nec Domus, nec Republica, flaire potest, si in ea nec recte factus præmia extent villa, nec supplicia peccatis.
* illius triplex circa peccus erat Qui fragillem primus pelago committerat. Horatius.
Behold a hand, extended from the sky, 
Doth steadily a peized ballance hold; 
The dreadfull Cannon, in one scale doth ly, 
Himselfe reflect, 
The Bay both other, with a pen of Gold; 
Due to the Mufe, and such as learned are, 
Th'other Symbol, of th'art Militar.

Though Mars defends the kingdom with his might, 
And braues abroad his foe, in glorious armes, 
Yet wiser Pallas guides his arme aright, 
And best at home prevents all future harmes: 
Then pardon, Soveraigne, if the pen and bay, 
My better part, the other downe doe wey.
While I lay bathed in my native blood,
And yeelded nought save harsh, & hellish soundes:
And save from Heauen, I had no hope of good;
Thou pittiedst (Dread Soveraigne) my woundes,
Repair'dst my ruine; and with Ivorie key,
Didst tune my stringes, that slackt or broken lay.

Now since I breathed by thy Roiall hand,
And found my concord, by so smooth a tuch,
I giue the world abroade to understand;
Ne're was the musick of old Orpheus such,
As that I make, by meane (Deare Lord) of thee,
From discord drawne, to sweetest unitie.

Cum mea nativo squallerent sceptrum cruore,
Edeoque lugubres undique fraxa modos:
Ipse redux nervos distendis (Phoeb) rebelles,
Et suppet ad nostros Orpheus ipse sonos.

Panitentia
HERE fits Repentance, solitarie, sad;  
Her selfe beholding in a fountaine cleare,  
As greening for the life, that she hath laid:  
One hand a fish, the other birch doth beare,  
Wherewith her bodie, she doth oft chastize;  
Or fastes, to curbe her fleshly enimies.

Her solemne cheare, and gazing in the fount,  
Denote her anguiish, and her greife of foule,  
As often as her life, she doth recount,  
Which Conscience doth, with howerly care enroule,  
The cuiller greene, the most delightes to weare,  
Tells how her hope, shall overcome dispaire.

Poenitentia aboleri peccata indubitante credimus, et in ultimo vitæ spiritu  
Admiratorum poeniteat.  
In tribunal mentis tuae ascende contra te, et reum te constitue ante te, nolite  
ponere post te, ne Deus te ponat ante te.  
Veile propostum effe vas extinguerre flammas,  
Nec servum vitii pectus habere suum.

Septies in die endet iustus et erit: impia enim rem corrulent in malum. Pro- 
verb: 34.

H3. Dolus
O f simple looke, with countenance demure
In golden coate, lo here DECEITE doth stand,
With eies to heauen vpcast, as he were pure,
Or never yet, in knau'ry had a hand,
Whose nether partes, resemable to our sight,
The figure of a scarcefull Serpent right.

And by his side, a Panther close you see,
Who when he cannot easely catch his pray,
Doth hide his head, and face, with either knee,
And shew his back, with spots bespeckled gay
To other Beastes: which while they gaze vpon,
Are vnawares, surprized every one.

Proverb: 4.
Abhominatio Domino effemnis illusor.

Crimina
V P O N a Cock, heere Ganimede doth sit,
  Who erst rode mounted on IOV E S Eagles back,
One hand holdes Circes wand, and ioind with it,
A cup top-fil’d with poison, deadly black:
  The other Meddals, of base mettals wrought,
  With sundry moneyes, counterfeit and nought.

These be those crimes, abhorr’d of God and man,
Which Justice should correct, with lawes severe,
In * Ganimed, the foule Sodomitan:
Within the Cock, vile incest doth appeare:
  Witchcraft, and murder, by that cup and wand,
  And by the rest, false coine you understand.

Ista at pujiantur (* Rex) ne tu pro illis puniaris.  Ciprian.
  de vertitate Peeniteriae.

Virtutem
A FAMILIE in Libia's said to be,
For prowess, farrenown'd above the rest:
With whome no wholesome diet can agree,
But casilie, all poison they digest:
The Alpe, the Adder, and the vipers broode,
Are said to yeeld their ordinarie foode.

To these infected races, I resemble,
Of Traitors vile, as Gourie and the rest,
To tell whose legend, each good heart may tremble,
While Pfilli-like, they suck from Mothers breast,
The poison of the fires infected mind,
Transmising it, to theirs that come behind.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,
Eft in iuvencis, eft in Equis patrum
Virtus: nec imbecilium feroce
Progenerant Aquilæ columbam.
The painfull Bee, when many a bitter shower,
And storme had felt, farre from his hius away,
To seeke the sweetest Hunny-bearing flower,
That might be found and was the pride of May:
Here lighting on the fairest he mought espie,
Is beat by Drones, the waspe and butterfly.

So men there are sometimes of good desert,
Who painfully have labour'd for the hius,
Yet must they with their merit stand apart,
And give a farre inferior leave to thrive:
Or be perhaps, (if gotten into grace)
By waspish Envie, beaten out of place.
THE Hyoscyame, that about the plaines
Of Italie, doth in abundance grow,
Doth beare a flower, wherein a seed remaines,
Of Birdes the most desir'd, (as Herballs shew:) Which tasted by them, giddie downe they fall,
And haue no power, to flie away at all.

To this fame fruite, I riches doe compare,
Which though at first, with sweetnes they bewitch:
Within a while, they breede our bane of care,
Or else we surfevt, cloud with overmuch:
Or with their poison, * breede out frantique fits:
Or with their losse, * bereane vs of our wits.

Divitis inflant animos, superbiam et arrogantiam pariunt,
Invidiam trahunt, et eousque mentem alienant, vt fama pecunia, nos etiam nocitura delectet.
Who ever doth a Roiall Scepter sway,
Or fit it at sterne of publique gouverment,
So beare thy selfe, that all Inferiors may,
Behold thee as, a bright example sent;
From God above, and clearest light to shew,
The virtuous pathes, wherein they ought to goe.

For people, are like busie Apes inclin’d,
To imitate the Soveraignes manners still,
And to his Actions, frame their varying mind:
So that he standes, as Torch upon a hill,
In open view, and ever shining bright,
In good or ill, to thousandes giving light.

Quo fugis imperii, quisquis moderaris habenas?
Cei procul illucens flamma benigna tuis,
Lumina quæ reddas hinc inde imitamina morum
Regis ad exemplum plebs numero sa rapit.
OF all the vertues, that doe best beneeme;
Heroique valor, and high Maieftie,
Which sooner loue, and Honor winne, I deeme,
None may compare, with Liberalitie:
Which well the mightie ALEXANDER knew,
As by this Impreſe following heere I shew.
Ere to the charge, he did himſelfe advance,
His purſe by giving he would emptie quite;
And cause the same be borne upon a launce,
Throughout the campe; in all the armyes fight:
And heere with all proclame, fee, all is gone;
"We liue in hope, to purchase more anon."
Liberalitate qui vuentur, benevolentiam ſibi conciliant, et quod aptissimum eſt ad quiete vivendum caritatem.
THE Dread-nought Argo, cuts the foaming surge,
Through dangers great, to get the golden prize,
So when our felues, Necessitie doth urge,
We should avoide ignoble Cowardize,
And undertake with pleasure, any paine,
Whereby we might our wealth, or honour gaine.

For all in vaine, our partes we keepe within,
Unlesse we act, or put the same in vre:
Or hope heereafter, Fame our frend to winne,
If can no labour, constantly endure:
Which from aboue, is with abundance blest,
When slothfull wightes, by nature we detest.

Facia, non dica mea vos milites sequi volo.

Quibus sudor, pulvis, et alia tala, epulis iucundiora sunt.

I3. Humilibus
THE Mountaines huge, that seeme to check the sky
    And all the world, with greatnes overpeere,
With Heath, or Mofle, for most part barren lie:
When valleis low, doth kindly Phoebus cheere,
    And with his heate, in hedge and groue begets,
The virgin-Primrose, or sweete Violets.

So God, oft times denies vnto the greate,
The giftes of Nature, or his heavenly grace,
And those that high, in Honor's chaire are set,
Doe feel their wantes, when men of meaner place,
    Although they lack, the others golden spring,
Perhaps are blest, aboue the richest King,

Humilitas meretur vbi homo virtutes occupet, Quia humilibus Deus dat gratiam.
Bernard: in Epistola ad Socrum.
THE burning glass, that most doth gather fire,
While Sirian Dog doth parch the meadowes greene,
Doth never burne (a thing we much admire)
The cloth, or stuffe, that perfect white is seene:
But soone enflames, all colors else beside,
The black, the blew, the red, and motley pide.

To this same glass, I launder still compare,
That by degrees, doth subtly gather heat,
And doth not with malicious envie spare,
The good, the bad, the little or the great,
Who though she hath, o're other vertues power,
The conscience cleere, she never shall devour.

Scripta
By works of wit, who thirsteth after Fame:
And by the Muse, wouldst liue a longer day;
What ere thou writ'st, see carefully the same,
Thou oft peruse, and after pause, and stay;
Mend what's amisse, with ARGVS hundred eies,
I meane advice, and Judgment of the wife.

For as in Children, easily we behold,
Some neere resemblance of the mouth, or eie:
Of Parents likenes: so our workes unfold,
Our mindes true Image, to posteritie.
Baside, lewd lines, our loues, and leasinges vaine
Doe die: when wise wordes ever doe remaine.
A VIRGIN naked, on a Dragon sits,
    One hand out-stretch'd, a chriftall glaffe doth show:
The other beares a dart, that deadly hits;
Vpon her head, a garland white as snow,
    Of * print and Lillies. Beautie most defir'd,
Were I her painter, should be thus attir'd.

Her nakednes vs tells, the needes no art:
Her glaffe, how we by sight are mooud to loue,
The woundes vnfelt, that's given by the Dart
At firft, (though deadly we it after prooue)
The Dragon notes loues poifon: and the flowers,
The frailtie (Ladies) of that pride of yours.

Cumque aliquis dicet, suit hæc formosa, dolebis;
    Et speculum mendax, esse querere tuum.

Nec semper violæ, nec semper Lilia florent:
    Et niget amilla spina relieta rosa.

Ovid: 2. de Am.

* Avisa lignifita caduc.
A SILVER Salt, heere on the Table standes,
On which the peace-full Turtell Doue doth sit,
Who at the bord, a* silent tongue commaundes:
The Salt, that we should season still with it
Discourses honest, not with idle tongue,
Speake what we lift, to doe another wrong.

Some men there are, whose glorie's to depraue,
With ill report, a man behind his back,
And then suppose, their credits best they faue,
With flaunders vile, when they anothers crack:
When wisedome staid, will let such leasinges rest,
And speake even of, her enimie the best.
Who wouldst dispensed in Happines thy daies;
And lead a life, from cares exempt and free;
See that thy mind, stand irremou'd alwaies,
Through reason grounded on firme constancie,
For whom opinion doth unstaidly sway,
To fortune soonest, such become a pray.

Ye loftie Pines, that doe support the state
Of common wealthes, and mightie government,
Why stoop ye soon'st, into the blast of fate,
And fawne on Envie, to your ruine bent:

Be taught by me, to sorne your worser happe,
The wawe by Sea, or land the Thunderclap.
Tell me Tùser, when thou wast alive,
And hadst for profit, turned every stone,
Where ere thou campest, thou couldst never thrive,
Though hereeto bent, couldst counsel every one,
As it may in thy Husbandry appeare,
Wherein a fresh, thou liest amongst vs heere.

So like thy selfe, a number more are woont,
To sharpen others, with advice of wit,
When they themselves, are like the whetstone blunt,
And little care, to keepe or follow it:
Eke heere I must, the careles Pastor blame,
That teacheth well, but followes not the same.
IT was the Custome of the *Thracians* once,
Ere they would oer a frozen river passe,
To take a Fox, and turne him for the None,
Upon the Ice, to try how thick it was,
Who to the streame, by laieng downe his eare,
Could heare the noife, and know the thickness there.

Which if he found to tender for his weight,
He back returnd, and thankt them, he would none,
Which sheweth vs of some, the subtile sleight,
Who hazard first, the poore, and weaker one
To serve their turnses, whom God preserueth oft,
When they themselues, within the pit are caught.

*Horatius.*
The Fenny Bitter, that delightes to breede,
    In thickest sedge, by moore, and river side,
By thrusting low his bill into a reede,
All summer long, at morn and eventide:
    Though neere, yet makes farre seeming such a sound
That oft it doth, the Passenger astound.

This Figure fits, two sorts of people base,
The Coward one, that will with wordes affright,
When dares not looke, true Valor in the face:
The other is, the proude vaine-glorious wight,
    Who where he comes, will make a goodly show
Of wit, or wealth, when it is nothing so.

Deos
THE Romane Ladies, yearely did present
Their Jewells, and the best attire they wore
To Delphos, which were by commandement
Into a Goblet turnd, and plac't before
The Pythian God, as offering for the sinne
Of loathed pride, they fear'd they liued in.

A mirror for such wightes, as will allow
Religion, or the church, the least of all,
Nay, from the same purloine they care not how,
Till Church perforce, hath stript them out of all:
This also tells our gallant Dames beside,
No vice offends the Lord, so much as pride.

Quod in divinis rebus sumas sumptus sapienti lucro est.
WHEN Priam saw his City set on fire,
At once and drowned, in his Peoples blood,
To pacifie the heavens enkindled ire,
(Since humane helpe, doth faile to do him good:)
Creusa warns him to the Altar fly,
Although he were assured there to die.

The case is every christians in distresse,
Who to the Lord, himselfe should recommend,
As who can best the wrongfull cause redresse,
And patiently t' abide, what he shall send:
Fall'n into handes of foes, our freedome thence,
Or glorious death, to crowne our innocence.

Non est quo fugias a Deo irato, nisi ad Deum placatum.
PROVIDE Empresse, of the prouder Tyrant mind,
Of Soliman's high boundles-swelling thought:
When like the Ocean, boyling with the wind,
Of vaine Ambition, all in vaine he wrought,
To undermine our Christian happie state,
And drowne her in, a deluge of his hate.

But as our God, hath giuen the Sea his bound:
So (Pagan) scatterd he, thy froathy Ire:
And while thou dream'st of compassing this round,
Thy Snuffe went out, and yet thou wantst no fire:

Not that same which, thy far Ambition fed,
But that of Hell, that eatest thee, living-dead.
ALTHOUGH the staffe, within the river cleere,
Be straight as Arrow, in the Persian bow:
Yet to the view, it crooked doth appeare,
And one would sweare, that it indeede were so:
So soone the Sense deceiued, doth judge amisse,
And fools will blame, whereas none error is.

This staffe doth shew, how oft the honest mind,
That meaneth well, and is of life vpright,
Is rashly censur'd, by the vulgar blind,
Through vaine Opinion: or vile envious spite:
But if thou know'st, thy conscience cleere within,
What others say, it matters not a pinne.

Conscia mens vitae cuique sua est, ita concipit intra
Pectora, pro facto penique metumque suo.
If that the Well we draw, and emptie oft:
The water there remaineth sweete and good:
But standing long, it growes corrupt and naught,
And serves no more, by reason of the nudde,
In Summer hot, to coole our inward heate,
To wash, to water, or to dresse our meate.

So, if we doe not excercise our wit,
By dayly labour, and invention still:
In little time, our sloth corrupteth it,
With in bred vices, foule and stinkking ill:
That both the glories of our life deface,
And stoppe the source, and head of heavenly grace.
L o Pallas heere, with heedfull cie doth leade;
Vlisses in his travaile farre and neere:
That he ariht, might in his Iourny treate,
And shunne the taine of Error, every where:
N' ought had Vlisses, ever brought to passe,
But this great Goddesse, his directresse was.

Though Homer did invent it long agoe,
And we esteeme it as a fable vaine:
While heere we wander, it doth wisely shew,
With all our actions, wisdome should remayne;
And where we goe, take Pallas still along
To guide our feete, our cares, and lavish tongue.

Mens vna sapiens plures vincit manus.

--- Non solis viribus æquum
Credere, fæpe acri potior prudentia dextra.
The Houndes, sometimes the Fox had put in trust,
From Towne, to Towne, to beg for their releife:
Who was a while in's office very just,
But shortly after, prov'd an errant theif:
By eating, or embezling, of the best,
And casting to, the sterued Houndes the rest.

Of Regnard's kind, there is a craftie crew,
Who when at death of frendes, are put in trust,
Doe robbe the Church, or Infantes of their dew,
Disposing of another as they lust:
Whome being bound, in Conscience to preserue,
They suffer oft, in open streete to sterue:
Who lightly sets his enemie at nought,
And fears him not because he is too weake:
Or that he is thy pray, alreadie caught,
Within such net, he cannot eas'ly breake:
Repents him often, and doth prooue too late,
No foe so dang'rous, as the desperate.

Wherefore faith one, giue passaige to his Ire,
Abuse him not with too much inolence:
Least hopeles backe, he doth againe retire,
With Furie arm'd, in stead of Patience:
And prooues the Victor, when with cunning skill,
Thou might'ft before, haue rul'd him at thy will.
THOV greeeft Sidonia, that I thus divide.
My Loue so largely, to a severall friend:
While thou, thou thinkest, remainedst unespied:
Or takest thy fortune, at the latter end:
And certes who his Loue, impartes to all,
Affeetes but coldly, nay loues not at all.

With wonder rapt, though much I doe admire
Some Starres for lustre, and their glories best:
You are that Arctick; most I doe desire,
Whereon my hope, hath wholly set her rest:
And who (sweete Maide:) when others downe do slide,
To unknowne Fate, must be my surest guide.
Two columns strong, here little Love doth bear,
Upon his shoulders bare: though Lillie white,
As if another Hercules he were:
And would erect them, in a deepe despite,
Of that Colosee, or Pharos fiery bright.
Th' Egyptian Piles, proud Manes toombe
Spaines Pillars; or great Traians, yet in Roome.
Nor may you leaie imagine Cupids might:
Though (Ladies) he, but seemed a child in show,
Since hand to hand, him selfe in single sight,
Hath givne the greatest hercules them overthrow.
Ne could the wild man avoid his bow:
Whose Trophees, 8c oblate triumphes, were they the
Thy Sonne Alcmena, never had beene knowne o\n
Seneca in Medea

Cacus est ignis, stimulatus ira
Nec regi curat, patiturque frenos
Haud tinet mortem, cupit ire in ipfos
Obvius enes.
HERE Philomel, in silence sits alone;
In depth of winter, on the bared brier,
Whereas the Rose, had once her beautie shoven;
Which Lordes, and Ladies, did so much desire:
But fruities now, in winters frost, and snow,
It doth despis'd, and unregarded grow,

So since (old friend,) thy yeares haue made thee white,
And thou for others, hast consum'd thy spring,
How few regard thee, whome thou didst delight,
And farre, and neere, came once to heare thee sing:
Ingratefull times, and worthles age of ours,
That let's vs pine, when it hath cropt our flowers.
The Ermin here, whom eager houndes doe chase,
And hunters haue, around environ'd in,
(As some doe write) will not come neere the place,
That may with dirt, defile his daintie skinne:
But rather chooseth, then the same should foile,
Be tore with dogges, or taken with the toile.

Me thinkes even now, I see a number blush,
To heare a beast, by nature should have care,
To keepe his skinne, themselves not care a rush,
With how much filth, their minds bespotted are:
Great Lordes, and Ladies, turne your cost and art,
From bodies pride, t' enrich your better part.
FLOWER Captive Kings, proud Sesostris did die,
And them compeld his charriot to draw,
Whereof the one, did ever cast his eie
Unto the wheele: which when the Tirant saw,
And ask'd the cause, the chained King repli'de,
Because heerein, my state I haue espi'de.

For like our selves, the spoke that was on high,
Is to the bottome, in a moment cast,
As fast the lowest, riseth by and by,
All humane things, thus find a change at last:
The Tyrant fearing, what his hap might be,
Releaf'd their bandes forthwith, and set them free.

Ætuat ambiguis vita huc agitata procellis,
Fertque refertque vices fors male fida suas;
Hunc de plebe creat, regnante deprimit illum:
Vel rota tot cafas vna SESOSTRIS haber.

In tranquillissimis rebus interdum existit periculum quod nemo expectat.
Vita Fortuna regitur, non Sapiencia.
O  
F orient hew, a Rainebow doth containe,
An hideous shower, within her Circlet round,
Resembling that great punishment of raine,
The Lord inflicted when the world was drown'd:
  The Rainebow, of his Mercy, heere a signe,
  Which with his Iustice, he doth ever ioine.

For though we howerly, doe the Lord provoke,
By crieng Sinnes, to bring his vengeance downe,
The faule he tempers, while he strikes the stroke,
And ioines his favor, with a bitter frowne:
  To let vs know, that wrath he keepes in store,
  And grace for such, as will offend no more.

Oh quam difficile hominibus misereri et sapere.

--- Peragit tranquilla potestas
Quod violenta nequit, mandataque fortius vrget
Imperiosa quies ---

Quintil: declam:

Claudian:

Sine
This warlick Helme, that naked doth appeare,
Not gold-enchased, or with Gemmes beft,
Yet doth the markes, of many a battaile beare,
With dintes of bulletts, there imprinted yet,
No featherie creast, or dreaffing doth desire,
Which at the Tilts, the vulgar most admire.

For best defert, still liveth out of view,
Or soone by Envie, is commaunded downe,
* Nor can her heauen-bred spirit lowly fue,
Though t'were to gaine, a kingdome, and a crowne:
Beside it tells vs, that the valiant heart,
Can liue content, though wanteth his defert.
The Platane Tree, that by the bankes of PO,
With gentle shade refresheth man and beast,
Of other Trees, doth beare the goodliest show,
And yet of all, it is the barrenest:
But Nature though, this tree of fruite bereaues,
It makes amendes, in cooling with the leaves.

This Platane Tree, are such as growe aloft,
* Ore-dropping others, with their wealth or might,
And yet, they of themselues, are barren oft,
Wanting th'endowments, of the meaner wight:
Who many times, in vertue doth excell,
When these but haue, the shadow, or the shell.
Of all our life, behold the very summer,
Which as this flower, continues but a day:
Our youth is morne, our middle age is come
By noone, at night as fast we doe decay,
As doth this Lillie flowering with the Sunne,
But withered ere, his race be fully runne.

Wherefore our life's resembled to a shippe,
Which passeth on, though we doe what we please,
A shade, a flower, that every frost doth nippe,
A dreame, a froath, a waue upon the Seas,
Which hath a while his being, till anon,
Some else intrude, and hee's forgot and gon.

Cunsta mortalium incerta, quantoque plus adeptus sis, tanto remagis
in lubrico cenfas.
Brevis est vita, et brevitas ipsa semper incerta.

Chryfolem.
Tacitus i Aanal.
August i de ver- 
bis Domini.
Divitie.
THE country Swaines, at football here are scene,
Which each gapes after, for to get a blow,
The while some one, away runnes with it cleane,
It meetes another, at the goale below.
Who never stirrd, one catcheth here a fall,
And there one's maimd, who never saw the ball.

This worldly wealth, * is tossed too and fro,
At which like Brutes, each strives with might and maine,
To get a kick, by others overthrow,
Here one's fetch't vp, and there another flaine,
With eager haft, and then it doth affront
Some stander by, who never thought vpon't.
unto his life, who lookes with heedie eie,
    And labors most to keepe a conscience pure;
And doubtes to trecte, in errors pathes awrie:
That man is blest, and deemed happie sure:
    When vicious persons, even unto their graues,
Are leude affections, and their vices flaues.

For as the Lion, that hath flipt his band,
Or sheard the chaine, that did his courage hold,
Doth not in awe, of churlish keepers stand,
But since is waxen, more courageous bold:
    The righteous man, so from hells bondage free,
Hath heartes content, joind with his libertie.

**Arbiter ipse mei.**

Vuln/era

*Dor/on*

*Thucidides*
This Sword, a Symbole of the Law, doth threate
Perpetuall death, to all of Adams race:
But yet th' Almightye, of his mercie greate,
Sendes, after sentence, pardon of his grace:
For when he found vs, maimed on the ground,
With wine, and oile of grace, he heald the wound.

Our partes it is, since by the Law we see,
The fearefull state, and daunger we are in,
To doe our best, then to his mercie flee,
And new againe, our sinfull luyes begin:
Not trufting to our deedes, and merits vaine,
Since nought but death, doth due to these remaine.
THE watry willow, growing by the shore,
Of trees the formost, forth her fruite doth send,
But laden with her bee-desired store,
Ere ten daies fully come vnto an end,
Her Palme's so sweete, we lou'd and look't vpon,
With Boreas breath, are blowne away and gone.

To this same tree, did Homer once compare,
Such heires as straight, their Patrimonie vait,
In rstitious wise; and such as Artistes are,
Who getting much, doe let it fly as fast:
Eeke such of wit, or wealth, that make a shew,
In substance when, we find it nothing so.

Dilapidare cave nummos cecu nescius vti
Pelle tamen fordes, modus optima regularum.
THE Partrich young, in Foulers net ycaught,
Too late the error of their damme repent,
For why? her call them into daunger brought,
And taught at first, the heedelles way they went:
Heereby are kingses our common nurses met,
When to their lustes, themselves become a pray,
And by * example, thousandes cast awaie.

Not heerevpon, as may of most be thought,
We shoule our Prince, like Rebells disobey,
When they be Tyrants, or with * vices nought,
Do haften others, and their owne decay:
But to the Lord, like Christians rather pray
For mercie, who hath in his anger sent
* Such wretches vile, to be our punishment.

Dum tua qua ducis legmus vestigia pallim
Proh dolor, innoceos quia multos perdis, ab uce
Alma parent, capimus praeda misella plagis,
Te modo didusta princepe crimine errit.
The friendly *Dolphin*, while within the maine,

At libertie delightes, to sport and play,

Himselfe is fresh, and doth no whit retaine

The brinish saltnes of the boundles Sea

Wherein he liues. Such is the secret skill,

Of Nature working, all thinges at her will.

So you great Ladie, who your time haue spent,

Within that place, where daungers oft abound,

Remaine untainted of your Element,

And to your praise, yet keepe your honor found

*As Diana-like*, whose brightnes did excell,

When many starres, within your climate fell.
And ye great Ladie, that are left alone,
To mercles mercie, of the worldes wide sea,
Behold your faire, though counterfeited stone,
So much you lovd in, on your wedding day,
And tooke for true, how after it did prove,
Unworthy Iewell, of so worthy loue.

Ah how can man, your sexe (faire Ladies) blame,
Whose brefts, are vertues pretious Carcanets,
When he himselfe, first breaks the boundes of shame,
And dearest loue, and loialtie forgets:
Yet heerein happie, ye aboue the rest,
Belou'd of Heauen, and in your children blest.
By violence who tries to turne away,
Strong natures current, from the proper course,
To moue the Earth, he better were a sray,
Or wrest from Ioue, his thunderbolts perforce,
Bid the Spheres stay, or joine by art in one,
Our Thames with Tyber, Pinde with Pelion.

For nought at all heerein prevails our might,
With greater force she doth our strength withstand,
The River stopt, "his banke downe-beareth quite,
And seldome boughes, are bent with stubborne hand:
When gentle vfaige, feircenes doth allay,
And brings in time, the Lion to obey.
To my worshipfull and kind frend Mr. William Stallenge, 
searcher of the Port of London, and first Author of 
making Silke in our Land.

These little creatures here, as white as milke,
That shame to sloth, are busie at their loome.
All summer long in weauing of their their Silke,
doe make their webs, both winding sheete and toombe,
Thus to th' ingratefull world, bequeathing all
Their liues haue gotten, at their funerall.

Even so the webs, our wits for others weawe,
Even from the highest to the meanest, worne,
But Siren-like it'ch end, our selues deceiue,
Who spend our time, to serve anothers turne:
   Or painte a foole, with coate, or cullors gay,
   To give good wordes, or thankes, so goe his way.

Tyranni
WHEN valiant Richmond, gave the overthrow T'vsurping Richard, at that fatall feild
Of Bosworth, as our Histories doe show,
This * Embleme he devis'd for his sheild,
(For when the battaile, wholly was his owne,
He found his crowne, within a Hawthorne throwne.)

Whereat he sigh'd they say, and yttered this,
A * Kingdome easeth not, the guiltie mind,
Nor Crowne contents, where inward horror is,
Withall it showes, how I am like to find,
With Honor, and this dignitie I beare,
My part of greife, and thornes of heavie care.

* Paffim in fenef-
tris vere reg'j illi.*
us operis apud
Welmon : inve-
nitur.

* Multæ illi ma-
nus tibi vna cer-
vix. Ex dîcto Ca-
ligulae.

Ox. Innocentia
THE Lion once, whome all the Beastes did dread,
Doth in a thicket deadly wounded lie,
About whose carCAS, yet not fully dead,
Doe flock the Vultur, Puttock, and the Pie,
And where the woundes are greene, and freshly bleede,
They light thereon, and most of all doe feede.

Such carrion Crowe, thinke thou thine enimie,
Who seldom dare assault thee being found,
But where he doth thy guiltines espie,
With eager hate, he præies vpon thy wound:
But wisely if thou lead'st thy life vpright,
He leaues thee then with sterued appetite.

Innocentia est puritas animi omnem iniuriae illationem abhorrens.
Amor coniugalis aeternus.

To my Louing and most kind frendes, Mr Christopher Collarde, and Mrs Mabell Collarde his wife, of St Martines in the feildes.

Mabell Collarde.
Bella, alma corde.

DEAREST of frendes, accept this small device,
Wherewith I would your curtesies require,
But that your loues invaluable price,
Must hold me debter, while I view this light,

Nor can my heires, these papers dead and gone,
Repay the favors for me, you have done.

A*Turtle heere, vpon an Oliue sits,
Vpon whose branch, depends a Ring of gold,
As best the loue of Matrimonie sits,
Thus ever endles, never waxing old,

The branch and bowes, the fruite that from you spring,
The Doue your selfe, your wife that golden RING.

O2. Temperantia
HERE Temperance I stand, of virtues, Queene,
Who moderate all humane vaine desires,
Wherefore a bridle in my hand is seene,
To curbe affection, that too farre aspires:
I th other hand, that golden cup doth shew,
Vnto excess I am a deadly foe.

For when to lustes, I loosely let the raine,
And yeeld to each suggesting appetite,
Man to his ruine, headlong runnes amaine,
To frendes great greise, and enimies delight:
No conquest doublest, may with that compare,
Of our affectes, when we the victors are.

Qui rego virtutes placido moderamine cunctas
Affectuque potens sum Deus Sophia: Syne:
Effrenes animi doceo cohibere furores,
Sultineo, abstinco, dislpect omne nimis.

Nihil est tam praclarum, tamque magnificum, quod non moderatione
temperari debeat.
The Princely Falcon, that hath long beene man'd,
And taught to stoope, vnto the toyled lure,
Is now escaped from his Maisters hand,
And will no more such servitude endure,
But better likes the feilde, and forrestes spray,
And for himselfe, in elder age to pray.

The virtuous mind, and truely noble spright,
Can seldome brooke, in bondage base to serue,
But most doth in his libertie delight,
Still rather choosing, by himselfe to ferue,
Then eate some caterpillar's envied bread,
Or at anothers curtesie be fed.

Durum, invisum, et grave est, Servitia ferre.
A L C I D E S heere, hath throwne his Clubbe away,  
And weares a Mantle, for his Lions skinne,  
Thus better liking for to passe the day,  
With Omphale, and with her maides to spinne,  
To card, to reele, and doe such daily taske,  
What ere it pleased, Omphale to aske.

That all his conquests wonne him not such fame,  
For which as God, the world did him adore,  
As Loues affection, did disgrace and shame  
His virtues partes. How many are there more,  
Who hauing Honor, and a worthy name,  
By actions base, and lewdnes loote the same.

Quicquid amor iuisset, non est contemnere tutum,  
Regnat et in superos ius habet ille Deos.
HERE Bacchus winged, midst his cups doth sit,
    With Mercuries Caduceus in his hand,
As God of wine no more, but God of wit,
And Eloquence, which he hath at command,
    (Since he hath drawne, his bowles and bottles drie,
    Wherewith he seemes, to mount above the skie.

For when his liquor hath possesse'd the braine,
The foole himselfe, the * wisest thinkes to be,
And then so giues his lavish tongue the raine,
You'ld sweare ye heard another * Mercurie,
For lies of Ladies loves, or travailes farre,
His birth, his woundes, or service in the warre.

* Ad vini diverti.
  Cie: pro M: Calia

* Fecundi cali-
  cers &c.
WHO seekst Promotion through just desert;
And thinkst by gift, of bodie, or of mind,
To raise thy fortune, who soeere thou art,
This new Impresa take to thee assignd,
To warne thee oft, such labour is in vaine,
If heereby thinkst, thy merit to obtaine.

For now the golden time's returned back,
And all's kept vnder, by th' Athenian Cat,
Whose helpe, and favour, who soeere doth lack,
May coole his heele's, with Homer at the gate:
Such is our age, where virtue's scarce regarded,
And artes with armes, must wander unrewarded.
DEARE Sister of my ever-loued * Mother,
From whome this little that I haue I drew,
Ingratefully great light I cannot smother,
Some leffer sparkes, which I deriu'd from you,
Which first enflam'd to this, my duller spright,
And lent in darke, my Muse her candle light.

Faire Academe, whome Fame and Artes conspire,
To make thee mirror to all mortall eine,
Within our Sphaere, that Europe may admire,
The gratious Lampe that on thy brow doth shine:
And shewes the TRUTH around by land and sea,
Directing thousandes erring, in their way.
The Atheist vile, that Giant-like attemptes,
To bandie faction with Almighty Love,
And thinkes this fraile worlds priviledge exemptes,
All Faith, and Feare, due vnto heauen aboue:
Vnto his terror, let him heere behold,
What Histories of Iulian haue told.

For after that he had his Lord defteide,
And wounded deadly lay in deepe dispaire,
Thou, Galilaean now or'econ't, he cri'de,
Wherewith he cast his blood into the Aire:
A fit example, for the faithles wight,
And such as in prophanenes doe delight.
The roses sweet, that in the Garden grow,
If that not often drest where they abide,
Become as wild as those, we see do blow
In every field, and hedge-row as we ride:
And though for beautie, once they did excell,
They now have lost, both cullor and the smell.

So many men, whome Nature hath endued,
With rarest partes, of bodie, or the mind,
Do in themselves by Sloth, grow rancke and rude,
Not leaving any memorie behind,

Sawe that they liued here, and sometime were,
* A needeles burthen which the Earth did beare.

*Cernis ut ignavum corrupit oria corpus vt capiant vitium ni moveantur aqua; Et mihi siquis erat, dicendi caeminis vitus Deficit, evisque minor faus inertis fitis. Ovidius.*

Ita nunc fortes vbi cella magni Ducit exemplis via, cum inertes Terga nudatis? Superata tellus Sidera donat.

*Telluris incide pondus.*

Beetius. 4-7.
MINERVA BRITANNA: 
THE SECOND PART
OR A GARDEN OF HEROICAL Devices: furnished, and adorned with Emblemes, and Impresa's of sundry natures. Newly devised, moralized, and published,

BY HENRY PEACHAM, MR, OF ARTES.
The Author to his Muse.

Now strike we Sea, and throw aside our care,
My weare Muse, the worst is well past:
And take a while, our pleasure on the shore,
Recounting what we overcame at last:
To what deep danger were our fortunes cast:
What Rocks, the greatest, & unknowne shelles,
We dar'd to touch, and yet did save our selves.

HENRY, who art both Load-stone, and the starre,
Of Hearts and Eies, our wished Loue and Light:
By thee conducted, we arrive thus starre;
That now OPINIONS uttermost despight,
Nor ENVIE, that the isuest one doth bite,
We doubt at all; but forth into the maine,
With doubled courage, put our selves againe.

And you great PRINCESSE, through whose Christall brest,
ELIZAS Zeale, and Pietie doe shine,
Heire of her Name, and Virtues, that invest
You in our Heartes, and Loues immortall shrine:
Oh send from that pure Maiestie of thine,
Those beames againe, from whence (as PHOEBS bright)
Our feeble Muse, deriues her life and light.

Eke pardon (PEERES,) that heere my ruder verse,
Unto you worthes, and greatnes dares aspire;
Or out of course, if I your rankes rehearse:
But as i'th Presence, twixt the Lord and Squire,
(He neere the state, the other by the fire,)
Small difference seems; so heere most Honord traine,
Ye take your lots about your Soveraigne.

And whatsoever EIE shalt else peruse,
These ruder lines, devoid of skill and Art;
Reserve thy good opinion of our Muse,
That may heereafter worke of worth impart:
And though she takes of Countreys and the Cart,
(As that DICTATOR,) all in time she may,
Within the Citie beare a greater sway.
This most noble Prince beside his admirable knowledge in all learning, & the languages, hath excellent skill in music. Mr. Douland hath many times shewed me 10 or 12 several sets of Songs for his Chappel of his owne composing.

To you great Prince, who little neede be knowne,
By me or by my worthles Poësie,
Since those admired virtues of your owne,
Haue made you object of the worldes wide eie,
Your bounteous mind, your matchles Pietie,
Your languages, and learning in all artes,
That gaine you millions of remotest heartes.

I consecrate in gentle Muses name
This Monument, and to your memorie,
Which shall outweare the utmost date of Fame,
And wrestle with the worldes Eternitie:
For as Artes glorie is your GERMANIE,
For rar’st invention, and designe of wit,
So ye braue Maurice are the pride of it.

Distantia
To the thrice Noble, and excellent Prince: Ludovick Duke of Lennox.

Nor may my Muse greater Duke, with prouder saile,
Ore-passe your name, your birth, and best deserts:
But lowly strike, and to these cullors vaile,
That make ye yet belou'd in forrein partes,
In memorie of those disioined heartes:

Of two great kingdomes, whom your grandfire wrought,
Till Buckle-like, them both in one he brought.

Mild Peace heerein, to make amendes againe,
Ordaines your daies ye shall dispeng in rest,
While Horror bound, in hundred-double chaine,
At her faire feete, shall teare her snakie crest,
And Mars in vaine, with Trumpet sterne molest.

Our Muse, that shall her loftiest numbers frame,
To eternize your STEVARTS Roiall name.

Quod proavum virtus discordia juxsit in vnum
Regna duo, hae facto pramia digna tulit:

Cui Lydovius vices iterum PAX alma rependens,
Tempora darebus DIVA quieta tuis.

Nostro
The Steele and Flint, do here with hardie strokes
And mutuell hewing, each the other wast:
While vnderneath the open Tinderboxe,
Unto his gaine, consumes them both at last:
And to the backs, when they are spent and worn;
He throwes them by, for he hath serv'd his turne.

So, when the Paisiant with his neighbour warres,
They weare awaie themselves, in golden sparkes;
The Boxe, are Pettisoggers from their Iarres,
Who walke with Torches, usher'd by their Clearkes:
While blind by Owle-light, Hidon stumbling goes,
To seeke his Inne, the Windmill, or the Rose.
THE hand that gripes so greedily and hard,
What it hath got by long unlawful gaine;
Withall for Battle ready is prepared,
Still to defend, what it doth fast retaine:
(For wretches some, will sooner spend their bloods,
Then spare we see, one penworth of their goods.)

Of Avarice, such is the nature still,
Who hardly can endure, to live in Peace;
But alwaie prest, to quarrell, or to kill,
When sober mindes, from such contention cease:
And seeke no more, then quiet and content,
With those good blessings, which the Lord hath sent.
THE glorious Sunne, that cheeres vs with his light,
And giueth life, and growth to every thing:
* Can brooke no peere, to check his soveraigne right,
But onely will remaine, the Heauens sole king:
When lesser starres, that borrow from his light,
Doe keepe their course, in numbers infinite.

So faires it with the vulgar that doe goe,
In loue, and mutuall concord most secure,
When Paritie procures the overthrow,
Of Monarchies, that else might well endure:
* And like moe Sunnes in skie, portendeth still,
The Princes ruine, or a worser ill.

Et Pacis interest, potestatem omnem ad unum conferri.

Nulla ferat cælo præter sua lumina Titan,
Innumeris gaudent astra minora choris.
Infima plebs hominum melius numerosa vagatur:
Cum maneant Reges invida sata pares.
This Indian beast, by Nature armed so,
That scarce the Steele can pierce his scallie side:
Assaulteth oft the Elephant his foe,
And either doth the conqueror abide,
Or by his mightie combatant is slaine,
For never vanquish't, he returns againe.

So you that must encounter Want, and Care,
To overcome your hard, and crabbed skill,
Take courage, and tread under Foote dispaire,
For better hap attendes the vent'rous still:
And sooner leave, your bodie in the place,
Then back returne, vnletter'd with disgrace.

This Emblem was devise d at first by Paulus Tovius.

A Rhinoceros was set to Rome by Emanuel king of Portugal, who fought with it coming on land through Provence; but by the waie, by hard fortune it was drowned neere Porto Venere; seeking a long time to save it selfe among the Rocks. Paulus Tovius.
VAINE man who think'st, that happines consites,
In great command, and Roiall dignitie;
And Kinges with Scepters hold within their stites,
The perfect summe of all Foelicitie:
No no, their Crownes are lin'd with pricking thorne,
And fable cares, with crimson Robes are wore.
Who list describe the motion of the Sphære,
Another, some rare, beauteous modell draw;
With Eloquence, let him goe charmie the eare,
Thy onely art, must be to kepe in awe,
And curbe with Justice, the vnrule clen,
To favor skill, and giue the good their due.

Excudant alli spirantia mollius æra
-Credo equidem et vivos ducent de marmore vultus
Orabunt causas melius &c.
With haire dishevel'd, and in mourning full wise,
Who spurnes a shippe, with Scepter in her hand:
Thus BRITAINe's drawen in old Antiquities,
What time the Romanes, overran her land:
Who first devis'd her, sitting in this plight,
As then their captiue, and abandon'd quite.

But what can long continue at a stay,
To all things being, Fates a change decree:
Thrice-famous Ile, whome erst thou didst obey,
Vsurping Roome, standes now in aw of thee:
* And trembles more, to heare thy Soveraignes name,
Then thou her Drummes, when valiant CAJAR came.
Why doth vaine man, with rash attempt desire,
To search the depth, of Misteries divine:
Which like the Sunne vpon his earthy fire,
With glorie inaccessible do shine:
And with the radiant splendor of their ray,
Chase all conceipted Ignorance away.

What mortall man might ever comprehend,
Gods sacred essence, and his secret will,
Or his soules substance, or could but intend,
 Least while to view, this glorious creature still:
* Be wise in what the word doth plainly teach,
But meddle not, with thinges above thy reach.

Quid volucr· tentas humana scientia penna
Querere inaccessī Mystica sacra Dei:
Caligans oculis, obtusa et acumine mentis,
Dum petis igniculis alta negata tuis.
To the modest and virtuous minded, Mrs. Elizabeth Apsley, attending upon the most excellent Princesse, the Ladie Elizabeth her grace.

While that the Mavis, and the morning Larke, 
Doe cheerely warble their delicious straines, 
The Turtle likes the shade, and thickets darke, 
And solitarie by herselfe remains, 
Recording in most dolesfull wise her woe, 
Letting the pleasures, of the season goe. 

The godly wight, whome no delight of Sinne, 
Doth with vaine pleasure draw: or worldly care, 
Esteemeth not, these fleeting Ioyes a pinne: 
But to the Lord, in private doth repaire, 
With quiet Conscience; when the wicked oft, 
Are in the mid'ft, of all their pleasures caught. 

Deus vitam annuntiavi tibi, posuiisti lachrymas meas in conspectu tuo. Psalm:55.

R 1.  Coniugij
BEHOLD a Storke, betweene two Torches plac'd,
Of milkie hew, with winges abroad displaide;
In aunchient time, the marke of wedlock chaft,
Because this Bird, a deadly foe is said
To Adulterie, and soulest foule Incest,
The Vestal maide, the fire bescemeth best.

Chast Love, the band of everlasting Peace,
The best content we haue, while here we live,
That blessest Mariage, with thy sweete encrease,
And doft a pledge, of that coniunction gie
Twixt Soule, and Body, eke the mutual Love,
Betweene the Church, and her sweete Spoule aboue.

Feclices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
Divulsis quariumoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.
This simple Fool, that here bestrides the bow,
And knowing well, the danger underneath,
Yet busily doth saw the same in two,
Like idle Ape, though to his present death:
Which if he had forborne, and let it grow,
He free from harme, had scapt the pikes below.

To this same Idiot, such we liken may,
Of trustie Frendes as doe not know the use,
But while they are their props, and onely stay,
Will cut them off, by this, or that abuse;
Or loose their favor, by behauiour ill,
Who otherwife, might haue upheld them still.
THE Tennis-ball, when strucken to the ground,
With Racket, or the gentle Schoole-boies hand,
With greater force, doth back againe rebound,
His Fate, (though fenceles) seeming to withstand:
Yea, at the instant of his forced fall,
With might redoubled, mountes the higheft of all.

So when the * Gods aboue, haue struck vs low,
(For men as balls, within their handes are fai'd,)
We cheifly then, should manly courage shew,
And not for every trifle be afraid:
For when of Fortune, moft we stand in feare,
Then Tyrant-like, the moft will domineere.

* Dijnos homines quasi pilas habent. Plautus.
So the Philosophers haue herefore fayd.
Wee easly limme, some lonely-Virgin face,
And can to life, a Lantscip represent,
Afford to Antiques, each his proper grace,
Or trick out this, or that compartement:
But with the Pencill, who could ere expresse,
The face of griefe, and heartie pensluenes.

For where the minde's with deadly sorrow wounded,
There no proportion, can effect delight,
For like a Chaos, all within's confounded,
Resembling nothing, saue the face of night,
Which in his sheild, this noble Earle did beare,
The last Impresa, of his greife, and care.
OF Virgins face, with winges, and tallants strong,
Vpon thy table, \textit{PHINEVS} here behold,
A monstrous \textit{Harpie}, that hath præied long,
Vpon thy meates, while thou art blind, and old,
And at all times, his appetite doth ferue,
While unregarded, thou thy selfe dost ferue.

The Courtes of Kinges, are said to keepe a crew
Of these * still hungry for their private gaine:
The first is he, that carries tales vntrue,
The second, whome base * bribing doth maintaine,
The third and last, the Parasite I find,
Who bites the worst, if Princes will be blind.

\textit{Ovid: Metam: lib: 6.}

\textit{Hirudines \æra-}
\textit{rivii.} \textit{Cat: ad \textit{Atrius}}

\textit{Nihil in penati-
bus eius fit \textit{vena-
le}, aut ambitioni}
\textit{pervium.} \textit{Tacitus}
\textit{Anual: 13.}

\textit{Inflit dapibus volucris sedifissa Phineu
(Harpyiam vocitant) vngue rapace tuis:}

\textit{Crinina qui defert, repetundus, Onato notantur}

\textit{Vile genus lucos, quos alit Aula suos.}

\textit{Basilic: Doron.}

\textit{B: Muntan: in}
\textit{AEglog:}

\textit{Eft et apud Reges rudis, invida, rustica turba,}
\textit{His\textit{trio, scurra, quibus virtus odiofa,} Poetas}
\textit{Mille modis abigunt, ut quando cadavera corvi}
\textit{Invenere, fugant alias volucresque ferasque.}
LET Courtly Dames, their costly Jewells boast,
And Rhodopis, in silkes and Sattens shine;
Behold the Lillie, thus devoid of cost,
In flowery feildes, is clothd by power divine,
In purest white, fairest object of the eie,
Religions weede, and badge of Chastitie.

Why should ye then as flaues to loathed pride,
And frantique fooles, thinke ye are halfe vndone,
When that ye goe not in your cullors pide,
Or want the grace, of newest fashion:
When even the Lillie, in glorie doth surpasse,
The rich, and roiallst King, that ever was.

Splendida flautivagos quid iactitat Aula Lapillos?
Intumet et Rhodopis bombycis arte levis?
Regibus antefedor, medius quod vestit in agris
Vita oculi candor, virgineumque decus.

Sbooles
Ex Æsopis fabr:

THE Husbandman, in depth of winter feeld,
   An aged willow, fewell for to burne,
But wanting wedges, Grandfire was compeld,
To rend with bowes, the bodie for his turne:
   And while the willow, now was rent in twaine,
   It gaine a grone, and thus seemd to complaine.

Oh greife, of greifes! that thus I should be torne,
And haue my heart, by those asunder rent,
That are my fruite, and of my bodie borne,
Who for my stay, and comfort, should be sent:
   You Parents good, your selues behold in me,
   Whose Children wicked, and vngratious be.

Parentes charissimos debemus habere, quod ab his vita,
   patrimonium, libertas, civitas data est.

Innocentiam
THE Cat, the Cock held prisoner in her paw,
And said of Birds, he most deserv'd to die,
For that contrarie vnto Natures Law,
His kindred he abus'd incestuously:
His Mother, Sisters, and a noise did keepe,
With crowing still, when others faine would sleepe.

In his defence, heere to repli'de the Cock,
My fault of lust, is for my maisters gaine,
I am for crowing, call'd the Plowmans clock,
Whome I awake betime, to daily paine:
No doubt (quoth Puffe,) of reasons thou hast store,
But I am fasting, and can heare no more.
See here our humane miseries in breife,
That doe our life, vnto the last amate,
And sawce the sweete, with feare, and howerly griefe,
Diseaseing oft, the high, and happiest state:
A Rod, the world, a Woman, Ages greife,
Which fower, the wifest doe account the cheife.

* Quid prodeft
manu ferulæ
minantis
Tot pati poenas
teneris sub annis
Et metu sequi
Samium bicerni
Tramite callem.
Camp:

* Cereus in vivi-
um flexi: Horas:

His childish yeares, the * Rod keepes vnnder still,
His youth with Loue, and strong afectes is vext,
That headlong force him, * pliable to ill,
A retchles wife, and worldly cares are next:
And when both youth, and middle age be past,
Diseases strange, doe end him at the laft.
THE * Semper-vivum, though from earth remou'd,
His leaf with flower, are fresh and growing scene,
And many times, as by experience proou'd,
It will abide, in sharpest winter greene,
As faire, and full of life, vnto the view,
As if abroad, in fertil'ft soil'd it grew.

So many men, of rarest partes there are,
Who though the world afford them not a foote,
Yet doe they thrive, within the emptie aire,
As well as they, that have the richest roote:
Yea, when as some, that are upheld like Hops,
Doe droope, and die, even vnderneath their props.

* Some would have it the Os-pine.

In murum cedum inclinante.
THE slothfull man, that loues in idle seat,
And wanton pleasures, to dispence his daies:
The Scripture plainly d内饰 for to eate,
And laws severe, doe punish many waies:
And never Heavens, with their bountie blesse,
The hand addicted unto Idlenes.

On th'other side, when for our sweetie paine,
To sale they set vs, all the precious thinges,
The Earth within her bosome, doth containe,
Germes, Herbes of vertue, Diadems of Kingses,
All sortes of Girlondes, and the Quill of Fame,
To keepe aliue, the honor of our name.

Glorie
THOUGH life be short, and man doth as the Sunne,
   His journey finish, in a little space,
The way is wide, an honest course to runne,
And great the glories of a virtuous race,
   That at the last, doe our just labors crowne,
   With threefold wreath, Love, Honor, and Renowne.

Nor can Nights shadow, or the Stygian deepe,
Conceale faire Virtue, from the worldes wide eie,
The more opprest, the more she strives to peeppe,
And raise her Rose-bound golden head on high:
   When Epicures, the wretch, and worldly Slave,
   Shall rot in shame, alithe, and in the grave.
The valiant heart, that feeleth the utmost spight,
Of envious Fortune, who with Sword and fire,
Awaites his ruine, with redoubled might;
Takes courage to him, and abates her ire,
By resolution, and a constant mind,
To deeds of virtue, evermore inclin'd.

Whose spirit, a sparke of heavens immortal fire,
Inglorious Sloth, may not in embers keepe,
But spite of hell, it will at length aspire,
And even by strawes, for want of fewell crepe:
When searefull natures, and the mind unsound,
At every blast, is beaten to the ground.
SWEETE Bird, who taught thee here to build thy nest?

(Perhaps saf'tie then M E D E A's shrine.)

Did Hap, or that thou knewst a Crowne the best,

From injurie to shelter thee and thine?

How much I did thy happines envie,

When first I saw thee singing, hither flie.

Your glories Type, even so ye sacred Kings,

In higheft place, the weaker one to sheild,

Thus vnder that sweete shadow of your winges,

Best loves the Artes, and Innocence to build:

And thus my Muse, that never saf'tie knew,

With weary wing, great HENRIE flies to you.
To the Honorable, Sir Thomas Ridgewaie, Knight, and
Baronet: Treasurer at warres in Ireland, and
one of his Maiesies Privie Counsell there &c.

Thomas Ridgewaie.
Mishi gravato Deus.

THE Camell strong, with burthen great opprest,
Is forc'd to yeeld vnto his loade at last;
And while he toiles, himselfe enioies the leaft,
Of all the wealth, that on his back is cast:
   For why? he must the same, to those impart,
   Whose due it is, by Fortune, or desert.

So honor'd Sir, you, as your Camell, beare
A Treasures charge, that pulls you on your knee,
And though that thousandes, aske it here, and there,
To those that ought, and best deserving be,
   You only giue, their wages, and their due,
   The while the care, and perill lies on you.

Melancholia
HERE Melancholy musing in his fits,
Pale visag'd, of complexion cold and drie,
All solitarie, at his studie fits,
Within a wood, devoid of companie:
   Save Madge the Owle, and melancholly Puffle,
   Light-loathing Creatures, hatefull, ominous.

His mouth, in signe of silence, vp is bound,
For Melancholy loues not many wordes:
One foote on Cube is fixt vp on the ground,
The which him plodding Constancie affordes:
   A sealed Purse he beares, to shew no vice,
   So proper is to him, as Avarice.
The Aerie Sanguine, in whose youthfull cheeke,
The Peasane Rose, and Lilly doe contend:
By nature is benign, and gentlie meeke,
To Musick, and all merriment a friend;
As seemeth by his flowers, and girlondes gay,
Wherewith he dightes him, all the merry May.

And by him browning, of the climbing vine,
The lustfull Goate is scene, which may import,
His pronenes both to women, and to wine,
Bold, bounteous, friend unto the learned sort;
For studies fit, best loving, and belou'd,
Faire-spoken, bashfull, seld in anger moou'd.
Next Choller standes, resembling most the fire,
Of swarthie yeallow, and a meager face;
With Sword a late, unsheathed in his Ire:
Neere whome, there lies, within a little space,
A sterne eide Lion, and by him a sheild,
Charg'd with a flame, upon a crimson field.

We paint him young, to shew that passions raigne,
The most in heedles, and vnstaied youth:
That Lion showes, he feldome can refraine,
From cruell deede, devoie of gentle ruth:
Or hath perhaps, this beast to him assign'd,
As bearing most, the braue and bounteous mind.
HERE Phlegme sits coughing on a Marble seate,
As Citie-vslurers before their dore:
Of Bodie grosse, not through exceffe of meate,
But of a Dropsie, he had got of yore:
His slothfull hand, in's bosome still he keepes,
Drinkes, spits, or nodding, in the Chimney sleepe.

Beneath his feete, there doth a Tortoise crall,
For slowest pace, Sloth's Hieroglyphick here,
For Phlegmatique, hates Labour most of all,
As by his course arayment, may appeare:
Nor is he better furnished I find,
With Science, or the virtues of the mind.
The fillie Lambe, on Altar lieth bound,
Prepared readie, for the Sacrifice,
Who willingly awaies his mortall wound,
Without refiſtance, or helpe calling cries,
To moone the tender hearted to relent,
Or heauens to heare a dieng Innocent.

Thou art (deere Lord) this Lambe, who for our guilt,
Forsookst the Throne, of highest Maieftie,
And gauft thy blood, for sinners to be spilt,
Frend to thy foes, high in humilitie:
And is this creature innocent, and dumbe,
Till Lion-like, thou shalt to Judgment come.

Redemptor nofter homo nascendo, agnus moriendo, Leo resurgendo,
et ad coelos ascendendo, aquila facta eft.

T3. Ncc
The Partrich building in the ripened wheate,
Did charge her young, (while she abroad did flye,
With tender care, to search about for meat,
To marke the talke, of those that passed by:
Ere long there came, the owner of the corn,
Who said by frendes, next day it should be shorne.

There is no danger, quoth the old one yet,
Be still a while, I once abroad againe,
Then heard they, he his kinsmen would intreate,
Without delay, to fell that feild of graine:
Some feare there is, quoth Damme, but if he saies,
Hee'le come himselfe, then time to goe our waies.

Matrimonium
Who loueth best, to live in Hymens bandes,
And better likes, the careful married state,
May here behold, how Matrimonie standes,
In wooden stocks, repenting him too late:
The servile yoke, his neck, and shoulder weares,
And in his hand, the fruiteful Quince he beares.
The stocks do shew, his want of libertie,
Not as he woont, to wander where he list:
The yoke's an ensigne of servility:
The fruitefulnes, the Quince within his fist,
Of wedlock tells, which *SOLON* did present,
T'Athenian Brides, the day to Church they went.
LESBIA, that dost th' Elysian Rose excell,
Or Cyprian Goddeffe, for a beauteous grace;
Forgiue me, here that I so plainlie tell,
My loues long errors, wandring in thy face:
Thy face that takes, like that Dedalian maze,
All eies thereon, that shall with wonder gaze.

Though fairest faire, thou beeft yet like the Snow,
Or shamefaft Rose, thou inwardly art cold,
Nor can the beames, that gentle Loue doth throw,
Exhale the sweete, thy bofome doth enfold:
As thou art faire, so wert thou Lesb ia kind,
My wronges had di'de, and none had knowne thy mind.

Sive latet Phoebus, seu terris altior extet,
Tu mihi luce dolor, tu mihi nocte venis.
A BEAVTEOUS maide, in comly wise doth stand:
Who on the Sunnes bright globe, doth cast her eie:
An opened booke, she holdeth in her hand,
withal the Palme, in signe of victorie:
Her right foote treadeth downe the world belowe:
Her name is TRUTH, of old depainted so.

Her nakednes beseemes simplicitie:
The Sunne, how she is greatest frend to light:
Her booke, the strength she holds by historie:
The Palme, her triumphes over Tyrants spite:
The world she treads on, how in heaven she dwels,
And here beneath all earthly thing excells.
O F CONCORD firme, the Romans in their coin.
This symbole gave, their peace about to make,
That as their hands, in one their hearts should joine,
And sooner first, they would their liues forsake,
Then treachr'oufly, their vow and promise breake;
Though to their foe, if they the word did speake.

For lo, the Lord who secrets all doth knowe,
With vengeance most, doth plague the faithles wight:
As that same "Card'nill, proud'd not long agoe,
Who in the feild against his faith would fight:
With God and man, the truth accepted is;
Oh! let not heathen, vs excell in this.

Nam illis promissis flandum quis non videt? quæ coæctus quis metu, aut deceptas
do l proemurit. Cicero in office:

Publica Romulides pasturi fædera iungunt
Concordes geminas orœque coide manus,
Insens crede nefas hostiles fallere dextras,
Quod pænas meruit vindice fæpe Deo.

Institia
WHEN SCAVRVS forth the Roman youth did lead,
To prove their valour on the common foe:
Within his Campe, in authors as I read,
A pear-tree laden with the fruit did grow,
   Which at's departure, kept the wonted store,
   As full remaining as it did before.
A mirror for commanders in our age,
   Who deeme it honour, and a fouldiers guise,
To use on foes all * villanous outrage:
Rapes, murders, rapines, burnings robberies:
   And greatest part of valour to consist,
   Like savage bruutes, in spoyling what they lift.

Memorie tradita,
SCAVRVS pomiferam arbore
quam in pede est
tronum fuerat complexa merario
postero die absente exercitu inacexit frutibus reliquit Front,
Stratagem: cap. 3.

* In omne fas nefaque avidi
    aut vanales, non
    sacer non prophano abstinentes.
Tacitus 2. liv.

Nemo pullum rapit, omen nemo contingat, fegete
nemo dererat, olem, sal, lignum
nemo exigat, anno tua contentus sit.
Voyse, in Aure

Regum
THE ancient Romans by their Temples used,
To paint a serpent, or such hideous thing:
That holy places, might not be abused
By children, whom they told, that these would sting:
And made believe they liued, to that intent,
To Sacred things they should be reverent:

Vile Traitor, of some Hyrcane Tiger bred,
Such Serpents still, thy Sovereigns crowne do guard:
But think not as the other, these are dead,
Like child or fool: but that they are prepar'd,
With mortal stings, to be requeng'd on them,
That shall abuse, thanointed Diadem.

Proditeores etiam iis quos ante ponunt invisit sunt.

Dolis
The Cat and Foxe, while that a lone they fate. 
Consulting, Regnard thus began to boast,
And soberlie to tel vnto the Cat,
His shiftes, when danger did assaile him most:
The Cat said, one is proper vnto me
If worst should come, that is to take a tree.

Meane time of hounds, there came a yolping crew,
Who found the Foxe: Pusse trusting to her clawes,
And seeing him torn in pieces, in her view,
Said to her selfe, after alittle pause;
One honest shift is better now I see;
Then all thy cunning in extremitie.
A BEACON standing on the Rocky shore,
Vpon whose top, a cock to fit you see:
Gods Ministers doth shew, should evermore,
Stand Sentinel; and howerly watchfull be;
Vpon their flock, defending every port,
Where to the foe, is likelyest to refort.

For many are the stratagems of sinne,
And Sathan labors still with might and maine,
Within our soules, a landing place to win:
It is your partes, with fervent prayer againe,
And faith the spirits sword, and all yee may,
To keepe his malice, from your flocks away.

Ex B.C.M. nostrae ad Prv. Ijym.
Peccatis totos ne vos sopor opprimat altus,
Excubias perago nocte dieque pias;
Cumque gregi Daemon Marte insidietur aperto,
Littore ab aquoreo teda cavere jubet.

in Exch:
Quisquis populi speculator ponitur, in alto debet stare per vitam, ut possit prodere per providentiam.
WHILE sinfull Sodome dreads the heavenly fire,
And Nero trembles at his shadowes sight:
This booke, the Herald of th'Almightyes Ire,
Doth on the howse, of every swearer light:
To punish iustly, to prophane a sinne;
With all the plagues, that are containd therein,
A warning good for swearsers, and for those,
That think such sinne, their actions only grace:
And him the man, that can with fearefull oathes,
Blaspheme the Lord of heaven vnto his face:
But know prophane, ere many yeares be past,
A plague will come, with winged speede at last.

Dum Sodoma immisis horret sibi celitus ignes,
Terga sua et Nemesis dat taricida Nero:
Advouitans ecol liber hic requievit in illum,
Numinaperinuro qui vocat ore Dei.

Eternitas
A VIRGIN faire, purtraited as you see,
With haire dispredd, in comelie wise behind:
Within whose handes, two golden balls there be:
But from the brest, the nether partes are twain'd
Within a starrie circle, do expresse,
Eternitie, or Everlastingnes.

E T E R N I T I E is young, and never old:
The circle wantes * beginning and the end:
And vncorrupt for ever lies the gold:
The heaven her lightes for evermore did lend,
The Heathen thought, though heauen & earth must passe,
And all in time decay that ever was.

Fuit quzdam ab infinito tempore æternitas, quam nulla circumscriptio temporum metiebatur, spatio tamen quals ea fuerit intelligi non potest.
LOKE how the Limbeck gentlie downe distil's,
In pearlie drops, his heartes deare quintescence:
So I, poore Eie, while coldest sorrow fills,
My brest by flames, enforce this moisture thence.
In Christall floods, that thus their limits breake,
Drowning the heart, before the tongue can speake.

Great Ladie, Teares haue moued the Savage seirce,
And wrested Pittie, from a Tyrants ire:
And drops in time, do hardest Marble pierce.
But ah I fear me, I too high aspire,
Then wish those beames, so bright had never shined,
Or that thou hadst, beene from thy cradle blind.
LYSIMACHVS did judge once to die,
By sentence just, for that he poisoned,
CALISTHENES his master privilie,
And lieng long in dungeon fettered,
To end his daies, did in the end request,
He might be throwne, vnto a savadge beast.

The which was straight of ALEXANDER granted,
And naked he vnto a Lion cast,
But hauing one arme closely arm'd, vndaunted,
By th'upper law, he holdes his foe so fast,
That downe his throate, that armed arme he sendes,
And even the heart-stringes, from the bodie rendes.

Which bold attempt, when ALEXANDER knew,
Thy life is thine, LYSIMACHVS quoth he,
Besides I giue, (as to thy valour due,)
My friendhip here, my Scepter after me:
For thus the virtuous, and the valiant spright,
Triumphes o're Fate, and Fortunes deadliest spite.
WEE do adore by nature, Princes good,
And gladly as our Parents, them obey,
But loath the * Monsters, that delight in blood,
And thinke their People sent them for a prey:
To whome the Lord, doth in his Judgment send,
A loathed life, or else a fearefull end.

Once NERO'S name, the world did quake to heare,
And ROME did tremble, at DOMITIAN'S flight:
But now the Tyrant, cause of all this feare;
Is laid full low, vpon whose toombe do light,
To take revenge, the Bee, and summer * Flie,
Who not escaft sometime his crueltie.

Sponte pios Reges reveremur, at arte Tyranos,
Arte regunt idem, funere et arte cadunt:

De Tyranno IOB loquens, sonitum ait terroris semper esse in auribus illius.
—fo1licito bibunt
Auro superbi; quam iuvat nuda manu
Captafe fontem
Ad generum Cereris fine caede et sanguine pauci
Descendunt Reges, et ficea morte Tyranni.

Ex
BVT thou whose goodness, Pietie, and Zeale,
Haue cauf'd thee fo, to be belou'd of thine,
(When envious Fates, shall robbe the Common weale,
Of such a * Father, ) shalt for ever shine:
Not turn'd as * Cæsar, to a fained starre,
But plac'd a * Saint, in greater glory farre.

With whome mild Peace, the moft of all desi'r'd;
And learned Mufe shall end their happie dayes;
While thou to all eternitie admir'd,
Shalt live a fresh, in after ages praise:
Or be the Loade-starre, of thy glorious North,
Drawing all cies, to wonder at thy worth.

Te tua fèd Pietas omni memorabilis ævo,
Sidus ad æterni Cæsaris vique feret:
Iustitia occumbet tecum, quia Musa, Fidesque
In patriam, raris pax et habenda locis.
A YOYNG man blind, black, naked here is seene, 
Ore Mountaine steepe, and Thornie Rock to passe, 
Whose heart a Serpent gnawes with furie teene, 
Another’s wound about his wnst; alas, 
Since AD AM’S fall, such our estate hath bin, 
The liuely picture of our guilt and sinne.

His age denotes youthes follies and amisse, 
His blindnes shewes, our want of wisedomes sight; 
Sinnes deadly waies, those dang’rous stepps of his, 
His nakednes, of grace depriued quite: 
Hell’s power the Serpent, which his loines doth girt, 
A * Conscience bad, the other eates his heart.

† Heu quantà miserò pœnë mers 
conficì donat 
Lucan: 
* Grave pondus 
Conscientia. 
Ciceròb: 3. de natura 
Deorum.
Inconstantia with fickle foote doth stand,
Vpon a Crab, in gownte of palie greene,
A shining Creflaunt shewing in her hand,
Which as her selfe, is changing ever seen:
That cullour light, she borrowes from the Sea,
Whose waues continue, never at a stay.

Forward, and backward, Cancer keepes his pace,
Th' inconstant man, so doubtfull in his waies,
The private life, one while will most embrace,
In travaile then, he liftes to spend his dayes:
Which was the Kitchin, that he makes a Tower,
Then downe goes all togeither in an hower.
Two frendes there were that did their Iourney take;
And by the way, they made a vow to either,
What ere befell, they never would forfake,
But as sworne brethren, live and die together:
Thus wandring thorough deserts, here and there,
By chance they met, a great and vgly Beare.
As whome, amazed with a deadly feare,
One leaves his frend, and climbeth vp a tree:
The other, falls downe flat before the Beare,
And keeps his breath, that seeming dead to be,
The Beare forsooke him, (for his nature's such,
A breathles bodie, never once to touch.)
The beast departing, and the daunger past,
The dead arose, and kept along his waie:
His fellow leaping from the tree at last,
Askt what the Beare, in's ear did whispering say,
Quoth he, he bad me, evermore take heed,
Of such as thou, that failst in time of neede.
A Y O V T H arraid, in sundry cullors light,
And painted plumes that overspred his crest:
Describes the varieng and fantastique wight,
(* For like our mindes, we commonly are dreft:)
His right hand holde, the bellowes to his eare,
His left, the quick, and speedie spurre doth beare.

Such is Capriccio, or th'vnstained mind,
Whome thousand fancies howery doe pustesse,
For riding post, with every blast of wind,
In nought hee's steddie, saue vnstablenes:
Mutians, Painters, and Poetique crew,
Accept what R I P A, dedicates to you.
AD MIRE D Ladie, I haue mused oft,
In silent night, when you haue beene in bed,
With your young husband, whereupon you thought,
Or what conceit possessest your carefull head,
Since he we know, as yet had never seene,
His tendrest yeares, amounted to fifteene:
No question but you grieued inward much,
As doth the Mifer, in a backward yeare:
When others reape, to see your harvest such,
And all your hopes, but in their blade appeare:
Ladie, let henceforth nought disease your rest,
For after-crops doe sometime prooue the best.
WHAT lovely Goddesse do mine eies behold? 
That powers such plentie with her bounteous hand:
Her name is BRTSYS, whome the Greekes of old,
As Queene of dreams ador'd within their land:
Whome if they seru'd, devoutly as they shou'd,
They made no doubt, of hauing what they would.

And well may BRTSYS, be a Goddesse thought,
So many who with fancies vaine deceu'ces:
Whome when she to foolees Paradice hath brought,
For golden Apples, scarce she giues them leaues:
To visions vaine, and dreams then take no heede,
Which had in Christ, their ending as you reade.

Somnia fallaci ludunt temeraria nocte,
Et pavidas mentes falla timere iubet.

Cerno Deae effigiem, cujus sed dico? BRTSYS,
Quam numen credunt somnia vana suum:
Fundit opes varias, fluitos ipse lactat inani,
Quos nullis dicit castus luna dies.

Libidinis
The viper when he doth engender, loe,
Thus downe the females throate, doth put his head,
Which of she bites, as learned Authours shew,
And ne're conceiues, before the male be dead:
Eke when she forth, her poisonous broode doth send,
Her young ones likewise, bring her to her end.

Of Beastly lust, th' effects herein perceiue,
How deadly, and how dangerous they be,
Of life and soule, that doe at once bereave,
Turning abundance into beggery:
Daughter of Sloth, vile canker of the mind,
Leauing repentance, and soule shame behind.

Sævus criminum stimulns libido oft, quæ nunquam manere
quietum patitur affectum, nocte fervet, die anhelat.
A WOFVLL wretch, that languisht in dispaire,
Withouten frendes, and meanes of living here,
A halter tooke, to make an end of care,
The while beneath hid treasure doth appeare:
Which to his lot assign'd, by fortunes doome,
He takes, and leaues his halter in the roome.

The owner after missing of his pelfe,
For deadly greife, his heapes and hopes were gon,
The others halter takes, and hanges himselfe:
Fortune thus dallies ever, and anon
O’re-swaing all, with Scepter in her fist,
And bandieth vs, like balls which way she lift.
THE Crocodile along th' Ægyptian NILE,
That lurkes to make the passenger his pray,
The most of all delights, to robbe and spoile
The Hunny-hues, were he not kept away
By Saffron planted, round on every side,
Which this flie theife, could never yet abide.

This Crocodile, I count the Ghostly foe,
Who evermore lies watching, to devoure
Our Hopes encrease, that in the soule doth grow,
Did not the grace divine, this Saffron flower
(Most wholesome herbe) prevent his deadly spight,
And guard the Garden, safely day and night.
WHEN as TIBERIVS CAESAR past along
The streetes of Rome, by chaunce he did espie
A Lazar poore, who there amid the throng,
Did full of sores, and loathsome vlers lie,
About the which, so busie was the flie:
That moon'd with pittie, CAESAR willed some,
Stand by to kill them, as they saw them come.

Whereat the wretch, did suddainely replie,
These flies are full, pray let them yet alone,
For being kill'd, a frether companie,
More hunger pincht, would bite me to the bone:
So when the wealthy Judge, is dead and gone:
Some starued one succeeds, who * bireth more,
A thousand times, then did the full before.
L O E S O L O N here th' Athenian sage doth stand,
The glory of all G R E C I A to this day,
With courage bold who taketh knife in hand,
And with the same, doth cut his tongue away:
But being ask'd of some, the reason why,
By writing thus he answer'd by and by.

Oft have I heard, that many have sustained,
Much loss by talk, and lavishness of tongue,
Of silence never any yet complained,
Or could say justly, it had done him wrong:
Who knowes to speake, and when to hold his peace,
Findes fewest daungers, and liues best at ease.
THE husbandman, laid sometime to his vine,
To make it beare, the donge of sundry beasts,
Whose virtue since, hath quite possesse the wine,
As may appeare, at many drunken feastes:
One * Lion-like, doth quarrell with his host,
Stares, sweares, breakes windowe, or behacks the post.

Ape-like you see, the second merry still,
Or what with lust, he never thinkes of sleepe:
Another * swinish, feelest his stomack ill:
The fourth is soft, and simple as the sheepe:
A Romane sage, did sometime thus expresse,
In briefe th' effectes, of loathsome Drunkenes.
A MID the waies, a mightie Rock doth stand,
Whose ruggie brow, had bidden many a shower,
And bitter storme: which neither sea, nor land,
Nor IOVES sharpe-lightening ever could devour:
This same is MANLIE CONSTANCIE of mind,
Not easly mou'd, with every blast of wind.

Neere which you see, a goodly ship to drowne,
Herewith bright flaming in a pitteous fire:
This is OPINION, tossed vp and downe,
Whose Pilot's PRIDE, & Steereisman VAINE DESIRE,
Those flames HOT PASSIONS, & the WORLD the sea,
God blesse the man, that's carried thus away.
WHILE gentle Zephire, warmes the tender spring,
And Flora glads all creatures at her sight:
The Almond-trees, ere any leaves they bring,
Unfold their pride, their blossoms red and white:
But withered soon, into the ground they fall,
Or yield their fruit, the least and last of all.

So many children in their tender years,
Doe promise much by towardlines of wit,
From such, yet seldom any fruit appears:
When as some plodder, that below doth fit,
Of whom both friends, and master did despair,
As hindmost hound, doth soonest catch the Hare.
By rash attempt, who injures mightie men,
Or by base deedes, incurreth the Princes ire,
Doth often wish, it were to doe agen,
And that his hand, perhaps were in the fire,
That fought against him, or with Libell base,
Sedition low'd, or slander in disgrace.

For as this Engine, where the fame doth light,
Like IOVE'S swift-thunder, merciless it strikes,
And by the roote, rends vp rebellion quite:
The wiser man, will then aware the pikes,
And frame himselfe, to live without offence,
First * God to serve, and afterwardes his Prince.

* Let the first care, be of God, & divine things.
Arif. politie 7.
Cap. 8.
The Monuments that nightie Monarches reare, 
Colossos staties, and Pyramids high, 
In tract of time, doe moulder downe and weare, 
Ne leaue they any little memorie, 
The Passenger may warned be to say, 
They had their being here, another day.

But wise wordes taught, in numbers sweete to runne, 
Preserued by the liuing Muse for aie, 
Shall still abide, when date of these is done, 
Nor ever shall by Time be wore away:

Time, Tyrants, Envie, World aslay thy worst, 
Ere Homer die, thou shalt be "fired first."

Ergo cum silices, cum dens patiatur aratri 
Depercant ave, carmina morte carent. 
Cedant carminibus Reges, Regumque Triumphi, 
Cedat et auriferi ripa beata Tagi.
THE Monarches good, that doe deserve the name
Of "Countrie Parents", by their loue and care
Of common-wealth, and to defend the fame.
From publicque harmes, by wise foresight, prepare:
  * By loyning heartes, are guarded furer farre,
  Then some vnweldie SWIZZE, or LANIZAR.
HENRY this once, thy Royall Imprest stood;
To shew, thy foe should find thee readie preft,
For Church, and Country, to dispense thy bloud,
When daunger, or occasion did request,
  And further, though the Trumpet sterne did cease,
Thus evermore, to goe prepar'd in PEACE.
The godly mind, that hath so oft affaid,
The perils that our frailtie here amate,
Through heauenly wisedome, is no more afraid
Of Fortunes frowne, and bitter blastes of Fate:
For though in vale of woes, her dwelling be,
Her nobler part's aboue vntouch't and free.

For mortall things doe find their change below,
And nought can here defend vs from the shower,
Now greatest windes doe threate our overthrow,
Our golden morn anon begins to lowre:
And while our hopes, are yet but in their sap,
Their buds are blasted by the Thunderclap.
The Common-wealth, whose Base is firmly laid
On evenest ground, of Justice and the right,
By time or change, in vain we see assaile,
But where affection overswails with might:
Confusion there, all unto havock brings,
And undermines, the thrones of mightiest Kings.

Our English *Stephen*, did take unto him this
Faire falling Plume, resembling best of all,
The new establish'd governement of his,
Whereas each feather keeps his rank and fall:
So should that state, (let Fortune doe her worst,)
As faire, and firme, as ever at the first.
The valiant mind, whome nothing can dismay,
The losse of frendes, of goods, or long exile
From native countrie, perils on the Sea,
Night-watchings, hunger, thirst, and howerly toile,
 Takes courage, and the same abideth faft,
 With resolution, even vnto the last.

Such shew'd himselfe, AENEAS vnto those
Of his poore remnant, on the Tyrrense Seas,
When even dispaire, their eies began to close,
We greater broutes, haue borne (quoth he) then these:
And God, (my Mates,) when he shall please will send,
Vnto our greatest miseries an end.
WHO strives to keep a heart and conscience pure,
Devoid of vice, and inward guilt of Sinne:
Is guarded by his Innocence more sure,
And witness of an honest mind within,
Then if he were in compleat armour clad,
* Or Bow and quiver of the Moore he had.

For Innocence resembled by the WHITE,
And manly courage by the constant heart,
Way not a straw the force of SLAVERS might,
DEATH ES Ebone shaft, or CUPIDS golden dart:
When whomc Affection, or their guilt doe wound,
Even at the first, are stricken to the ground.
The Cipresse tree, the more with weight oppress,
The more (they say) the branch will upward shoot,
And since the body doth resemble best,
A column strong and stately from the root:
The Ancients would, it should the Imprese be,
Of Resolution, and true Constancie.

Though Fortune srowne, and doe her worst to bend,
Th' undaunted spirit with her weary weight,
His vertue yet, doth ever upward tend,
And he himselfe, stands irremonoued freight,
Laughing to scorn, the paper blastes of Fate,
That would remoue, or undermine his state.
Rich Naupalvs, hath secretly convaid,
Our English fleece so long beyond the sea,
That not for wit, but for his wealth tis said,
Hee's thence return'd a worthy Knight awaie,
And brought vs back, beads, Hobbie-horses, boxes,
Fannes, Windmills, Ratles, Apes, and tailes of Foxes.

And now like Jason, vp and downe he goes,
As if he had th' Hesperian Dragon slaine,
And equaliz'd in worth, those old Heroe's,
That in the Argo cut the Grecian maine:
Honour thou didst, but doe his valour right,
When of the fleece, thou dubbest him a Knight.

Vellera divendit Belgis laudata Britannum,
Sed nugas referens Naupalvs inde domum:
Vellere factus eques, volitat novus alterJason
Vilescit (rides) vellcris ordo nimis.
MVC H did imuse, why Venus could not brooke,
The savadge Boare, and Lion cruell seirece,
Since Kingses and Princes, haue such pleasures tooke
In hunting: haply cause a Boare did peirce
Her Adon faire, who better lik't the sport,
Then spend his daies, in wanton pleasures court.

Which fiction though devisd by Poets braine,
It signifieth vnsto the Reader this;
Such exercise Loue will not entertaine,
Who liketh best, to live in Idlenes:
The foe to vertue, Cancker of the wit,
That brings a thousand miseries with it.

Exosos Veneri lepores mirare fugaces,
Siluestres ceruos, setigerumque genus?
Ex animis cecedit vel quod * Cynarëius Heros,
Aut his quod non sit Iusibus aptus amor.

* Adonis.
To my Father, Mr. Henry Peacham, of Leverton in Holland, in the Countie of Linc:

With breast enslam'd, and longing heartes desire,
    Thus winged Zeale, to heauen-ward casts her eie:
And loathing what the world doth most admire,
    Vpborne by Faith, ascends above the skie:
    Whereby Oh God, thy misteries we learne,
    And all beyond, our reasons fight discern.
And as the Hart embos't, doth long to taft
The pearly-trickling streame, or Christall fount,
    Even so the soule, by Sinne pursu'de and chafted,
Thee, thee, (oh Lord) desires, who doft surmount
    All treasures, pleasures, which we here poiffesse,
    The summe and substance, of our happines.

Nullum omnipotenti Deo tale est sacrificium, quale est zelus animarum.

Animi acrimonia cum ad Pietatem accesserit, zelum parit, zelus autem fidei præsidium est.

Gregor: Homiliae 12 in Ezechiel.
Nexianus: et alii 23.

Sanctitas
There is more pride, under one of their black Bonnets, the under Alexanders Diadem. King James in his Bifilicon Doron:

Earle Gourie one of the gratest Puritans of his time in Scotland, in his travailes thorough Fraunce and Itlie, vied with his Diamond, (for the most part) to draw in his Chäber windowe, a man in armour, with a Sword in his right hand, pointing towards a Crowne, adding this or the like word, Te solam, which yet remaines in many places to be seene, what he meant hereby it might eaily have bin gheffed.

V P O N a Crowne with preitious Iemmes beset,
Say what's the reason thus a hat we see,
Since Diadem's of Princes ever yet,
From base controule, haue beene exempt and free:
There is a sect, whome PV R IT AN S they call,
Whose pride this Figure fitteth beft of all.

Not such I mean, as are of Faith sincere,
And to doe good endeavour all they can,
Would all the world of their religion were,
We taxe th'aspiring factious Puritan:
Whose * Paritie, doth worst confusion bring,
And Pride presumes to overlooke his King.

* Paritas confusiosis mater. Augustus
DEATH meeting once, with CUPID in an Inne,  
Where roome was scant, together both they lay.  
Both wearie, (for they roving both had beene,)  
Now on the morrow when they should away,  
CUPID Death's quiver at his back had throwne,  
And DEATH tooke CUPID S, thinking it his owne.

By this o're-fight, it shortly came to passe,  
That young men died, who readie were to wed:  
And age did revell with his bonny-lasse,  
Composing girlonds for his hoarie head:  
Invert not Nature, oh ye Powers twaine,  
Give CUPID'S dartes, and DEATH take thine againe.
THE valiant mind that once had most delight,
By sea and land to make his prowess knowne,
And in defence of King, and countries right,
So much his valour, and his vertue showned,
Some wished port, doth at the last desire;
And home whereto in age he may retire.

For infinite's the summe of world affairs,
* Nor new, nor strange, that doe afflict the mind,
And shew before the day our silver haires,
Yea even before we can experience find:
That frailest man, by course of nature dies,
* Even at his first beginning to be wise.
S AY Cytharaean maid, why with thy sonne,
Both handes and feete then warmest at the fire?
Who wont your felues, t'enkindle many a one,
With gentle flames, of kindly louses desire:
I ghesse cause B ACC H VS is not present heere,
With mirthfull wine, nor CERES with her cheere.

Where Temp'rance and Sobrietie do raigne,
There lustfull vice, and pleasure frozen are:
And vertue best, there liketh to remaine;
When oftentimes th'effectes of daintie fare,
And drunken healthes, are quarrelles and debate,
Blaspheming, whoredome, oathes and deadlie hate.
To the no lesse vertuous then faire, Mrs. Anne Dudlcie.

é l' nuda DIANA.
Anna Dudleia.

D I A N A chaft, doth eagerly pursue
With swiftest houndes, the aery-footed Stagge:
And while they keepe, the merry chase in view,
The woodes with Eccho's thundring, Loue doth lagge
   Behind the thickets, and with arrow keene,
   Doth lie in waite, to wound this maiden Queene.

But all in vaine he doth his shaftes bestow,
For Labour did this Goddesse faire defend,
And sau'd her harmlesse from his deadly bow,
And pois'nous dartes: so if thou doft intend,
   To overcome the force of Cupids might,
   Flic Idlenesse, and then he leaues thee streight.

Gratis
THE gentle Merlion, wearied long with flight,
While on the spray in shadic groue she sleepe,
With tender foote, a Larke she holdeth light,
Which till the morning carefully she keepe,
Then lets it goe, and leaft she should that day
Prayie on the same, she flies another way.

Such thankfullnes in bird and beast we find,
By Natures first instinct observed still,
When worser, man in benefits is blind,
Nay oftentimes, for good will render ill:
And rather seeke ingrately his blood,
That sau'd his life, or daily gave him foode.

Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
Servitium, nunquam libertas gratior extat,
Quam sub Rege pio ----
Bid now my Muse, thy lighter task adieu,
As shaken blossome of a better fruite,
And with VARANIA thy Creator view,
To sing of him; or evermore be mute:
Let muddy Lake, delight the sensuall thought,
Loath thou the earth, and lift thy selfe aloft.

Repent not (though) thy time so idlely spent,
The cunning’st Artist ere he can, (we see)
Some rarest Modell bring to his Intent,
Much Heweth off in Superfluitie:
And many a precious hower, I know is lost,
Ere ought is wrought to countervaille the cost.

Movere
So quicke of sense as hath experience taught,
The Tortoise liues within her armed shell,
That if wee lay the lightest straw aloft,
Or touch that Castle wherein she doth dwell,
Shee feeleth the same and quickly doth retire,
A worke of Nature we do most admire,

So many men are in their Nature prone,
To make the worst of matters vaine and light,
And for a straw will take occasion,
In choller mood'd to quarrell and to fight,
Then meddle thou the least for feare of wrong,
But most of all beware a lavish tongue.
WHAT shall we doe? now tell me gentle Muse,
For we weleghaue finisshed our taske,
Thy tender hand could never Mattock vs,
Full well I wot, nor canst thou humblie aske
At greatnes gate, or for reversions sue,
As beggars, and the basely minded doe.

Desire of God but this, when thou art old,
To haue a home, and somewhat of thine owne,
To keepe thy selfe from hunger and the cold,
And where thou maiest in quiet sing alone:
   For thinke it hell, * to live as bird in cage,
   At others curt'sie, in thy latter age.

Bene paupertas humili tecto contesta later,
Quatiant alta fape procellae,
Aut evertit fortuna Domos.

* Alterius non fit qui suus esse potest: frequent Patracello dictum.
I f neither art, by birth, nor fortune blest,
With means to live, or answer thy desire,
With cheerful full heart, on labour set thy rest,
To bring to passe the thing thou dost require,
For lot, or labour, must our calling giue,
And find the word, that all doe seeke, TO LIVE.

Though thousands haue beene rais’d by their frendes,
By death, by dowries, even when leaft they thought,
The Lord a blessing, still to labour sendes,
When lightly come, doth lightly goe as oft:
And goodes ill got, by vse, and wicked gaine,
Doe feldome to the second heir remaine.
**HERE** was in Rome a goodlie statue fram'd
Of youthfull hew, arraied all in greene,
Which of the people was *TRUE-FRIENDSHIP* nam'd:
*Winter and Sommer*, on his brow were seene:
Within his breast, his heart did plaine appeare,
Whereon these wordes were written, *FARRE, AND NEERE.*

Upon his skirt, stoode *LIFE* and *DEATH* below,
To testifie in life and death his loue,
That farre and neere, with open heart do show,
Nor place, nor space, true friendship should remoue:
*Winter and Sommer, whatsoever came,*
In faire or foule, we should be still the same.

---


Hieron: in Epist.: *Obsequo te ne amicum qui diu queritur, vix inventur, difficile servatur, pariter cum oculis, mente amittas.*
A SHADIE Wood, pourtraict to the sight,
   With uncouth pathes, and hidden waies unknowne:
Resembling CHAOS, or the hideous night,
Or those sad Groues, by banke of ACHERON
With baneful Ewe, and Ebon overgrowne:
   Whose thickest boughes, and inmost entries are
Not perceivable, to power of any starre.

Thy Imprese SILVIVS, late I did devise,
To warne the what (if not) thou oughtst to be,
Thus inward close, vnsearch'd with outward eyes,
With thousand angles, light should never see:
For fooles that most are open-hearted free,
   Unto the world, their weakenes doe bewray,
   And to the net, the first themselves betray.
A GARDEN think this spitious world to be,
Where thou by God the owners leave dost walke,
And art allow'd in all varietie,
One only flower to crop from tender stalk,
(As thou thinkst good) for beautie or the smell,
Or some one else, whose beautie doth exell.

This only flower, is some one calling fit,
And honest course wherein to leade thy life,
Thy selfe applieng carefully to it,
Or else the heedie choosing of thy wife:
Wherein thou wisely dost thy selfe preferre,
Or to thy ruine ever after, erre.
Exesse we loath, of want we most complaine,
The golden meane we prooue to be the best,
Let idle fits refresh thy daylie paine,
And with some Labour exercise thy rest,
   For overmuch of either, duls the spright,
      And robs our life, of comfort and delight.

If that thou wouldst acquaint thee with the Mufe,
Withdraw thy selfe, and be thou least alone,
Even when alone, as Solomon oft did vs,
For no such friend to Contemplation,
   And our sweete studies, as the private life,
Remote from Citie, and the vulgar strife.
WERT thou thy life at libertie to choose;
And as thy birth, so hadst thy being free;
The Citie thou shouldest bid adieu, my Muse,
And from her streets, as her infection flee:
Where CHAOS, and CONFUSION wee see,
Aswell of language, as of differing heartes,
A bodie severed in a thousand parts.

Thy solitarie * Academe should be
Some shadie groue, vpon the THAMES faire side,
Such as we may neere princely RICHMOND see,
Or where a long doth sluer SEVERNE slide;
Or AVO N courtes, faire FLORA in her pride:
There shouldest thou sit at long desired rest,
And thinke thy selfe, abowe a Monarch blest;

* A wood neere Athens, wherein
the Phylosophers vised to studie.
There moughtst thou sing thy sweete Creators praise,
And turne at quiet ore some holy booke;
Or tune the Accent of thy harmelesse laies
Vnto the murmure of the gentle brooke:
While round about thy greedy eie doth looke,
       Observing * wonders in some flower by ,
This bent, that leafe, this worme, that butterfie.

Where mighthst thou view at full the Hemisphaere
On some faire Mountaine, in a Summers night,
In spangles there embrauder is the * BEARE,
And here the FISH, there THESEVS * louer bright,
The watry HYADS, here deceuie our sight,
Eridanos, and there ORION bound,
Another way the silver SWANNE is found.

Or wouldst thou Musick to delight thine eare,
Step but aside into the neighbour spring,
Thou shalt a thousand wing'd Musitians heare,
Each praising in his kind the heauenly King:
Here PHILOMEL, doth her shirll TEBLE sing,
The THRUSH a TERN, off a little space,
Some matelesse DOVE, doth murmur out the base.

Geometry or wishest thou tolearne,
Observe the Mill, the Crane, or Country Cart,
Wherein with pleasure, soone thou shalt discerne
The groundes, and vse of this admired Art,
The rules of NUMBRING, for the greatest part,
As they were first deviled by Country Swaines,
So still the Art with them entire remaines.

If loue'th thy health, preferre the Country Aire,
Thy Garden fore the Pothecaries shoppe,
Where wholesome herbes, shall it at full repaire,
Before a Quint'sence, or an oily droppe:
There groweth the Balse, there shooteth ENDIVE UP:
Here PAONIE for th' Epilepsie good,
There Dill, and HYSOP, best to stand the bloud.
The cooling Sorrell, and the Persie what,
The Smallage, for a bruise, or swelling best,
The Mercury, the formost in the Pot,
The Lavender, beloued for the Chest,
The Costmarie, to entertaine the guest,
    The Rosemarie, and Fenel, feldome set,
    The lowlie Daisie, and sweete Violet.

Nor Princes richest Arras may compare
With some small plot, where Natures skill is showen,
Perfuming sweetely all the neighbour aire,
While thousand cullors in a night are blowne:
Here's a light Crimson, there a deeper one,
    A Maidens blush, here Purples, there a white,
    Then all commingled for our more delight.

Withall (as in some rare limn'd booke) we find,
Here, painted Lectures of Gods sacred will,
The Daisie, teacheth lowlines of mind,
The Camomill, we should be patient still,
The Rue, our hate of vices poison ill,
    The Woodbine, that we should our friendship hold,
    Our Hope, the Savrie, in the bitterst cold.

Yet love the Citie, as the kindly Nurse
Of all good Artes, and faire Civilitie:
Where though with good, be intermix't the worse,
That most disturb our sweete Tranquillitie:
Content thy selfe, till thine Abillitie,
    And better hap, shall answere thy desire,
* But Muse beware, least we too high aspire.
THE Poets faigne, \textit{LOVE} to haue bene with child, 
But very strange, conceiued within his head, 
And knowing not, his burthen how to yeeld, 
Lo! \textit{MULCIIDER} doth bring the God abed, 
By cutting with an Axe, his skull in two, 
When issueth \textit{PALLAS} forth, with much ado.

By \textit{PALLAS}, is all heavenly wisdomment, 
Which not from Nature, and our felonies proceedes, 
But is from God, immediately sent, 
(For in our felonies, how little goodnes breedes) 
That threefold power of the Soule againe 
Reembling God, resideth in our braine.

Some wits of men, so dull and barren are, 
That without helpe of Art, no fruite they bring, 
Whose Midwife must be toile, and endlessse care, 
And Constancie, effecting every thing: 
And those who wanting Eloquence, are mute, 
Some other way like \textit{LOVE}, must yeeld their fruite,
THE greedie Eagle here, upon the tree,

PROMETHEUS heart with teene doth præy vpon,

But this example doth admonish thee
On wretches poore to haue compassion:
To pitie those, on whome doth fortune frowne,
And Tyrant-like, not more to crush them downe.

This pleaseth God, this Pietie commaundes,
Nature, and Reason, * bids vs doe the like,
Yea though our foes, doe fall into our handes,
Wee shoulde * haue mercie, not in malice strike:
Who helps the sick, and pities the oppressed,
He liues to God, and doubtlesse dieth blessed.

Pulchrum est eminere inter illustres viros,
Consulere patriæ, parere afflicitis,
Fera caele absculcre, tempus atque iræ dare;
Orbi quietem, Seculo pacem suo,
Hæc summa virtus, petitur hæc Coelum via.

Homo
H E A R E what's the reason why a man we call
A little world? and what the wiserment
By this new name? two lights Cælestiall
Are in his head, as in the Element:
Eke as the wearied Sunne at night is spent,
So seemeth but the life of man a day,
At morne hee's borne, at night he flits away.

Of heate and cold as is the Aire composed,
So likewise man we see breath's whot and cold,
His bodie's earthy: in his lunges inclosed,
Remaines the Aire: his braine doth moisture hold,
His heart and liver, doe the heate infold:
   Of Earth, Fire, Water, Man thus framed is,
   Of Elements the threefold Qualities.

D d i. And
And as we fitly INFANCIE compare
Vnto the SPRING, so YOUTH we liken may
To lazie SUMMER, whot devoid of care:
His middle Age to AVTMNE, his decay
To WINTER, snowy white, and frostie gray,
For then his vigor failes, his heate is cold,
And like the saplesse Oake he dieth old.

Vini natura.

BEST BACCHVS Ivie thy faire brow besits,
Thy wings withall, that proud Gorgonean horse:
Because thou addest vigor to our wits,
Heate to our blood, vnto our bodie force:
Mirth to our heartes, vnto the dullard spright
A quick Invention, to the Sence delight.
THE Husband good, that by experience knowes,
With cunning skill, to prune, and when to plant,
Must lop the Tree where rank abundance growes,
Aswell as helpe the barren in her want:
Else happilie, when Summer season's past,
With leaves he may goe satisfie his taste.

Even so the wit, that rankly doth abound,
With many fancies but it selfe deceuies:
And while it seemes in sundry Artes profound,
In no one good it's fruitfull, but in leaves:
Then some one calling choose, whence good may growe,
And let the rest, as * needeleffe branches goe.

* Vellum in Aed.
lefscente quod å-
putem. Ciceró 1 de
Oratoré.
A PILLAR high, erected was of stone,
In former times, which TERMINVS they nam'd:
And was esteem'd, a God of every one:
The upper part, was like a woman fram'd,
Of comely feature downe unto the breast,
Of Marble hard a Pillar was the rest.

Which when LOVE passed by, with stern aspect,
He bad this God remoue, and get him gone,
But TERMINVS as stoutly did neglect
His haste, and answer'd, I giue place to none:
I am the bound of things, which God aboue
Hath fixt, and none is able to remoue.
HEERE Poertye, doth conquered Fortune bind,
And ynder keepes, like HERCULES in aw,
The meaning is, the wise and valiant mind,
In Poertye esteemes not Fate a straw:
* And though a while this angry Goddesse frowne,
  She vertlie shall never cast him downe.

If Wisdome haue but what the corpes doth craue,
Convenient foode and raiment for the back:
And libertie to liue, not like a flaue
Here in this world, the little else doth lack:
  But can contented in her cottage sing,
  In greater safetie, then the greatest King.
THE awfull Scepter though it can compell
By powerfull might, greatest Monarches to obay:
Loue, where he lifteth, liketh best to dwell,
And take abroad his fortune as he may:
Ne might, or gold, can winne him thence away,
Where to he is through strong affection led,
Be it a Pallace, or the simplest shedde.

But VENVS Infant, drest of all beneath,
Imperious fear from my sweete Saint remoue,
And with thy soft Ambrosial kisses, breath
Into her bosome meeke, and mildest Loue
With melting Pitie, from thy Queene aboue:
That she may reade, and oft remember this,
And learne to loue, who most beloued is.
Nor house, nor home, hath wretched man on earth,
Ne ought he claimeth justly as his owne:
But as a Pilgrim wandring from his birth
In Countries strange, and Deserts wild unknowne,
Like Rechabite, or those Tartarian Hordes,
Whose vastest Region but a Tent affordes.

Betwix time hence learne we wisely to supplie
Our inward wantes, ere hence we slit away:
And hide in Heauen, that treasure carefully,
Which neither Moth, nor Canker shall decaie:
In following state, eke not to spend our stock,
Where oft for merit, we but gaine a mock.
Ah pitie Pallas, who hath thee enwrapt?
And in a snare, thus brought thee to distress:
The wisest now I see may be entrapt,
And Virtue stoop to Fortunes sickness:
Nor Scholler-ship, or wit, at all times can
From sad disaster, keep a mortal man.

The love of Money, and Dissimulation,
Hold thee Minerva tangled in their snare:
For now the world, is grown to such a fashion,
That those the wisest, that the richest are,
And such by whom the simpler should be taught,
Are in the net, like Pallas soonest caught.
THE Hypocrite, that doth pretend in show,
A feigned Zeale of Sanetitie within,
Eschew betime, nor haue with fuch to doe,
Whose hooedes are but the harbour of their Sinne,
And humblest habits, but a fafe disguise,
To cloke their hate, or hidden villainies.

No HIRCAN Tyger, ERTMANTHIAN Beare,
So arm'd with malice, thristie after blood,
To high estate aspiring, as they are,
The worst of men, nay man it is too good.
Where LUCIFER did openly rebell
To God, these Traitors even within the Cell.
The cheifelt good, (ah would so good it were).
That most imagine Honours bring with them.

We pick from others praises here and there,
So patch herewith an Indian Diadem
Of Parrots feathers, vocal favours light,
And Plumes indeede, where to we have no right.

He is not honourd that Discents can show,
Nor he that can commaund a numerous traine;
Nor he to whom the vulgar loue so low,
Nor he that follows Fashion light and vaine,
Saluting windowes, and around doth wheel,
Like VRSA MAIOR, madres from head to hecle.

We honour him, whose Actions not deface,
The Glories which his Ancestors haue wonne,
By Cowardise, or vicious liuing base,
Nor wrong for Passion, or Affect hath done:
In whom at once, Artes, Bountie, Valour, dwell.
Contending eacb which other should excell.
THE Laurel greene, that long in safetie stood
By PENEVS streame, the Museschaft delight,
Oft water'd by the NAIAD'S of the flood,
And oft revived by her "Louer bright,
The Wawe affaileth with her swelling might,
And overthrowes in time, (but who doth know
Their miserie, that neere to Greatnes grow.)

This sacred Bay, is Learning and the Artes,
In former times that flourished at will,
Now wash'd and wore by some, even to the heartes,
Who should have succour'd and upheld them still,
Who eate the Corne, but throw the Chaffe to Skill;
And what the Church had once to holy vies,
Serves them to pride, and all prophane abuses.
IF that thy Fortunes have their heighe attain'd,
And bid thee not on greatness BASE to feare,
Let not with that preserment thou hast gain'd,
Unwonted Pride, or Insolence appeare:  
But how much higher thou art plac'd in sight,
So much the lesse affect thy state and might.

For Honors, know, but lend Ambition winge,
And like false mirrours, make vs seeme too greate,
Vpborne by vulgar breath (the vaineft thing),
Till all be melted by the Soveraigne heate:
That lefte abandon'd, in a truftleffe aire,
We drowne within an Ocean of dispaire.
FIRST try thy strength, and ponder well the end,
Ere thou attempt'st a business of weight,
By triall made of wit, thy wealth, or friend,
Who can advise, or judge of thy conceipt:
Thou else but hastest, to thy losse and shame,
While abler Judgments, beare away the game.

Hence noblest houses, their decay have knowne,
And greatest Clerkes in vaine opinions err'd,
And wits too heavy-ranke beeene overthowne,
Who else in time, might well have beene preferr'd:
Withall we taxe, the glorious foole that crakes,
Yet good at nothing, that he undertakes.
THE valiant mindes, that doe delight a farre,
By vertuous deeds to make their prowess knowne,
Who not of * Fathers Actes ambitious are,
But of the braue Achieuements of their owne,
Thus as their Ensignes folded vp vnshowne,
In Peace reieeted, or forgotten lie:
Till new Alarmes, advance them out on high.

But Wisedome ever armed with Fore-sight,
Then rateth Valour at her weight in gold,
For though the case-full world her merit light,
She seees aloofe the storme. How Malice old
Plaies loose a while to get the better hold,
And bids vs arme, when least we thinke of knocks,
For * Foes asleepe, (they say) the Divell rocks,

* Nam genus et proavos &e.
Ovid: Metamorph:

* A Proverbe well knowne in the low Countries.
The mortal sires that often doe befall,
Twixt loving Bretheren, or the private frend,
Doe prove (we say) the deadliest of all:
Yet if * compos'd by concord, in the end
They relish sweeter, by how much the more;
The Iarres were harsh, and discordant before.

How oft hereof the Image I admire,
In thee sweete MUSIC, * Natures chast delight,
The * Banquets frend, and * Ladie of the Quire;
Phisition to the melancholly spright:
Mild Nurse of Pietie, ill vices foe;
Our Passions Queene, and * Soule of All below.

* The first Discord here taken is from the eleventh to the tenth, that is from b fa b mi, unto alamire, a tenth to f fa ve in the Barle, The second from the ninth, or second to the 8., or vnisen.

* According to the opinion of Pythagoras.
The worldly wretch, that day and night doth toile,
And tire himselfe in bodie and in minde,
To gather that by all devises vile,
He must be faine ere long to leave behinde:
All shapes like PROTEVS gladly entertaines,
No matter what, so that they bring the gaines:

Abroade Religion, Flatterie at the Court,
Plaine dealing in the Countrie where he dwells,
Then Gravitie among the wiser sort,
Where Fools are rise, his Follie most excells:
Thus every way transforme himselfe he can
Save one, in time to turne an honest man.
WITH mightie men, who likes to spend his prime,
   And loves that life, which few account the best,
In hope at length unto his heighth to clime,
By good desert, or thorough Fortune blest,
   May here behold the Modell of his blisse,
   And what his life, in summe and substance is.

A Ladie faire, is Favour feign'd to be,
Whose youthfull Cheeke, doth beare a louely blush,
And as no niggard of her courtesie,
She beares about a Holy-water brush:
   Where with her bountie round about she throwes,
   Faire promises, * good wordes, and gallant showes.

Cesare Ripaltu Iconologiae.

* Byllina verba:
Plutarch: in Apo.
thege.
Herewith a knot of guilded hookes she beares,
With th' other hand, a paire of * Stocks she opes,
To shew her bondage: on her feete she weares
Lead-shoes, as waiting long upon her Hopes:
And by her doth the fawning Spaniel lie,
The Princes bane, the marke of * Flatterie.

Stet quicung, vole potens
Aule culmine lubrico
Me dulcis satures quies;
Obscurus posium loco
Leni persnuar otio.
The Authors Conclusion.

S then the Skie, was calme and faire,  
The Windes did cease, and Cloudes were fled,  
*AVRORA* scattered *PHOEBVS* haire,  
New risen from her Rosie bed:  
At whose approach the * Harlot* s*trew*,  
Both meade, and mountaine, with her flowers:  
While *ZEPHYRE*, sweetest odours threw,  
About the feildes, and leavie bowers.  

The Woods and Waters, left their sound,  
No tend'rest twigge, was scene to mooue,  
The Beast lay couched on the ground,  
The winged People perch'd aboue,  
Saue *PHILOMEL*, who did renew,  
Her wonted plaintes vnto the Morne,  
That seem'd indeede, her state to rue,  
By shedding teares vpon the Thorne.  

When I as other taking rest,  
Was shew'd (me thought) a goodlie plaine,  
With all the store of Nature blest,  
And situate within the Maine,  
With Rocks about environ'd quite,  
But inward round, in rowes there stood,  
Aswell for profit, as delight,  
The Trees of Orchard, and the Wood.  

The builder *Akorne* long agoe,  
To *DODO* *ÆAN* *LOVE* adjoin'd,  
And there the lostie *Pine* did grow,  
That winged flies before the Wind:  
*LEVCO* *THOE* that wounded bleedes,  
Nor wanting was, nor that same Tree,  
That beares the flaine, in fruite and seedes,  
Of *THISBES* woefull Tragedie.
The Elme embracing BACCHVS stood,
And there the Beech was also plac't,
That gane the golden Age her food:
Though we esteeme it, but as mast;
The Walnut, praised for her hew,
The Aln, the best for helue, and staues,
The Eunh, vnto the bender trew,
The Sallow soft, that water craues.

Th' unblasted Bay, to conquests due,
The Persian Peach, and fruitefull Quince:
And there the forward Almond grew,
With Cherries knowne no long time since:
The Winter-warden, Orchards pride,
The PHILIBERT, that loues the vale,
And red Queene-Apple, so envi'd,
Of Schoolboies, passing by the pale.

With many moe, of me forgot,
Vpon the which the Aery crew,
Each in his kind, and order fat,
And did his wonted note renew;
The long-liu'd Eagle, I'VE forsooke,
And hither in a moment flew,
Who to the Oake, himselfe betooke,
As King, his multitude to view.

And IVNOS Bird, not farre away,
Displaid her ARGVS hundred cies;
By him fat perched on a spray,
The Swanne, that sweetly singing dies:
The Crane, who Centinell hath stood,
The Herne, high'ft foarer in our fight,
The Thee saunt fetch'd from PHASIS flood,
With Faulcon for the Kings delight.

The Turtle here to each did tell,
The losse of his beloued mate,
And so did THRACIAN Philomel,
In sweetest tunes, her bitter Fate:
Ne wanted there the envious Starre,
The theeish Chough, and prating Jay,
The Raile, and frostie Feldefare,
And Larke abroad by breake of day.

Within
Within there was a Circlet round,
That raised it selfe, of softest grasse,
No Velvet smoother spred on ground,
Or Emeral greener ever was:
In midst there sat a beauteous Dame,
(Not Paphos Queene, so faire a wight)
For Roses by, did blush for shame,
To see a purer, red and white.

In Robe of woven Silver fine,
And deepest Crimson she was clad:
Then diaper'd with golden twine,
Aloft a Mantle green she had,
Whereon were wrought, with rarest skill
Faire Cities, Castles, Rivers, Woods;
And here, and there, emboss'd a hill
With Fountains, and the Nymphes of Floods.

A maffie Collar set with stones,
Did over all, it selfe extend,
Whereon in sparkling Diamonds,
Saint George, her Patrone did depend;
A Crowne Imperial on her head,
One hand a bright drawne Sword did hold,
The other (most that made her dreed,)
Three Scepters of the finest gold.

While proudly underfoote she trod,
Rich Trophies, and victorious spoiles,
Attied by her might abroad:
Her name is Empresse of the Iles:
There Chariots were, that once she wanne,
From Cæsar, ere she was betray'd,
With standards gat from Pagans, when
She lent the Holy Land her aide.

Here saw I many a shiver'd lance,
Swordes, Battle-axes, Cannons Slinges,
With th' Armes of Portugal, and France,
And Crownets of her petit Kinges:
High-feathered Helmets for the Tilt,
Bowes, Steelie Targets cleft in twaine:
Coates, Cornets, Armours richly guilt,
With tatterd Ensignes out of Spain.

Ff 3.
About her now on every Tree,
(Whereon full oft she cast her eye,)
Hung silver Shieldes, by three and three,
With Pencill limned curiouslie:
Wherein were drawne with skilfull tuch,
Impresa's, and Devises rare,
Of all her gallant Knightes, and such
As Actors in her Conquestes were.

Eke some of Queenses, and Ladies too,
As pleased their Invention best,
(For wit of woman, much can doe,)
Were fastned vp among the rest,
In sundry tongues, whose Motto's old,
And names, though scarcely could be read,
She withd their Glories mought be told,
To after times, though they were dead.

Great Edward third, you might see there,
With that victorious Prince his sonne:
Next valiant John of Lancaster,
That Spain, with English overran:
And those braue spirits Marshalled,
The first that of the Garter were,
All Soulliers, none to Carpet bred,
Whose names to tell I must forbear.

Fourth Henrys Sunbeames on the Cloude,
Fift Henrys Beacon flaming bright,
Yorke Lockes, that did the Falcon shroude,
Was here, so were his Roses white:
The Marshal Movbraie Norfolkes Duke,
Yet liuing in great Hovvards blood,
With valiant Bedford, Symboles tooke
As pleas'd them, to adorne the Wood.

By whom the Beau champes wore away,
And noblest Talbot, scourge of France,
With Nevills, whomse could nought disnay,
Left Reliques of their Puissance:
The loyal Vere, and Clifford stout,
Create Strongbovves heire, with Bovrchier, Gray,
Braue Falconbridge, and Montacvte:
Couragious Ormond, Lisle, and Say.

With
With other numberlesse beside,  
That to have seen each one's devise,  
How liuely limn'd, how well appli'de,  
You were the while in Paradise:  
Another side she did ordaine,  
To some late dead, some living yet,  
Who seru'd ELIZA in her raigne,  
And worthily had honour'd it.

Where turning, first I spied above,  
Her owne deare PHOENIX hovering,  
Whereat, I thought, in melting Loue,  
Apace with tears mine eies did spring;  
But Foole, while I aloft did looke,  
For her that was to Heauen flowne,  
This goodly place, my sight forsooke,  
And on the suddaine all was gone.

With griece awak'd, I gaz'd around,  
And casting vp to Heauen mine eie,  
Oh GOD I said! where may be found,  
These Patrones now of Chivalry,  
" But Vertue present and secure,  
" We hate, when from our knowledge hid,  
" By all the meanes we her allure,  
" To take her dwelling where she did.

Now what they were, on every Tree,  
Devises new, as well as old,  
Of those braue worthies, faithfullie,  
Shall in another Booke be told.

FINIS.

1612.