

THE
METAMORPHOSIS
OF
PIGMALIONS IMAGE.

AND
Certaine SATYRES.

By IOHN MARSTON.



AT LONDON,
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to be sold at the signe of the hand and
Plough in Fleetstreete.

1598.

Reprinted 1764.



TO THE
W O R L D S
MIGHTIE MONARCH,
G O O D O P I N I O N :

Sole Regent of Affection, perpetuall Ruler
of Iudgement, most famous Iustice of Cen-
sures, only giuer of Honor, great procurer
of Advancement, the Workds chiefe Bal-
lance, the All of all, and All in all, by
whom all things are yet that they are. I
humbly offer thys my Poem.

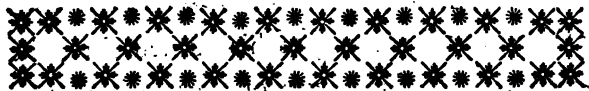
*T*Hou soule of Pleasure, Honors only substance,
Great Arbitrator, Umpire of the Earth,
Whom fleshy Epicures call Ventues essence,
Thou moouing Orator, whose powrefull breath
Swaies all mens iudgements. Great OPINION,
Vouchsafe to guild my imperfection.

*If thou but daine to grace my blushing stile,
 And crowne my Muse with good opinion:
 If thou vouchsafe with gracious eye to smile
 Vpon my young new-born Inuention,
 Ile sing an Hymne in honour of thy name,
 And add some Tropicke to enlarge thy fame.*

*But if thou wilt not with thy Deitie
 Shade, and inmaske the errors of my pen,
 Proteēt an Orphane Poets infancie,
 I will disclose, that all the world shall ken
 How partiall thou art in Honors giuing:
 Crowning the shade, the substance praise de-
 priuing.*

W. K.





T H E

A R G U M E N T

Of the P O E M

PIGMALION whose chaste mind all the beauties in Cyprus could not ensnare, yet at the length hauing carued in Iuorie an excellent proportion of a beauteous woman, was so deeplie enamored on his owne workmanship, that he would oftentimes lay the Image in bedde with him, and fondlie vse such petitions and dalliance, as if it had been a breathing creature. But in the end, finding his fond dotage, and yet perseuering in his ardent affection, made his deuout prayers to *Venus*, that she would vouchsafe to enspire life into his Loue, and then ioyne them both together

ther in marriage. Whereupon *Venus* graciously condescending to his earnest sute, the Mayde, (by the power of her Deitie) was metamorphosed into a living Woman. And After, *Pigmalion* (being in *Cyprus*,) begat a sonne of her, which was called *Paphos*; whereupon, that Island *Cyprus*, in honor of *Venus*, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, *Paphos*.



TO HIS MISTRESS.

MY wanton Muse lasciuiously doth sing
Of sportiue loue, of louely dallying.

○ beauteous Angell, daine thou to infuse
A sprightly wit, into my dulle Muse.

Inuocate none other Saint but thee,

To grace the first bloomes of my Poesie.

Tby fauours like Promethean sacred fire,

In dead, and dull conceit can life inspire.

Or like that rare and rich Elixar stone,

Can turn to gold, leaden inuention:

Be gracious th.n, and daine to show in mee,

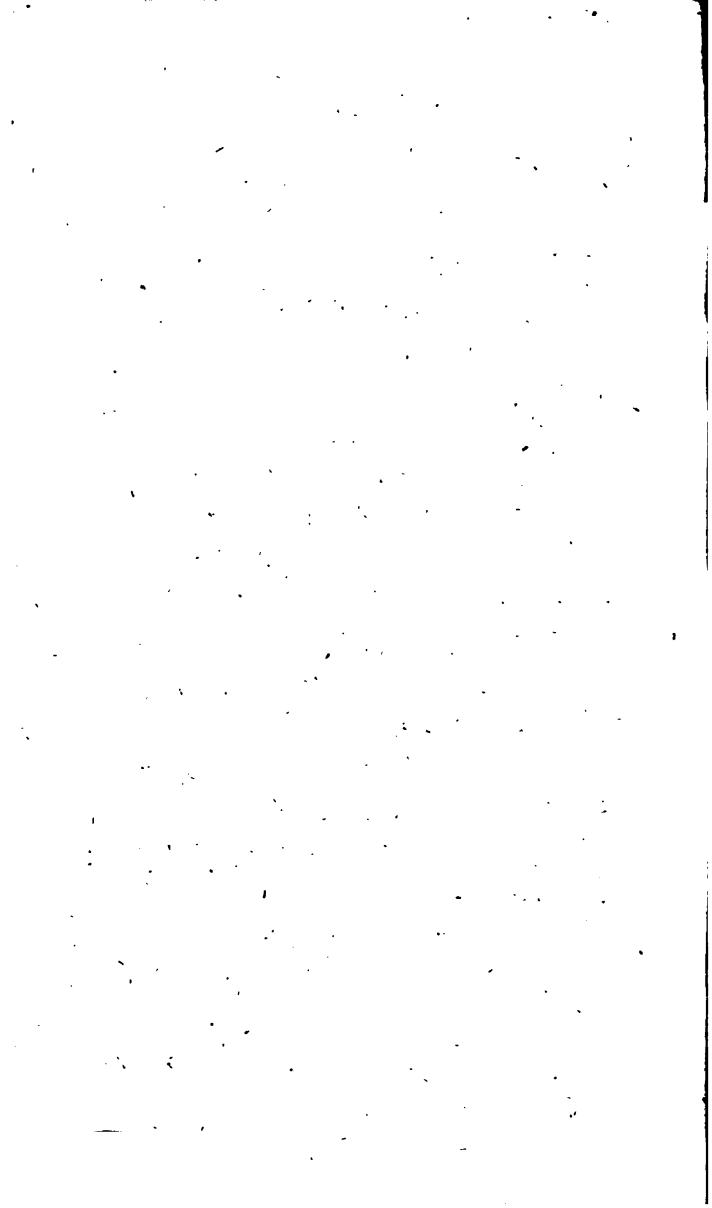
The mighty power of thy Deitie.

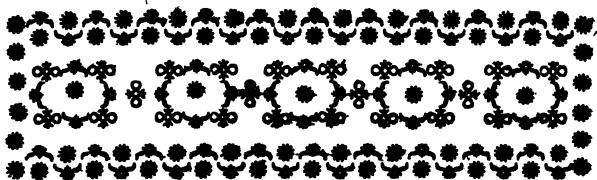
And as thou read'st, (Faire) take compassion,

Force me not enuie my Pigmalion.

Then when tby kindnes grants me such sweet
blisse,

Be gladly write thy metamorphosis.





PIGMALION.

I.

PIGMALION, whose hie loue-hating minde
Disdain'd to yeeld seruile affection,
Or amorous fate to any woman-kinde,
Knowing their wants, and mens perfection.
Yet loue at length forc'd him to know his fate,
And loue the shade, whose substance he did hate.

II.

For haning wrought in purest Iuorie,
So faire an Image of a Woman's feature,
That neuer yet proudest mortalitie
Could show so rare and beautionous a creature.
(Vnlesse my Mistres all-excelling face,
Which giues to beautie, beaunities onely grace.)

III.

He was amazed at the wondrous rarenesse
Of his owne workmanships perfection.

He

He thought that Nature nere produc'd such fairenes
In which all beauties haue their mantion.

And thus admiring, was enamored
On that fayre Image himselfe portraied.

IV.

And naked as it stood before his eyes,

Imperious Love declares his Deitie.

O what alluring beauties he descries

In each part of his faire imagery!

Her nakednes, each beauteous shape contains;

All beautie in her nakednes remains.

V.

He thought he saw the blood run through the vaine:

And leape, and swell with all alluring meanes:

Then feares he is deceiu'd, and then againe,

He thinkes he see'th the brightnes of the beames

Which shoote from out the fairenes of her eye:

At which he stands as in an extasie.

VI.

Her amber-coloured, her shining haire,

Makes him protest, the Sunne hath spread her head

With golden beames, to make her farre more faire.

But when her cheeks his amorous thoughts haue fed,

Then he exclames, such redde and so pure white,

Did neuer blesse the eye of mortal sight.

VII.

Then view's her lips, no lips did seeme so faire
 In his conceit, through which he thinks doth flie
 So sweet a breath, that doth perfume the ayre.
 Then next her dimpled chin he doth discry,
 And views, and wonders, and yet views her still.
 "Loues eyes in viewing neuer haue their fill."

VIII.

Her breasts, like polisht Iuory appeare,
 Whose modest mount, doe blesse admiring eye,
 And makes him wish for such a Pillowbeare.
 Thus fond *Pigmalion* striueth to discry
 Each beaucous part, not letting ouer-slip
 One parcell of his curious workmanship.

IX.

Vntill his eye distended so farre downe
 That it discried Loues pauillion:
 Where *Cupid* doth enioy his onely crowne,
 And *Venus* hath her chiefest mantion:
 There would he winke, and winking looke againe,
 Both eyes and thoughts would gladly there remaine.

X.

Who euer saw the subtile Citty-dame
 In sacred church, when her pure thoughts shold pray,
 Peire

Peire through her fingers, so to hide her shame,
 When that her eye, her mind would faine bewray.
 So would he view, and winke, and view againe,
 A chaster thought could not his eyes retaine.

XI.

He wondred that she blusht not when his eye
 Saluted those same parts of secrecie :
 Conceiting not it was imagerie
 That kindly yeilded that large libertie.
 O that my Mistres were an Image too,
 That I might blameles her perfections view.

XII.

But when the faire proportion of her thigh
 Began appeare. O *Ouid* would he cry,
 Did ere *Corinna* show such Iuorie
 When she appeared in *Venus* liuorie ?
 And thus enamour'd dotes on his owne Art
 Which he did work, to work his pleasing smart.

XIII.

And fondly doting; oft he kist her lip :
 Oft would he dally with her Iuory breasts.
 No wanton loue-trick would he ouer-slip,
 But still obseru'd all amorous behests.
 Whereby he thought he might procure the loue
 Of his dull Image, which no plaints coulde moue.

Looks

XIV.

Looke how the peeuish Papists crouch and kneele,
 To some dum Idoll with their offering,
 As if a fenceless carued stone could feele
 The ardor of his bootles chattering :
 So fond he was, and earnest in his sute
 To his remorseles Image, dum and mute.

XV.

He oft doth wish his soule might part in sunder
 So that one halfe in her had residence :
 Oft he exclames, O beauties onely wonder !
 Sweet modell of delight, faire excellence,
 Be gracious vnto him that formed thee,
 Compassionate his true-loues ardencie.

XVI.

She with her silence seemes to graunt his sute.
 Then he all iocund like a wanton louer,
 With amorous embracements doth salute
 Her slender wast, presuming to discover
 The vale of Loue, where *Cupid* doth delight
 To sport, and dally all the sable night.

XVII.

His eyes, her eyes, kindly encountered,
 His breast, her breast, oft ioyned close vnto,
 His armes embracements oft she suffered,
 Hands, armes, eyes, tongue, lips, and all parts did woe.
 His thigh, with hers, his knee playd with her knee,
 A happy confort when all parts agree.

But

XVIII.

But when he saw poor soule he was deceaued,
 (Yet scarce he could beleue his sence had failed)
 Yet when he found all hope from him bereaued,
 And saw how fondly all his thoughts had erred,
 Then did he like to poor *Ixiom* seeme,
 That clipt a cloud in steede of heauens Queene.

XIX.

I oft haue smil'd to see the foolery
 Of some sweet Youths, who seriously protest
 That loue respects not actual Luxury,
 But onely ioyes to dally, sport, and iest:
 Loue is a child, contented with a toy,
 A busk-point, or some fauour still's the boy.

XX.

Marke my *Pigmalion*, whose affections ardor
 May be a mirror to posteritie.
 Yet viewing, touching, kissing, (common fauour)
 Could neuer satiate his lones ardencie:
 And therefore Ladies, thinke that they nere loue you,
 Who do not vnto more than kissing moue you.

XXI.

For *Pigmalion* kist, viewd, and imbraced,
 And yet exclaimes, why were these women made
 O sacred Gods! and with such beauties graced?
 Haue they not power as well to coole, and shade,
 As for to heate mens harts? or is there none
 Or are they all like mine? relentlesse stone.

With

XXII.

With that he takes her in his louing armes,
 And downe within a Downe-bed softly layd her.
 Then on his knees he all his fences charms,
 To inuocate sweet *Venus* for to raise her
 To wished life, and to infuse some breath,
 To that which dead, yet gaue a life to death.

XXIII.

Thou sacred Queene of sportiue dallying,
 (Thus he begins) Loues onely Empereffe,
 Whose kingdome rests in wanton reuelling,
 Let me beseech thee shew thy powerfullnesse
 In changing stone to flesh, make her relent,
 And kindly yeeld to thy sweet blandishment.

XXIV.

O gracious Gods, take compassion.
 Infill into her some celestiall fire,
 That she may equalize affection,
 And haue a mutuall loue, and loues desire.
 Thou know'st the force of loue, then pittie me,
 Compassionate my true loues ardencie.

XXV.

Thus hauing said, he riseth from the floore,
 As if his soule diuined him good fortune,

Hoping his prayers to pittie moou'd some power.
 For all his thoughts did all goød luck importune.
 And therefore straight he strips him naked quite,
 That in the bedde he might haue more delight.

XXVI.

Then thus, Sweet sheetes he faves, which nowe do couer,
 The Idol of my soule, the fairest one
 That ever lou'd, or had an amorous louer.
 Earths onely modell of perfection,
 Sweet happy sheetes, daine for to take me in,
 That I my hopes and longing thoughts may win.

XXVII.

With that his nimble limbs doe kisse the sheetes,
 And now he bowes him for to lay him downe,
 And now each part, with her faire parts doe meet,
 Now doth he hope for to enjoy Ioues crowne:
 Now do they dally, kisse, embrace together,
 Like *Leda's* Twins at sight of fairest weather.

XXVIII.

Yet all's conceit. But shadow of that blisse
 Which now my Muse striues sweetly to display
 In this my wondrous metamorphosis.
 Daine to beleeeve me, now I sadly say,
 The stonie substance of his Image feature,
 Was straight transform'd into a liuing creature.

XXIX.

For when his hands her faire form'd limbs had felt,
 And that his armes her naked waist imbraced,
 Each part like wax before the sun did melt,
 And now, oh now, he finds how he is graced
 By his owne worke. Tut, women will relent
 When as they finde such mouing blandishment.

XXX.

Doe but conceiue a Mothers passing gladnes,
 (After that death her onely sonne had seized
 And ouerwhelm'd her soule with endlesse sadnes)
 When that she sees him gin for to be raised
 From out his deadly swoone to life againe:
 Such ioy *Pigmalion* feesles in euery vaine.

XXXI.

And yet he feares he doth but dresming find
 So rich content, and such celestiall blisse.
 Yet when he proues and finds her wondrous kind,
 Yeelding soft touch for touch, sweet kisse, for kisse,
 He's well assur'd no faire imagery
 Could yeeld such pleasing, louses felicity.

XXXII.

O wonder not to heare me thus relate,
 And say to flesh transformed was a stone.

Had I my Loue in such a wished state
 As was afforded to *Pigmation*,
 Though flinty hard, of her you soone should see
 As strange a transformation wrought by mee.

XXXIII.

And now me thinkes some wanton itching eare
 With lustfull thoughts, and ill attention,
 List's to my Muse, expecting for to heare
 The amorous description of that action
 Which *Venus* seekes, and ever doth require,
 When fitnes graunts a place to please desire.

XXXIV.

Let him conceit but what himselfe would doe
 When that he obtayned such a fauour,
 Of her to whom his thoughts were bound vnto,
 If she, in recompence of his loues labour,
 Would daine to let one payre of sheets containe
 The willing bodies of those louing twaine.

XXXV.

Could he, oh could he, when that each to cyther
 Did yeeld kind kissing, and more kind embracing,
 Could he when that they felt, and clip't together
 And might enioy the life of dallying,
 Could he abstaine mid'st such a wanton sporting
 From doing that, which is not fit reporting?

XXXVI.

What would he doe when that her softest skin
 Saluted his with a delightfull kisse?
 When all things fit for loues sweet pleasuring
 Inuited him to reape a Louers blisse?

What he would doe, the selfe same action
 Was not neglected by *Pigmalion*.

XXXVII.

For when he found that life had tooke his seate
 Within the breast of his kind beauteous loue,
 When that he found that warmth, and wished heate
 Which might a Saint and coldest spirit moue,
 Then arms, eyes, hands, tongue, lips, and wanton thigh,
 Were willing agents in Loues luxurie.

XXXVIII.

Who knowes not what ensues? O pardon me:
 Yee gaping ears that swallow vp my lines
 Expect no more. Peace idle Poesie,
 Be not obscene though wanton in thy rimes.
 And chaster thoughts, pardon if I doe trip,
 Or if some loose lines from my pen do slip.

XXXIX.

Let this suffice, that that same happy night
 So gracious were the Gods of marriage

Mid'ft all there pleafing and long wifh'd delight

Paphos was got: of whom in after age

Cyprus was *Paphos* call'd, and euermore

Those Ilandars do *Venus* name adore.



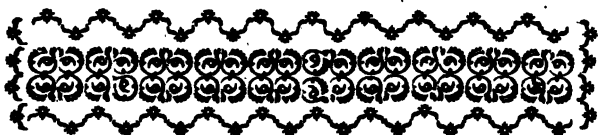
The AUTHOR in prayse of his precedent
Poem.

NOW *Rufus*, by old *Glebrons* fearfull mace
Hath not my Muse deseru'd a worthy place?
Come come *Luxurio*, crowne my head with Bayes,
Which like a Paphian, wantonly displays
The Salaminian titulations,
Which tickle vp our leud Priapians.
Is not my pen compleate? are not my lines
Right in the swaggering humour of these times?
O sing *Peanæ* to my learned Muse,
Io bis dicite. Wilt thou refuse?
Doe not I put my *Mistrès* in before?
And pitiously her gracious ayde implore?
Doe not I flatter, call her wondrous faire?
Vertuous, diuine most debonaire?
Hath not my Goddess in the vaunt-gard place,
The leading of my lines theyr plumes to grace?
And then ensues my stanzaes, like odd bands
Of voluntaries, and mercenarians:
Which like Soldados of our warlike age,
March rich bedight in warlike equipage:
Glittering in dawbed lac'd accoustrements,
And pleasing futes of loues habiliments.
Yet puffie as Dutch hose they are within,
Faint, and white liuer'd, as our gallants bin:

Patch'd like a beggars cloake, and run as sweet
 As doth a tumbrell in the paved street.
 And in the end, (the end of loue I wot)
Pigmalion hath a iolly boy begot.
 So *Labeo* did complaine his loue was stone,
 Obdurate, flinty, so relentlesse none:
 Yet *Lynceus* knowes, that in the end of this,
 He wrought as strange a metamorphosis.
 Ends not my Poem then surpassing ill?
 Come, come, *Augustus*, crowne my laureat quill.

Now by the whyps of *Epigramatists*,
 Ile not be lasht for my dissembling shifts.
 And therefore I vse *Popelings* discipline,
 Lay ope my faults to *Mastigophoros* eyne:
 Censure my selfe, fore others me deride
 And scoffe at mee, as if I had deni'd
 Or thought my Poem good, when that I see
 My lines are froth, my stanzaes saplesse be.
 Thus hauing rail'd against my selfe a while,
 Ile snarle at those, which doe the world beguile
 With masked shoves. Ye changing *Proteans* list,
 And tremble at a barking Satyrif.





S A T Y R E S.

S A T Y R E I.

Quedam videntur, & non sunt.

I Cannot show in strange proportion,
Changing my hew like a Camelion.
But you all-canning wits, hold water out,
Yee vizarded-bifronted-*Ianian* rout.
Tell mee browne *Rufcus*, hast thou *Gyges* ring,
That thou presum'st as if thou wert vnseene?
If not. Why in thy wits halfe capreall
Lett'st thou a superscrib'd Letter fall?
And from thy selfe, vnto thy selfe doost send,
And in the same, thy selfe, thy selfe commend?
For shame leaue running to some *Satrapas*,
Leaue glauering on him in the peopled presse:
Holding him on as he through Paul's doth walke,
With nodd and leggs, and odde superfluous talke:
Making men thinke thee gracious in his sight,
When he esteemes thee but a Parasite.

For shame vnmaske, leaue for to cloke intent,
And show thou art vaine-glorious, impudent.

Come *Briscus*, by the soule of Complement,
I'le not endure that with thine instrument
(Thy Gambo violl plac'd betwixt thy thighes,
Wherein the best part of thy courtship lyes)
Thou entertaine the time, thy Mistres by:
Come, now let's heare thy mounting *Mercurie*,
What mum? Giue him his fiddle once againe,
Or he's more mute then a *Pythagoran*.

But oh! The absolute *Castillo*,
He that can all the poynts of courtship show.
He that can trot a Courser, breake a rush,
And arm'd in prooffe, dare dure a strawes strong push.

He, who on his glorious scutchion
Can quaintly show wits *newe* inuention,
Aduancing forth some thirftie *Tantalus*,
Or els the Vulture on *Prometheus*,
With some short motto of a dozen lines.

He that can purpose it in dainty rimes,
Can set his face, and with his eye can speake,
Can dally with his Mistres dangling feake,
And wish that he were it, to kisse her eye
And flare about her beauties doitie.

Tut, he is famous for his reusling,
For fine sette speeches, and for sonetting;
He scornes the violl and the scraping sticke,
And yet'a but Broker of anothers wit.

Certes if all things were well knowne and view'd
He doth but champe that which another chew'd.
Come come *Castilion*, skirn thy possiet curd,
Show thy queere substance, worthlesse, most absurd.

Take

Take ceremonious complement from thee,
Alas, I see *Castilios* beggery.

O if *Democritus* were now alive
How he would laugh to see this deuil thrue!
And by an holy semblance bleare mens eyes
When he intends some damned villanies.

-*Ixion* makes faire weather vnto *Ioue*,
That he might make foule worke with his faire loue,
And is right sober in his outward semblance,
Demure, and modest in his countenance;
Applies himselfe to great *Saturnus* sonne,
Till *Saturnus* daughter yeeldes his motion.
Night-shining *Phæbe* knowes what was begat,
A monstrous Centaure, illegitimate.

Who would not chuck to see such pleasing sport?
To see such troupes of gallants still resort
Vnto *Cornutos* shop? What other cause
But chaste *Brownetta*, *Spero* thether drawes?
Who now so long hath prays'd the Choughs white bill
That he hath left her ne'er a flying quill:
His meaning gain, though outward semblance loue,
So like a Crabfish *Spero* still doth moue.
Laugh, laugh, to see the world *Democritus*
Cry-like that strange transformed *Tyreus*.
Now *Serbo* with a fayned grauity
Doth fish for honour, and high dignity.
Nothing within, nor yet without, but beard
Which thrice he strokes, before I ever heard
One wise graue word, to blesse my listning eare.
But marke how Good-opinion doth him reare,
See, he's in office, on his foot-cloth placed:
Now each man caps, and strives for to be graced

With

With some rude nod of his maiestick head,
Which all do wish in *Limbo* harried.

But O I greeue, that good men daine to be
Slauens unto him, that's slaue to villany.

Now *Sorbo* swels with selfe conceited fence,
Thinking that men do yeeld this reuerence
Vnto his vertues: fond credulity!

Assè, talke of Isis, no man honours thee.

Great *Tubrios* feather gallantly doth waue,
Full twenty falls doth make him wondrous braue.

Oh golden Ierkin! Royall arming coate!
Like ship on Sea, he on the land doth flote.

He's gone, he's slipt, his resolution

Pricks (by heauen) to this action.

The poxe it doth: not long since I did view

The man betake him to a common stew.

And there (I wis) like no quaint stomach't man

Eates vp his armes. And warres munition

His wauing plume, falls in the Brokers cheft.

Fie that his Ostridge stomach should digest

His Ostridge feather: eate vp Venis-lace.

Thou that did'st feare to eate *Poore-Johns* a space.

Lie close ye slaue at beastly luxury!

Melt and consume in pleasures surquedry.

But now, thou that did'st march with Spanish Pike before,

Come with French-pox out of that brothell dore.

The fleet's return'd. What news from *Rodio*?

Hote seruice, by the Lord, cries Tubrio.

Why do'st thou halt? *Why six times throgb each thigh*

Pusst with the Pike of the hoteemie.

Hote seruice, hote, the Spaniard is a man,

I say no more, and as a Gentleman

I served in his face. Farwell. Adew.

Welcome from Netherland, from streaming stew.

Asse to thy crib, doffe that huge Lyons skin,

Or els the Owle will hooote and driue thee in.

For shame, for shame, lew'd liuing *Fabris*

Presume not troupe among that gallant crue

Of true Heroike spirits, come vncafe,

Show vs the true forme of *Dametas* face.

Hence, hence ye slaue, diffemble not thy state

But hence-forth be a turne-coate, runnagate.

Oh hold my sides, that I may breake my spleene,

With laughter at the shadowes I haue seene.

Yet I can beare with *Curios* nimble feete

Saluting me with capers in the streets,

Although in open view, and peoples face,

He fronts me with some spruce, neat, sinquepate.

Or *Tullus*, though when ere he me espies

Straight with loud mouth (*a bandy Sir*) he cries,

Or *Robrus*, who adic't to nimble fence,

Still greetes me with Stoekadoes violence.

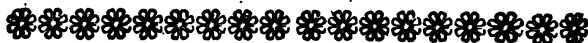
These I doe beare, because I too well know

They are the same, they seeme in outward show.

But all confusion seuer from mine eye

This Ianian-bifront hypocrisie.





S A T Y R E II.

Quedam sunt, & non videntur.

I That euen now lisp'd like an Amorist,
 Am turn'd into a snaphaunce Satyrift.
 O tittle, which my iudgement doth adore!
 But I dull-sprighted fat Boetian Boore,
 Doe farre off honour that Censorian feate.
 But if I could in milk-white robes intreate
Plebieans favour, I would shew to be
Tribunus plebis, gainst the villany
 Of these same *Proteans*, whose hipocrisie,
 Doth still abuse our fond credulity.
 But since my selfe am not imaculate,
 But many spots my minde doth vitiate,
 I'le leaue the white roabe, and the biting times
 Vnto our moderne Satyres sharpest lines;
 Whose hungry fangs snarle at some secret sinne.
 And in such pitchy-clouds enwrapped beene
 His *Sphinxian* ridles, that old *Oedipus*
 Would be amaz'd and take it in foule snuffs
 That such *Cymerian* darknes should inuolue
 A quaint conceit, that he could not resolue.
 O darknes palpable! Egipts black night!
 My wit is stricken blind, hath lost his sight.
 My thins are broke, with groping for some sence
 To know to what his words haue reference.

Certes (*sunt*) but (*non videntur*) that I know.
 Reach me some Poets Index that will show.
Imagines Deorum. Booke of Epithites,
Natales Comes, thou I know recites,
 And mak'st Anatomie of Poesie.
 Helpe to unmaske the Satyres secrecie.
 Delphick *Apollo*, ayde me to vnrip,
 These intricate deepe Oracles of wit.
 These darke Enigmaes, and strange ridling sence
 Which passe my dullard braines intelligence.
 Fie on my fenceles pate; Now I can show
 Thou writest that which I, nor thou, doo'st know.
 Who would imagine that such squint-ey'd sight
 Could strike the worlds deformities so right.
 But take heede *Pallas*, least thou ayme awry
 Loue, nor yet Hate, had ere true iudging eye.
 Who would once dreame that that same Elegie,
 That faire fram'd peece of sweetest Poesie,
 Which *Muto* put betwixt his Mistris paps,
 (When he (quick-witted) call'd her *Cruell Chaps*,
 And told her, there she might his dolors read
 Which she, oh she, vpon his hart had spread)
 Was penn'd by *Roscio* the Tragedian?
 Yet *Muto*, like a good *Vulcanian*,
 An honest Cuckold, calls the bastard sonne,
 And brags of that which others for him done.
Satyre thou lye'st, for that same Elegie
Is Mutos owne, his owne deere Poesie:
 Why tis his owne; and deare, for he did pay
 Ten crownes for it, as I heard *Roscius* say.
 Who would imagine yonder sober man,
 That same deuout meale-mouth'd Precisean,

That cries *good brother, kind, sister*, makes a duck,
 After the Antique grace, can alwayes pluck
 A sacred booke, out of his ciuill hose,
 And at th'op'ning, and at our stomacks close
 Sayes with a turn'd-vp eye a solemne grace
 Of halfe an houre, then with silken face
 Smiles on the holy crue, and then doth cry
O manners! O times of impurity!
 With that depaints a church reformed state,
 The which the female tongues magnificate;
 Because that *Platoes* odd opinion,
 Of all things (*common*) hath strong motion
 In their weake minds. Who thinks that this good man
 Is a vile, sober, damn'd, Polititian?
 Not I, till with his baite of purity
 He bit me sore in deepest vsury.
 No Iew, no Turke, woulde vse a Christian
 So inhumanely as this Puritan.
Diomedes Iades were not so bestiall,
 As this same seeming-faint, vile Canniball.
 Take heede Q world, take heede aduisedly
 Of these same damned Anthropophagy.
 I had rather be within a Harpies clawes
 Then trust my selfe in their deuouring iawes.
 Who all confusion to the world would bring
 Vnder the forme of their new discipline.
 O I could say, *Briareus* hundred hands
 Were not so ready to bring *Ioue* in bands
 As these to set endles contentious strife
 Betwixt *Ieboua*, and his sacred wife.
 But see who's yonder, true Humility
 The perfect image of faire Curtise.

See, he doth daine to be in feruitude
 Where he hath no promotions liuelihood.
 Marke, he doth curtsie, and salutes a block,
 Will seeme to wonder at a weathercock,
 Trenchmore with Apes, play musick to an Owle,
 Blessè his sweet honours running brasell bowle:
 Cries (*brauly broake*) when that his Lordship mist,
 And is of all the thrunged scaffold hist:
 O is not this a curteous minded man
No foole, no, a damn'd Macheulian:
 Holds candle to the deuill for a while;
 That he the better may the world beguile
 That's fed with shows, He hopes thogh som repine,
 Wherr sunne is set, the lesser starres will shine:
 He is within a haughty malecontent,
 Though he doe use such humble blândishment.
 But bold-fac'd Satyre, straine not ouer hie,
 But laugh and chuck at meaner gullery.

In fayth yon is a well fac'd Gentleman,
 See how he paceth like a Ciprian:
 Faire Amber tresses of the fairest haire
 That ere were waued by our London aire;
 Rich faced suit, all spruce, all neat in truth.
 Ho *Linceus!* What's yonder brisk neat youth
 Bout whom yon troupe of Gallants flocken so?
 And now together to *Brownes* common go?
 Thou knowst I am sùre, for thou canst cast thine eie:
 Through nine mud wals, or els old Poets lie.
Tis loose legd Lais, that same common Drab,
For whom good Tubrio tooke the mortall stab.
 Hà ha, Nay then I'le neuer raile at those
 That weare a codpis, thereby to disclose:

What sexe they are, since strumpets breeches vse,
And all mens eyes faus *Linceus* can abuse.

Nay steed of shadow, lay the substance out,
Or els fair *Briscus* I shall stand in-doubt

What sex thou art, since such Hermaphrodites
Such *Protean* shadowes so delude our sights.

Looke, looke, with what a discontented grace
Bruto the trauailer doth sadly pace

Long Westminster, O civil seeming shade,

Marke his sad colours, how demurely clad,

Staidnes it selfe, and *Nestors* grauity

Are but the shade of his ciuility.

And now he sighes. O thou corrupted age,

Which slight regard'st men of sound carriage,

Vertue, knowledge, flie to heauen againe.

Daine not mong these ungrateful sots remains.

Well, some tonges I know, some countries I haue seene

And yet these oily *Snailes* respectles beene

Of my good parts. O worthles puffie flauel!

Didst thou to *Venis* goe oft els to haue;

But buy a Lute and vse a Curtezian?

And there to liue like a *Cyllenian*?

And now from thence what hether do'st thou bring?

But surphulings, new paints and poysoning,

Aretines pictures, some strange Luxury,

And new found vse of *Venis* venery?

What art thou but black clothes? Say *Bruto* say

Art any thing but only say array?

Which I am sure is all thou brought'st from France,

Sauce Naples poxe, and French-mens dalliance.

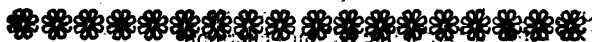
From haughty Spayne, what brought'st thou els beside,

But lofty lookes, and their *Lucifrian* pride?

From

From Belgia what? but their deep beueling,
 Their boote-carouse, and their Beere-buttering.
 Well, then exclaime not on our age good man,
 But hence polluted Neopolitan:

Now Satyre cease to rub our gauled skinnes,
 And to vnmaske the worlds detested finnes.
 Thou shalt as sone draw *Nilus* riuer dry,
 As cleanse the world from soule impietic.



S A T Y R E III.

Quedam & sunt, & videntur.

NOW grim *Reprobes* swell in my rough-heu'd rime,
 That thour maist vexs the guilty of our time.
 Yon is a youth, whom how can I ore slip,
 Since he so iumpe doth in my meshes hit?
 He hath been longer in preparing him
 Then *Terence* wench, and now behold he's seene.
 Now after two yeeres fast and earnest prayer,
 The fashion change not, (lest he should dispaire
 Of euer hoording vp more faire gay clothes)
 Behold at length in London streets he shoves.
 His ruffe did eatg more time in neatest setting
 Then *Woodstocks* worke in painfull perfecting.
 It hath more doubles farre, then *Ajax* shield
 When he gainst Troy did furions battle weild.
 Nay he doth weare an Embleme bout his neck,
 For under that fayre Ruffe so sprucely set

Appeares

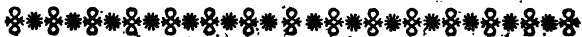
Appeares a fall, a falling-band forfooth:
 O dapper, rare, compleat, sweet nittie youth!
Iesu Maria! How his clothes appeare
 Crost and recroft with lace, sure for some feare,
 Least that some spirit with a tippet Mace
 Should with a gaffly show affright his face.
 His hat, himselfe, small crowne and huge great brim,
Faire out-ward show, and little wit within.
 And all the band with feathers he doth fill,
 Which is a signe of a fantastick still,
 As sure, as (some doe tell me) euermore
 A Goate doth stand before a brothell dore.
 His clothes perfum'd, his fustie mouth is ayred,
 His chinne new swept, his very cheekes are glazed.

But ho, what *Ganimede* is that doth grace
 The gallants heeles. One, *who for two daies space*
Is closely byred: Now who dares not call
 This *Aesops* crow, fond, mad, fantastickall.
 Why so he is, his clothes doe sympathize,
 And with his inward spirit humorize.
 An open Ass, that is not yet so wise
 As his derided fondnes to disguise.
 Why thou art Bedlam mad, starke lunaticke,
 And glori'st to be counted a fantastick:
 Thou neyther art, nor yet will seeme to be
 Heire to some vertuous praised qualitie.
 O frantick men! that thinke all villanie
 The complete honours of Nobilitie.
 When some damn'd vice, some strange mishapen sute,
 Make youths esteeme themselues in hie repute.
 O age! in which our gallants boast to be
 Slaues vnto riot, and rude luxury!

Nay,

Nay, when they blush, and thinke an honest act
 Dooth their supposed vertues maculate.
 Bedlame, Frenzie, Madnes, Lunacie,
 I challenge all your moody Empery
 Once to produce a more distracted man
 Then is inamorato *Lucian*.
 For when my eares receau'd a fearefull found
 That he was sicke, I went, and there I found
 Him layde of loue, and newly brought to bed
 Of monstrous folly, and a franticke head.
 His chamber hang'd about with Elegies,
 With sad complaints of his loues miseries:
 His windows strow'd with Sonnets, and the glasse
 Drawne full of lone-knots. I approacht the Assie,
 And straight he weepes, and sighes some sonnet out
 To his faire loue! And then he goes about
 For to perfume her rare perfection
 With some sweet-smelling pinck Epitheton.
 Then with a melting looke he writhes his head,
 And straight in passion riseth in his bed;
 And hauing kiss'd his hand, stroke up his haire,
 Made a French conge, cryes, *O cruell feare*
 To the antique Bed-post. I laught a maine
 That down my cheeks the mirthfull drops did raine.
 Well he's no *Ianus*, but substantiall,
 In show, and essence a good naturall.
 When as thou hear'st me aske spruce *Ducius*
 From whence he comes. And he straight answers vs,
 From Lady *Lilla*. And is going straight
 To the Countesse of () for she doth waite
 His comming. And will surely send her Coach,
 Vnlesse he make the speedier approach.

Art not thou ready for to breake thy spleene
 At laughing at the fondness thou hast feene
 In this vaine-glorious foole? When thou dost know
 He neuer durst vnto these Ladies show
 His pippin face. Well, he's no accident,
 But reall, reall, shamelesse, impudent.
 And yet he boasts, and wonders that each man
 Can call him by his name, sweet *Ducean*:
 And is right proude that thus his name is knowne.
 I *Duceus*, I, thy name is too farre blowne.
 The world too much, thy selfe too little know'ft
 Thy priuate selfe. Why then should *Duceus* boast?
 But humble Satyre, wilt thou daime display
 These open naggs, which purblind eyes bewray?
 Come, come, and snarle more darke at secrete sin,
 Which in such Laborinths enwrapped bin,
 That *Ariadne* I must craue thy ayde
 To helpe me finde where this foul monster's layd,
 Then will I driue the Minotaure from vs,
 And seeme to be a second *Theseus*.



S A T Y R E IV.

R E A C T I O.

NOW doth *Ramnusa Adrastian*,
 Daughter of Night, and of the Ocean
 Prouoke my pen. What cold *Saturnian*
 Can hold, and heare such vile detraction?
 Yee Pines of Ida, shake your faire growne height,
 For *Ioue* at first dash will with thunder fight.

Yee Cedars bend, fore lightning you dismay,
 Ye Lyons tremble, for an Assē doth bray.
 Who cannot raile? what dog but dare to barke
 Gainst *Phæbes* brightnes in the silent darke?
 What stinking Scauenger (if so he will
 Though streets be fayre,) but may right easily fill,
 His dungy tumbrel? sweep, pare, wash, make cleane,
 Yet from your fairnes he some durt can gleane.
 The windie-chollicke striu'd to haue some vent,
 And now tis flowne, and now his rage is spent.
 So haue I seene the fuming waues to fret,
 And in the end, naught but white foame beget.
 So haue I seene the fullen cloudes to cry,
 And weepe for anger that the earth was dry
 After theyr spight, that all the haile-shot drops
 Could neuer pierce the christiall water tops,
 And neuer yet could worke her more disgrace
 But onely bubble quiet *Fletis face*.
 Vaine enuious detractor from the good,
 What *Cynicke* spirit rageth in thy blood?
 Cannot a poore mistaken title scape
 But thou must that into thy Tumbrell scrape?
 Cannot some lewd, immodest beastlines
 Lurke, and lie hid in iust forgetfulnes,
 But *Grillus* subtil-smelling swinish snout
 Must sent, and grunt, and needes will finde it out?
 Come daunce yee stumbling Satyres by his side
 If he list once the Syon Muse deride.
 Ye *Granta's* white Nymphs come, and with you bring
 Some fillabub, whilst he doth sweetly sing
 Gainst *Peters* teares, and *Mariss* mouing meane,
 And like a fierce enraged Boare doth foame

At sacred Sonnets. O daring hardiment!
 At *Bartas* sweet *Semaines*, raile impudent
 At *Hopkins*, *Sternbold*, and the *Scottish* King,
 At all Translators that do stitue to bring
 That stranger language to our vulgar tongue,
 Spett in thy poyson theyr fair acts among.
 Ding them all downe from faire Ierusalem,
 And mew them vp in thy deserted Bedlem.

Shall Painims honor, their vile falsed gods
 With sprightly wits? and shall not we by ods
 Farre, farre, more strine with wits best quintessence
 To adore that sacred euer-living Essence?
 Hath not strong reason moon'd the Legists mind,
 To say the fayrest of all Natures kinde
 The Prince by his prerogatiue may claime?
 Why may not then our soules without thy blame
 (Which is the best thing that our God did frame)
 Denote the best part to his sacred Name?
 And with due reuërence and deuotion
 Honor his Name with our inuention?
*No, Poesie not fit for such an action,
 It is defild with superstition:
 It honor'd Baal, therefore polute, polute,
 Unfit for such a sacred institute.*
 So haue I heard an Herotick maintaine
 The Church vnholly, where *dehouas* Name
 Is now ador'd: Because he surely knowes
 Some-times it was defil'd with Popish shoues.
 The Bells profane, and not to be endar'd,
 Because to Popish rites they were inur'd.
 Pure madnes peace, cease to be insolent;
 And be not outward sober, inlye impudent.

Fie inconsiderate, it grieueth me
 An Academick should so senseles be.
 Fond Censurer! Why should those mirrors seeme
 So vile to thee? Which better iudgements deeme
 Exquisite then, and in our polish'd times
 May run for sensefull tollerable lines.
 What, not *mediocria firma* from thy spight?
 But must thy enuious hungry fangs needs light
 On *Magistrats mirror*? Must thou needs detract
 And striue to worke his antient honors wrack?
 What, shall not *Resamons*, or *Galen*,
 Ope their sweet lips without detraction?
 But must our moderne *Criticks* enuious eye
 Seeme thus to quote some grosse deformity?
 Where Art, not error shineth in their stile,
 But error, and no Art doth thee beguile.
 For tell me *Critick*, is not *Fiction*
 The soule of *Poesies* inuention?
 Is't not the forme, the spirit, and the essence?
 The life, and the essentiall difference?
 Which *omni, semper, soli*, doth agree
 To heauenly descended *Poesie*?
 Thy wit God comfort mad Chirurgion
 What, make so dangerous an Incision?
 At first dash whip away the instrument
 Of *Poets* Procreation? sic ignorant!
 When as the soule, and vitall-blood doth rest
 And hath in *Fiction* onely interest?
 What *Satyre*! sucks the soule from *Poesie*
 And leaue him spiritles? O impiety!
 Would euer any *erudite Pedant*
 Seeme in his artles lines so insolent?

But thus it is when pittie Priscians
 Will needs step vp to be Censorians.
 When once they can in true skan'd verses frame
A braue Encomium of good Vertues name.

Why thus it is, when Mimick Apes will striue
 With Iron wedge the trunks of Oakes to riuē.

But see, his spirit of detraction
 Must nibble at a glorious action.

Euge! some gallant spirit, some resoluēd blood
 Will hazard all to worke his Countries good
 And to enrich his soule, and raise his name
 Will boldly faile vnto the rich *Griane.*

What then? must straight some shameles Satyrift
 With odious and opprobrious termes insift
 To blast so high resolu'd intention
 With a malignant vile detraction?

So haue I seene a curre dogge in the streete
 Pisse gainst the fairest posts he still could meete.

So haue I seen the march wind striue to fade
 The fairest hewe that Art, or Nature made.

So Enuy still doth bark at clearest shine
 And striues to staine heroick acts, deuine.

Well, I haue cast thy water, and I see
 Th'art false to wits extreamest pouerty,
 Sure in Consumption of the spritly part.
 Goe vse some Cordiall for to cheere thy hart:
 Or els I feare that I one day shall see
 Thee fall, into some dangerous Lethargie.

But come fond Bragart, crowne thy browes with Bay
 In trance thy selfe in thy sweet extasie.

Come, manumit thy plumie pinion,
 And scower the sword of Eluish champion,

Or els vouchsafe to breathe in wax-bound quill,
 And daine our longing eares with musick fill:
 Or let vs see thee some such stanzaes frame
 That thou maist raise thy vile inglorious name.
 Summon the Nymphs and Driades to bring
 Some rare inuention, whilst thou doost sing
 So sweet, that thou *maist shoulder from above*
The Eagle from the staires of friendly Ioue:
And leade sad Pluto Captiue with thy song,
Gracing thy selfe, that art obscur'd so long.
 Come somewhat say (but hang me when tis done)
Worthy of brasse, and hoary marble stone;
Speake yee attentiue Swaines that heard him neuer
 Will not his Pastorals indure for euer?
 Speake yee that neuer heard him ought but raile
 Doe not his Poems beare a glorious saile?
 Hath not he strongly iustled from above
The Eagle from the staires of friendly Ioue?
May be, may be, tut tis his modesty,
He could if that he would, nay would if could I see.
 Who cannot raile? and with a blasting breath
 Scorch euen the whitest Lillies of the earth?
 Who cannot stumble in a stuttering stile?
 And shallow heads with *seeming shades* beguile?
 Cease, cease, at length to be maleuolent,
 To fairest bloomes of Vertues eminent.
 Striue not to foile the freshest hewes on earth
 With thy malicious and vpbraiding breath.
Enuis, let Pines of *Ida* rest alone,
 For they will growe spight of thy thunder stone,
 Striue not to nibble in their swelling graine
 With toothles gums of thy detracting braine:

Eate not thy dam, but laugh and sport with me
 At strangers follies with a merry glee,
 Lets not maligne our kin. Then Satyrist
 I doe salute thee with an open fist.



S A T Y R E V.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

Ambitious Gorgons, wide-mouth'd Lamians,
 Shape-changing Proteans, damn'd Briarians,
 Is Minos dead, is Radamanth a sleepe;
 That yee thus dare vnto Iouis Pallace creepe?
 What, hath Ramusfa spent her knotted whipt
 That yee dare strine on Herbes cup to sip?
 Yet know Apolloes quiuer is not spent
 But can abate your daring hardiment.
 Python is slaine, yet his atcurfed race,
 Dare looke diuine Astrea in the face:
 Chaos returne, and with confusion
 Inuolue the world with strange disunion:
 For Pluto sits in that adored chaire
 Which doth belong vnto Minusuas heire.
 O Hecatombel! O Catastrophe!
 From Mydas pompe, to Irus beggery!
 Prometheus, who celestiaall fier
 Did steale from heauen, therewith to inspire
 Our earthly bodies with a sence-full minde,
 Whereby we might the depth of Nature find.

*Huc vs-
 que Xili-
 num.*

Is ding'd to hell, and vulture eates his hart
 Which did such deepe Philosophy impart
 To mortall men. When theeuing *Mercury*
 That euen in his new borne infancy
 Stole faire *Apollos* quiuer, and *Ioues* mace,
 And would haue filch'd the lightning from his place,
 But that he fear'd he should haue burnt his wing
 And sing'd his downy feathers new come spring;
 He that in gasty shade of night doth leade
 Our soules, vnto the empire of the dead.
 When he that better doth deserue a rope
 Is a faire planet in our Horoscope.
 And now hath *Caduceus* in his hand
 Of life and death that hath the sole command.
 Thus petty thefts are payed, and soundly whipt,
 But greater crimes are slightly ouerslipt:
 Nay he's a God that can doe villany
 With a good grace, and glib facility.

The harmles hunter, with a ventrous eye
 When vnawares he did *Diana* spie,
 Nak'd in the fountaine he became straightway
 Vnto his greedy hounds a wished pray,
 His owne delights taking away his breath,
 And all ungratefull forc'd his fatal death.
 (And euer since Hounds eate their Maisters cleane,
 For so *Diana* curst them in the streame.)
 When strong backt *Hercules* in one poore night
 With great, great ease, and wondrous delight
 In strength of lust and *Venus* surquedry
 Rob'd fifty wenches of virginity.
 Farre more than lusty *Laurence*, Yet poore soule
 He with *Acteon* drinks of *Nemis* bole,

When *Hercules* lewd act, is registred,
 And for his fruitfull labour Deified.
 And had a place in heaven him assigned.
 When he the world, vnto the world resigned.
 Thus little scapes are deeply punished,
 But mighty villanes are for Gods adored.
Ioue brought his sister to a nuptiall bed,
 And hath an *Hebe*, and a *Ganemede*,
 A *Leda* and a thousand more beside,
 His chaste *Alomena*, and his sister bride:
 Who fore his face was odiously defil'd
 And by *Ixion* grosely got with child.
 This thunderer, that right vertuously
 Thrust forth his father from his empery
 Is now the great Monark of the earth,
 Whose awfull nod, whose all commaunding breath
 Shakes Europe's ground-worke §. And his title makes
 As dread a noyse, as when a Canon shakes
 The subtile ayre. Thus hell-bred villany
 Is still rewarded with high dignity.
 When *Sisyphus* that did but once reueale
 That this incestious villane had to deale
 In Ile *Pbliunta* with *Egina* faire,
 Is damn'd to hell, in endles black dispaire
 Euer to reare his tumbling stone vpright
 Vpon the steepy mountaines lofty height.
 His stone will neuer now get greenish mofse
 Since he hath thus incur'd so great a losse
 As *Ioues* high fauour. But it needs must be
 Whilst *Ioue* doth rule, and sway the empery

§ *Rex hominumque Deorumque.*

And

And poore *Africa's* fled into an Ile
 And liues a poore and banished exile:
 And there pen'd vp, sighs in her sad lament,
 Wearing away in pining languishment.
 If that *Sylenus* Assē doe chauce to bray,
 And so the Satyres lewdnes doth bewray,
 Let him for euer be a sacrifice;
 Pricke, spurre, beate, loade, for euer tyranise
 Ouer the foole, But let some *Carberus*
 Keepe back the wife of sweet tongu'd *Orpheus*,
Gnato applaudes the Hound. Let that same child
 Of Night and Sleep, (which hath the world defild
 With odious railing) barke gainst all the work
 Of all the Gods, and find some error lurke
 In all the graces. Let his lauer lip
 Speake in reproach of Natures workmanship,
 Let him vpbraid faire *Venus* if he list
 For her short heele. Let him with rage insitt
 To snarle at *Vulcans* iron, because he was
 Not made with windowes of transparant glas,
 That all might see the passions of his mind.
 Let his all-blasting tongue great errors find
 In *Pallas* house, because if next should burne
 It could not from the sodaine perill turne.
 Let him vpbraide great *Iud* with luxury
 Condemne the Heavens Queene of ielousie.
 Yet this same Stygian *Momus* must be prayd
 And to some Godhead at the least be raised.
 But if poor *Orpheus* sing melodiously,
 And striue with musicks sweetest symphonie
 To praise the Gods, and vnadvisedly
 Doe but ore-slip one drunken Deitie,

Forthwith

Forthwith the bouzing *Bacchus* out doth fend
His furious *Bacchides*, to be reueng'd.

And straight they teare the sweet *Musitian*,
And leaue him to the dogs diuision.

Hebrus, beare witnes of their crueltie,

For thou did'st view poore *Orpheus* tragedi.

Thus slight neglects are deepest villanie,

But blasting mouthes deserue a deitie.

Since *Gallus* slept, when he was set to watch

Least *Sol* or *Ulcian* should *Mauritius* catch

In using *Venus*: since the boy did nap,

Whereby bright *Phæbus* did great *Mars* intrap.

Poore *Gallus* now, (whilom to *Mars* so deere)

Is turned to a crowing Channteclere;

And euer since, fore that the sun doth shine,

(Least *Phæbus* should with his all-peircing eyne

Discry some *Ulcian*,) he doth crow full shrill,

That all the ayre with Echoes he doth fill.

Whilst *Mars*, though all the Gods do see his sin,

And know in what lewd vice he liueth in,

Yet is adored still, and magnified,

And with all honors duly worshipped.

Euge! smalk faults to mōuntaines straight are raised,

Slight scapes are whipt, but damned deeds are praised.

Fie, fie, I am deceiued all thys while,

A mist of errors doth my sence beguile;

I haue beene long of all my witts bereauen,

Heauen for hell taking, taking hell for heauen;

Vertue for vice, and vice for vertue still,

Sower for sweet, and good for passing ill.

If not? Would vice and odious villanie

Be still rewarded with high dignity?

Would

Would damned *Ionians*, be of all men praised,
And with high honors vnto heauen raised?

Tis so, tis so; Riot, and Luxurie
Are vertuous, meritorious chastitie:
That which I thought to be damn'd hel-borne pride
Is humble modestie, and nought beside;
That which Idee med *Bacchus* surquedry,
Is graue, and staied, civill, *Sobrietie*.
O then thrice holy age, thrice sacred men!
Mong whom no vice a Satyre can discern,
Since Lust is turned into *Chastitie*,
And Riot, vnto sad *Sobrietie*.

Nothing but goodnes reigneth in our age,
And vertues all are ioyn'd in marriage.
Heere is no dwelling for Impiety,
No habitation for base Villanie.
Heere are no subiects for *Reprooffs* sharpe vaine,
Then hence rude Satyre, make away amaine;
And seeke a seate where more Impuritie
Doth lye and lurke in still securitie.

Now doth my Satyre stagger in a doubt,
Whether to cease, or els to write it out.
The subiect is too sharpe for my dull quill.
Some sonne of *Maya* show thy riper skill.
For Ile goe turne my tub against the sunne,
And wistly marke how higher Plannets runne,
Contemplating their hidden motion.
Then on some *Latmos* with *Endimion*,
I'lle slumber out my time in discontent,
And neuer wake to be maleuolent,
A beedle to the worlds impuritie;
But euer sleepe in still securitie.

If thys

If thys displeafe the worlds wrong-iudging fight,
It glads my soule, and in some better spright
I'le write againe. But if that this doe please,
Hence, hence, Satyrick Muse, take endlesse ease.
Hush now yee Band-doggs, barke no more at me,
But let me slide away in secrecie.

EPICETUS.

A T L O N D O N,
Printed by *James Roberts.* 1598.

THE
S C O V R G E
O F
V I L L A N I E.

Three Bookes of SATYRES.

By JOHN MARSTON.

Nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus.

PERSIUS.



A T L O N D O N,
Printed by I. R. Anno Dom.
1599.
Reprinted 1764.

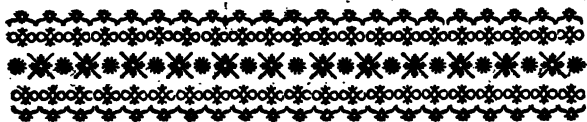
To his most esteemed, and best beloved
Selfe.

DAT DEDICATQVE.

Printed by I. R. [unclear]

1702

[unclear]



T O

DETRACTION I present my POESIE.

Foule canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaster of the freshest bloomes on earth,
Enuies abhorred childe, *Detraction*,
I here expose, to thy al-tainting breath,
The issue of my braine: snarle, raile, barke, bite,
Knowe that my spirit scornes *Detractions* spight.

Knowe that the *Genius*, which attendeth on,
And guides my powers intellectuall,
Holds in all vile repute *D. traction*,
My soule an essence metaphysicall,
That in the basest sort scornes *Critickes* rage,
Because he knowes his sacred parentage.

My spirit is not puffed vp with fatte fume
Of slimie Ale, nor *Bacchus* heating grape.
My minde disdaines the dungy muddy scum
Of abiect thoughts, and *Enuies* raging hate.
True iudgement sight regards Opinion,
Asprightly wit disdaines Detraction.

A partiall praise shall neuer eleuate
My settled censure of my own esteeme.
A cankered verdict of malignant hate
Shall nere prouoke me, worse my selfe to deeme.
Spight of despight, and rancors villanie,
I am my selfe, so is my poesie.

In Lectores prorsus indignos.

FY Satyre fie, shall each mechanick slaue,
 Each dunghill peasant, free perusal haue.
 Of thy well labor'd lines? Each fattin sute,
 Each quaint fashion-monger, whose sole repute
 Rests in his trim gay clothes, he slauering
 Tainting thy lines with his lewd censuring?
 Shall each odde puiſne of the Lawyers, Inne,
 Each barney-froth, that last day did beginne
 To read his little, or his *nere a whit*,
 Or shall some greater auntient, of lesse wit,
 (That neuer turn'd but browne Tobacco leaues,
 Whose fences some damn'd *Occupant* bereaues)
 Lye gnawing on thy vacant times expence?
 Tearing thy rimes, quite altering the fence?
 Or shall perfum'd *Castilio* censure thee?
 Shall he oreview thy sharpe-fang'd poesie?
 (Who nere read further than his *Mistresse* lips)
 Nere practiz'd ought, but som spruce capring skips
 Nere in his life did other language vse,
 But *sweet Lady*, *faire Mistris*, *kind Hart*, *deere Cox*,
 Shall this *Fantasma*, this *Colosse* peruse,
 And blast with stinking breath, my budding Muse?
 Fie, wilt thou make thy wit a *Curtizan*?
 For every broking hand-crafts artizan?
 Shall brainlesse *Cyterne* heads, each *jobernole*,
 Pocket the very *Genius* of thy soule?

I *Phylo*, I, I'll keepe an open hall,
 A common, and a sumptuous festinall.

Welcome

Welcome all eyes, all eares, all tongues to mee,
Gnaw peasants on my scraps of Poësie.

Castiles, Cyprians, court-boyes, spanish blocks,
Ribanded eares, Granado-netherstocks,

Fidlers, scriueners, pedlers, tynkering kraues,
Base blew-coates, tapsters, broad-minded slaues

Welcome I-faith: but may you nere depart,
Till I haue made your gauled hides to smart.

Your gauled hides? auant base muddy scum:
Thinke you a Satyres dreadful sounding drum

Will brace it selfe? and daime to terrific.

Such abiect peasants basest roguery?

No, no, passe on ye vaine fantasticke troupe

Of puffie youths; Knowe I do scorne to stoupe

To rip your liues. Then hence lewd nags away,

Goe read each poast, view what is plaid to day,

Then to *Priapus* gardens. *You Castilio*,

I pray thee let my lines in freedome goe,

Let me alone, the madams call for thee,

Longing to laugh at thy wits pouerty.

Sirra, liuoric cloake, you lazie slipper slaue,

Thou fawning drudge, what would'st thou Satyres haue?

Base mind away, thy master calls, be gone,

Sweet *Gnato* let my poësie alone.

Goe buy some ballad of the Faïery King,

And of the begger wench, some roguie thing,

Which thou maist chaunt vnto the chamber-maid

To some vile tune, when that thy Master's laid.

But will you needs stay? am I forc't to beare

The blasting breath of each lewd censurer?

Must naught but cloths, and images of men,

But sprightlesse trunks, be Iudges of thy pen?

Nay then come all. I prostitute my Muse,
 For all the swarmes of Idiots to abuse.
 Reade all, view all, euen with my full consent,
 So you will know that which I neuer meant;
 So you will nere conceiue, and yet dispraise.
 That which you nere conceiu'd, and laughter raise
 Where I but striue in honest seriousnesse,
 'To scourge some soule-polluting beastlinesse.
 So you will raile, and finde huge errors lurke
 In euery corner of my Cynick worke.
 Proface, read on, for your extreamest dislikes
 Will adde a pincon, to my praises flights.
 O, how I bristle vp my plumes of pride,
 O, how I thinke my Satyres dignifi'd,
 When I once heare some quaint *Gastilia*,
 Some supple mouth'd flau, some lewd *Tubris*,
 Some spruce pedant, or some span-new come fry
 Of Innes a-court, striuing to vilefie
 My dark reproofes. Then doe but raile at me,
 No greater honour craues my poësie.

1. But ye diuiner wits, celestiaall soules, (troules,
 Whose free borne minds no kennell thought con-
 Ye sacred spirits, *Mayas* eldest sonnes,
2. Yee substance of the shadowes of our age,
 In whom all graces linke in mariage,
 To you how cheerefully my Poem runnes.
3. True iudging eyes, quick sighted censurers,
 Heauens best beauties, wisdomes treasurers,
 O how my loue embraceth your great worth!

4. Yee Idols of my soule, yee blessed Spirits,
How shall I giue trae honor to your merrits!
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.

You sacred spirits, *Mina's* eldest sonnes,
To you how cherefully my poeme runnea!
O how my loue embraceth your great worth!
Which I can better thinke; then here paint forth.

O rare!



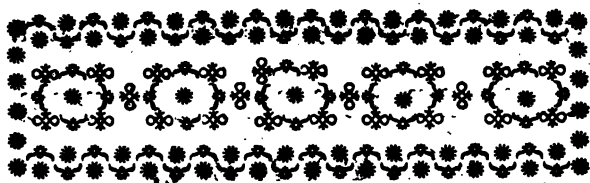
To those that seeme iudiciall Perusers.

K Nowe, I hate to affect too much obscuritie and harsh-
nesse, because they profit no sence. To note vices,
so that no man can understand them, is as fond, as the
French execution in picture. Yet there are some (too
many) that thinke nothing good, that is so custeous, as
to come within their reach. Tearing all Satyres ha-
bard) which are not palpable darke, and so rough writ,
that the hearing of them read, would set a mans teeth
on edge. For whose vnseasoned palate I wrote the first
Satyre, in some places too obscure, in all places mislyk-
ing me. Yet when by some scurvie chance it shall
come into the late perfumed fist of iudiciall *Torquatus*,
(that like some rotten stick in a troubled water, hath
gotte a great deal of harmie froth) to stick to his sides) I
knowe hee will vouchsafe it some of his new-minted
Epithets, (as *Reall*, *Intrinsicate*, *Delphicks*,) when in my
conscience hee vnderstands not the least part of it. But
from thence procedes his iudgment. *Persius* is crabby,

because auncient, and his ierkes, (being particularly given to priuate customes of his time) dusky. *Iuuenall* (upon the like occasion) seemes to our iudgement, gloomy. Yet both of them goe a good seemely pace, not stumbling, shuffling. *Chancer* is hard euen to our vnderstandings: who knowes not the reason? how much more those olde Satyres which expresse themselues in termes, that breathed not long euen in their daies. But had wee then liued, the vnderstanding of them had beene nothing hard. I will not deny there is a seemely decorum to be obserued, and a peculiar kinde of speech for a Satyres lips. which I can willingly conceiue, then dare to prescribe; yet let me haue the substance rough, not the shadow. I cannot, nay I will not delude your sight with mists; yet I dare defend my plainenesse against the veriuice-face, of the Crabbedst Satyrisk that euer stutered. He that thinks worse of my rimes then my selfe, I scorn him, for hee cannot: He that thinkes better, is a foole. So fauour me, *Good opinion*, as I am farre from being a *Suffenus*. If thou perusest mee with an vnpartiall eye, reade on: if otherwise, know I nether value thee, nor thy censure.

W. KINSAYDER.





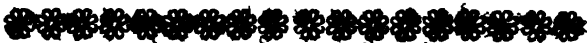
P R O E M I U M

I N

LIBRUM PRIMUM.

I Beare the scourge of iust *Rhamnusia*,
Lashing the lewdnesse of *Britannia*.
Let others sing as their good *Genius* moues,
Of deepe designs, or ease of clipping loues.
Faire fall them all, that with wits industrie,
Doe cloath good subiectes in true poesie,
But as for me, my vexed thoughtfull soule
Takes pleasure in displeasing sharpe controule.

Thou nursing Mother of faire wisdomes love,
Ingenuous Melancholy, I implore
Thy grane assistance: take thy gloomy seate.
Inthroned thee in my blood, let me intreate.
Stay his quicke iocund skips, and force him runne.
A sad pas't course, vntill my whips be done.
Daphne, vnclip thine armes from my sad brow,
Blacke Cypresse crowne me, whilst I vp doe plow
The hidden entrailles of rank villany,
Tearing the vaile from damn'd impietie.
Quake guzzell dogs, that liue on putred slime,
Skud from the lashes of my yerking rime.



S A T Y R E I.

Fronti nulla fides.

Marry God forefend, *Martius* sweares he'lle stab.
Pbrigeo, feare not, thbu art no lying drab.
 What though dagger hecl'd monthes of his blade sweares.
 It slew as many as figures of yeares
Aqua fortis eate in't, or as many more,
 As methodist *Mufus* killd with Hellebore
 In autumn last, yet he beares the male fye
 With as smooth calme, as *Meebo* riuallie.
 How ill his shape with inward forme doth fadge,
 Like *Aphrogenias* ill-yol'd marriage,
 Fond Physiognomer, *Complexion*
Guides not the inward disposition,
Inclines I yeeld, Thou sai'st law *Julio*,
 Or *Catoes* ofsen curst *Scatinia*
 Can take no hold on simpring *Lesbia*:
 True, not on her eye: yet Allom'oft doth blast,
 The sprouting bud that faine would longer last.
 Chary *Castra*, right pure, or *Rhodanus*,
 Yet each night drinkes in glaffe *Priapus*.
 Yon pine is faire, yet fouly doth it ill
 To his owne sprouts: marke, his rank drops distill
 Foule Naples canker in their tender rinde.
 Woe worth when trees drop in their proper kinde.
Mistagogus, what meanes this prodigy?
 When *Hicodolus* speakes against vsury,

When

When *Verres* railles 'gainst thieues, *Myla* doth hate
 Murder, *Clodius* cuckolds, *Marius* the gate
 Of squinting *Ianus* shuts? Runne beyond bound
 Of *Nil ultra*, and hang me when on's found
 Will be himselfe. Had Nature turn'd our eyes
 Into our proper selues, these curious spies
 Would be asham'd: *Flavia* would blush to flout,
 When *Oppia* calls *Lucina* helpe her out.
 If she did thinke, *Lyncens* did know her ill,
 How Nature Art, how Art doth Nature spill.
 God pardon me, I often did auer
Quod gratis grata: the Astronomer
 An honest man, but He do so no more,
 His face deceiu'd me; but now, since his whore
 And sifter are all one, his honestie
 Shall be as bare as his Anatomic,
 To which he bound his wife: O packstasse rimes!
 Why not, when court of stars shall see these crimes?
 Rods are in pisse, I for thee *Empericke*,
 That twenty graines of *Oppium* will not sticke
 To minister to babes. Heer's bloody daies,
 When with plaine hearbes *Mutius* more men slaies
 Then ere third *Edwards* sword. Sooth in our age,
 Mad *Coribantes* neede not to enrage
 The peoples mindes. You *Opbiogine*
 Of *Hellefont*, with wrangling villanie
 The swoln world's inly stung, then daine a touch,
 If that your fingers can effect so much.
 Thou sweete Arabian *Panchaia*,
 Perfume this nastie age: smugge *Leshia*:
 Hath stinking lutes, although a simpring grace,
 A muddy inside, though a surphul'd face.

O for some deep-searching *Corycean*,
To ferret out you lowd *Cynedix*.

How now *Brutus*, what shape best pleaseth thee?
All *Protean* formes, thy wife in venery,
At thy inforcement takes? well goe thy way,
Shee may transforme thee ere thy dying day.
Hush, *Gracchus* heares; that hath retailed more lyes,
Broched more slaunders, done more villanies,
Then *Fabius* perpetuall golden coate
(Which might haue *Semper idem* for a mott)
Hath been at feasts, and led the measuring
At Court, and in each marriage reueling.
Writ *Palephatus* comment on those dreames,
That *Hylus* takes, midst dung-pit reaking steames
Of *Atbos* hote house, Gramercie modest smile,
Chremes asleepe, *Pappia*, sport the while.
Lucia, new set thy ruffe, tut thou art pure,
Canst thou not lispe, (*good brother*) look demure?
Eye *Gallus*, what, a Skeptick *Pyrrhenist*?
When chaste *Diastinna*, breakes the Zonelike twist?
Tut, hang vp *Hieroglyphickes*. Ile not saine
Wresting my humor, from his natie straine.



S A T Y R E II.

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

——— *Iurue.*

I Cannot holde, I cannot I indure
To view a big womb'd foggy clowde immure
The radiant tresses of the quickning sunne,
Let Custards quake, my rage must freely runne.

Preach

Preach not the Stoickes patience to me.
 I hate no man, but mens impietic.
 My soule is vext: what power will resist,
 Or dares to stop a sharpe smagd Satyrift?
 Who'le coole my rage? who'le stay my itching fist?
 But I will plague and torture whom I list.
 If that the three-fold wals of *Babylon*
 Should hedge my tongue, yet I should raile vpon
 This fustie world, that now dare put in v're
 To make *IEHOVA* but a couertuse,
 To shade ranck filth. *Loose conscience is free,*
From all conscience; what els hath libertie?
As't please the Thracian Boreas to blow,
So turnes our ayeris conscience, to, and fro.

What icye *Saturnist*, what *Northerne* pate,
 But such grosse lewdnesse would exasperate?
 I thinke, the blind doth see the flame-God rise
 From sisters couch, each morning to the skies,
 Glowing with lust. Walke but in duskie night,
 With *Lyncus* eyes, and to thy piercing sight
 Disguised Gods will shoue, in pesants shape,
 Prest to commit some execrable rape.
 Here *Ioues* lust-Pandar, *Maias* inggling soane,
 In clownes disguise, doth after milk-maids runne.
 And, fore he'le loose his brutish lechery,
 The truls shall taste sweet Nectars surquedry.
 There *Ioues* brat, forsakes *Neries* bed,
 And like a swaggerer, lust fiered,
 Attended only with his smock-sworne Page,
 Pert *Gallus*, slyly slips along, to wage

Tilting incounters, with some spurious feede
Of marrow pies, and yawning Oysters breede.

O damn'd!

Who would not shake a Satyres knotty rod?
When to defile the sacred feate of God
Is but accounted Gentlemens disport?
To snort in filth, each hower to resort
To brothell pits; alas a veniall crime,
Nay, royall, to be last in *thirtith* slime.

Ay me, hard world for Saryrists beginne
To set vp shop, when no small petty sinne
Is left vnpurg'd. Once to be purfied fat
Had wont be cause that life did macerate:
Marry the icialous Quesene of ayre doth frowne,
That Ganimede is vp, and Hebe downe.
Once *Albion* liv'd in such a cruell age
Than men did hold by servaile villenage,
Poore brats were slaves, of bond-men that were borne,
And marded, sold: but that rude law is torne,
And difannuld; as too too inhumane,
That Lords ore pefants should such service straine.
*But now, (sad change!) the kennell sincke of slaves
Pefant great Lords, and servaile service craues.*

Bondslaves sonnes had wont be bought and sold:
But now *Heroes* heires (if they haue not told
A discreet number, 'fore their dad did die)
Are made much of: how much from merchandie?
Tail'd, and retail'd, till to the pedlers packe,
The fourth-hand ward-ware comes: alack, alack.
*Would truth did know I lyed: but truth, and I
Doe know that sense is borne to misery.*

Oh would

Oh would to God, this were their worst mischance,
Were not their soules fould to darke ignorance.

Fair godnes is foul ill, if mischiefes wit

Be not repress't from lewd corrupting it.

O what dry braine melts not sharp mustard time,
To purge the snottory of our slimie time!

Hence idle *Caus*. Vengeance pricks me on,

When mart is made of faire Religion.

Reform'd bald *Trebus* swore, in Romish quiet,

He sold Gods essence for a poor denier.

The Egyptians adored Onions,

To Garlike yeelding all deuotions.

O happie Garlike, but thrice happie you,
Whose senting gods in your large gardens grew.

Democritus, rise from thy putred slime,

Sport at the madnesse of that hotter clime,

Deride their frenzy, that for policie

Adore Wheate dough, as reall deitie.

Almighty men, that can their maker make,

And force his sacred bodie to forsake

The Cherubins, to be gnawne actually,

Diuiding *indiuuum*, really:

Making a score of Gods, with one poore word,

I, so I thought, in that you could afford,

So cheape a penny-worth. O ample field,

In which a Satyre may iust weapon weelde.

Büt I am vext, when swarmes of *Iulians*

Are stil manur'd by lewd *Precisians*.

Who scorning Church rites, take the symbole vp,

As slouently, as carelesse Courtiers slup

Their mutton gruell. Fie, who can with-hold,

But must of force make his mild muse a scold?

Q

When

When that hee greued fees, with red vext eyes,
 That Athens antient large immunities
 Are eyesores to the Fates. Poore cels forlorne,
 Ist not enough you are made an abiect scorne
 To icering apes, but must the shadow too
 Of auncient substance, be thus wrung from you!
 O split my heart, least it doe breake with rage,
 To see th'immodest loosenesse of our age.
 Immodest loosenesse? fie, too gentl: word,
 When euery signe can brothelry afford:
 When lust doth sparkle from our females eyes,
 And modestie is rousted in the skyes.

Tell me *Galliotæ*, what meanes this signe,
 When impropriat gentles will turne *Capuchine*?
 Sooner be damn'd. O stufte Satyricall!
 When rapine feeds our pomp, pomp ripes our fall:
 When the guest trembles at his hosts swart looke,
 The son doth feare his stepdame, that hath tooke
 His mothers place, for lust: the twin-borne brother
 Malignes his mate, that first came from his mother.
When to be huge, is to be deadly sicke.

When vertuous pesants will not spare to lick
 The diuels taile for poore promotion.
 When for neglect, slubbred *Deuotion*
 Is wan with grieffe. When *Rufus* yauns for death
 Of him that gaue him vnderferued breath.
 When *Hermus* makes a worthy question,
 Whether of *Wright*, as *Paraphonalion*
 A siluer pisse-pot fits his Lady dame?
 Or is't too good? a pewter best became.
 When *Agrippina* poysons *Claudius* sonne,
 That all the world to her owne brat might run.

When

When the husband gapes that his stale wife would dy,
 That he might once be in by *Curtisie*.
 The big paunch't wife longs for her loth'd mates death,
 That she might haue more ioyntures here on earth.
 When tenure for short yeares (by many a one)
 Is thought right good be turn'd forth *Littleton*,
 All to be *beaddy*, or *free-bold* at least,
 When tis all one, for long life be a beast,
 A slaue, as haue a short term'd tenancie.
 When dead's the strength of Englands yeomanry;
 When invndation of luxuriousnesse
 Fats all the world with such grosse beastlinesse,
 Who can abstaine? what modest braine can hold,
 But he must make his shamefac'd Muse a scold?



S A T Y R E III.

Redde, age, que deinceps risisti.

IT's good be warie, whilst the sunne shines cleer,
 (Quoth that old chuffe, that may dispend by yeer
 Three thousand pound) whil't hee of good pretence
 Commits himselfe to Fleet, to saue expence.
 No Countries Christmas: rather tarry heere,
 The Fleete is cheap, the country hall too deere.
 But *Codrus*, harke, the world expects to see
 Thy bastard heire rot there in misery.
 What? will *Luxurio* keepe so great a hall,
 That he will prooue a bastard in his fall?

No: *come on fue*: *S. George*, by *beauen* at all
 Makes his catastrophe right tragicall.

At all? till nothings left: *Come on*, till all comes off,

I haire and all: *Luxurio* left a scoffe

To leaproous filths: O stay, thou impious flauē,

Teare not the lead from off thy fathers graue,

To stop base brokeage: sell not thy fathers sheet,

His leaden sheet; that straungers eyes may grecte

Both putrifaction of thy greedy Sire;

And thy abhorred viperous desire.

But wilt thou needs, shall thy Dads lacky brat

Weare thy Sires halfe-rot finger in his hat?

Nay then *Luxurio* waste in obloquie,

And I shall sport to heare thee faintly cry;

A die, a drab, and filthy broking knaues

Are the worlds wide monthes, all deuouring graues.

Yet *Samus* keepes a right good house I heare.

No, it keepes him, and free'th him from chill feare

Of shaking fits. How then shall his smug wench,

How shall her bawd (fit time) assist her quench

Her sanguine heate? *Lyncus*, canst thou sent?

She hath her Monkey, and her instrument

Smooth fram'd at *Uitrio*. O greuous misery!

Lustus hath left her female luxury.

I, it left him; No, his old Cynick Dad

Hath forc't him cleane forsake his Pickhatch drab.

Alack, alack, what peece of lustfull flesh.

Hath *Luscus* left, his *Priape* to redresse?

Griue not good soule, he hath his *Ganimede*,

His perfum'd she-goat, smooth kembd and high fed.

At Hogson now his monstrous lust he feasts,

For there he keepes a bawdy-house of beasts.

Paphus, let *Luscus* haue his Curtezan,
 Or we shall haue a monster of a man.
 Tut, *Paphus* now detaines him from that bower,
 And clasps him close within his brick-built tower.
Diogenes, thou art damn'd for thy lewd wit,
 For *Luscus* now hath skill to practise it.
 Faith what cares he for faire *Cynedian* boyes?
 Veluet cap't Goats, dutch Mares? tut common toies,
 Detaine them all, on this condition.
 He may but use the Cynick friction.

O now ye male stewes, I can giue pretence
 For your luxurious incontinence.
 Hence, hence, ye falsed, seeming Patriotes,
 Returne not with pretence of saluing spots,
 When here yee soyle vs with impuritie,
 And monstrous filth of Doway seminary.
 What though *Iberia* yeeld you libertie,
 To snort in source of Sodome villany?
 What though the bloomes of young nobilitie,
 Committed to your *Rodons* custodie,
 Yee *Nero* like abuse? yet nere approche,
 Your new *S. Homers* lewdnes here to broche;
 Taynting our Townes, and hopefull Academes,
 With your lust-bating most abhorred meanes.

Valladolid, our Athens gins to taste
 Of thy rank filth. Camphire and Lettuce chaste
 Are clean casheird, now *Sopbi* Ringoes eate,
 Candi'd Potatoes are Athenians meate.
 Hence Holy-thistle, come sweete marrow pie,
 Inflame our backs to itching luxurie.
 A Crabs bak't guts, a Lobsters butterd thigh,
 I heare them sweare is bloud for venerie.

Had I some snout-faire brats, they should indure
The new found *Castilion* callenture,
Before some pedant Tutor, in his bed,
Should vie my frie, like Phrigian *Ganimede*.
Nay then chaste cels, when groasio *Aretine*,
For his rank *Fico*, is firmam'd diuine.
Nay then come all yee veniall scapes to me,
I dare well warrant, you'le absolued be.
Rufus, I'le terme thee but intemperate,
I will not once thy vice exaggerate:
Though that each howra thou lewdly swaggerest,
And at the quarter day, pay'st interest
For the forbearance of thy chalked score:
Though that thou keep'st a taly with thy whore:
Since *Nero* keeps his mother *Agrippine*,
And no strange lust can satiate *Massalina*.
Tullus goe scotfree, though thou often bragst,
That for a *false French-Carione*, thou vaulting headst;
Though that thou know'st, for thy incontinence,
Thy drab repaid thee *true French pestilence*.
But tush, his boast I beare, when *Tegeran*
Braggs that hee soyks his rotten *Curtizan*
Vpon his heire, that must haue all his lands:
And them hath ioyn'd in *Hymens* sacred bands.
I'le winke at *Robrus*, that for vicinage
Enters common, on his next neighbors stage:
When *Ioue* maintaines his sister and his whore;
And she incestuous, ieaalous euermore,
Least that *Eurepa* on the Bull should ride:
Woe worth, when beasts for filth are deified.
Alacke poore rogues, what Censor interdicts
The veniall scapes of him that purses picks?

When

When some flie, golden-flopt *Castills*
 Can cut a manns frings at *Primeros*?
 Or with a pawne, shall giue a *Lordship* mate;
 In statute staple chaining fast his state?

What Academick staru'd *Satyrif*.

Would gnaw next *Bacon*? or, with lake black fitt,
 Would toss each mock-heap, for some outcast scraps
 Of halfe-dung bones, to stop his yawning chaps?
 Or, with a hungry hollow halfe-pie'd iaw,
 Would once, a thrise-turn'd, bone-piekt subiect gnaw?
 When swarmes of *Mouzebanks*, and *Bardets*
 Damn'd *Briareans*, fisks of villanie,
 Factors for lewdnes. *Brokers* for the deuil,
 Infect our soules with all polluting euill.

Shall *Lucia* for her husbands huke-warm bed?
 (Because her pleasure, being hurried

In ioultng *Coach*, with glasse instrument,
 Doth farre exceede the *Phylis* blandishment).

Whilst I (like to some *Antyphragens*)

Halter my hate, and cease to curse and ban
 Such brutish filth? Shall *Mars* raise his fame,

By printing pamphlets in anothers name,
 And in them praise himselfe, his wit, his might,

All to be deem'd his *Chontriss* *Lauthorne* light?

Whilst my tongue ty'de with bonds of blushing shame,
 For fear of broching my concealed name?

Shall *Balbus*, the demure *Athasian*,

Dreame of the death of next *Vincian*?

Cast his natuiss? marke his complexion?

Waigh well his bodys weake condition?

That, with guilt flight, he may be sure to get

The *Planets* place, when his dim shine shall set?

Shall

Shall *Curio* streake his lims on his daies couch,
 In Sommer bower? and with bare groping touch
 Incense his lust, consuming all the yeere
 In *Cyprian* dalliance, and in *Belgick* cheere?
 Shall *Faunus* spend a hundred gallions
 Of Goates pure milke, to laue his stalions,
 As much Rose iuyce? O bath! O royall, rich
 To scower *Faunus*, and his faut proud bitch.
 And when all's cleans'd, shal the slaves inside stinke
 Worse than the new cast slime of *Thames* ebd brink;
 Whilst I securely let him ouer-slip,
 Nere yerking him with my Satyricke whip?

Shall *Crispus* with hypocritic beguile,
 Holding a candle to some fiend a while?
 Now Iew, then Turke, then seeming Christian,
 Then Athiste, Papist, and straight Puritan,
 Now nothing, any thing, euen what you list,
 So that some guilt may greafe his greedy fist?

Shall *Damas* vse his third-hand ward as itt
 As any iade that tuggeth in the mill?
 What, shall law, nature, vertue be reiected?
 Shall these world Arteries be soule-infected,
 With corrupt blood? Whilst I shal *Martia* taske?
 Or some young *Villius*, all in choller aske,
 How he can keepe a lazie waiting man,
 And buy a hoode, and siluer-handled fan,
 With fortie pound? Or snarle at *Lottis* sonne;
 That with industrious paines hath harder wonne
 His true got worship, and his gentries name,
 Then any Swine-heards brat, that lousie came
 To luskish Athens: and, with farming pots,
 Compiling beds, and scouring greasie spots,

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By chance (when he can like taught Parrat cry,
Deceitly belov'd, with smpering grautie)
Hath got the farme of some gelt Vicary,
And now on cock-horse, gallops iollily;
Tickling with some stolne stufte his senselesse cure,
Belching lewd termes gainst all sound littrature.
Shall I with shadowes fight? taske bitterly
Romes filth? scraping base chanell roguerie?
Whilst such huge Gyants shall affright our eyes
With execrable, damn'd impieties?
Shall I finde trading *Mecbo*, neuer loath
Frankly to take a damning periured oath?
Shall *Furia* brooke her sisters modesty,
And prostitute her soule to brothelry?
Shall *Coffus* make his well-fac't wife a stale,
To yeeld his braided ware a quicker sale?
Shall cock-horse, fat-pauncht *Milo* stain whole stocks
Of well borne soules, with his adultering spots?
Shall broking *Pandars* sucke Nobilitie?
Soyling faire stems with foul impuritie?
Nay, shall a trencher slave extenuate
Some *Lucrece* rape? and straight magnificate
Lewde *Ionian* lust? Whilst my Satyrick vaine
Shall muzzled be, not daring out to straine
His tearing paw? No, gloomy *Ironwall*,
Though to thy fortunes I disastrous fall.





S A T Y R E IV.

C R A S.

I Marry Sir, here's perfect honesty,
 When *Martius* will forswear all villany,
 (All damn'd abuse of paiment in the warres,
 All filching from his prince and Souldiers)
 When once he can but so much bright dirt gleane,
 As may maintaine one more White-friers queane,
 One drab more, faith then farewell villany,
 He'le cleanse himselfe to Shoreditch puritie.

As for *Stadius*, I thinke he hath a soule:
 And if he were but free from sharpe controule
 Of his sower host, and from his Taylors bill,
 He would not thus abuse his riming skill;
 Iading our tired eares with fooleries,
 Greasing great slaues, with oyle flatteries:
 Good faith I thinke, he would not strine to fute
 The back of humorous Time (for base repute,
 Mong dunghill pefants) botching vp such ware,
 As may be salable in Starbridge fare.
 If he were once but freed from specialty:
 But sooth, till then, beare with his balladry.

I ask't lewd *Gallus* when he'le cease to sweare,
 And with whole-culuerin, raging oaths to teare
 The vault of heauen; spitting in the eyes
 Of natures Nature, lothsome blasphemies..

To morrow, he doth vow he will forbear.
 Next day I meete him, but I heare him sweare
 Worse then before: I put his vowe in minde.
 He answeres me, *to morrow*: but I finde,
 He sweares next day, farre worse then ere before;
 Putting me off, with *morrow*. euer more.
 Thus when I vrge him, with his sophistrie
 He thinkes to salue his damned periury.

Sylenus now is old, I wonder, I
 He doth not hate his triple venerie.
 Cold, writhled Eld, his liues-wet almost spent,
 Me thinkes a vntie were competent:
 But O faire hopes! he whispers secretly,
 When it leaues him, he'le leaue his lechery.

When simpring *Flaccus* (that demurely goes
 Right neatly tripping on his new blackt toes)
 Hath made rich vse of his Religion,
 Of God himselfe, in pure deuotion:
 When that the strange *Ideas* in his head
 (Broched 'mongst curious fots, by shadowes led)
 Haue furnish't him, by his hore auditors
 Of faire demeafnes, and goodly rich mannors,
 Sooth then he will repent, when's treasury
 Shall force him to disclaime his heresie.

What will not poore neede force? But being sped,
 God for vs all, the gurmonds paunch is fed:
 His mind is chang'd: but when will he doe good?
 To morrow: *I, to morrow, by the Rood.*

Yet *Rufcus* sweares, he'le cease to broke a fute:
 By peasant meanes strining to get repute,
 Mong puffie Spunges, when the Fleet's defraid,
 His reuell tier, and his Laundresse paid.

There is a crewe which I too plaine could name,
 If so I might without th' *Aquinians* blame,
 That lick the tail of greatnesse with their lips :
 Laboring with third-hand iests, and Apish skips,
 Retaying others wit, long barrell'd,
 To glib some great mans cares, till panch be fed :
 Glad if themselves, as sporting fooles, be made,
 To get the shelter of some high-growne shade.
To morrow, yet these base tricks they'le cast off,
 And cease for lucre be a iearing scoffe.

Rufus will leaue, when once he can renue
 His wasted clothes, that are asham'd to view
 The worlds proud eyes, *Drusus* wil cease to fawne,
 When that his Farme, that leaks in melting pawne,
 Some Lord-applauded iest hath once set free.
 All will *to morrow* leaue there roguery.

When fox-furd *Mecbe* (by damn'd vsury,
 Cutthroate deceite, and his crafts villany)
 Hath rak't together some fou't thousand pound,
 To make his smug gurle beare a bumming sound
 In a young merchants eare, faith then (may be)
 He'le ponder if there be a Deitie;
 Thinking, if to the Parish pouerty,
 At his wisht death, be dol'd a half-penny,

A worke of Supererogation,

A good filib-cleansing strong purgation.

Aulus will leaue begging Monopofies,
 When that 'mong troopes of gaudy Butter-flies,
 He is but able iet it iollily,
 In pie-bald sutes of proud Court brauery.

To morrow doth *Luxurio* promise me,
 He will vline himselfe from bitchery.

Marry Alcides thirteenth act must lend
 A glorious period, and his lust-itch end.
 When once he hath froth-foaming *Aetna* past,
 At one an thirtie being alwaies last.

If not to *Day* (quoth that *Nasonian*)
 Much lesse to *morrow*. Yes saith *Fabian*:
For ingrain'd Habits, died with often dips,
Are not so soone discoloured. Young slips
New set, are easily mou'd, and pluck't away:
But elder rootes clep faster in the clay.

I smile at thee, and at the *Stagerite*:
 Who holds, the liking of the appetite,
 Being fed with actions often put in vre,
 Hatcheth the soule, in quality impure,
 Or pure. May be in vertue: but for vice,
 That comes by inspiration, with a trice.
 Young *Furius* scarce fifteen yeares of age
 But is, straight-waies, right fit for marriage,
 Vnto the diuell: for sure they would agree;
 Betwixt their soules their is such sympathy:

O where's your sweatie habit? when each *Ape*,
 That can but spy the shadowe of his shape,
 That can no sooner ken what's vertuous,
 But will auoid it, and be vitious.

Without much doe, or farre fetch't habiture.
 In earnest thus; *It is a sacred cure*
To salue the soules dread wounds, Omnipotent
That Nature is, that cures the impotent,
Euen in a moment, Sure, Grace is infus'd
By diuine fauour, not by actions us'd.
Which is as permanent as heauen's blisse
To them that haue it, then no habit is.

To morrow, nay, to day, it may be got.

So please that gracious Power cleanse thy spot.

Vice, from priuation of that sacred Grace,
Which God with-drawes, but puts not vice in place.

Who saies the sunne is cause of vgly night?

Yet when he vailes our eyes from his faire sight,

The gloomy curtaine of the night is spred,

Yee curious fotts, vainely by Nature led,

Where is your vice, or vertuous habite now?

For, *Sustine pro nunc* doth bend his brow,

And old crabb'd *Scotus*, on th' *Organon*,

Pay'th me with snaphaunce, quick distinction;

Habits, that intellectuall tearmed be,

Are got, or else infus'd from Deitie.

Dull Sorbonist, fly contradiction.

Fie, thou oppugn'st the definition,

If one should say; *Of things tearm'd rationall,*

Some reason haue, others mere sensuall:

Would not some freshman, reading *Porpbirie*,

Hisse and deride such blockish foolery?

Then vice nor vertue haue from habite place:

The one from want, the other sacred grace,

Infus'd, displac't, not in our will or force,

But as it please Iehoua haue remorse.

I will, cries *Zeno*: O presumption!

I can: thou maist, dogged opinion

Of thwarting Cynicks. To day vitious,

List to their percepts, next day vertuous.

Peace *Seneca*, thou belchest blasphemy.

To liue from God, but to liue happily

(I heare thee boast) *from thy Philosophy,*

And from thy selfe, O rauening lunacy!

Cynicks,

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Cynicks, yee wound your selues. For Destiny,
Inevitable Fate, Necessitie

You hold doth sway the acts spirituall,
As well as parts of that wee mortall call.

Wher's then *I will?* wher's that strong Deity,
You do ascribe to your Philosophy?

Confounded Natures brats, can *will* and *Fate*
Haue both their seate, and office in your pate?

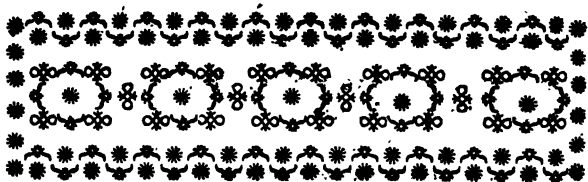
O hidden depth of that dread Secrecie,
Which I doe trembling touch in poetry!

To-day, to day, implore obsequiously:
Trust not to *morrowes will*; least vtterly

Yee be attach't with sad confussion,
In your Grace-tempting lewd presumption.

But I forget: why sweat I out my braine,
In deep designs, to gay boyes, lewd, and vaine?
These notes, were better sung, 'mong better sort:
But, to my pamphlet, few, saue fooles, resort.

Libri primi finis.



P R O E M I U M

I N

LIBRUM SECUNDUM.

I Cannot quote a motte Italionate,
Or brand my Satyres with some Spanish terme,
I cannot with swolne lines magnificate.

Mine owne poore worth, or as immaculate
Task others rimes; as if no blot did staine,
No blemish foyle my young Satyrick vaine.

Nor can I make my soule a merchandize,
Seeking conceits to sute these Artlesse times.

Or daine for base reward to poetize:

Soothing the world, with oyle flatteries.
Shall mercenary thoughts prouoke me write?
Shall I, for lucre, be a Parasite?

Shall I once pen for vulgar forts applause?

To please each hound? each dungy Scauenger?
To fit some Oyster-wenches yawning iawes?

With tricksey tales of speaking Cornish dawes?
First let my braine (bright hair'd *Latenas sonne*)
Be cleane distract with all confusion.

What

What though some *Iohn-à-file* wilt basely toyle,
 Only incited with the hope of gaine :
 Though roguie thoughts do force some iade-like Moile ;
 Yet no such filth my træ-borne Muse will foyle.
 O *Epiæctus*, I doe honour:thee,
 To thinke how rich thou wert in pouertie:



Ad ritbmum.

Come prettie pleasing symphonie of words,
 Ye wel-matcht twins (whose like-tun'd tongs affords
 Such musicall delight) come willingly
 And daunce *Leuoltes* in my poesie.
 Come all as easie, as spruce *Curio* will,
 In some Courthall, to shew his capring skill,
 As willingly come meete and iump together,
 As new ioyn'd loues, when they do clip each other.
 As willingly, as wenches trip a round,
 About a May-pole, after bagpipes found.
 Come riming numbers, come and grace conceite,
 Adding a pleasing close; with your deceit,
 Inticing eares. Let not my ruder hand
 Seeme once to force you in my lines to stand.
 Be not so fearefull (prettie soules) to meete,
 As *Flaccus* is, the Sergeants face to greeete.
 Be not so backward, loth to grace my sense,
 As *Drusus* is, to haue intelligence
 His Dad's aline; but come into my head
 As iocundly, as (when his wife was dead)

Young *Lelius* to his home. Come like-fac't rime,
In tunefull numbers keeping musicks time.

But if you hang an arse, like *Tubered*,
When *Cbremes* dragd him from his brothell bed,
Then hence base ballad staffe: my poetry
Disclaimes you quite. For know, my libertie
Scornes riming lawes. Alas poore idle sound:
Since I first *Phæbus* knew, I neuer found
Thy interest in sacred poesie.

Thou to Inuention add'st but sarquedry,
A gaudie ornature: but hast no part,
In that soule-pleasing high infused art,
Then if thou wilt clip kindly in my lines,
Welcome thou friendly aide of my designes.
If not? No title of my senselesse change
To wrest some forced rime; but freely range.

Yee scrupulous obseruers, goe and learne
Of *Æsops* dogge; meat from a shade disorne.



S A T Y R E V.

Totum in toto.

HAng thy selfe *Drusus*: hast nor armes nor braine?
Some Sophy say, *The Gods sell all for paine.*
Not so.

Had not that toyling Thebans steeled back
Dread poysoned shafts, liu'd he now, he should lack,
Spight of his farming Oxe-stawles. *Themis* selfe
Would be casheir'd from one poore scrap of pelfe.

If that she were incarnate in our time,
 She might luke scorned in disdain'd slime,
 Shaded from honour by some envious mist
 Of watry fogges, that fill the ill-stuff list
 Of faire Desert, iealous euen of blind dark,
 Least it should spie, and at their lameness barke.
Honors shade thrusts honors substance from his place.
 'Tis strange, when shade the substance can disgrace.
 Harsh lines cries *Curus*, whose eares nere reioyce,
 But as the quauering of my Ladies voice.
 Rude limping lines fits this lewd halting age.
 Sweet senting *Curus*, pardon then my rage,
 When wisards *swear* plaine vertue neuer thriues -
 None but *Frispus* by plaine dealing wines.
 Thou subtile *Hermes*, are the Destinies
 Enamour'd on thee? then vp mount the skies.
 Aduance, depose, do euen what thou list,
 So long as Fates doe grace thy iuggling fist.
Iuscus, hast *Beucarkes* armes and strong sinewes,
 Large reach, full-fed vaines, ample reuenewes?
 Then make thy markets by thy proper arme,
 O, brawny strength is an all-canning charme.
 Thou dreadlesse *Thracian*, hast *Hallerbotius* slaine?
 What? ist not possible thy cause maintaine,
 Before the dozen *Areopagites*?
 Come *Enagonian*, furnish him with slights,
 Tut, *Plutos* wrath, *Proserpina* can melt,
 So that thy sacrifice be freely felt.
 What cannot *Iuna* force in bed with *Ious*?
 Turne and returne a sentence with her loue,
 Thou art too dusky. Fie, thou shallow Ass,
 Put on more eyes, and marke me as I passe.

Well plainly thus; Sleight, Force are mighty things,
 From which, much (if not most) earths glory springs
 If vertues selfe, were clad in humane shape,
 Vertue without these, might goe beg and scrape.

The naked truth is, a well-cloathed lye,
 A nimble quick pate mounts to dignitie.

By force or fraude that matters not a jot;
 So massie wealth may fall vnto thy lot.

I heard old *Albius* sweare, *Flavius* should haue
 His eldest gurl, for *Flavius* was a knaue:

A damn'd deep-reaching villain, and would mount:
 (He durst well warrant him) to great account.

What though he laid forth all his stock and store
 Vpon some office, yet he'le gaine much more,
 Though purchast deere. Tut, he will trebble it
 In some fewe Termes, by his extorting wit.

When I, in simple meaning, went to sue
 For tong-tide *Damus*, that would needs go wooe,

I prais'd him for his vertuous honest life.
 By God, cryes *Flora*, Ile not be his wife.

He'le nere come on. Now I swear solemnely,
 When I goe next, I'le praise his villany:

A better field to range in now a daies.
 If vice be vertue, I can all men praise.

What though pale *Maurus* paid huge symonies
 For his halfe-dozen gelded vicaries:

Yet with good honest cut-throat vsury,
 I feare he'le mount to reuerent dignity.

O sleight! all-cunning sleight! all-damning sleight!
 The onely gally-ladder vnto might.

Tuscus is trade falne: yet great hope he'le rise,
 For now he makes no count of periuries.

Hath drawn false lights from pitch-black louteries
 Glafed his braided ware, cogs, sweares, and lies.
 Now since he hath the grace, thus gracesse be,
 His neighbours sweare, he'le swell with treasure.

Tut: Who maintaines, such goods, ill got, decay?

No: they'le sticke by the soule, they'le nere away.

Luscus, my Lords perfumer, had no sale,

Vntill he made his wife a brothell stale.

Absurd, the gods sell all for industry?

When, what's not got by hell-bred villany?

Codrus my well-fac't Ladies taile-bearer,

(He that some-times play th' *Flauias* vsherer)

I heard one day complaine to *Lynceus,*

How vigilant, how right obsequious,

Modest in carriage, how true in trust,

And yet (alas) nere guerdond with a crust.

But now I see, he findes by his accounts,

That sole Priapus, by plaine dealing, mounts.

How now? what, droupes the newe *Pegasian* Inne?

I feare mine host is honest. Tut, beginne

To set vp whorehouse. Nere too late to thriue,

By any meanes, at *Porta Rich* arriue;

Goe vse some sleight, or line poore *Irus* life,

Straight prostitute thy daughter, or thy wife;

And soone be wealthy: but be damn'd with it.

Hath not rich *Myle* then deepe reaching wit?

Faire age!

When tis a high, and hard thing t'haue repute
 Of a compleat villaine, perfect, absolute,
 And roguing vertue brings a man defame,
 A packstaffe Epethite, and scorned name.

Fie; how my wit flagges! how heauiely,
 Me thinks I vent dull spritelesse poesie!
 What cold black frost congeales my nummed brain?
 What enuious power stops a Satyres vaine?
 O now I knowe, the iuggling God of sleights,
 With *Caduceus* nimble *Hermes* fights,
 And mists my wit; offended, that my rimes
 Display his odious, world-abusing crimes.

O be propitious, powerfull God of Arts,
 I sheath my weapons, and do break my darts.
 Be then appeas'd, Ile offer to thy shrine,
 An *Hecatombe*, of many spotted kine.
Myriades of beasts shall satisfie thy rage,
 Which doe prophane thee in this Apish age.
 Infectious bloud, yee gouty humors quake,
 Whilst my sharpe Razor doth incision make.



S A T Y R E VI.

Hem nosti'n.

C *Vrio*, know'st me? why thou bottle-ale,
 Thou barmie froth! O stay me least I rails
 Beyond *Nil ultra*; to see this butterfly,
 This windy bubble take my balladry,
 With senselesse censure, *Curio*, know'st my sp'rite?
 Yet deem'st that in sad seriousnessse I write?
 Such nasty stufte, as is *Pigmalion*?
 Such maggot-tainted, lewd corruption.

Ha, how he glauers with his fawning snout,
 And sweares, he thought, I meant but faintly flout
 My fine smug rime, O barbarous dropſie noule!
 Think'ſt thou, that *Genius* that attends my ſoule,
 And guides my fiſt to ſcourge *Magniſcoes*,
 Wil daigne my minde be rank't in *Papbian* ſhowes?
 Thinkſt thou, that I, which was create to whip
 Incarnate fiends, will once vouchſafe to trip
 A Paunis trauerſe? or will liſpe (*sweet lone*)
 Or pule (*Aye me*) ſome female ſoule to moue?
 Think'ſt thou, that I in melting poeſie
 Will pamper itching ſenſualitie?

*(That in the bodies ſcumme all fatally
 Intombes the ſoules moſt ſacred faculty.)*

Hence thou miſiudging Cenſor: know I wrot,
 Thoſe idle rimes, to note the odious ſpot
 And blemiſh, that deſormes the lineaments
 Of moderne Poeſies habiliments.
 Oh that the beauties of inuention,
 For want of iudgements diſpoſition,
 Should all be ſpoil'd. O that ſuch treaſurie,
 Such ſtraines of well-conceited poeſie,
 Should moulded be, in ſuch a ſhapeleſſe forme,
 That want of Art ſhould make ſuch wit a ſcorne.

Here's one muſt inuocate ſome loſe-leg'd Dame,
 Some brothel drab, to helpe him ſtanzaes frame,
 Or els (alas) his wits can haue no vent,
 To broch conceits induſtrious intent.

Another yet dares tremblingly come out:
 But fiſt he muſt inuoke good *Colin Clout*.

Yon's one hath yeau'd a fearefull prodigy,
 Some monſtrous miſhapen Balladry,

His guts are in his braines, huge Iobbernoule,
 Right Gurnets-head, the rest without all foule.
 Another walkes, is lazic, liès him downe,
 Thinkes, reades, atlength some wonted slepe doth crowne
 His new falne lids, dreames, straight, ten pound to one,
 Out steps some Fayery with quick motion,
 And tells him wonders of some flowry vale,
 Awakes, straight rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.

Yon's one, whose straines haue flowne so high a pitch,
 That straight he flags, and tumbles in a ditch.
 His sprightly hot high-soring poesie,
 Is like that dreamed of Imagery,
 Whose head was gold, brest siluer, brassie thigh,
 Lead Leggs, clay feete; O faire fram'd poesie.

Here's one, to get an vnderferu'd repute
 Of deepe deepe learning, all in fustian sute
 Of ill past, farre fetch't words attireth
 His period, that all sense forswearth.

Another makes old *Homer Spencer* cite,
 Like my *Pigmalion*, where, with rage, delight
 He cries, O *Ouid!* This caus'd my idle quill,
 The world's dull eares with such lewd stuff to fill,
 And gull with bumbast lines, the witleffe sense
 Of these odde nags; whose pates circumference
 Is fill'd with froth. O these same buzzing Gnats
 That sting my sleeping browes; these Nilus Rats,
 Halfe dung, that haue their life from putrid slime,
 These that do praise my loose lasciuious rime;
 For these same shades, I seriously protest,
 I slubberd vp that Chaos indigest,
 To fish for fooles, that stalke in goodly shape:
What though in velvet cloake? yet still an Ape.

Capro reads, sweares, scrubs, and sweares againe,
 Now by my soule an admirable straine,
 Strokes vp his haire, cries passing passing good.
 Oh, there's a line incends his lustfull blood.

Then *Muto* comes, with his new glasse-fet face,
 And with his late kist-hand my booke doth grace,
 Straight reades, then smiles, and lisps (*tis pretty good*)
 And praiseth that he neuer vnderstood.

But roome for *Flaccus*, he'le my Satyres read.
 Oh how I trembled straight with inward dread!

But when I sawe him read my fustian,
 And heard him sweare I was a Pythian,
 Yet straight recald, and sweares I did but quote
 Out of *Xilinum* to that margents note;
 I could scarce hold, and keepe myselfe conceal'd,
 But had well-nigh myselfe and all reueal'd.

Then straight comes *Friscus*, that neat Gentleman,
 That newe discarded Academian,
 Who for he could cry *Ergo*, in the schoole,
 Straight-way, with his huge iudgment dares controule
 Whatso'ere he viewes; *That's pretty good:*

*That Epithite hath not that sprightly blood
 Which should enforce it speake: that's Persius vaine:*

That's Iuvenal's, beere's Horace crabbid straine;
 Though he nere read one line in *Iuvenall*,

Or, in his life, his lazie eye let fall
 On duskie *Persius*. O indignitie

To my respectlesse free-bred poesie.

Hence ye big-buzzing little-bodied Gnats,
 Yee tatling Ecchoes, huge tongu'd Pigmy brats:
 I meane to sleepe: wake not my slumbring braine,
 With your malignant, weake, detracting vaine.

What though the sacred issue of my soule
 I here expose to Idiots controule?
 What though I beare, to lewd Opinion,
 Lay open, to vulgar prophanation,
 My very *Genius*? Yet know, my poesie
 Doth scorne your vtmost, rank't indignitie.
 My pate was great with child, and here tis eas'd
 Vexe all the world, so that thy selfe be pleas'd.



S A T Y R E VII.

A Cynicke Satyre.

A *Man, a man, a kingdome for a man.*
 Why how now currish, mad Athenian?
 Thou Cynick-dog, see'st not the streets do swarme
 With troups of men? No, no: for *Cyrus* charme
 Hath turn'd them all to Swine. I neuer shall
 Thinke those same *Samian* sawes authentickall:
 But rather I dare sweare, the soules of swine
 Doe liue in men. For that same radiant shrine,
 That lustre wherewith natures *Nature* decked
 Our intellectuall part, that glosse is soyled
 With stayning spots of vile impiety,
 And muddy durt of sensualitie.
 These are no men, but *Apparitions,*
Ignes fatui, Glowewormes, Fictions,
Meteors, Rats of Nilus, Fantasies,
Colasses, Pictures, Shades, Resemblances.
 Ho *Linæus!*

See'st thou

Seest thou yon gallant in the sumptuous clothes,
 How brisk, how spruce, how gorgiously he shows?
 Note his French-herring bones: but note no more,
 Vnlesse thou spy his faire appendant where,
 That lackies him. Marke nothing but his clothes,
 His new stamp't complement, his Cannon oathes.
 Marke those: for naught, but such lewd viciousnes,
 Ere graced him, saue Sodome beaustlinesse.
 Is this a *Man*? Nay, an incarnate deuill,
 That struts in vice, and glorieth in euill.

A man, a man. Peace-Cynick, yon is one:
 A compleat soule of all perfection.
 What, mean'st thou him that walks all open brested?
 Drawn through the eare with Ribands, plummy crest? [†]
 He that doth snort in fat-fed luxury,
 And gapes for some grinding Monopoly?
 He that in effeminate inuention,
 In beaustly source of all pollution,
 In ryot, lust, and fleshly seeming sweetnesse,
 Sleepes sound secure, under the shade of greatnesse?
 Mean'st thou that sencelesse, sensuall Epicure?
 That sinke of filth, that guzzle most impure?
 What he? *Linceus* on my word thus presume,
 He's nought but clothes, and senting sweet perfume.
 His verie soule, assure thee *Linceus*,
 Is not so bigge as is an Atomus:
 Nay, he is sprightlesse, sense or soule hath none,
 Since last *Medusa* turn'd him to a stone.

A man, a man; Lo yonder I espie
 The shade of *Nestor* in sad grauitie.
 Since old *Syleus* brake his Asses back,
 He now is forc't his paunch, and guts to pack

In a faire Tumbrell. Why, sower Satyrift,
 Canst thou vnman him? Here I dare infist
 And soothly say, he is a perfect soule,
 Eates Nectar, drinkes Ambrosia, saunce controule.
 An inundation of felicitie
 Fats him with honor, and huge treasurie.
 Canst thou not *Linceus* cast thy searching eye,
 And spy his eminent Catastrophe?
 He's but a sponge, and shortly needes must leese
 His wrong got iuice, when greatnes fist shall squeeze
 His liquor out. Would not some head,
 That is with seeming shadowes only fed,
 Swear yon same Damaske-coat, yon garded man
 Were some graue sober *Cato Utican*?
 When let him but in iudgements fight vncafe,
 He's naught but budge, old gards, browne fox-fur face
 He hath no soule, the which the Stagerite
 Term'd rationall: for beastly appetite,
 Base dunghill thoughts, and sensuall action
 Hath made him loose that faire creation.
 And now no man, since *Circes* magick charme
 Hath turn'd him to a maggot, that doth swarme
 In tainted flesh: whose soule corruption
 Is his faire foode: whose generation
 Anothers ruine. O *Canaans* dread curse
 To liue in peoples sinnes. Nay far more worfe
 To muke ranke hate. But sirra, *Linceus*,
 Seest thou that troupe that now affronteth vs?
 They are nought but Eeles, that neuer will appeare
 Till that tempestuous winds or thunder teare
 Their slimy beds. But prithee stay a while,
 Looke, yon comes *Iohn-a-noke*, and *Iohn-a-stile*,

They are

They are nought but slowe-pac't, dilatory pleas,
 Demure demurrers, stil striuing to appease
 Hote zealous loue. The language that they speake,
 Is the pure barbarous blackfaunt of the Gaate:
 Their only skill rests in *Collusions,*

Abatements, stoppels, inhibitions.

Heauy-pas't Iades, dull pated Iobernoules
 Quick in delays, checking with vaine controules
 Faier Iustice course, vile necessary evils,
 Smooth seeming-faints, yet damn'd incarnate diuels.

Farre be it from my sharpe Satyrick Muse,
 Those graue and reuerend legists to abuse,
 That aide *Astrea*, that doe further right:
 But these *Megera's* that inflame despight,
 That broche deepe rancor, that do study still
 To ruine right, that they their panch may fill
 With *Irus* bloud; these Furies I doe meane,
 These Hedge-hogs, that disturbe *Astreas* Scean.

A man, a man: peace Cynicke, yon's a man,
 Behold yon sprightly dread *Mauortian*
 With him I stop thy currish barking chops.
 What, meanst thou him, that in his swaggring floss
 Wallowes vnbraced, all along the streete?
 He that salutes each gallant he doth meete,
 With *farewell sweete captaine, kind hart; adew,*
 He that last night, tumbling thou didst view
 From out the great mans head; and thinking still
 He had beene Sentinell of warlike Brill,
 Cryes out *Que va la? zounds Que?* and out doth draw
 His transformd ponyard, to his *Syringe* straw,
 And stabs the drawer. What, that *Ringo roote?*
 Mean'st thou that wasted leg, puffed bumbast boot?

What, he that's drawne, and quartered with lace ?

That *Westphalian* gamon Cloue-stuck face ?

Why, he is nought but huge blaspheming othes,

Swart snout, big looks, mishapen Switzers clothes.

Weake meager lust hath now consumed quite,

And wasted cleane away his Martiall spright.

Infeeb'ling ryot, all vices confluence

Hath eaten out that sacred influence

Which made him man.

That diuine part is soak't away in sinne,

In sensuall lust, and midnight beueling,

Ranke inundation of luxuriouslynesse

Haue tainted him with such grosse beastlinesse,

That now the seat of that celestially essence

Is all possest with Naples pestilence.

Fat peace, and dissolute impietic.

Haue lulled him in such securitie,

That now, let whirlwinds and confusion teare:

The Center of our state, let Giants reare

Hill upon hill, let westerne *Termagant*

Shake heauens vault; he with his Occupant,

Are clinged so close, like deaw-worms in the morne

That he'le not stir, till out his guts are torne

With eating filth. *Tubrio*, snort on, snort on,

Till thou art wak't with sad confusion.

Now raile no more at my sharpe Cynick found,

Thou brutish world, that in all yilenesse drown'd

Hast lost thy soule: for naught but shades I see,

Resemblances of men inhabite thee.

Yon Tissue sloop, yon Holy-crossed pane,

Is but a water-spaniell that will faune.

And kisse.

*And kisse the water, whilst it pleasures him:
But being once arriued at the brim,
He shakes it off.*

Yon in the capring cloake, a mimick Ape,
That ouely striues to seeme an others shape.

Yon's *Æsops* Ass, yon sad ciuility
Is but an Oxe, that with base drudgery
Eates vp the land, whilst some gilt Ass doth chew
The golden wheat; he well apayd with straw.

Yon's but a muckhill ouer-spred with snowe,
Which with that vaile doth euen as fairely showe
As the greene meades, whose natiue outward faire
Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour ayre.

Yon effeminate sanguine *Ganimede*,
Is but a Beuer, hunted for the bed.

*Peace Cynick, see what yonder doth approach,
A cart? a tumbrell? no, a badged coach.*

What's in't? some man. *No, nor yet woman kinde,
But a celestiall Angell, faire refine.*

The diuell as Yoone. Her maske so hinders me
I cannot see her beauties deitie.

Now that is off, she is so vizarded,
So steep in Lemons iuyce, so surphuled.

I cannot see her face. Vnder one hoode
Two faces: but I neuer understood

Or saw one face vnder two hoods till now.
Tis the right semblance of old *Ianus* brow.

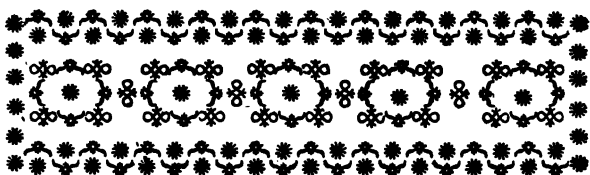
Her maske, her vizard, her loose-hanging gowne,
(For her loose lying body) her bright spangled crowne.
Her long slit sleeues, stiffe buske, puffed verdingall
Is all that makes her thus angelicall.

Alas, her

Alas, her foule struts round about her neck,
 Her feate of sense is her rebato set,
 Her intellectuall is a fained nicenessse,
 Nothing but clothes, and simpring precisenessse.

Out on these puppets, painted Images,
 Haberdashers shops, torch-light maskeries,
 Perfuming pans, Dutch ancients, Glowe-worms bright
 That soyle our soules, and dampe our reasons light:
 Away, away, hence Coach-man, goe inshrine
 Thy new glas'd puppet in port Esqueline.
 Blush *Martia*, feare not, or looke pale, all's one,
Margara keepes thy set complexion.
 Sure I nere thinke those axioms to be true,
 That soules of men, from that great soule ensue,
 And of his essence doe participate
 As 'twere by pipes; when so degenerate,
 So aduerse is our natures motion,
 To his immaculate condition:
 That such foule filth, from such faire puritie,
 Such sensuall acts, from such a Deitie,
 Can nere proceed. But if that dreame were so,
 Then sure the slime, that from our soules doe flowe,
 Haue stoppt those pipes by which it was conuei'd,
 And now no humane creatures; once distai'd
 Of that faire iem.
 Beasts *sense*, plants *growth*, like being as a stone.
 But out alas, our *Cognisance* is gone.

Finis libri secundi.



P R O E M I U M

I N

LIBRUM TERTIUM.

IN serious iest, and iesting seriousnesse,
I striue to scourge polluting beaflinesse,
I inuocate no *Delian* Deitie,
Nor sacred of-spring of *Mnemosyne* :
I pray in aid of no *Castalian* Muse,
No Nymph, no femal Angell to infuse
A sprightly wit to raise my flagging wings,
And teach me tune these harsh discordant strings,
I craue no Syrens of our Halcion times,
To grace the accents of my rough-hew'd rimes :
But grim *Reprooffe*, stearne hate of villany,
Inspire and guid a Satyres poesie
Faire *Detestation* of foule odious sinne,
In which our swinish times lye wallowing.
Be thou my conduct and my *Genius*,
My wits inciting sweet breath'd *Zephirus*.
O that a Satyres hand had force to pluck
Some fludgate vp, to purge the world from muck :
Would God

Would God I could turne *Alpheus* riuer in,
 To purge this *Augean* Oxstall from foule sinne.
 Well, I will try: awake impuritie,
 And view the vaile drawne from thy villany.



S A T Y R E VIII.

Iamorato Curio.

C*Vrio*, aye me! thy mistress *Monkey's* dead,
 Alas, alas, her pleasures buried,
 Goe woman's slaue, performe his exequies,
 Condole his death in mournfull Elegies.
 Tut, rather Peans sing *Hermaphrodite*:
 For that sad death giues life to thy delight.

Sweete fac't *Corinna*, daine the riband tie
 Of thy Cork-shooc, or els thy slaue will die:
 Some puling Sonnet toles his passing bell,
 Some sighing Elegie must ring his knell,
 Vnlesse bright sunshine of thy grace reuiue
 His wambling stomach, certes he will diue
 Into the whirle-poole of deuouring death,
 And to some Mermaid sacrifice his breath.
 Then oh, *oh then*, to thy eternall shame,
 And to the honour of sweet *Curios* name,
 This Epitaph, vpon the Marble stone,
 Must faire be grau'd of that true louing one;

*Heere lyeth he, he lyeth here,
 That bowne't and pittie cryed:
 The doore not op't, fell sick alas,
 Alas fell sick and dyed.*

What Mirmidon

What Mirmidon, or hard Dolopian,
 What sauage minded rude Cyclopiā,
 But such a sweete pathetique Paphian
 Would force to laughter? Ho *Amphitriōn*,
 Thou art no Cuckold. What though *Ioue* dallied,
 During thy warres, in faire *Alcmenas* bed,
 Yet *Hercules* true borne, that imbecillitie
 Of corrupt nature all apparantly
 Appeares in him. O foule indignitie,
 I heard him vow himselfe a slaue to *Omphale*,
 Puling (*aye me*) O valours obloquie!
 He that the inmost nookes of hell did know,
 Whose nere craz'd prowesse all did ouer-throw,
 Lyes streaking brawny limmes in weakning bed,
 Perfum'd, smooth kemb'd, new glaz'd, fair surphuled:
 O that the boundlesse power of the foule
 Should be subiected to such base controule!

Big limm'd *Alcides*, doffe thy honours crowne,
 Goe spin, huge slaue, least *Omphale* should frowne.
 By my best hopes, I blush with grieffe and shame
 To broach the peasant basenesse of our name.

O now my ruder hand begins to quake,
 To thinke what loftie Cedars I must shake:
 But if the canker fret the barkes of Oakes,
 Like humbler shrubs shall equal beare the stroaks
 Of my respectlesse rude Satyrick hand.

Vnlesse the Destin's adamantine band
 Should tye my teeth, I cannot chuse but bite,
 To view *Mauortius* metamorphoz'd quite
 To puling fighes, and into (*aye mee's*) state,
 With voice distinct, all fine articulate.

212 Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. VIII.

Lisping, *Faire saint, my woe compassionate:*

By beauen, thine eye is my soule-guiding fate.

The God of wounds had went on *Cyprian* couch

To streake himselfe, and with incensing touch

To faint his force, onely when wrath had end:

But now, 'mong furious garboiles, he doth spend

His feebled valour, in tilt and turneing,

With wet turn'd kisses, melting dallying.

A poxe vpon't, that *Bacchis* name should be

The watch-word giuen to the souldierie.

Goe troupe to field, mount thy obscured fame,

Cry out *S. George*, invoke thy mistresse name;

Thy Mistresse and *S. George*, alarum cry

Weake force, weake ayde, that sprouts from luxury.

Thou tedious workmanship of lust-stung *Ioue*,

Down from thy skyes, enioy our females loue:

Some fiftie more *Beotian* girles will sue

To haue thy loue, so that thy back be true.

O now me thinks I heare swart *Martius* cry,

Souping along in warres faind maskerie,

By *Lais* starrie front he'le forth-with die

In cluttred bloud, his Mistres liuorie.

Her fancies colours wanes vpon his head.

O well fenc't *Albion*, mainly manly sped,

When those, that are Soldadoes in thy state,

Doe beare the badge of base, effeminate,

Euen on their plumie crests: brutes sensuall,

Hauing no sparke of intellectual.

Alack, what hope? when some rank nasty wench

Is subiect of their voves and confidence?

Publius hates vainly to idolatries,

And laughs that papists honour Images:

And yet

And yet (O madnesse) these mine eyes did see
 Him melt in mouing plants, obsequiously
 Imploring fauor, twining his kinde armes,
 Vsing inchauntments, exorcismes, charmes.
 The oyle of Sonnets, wanton blandishment,
 The force of teares, and seeming languishment,
 Vnto the picture of a painted lasse:

I saw him court his Mistresse looking-glasse,
 Worship a busk-point, which in secrecie
 I feare was conscious of strange villany.

I saw him crouch, deuote his liuelihood,
 Swear, protest, vow pesant feruitude
 Vnto a painted puppet, to her eyes
 I heard him swear his fighes to sacrifice.

But if he get her itch-alaying pinne,
 O sacred relique, straight he must beginne
 To raue out-right: then thus; *Celestiall blisse,*

Can beauen grant so rich a grace as this?

Touch it not (by the Lord Sir) tis diuine,

It once beheld her radiant eyes bright shine:

Her haire imbrac't it, O thrice happy prick

That there was thron'd, and in her haire didst stick.

Kisse, blesse, adore it *Publius*, neuer linne,

Some sacred vertue lurketh in the pinne.

O frantick fond pathetique passion!

Is't possible such sensuall action

Should clip the wings of contemplation?

O can it be the spirits function,

The soule, not subiect to dimension,

Should be made slaue to reprehension

Of crafty natures paint? Fie, can our soule

Be vnderling to such a vile controule?

Saturio wish't himsef his Mistresse buske,
 That he may sweetly lie, and softly luske
 Betweene her paps, then must he haue an eye
 At eyther end, that freely might descry
 Both hills and dales. But out on *Pbrigio*,
 That wish't he were his Mistresse dog, to goe
 And licke her milke-white fist. O pretty grace,
 That pretty *Pbrigio* begs but Pretties place.
Partbenophell, thy wish I will omit,
 So beastly tis I may not vtter it.
 But *Punicus*, of all I'le beare with thee,
 That faine would't be thy mistresse smug munkey:
 Here's one would be a flea, (iest comicall)
 Another his sweet Ladies verdingall,
 To clip her tender breech: Another he
 Her siluer-handled fan would gladly be:
 Here's one would be his Mistresse neck-lace faine,
 To clip her faire, and kisse her azure vaine.
 Fond fooles, well wisht, and pittie but should be:
For beastly shaps to brutish soules agree.

If *Lauras* painted lip doe daine a kisse
 To her enamour'd slaue, O *heauens blisse!*
 (Straight he exclames) *not to be matcht with this!*
 Blaspheming dolt, goe three-score sonnets write
 Vpon a pictures kisse, O raving spright!
 I am not saplesse, old, or reumatick,
 No *Hipponax* mishapen stigmatick,
 That I should thus inueigh 'gainst amorous spright
 Of him whose soule doth turne *Hermaphrodite*:
 But I doe sadly grieue, and inly vexe,
 To viewe the base dishonour of our sexe.

Tush, guilt-

Lib. III. *Scourge of VILLANIE.* Sat. VIII. 215

Tush, guiltlesse Doues, when Gods to force foule rapes
Will turne themselues to any brutish shapes:
Base bastard powers, whom the world doth see
Transform'd to swine for sensuall luxurie.
The sonne of *Saturne* is become a Bull,
To crop the beauties of some female trull.
Now, when he hath his first wife *Metim* sped,
And fairely clok't, least foole gods should be bred
Of that fond Mule: *Themis* his second wife
Hath turn'd away, that his vnbrideled life
Might haue more scope. Yet last his sisters loue
Must satiate the lustfull thoughts of *Ioue*.
Now doth the lecher in a Cuckowes shape
Commit a monstrous and incestuous rape.
Thrice sacred gods, and O thrice blessed skies,
Whose orbes includes such vertuous deities.

What should I say? Lust hath confounded all.
The bright glosse of our intellectuall
Is foully soyl'd. The wanton wallowing
In fond delights, and amorous dallying.
Hath dusk't the fairest splendour of our soule:
Nothing now left, but carkas, lothsome, foule.
For sure, if that some spright remained still,
Could it be subiect to lewd *Lais* will?

*Reason by prudence in her function
Had wont to tutor all our action,
Aydng with precepts of philosophie
Our feebled natures imbecillitie:
But now affection, will, concupiscence
Haue got o're Reason chiefe prebeminence
Tis so: els how should such vile basenesse taint
As force it be made slaue to natures paint?*

Me thinks the spirits Pegase *Fantafie*
 Should hoyse the foule from such base flauery:
 But now I see, and can right plainly showe
 From whence such abiect thoughts and actions grow.

Our aduerse bodie, being earthly, cold,
 Heauie, dull, mortall, would not long infold
 A stranger inmate, that was backward still
 To all his dungy, brutish, sensuall will:
 Now here-vpon, our 'Intellectuall,
 Compact of fire all celestially,
 Invisibile, immortall, and diuine,
 Grew straight to scorn his land-lords muddy slime:
 And therefore now is closely slunke away
 (Leauing his smoaky house of mortall clay)
 Adorn'd with all his beauties lineaments
 And brightest iems of shining ornaments,
 His parts diuine, sacred, spirituall,
 Attending on him; leauing the sensuall
 Base hangers on, lusing at home in slime,
 Such as wont to stop port Esqueline.
 Now doth the bodie, led with senselesse will,
 (The which in reasons absence ruleth still)
 Raue, talke idely, as t'were some deitie
 Adorning female painted puppetry,
 Playing at put-pin, doting on some glasse
 (Which breath'd but on, his falsed glosse doth passe)
 Toying with babies and with fond pastime,
 Some childrens sporte, deflowring of chaste time,
 Imploying all his wits in vaine expense,
 Abusing all his organons of sense.

Returne, returne, sacred *Synderefts*,
 Inspire our trunks: let not such mud as this

Pollute vs still: Awake our lethargy,
Raife vs from out.our brain-ficke foolery:



S A T Y R E IX.

Here's a toy to mocke an Ape indeede.

GRim-fac't *Reprooffe*, sparkle with threatning eye,
Bend thy sower browes in my tart poesie.
Auaunt yee curre, houle in some cloudy mist,
Quake to behold a sharp-fangd Satyrift.
O how on tip-toes proudly mounts my Muse!
Stalking a loftier gate then Satyres vse.
Me thinks some sacred rage warmes all my vaines,
Making my spright mount vp to higher straines
Then well befeemes a rough-tongu'd Satyres part:
But Art curbs Nature, Nature guideth Art.

Come downe yee Apes, or I will strip you quite,
Baring your bald tayles to the peoples sight.
Yee mimick sfaues, what are you perchd so hie?
Downe Iack an Apes from thy fain'd royalty.
What furr'd with beard, cast in a Satin sute,
Iudiciall Iack? how hast thou got repute.
Of a sound censure? O idiot times,
When gaudy Monkeys mowe ore sprightly rimes!
O world of fooles, when all mens indgement's set,
And rest vpon some mumping Marmoset!
Yon Athens Ape (that can but simpringly
Yaule Auditores humanissimi,

Bound to some seruaile imitation,
 Can with much sweat patch an oration)
 Now vp he comes, and with his crooked eye
 Presumes to squint on some faire Poesie;
 And all as thanklesse as ungratefull Thames
 He slinks away, leauing but reaking steames
 Of dungy slime behinde. All as ingrate
 He vseth it, as when I satiate
 My spanielles paunch, who straight perfumes the roome,
 With his tailes filth: so this vnciuill groome,
 Ill-tutor'd pedant, *Mortimers* numbers
 With much-pit Esculine filth bescumbers.
 Now th'Ape chatters, and is as malecontent
 As a bill-patch't doore, whose entrailles out haue sent
 And spewd their tenant.

My soule adores iudiciall schollership:
 But when to seruaile imitatorship
 Some spruce Athenian pen is prentized,
 Tis worse then Apish. Fie, be not flattered
 With seeming worth. Fond affectation
 Befits an Ape, and mumping Babilon.
 O what a trickie lerned nicking strain
 Is this applauded, senselesse, modern † vaine!
 When late I heard it from sage *Mutius* lips
 How ill me thought such wanton liggin skips
 Beseem'd his grauer speech. *Farre fly thy fame*
Most, most, of me beloued, whose silent name
One letter bounds. Thy true iudiciall stile
I euer honour: and if my laue beguile

† *Non lædere, sed ludere: non lanœa, sed linœa: non*
ictus, sed nictus potius.

*Not much my hopes, then thy unuall'd worth
Shall mount faire place, when Apes are turned forth.*

I am too mild: reach me my scourge againe.

O yon's a pen speakes in a learned vaine,
Deepe, past all sense. Lanthorne and candle light,
Here's all inuifible, *all mentall spright.*

What hotch potch, giberidge doth the Poet bring?
How strangely speakes? yet sweetly doth he sing.

I once did know a tinkling Pewterer,
That was the vilest stumblings flutterer
That euer hack't and hew'd our native tongue:
Yet to the Lute if you had heard him sung,
Iesu how sweet he breath'd! You can apply.

O senselesse prose, iudiciall poesie,
How ill you'r link't. This affectation,
To speake beyond mens apprehension,
How Apish tis! When all in fustian sute
Is cloth'd a huge *nothing*, all for repute
Of profound knowledge, when profoundness knowes
There's naught contain'd, but onely seeming showes.

Oh Iack of Paris-garden, canst thou get
A faire rich sute, though foully run in debt?
Looke smug, smell sweet, take vp commodities,
Keepe whores, fee bauds, belch impious blasphemies,
Wallow along in swaggering disguise,
Snuffe vp smoak-whiffs, and each morne 'fore she rise,
Visit thy drab? Canst vse a false cut die
With a cleane grace, and glib facilitie?
Canst thunder cannon oathes, like th'rattling
Of a huge, double, ful-charg'd culuering?
Then Iack 'troupe 'mong our gallants, kisse thy fist,
And call them brothers: Say a Satyrift

Swears they are thine in neere affinitie,
 All coosin germanes, faue in villany.
 For (sadly truth to say) what are they else
 But imitators of lewd beastlynesse?
 Farre worse than Apes; for mowe, or scratch your pate,
 It may be some odde Ape will imitate:
 But let a youth that hath abus'd his time,
 In wronged trauaile, in that hoter clime,
 Swoope by old Iack, in cloathes Italionate:
 And I'le be hang'd if he will imitate
 His strange fantastique sute shapes:
 Or let him bring or'e beastly luxuries,
 Some hell-deuifed lustfull villanies,
 Euen Apes and beasts would blush with natiue shame,
 And thinke it foule dishonour to their name,
 Their beastly name, to imitate such sinne
 As our lewd youths doe boast and glory in.

Fie, whether do these Monkeys carry mee?
 Their very names do soyle my poesie.
 Thou world of Marmosets and mumping Apes,
 Vnmaske, put off thy fained borrowed shapes.
 Why lookes neat *Cirus* all so simpringly?
 Why habblest thou of deepe Diuinitie?
 And of that sacred testimoniall?
 Liuing voluptuous like a *Bacchanall*?
 Good hath thy tongue: but thou rank Puritan,
 I'le make an Ape as good a Christian.
 I'le force him chatter, turning vp his eyes,
 Looke sad, go graue. Demure ciuilitie
 Shall seeme to say, *Good brother, sister deere.*
 As for the rest, to snort in belly cheere,

To bite

To bite, to gnaw, and boldly intermell
 With sacred things, in which thou dost excell,
 Vnforc't he'le doe. O take compassion
 Euen on your soules: make not religion
 A bawde to lewdnesse. *Civill Socrates*
 Clyp not the youth of *Alcibiades*
 With unchaſt armes. *Disguis'd Meſſaline*
 I'le tear thy maſke, and bare thee to the eyne
 Of hiſſing boyes, if to the Theatres
 I finde thee once more come for lecherers,
 To ſatiare (nay, to tyer) thee with the uſe
 Of weakning luſt. Yec ſainers, leaue t'abuſe
 Our better thoughts with your hypocriſie:
 Or by the euer-liuing veritie,
 I'le ſtrip you nak't, and whip you with my rimes,
 Cauſing your ſhame to liue to after-times.



S A T Y R E X.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

To his very friend, Maſter E. G.

From out the ſadneſſe of my diſcontent,
 Hating my wonted iocund merriment,
 (Only to giue dull time a ſwifter wing)
 Thus ſcorning ſcorne, of Idiot fooles I ſing.
 I dread no bending of an angry brow,
 Or rage of fooles that I ſhall purchaſe now.

Who'le

Who'le scorn to fit in ranke of foolery,
 When I'le be matter of the company?
 For pre-thee *Ned*, I pre-thee gentle lad,
 Is not he frantique, foolish, bedlam mad,
 That wastes his spright, that melts his very braine
 In deepe designs, in wits dark gloomy straine?
 That scourgeth great slaues with a dreadlesse fist,
 Playing the rough part of a Satyrifit,
 To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rable
 Of thin-braind Idiots, dull, vncapable?
 For mimicke apish schollers, pedants, guls,
 Perfmu'd inamoratoes, brothell truls?
 Whilst I (poore soule) abuse chaste virgin time,
 Deflowring her with unconceiu'd rime.

*Tut, tut, a toy of an idle empty braine,
 Some scurril iests, light gew-gawes, fruitlesse, vaine.
 Cryes beard-graue Dromus, when alas, god knows
 His toothlesse gum nere chew but outward shows.
 Poore budge face, bowcase fleue, but let him passe
 Once furre and beard shall priuiledge an Ass.*

And tell me *Ned*, what might that gallant be,
 Who to obtaine intemperate luxury,
 Cuckolds his elder brother, gets an heire,
 By which his hope is turned to despaire?
 In faith (good *Ned*) he damn'd himselfe with cost:
 For well thou know'st full goodly land was lost.

I am too priuate, *Yet me thinkes an Ass*
Rimes well with VIDERIT VUTILITAS.
 Euen full as well, I boldly dare auerre
 As any of that stinking Scauenger
 Which from his dunghill he bedaubed on
 The latter page of old *Pigmalion*.

O that this brother of hypocrisie
 (Applauded by his pure fraternitie)
 Should thus be puffed, and so proude infist,
 As play on me the Epigrammatist.
*Opinion mounts this froth vnto the skies,
 Whom iudgemente reason iustly vilifies.*
 For (shame to the Poet) reade *Ned*, behold
 How wittily a Maisters-hoode can scold.

An Epigram which the Author *Vergidemiarum*, caused to
 be pasted to the latter page of euery *Pigmalion*, that
 came to the Stationers of Cambridge.

I *Aske't Phisitions what their counsell was
 For a mad dogge, or for a mankind Ass?*
*They told me though there were confections store
 Of Poppie-seede, and soueraigne Hellebore,
 The dogge was best cured by cutting and † kinsing,
 The Ass must be kindly whipped for winsing.
 Now then S. K. I little passe
 Whether thou be a mad dogge, or a mankind Ass.*

Medice cura teipsum.

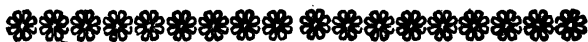
Smart ierke of wit! Did ever such a straine
 Rise from an Apish schoole-boyes childish braine?
 Dost thou not blush good *Ned*, that such a sent
 Should rise from thence where thou hadst nutriment?
*Shame to Opinion, that perfumes his dung,
 And streweeth flowers rotten bones among.
 Juggling Opinion, thou inchaunting witch,
 Paint not a rotten post with colours rich.*

† *Mark the witty allusion to my name.*

But now

But now this juggler with the worlds consent
 Hath half his soule; the other, Complement,
 Mad world the whilst. But I forget mee, I,
 I am seduced with this poesie:
 And madder then a Bedlam spend sweet time
 In bitter numbers, in this idle rime.
 Out on this humour. From a sickly bed,
 And from a moodie minde distempered,
 I vomit forth my loue, now turn'd to hate,
 Scorning the honour of a Pœets state.
 Nor shall the kennell rout of muddy braines
 Rauish my Muses heyre, or heare my straines,
 Once more. No nittie pedant shall correct
 Ænigmaes to his shallow intellectu.
 Inchantment *Ned* hath rauished my sense
 In a Poetick vaine circumference.
 Yet thus I hope (God shield I now should lie)
Many more fooles, and most more wise then I.

V. A. L. E.



S A T Y R E XI.

Humours.

Sleep grim *Reprooffe*: my iocund Muse doth sing
 In other keys, to nimbler fingering.
 Dull sprighted *Melancholy*, leaue my brain
 To hell *Cimerian* night, in liuely vaine
 I strue to paint, then hence all darke intent
 And sullen frownes: come sporting merriment,

Cheeke

Cheeke dimpling laughter, crowne my very soule
 With iouissance, whilst mirthfull iests controule
 The gouty humours of these pride-swolne daies,
 Which I do long vsell my pen displaies.
 O I am great with mirth: some midwifrie,
 Or I shall breake my sides so vanitie.
 Roome for a capering mouth, whose lips nere flur,
 But in discouraging of the gracefull flur.
 Who euer heard fruce skipping *Curia*
 Ere prate of ought, but of the whirle on toe,
 The name about ground, *Robris* sprawling kicks,
Fabius caper, *Harries* tossing tricks?
 Did euer any eare ere heare him speake
 Vnlesse his tongue of crosse-points did intreat?
 His teeth doe caper whilst he eates his meat,
 His heeles doe caper, whilst he takes his seat,
 His very soule, his intellectuall
 Is nothing but a mincing capewall.
 He dreames of foe-turnes: such gallant he doth meete
 He fronts him with a traunce in the streete.
 Praise but *Orchestra*, and the skipping Art,
 You shall commaund him; faith you haue his hart.
 Euen capring in your fist. A hall, a hall,
 Roome for the Spheres, the ortis celestiaall.
 Will daunce *Kemps* jigge. They leaue reuel with neste-jumps.
 A worthy Poet hath put on their Pumps.
 O wits quick traueser, but *Staton's* flowey
 Good faith tis hard for nimble *Cunio*.
Ye gracious Orbes, keep the old int' a firing,
All's spoilde if once yee fall to capring.

Lufcus what's plaid to day? faith now I know
 I set thy lips all roach, from whence doth flowe

Naught but pure *Iuliet* and *Romeo*.
 Say who acts best? *Drusus* or *Roscio*?
 Now I haue him, that nere of ought did speake
 But when of playes or Players he did treat:
 Hath made a common-place booke out of playes,
 And speakes in print: at least what ere he saies
 Is warranted by Curtaine *plaudities*,
 If ere you heard him courting *Lesbias* eyes;
 Say (Curteous Sir) speakes he not moningly,
 From out some new pathetique Tragedy?
 He writes, he railes, he iests, he courts, (what not?)
 And all from out his huge long scraped stock
 Of well penn'd playes.

Oh come not within distance: *Martius* speakes,
 Who nere discourseth but of fencing feats,
 Of counter times, *finctures*, fly *passataes*,
Stramazones, resolute *Stoccatas*,
 Of the quick change with wiping *mandritta*,
 The *carricado*, with th' *embrocata*,
 Oh, by *Iesu sir* (me thinks I heare him cry)
 The honourable fencing mystery
 Who dotb not honour? Then fals he in againe,
 Iading our eares, and somewhat must-be faine
 Of blades, and Rapier-hilts, of surest garde,
 Of *Vincentio*, and the *Burgenians* ward.

This bumbast foile-button I once did see
 By chance, in *Linias* modest company,
 When after the *God-saving* ceremony,
 For want of talke-stuffe, fals to foinery,
 Out goes his Rapier, and to *Linia*
 He shewes the ward by *puncta reuerfa*,

The *incognata*.

The *incarnata*. Nay, by the blessed light,
 Before he goes, he'le teach her how to fight
 And hold her weapon. Oh I laugh amaine,
 To see the madnes of this *Martius* vaine.

But roome for *Tuscus*, that iest-mounging youth
 Who nere did ope his Apish gerner mouth
 But to retaile and broke anothers wit.

Discourse of what you will, he straight can fit
 Your present talke, with, *Sir, Ple tell a iest*
 (Of some sweet Ladie, or graund Lord at least)
 Then on he goes, and nere his tongue shall lie
 Till his ingrossed iests are all drawne dry:

But then as dumbe as *Maurus*, when at play
 Hath lost his crownes, and paun'd his trim array.

He doth naught but retaile iests: breake but one,
 Out flies his table-booke, let him alone,
 He'le haue it i-faith; Lad, hast an Epigram,
 Wilt haue it put into the chaps of Fame?

Giue *Tuscus* copies; footh, as his owne wit
 (His proper issue) he will father it.

O that this Eccho, that doth seake, spet, write
 Naught but the excrements of others spright,
 This il-stuffe trunke of iests (whose very soule
 Is but a heape of libes) should once inroule
 His name 'mong creatures termed rationally!

Whose chiefe repute, whose sense, whose soule and all
 Are fed with offall scraps, that sometimes fall
 From liberall wits, in their large festiuall,

Come aloft Iack, roome for a vaulting skip,
 Roome for *Torquatus*, that nere op't his lip
 But in prate of *pummado reuerfa*,
 Of the nimbling tumbling *Angelica*.

Now on my soule, his very intellect
Is naught but a curvetting *Somerset*.

Hush, hush, (cries honest *Philo*) peace, desist,
Dost thou not tremble forer Satyrist,
Now that iudiciall Musus readeth thee?
He'le whip each line he'le scourge thy balladry,
Good faith he will, Philo I pre thee stay
Whilst I the humour of this dogge display:
He's naught but censure, wilt thou credit me,
He neuer writ one line in poese,
But once at Athens in a theame did frame
A paradox in praise of vertues name:
Which still he hugs, and luls as tenderly
As cuckold *Tisus* his wifes bastardie.
Well, here's a challenge, I flatly say he lyes
That heard him ought but censure poesie.
Tis his discourse, first hauing knit the brow,
Stroke vp his fore-top, champed euery row,
Belcheth his slauering censure on each booke
That dare presume euen on *Modus* looke.

I haue no Artists skill in symphonies,
Yet when some pleasing Diapason flies
From out the belly of a sweete tough't Late,
My eares dare say tis good: or when they sute
Some harsher seauens for varietie,
My native skill discernes it presently,
What then? will any sottish dolt repute,
Or euer thinke me *Orpheus* absolute?
Shall all the world of Fidlers follow mee,
Relying on my voice in musickrie?

Musus heere's *Rhodes*, lets see thy boasted leape,
Or els auant lewd curre, presume not speake,

Or with

Or with thy venome-sputtering chaps to barke
 'Gainst well-pend poems, in the tongue-tied dark.

O for a humour, looke who yon doth goe,
 The meager lecher, lewd *Luxurio*:
 'Tis he that hath the sole monopoly
 By patent, of the Superb lechery.
 No newe edition of drabbes comes out,
 But seene and allow'd by *Luxurios* snout.
 Did euer any man ere heare him talke
 But of Pick-hatch, or of some Shoreditch baulke
Arctines filth, or of his wandring whore,
 Of some *Cynidian*, or of *Tacedore*,
 Of *Ruscus* nasty lothsome brothell rime,
 That stinks like *Ajax* froth, or mack-pit slime?
 The news he tels you, is of some newe flesh,
 Lately brooke vp, span newe, hote piping fresh.
 The curtesie he shewes you, is some morne
 To giue you *Venus* fore his smock be on.
 His eyes, his tongue, his soule, his all is lust,
 Which vengeance and confusion follow must.
 Out on this salt humour, letchers dropsie,
 Fic, it doth foyle my chaster poesie.

O spruce! How now *Piso*, *Aurelius* Ape,
 What strange disguise, what new deformed shape
 Doth hold thy thoughts in contemplation?
 Faith say, what fashion art thou thinking on?
 A sticht Taffata cloake, a pair of slops,
 Of Spanish leather? O who heard his chops
 Ere chew of ought, but of some strange disguise?
 This fashion-mounger, each morne fore he rise
 Contemplates sute shapes, and once from out his bed,
 He hath them straight full lively portrayed.

And then he chukes, and is as proude of this
 As *Taphus* when he got his neighbours blisse.
 All fashions since the first yeare of this Queene
 May in his study fairely drawne be seene,
 And all that shall be to his day of doome,
 You may peruse within that little roome.
 For not a fashion once dare show his face,
 But from neat *Pyse* first must take his grace.
 The long sooles coat, the huge sloop, the high boot
 From mimick *Pyse*, all doe claime their roote.
 O that the boundlesse power of the soule
 Should be coop't vp in fashioning some roule!

But O, *Suffens*, (that doth hugge, imbrace
 His proper selfe, admires his owne sweet face,
 Prayseth his owne faire limmes proportion,
 Kisseth his shade, reconteeth all alone
 His owne good parts) who envies him? not I,
 For well he may, without all rivalrie.

Fie, whether's fled my sprites alacritick
 How dull I vent this humorous poesie!
 In faith I am sad, I am possess'd with ruth,
 To see the vainenesse of faire *Albions* youth;
 To see their richest time euen wholly spent
 In that which is but Gentries ornament,
 Which being meanelly done, becomes them well:
 But when with deere times losse they doe excell,
 How ill they doe things well! To daunce and sing,
 To vault, to fence, and fairely trot a ring
 With good grace, meanelly done, O what repute
 They doe beget! But being absolute,
 It argues too much time, too much regard
 Imploy'd in that which might be better spar'd

Then:

Then substance should be lost, If one should sewe
 For *Lesbias* lone, hauing two daies to wooe
 And not one more, and should imploy those twaine
 The fauour of her wayting wench to gaine,
 Were he not mad? Your apprehension:
 Your wits are quick in application.

Gallants.

Me thinks your soules should grudge, and inly scorn
 To be made slaues, to humours that are borne
 In slime of filthy sensualitie.

That part, not subiect to mortalitie
 (Boundlesse, discursive apprehension
 Giving it wings to set his function)

Me thinks should murmur, when you stop his course,
 And soyle his beauties in some beastly source
 Of brutish pleasures. But it is so poore,
 So weake, so hunger bitten, euermore

Kept from his foode, meager for want of meate,
 Scorn'd and reiected, thrust from out his seate,

Vpbrai'd by Capons greace, consumed quite
 By eating stewes, that waste the better spright,
 Snibd by his baser parts; that now poore *Soule*
 (Thus pesanted to each lewd thoughts controule)

Hath lost all heart, bearing all iniuries,

The vtmost spight, and rank't indignities

With forced willingnesse. Taking great ioy

If you will daine his faculties imploy

But in the mean't ingenious qualitie.

(How proud he'll be of any dignitie?)

Put it to musick, dauncing, fencing schools,

Lord how I laugh to heare the prettie fools

How it will prate! his tongue shall neuer lie,
 But still discourse of his spruce qualitie;
 Egging his master to proceede from this,
 And get the substance of celestiall blisse.
 His Lord straight calls his parliament of sence,
 But still the sensuall haue preheminance.
 The poore soules better part so feeble is,
 So colde and dead is his *Synderesis*,
That shadows by odde chaunce sometimes are got,
But O the substance is respected not.
 Here ends my rage, though angry brow was bent,
 Yet I haue sung in sporting merriment.



To euerlasting OBLIUION.

THOU mightie gulfe, insatiate cormorant,
 Deride me not, though I seeme petulant:
 To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
 For euer their faire Poems flourish may.
 But as for mee, hungry *Obluison*
 Deuour me quick, accept my orizon:
 My earnest prayers, which doe importune thee,
 With gloomy shade of thy still Emperie,
 To vaile both me and my rude poesie.
 Farre worthier lines in silence of thy state
 Doe sleepe securely free from loue or hate:
 From which this liuing nere can be exempt,
 But whilst it breathea will hate and furie tempt.
 Then close his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,
 Which not right glorious actions can with-stand.

Peace hatefull tongues, I now in silence pace,
 Vnlesse some hound doe wake me from my place,
 I with this sharpe, yet well meant poesie,
 Will sleepe secure, right free from iniurie
 Of cancred hate, or rankest villanie.



To him that hath perused mee.

GENTLE, or vngentle hand that holdest mee, let not thine eye be cast vpon priuatenesse, for I protest I glaunce not on it. If thou hast perused mee, what lesser fauour canst thou grant then not to abuse mee with vniust application? Yet I feare mee, I shall be much, much iniured by two sortes of readers: the one being ignorant, not knowing the nature of a Satyre, (which is, vnder fained priuate names, to note generall vices,) will needes wrest each fained name to a priuate unfained person. The other too subtile, bearing a priuate malice to some greater personage, then hee dare in his owne person seeme to maligne, will strise by a forced application of ~~my~~ generall reproofes to broach his priuate hatred. ~~Then~~ the which I knowe not a greater iniury can be offered to a Satyrist. I durst presume, knew they how guiltlesse, and how free I were from prying into priuatenesse, they would ~~not~~ thinke, how much they wrong themselues, in seeking to iniure mee. Let this protestation satisfie our curious searchers. So may I obtaine my best hopes, as I am free from endeauouring to blast anie priuate man's good name. If any one (forced with his owne guilt) will turne it home and say

Ths I,

