THE
METAMORPHOSIS
OF
PIGMALIONS IMAGE.
AND
Certaine SATYRES.

By JOHN MARSTON.

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1598.
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TO THE
WORLD'S
MIGHTIE MONARCH,
GOOD OPINION:

Sole Regent of Affectiion, perpetuall Ruler
of Judgement, most famous Justice of Cen-
tures, only giuer of Honor, great procurer
of Advancement, the World's chiefe Bal-
dance, the All of all, and All in all, by
whom all things are yet that they are. I
humbly offer thy this my Poem.

Thou soule of Pleasure, Honors only substance,
Great Arbitrator, Umpire of the Earth,
Whom Euclid Epicures call. Veritas essence,
Thou mooing Orator, whose powerfull breath
Swaies all mensjudgements. Great OPINION,
Vouchsafe to gild 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
Upon my young new-born Invention,
Ile sing an Hymne in honour of thy name,
And add some Tropbie to enlarge thy fame.

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


crying.

W. K.
THE
ARGUMENT
Of the POEM.

PIGMALION whose chaste mind all the beauties in Cyprus could not ensnare, yet at the length having 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 vsue such petitions and dalliance, as if it had been a breathing creature. But in the end, finding his fond dotage, and yet persevering in his ardent affection, made his devout prayers to Venus, that she would vouchsafe to enspire life into his Loue, and then ioyne them both toge-

L 2 ther
ther in marriage. Whereupon Venus graciously condiscending to his earnest suit, the Mayde, (by the power of her Deitie) was metamorphosied into a living Woman. And After, Pigmalion (being in Cyprus,) begat a sonne of her, which was called Paphus; whereupon, that Land Cyprus, in honor of Venus, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, Paphos.
To his MISTRES.

My wanton Muse lasciuously doth sing:
Of sportive love, of lonely dallying.
O beauteous Angell, daine thou to infuse
A sprightly wit, into my dulled Muse.
Einuocate none other Saint but thee,
To grace the first bloomes of my Poesie.
Thy favours like Promethean sacred fire,
In dead, and dull conceit can life inspire.
Or like that rare and rich Elixir stone,
Can turn to gold, leaden invention:
Be gracious to 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 thy kindnes grants me such sweet
blisse,
Be gladly write thy metamorphosis.
PIGMALION.

I.

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

II.

For having wrought in purest Ivorie,
So faire an Image of a Woman's feature,
That never yet proudest mortalitie
Could shew so rare and beautious a creature.
(Unless my Mistres all-excelling face,
Which glues to beautie, beauties onely grace.)

III.

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

He thought that Nature nere produc'd such fairenes-
In which all beauties haue their mantion.
   And thus admiring, was enamored
   On that sayre Image himselfe portraied.

IV.

And naked as it stood before his eyes,
Imperious Love declares his Deitie.
O what alluring beauties he descricies
In each part of his faire imagery!
   Her nakednes, each beauteous shape containes;
   All beautie in her nakednes remaines.

V.

He thought he saw the blood run through the vaine;
And leape, and swell with all alluring meanes:
Then seares he is deceiu'd, and then againe,
He thinkes he see'th the brightnes of the beames.
Which shooote 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 cheekes his amorous thoughts haue fed,
   Then he exclames, such reddo and so pure white,
   Did neuer bleffe the eye of mortal sight.
VII.

Then view's her lips, no lips did seeme to 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 fill.
“Loues eyes in viewing never have their fill.”

VIII.

Her breasts, like polished buory appeare,
Whose modest mount, doe bleffe admiring eye,
And makes him wish for such a Pillowbeare.
Thus fond Pigmaliôn striueth to discry.
Each beautiful part, not letting ouer-flip;
One parcell of his curious workmanship.

IX.

Vntill his eye descended so farre downe
That it discried Loues pavillion:
Where Cupid doth enjoy his onely crowne,
And Venus hath her chiefe metastion:
There would he winke, and winking looke againe,
Both eyes and thoughts would gladly there remaine.

X.

Who ever saw the subtle City-dame
In sacred church, when her pure thoughts hold pray.
PiGMaLIO N.

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:
Conceiving not it was imagerie
That kindly yeelded that large libertie.
   O that my Mistres were an Image too,
    That I might blameles her perfecions view.

XII.

But when the faire proportion of her thigh
Began appeare. O Ouid would he cry,
Did ere Corinna show such Ivorie
When she appeared in Venus Ivorie?
   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 Ivory breasts.
No wanton loue-trick would he ouer-flip,
But still obseru'd all amorous beheasts.
   Whereby he thought he might procure the lone
    Of his dull Image, which no plaints coulde move.

Looke
XIV.

Looke how the peevish 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 remorses 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 exclaims, 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 waft, presuming to discover
The vale of Loue, where Cupid doth delight
To sport, and dally all the fable 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
PIGMALION.

XVIII.

But when he saw poor soule he was deceaued,
(Yet scarce he could beleue his fence 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 Ixion 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 love respects not actual Lussury,
But onely joys to dally, sport, and leas:
Love is a child, contented with a toy,
A busk-point, or some favour still's the boy.

XX.

Marke my Pigmalion, whose affections ardor
May be a mirror to posteritie.
Yet viewing, touching, kissting, (common fav'our)
Could never satiate his loves ardencie:
And therefore Ladies, thinke that they more love you,
Who do not unto more than kissting move you.

XXI.

For Pigmalion kisst, viewd, and imbraced,
And yet exclaimes, why were these women made
O sacred Gods! and with such beauties graced?
Have they not power as well to coole, and shade,
As for to heate men's 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 charmes,
To inuocate sweet Venus for to raise her
To wished life, and to infuse some breath,
To that which dead, yet gauue a life to death.

XXIII.

Thou sacred Queene of sportiue dallying,
(Thus he begins) Loues onely Empereffe,
Whose kingdome rest 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.
Instill into her some celestiall fire,
That she may equalize affeccion,
And haue a mutuall loue, and loues desire.
Thou know'st the force of loue, then pitty me,
Compassionate my true loues ardencie.

XXV.

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

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

XXXI.

Then thus, Sweet sheetes he sayes, 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.

XXXII.

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 entice loues crowne:
Now do they dally, kisse, embrace together,
Like Leda's Twins at fight of fairest weather.

XXXIII.

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

For
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.

Doe but conceiue a Mothers passing gladnes,
(After that death her onely sonne had seazed
   And overwhelm'd her soule with endellese sadnes)
When that she sees him gin for to be raised
   From out his deadly swoune to life againe;
   Such ioy Pigmalion feeleth in every vaine.

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

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 seakes, and ever doth require,
When fittnes 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 recompense 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 eyther
Did yeeld kind kissing, and more kind embracing,
Could he when that they felt, and clip't together.
And might enjoy the life of dallying,
Could he abstaine mid'ft such a wanton sporting
From doing that, which is not fit reporting?

What
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 move,

Then arms, eyes, hands, tong, 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 Poefie,
Be not obscene though wanton in thy rimes.

And chastier 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

M 3 Mid'ft
Mid'ft all there pleasing and long wish'd delight
Paphus was got: of whom in after age
Cyprus was Paphos call'd, and evermore
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 desero'd a worthy place?
Come come Luxurio, crowne my head with Bayes,
Which like a Paphian, wantonly displayes
The Salaminian titillations,
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 Peana to my learned Muse,
In bis dicte. Wilt thou refuse?

Do not I put my Mistres in before?
And pitiously her gracious ayde implore?
Do not I flatter, call her wondrous faire?
Vertuous, diuine mosst debonaire?
Hath not my Goddesse in the vaunt-gard place,
The leading of my lines theyr plumes to grace?
And then ensues my stanzas, 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 fate of loves habiliments.
Yet puffie as Dutch hose they are within,
Faint, and white liuer'd, as our gallants bin:
Pigmalion
Patch'd like a beggars cloake, and run as sweet
As doth a tumbrill in the paued street.
And in the end, (the end of loue I wot)
Pigmalion hath a iolly boy begot.
So Labes 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 surpasing ill?
Come, come, Augustus, crowne my laureat quill.
Now by the whysps of Epigramatifs,
Ile not be lasht for my dissembling shifes.
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 lift.
And tremble at a barking Satyrift.

Satyres
SATYRES.

SATYRE I.

Quedam videntur, & non sunt.

I Cannot shew in strange proportion,
Changing my hew like a Camelion.
But you all-canning wits, hold water out,
Yee vizarded-bifronted-Ionian rout.
Tell mee browne Ruscus, haft thou Gyges ring,
That thou presum'd as if thou wert vnscene?
If not. Why in thy wits halfe capreall
Lett'st thou a superscrib'd Letter fall?
And from thy selfe, unto 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 preffe:
Holding him on as he through Paul's doth walke,
With nodds and leggs, and odde superfluous talke:
Making men thinke thee gracious in his fight,
When he esteemes thee but a Parasite.

For
For shame unmaske, lesse for to cloke intent,
And show thou art vaine-glourious, impudent.

Come Biflus, by the soule of Compliment,
I'le not endure that with thine instrument
(Thy Gambo viol plac'd betwixt thy thighs,
Wherein the best part of thy courtship lies)
Thou entertain the time, thy Mistres by;
Come, now let's heare thy mounting Mercurie,
What mum? Give him his siddle once againe,
Or he's more mute then a Pythagorean.

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

He, who on his glorious scutchion
Can quaintly shew wits newe inuention,
Aduauncing forth some thristie 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 deltie.

'Tut, he is famous for his reusling,
For fine sette speeches, and for sonneting;
He scornes the violl and the scraping sticke,
And yet's 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 Castilieu, skim thy posset curd,
Show thy queere substance, worthlesse, most absurd.

Take
Take ceremonious complement from thee,
Alas, I see Castilos beggary.
O if Democritus were now alive
How he would laugh to see this devill thrive!
And by an holy semblance bleare mens eyes
When he intends some damned villainies.

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

Who would not chuck to see such pleasing sport?
To see such troupes of gallants still refort
Vnto Cornutos shop? What other cause
But chaft Brownetta, Sporo 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 Ioue,
So like a Crabfish Sporo still doth moove.
Laugh, laugh, to see the world Democritus
Cry-like that strange transformed Tyreus.
Now Sorbo with a sayned gravaty.
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 listening eare.
But marke how Good-opinion doth him reare,
See, he's in office, on his foot-cloth placed:
Now each man caps, and strues for to be graced

With
With some rude nod of his maiestick head,
Which all do with in Limbo harried.
But O I greeue, that good men daine to be
Slaues unto him, that's slaue to villany.
Now Sorbo swells with selfe conceited fence,
Thinking that men do yeeld this reverence
Vnto his vertues: fond credulity!
Affe, talke of His, no man honours thee.

Great Tubrius feather gallantly doth wane,
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 skip't, his resolution
Pricks (by heaven) 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 stomack't man
Eates vp his armes. And warres munition
His wauing plume, falls in the Brokers chest.
Fie that his Offridge stomack should digest
His Offridge 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 confume in pleasures surgedry.
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 service, by the Lord, cries Tubrius.
Why do'ft thou halt? Why six times through each thigh
Push't with the Pike of the bote enemie.
Hote service, hote, the Spaniard is a man,
I say no more, and as a Gentleman

I serv'd
I served in his face. Farewell. Adieu.
Welcome from Netherland, from screaming feew.
Asse to thy crib, doffe that huge Lyons skin,
Or els the Owle will hoote and drive thee in.
For shame, for shame, we'd living Tullio
Presume not troops among that gallant crew.
Of true Heroike spirits, come vncafe,
Show vs the true forme of Damites face.
Hence, hence ye Flaue, dissemble 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 have-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, siquepace.
Or Tullio, 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 Stockadoes violence.
These I doe beare, because I too well know
They are the same, they seeme in outward show.
But all confusion feuer from mine eye
This Imanian-bifront hypocrisie.
SATYRE II.

Quedam sunt, & non videntur.

That even now lisps'd like an Amorist,
Am turn'd into a snaphaunce Satyrist.
O tytle, which my judgement doth adore!
But I dally-sprighted sat Boetian Boore,
Doe farre off honour that Censorian seate.
But if I could in milk-white robes intreate
Plebieans favour, I would shew to be
Tribunus plebis, against 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'lle leaue the white roabe, and the biting times
Vnto our moderne Satyres sharpest lines;
Whose hungry fangs snaerle at some secret sinne.
And in such pitchy clouds enwrapped beente
His Sphinixian ridles, that old Oedipus
Would be amaz'd and take it in foule snufs
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 shins are broke, with groping for some fence
To know to what his words haue reference.
Certes (sunt) but (non videntur) that I know.
Reach me some Poets Index that will show.
\textit{Imagines Deorum. Booke of Epithites,}
\textit{Natales Comes,} thou I know recites,
And mak'ft Anatomic of Poesie.
Helpe to unmaske the Satyres secrest.
Delphick \textit{Apollo,} ayde me to vnrip,
These intricate deepe Oracles of wit.
These darke Enigmas, and strange ridling fence
Which passe my dullard braines intelligence.
Fie on my fenceloses pate; Now I can shew
Thou wraeft that which I, nor thou, doo'ft know.
Who would imagine that such squint-ey'd fight
Could strike the worlds deformities so right.
But take heede \textit{Pallas,} leaft thou aymye awry
Loue, nor yet Hate, had ere true judging eye.
Who would once dreame that that fame Elegie,
That faire fram'd piece of sweetest Poesie,
Which \textit{Muto} put betwixt his Mistris paps,
(When he (quick-witted) call'd her \textit{Cruell Chaps},
And told her, there she might his dolors read
Which shee, oh shee, vpon his hart had spread)
Was penn'd by \textit{Rofcio} the Tragedian?
\textit{Yet Muto, like a good Vulcanian,}
An honest Cuckold, calls the bastard s"onne,
And brags of that which others for him done.
\textit{Satyre thou lyeft, for that fame Elegie}
Is \textit{Mutos owne, his owne deere Poesie:}
Why tis his owne; and deare, for he did pay
Ten crownes for it, as I heard \textit{Rofcius} say.
Who would imagine yonder sober man,
That fame deuout meale-mouth'd Precisian,
That cries good brother, kind sister, makes a duck.
After the Antique grace, can alwayes pluck.
A sacred booke, out of his civill 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,
Qf 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 vs a Christian:
So inhumanely as this Puritan.

Diomedes Iades were not so bestiall.
As this same seeming-faint, vile Canniball.
Take heed ye world, take heed advisedly,
Of these same damned Anthropophagy.
I had rather be within a Harpies clawes
Then trust my selfe in their devouring 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 Ione in bands.
As these to let endles contentious strive.
Betwixt Ieboea, and his sacred wise.

But see who's yonder, true Humility
The perfect image of faire Curtise.
SATYRES.

See, he doth daine to be in seruitude:
Where he hath no promotions livelihood.
Marke, he doth curtsie, and salūtes a block,
Will seeme to wonder at a weathercock,
Trenchmore with Apes, play mufick to an Owle,
Blesse his sweet honours running brasell bowle:
Cries (brashly brauke) when that his Lordship mist,
And is of all the thrunged scaffold hift:
O is not this a curteous minded man?

No fool, no, a damn'd Machenelian:
Holds candle to the desuill for a while;
That he the better may the world beguile
That's fed with shows. He hopes thogh som repine,
When sunne is set, the lesser starres will shine:
He is within a haughty malecontent,
Though he doe use such humble blandishment:
But bold-fac'd Satyre, straine not ouer hie,
But laugh and chuck at meaner gullery.

In fayth you is a weel 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 flöcken so?
And now together to Brownes comon goe?
Thou knowst I am sure, for thou canst cast thine eie:
Through nine mud wals, or els old Poets lie.

Tis loose leg'd Lais, that fame comon Drab,
For whom good Tubrio tooke the mortall stab.
Ha ha, Nay then I'le never raile at those
That weare a codpis, thereby to disclose.
SATyRES.

What sexe they are, since strumpets breeches vse,
And all mens eyes sawe Linceus can abuse.
Nay see of shadow, lay the substance out.
Or els fair Briseus I shall stand in doubt.
What sex thou art, since such Hermaphrodites
Such Proteus shadowes so delude our sights.

Looke, looke, with what a discontented grace
Bruto the travailler doth sadly pace.
Long Westminster, O civil seeming shade,
Marke his sad colours, how damuely clad.
Staidnes it selfe, and Nestors gravitie
Are but the shade of his ciuility.

And now he sighes. O thou corrupted age,
Which sight regardst men of sound carriage.
Vertue, knowledge, fly to heaven againe.
Daint not mong these ungrateful sots remaine.

Well, some tongs I know, some countries I have seen.
And yet these oylie Snailes respects being
Of my good parts. O worthlesse pusie sluaue!
Didst thou to Venis goe oft els to hane;

But buy a Lute and vse a Curtzean?
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 Luxurie,

And now 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,
Sawe Naples poxe, and French-mens dalliance.

From haughty Spayne, what brought'st thou els beside,
But lofty lookes, and their Lucifrian pride?
From Belgia what? but their deep bezeuling,
Their boote-carouse, and their Beere-buttering.
Well, then exclaine not on our age good man,
But hence poultes Neapolitan.
Now Satyre cease to rub our gauled skinnes,
And to unmaske the worlds detested finnes.
Thou shalt as soon draw Nilus river dry,
As cleanse the world from soule impietie.

SATYRES III.

Quedam est sunt, et velintur.

NOW grim Represswell in my rough-head time,
That thou maist verie the guilty of our time.
Yon is a youth, whom how can I ore ship,
Since he so iumpe doth in my mashes hit?
He hath been longer in preparing him
Then Torense wench, and now behold he’s scene.
Now after two yeares fast and earnest prayer.
The fashion change not. (let he should dispare
Of euer hoording vp more faire gay clothes)
Behold at length in London streets he showes.
His ruffe did eate more time in neateft setting
Then Woodstocks worke in painfull perfecting.
It hath more doubles farre, then Mixt shield
When he gainst Troy did furious 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 forsooth.
O dapper, rare, compleat; sweet nittie-youth!
Jesu Maria! How his clothes appeare
Croft and recroft with lace; sure for some seare,
Least that some spirit with a tippet-Mace
Should with a gasty show affright his face.
His hat, himselfe, small crowne and huge great brim,
Faire outward 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) evermore
A Goate doth stand before a brothell dore.
His clothes perfum'd, his suftpie mouth is ayred,
His chinne new swept, his very cheekes are glazed.

But ho, what Gasimode is that doth grace.

The gallants heeles. One, who for two daies space
Inclosely byred. Now who dares not call
This Aesop crow, fond; mad, fantastical.
Why so he is, his clothes doe sympathize,
And with his inward spirit humourize.
An open Asse, that is not yet to wise
As his derided fondnes to disguise.
Why thou art Bedlam mad, starkie lunaticke;
And glor'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 honors of Nobilitie.

When some damn'd vice, some strange mishapen sute,
Make youths esteeme themselves in his repute.
O age! in which our gallants boast to be
Slauers vnto riot, and rude luxury!

Nay,
Nay, when they blush, and thinke an honest act
Dooth their supposed vertues maculate.
Bedlam, Frenzie, Madness, Lunacie,
I challenge all your moody Empery.
Once to produce a more distracted man.
Then is inamorato Lucian.
For when my cares receaue d a searefull sound.
That he was sicke. I went, and there I found
Him layde of love, and newly brought to bed.
Of monstrous folly, and a frantick head.
His chamber hang'd about with Elegies,
With sad complaints of his loves miseries.
His windows bow'd with Sonnets, and the glasse
Drawne full of love-knots. I approacht the Asse,
And straight he weepes, and fighes some sonnet out.
To his faire land. 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 kist 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 Janus, but substantial.
In show, and essence a good naturall.
When as thou hearest me ake sprace Dunci
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 coming. 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 soundness thou hast seene
In this vaine-glorious foole? When thou dost know
He never durft 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 Ducean, I, thy name is too farre blowne.
The world too much, thy selfe too little knowst.
Thy priuate selfe. Why then should Ducean boast?
But humble Satyre, wilt thou daine display
These open naggs, which purblind eyes bewray?
Come, come, and snarle more darke at secrete sin,
Which in such Laborinths enwrapped him,
That Ariadne I must crave thy ayde.
To helpe me finde where this foul monster's layd.
Then will I drive the Minoturfe from vs.
And seeme to be a second Theseus.

SATYRE IV,
REACTION

NOW doth Rannusia Adrastian,
Daughter of Night, and of the Ocean
Prouoke my pen. What cold Saturnian
Can hold, and beare such uile destracon?
Yee Pines of Ida, shake your faire growne height,
For Ione at first dash will with thunder fight.

Yee
Yee—Cedars bend, for lightning you dismay,
Ye Lyons tremble, for an Asse doth bray.
Who cannot raile? what dog but dare to barke
Gainst Phoebes brightness in the silent darke?
What stinking Scauenger (if so he will
Though streets be sayre,) but may right easily fill,
His dungy tumbrle? sweep, pare, wash, make cleane,
Yet from your fairnes he some durt can gleane.
The windie-chollicke striu'd to have 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 clowdes to cry,
And weepe for anger that the earth was dry
After theyr spight, that all the haile-shot drops
Could Never peirce the Christiall water tops,
And never yet could worke her more disgrace
But onely bubble quiet Phebus 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 subtile-smelling fwinifh 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 Gantia's white Nymphs come, and with you bring
Some fillabub, whilst he doth sweetly sing
Gainst Peters tears, and Marius moving moane,
And like a fierce enraged Bore doth foame.
SATYRES.

At sacred Sonnets. O daring hardiment!
At Barthes sweet Semaines, raile impudent
At Hopkint, Sternbold, and the Scottish King,
At all Translators that do strive to bring
That stranger language to our vulgar tongue,
Spelt in thy payson theyr fair acts among.
Ding them all downe from faire Ierusalem,
And mew them vp in thy deferred Bedlem.

Shall Painims honor, their vile falled gods
With sprightly wits? and shall not we by ods
Farre, farre, more strive with wits best quintessence
To adore that sacred ever-living Essence?
Hath not strong reason moon'd the Legists mind,
To say the sayrest of all Natures kinde
The Prince by his prerogative may claimes?
Why may not then our soules without thy blame
(Which is the best thing that our God did frame)
Devote the best part to his sacred Name?
And with due reuerence and devotion
Honor his Name with our intention?
No, Poesie not fit for such an action,
It is defiled with superstition:
It honord Baal, therefore polute, polute,
Unfit for such a sacred institute.
So haue I heard an Heretick maintaine
The Church unholy, where debaseus Name
Is now ador'd: Because he surely knowes
Some-times it was defil'd with Popish showes.
The Bells profane, and not to be endure'd,
Because to Popish rites they were inur'd.
Pure madness peace, cease to be insolent;
And be not outward sober, inlye impudent.
SATYRES.

Fie inconsiderate, it greeveth me
An Academick should so sentence be.
Fond Censurer! Why should those mirrors seeme
So vile to thee? Which better judgements seeme
Exquisite then, and in our polish'd times
May run for fencfull tolerable lines.
What, not mediocria firma from thy spight?
But must thy envious hungry fangs needs light
On Magistrates mirror? Must thou needs detract
And strive to work his antient honors wrack?
What, shall not Res的概率, in. Godlyson,
Ope their sweet lips without detraction?
But must our modeste Criticks envious 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 Poeticall invocation?
Is't not the same, the spirit, and the essence?
The life, and the essentiale difference?
Which omni, semper, aet, doth agree
To heavenly descended Poetic?
Thy wit God comfort mad Chirurgion
What, make so dangerous an Incision?
At first dash whip away the instrument
Of Poets Procreation? be ignorant!
When as the soule, and vitall-blood doth rest
And hath in fiction onely interest?
What Satyre! sucke the soule from Poetic
And leave him spriiles? O impiety!
Would euer any crudite Poetist
Seeme in his arthes lines so insolent?

O

But
But thus it is when pitty 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 strive
With Iron wedge the trunks of Oakes to riuie.

But see, his spirit of detracion
Must nible at a glorious action.
Euge! some gallant spirit, some resolued blood
Will hazard all to worke his Countries good
And to enrich his soule, and raise his name
Will boldly faile vnto the rich Gaiare.
What then? must straung some shameles Satyrift
With odious and opprobrious termes insist
To blast so high resolu'd intention
With a malignant vile detracion?
So haue I seene a curre dogge in the streeete
Pisse gainst the fairest posts he still could meete.
So haue I seene the march wind strives to fade
The fairest heweth that Art, or Nature made.
So Envy stille doth bare at clearest shine
And strives to staine heroick acts, divine.
Well, I haue cast thy water, and I see
Th'art falne to wits extremelest pouertie,
Sure in Consumption of the spiritly 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 fode Bragart, crowne thy browes with Bay
Intrance thy selfe in thy sweet extasie.
Come, manumit thy plumie pinion,
And fower the sword of Eluist champion,
SATYRES.

Or els vouchesafe to breathe in wax-bound quill,
And daine our longing eares with musick fill:
Or let vs see thee some such stanzas frame
That thou maist raise thy vile inglorious name.
Summon the Nymphs and Driades to bring
Some rare invention, whilst thou dost sing
So sweet, that thou maist shouldr from above
The Eagle from the Staires of friendly Ioue:
And leade sad Pluto Captive 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 attentive 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 faile?
Hath not he strongly liu'ted from aboue
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 fluttering stile?
And shallow heads with fuming shades beguile?
Cease, cease, at length to be malevolent,
To fairest bloomes of Vertues eminent.
Strive not to foile the freshest hewes on earth
With thy malitious and vpbraiding breath.
Enuis, let Pines of Ida rest alone,
For they will growe spight of thy thunder stone,
Strive not to nible in their swelling graine
With toothles gums of thy detraeting braines:
O 2

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

SATYRES.

SATYREV.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

Ambitious Gorgons, wide-mouth'd Lamians,
Shape-changing Proteans, damn'd Briarians,
Is Minos dead, is Rodamant a sleepe;
That yee thus dare vnto Joves Pallace crepe?
What, hath Ramonsea spent her knotted whip?
That yee dare strive on Hebes cup to sip?
Yet know Apolloes quier is not spent
But can abate your daring hardiment.
Python is slaine, yet his accursed race,
Dare looke divine Aetrea in the face:
Chaos returne, and with confusion
Involue the world with strange dissimion.
For Pluto sits in that adored chaire
Which doth belong vnto Minervas heire.
O Hecatombel! O-Catastrophe!
From Mydas pompe, to Iris beggery!
Prometheus, who celestiall her
Did steale from heaven, therewith to inspire
Our earthly bodies with a fence-full minde,
Whereby we might the depth of Nature find.
Is ding'd to hell, and vulture eates his hart
Which did such deepe Philosophy impart
To mortall men. When sheeuing Mercury
That eu'n 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 gastly shade of night doth leade
Our foiles, vnto the empire of the dead.
When he that better doth deserne 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 sligly overflit :
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 ever 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, vato 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 Ganymede,
A Leda and a thousand more beside.
His chaste Alomena, and his sister bride:
Who fore his.face was odiously desil'd
And by Ixion grosely got with child.
This thunderer, that right vertuously
Thrust forth his father from his empery
Is now the great Monarko' of the earth,
Whose awfull nod, whose all commanding breath
Shakes Europe's ground-worke.
And his title makes
As dread a noyse, as when a Canon shaketh
The subtile ayre. Thus hell-bred villany
Is still rewarded with high dignity.
When Sisyphus that did but once reseale
That this incestious villane had to desie
In Ile Phliumta with Eginia faire,
Is damn'd to hell, in endless black dispair:
Euer to reare his tumbling stone upwright
Upon the steepy mountaines lofty height.
His stone will never now get greenish mossie
Since he hath thus encuir'd so great a losse
As Ioue's high sauour. But it needs must be
Whilst Ioue doth rule, and sway the empery

§ Rex hominumque Deorumque.

And
And poore Asged fled into an Ile
And liues a poore and banished exile:
And there pen'd vp, sighs in her sad lament,
Wearing away in pinning languishment.
If that Sylenus Asle, doe chauce to bray,
And so the Satyres lewdnes doth bewray,
Let him for ever be a sacrifice;
Prick'e, spurre, beate, load'e, for ever tyrannise
Ouer the fowle, but let some Carborus
Keepe back the wife of sweet tongu'd Orpheeus;
Gnato applauses the Hound, 'let that same child
Of Night and Sleepe, (which hath the world defil'd)
With odious railing, barke against 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 flaire, Venus, if she lift
For her short heele. Let him with rage insift
To snarl at Vulcan's man: 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 perrill turne.
Let him vpbraide great flit with Luxury
Condemne the Hecatems, Queene of iceloue.
Yet this same Stygian Monus must be prayed
And to some Godhead at the least be raised.
But if poor Orpheeus sing melodiously,
And striue with musicks sweetest symphonie
To praise the Gods, and unadvisedly
Doe but ore-slip, one drunken Deitie.

Forthwith
Forthwith the bousing Bacchus out doth send
His furious Bacchides, to be reueng'd.
And straight they teare the sweet Mufrian,
And leaue him to the dogs division.
Hebrus, beare wittnes of their crueltie,
For thou didst view poore Orpheus tragedi.
Thus slight neglects are deepest villanie,
But blasting mouthes deserve a deitie.
Since Gallus slept, when he was set to watch
Leaft Sol or Ulecan should Mauritius catch
In using Ums: since the boy did nap,
Whereby bright Phaebus did great Mars intrap.
Poore Gallus now, (whilom to Mars so deere)
Is turned to a crowing Chaunteclere;
And euer since, fore that the sun doth shine;
(Leaft Phaebus should with his all-peiring eyne
Discrey some Ulecan,) 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! small faults to mountaines 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 sense 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 damned louions, be of all men praised,
And with high honors vnto heauen raied?
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 I deemed Bacchus surquedry,
Is graue, and staid, civill, Sobrietie.
O then thrice holy age, thrice sacred men!
Mong whom no vice a Satyre can discerne,
Since Luft is turned into Chastitie,
And Riot, vnto sad Sobrietie.
Nothing but goodnes reigneth in our age,
And vertues all are ioyned in marriage.
Heere is no dwelling for Impiety,
No habitation for base Villanie.
Heere are no subietts for Reprofes sharpe vaine,
Then hence rude Satyre, make away amaine;
And seke 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 subiet 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 wistfully marke how higher Planets runne,
Contemplating their hidden motion.
Then on some Latmos with Endimion,
I'le slumber out my time in discontent,
And neuer wake to be malevolent,
A beedle to the worlds impuritie;
But euer sleepe in still securitie.

If thys
If thys displease the worlds wrong-judging sight,
It glads my soule, and in some better spriught
I'lle write againe. But if that this doe please,
Hence, hence, Satyrick Muse, take endlesse ease.
Hush now yee Band-dogges, barke no more at me,
But let me slide away in secrecie.

Epictetus.
THE
SCOVGRGE
OF
VILLANIE.

Three Bookes of Satyres.

By JOHN MARSTON.

Nec scumbros metuentia carmina, nec thus.
PERSIUS.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. Anno Dom.
1599.
Reprinted 1764.
To his most esteemed, and best beloved Selfe.

DAT DEDICATQUE.
TO

DETraction I present my POeste.

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

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

My spirit is not puff vp with fatte sume
Of slime Ale, nor Bacchus heating grape.
My minde disdaines the dunny muddy scum
Of abiet thoughts, and Enuies raging hate.
   True judgement slight regards Opinion,
A spightly wit disdaines Detraction.

A partiall praise shall never elevate
My settled censure of my own esteeme.
A cankered verdit 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 Lettres prensus indignos.

If Satyre fie, shall each mechanick slave,
Each dunghill pest, free person-haue.
Of thy well labor'd lines? Each fattin sute,
Each quaint fashion-monger, whose sole repute
Repts in his trim gay clothes, he slandering
Tainting thy lines with his lewd cenfuring?
Shall each odde puissance of the Lawyers Lane,
Each barring-broth, that last day did beginne
To read his little, or his new a物价
Or shall some greater auntient, of leff wit,
(That neuer turn'd but browne Tobacco leaves,
Whose sences some damn'd Occupant bereanes)
Lye gnawing on thy vacant times expence?
Tearing thy rimes, quite altering the sense?
Or shall perfum'd Casilio cenfure thee?
Shall he ereview thy sharpe-fang'd poesie?
(Who ere read further than his Mystique lips)
Nere practiz'd ought, but som spruce capring slips
Nere in his life did other language vie.
But sweet Lady, faire Mistris, kind Harte, dear Caz,
Shall this Fantasme, this Collepe peruse,
And blast with stinking breath, my budding Muf?
Fie, wilt thou make thy wit a Curteinian?
For eyry breaking hand-crafts artizan?
Shall brainlesse Cytere heads, each jollicmole,
Pocket the very Genies of thy soule?

I Phyle, I, I'll keepe an open hall,
A common, and a sumptuous feuell.

Welcome
Welcome all eyes, all ears, all tongues to mee,
Gnaw pesants on my scraps of Poesie.
Castilios, Cyprians, court-boyes, Spanish blocks,
Ribanded eares, Granado-netherstocks,
Fidlers, scrueners, pedlers, tynkering knaues,
Base blew-coates, tampers, broad-minded staues.
Welcome I-faith: but may you nere depart,
Till I haue made your gauled hides to smart.
Your gauled hides? an aunt base muddy scum.
Think you a Satyres dreadful sounding drum
Will brace itselfe? and daune to terrifie.

Such abiect pesants baseft roguey?
No, no, passe on ye vain fantastickke troupe
Of pussie 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 Castilios,
I pray thee let my lines in freedome goe,
Let me alone, the madams call for thee,
Longing to laugh at thy witz pouerty.
Sirra, liuorie cloake, you lazie slipper staue,
Thou fawning drudge, what wouldst thou Satyres haue?
Base mind away, thy matter cals, be gone,
Sweet Gnatio let my poesie alone.
Goe buy some ballad of the Faery King,
And of the begger wench, some roguey 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 forct to beare
The blasting breath of each lewd cenfurere?
Must naught but clothes, and images of men,
But sprightlesse trunks, be judges of thy pen?

Nay
Nay then come all. I prostitute my Muse,
For all the swarmes of Idiots to abuse.
Reade all, view all, even with my full consent,
So you will know that which I never meant;
So you will nere conceive, and yet dispraise.
That which yon nere conceiu’d, and laughter raise.
Where I but strive in honest seriousness,
To scourge some soule-polluting beastliness.
So you will raile, and finde huge errors lurke.
In every corner of my Cynick worke.
Proface, read on, for your extremt dislikes
Will adde a pineon, to my praisse flights.
O, how I bristle yp my plumes of pride,
O, how I thinke my Satyres digni’d,
When I once heare some quaint Castilia.
Some supple mouth’d flawe, some lewd Fabris,
Some spruce pedant, or some span-new come fry
Of Innes a-court, striving to vileifie.
My dark reproofs. Then doe but raile at me.
No greater honour craues my poesie.

1. But ye diuiner wits, celestiall soules, (troules,
   Whose free borne minds no kennell thought com-
   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 cheerfully my Poem runnes.

3. True judging eyes, quick sighted censurers,
   Heauens best beauties, wisdomes treasurers,
   O how my lour embraceth your great worth!

Yee
4. Yee holy of my soule, yee blessed spirites,
How shall I give true honor to your merrits!
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.

You sacred spirites, Minias eldest fomnes,
To you now cheerefully my poeme runnes!
O how my love embraceth your great worth!
Which I can better thinke; then here paint forth.

O rare!

To those that seeme iudicall Perusers.

Knowe, I hate to affect too much obscuritie and harshnesse, because they profit no sense. 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 cunstous, as to come within their reach. Tearing all Satyres bastard which are not palpable darke, and so rough writ, that the hearing of them read, would set a mans teeth on edge. For whole unseasoned palate I wrote the first Satyre, in some places too obscure, in all places misliking me. Yet when by some scurrilie chaunce it shall come into the late perfumed fist of iudicall Torquatus, (that like some rotten stock in a troubled water, hath gotte a great deal of barren froth to stick to his sides) I knowe hee will vouchsaf it, some of his new-minted Epithets, (as Reall, Intrinsecate, Delphicks,) when in my conscience hee understands not the least part of it. But from hence proceeds his judgment. Persius is crabby,
because antiquity, and his ierkes, (being particularly
given to private customes of his time) dulky. ... Ivenall
(upon the like occasion) seems to our judgement, gloomy.
Yet both of them goe a good seemelly pace, not stumbling,
shuffling. Chance is hard even to our understandings: who knowes not
the reason? how much more those olde Satyres which express themselves
in terines, that breathed not long even in their daies. But
had we then lined, the understanding of them had beene
nothing hard. I will not deny there is a seemely deco-
rum to be observed, and a peculiar kinde of speech for a
Satyres lips, which I can willinglyer conceiue, then dare
to prescribe; yet let me haue the substance rough, not
the shadow. I cannot, nay I will not delude your fight
with mist, yet I dare defend my plainenesse against the
veriuice-face, of the Crabbed Satyrlist that euer stut-
tered. 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 persiust mee with an unpars-
tiall eye, reade on: if otherwise, know I nether value
thee, nor thy censure.

W: Kingayder.
PROEMIUM
IN
LIBRUM PRIMUM.

I beare the scourg[e] of iust Rhannusia,
Lashing the lewdnesse of Britannia.
Let others sing as their good Genius moves,
Of deple designs, or else of clipping loues,
Faire fall them all, that with wits industri
Doe cloath good subiectes in true poesie,
But as for me, my vexed thoughtfull soule
Takes pleaure in displeasing sharpe controule.

Thou nurturing Mother of faire wisdomes love,
Ingenious Melancholy, I implore
Thy graue assistance; take thy gloomy seate.
Inthrone thee in my blood, let me intreate.
Stay his quicke loound skips, and force him runne.
A lad is not course, vntill my whips be done.
Daphne, vnclip thine arnes from my lad brow,
Blacke Cypresse crowne me, whilst I vp doe plow
The hidden entrailes of rank villany,
Tearing the veile from damn'd impiatie.

Quake guzzell dogs, that line on putred slime,
Skud from the lashes of my yerking rime.

Marry
Marry God foresend, *Martius* sweares he'll stab.
Psyrgea, feare not, thyn art no lying drab.
What though dagger hecled mouthes of his blade sweares
It swel as many as figures of yeares
Aqua fortis eate in't, or as many more.
As methodist *Mufet* kill with Hellebore
In autumnel last, yet he beares the malde lyé
With as smooth calme, as *Meche* rialrie.
How ill his shape with inward forme doth fadge,
Like *Aphrogenes* ill-yolke marriage,
Fond Phrynognomor, Complexion
Guides not the inward disposition,
Inclines I yeeld, Thou fai't law *Julia*,
Or *Catoes* often curt *Scatina*
Can take no hold on simpering *Lesbia*
True, not on her eye: yet Allomi oft dooth blait,
The sprouting bud that faine would longer taunt.
Chary *Cæsa*, right pure, or *Rhadamus*;
Yet each night drinkes in glasse *Priapus*.
Yon pine is faire, yet fouly doth it ill
To his owne sprouts: marke, his rank drops still.
Foule Naples canker in their tender rinde.
Woe worth when trees drop in their proper kinde.
*Mistagognus*? What means this prodigy?
When *Hiedolgo* speakes against this story,
Lib. I. Scourge of Villanie. Sat. I. 173

When Verres railes 'gainst thieues, Mylo doth hate
Murder, Cladius cuckold, Marius the gate
Of squinting lanus 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 felues, these curious spies
Would be asham'd: Flavia would blush to flout,
When Oppia calls Lucina helpe her out.
If she did thinke, Lynceus did know her ill,
God pardon me, I often did auer
Quad gratis grata: the Astronomer
An honest man, but Ille do so no more,
His face deceu'ed me; but now, since his whore
And sister are all one, his honestie
Shall be as bare as his Anatomie,
To which he bound his wife: O pack'daffe rimes!
Why not, when court of stars shall see these crimes?
Rods are in pishe, 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 sticke
Then ere third Edwards sword. Sooth in our age,
Mad Coribantes neede not to enrage
The peoples minds. You Opbiogine
Of Hellefont, with wrangling villainie
The swolln world's inly hung, then daine a touch,
If that your fingers can effect so much.
Thou sweete Arabian Pauchaie,
Perfume this naftie age: smugge Lebia
Hath flinking lunges, although a limping grace,
A muddy inside, though a surphul'd face.

O for
Lib. I. Sceurge of Villanie. Sat. II.

O for some deep-searching Cynic,
To ferret out you lewd Cynic.
   How now Brutus, what shape best pleaseth thee?
All Protean forms, thy wits in venery,
At thy enforcement takes? well goe thy way,
Shee may transforme thee ere thy dying day.
Hush, Gracchus heares; that hath retaild more lyes,
Broched more slaunders, done more villanies,
Then Fabius perpetuall golden coate
(Which might haue Semper idem for a motto)
Hath been at feasts, and led the measuring
At Court, and in each mariage revelling.
Writ Palephatus comment on those dreams,
That Hylus takes, midst dung-pit reaking streams
Of Aths and house, Gramercie modest smile,
Chremes sleepe, Paphia, spire the while.
Lucia, new set thy ruffe, tut thou art pure,
Canst thou not lispe, (good brother) look demure?
Fye Gallus, what, a Skeptick Pyrrhenist?
When chaff Dictinne, breaks the Zonelike twist?
Tut, hang vp Hieroglyphies. Ile not faine
Wresting my humor, from his native straine.

SATYRE II.

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

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

Preach
Preach not the Stoicke patience to me.
I hate no man, but mens impiecie.
My soule is vex’d: what power will resist,
Or dares to stop a sharpe-smugd Satyr’s fist?
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 waie of Babilon
Should hedge my tongue, yet I should raile upon
This fustie world, that now dare put in vre
To make I.E.H.O.U.A but a coverture,
To shade ranck filth. Loose conscience is free,
From all conscience: what els bash libertie?
As’t please the Thracian Boreas to blow,
So turns our ayerie conscience, to, and fro.

What icye Saturnis, 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 fayes,
Glowing with luft. Walke but in duskie night,
With Lynceus eyes, and to thy piercing sight
Disguised Gods will shewe, in pelants shape,
Preft to commit some executable rape.
Here Jones lust-Pandar, Maias ingling soane,
In clowes disguise, doth after milk-maids runne.
And, fore he’le-loose his brutish lechery,
The truls shall taste sweet Nectar’s surquedry.
There Jones brat, for takes Norie’s bed,
And like a swaggerer, lust afered,
Attended only with his smock-sworne Page,
Pert Gallus, sily, slips along, to wage

Tidings
Tilting encounters, with some spurious seede
Of marrow pies, and yawning Oysters breede.
O damn'd!

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

Ay me, hard world for Satyrists beginne
To set vp shop, when no small petty sinne
Is left unpurg'd. Once to be purs'd fat
Had wont be cause that life did macerate.
Marry the jealous Queene of ayre doth frowne,
That Ganymede is vp, and Hebe downe.
Once Albion laud in such a cruel age
Than men did hold by servile villenage,
Poore brats were slaves, of bond-men that were borne,
And marted, fold: but that rude law is torned,
And disannul'd, as too too inhumane,
That Lords ore peants should such service straine.

But now, (sad change!) the kennell fincke o slaves
Pefant great Lords, and servile service craves.
Bondslawe sonnes had wont be bought and fold:
But now Heroes heires (if they have 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 lied: 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 mischiefs wit
Be not represt from lawd corrupting it.
O what dry braine melts not sharp mustard time,
To purge the snottery of our slime 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 devotions.
O happie Garlike, but thrice, happie you,
Whose senting gods in your large gardens grew.
Democritus, rise from thy putred slime,
Sport at the madnessse 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 forfake
The Cherubins, to be gnawne actually,
Dividing individuum, 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.
But I am vext, when swarmes of Iulian
Are stil manur'd by lewd Precifians.
Who scorning Church rites, take the symbole vp,
As slouenly, as carelesse Courtiers flup
Their mutton gruelle. Fie, who can with-hold,
But must of force make his mild muse a scold?
When that hee greeued sees, with red vexed eyes,
That Athens antient large immunities
Are eyesores to the Fates.  Poore cels forlorned,
If not enough you are made an abject 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 loofeness of our age.
Immodest loofeness? fie, too gente word,
When every signe can brothelry afford:
When lust doth sparkle from our females eyes,
And modestie is routest in the skies.
Tell me Galliotte, 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 hofts 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 Devotion
Is wan with griefe.  When Rufus yauns for death
Of him that gaue him undeserved breath.
When Hermus makes a worthy question,
Whether of Wright, as Paraphonation
A siluer pisfe-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 braut might run.
Lib. I. Scourage of Villanie. Sat. III: 179

When the husband gapes that his stale wife would dy,
That he might once be in by Curtise.
The big paunch't wife longs for her loth'd mates death,
That she might have 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 slave, as have a short term'd tenancie.
When dead's the strength of Englands yeomanry;
When invasion of luxuriousnesse
Fats all the world with such gross beastlinesse,
Who can abstaine? what modest braine can hold,
But he must make his shamefac'd Muse a scold?

SATYRE III.
Redde, age, quae deinceptis risisti.

It's good be warie, whilst the sunne shines cleer;
(Quoth that old chuffe, that may dispend by yeer
Three thousand pound) whilst 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?

Q 2

No:
No: come on sir : S. George, by heaven at all
Makes his catastrophe right tragicall.
At all? till nothing left: Come on, till all comes off,
I haire and all: Luxurio left a scrofe
To leaprous sights: O stay, thou impious slave,
Teare not the lead from off thy fathers grave,
To stop base brookeage: fell not thy fathers sheet,
His leaden sheet; that strangers eyes may greece
Both putrefaction of thy greedy Sire;
And thy abhorred viperous desire.
But wilt thou needs, shall thy Dads lackey 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 knaves
Are the worlds wide mouths, all deouring graves.
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) auffeit her quench
Her sanguine heate? Lynceus, canst thou sent?
She hath her Monkey, and her instrument
Smooth fram'd at Utrio. O greuous misery!
Luxtus hath left her female luxury.
I, it left him; No, his old Cynick Dad
Hath forc't him cleane forfaie his Pickhatch drab.
Alack, alack, what pece of lustfull flesh.
Hath Luxtus left, his Priape to redresse?
Grieue 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 keeps a baudy-house of beasts.

Papbus
Paphus, let Luscus haue his Curtizan,
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 Cynedean boyes?
Velvet 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 flewes, I can give 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 short 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 Sepbi 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 Pherigian Gammesid.
Nay then chasee cels, when grossio Areste,
For his rank Fico, is fornun'd divine.
Nay then come all yee veniall scapes to me,
I dare well warrant, you're absolved be.
Rufus, I'll terme thee but intemperate,
I will not once thy vice exaggerate:
Though that each houra thou loudly 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 keepes his mother Agrippine,
And no strange lust can satiate Mussaline.

Tullus goe scotfree, though thou often brag.
That for a false French-Camour, thou vaunting hadst; 
Though that thou know'st, for thy incoherence,
Thy drab repaid thee true French-pelisse.
But tush, his boast I bear, when Tigeron.
Brags that hee boys his rotten Curtezain.
Vpon his heire, that must haue all his lands.
And them hath ioynd in Hymens sacred bands.
I'll winke at Robrus, that for vicinage-
Enters common, on his next neighbors stage:
When touse maintaines his sister and his whose;
And she incestuous, jealous evermore,
Least that Europa on the Bull should ride:
Woe worth, when beasts for flesh are deified.

Alacke poore rogues, what Censor interdicts
The veniall scapes of him that purses picks?

When
When some lie, golden-fopt Castile
Can cut a manors strings at Primero?
Or with a pawne, shalt give a Lordship mate;
In statute staple chaining fast his state?

What Academick starnd Satyria,
Would gnaw xer'st Bacon? or, with take black sht,
Would tostl each mock-heap, for some outcast straps
Of halfe-dung bones, to stop his yawning chops?
Or, with a hungry hollow halfe-pin'd jaw,
Would once, a thriee-turn'd, bone-picket sable gown?

When swarmes of Moutsebanks, and Banditti
Damn'd Briareons, finks of villanie,
Factors for lewdness, Baclers for the devill,
Infect our soules with all polluting evil.

Shall Lusia forsoke her husbands lake-warm bed?
(Because her pleasures, being married)
In ioulting Greek, with pleasie instrument,
Doth farre exceed the Pythagorean:

Whilst I (liking in them blast, Pythagorean)
Halter my hate, and stowe to extract each ham
Such brutal sides? Shall Anna raise his name.

By printing pamphlets in another's name,
And in them praise himselfe, his wit, his might,
All to be deem'd his Chantren Lanthorne light?

Whilst my tongues tyde with bonds of blushing shame,
For fear of broaching my concealed names?

Shall Balbus, the demure Athenian,
Dreame of the death of next Vespian?
Cast his natuissance? mark, his complexion?
Waigh well his bodice weake condition?
That, with guile deceit, he may be sure to get
The Planets place, when his dim-shines shall set?
Shall Curié 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 cheeré?
Shall Faunus spend a hundred gallions
Of Goates pure milke, to laue his flankes,
As much Rose iuyce? O bath! O royall; rich
To scower Faunus, and his saut proud bitch.
And when all's cleans'd, shal the slaves inside stinke
Worse than the new cast slime of Thomas eld brink;
Whilst I securely let him over-slip,
Nere yeering him with my Satyrice whip?

Shall Crispus with hypocritie 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, euem what you list,
So that some guilt may grease his greedy fist?

Shall Damos vse his third-hand ward as ii?
As any iade that tuggeth in the mill?
What, shall law, nature, vertue be reiectèd?
Shall these world Arteries be soule-infectèd,
With corrupt bloud? Whilst I shal Martia take?
Or some young Villius, all in choller aike,
How he can keepe a lazie waiting man,
And buy a hoode, and siluer-handled fan,
With fortie pound? Or snarlè at Lollies sonne;
That with industrious paines hath harder wonne
His true got worship, and his gentries name,
Then any Swine-heards brat, that loufie came
To lustifh Athens: and, with farming pots,
Compiling beds, and scouring greasie spots,
Lib. I.  Scourge of Villainie. Sat. III. 185

By chance (when he can like taught Parrat cry, 

Decease belov'd, with tempering grauitie)
Hath got the farme of some gelt Vicary,
And now on cock-horse, gallops iollily;
Tickling with some stolne stuffe his senseleffe cure,
Belching lewd termes gainst all sound litterature.
Shall I with shadowes fight? take bitterly 

Romes filth? scraping base chanfell rognerie?
Whilst such huge Gyants shall affright our eyes
With execrable, damn'd impieties?
Shall I finde trading Mesbo, never loath.
Frankly to take a damning perjured oath?
Shall Furies brooke her sisters modesty.
And prostitute her soule to brothelry?
Shall Cossus make his well-fac't wife a stale.
To yeeld his braided ware a quicker sale?
Shall cock-horse, fat-paunche, Milo stains whole stucks
Of well borne soules, with his adultering spots?
Shall broking Pandars sucke Nobilitie?
Soyling faire items with foul impuritie?
Nay, shall a trencher slane extinguate
Some Lucrare rape? and straight magnificate
Lewde Ionian lust? Whilst my Satyrick vaine
Shall musled, he, not daring out to straine:
His tearing paw? No, gloomy Lysus fall.

Though to thy fortunes I diffusena fall.

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

As for Stadius, I think he hath a soule:
And if he were but free from sharpe controyle
Of his lower hostel, and from his Taylors bill,
He would not thus abuse his riming skill;
Iading our tired cares with fooleries,
Greasing great slaves, with oylie flatteries:
Good faith I think, he would not strive to fuite
The back of humorous Time (for base repute;
Mong dunghill peants) botching vp such ware,
As may be salable in Starbridge fare.
If he were once but freed from specialty:
But soothe, till then, beare with his balladry.

I ask't lewd Gallus when he'll cease to sweare,
And with whole-culueria, raging oaths to teare
Tho vault of heauen; spitting in the eyes
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 euermore.
Thus when I urge him, with his sophistrie
He thinkes to flue his damned periury.

**Silenus** now is old, I wonder, I
He doth not hate his triple venerie.
Cold, writhled Eld, his liues-wet almost spent,
Me thinkes a vnitie were competent:
But O faire hopes! he whispers secretly,
When it leaves him, he'll leave his lechery.

When springing Flaccus (that dimly goes
Right neatly tripping on his new blackt toes)
Hath made rich use of his Religion,
Of God himselfe, in pure devotion:
When that the strange Ideas in his head
(Broched 'mongst curious sorts, by shadowes fed)
Haue furnish't him, by his hore auditors
Of faire demeasnes, and goodly rich manors,
Sooth then he will repent, when's treasury
Shall force him to disclaime his heresie.

*What will not poore needs 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 Ruscus sweares, he'll cease to broke a fute:
By peasant meanes strining to get repute,
Mong puffie Spunges, when the Fleet's defraied,
His reuell tier, and his Laundresse paid.
There is a sect which I too plainly could name,
If so I might without th' Aquinian's blame,
That lick the tail of greatness with their lips:
Laboring with third-hand jests, and Asiph slips,
Retrayling others wit, long barrelled,
To glib some great man's cares, till punch be fed:
Glad if themselves, as sporting fools, he made,
To get the shelter of some high-grown shade.
To morrow, yet these base tricks they'll cast off,
And cease for lucre be a searing scoffe.
Rufus will leave, when once he can renew
His wasted clothes, that are ashamed to view.
The worlds proud eyes, Drusus will cease to sawne,
When that his farme, that leaks in melting sawne,
Some Lord-applauded jest hath once set free.
All will to morrow leave there roguery.
When fox-furd Necbo (by damn'd vifury,
Cutthroate deceite, and his crafty villany)
Hath rak't together some four thousand pound,
To make his snug garde bear a humming round.
In a young merchants care, faith then (as may be).
He'll ponder if there be a Deitie;
Thinking, if to the Parish poverty,
At his wish'd death, be dol'd a half-penny.
A worke of Supererogation,
A good filth-cleansing strong purgation.
Aulus will leave begging Monopolies,
When that 'mong troopes of gaudy Butter-flies,
He is but able yet it idlily,
In pie-bald sutes of proud Court brauery.
To morrow doth Luxurio promise me,
He will vnline himselfe from bitchery.

Marry
Lib. I. Scourge of Villanie. Sat. IV. 189

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

If not to Day (quoth that Na'sonian)
Much lese to morrow. Yes faith Fabian:
For ingrain'd Habits, died with often dips,
Are not so soon diseoured. Young slips
New set, are easly mou'd, and pluck't away:
But elder roostes clip 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 avoide it, and be vitious.
Without much doe, or farre fetch't habiture.
In earnest thus; It is a sacred cure
To salue the soule's dread wounds, Omnipotent
That Nature is, that cures the impotent,
Esquin a moment, Sure, Grace is infus'd
By divine fauour, not by actions us'd.
Which is as permanent as heauen's bliss
To them that have it, then no habit is.
To morrow, nay, to day, it may be got.
So pleafe that gracious Power cleanse thy spot.
Vice, from priuation of that sacred Grace,
Which God with-drawes, but puts not vice in place.
Who faies 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 sottis, 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 intellecuall tearmed be,
Are got, or else infus'd from Deitie.
Dull Sorbonifte, fly contradiction.
Fie, thou oppugnest the definition,
If one should say; Of things tearmed rationall,
Some reason haue, others more sensuall:
Would not some freshman, reading Porphirie,
Hisse and deride such blockish foolery?
Then vice nor vertue have from habite place:
The one from want, the other sacred grace,
Infus'd, displeac't, not in our will or force.
But as it please Ichoua have remorse.
I will, cries Zeno: O presumption!
I can: thou maift, dogged opinion
Of thwarting Cynicks. To day vitious,
Lift to their percepts, next day vertuous.
Peace Seneca, thou belcheft blasphemy.
To live from God, but to live happily
(I heare thee boast) from thy Philosophy.
And from thy selfe, O rauening lunacy!
Lib. I. Scourge of Villanie. Sat. IV. 194

Cynicks, yee wound your selues. For Destiny,
Ineuitive Fate, Necessitie
You hold doth sway the acts spirittuall,
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
Have 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 mornowes will; least utterly
Yee be attach't with sad confussion,
In your Grace-tempting lewd presumption.

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

Libri primi finis.

R 2 I cannot
PROEMIUM
IN
LIBRUM SECUNDUM.

I cannot quote a motte Italionate,
   Or brand my Satyres with some Spanish terme,
I cannot with svolne lines magnificate
   Mine owne poore worth, or as immaculate
Talk others rimes; as if no blot did staine,
No blemish soyle my young Satyrick vaine.

Nor can I make my soule a merchandize,
    Seeking conceits to suite these Artlesse times.
Or daine for base reward to poetize:
    Soothing the world, with oyly flatteries.
Shall mercenary thoughts prouoke me write?
Shall I, for lucre, be a Parasite?

Shall I once pen for vulgar sorts applause?
   To please each hound? each dungry Scavenger?
To fit some Oyster-wenches yawning iawes?
   With tricksey tales of speaking Cornish dawes?
First let my braine (bright hair'd Latonas sonne)
Be cleane distract with all confusion.
What though some John-à-fiile wilt basely toyle,
    Only incited with the hope of gaine:
Though rogue thoughts do force some iade-like Moile;
    Yet no such filth my true-borne Muse will soyle.
O Epistulus, I doe honour thee,
To thinke how rich thou wert in pouertie:

Ad rithbum.

Come prettie pleasing symphonie of words,
    Ye wel-matcht twins (whose like-tun'd tongs affords
Such musicall delight) come willingly
And daunce Lanelttes 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 ioynd loues, when they do clip each other.
As willingly, as wenches trip a round,
About a May-pole, after bagpipes found.
Come rimeing 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 searefull (prettie soules) to meete,
As Flaccus is, the Serjeants face to greete.
Be not so backward, loth to grace my sense,
As Drusus is, to haue intelligence
His Dads alive; but come into my head
As iocundly, as (when his wife was dead)

R 3    Young
194 Lib. II. Scourge of Villanie. Sat. V.

Young Lelius to his home. Come like-fact'rt rime,
In tuneful numbers keeping musick's time.
But if you hang an arse, 'like Tubercle,
When Obremes dragd him from his brothell bed,
Then hence base ballad stuffe: my poetry
Disclaims you quite. For know, my libertie
Scornes riming lawes. Alas poore idle found:
Since I first Phæbus knew, I neuer found
Thy interest in sacred poesie.
Thou to Invention add'st but surquedry,
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 senseless change
To wrest some forced rime, but freely range.
Yee scrupulous observers, goe and learne
Of Æsop's dogge; meat from a shade disterne.

SATYRE V.

Totum in toto.

Hang thy selfe Drajus: hast nor armes nor braine?
Some Sophy say, The Gods fell all for paine.
Not so.

Had not that toyling Thebans Steele d 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 pelse.
If that she were incarnate in our time,
She might like scorned in disdain'd flame,
Shaded from honour by some envious mist
Of watry foggès, that fill the ill-smelt lift
Of faire Desert, iealous even of blind dark,
Least it should spie, and at their lameness' barke.
Honors shade thrusts honours substance from his place.
Tis strange, when shade the substance can disgrace.
Harsh lines cries Curst, whose causes were rejoice,
But as the quavering of my Ladies voice.
Rude limping lines fits this lewd halting age.
Sweet senting Curst, pardon then my rage,
When wisards sweare plaine vertue never thrives.
None but Priapus by plaine dealing wines.
Thou subtle Hermes, are the Destinies
Enamour'd on thee? then vp mount the skies.
Adundance, deposite, do even what thou list,
So long as Fates doe grace thy juggling fist.
Tufcus, haft Beuctarkes armes and strong finewes,
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, haft Halterbotius slaine?
What? isst not possible thy cause maintaine,
Before the dozen Areopagites?
Come Enagonian, furnih him with flights,
Tut, Plutos wrath, Proserpina can melt,
So that thy sacrifice be freely felt.
What cannot Iuna force in bed with Ioos?
Turne and returne a sentence with her loue,
Thou art too dainty. Die, thou shallow Asse,
Put on more eyes, and marke me as I passe.
196 Lib. II. Scourge of Villainy  Sat. V.

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-cladbed lie,
A nimble quick path mounts to dignitie.
By force or fraude that matters not a jot;
So maifie wealth may fall unto thy lot.

I heard old Albion swear, Flavius should have
His eldest gore, for Flavius was a knave:
A damn'd deep-reaching villain, and would mount;
(He durft well warrant him) to great account.
What though he laid forth all his stock and store
Upon some office, yet he'le gaine much more,
Though purchas'd deere. Tut, he will trebble it.
In some fewe Terrors, 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, cries 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 prais.

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 dignitie.
O sleight! all-calling sleight! all-damning sleight!
The onely gallery-ladder unto mights.

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

Hath
Hath drawn false lights from pitch-black loueries
Glased his braided ware, cogs, sweares, and lies.
Now since he hath the grace, thus graceless be,
His neighbours sweare, he's swell with treasurie.

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

*No*: *they're sticke by the soule, they're nerè away.*

*Luscus*, my Lords perfumer, had no sale,
Vntill he made his wife a brothell stale.
Absurd, the gods fell all for industry?
When, what's not got by hell-bred villany?

*Cydrus* my well-fac't Ladies taile-bearer,
(He that some-times play th' *Flavia's Visiter*)
I heard one day complaine to *Lynceus*,
How vigilant, how right obsequious,
Modest in carriage, how true in trust,
And yet (alas) were guerdond with a crust.
But now I see, he finds 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 fet vp whorehouse. Nere too late to thriue,
By any meanes, at *Porta Rich* arriue;
Goe vse some sleight, or live poore *Irus* life,
Straight prostitute thy daughter, or thy wife;
And soone be wealthy: but be damn'd with it.
Hath not rich *Mylo* 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!*
Fie; how my wit flagges! how heauly,
Me thinks I vent dull spritelesse poesie!
What cold black frost congeales my nummed brain?
What ennious power stops a Satyres vaine?
O now I knowe, the iuggling God of sleeights,
With Caduceus nimble Hermes fights,
And mistes 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 Hecatomb, of many spotted kine.
Myriades of beasts shal satisfie thy rage,
Which doe prophane thee in this Apiish age.
Infectious bloud, yee gouty humors quake,
Whilst my sharpe Razor doth incision make.

**SATYRE VI.**

_Hem no3i'n._

_Cvio, know'ft me? why thou bottle-ale._
Thou barmie froth! O stay me least I raile.
Beyond Nil ultra; to see this butterfly,
This windy bubble take my balladry,
With spritelesse censure, _Curio,_ know'ft my sp'rite?
Yet deem'ft that in sad seriousnesse I write?
Such nasty stuffe, as is Pigmalion?
Such maggoot-tainted, lewd corruption.
Lib. II. Scurge of Villainie. Sat. VI. 199

Ha, how he glauers with his fawning showt,
And sweares, he thought, I meant but faintly showt
My fine smug rime, O barbarous dropfil noule!
Thinkst thou, that Genius that attends my soule,
And guides my fist to scourge Magnificos,
Wilt daigne my minde be rank'd in Papbian showes?
Thinkst thou, that I, which was create to whip
Incarnate fiends, will once vouchsafe to trip
A Paunis trauersie? or will lispe (sweet love)
Or pule (Aye me) some female soule to moue?
Thinkst thou, that I in melting poesie
Will pamper itching sensualitie?
(That in the bodies swarme all fatally
Intombs the soules most sacred faculty.)

Hence thou misjudging Censor: know I wrot,
Those idle rimes, to note the odious spot
And blemish, that deformes the lineaments
Of moderne Poesies habiliments.
Oh that the beauties of inuention,
For want of judgements disposition,
Should all be spoil'd. O that such treasturie,
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 innocate 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 first he must invoke good Colin Clout.
Yon's one hath year'd a fearefull prodigy,
Some monstrous misshapen Balladry,
His guts are in his brains, huge Iobbërnoule,
Right Gurnets-head, the rest without all soule.
Another walkes, is lazie, lies him downe,
Thinkes, reads, at length some wonted sleepe 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 filuer, brassie thigh,
Lead Leggs, clay feete; O faire fram'd poesie.

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

Another makes old Homer Spencer cite,
Like my Pigmalion, where, with rage, delight
He cryes, O Ouid! This caus'd my idle quill,
The world's dull eares with such lewd stuff to fill,
And gull with bumbasti lines, the witlesse 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 lascinious rime;
For these same shades, I seriously protest,
I flobberd vp that Chaos indigest,
To fish for fooles, that talke in goodly shape:
What though in velvet cloake? yet still an Ape.

Capre
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-set face,
And with his late kiift-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 suftian,
And heard him sweare I was a Pythian,
Yet straight recalld, and sweares I did but quote
Out of Xilium 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 Academician,
Who for he could cry Ergo, in the schoole,
Straight-way, with his huge judgment dares controule
Whatfo're he viewes; That's pretty good:
That Epithite hath not that sprightly blood
Which should enforce it speake: that's Persius vaine.
That's Juvenal's, beere; Horace crabbid straine;
Though he nere read one line in Juvenall,
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 flumbring braine,
With your malignant, weake, detracting vaine.

S What
Sat. VII.

What though the sacred issue of my soule
I here expose to Idiots controule?
What though I beare, to lewd Opinion,
Lay ope, to vulgar prophanation,
My very Genius? Yet know, my poesie
Doth scorne your ytmost, rankst indignity.
My pate was great with child, and here tis eas'd
Vexe all the world, so that thy selfe be pleas'd.

SATYRE VII.

A Cynicke Satyre.

A Man, a man, a kingdom for a man.
Why how now currish, mad Athenian?
Thou Cynick dog, see'lt not the streets do swarme
With troops of men? No, no: for Cyress charme
Hath turn'd them all to Swine. I never shall
Thinke those same Samian fau'es authentickall:
But rather I dare sweare, the soules of swine
Doe live in men. For that same radiant shine,
That lustre wherewith natures Nature decked
Our intelluctuall part, that glossé is soyled
With stayning spots of vile impiety,
And muddy durt of sensualitie.
These are no men, but Apparitions,
Ignes satui, Glowerwormes, Fictions,
Meteors, Rats of Nilus, Fantastes,
Colasses, Pictures, Shades, Resemblances.
Ho Linceus!

Seest thou
Lib. II. Scourge of VillaniE. Sat. VII. 203

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,
Unlesse thou spye his faire appendant where,
That lackies him. Marke nothing but his clothes,
His new stampt complement, his Cannon oathes.
Marke those: for naught, but such lewd viciousnes,
Ere graced him, saue Sodome beastliness.
Is this a Man? Nay, an incarnate doulit,
That struts in vice, and gloristh in euill.
A man, a man. Peace-Cynick, yon is one:
A compleat soule of all perfection.
What, meanst thou him that walks all open breasted?
Drawn through the eare with Ribands, plumy creste. I
He that doth mort in fat-fed luxury,
And gapes for some grinding Monopoly?
He that in effeminate inuention,
In beastly source of all pollution,
In ryot, lust, and fleshely seeming sweetnesse,
Sleepes sound secure, under the shade of greatnesse?
Meanst thou that fencelesse, sensual! Epicure?
That sinke of filth, that guzzle most impure?
What he? Linceus on my word thus presume,
He's nought but clothes, and fenting sweet perfume.
His verie soule, assure thee Linceus,
Is not so bigge as is an Anomus:
Nay, he is sprightlesse, sense or soule hath none,
Since laft Medusa turn'd him to a stone.
A man, a man; Lo yonder I espie
The shade of Nestor in sad gravitie.
Since old Sylius brake his Asses back,
He now is forc't his paunch, and guts to pack.

S 2
In a faire Tumbrell. Why, sober Satyrift,
Canst thou vnman him? Here I dare insist
And soothly say, he is a perfect soule,
Eates Nectar, drinks Ambrosia, saunce controule.
An inundation of felicitie
Fats him with honor, and huge treasurie.
Canst thou not Linus 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 sitt shall squeeze
His liquor out. Would not some head,
That is with seeming shadowes only fed,
Sweare yon same Damaske-coat, yon garded man
Were some graue sober Cato Viican?
When let him but in judgements 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 curfe
To live in peoples finnes. Nay far more worse:
To muke, ranke hate. But sirra, Linus,
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 slomy beds. But prithee stay a while,
Looke, yon comes John-a-noke, and John-a-stile.
They are.
They are nought but slowe-pac't, dilatory pleas,
Demure demurrers, still striving to appease
Hote zealous loue. The language that they speake,
Is the pure barbarous blackfaunt of the Goat:
Their only skill rests in Collusions,
Abatements, foppels, inhibitions.
Heauy-pas't Iades, dull pated Iobernoules
Quick in delays, checking with vaine controules
Faier Justice course, vile necessary evils,
Smooth seeming-saints, yet damn'd incarnate diuels.
Farre be it from my sharpe Satyrick Muse,
Those graue and reverend legists to abuse,
That aide Aftrea, that doe further right.
But these Megeira's that inflame despight,
That broche deepe rancor, that do stady still.
To ruine right, that they their panch may fill
With Irus bloud; these Furies I doe meane,
These Hedge-hogs, that disturbe Aftreas Seean.

A man, a man: peace Cynicke, yon's a man,
Behold yon sprightly dread Mauritian
With him I stop thy currish barking chops.
What, mean'ft thou him, that in his swaggring stops
Wallowes vnbraced, all along the streete?
He that salutes each gallant he doth meete,
With farewell sweete captains, kind hart; adieu,
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 Syringé straw,
And stabbs the drawer. What, that Ringo root?
Mean'ft thou that wasted leg, pufse bumbast boot?

S 3

What, he
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, misshapen Switzers clothes.
Weake meager luft hath now consumed quite,
And wasted cleane away his Martiall spriight:
Inseeling ryot, all vices confluence
Hath eaten out that sacred influence
Which made him man.
That divine part is soak't away in sinne,
In sensual luft, and midnight bezeling,
Ranke inundation of luxuriousnesse
Have tainted him with such grosse beastliness.
That now the seat of that celestiall essence
Is all possess'd with Naples pestilence
Fat peace, and dissolute impietie.
Have lulled him in such securitie,
That now, let whirlwinds and confusion teare.
The Center of our state, let Giants reare
Hill upon hill, let western Termagant
Shake heavens vault; he with his Occupant,
Are clinged so close, like draw-worms in the mome.
That he'll not stir, till out his guts are tore
With eating filth, Tubrio, snort on, snort on,
Till thou art wak't with sad confusion.

Now raile no more at my sharpe Cynick sound,
Thou brutish world, that in all vilenesse drown'd
Hast lost thy soule: for naught but shades I see.
Resemblances of men inhabite thee.

Yon Tissue flop, yon Holy-croffed pane,
Is but a water-spaniell that will faune.
And kisse the water, whilst it pleasures him; 
But being once arrived 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 AEsops Affe, yon sad civility 
Is but an Oxe, that with base drudgery 
Eates vp the land, whilst some gilt Affe doth chaw 
The golden wheat; he well apayd with straw.
Yon’s but a muckhill ouer-spreid with snowe; 
Which with that vaile doth euyn as fairely showe 
As the greene meades, whose natuie outward faire 
Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour ayre.
Yon effeminate sanguine Ganimeede, 
Is but a Beuer, hunted for the bed.
Peace Cynick, see what yonder doth approach, 
A cart? a tumbrrell? no, a badged coach.
What’s in’t? some man. No, nor yet woman kinder. 
But a celestiall Angell, faire reffinde.
The diuell as toone. Her maske so hinders me 
I cannot see her beauties deitie.
Now that is off; she is so vizarded, 
So steept in Lemons iuyce, so surphuled.
I cannot see her face. Vnder one hoode 
Two faces: but I never understand 
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 sleuens, stiffe buske, puffe verdingall 
Is all that makes her thus angelicall.

Alas, her
Alas, her soule struts round about her neck,
Her state of sense is her rebato set,
Her intellectuall is a fained nicenesse,
Nothing but clothes, and sugaring preciseness.
Out on these puppets, painted images,
Habarshirs shops, torch-light maskerries,
Perfuming pans, Dutch ancients, Glowe-worms bright
That soyle our soules, and dampe our reasons light:
Away, away, hence Coach-mas, goe inharine
Thy new glas’d puppet in port Etqueline.
Blush Martia, fear not, or looke pale, all’s one,
Margara keepes thy set compleccion.
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 soule filth, from such faire purtie,
Such sensuall acts, from such a Deitie,
Can nere proceed. But if that dreame were so,
Then sure the slime, that from our soules doth flowe,
Haue stopt those pipes by which it was concei’d,
And now no humane creatures; once disrai’d
Of that faire iem.
Beasts sense, plants growth, like being as a bone.
But out alas, our Cognisance is gone.

Finis libri secundii.
IN serious iest, and iesting seriousnesse,
I strue to scourge polluting beastlinesse,
I inuocate no Delian Deitie,
Nor sacred of-spring of Mnemosyne:
I pray in aid of no Casiatal Muse,
No Nymph, no female 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 Reprofe, stearn 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 riuier in,
To purge this Augean Oxstall from soule sinne.
    Well, I will try: awake impuritie,
    And view the vaile drawne from thy villany.

SATYRE VIII.

Iamorato Curio.

Cyril, aye me! thy mistres Monkey's dead,
     Aias, alas, her pleasures buried.
Goe woman's flaye, performe his exequies,
Condole his death in mornfull Elegies.
Tut, rather Peans sing Hermaphrodite:
    For that sad death gies life to thy delight.
    Sweete fac't Corinna, daine the riband tie
Of thy Cork-shooe, or els thy flaye will die:
Some puling Sonnet toks his passing bell,
Some sifying Elegie must ring his knell,
Unlesse bright sunshine of thy grace reuive
His wambling stomack, certes he will dие
Into the whirle-poole of denouring death,
And to some Mermaid sacrifice his breath.
Then oh, oh thee, to thy eternall shame,
And to the honour of sweet Curius name,
This Epitaph, vpon the Marble stone,
Must faire be gran'd of that true loving one;

Here lyeth he, he lyeth here,
    That bount' and pitie cryed:
The doore not op't, fell sicke alas,
    Alas fell sicke and dyed.

What Mirmidon
Lib. III.  Scourge of Villanie. Sat. VIII. 211

What Mirmidon, or hard Dolopian,
What savage minded rude Cyclopian,
But such a sweete pathetique Paphian
Would force to laughter?  Ho Amphitryon,
Thou art no Cuckold.  What though Iove dallied,
During thy warres, in faire Alcmenas bed,
Yet Hercules true borne, that imbecillitie
Of corrupt nature all apparrantly
Appeares in him.  O foule indignitie,
I heard him vow himselfe a slave to Omphale,
Puling (aye mee) O valours obloque!
He that the inmost nookes of hell did know,
Whose nere craz'd provess all did over-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 soule
Should be subiectd to such base controule!

Big limm'd Alcides, dufte thy honours crowne,
Goe spin, huge slave, lest Ompale should frowne.
By my best hopes, I blush with grieue and shame
To broach the peasant basenesse of our name.

O now my ruder hand begins to quake,
To thinke what lofte 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.

Unlesse the Destin's adamantine band
Should tye my teeth, I cannot chuse but bite,
To view Manoirius metamorphoz'd quite
To puling sighes, and into (aye mee's) state,
With voice distinct, all fine articulat.
Lisping, Faire saint, my woe compassionate:
By heaven, thine eye is my soule-guiding state.
The God of wounds had wont 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 turneying,
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, enjoy our females Ioue:
Some fiftie more Bostian girles will fue
To haue thy Ioue, 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 waves vpon his head.
O well fenc't Albion, mainly manly sped,
When those, that are Soldados in thy state,
Doe beare the badge of base, effeminate,
Euen on their plumie crests: brutes sensuall,
Hauing no sparke of intellecctual.
Alack, what hope? when some rank nasty wench
Is subiekt of their vowses and confidence?
Publius hates vainly to idolatries,
And laughs that papists honour Images:
And yet
And yet (O madness) these mine eyes did see
Him melt in mouing plants, obsequiously
Imploring favor, twining his kinde armes,
Using inchaunments, exorcisms, charmes.
The oyle of Sonnets, wanton blandishment,
The force of teares, and seeming languishment,
Unto the picture of a painted lasse:
I saw him court his Mistresse looking-glasse,
Worship a buss-point, which in secrecie
I feare was conscious of strange villany.
I saw him crouch, devote his ljuelvehood,
Swear, protest, vow pesant feruitude
Unto a painted puppet, to her eyes
I heard him swear his fighes to sacrifice.
But if he get her itch-alying pinne,
O sacred relique, staight he must beginne
To raue out-right: then thus: Celestiall bliss,
Can beauen grant so rich a grace as this?
Touch it not (by the Lord Sir) its divine,
It once beheld her radiant eyes bright shone:
Her baire imbrec't it, O thrice happy prick
That there was throw'd, and in her baire didst-stick.
Kisse, bless, adore it Publius, neuer linne,
Some sacred vertue lurketh in the pinne.

O frantick fond pathetique passion!
Ist possible such sensuall action
Should clip the wings of contemplation?
O can it be the spirits function,
The soule, not subject to dimension,
Should be made slave to reprehension
Of crafty natures paint? Fie, can our soule
Be vnderling to such a vile controule?

T

Saturio
Saturnio wish't himselfe 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 Phrigio,
That wish't he were his Mistresse dog, to goe
And liche her milke-white sist. O pretty grace,
That pretty Phrigio begs but Pretties place.
Parthenophell, thy wish I will omit,
So beastly tis I may not utter it.
But Punicus, of all I'le beare with thee,
That faine would'ft be thy mistresse smug munkey:
Here's one would be a flea, (ieft comical)
Another his sweet Ladies verdingall,
To clip her tender breech: Another he
Her filuer-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 pitty but should be:
For beastly shape to brutish soules agree.
If Lauras painted lip doe daine a kisse
To her enamour'd slave, O heaven's bliss!
(Straight he exclames) not to be matcht with this!
Blaspheming dolt, goe three-scoe sonnets write
Upon a pictures kisse, O railing spright!
I am not faplesse, 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 grieve, 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 themselves 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 laft his fifters loue
Must satiate the luftfull thoughts of Ione.
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 glosses of our intellectual
Is fouly toy'd. The wanton wallowing
In fond delights, and amorous dallying.
Hath duft't the fairest splendour of our soule:
Nothing now left, but carkas, lothesome, 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,
Ayding with precepts of philosophie
Our feebled natures imbecillitie:
But now affection, will, concupiscence
Hau'ght o'erre Reason chiefe prebeminence
Tis so: els how should such vile basevelle taint
As force it be made slauel to natures paint?

T 2

Me thinks
Me thinks the spirits Pegase Fantasie
Should howse the soule from such base flauery:
But now I see, and can right plainly shoue
From whence such abioct 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, brutifh, sensuall will:
Now here-vpon, our Intellecstuall,
Compact of fire all celestiall,
Invisible, 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 items of shining ornaments,
His parts diuine, sacred, spirituall,
Attending on him; leauing the sensuall
Base hangers on, lurking 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)
Raua, talke idely, as t'were some deitie

Adorning female painted puppetry,
Playing at put-pin, doting on some glaffe
(Which breath'd but on, his falsed gloffe 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 Synderesis,
Inspire our trunks: let not such mud as this

Pollute
Lib. III. Scourge of Villanier. Sat. IX. 217.

Pollute vs still: Awake our lethargy,
Raise vs from out our brain-sick foolery:

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SATYRE IX.

Here's a toy to mocke an Ape indeed.

Grim-fact Reproofe, sparkle with threatening eye,
Bend thy lower browes in my tart poesie.
Auant yee curre, house in some cloudy mist.
Quake to behold a sharp-fanged Satyrift.
O how on tip-toes proudly mounts my Muse!
Stalking a loftier gate then Satyres vs.
Me thinks some sacred rage warmes all my vaines,
Making my spright mount vp to higher straines
Then well beseemes a rough-tongu'd Satyres part.


Come downe yee Apes, or I will strip you quite,
Baring your bald tayles to the peoples sight.
Yee mimick flaus, what are you perch't so hie?
Downe Iack an Apes from thy fain'd royalty.
What surd'd with beard, cast in a Satin sute,
Judicial Iack? how hast thou got repute.
Of a sound censure? O idiot times,
When gaudy Monkeys move ore sprightly rimes!
O world of fooles, when all mens indgament's set,
And rest vpon some mumping Marmofet!
Yon Athens Ape (that can but simpringly
Yaule Auditores humanissimi,

T 3
Bound to some servile imitation,
Can with much sweat patch an oration)
Now vp he comes, and with his crooked eye
Presumes to squint on some faire Poets;
And all as thanklesse as ungratefull Thames
He slinks away, leaving but reaking steames
Of dungy slime behinde. All as ingrave
He vteth it, as when I satiate
My spanielles paunch, who straight perfumes the roome,
With his tailes filth: so this vncliuill groome,
Ill-tutor'd pedant, Mortimers numbers
With much-pit Esculine silth bescumbers.
Now th'Ape chatters, and is as malecontent
As a bill-patch't doore, whose entrailes out have sent
And spewed their tenant.

My soule adores judiciall schollership:
But when to servile imitatorship
Some spruce Athenian pen is pretized,
Tis worse then Aphi. Fie, be not flattered
With seeming worth. Fond affectation.
Befits an Ape, and mumping Babilon.
O what a tricktie kerned nicking strain
Is this applauded, senselesse, modern + vain!
When late I heard it from fage Mutius lips
How ill me thought such wanton liggin skips
Bessem'd his grauer speech. Farre fly thy fame
Most, most, of me beloved, whose silent name
One letter bounds. Thy true judiciall stile.
I ever honour: and if my love beguile

† Non legere, sed lude: non lavas: sed linias: non
idus: sed nicius potius.

Not much
Lib. III. Scourge of Villanie. Sat. IX. 219

Not much my hopes, then thy unvalued 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 invisiple, all mentall sprite.
What hotch potch, giberidge doth the Poet bring?
How strangelie speakes? yet sweetly doth he sing.
I once did know a tinkling Pewterer,
That was the vilest stumbling stutterer
That euer hack't and how'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, judiciall poesie,
How ill you'r link't. This affectionsation,
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 profundness knowes
There's naught contain'd, but onely seeming showes.

Ode.

Lack of Paris-garden, canst thou get
A faire rich sute, though souly run in debt?
Looke smug, smell sweet, take vp commodities,
Keepe whores, see bauds, belch impious blasphemies,
Wallow along in swaggering disguise,
Snuffe vp smoak-whiff, 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

Sweares
Sweares they are thine in neere affinitie,
All coofin 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 travaile, in that hoter clime,
Swoope by old Jack, in cloathes Italianate:
And I'lle be hang'd if he will imitate.
His strange fantastique sute shapes:
Or let him bring or'e beastly luxuries.
Some hell-deuis'd lustfull villanies,
Euen Apes and beasts would blush with native shame.
And thinke it foule dishonour to their name,
Their beastly name, to imitate such finne.
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 Marmofets and mumping Apes,
Vnmaske, put off thy fained borrowed shapes.
Why lookes neat Curus all so simpringly?
Why babblest thou of deepe Diuinitie?
And of that sacred testimoniall?
Liuing voluptuous like a Bacchanall?
Good hath thy tongue: but thou rank Puritan,
I'lle make an Ape as good a Christian.
I'lle force him chatter, turning vp his eye.
Looke sad, go graue. Demure ciuilitie.
Shall seeme to say, Good brother, sister deers.
As for the rest, to short in belly cheere.

To bite.
Lib. III. Scourge of Villanies. Sat. X. 221

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 unchaft armes. Disguised Messaline
I’le teare thy maske, and bare thee to the eyne
Of hiffing boyes, if to the Theatres
I finde thee once more come for lecherers,
To satiate (say, to tyer) thee with the vse
Of weakning luft. Yee fainers, leave t’abuse
Our better thoughts with your hypocrisie:
Or by the euer-living veritie,
I’le strip you nak’t, and whip you with my rimes,
Causing your shame to live to after-times.

SATYRE X.

Skultorum plena sunt omnia.

To his very friend, Master E. G.

From out the sadnesse of my discontent,
Hating my wonted iocund merriment,
(Only to glie 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's scorn to sit in ranke of foolery,
When I'll be master 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 designes, in wits dark gloomy straine?
That scourgeth great slanes with a dreadfulfe siff,
Playing the rough part of a Satyrift,
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 chast virgin time,
Deflowering her with unconceiued rime.
Tut, tut, a toy of an idle empty braine,
Some scurril lefts, light grow-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 surre and beard sball pruiledge an Affe.
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 Affe
Rimes well with VIDERIT VITILITAS.
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
O that this brother of hypocrite
(Applauded by his pure fraternitie)
Should thus be puffed, and so proude insist,
As play on me the Epigrammatist.
Opinion mounts this froth unto the skies,
Whom judgemente reason unjustly vilifies.
For (shame to the Poet) reade Ned, behold
How wittily a Maisters-hoode can scold.

An Epigram which the Author Vergidemiærum, caused to
be pasted to the latter page of every Pigmalion, that
came to the Stationers of Cambridge.

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

Medice cura teipsum.

Smart ierce of wit! Did ever such a straine
Rise from an Aispens 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 streweth 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
224 Lib. III. Scurge of Villanies. Sat. XI.

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 fickly bed,
And from a moodie minde distempered,
I vomit forth my loue, now turn'd to hate,
Scorning the honour of a Poets state.
Nor shall the kennell rout of maddy brains
Rauish my Muses heyre, or heare my straimes,
Once more. No nittie pedant shall correct
Ænigmaes to his shallow intellect.
Inchauntment 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.

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SATYRE XI.

Humours.

Sleep grim Reproofs: my iocund Muse doth sing
In other keys, to nimbler fingering.
Dull spriughted Melancholy, leave my brain
To hell Cimerian night, in liuely vaine
I strive to paint, then hence all darke intent
And fullen frownes: come sporting merriment,

Cheele
Cheeke dimpling laughter, crowneth my very soule
With iouisance, whilst mirthfull sects controale
The gouty humour of these pride-swolse daies,
Which I do long-vaeld my pen displays.
O I am grieved with mirth: some midwife, 
Or I shall breake my sides so vanitie.
Roome for a capering mouth, whose lips were not fur,
But in discoursing of the gracefull fur.
Who euer heard spruce skipping Caro.
Ere prate of ought, but of the while on toe,
The same about ground, Robert sprawling kicks, 
Fabius caper, Harrie toffing tricks?
Did euer any eare ere heare him speake:
Vnlesse his tongue of crook-politie did interest?
His teeth doe caper whilst he tates his meat,
His heelees doe caper, whilst he tates his desire,
His very soule, his intellectual!
Is nothing but an mincing capreall.
He dreames of foe-turnest, each galant he doth meete
He fronts him with a trauers in the street.
Praise but Orchestra, and the skipping Art,
You shall command him, faith you have his hart:
Euen capring in your bed. A hall, a hall,
Roome for the Spheres, the orbs celestiall
Will daunce Kemps jigges. Theyd ruining with nesterumps.
A worthy Poet hath put on their Pumps,
O wits quick trauers, but Stabrooks flowe;
Good faith tis hard for nimble Cavo.
Ye gracious Orbis, keeps the old ineasing,
Alls spoilde if once yee fall for capring.
Luscus what's plaied to day? faith now I know
I set my lips alltoach, from whence doth flowe
Naught but pure \textit{Juliet} and \textit{Romeo}.
Say who acts best? \textit{Drusus} or \textit{Rufio}?
Now I have him, that none of ought did speak
But when of players or Players he did treat.
Hath made a common-place booke out of playes,
And speaks in print: at least what ere he saies
Is warranted by Curtaine \textit{plaudities},
If ere you heard him courting \textit{Livia}is eyes;
Say (Curteous Sir) speaks he not moningly,
From out some new pathetique Tragedy?
He writes, he railes, he iefts, he courts, (what not?)
And all from out his huge long scraped stock
Of well penn'd playes.
Oh come not within distance: \textit{Martius} speaks,
Who nere discourseth but of fencing feats,
Of counter times, finaures, \textit{fly passataes},
Stramazones, resolute \textit{Stoccate},
Of the quick change with wiping \textit{mandritta},
The \textit{carricado}, with th' \textit{enbrocata},
Oh, by \textit{Iesu} sir (me thinks I heare him cry)
The honourable fencing mystery
\textit{Who doteh not honer?} Then saes he in agaime,
Iading our eares, and somewhat must be faine
Of blades, and Rapier-hilts, of surest garde,
Of \textit{Vincentio}, and the \textit{Burgomans} ward.
This bumblest foile-button I once did see
By chaunce, in \textit{Linia} modest company,
When after the \textit{God-saying} cerimony,
For want of talke-stuffe, saes to foinery,
Out goes his Rapier, and to \textit{Linia}
He shewes the ward by \textit{punta reversa},
\textit{The incavata}. 
The incarnata. Nay, by the blessed light,
Before he goes, he'll teach her how to fight
And hold her weapon. Oh I laugh amaine,
To see the madness of this Martius vaine.

But roome for Tusculus, that least-mourning youth
Who nere did ope his Apish gerning mouth
But to retaile and broke another's wit.
Discourse of what you will, he straight can fit
Your present talke, with, Sir, I'll tell a jest
(Of some sweet Ladie, or ground Lord at least)
Then on he goes, and nere his tongue shall lie
Till his ingrossed jests 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 jests: breake but one,
Out flies his table-booke, let him alone,
He'll haue it i-faith; Lad, haft an Epigram,
Wilt haue it put into the chaps of Fame?
Gieue Tusculus copies; sooth, as his owne wit
(His proper issue) he will father it.
O that this Eccho, that doth speake, speet, write
Naught but the excrements of others spright,
This il-fust trunke of jests (whose very soule
Is but a heape of libes) should once inroule
His name 'mong creatures termed rational!
Whose chiefe repute, whose sense, whose soule and all
Are fed with offall scraps, that sometimes fall
From liberall wits, in their large festiual,

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

Now on
Now on my soule, his very intellect
Is naught but a curstating Somnus.
Hush, hush, (cries honest Phile) peace, desist.
Dost thou not tremble forer Satyrick?
Now that judicall Musus readeth thee?
He'll whip each line he's scourge thy balladry,
Good faith be will, Phile I pre thee stay
Whilst I the humour of this dogge display:
He's naught but cenfure, wilt thou credit me,
He neuer writ one line in poeie,
But once at Athens in a theame did frame
A paradox in praise of vertues name:
Which still he hugs, and lasts as tenderly
As cuckold Titys his wife's balladrie.
Well, here's a challowe, I lately say he lyke
That heard him ought but cenfure poesies.
Tis his discourse, first haunging knit the brow,
Stroke vp his fore-top, champed every row,
Belcheth his flauering cenfure on each booke
That dare presume even on Modus looke.
I have no Artists skil in symphonies,
Yet when some pleasing Diapason flies
From out the belly of a sweete touch't Lute,
My eares dare say tis good: or when they sute
Some harsher feamea for varietie,
My native skil discernes it presently,
What then? will any satirist dole repute,
Or euer thinke me Orpheus absolute?
Shall all the world of Fidlers follow mee,
Relying on my voice in musickrie?
Musus heere's Rhode, lets see thy boasted leape
Or els avaunt lewd curre, presume not speake,
Or with
Or with thy venomous-sputtering chaps to barke
'Gainst well-pend poems, in the tongue-tied dark.
O for a humour, looke who ye on 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 cometh out,
But seene and allow'd by Luxurios snout.
Did ever any man ere heare him talke
But of Pick-hatch, or of some Shoreditch baulke
Arctius 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 tells you, is of some newe flesh,
Lately brooke vp, spannewe, hose piping fresh.
The curtsey he shewes you, is some morn
To give 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, fetcheth dropse.
Fie, it doth soyle my chastier poesie.
O spruce! How now Piso, Aurelius Ape,
What strange disguise, what new deformed shape?
Dost hold thy thoughts in contemplation?
Faith say, what fashion art thou thinking on?
A stitcht Taffata cloake, a pair of slops.
Of Spanish leather? O who heard his chops
Ere he chew of outh, but of some strange disguise?
This fashion-mounger, each morn fore he rise.
Contemplates fute shapes, and once from out his bed.
He hath them straight full limly portrayed.
And then he chukes, and is as proud of this
As Taphus when he got his neighbours bliss;
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 persuade within that little roome.
For not a fashion once dare show his face,
But from neat Pyg first must take his grace.
The long soolees coat, the huge hop, the highd boot
From mimick Pyg, all doe clame their roote.
O that the boundlesse power of the soule
Should be coop't vp in fashioning some soule!

But O, Suffendi, (that doth hugue, embrase)
His proper selfe, admires his owne sweet face;
Prayseth his owne faire limmes proportion,
Kisseth his shade, receaveth all alone
His owne good parts) who envies him? not I;
For well he may, without all rivalry.

Fie, whether's fled my sprites a-critick!
How dull I vnt this humorous poesie!
In faith I am sad, I am poffest with ruth,
To see the vainenesse of faire Albions youth;
To see their richest time eu'n wholly spent
In that which is but Gentries ornament.
Which being meanly done, becomes them well:
But when with deere times losse they doe excell,
How ill they doe things well! To dounce and sing,
To vault, to fence, and fairely trot a ring
With good grace, meanely done, O what repute.
They doe beget! But being absolute,
It argues too much time, too much regard
Imply'd in that which might be better spar'd.
Then substance should be lost, If one should serve
For Lesbia's love, having two daies to wage
And not one more, and should employ those twaine
The fauvour of her wayting-wench to gaine,
Were he not mad? Your apprehension:
Your wits are quick in application.

Gallante.

Me thinks your soules should grudge, and inly scorn
To be made slaves, to humours that are borne
In slime of filthy sensualitie.
That part, not subiect to mortalitie
(Boundlesse, discursive apprehension
Giving it wings to act his function).
Me thinks should murmur, when you stop his course,
And soyle his beauties in some heasly source
Of brutish pleasures. But it is so poore,
So weake, so hunger bitten, evermore
Kept from his foode, meager for want of meate,
Scorn'd and rejected, thrist from out his state.
Vpbraied by Capons greace, consumed quite
By eating stews, that waste the better sprite.
Snibd by his bafer parts; that now poore Soule
(Thus pesanted to each lewd thoughts controude)
Hath lost all heart, bearing all injuries,
The vmost spight, and rank'est indignities
With forced willingnesse. Taking great joy
If you wilt daine his faculties imploy
But in the mean'est ingenous qualitie.
(How proud he'll be of any dignitie?)
Put it to musick, dauncing, fencing schooles,
Lord how I laugh to heare the prettie fools

How is
How it will prate! his tongue shall never lie,
But still discourse of his spruce qualitie;
Egging his master to proceed from this,
And get the substance of celestial bliss.
His Lord straight calls his parliament of sense,
But still the sensual have preheminence.
The poor souls better part to seeble is,
So cold and dead is his Syndereis,
That shadows by odds chance sometimes are got,
But O the substance is respected not.
Here ends my rage, though angry brow was bent,
Yet I have sung in sporting merriment.

To everlasting OBLIUSION.

THOU mightie gulf, insatiat cormorant,
Deride me not, though I seeme petulant.
To fall into thy chops. Let others pray.
For ever their faire Poems flourish may.
But as for mee, hungry Oblision
Devour me quick, accept my orison:
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 mere can be exempt,
But whilst it breathes will hate and furie tempt.
Then close his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,
Which not right glorious actions can withstand.

Peace
Lib. III. Scourge of Villaine. Sat. XI. 233

Peace hatefull tongues, I now in silence pace,
Unlesse some hound doe wake me from my place,
I with this sharpe, yet well meant poesie,
Will sleepe secure, right free from injurie
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 privatenesse, for I protest I glaunce not on it. If thou hast perused mee, what leffer fauour canst thou grant then-not to abuse mee with vnjust application? Yet I feare mee, I shall be much, much injured 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 needs 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 strive by a forced application of my generall reprooces to broach his priuate hatred. Then the which I knowe not a greater injury can be offered to a Satyrift. I must presume, knew they how guilefull, and how free I were, from prying into privatenesse, they would seeme to thinke, how much they wrong themselues, in seeking to injure mee. Let this protestation satisfie our curious searchers. So may I obtaine my best hopes, as I am free from endeavouuring to blast anie priuate man's good name. If any one (forced with his owne guilt) will turne it home and say

Tis I,