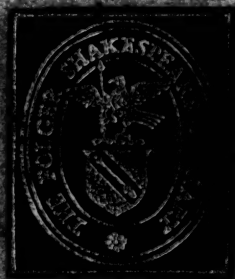
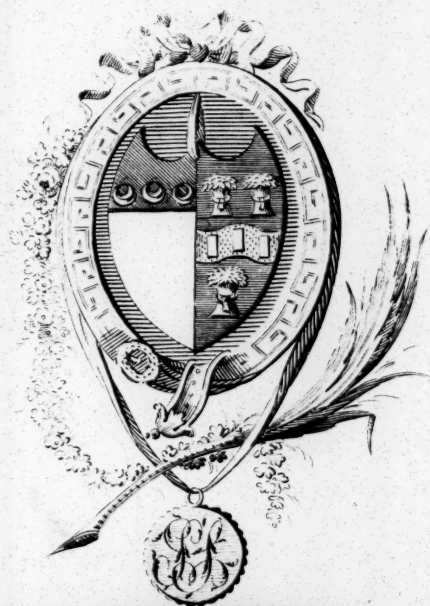
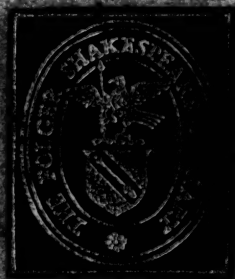
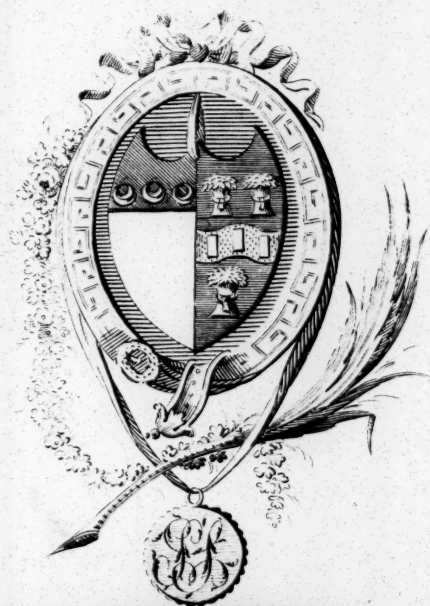


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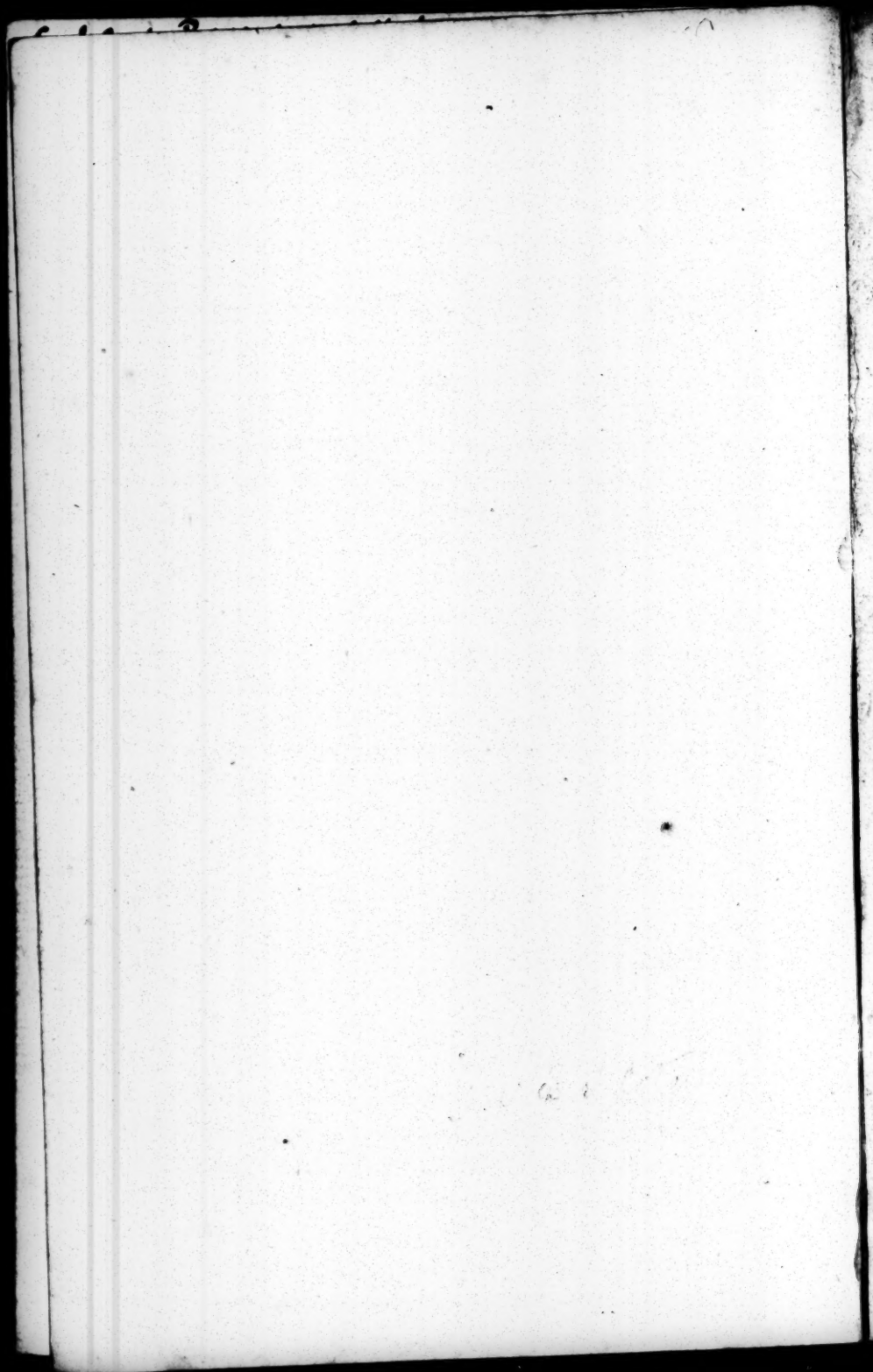
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105 **COTGREAVE (J.) WITS INTERPRETER: THE ENGLISH PARNASSUS, OR, A SURE GUIDE TO THOSE ADMIRABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS THAT COMPLEAT OUR ENGLISH GENTRY, IN THE MOST ACCEPTABLE QUALIFICATIAS OF DISCOURSE OR WRITING, in which briefly the whole Mystery of those Pleasing Witchcrafts of Eloquence and Love are made easie in the following subjects, viz :**

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| 1 Theatre of Courtship, Accurate Complements | 5 The Muses Elizium, several Poetical Fictions |
| 2 The Labyrinth of Fancies. New Experiments and Inventions | 6 The Perfect Inditing Letters a la mode |
| 3 Appollo and Orpheus, several Love Songs, Epigrams, Drol- lerys, and other Verses | 7 Games and Sports now used at this day among the Gentry of England |
| 4 Cyprian Goddess, Description of Beauty | 8 Cardinal Richelieu's Key to his manner of Writing Letters in Cyphers |

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

For N. Brook and Obadiah Blagrove, at the Printing Press in Little Britain, 1671. 12mo, engraved title containing portraits of SPENCER, SHAKESPEARE, JONSON, RANDOLPH, SIR THOMAS MORE, LORD BACON, SYDNEY, STRAFFORD, RICHLIEU, DUBARTUS; also Figures representing the "Muses" and "Drollery," title neatly mended, fine copy in sprinkled calf extra by F. BEDFORD, from the Gaisford Library, with bookplate (RARE), £7 15s



WITS INTERPRETER: THE ENGLISH PARNASSUS.

O R,

A sure Guide to those Admirable Accomplishments that compleat our *English* Gentry, in the most acceptable Qualifications of Discourse or Writing.

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As also an Alphabetical Table of the first Devisers of Sciences and other Curiosities; All which are collected with Industry and Care, for the benefit and delight of those that love ingenious Enterprises.

The 3d Edition with many new Additions, By J. C.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

LONDON,
Printed for N. Brook, at the Angel in Cornhill, and
MDCCLXXI.



THE STATIONER TO THE READER.



THE Mode of clapping an Epistle before a Book, is, To acquaint the Reader what is therein provided, for the Curiosity of his palate; which made me unwilling to deviate from the Principles of my Profession: Although I have been informed by Gentlemen who hold the highest repute amongst the Wits of these Times (if such are at all to be credited) that these Collections need not any Encomiums; since there is not a piece in the whole bundle, that carryeth not with it it's own full Commendations, both for pleasure and profit 'tis worth double the price; the Frontispiece

To the Reader.

tis piece (though none of my invention) doth promise as much as I have boasted; so many eminent Witnesses, both Native and forraign, all Soulders, Statesmen, and Poets (and such I hope will be allowed able to justify any thing; how much more then, to privilege these sheets of paper (some whereof are printed from their own Manuscripts.) But you may perhaps more precisely than judicially object, that the Reliques of the dead are not esteemed amongst the reformed of the Nation. I will herein confute this Schismatical Opinion, with Henry the Seventh's Chappel: where a few ancient Epitaphs and honoured Bones yield every year a Revenue, such as I expect not; being more charitable and conscionable to the Buyer, than to make a double profit of these inestimable Monuments: although I may be so bold as to acquaint the Reader that here are Fragmenta Regalia, Aurea, & Sacra, as Noble and good as ever went to
the

To the Reader.

the Press, or have been shewn to the World: There may be something common, which could not be avoided, since there is so great variety; no Gardener will have in one Bed a shew of divers Tulips, without a mixture of some more ordinary Flowers, which may perhaps as well please the Vulgar, as the most beautiful Handmaids that wait on Flora in her Terrestrial Paradise. To deal faithfully with thee, Gentle Reader; As there are some accidental mixtures, so there are Rarities of the highest value, which the strictest inquisition till now never met with; several fancies that carry with them such an Influence, as that which is affirmed of the Magical Crystal, which placed on several pages, discover the very thoughts of divers martial, amorous, and politick persons extraordinarily heightned in honour, love, and ambition. When you are satisfied with the copiousness of these Curiosities, turn over a new leaf, and
you

To the Reader.

you may step into a Scene of Drollery, such as neither the Spanish Quixote, nor the Gallick Fauçon could never arrive at. If these Delicates relish not, there are several other pleasures, some of which must most certainly hit; nor can I fancy this presumption to be without reason, since it is builded upon the foundation of ingenuity, which obliged me to adventure on this Design for your satisfaction: If your better Genius answer my pains, and readiness to serve you in your equal judgment of these pieces, my aims are consummated, and I shall be encouraged to some further endeavours wherein I may more fully express my self,

Your Friend and
Servant.

Octob. 22th, 1661.

N. B.

THE



The P R E F A C E.

READER, whosoever thou art, the Title of this Book informeth thee, that thou oughtest to be Ingenious. I am heartily sorrowful, but dare not deny the abortive Features of some late Undertakers, that have been too busie with Subjects of this kind; whose confident *Editions*, I could have wisht, had never boasted the light. Indeed the too much licence of some Poetasters of our times, hath emboldned them, as much as to their powers, to endeavour to deface the beauty of *Poesie*, even so far as to stick unnatural *Reproaches* on her; which sacrilegious *Attempts* of theirs, rightly understood, if there be any *Passions* in the *Souls* of men, they must be by them so resented, as to account it more than time to squirt Ink

The Preface.

in the eyes of such scurrilous persecutors of the *Press*: Not to trouble the *Reader* with many Instances, I will present him with an *Impossibility*, which some of our late *Scriblers* most strongly hold forth; And what is it, think you, but an *Art of Complementing*, which they would obtrude on the *under-Wits*, and amongst the rest they have more especially seduced a *Favorite* of theirs y'cleped the *Chambermaid*, to make her believe, she may be easily compleated with *offensive* and *defensive terms* of *Language*, so to manage her *Wit* as if she were at a prize; whereas the wiser sort of people know this almost for a *Maxim*, *poeta nascitur non fit*, and, which is more admirable, that which the *extraction*, *education* and *learning* of her deserving *Mistress*, could scarcely furnish her with in her whole life, her *Chambermaid* with a few set forms for *speaking* and *writing* by such *Impostures* is perswaded in an
instant

The Preface.

instant of time, that she can *ex tempore* attain to. Our little *English World* has of this kind too many *presidents*, and what is more unfortunate, the infection was first derived to us from the *French*, who have been long since sick of this *frenzy*; which we have translated to our selves, under that so much honored but abused title of *A la mode*. In truth, where *candor* and *wit* resides, to present such a person with strains of *Bumkin absurdities*, the *Stationer* that dares do it, shall quickly perceive such rays of *indignation* darted at him, so as suddenly to acquaint him, either with his *simplicity* or *impudence*. It had been a sin for me to have waved this unworthy *Theam*, nor could I do it without debating of my own *spirit*, or prejudicing some weaker sort of *people*, whom I thought it my duty to undeceive; and now that I may assure the *wiser Reader*, what the benefit of this inquest may be, I affirm that he shall

The Preface.

find the *Language* as quaint, if not transcends the refined *Moderns* of most countrys; and yet those *forreign aids* not so neglected, as that the best of them are not made *subservient* to contribute to this *Edition*. My advice to the *Reader* shal be this, to avoid the forementioned *Verbatim Imitations*, which are altogether unprofitable: for, to deal clearly in this particular, none but the *Intelligent*, such as are the *Muses friends*, ought to ascend this our *English Parnassus*; let those of the lower *form* that are destinated to an *Adoration* of their fond old *Authors*, keep off, their *shallow Conceptions* can never reach to the *sublimities* of this *Composure*: If a *spring* of *Wit*, height of *Eloquence*, the *Charms* of *Love*, softer *strains* of *Musical Songs*, or the *life* and *delight* of new *Inventions*, are fitly designed for *Ideots*, then let their thick *skulls* adventure on this *Volume*. To the ingenious *Reader* that is able to digest

The Preface.

digest what he peruseth, I bow and dedicate these my *Endeavours*, which if rightly understood, will be incomparably useful. Nor is the *Title* like some *Signs* or *painted Inne-posts*, on which there is oftentimes more cost bestowed than on the best room in the house: thou shalt find more, not less in this Book, than what the *Front* promiseth. In a word, you may perceive it to be a *Collection* of all that for such a time could be ransack'd from the private Papers of the *choi-sest Wits* of the three *Nations*: from which *Manuscripts* of theirs, if there be any Copies transcribed that are old, it was not the intention, but rather the misfortune of the *Insertor*; for, upon the least intimation whilst I was in Town to attend the *Press*, I crossed out whatsoever I could hear had bin formerly publish'd: It is not for me to blazon the worth of this *Volume*, of which I might affirm, and that

The Preface.

that modestly, though I am concerned, That the *English Tongue* was never honoured with a larger, or a more *accurate Collection*; Besides that, I took advantage from this golden season that seems to be foretold by the Poet,

Jam venit & Virgo, veniunt Saturnia regna,

I mean the golden age of His Majesties happy Restauration, from which all manner of Wit and Ingenuity received as it were a new birth, to add several Games and Sports, the most *A la Mode* and Curious, that are now in *esteem* among the Gentilest, for their ingenuous divertisement and recreation. If there had been need of any *Encomiasticks*, or usual Applauses from the *Lips* of *Fame*, those Honourable Persons which furnisht me with many of these admirable *pieces*, were in a readiness

The Preface.

readiness to speak the worth of those *Copies*, to the publication whereof they so freely gave their Consents. I acknowledge some of their favourable tenders; but the *proverb* is on my side, *Good Wine needs no Bush*. I have no more to write, but that I am confident this *Volume* will live; for my own part, the benefit of my Country, no mercenary respects enforced these Papers from me: *Reader*, I have no *Ambition* beyond what I have already exprest.

Farewel.

J. C.

THE

Pleasant and Witty DIALOGUES.

1. Between a TRAVELLER and his MISTRESSE,

{ Pomponio. }
{ Antonino. }

Pomponio.



MADAM, you are very finely seated here ;
I have not seen a more convenient structure
in all my Travels.

Ans. Now you talk of your Travels Sir, I
should much delight to hear what passages
you have seen abroad: Were you ever abroad
before, Sir ?

Pom. I hardly ever was at home ; Did you never Travel
Lady ?

Ans. I am no Lady errant, 'tis enough for you, Sir, that covet
high employments, yet I have heard talk of many Countries.

Pom. And you may hear talk, but give me the man that has
measured 'em, talk is but talk.

Ans. Have you seen a fairer City then London ?

Pom. London is nothing.

Ans. How, nothing ?

Pom. To what it will be a hundred years hence.

Ans. I have heard much talk of Paris.

Pom. I tell you Madam, I took Shipping at *Gravensend*, and
had no sooner past the *Cantons* and *Grisons*, making a little
stay in the *Valtoline*, but I came to *Paris* ; a pretty Hamlet,
and much in the Situation like *Dunstable* in the Province of
Alcontora, some three Leagues distant from *Civil*, from whence
we have our Oranges.

An. I have heard *Civill* is in *Spain*.

Pom. You may hear many things; 'tis true, the People are civil that are in *Spain*, or there may be one Town like another; but if *Civill* be not in *France*, I was never in *Civill* in my life.

An. Pray proceed, Sir.

Pom. Do not I know *Paris*? It was built by the youngest Son of King *Priamus*, and was called by his Name; yet some call it *Luteia*, because the Gentlemen there, play upon the Lute. Here I observed many remarkable Buildings at the University, which some call the *Levre*; where the Students made very much of me, and carried me to the *Beer-Garden*, where I saw a Play on the *Bank-side*, a very pretty Comedy, called *Loves Mispriss*.

An. Is it possible, Sir?

Pom. But there be no such Comedians as we had here, yet the Women are the best Actors, they play their own Parts, a thing much desired in *England* by some Ladies, Inns and Court Gentlemen, and others: And truly I had staid longer there, but that I was offended with a vilanous sent of Onions which the Wind brought from *Saint Omers*.

An. Onions would make you sleep very well.

Pom. But the sent is not to be indured; I smelt them when I came to *Rome*, and hardly escap'd the Inquisition for t.

An. Were you at *Rome*, Sir?

Pom. 'Tis in my way to *Venice*, I'll tell you Madam, I was very loath to leave their Country.

An. What Country?

Pom. Why, where I was last.

An. In *France*?

Pom. Very true, I had a very good Inn, where mine Host was a notable good Fellow, and a Cardinal.

An. How? A Cardinal!

Pom. Uh, the Catches were sung, and his Wife, a pretty woman, and one that warms a Bed, one of the best in *Europe*.

An. Did you ever hear the like?

Pom. But mine Host the Cardinal, had a shrewd Pate, and his Ears were something of the longest; parlous wife, and yet Loving to his Guests, as red about the Gills, and as merry as the Maids; well shortly after, I left *France*, and and Saying along the *Alps*, I came to *Lombardy*, where I left my

my Cloak, for it was very hot Travelling, and went a Pilgrim to *Rome*, where I saw the Tombs, and a Play in *Pompey's Theatre*. Here I was kindly entertained by an *Anchorite*, in whose Chamber I lay and drank Cider; and not to trouble you with many stories, I went from hence to *Naples*, a soft kind of People, and clothed in Silk: From thence I went to *Florence*, from whence we have the art of making Custards, which are therefore called Florentines; *Millan* a rich State of *Haberdashers*; *Piemont*, where I had excellent Venison; and *Padua* famous for our Paddes, or easie Saddles, which our Physicians Ride upon, and first brought thence, when they Commenced Doctors.

An. These are all very worthy observations, have you any more?

Pom. I saw a little in *Mantua*, besides dancing on the Ropes, only their strong Beer was better than any I ever drank at the *Trumpet*. But in *Venice* of all the Champaign Countries are the Valiantest Gentlemen under the Sun.

An. Now you have hit it.

Pom. Uh. The fine Ladies we visited there.

An. Why, who was with you?

Pom. Two or three Grandees of the State, we tickl'd them in the *Rialto*, by the same token some spies told us, they had lain Leager there four Months to steal away the *Piazza* and Ship it for *London*. But I was compell'd to make short stay there, because the Dukes Concubines fell in Love with me, and gave me a Ring of his, which I lost afterwards, washing my Hands in the Salt Water.

An. You should have fish'd for it, you might have had as good luck as she that found her Wedding Ring in a *Haddock's* Belly.

Pom. Alas I could not stay, but went Post immediately for *Genoa*, and from thence to *Madrid*, and so to the *Netherlands*.

An. But how sped you among the *Dutch*?

Pom. Why, we drank every day together, they get their living by it.

An. What by drinking?

Pom. By making bargains in their Tipling. The *Jewes* are innocent, and the Devil himself but a Dunce to 'em, of whose Trade they are.

An. What Trade is that?

Pom. They fish, they fish, but I have heard say, they want

Butter, and that they have a design to churm the *Indies*, and remove their Dary. I caught a Surfeit of *Bore* in *Holland*; but upon my recovery went to *Flushing*, where I met with a handsome Froe, with whom I went to *Middlebrough*, and left her drunk at *Rotterdam*; there I took Shipping again for *France*, from thence to *Dover*, from *Dover* to *Graves-end*, from *Graves-end* to *Queen-hithe*, and from thence hither.

Ant. 'Twas a tedious Journey, and now you are welcome home.

The pretended Poet.

Olympio. Marfisa.

Olym. FAirest of Ladies! hither I am come,
Out of my store of Wit, to shew you some;
And if you please on this my present smile,
My self the happiest of men I'll stile.

Mar. What have you there, a Copy of Verses? read 'um.

Olym. Very willingly.

*Madam, th' unwritten paper I had brought
fair as 'twas i'th native hew;*

*Because it was a thing unfit, I thought
to give ought blotted unlike you,*

My weeping pen with grief began to swell,

Sad that It should nothing send,

*Whose tears by chance to these few Verses fell,
doubtful lest they might offend.*

Then every thing, dear Lady, I enjoy

doth conrt your presence, mourns to find you coy.

Mar. And now faith tell me, what Poet has hired you to put off his Verses; you bring nothing of your own besides the Tune, you would make an incomparable fellow, if you had but a raw Arm, and a partner, the structure of whose body were built upon a wooden Legg, to bellow it out by turns, in a most pitiful unsanctified Note. Come, I know some penny Rimer or other hath sold you a stock to set up with, to save the delays of Printing: Take you out of this way, and you have no more rhyme in you then a dying Swan, though less melody.

Ol. No Madam, if for verses you thirst ever,

My Pen shall run, I say, as doth a River.

Mar. Now

Mar. Now as sure as can be, he speaks all by the line, his Tongue runs like the spouts on Sundaies. Well, proceed Sir.

Ol. I bless the Tongue that gives me leave, and shall thank you hereafter, for not admitting any Rival.

Mar. Truly 'twere not amiss to think me in present, if your Rhyme would bear it; but pray, who inform'd you that I had any other in my thoughts besides your self.

Ol. Lady, your self hath taught me this, for why, You'd not have let me speak, unless that I should be the man; and since you deign this favour, I shall be still your creature, still and ever.

Mar. But I command you to breath nothing but what was clad in Verse, and yet forsooth you dare utter your mind in Prose.

Ol. Lady, 'twas Verse I said, I say 'twas Verse,
And if you please, I will the same rehearse.

Mar. A very smooth Verse indeed, 'twas well Rhym'd you think. But I shall not tempt your obedience, and command you silence; 'tis a favour that I have let you practise so much already.

Ol. My thanks, and I could wish——

Mar. Stop their, and know when I command silence, you must not promise, but perform.

Ol. First give me leave Lady, most fair and bright!

To present one Copy more unto your sight.

Mar. Did you make them your self?

Ol. If I did not, my Money did, 'tis all one; for my part, I can buy them cheaper than I can make them: What? would you have learning have no reward?

Mar. Truly, they favour of a true Poetick fury.

Ol. Do you smell them; I hope they have no ill favour.

Mar. But here's one hath more feet than the rest.

Ol. It should run the better for that, I did it on purpose.

Mar. And here's another lame.

Ol. That Madam was my conceit, my own invention, lame, halting Verses, there's the greatest Art, for thereby I shew you that I am Valiant, dare cut off Legs and Arms, and make them that are my Enemies, go halting home; nay more than that, I am an *Iambo-grapher*; now 'tis out.

Mar. For goodness sake, what's that?

Ol. One of the sowrest kind of Versifiers that ever crept out of *Parnassus*; I can make any body hang himself with

pure *Iambicks*, I can sting and fetch blood with *Asclepiads*, I can bastinado, with *Sapphicks*, and whip with *Phalencium's*.

*Thus Lady if thou can love such a man
Farewel, and ponder till I come again.*

The PLATONICK.

{ *Polidorus and* }
{ *Clarinda.* }

Pol. **L**ET me contain thee within my Arms my dear *Clarinda*, the force of greatest wind that shakes the aged Oak from his root, shall not divide us now.

Cl. Here am I willing to stay, my beloved *Polidorus*, till death shall wave his cold Dart, and becken us to follow him to the dark Shades, and by his angry power, make my embraces cold.

Pol. What a sad and dismal sound are Farewells, that Lovers take when destiny disjoyns them? but when they do meet again, how sweet and Musfical are the mutual joyes they breath?

Cl. Thus the little Birds when they see the weary Sun forsake the World, lay their pensive heads beneath their wings, to ease the weight which his departure adds unto their grief.

Pol. 'Tis true, my Love, but when they see that bright perpetual Traveller return, they warm and air their Feathers at his Beames, and Sing until their Gratitude make them hoarse.

Cl. I confesse my Brother doth restrain me with a hard restraint, but I desire he may be forgiven, and do not call it Cruelty.

Pol. Our Friendship is restored, which I do thus confirm with vows upon thy Sacred Hand; yet it were better ratified upon thy balmy Lip, which decent custome will allow after a long absence to those who are delighted, when they meet.

Cl. Your Virtues have an Authority so safe and great, that nothing can be denied that you think fit to ask.

Pol. Yet methinks you shew a mean demeanour, and are much freer then you were.

The familiar discourse of Lovers.

7

Cl. But why do you stand considering thus? is your meditation too guilty; or too great to be revealed?

Pol. Thou pretious darling of my heart, give me the privilege to doubt a little, or else resolve me straight; why are your courtesies so great now, and so easily attain'd, which you were wont to deprive me of with frowns, and a strict behaviour of your brow?

Cl. It shall ever be thus, my passion and my thoughts are changed, our Conversation shall take all liberty, and our Salutes be far more amorous, though virtuous ever.

Pol. This bounty had been excellent when you had power to give, or deny, but your Charter is now out of date, and mine begins to fall: The Priest now wants to celebrate our Nuptial Rights, which is the happy hour that advances the Husbands government: Come to Church, Love.

Cl. A little pause, what need we Marry? I have lately learnt a greater felicity, 'tis better to live thus in a perfection that we know, than to attempt new joyes, this is the Angels life.

Pol. Not Marry, my *Clarinda*, is the fatal word? take heed of being flattered into a new and strange belief.

Cl. Your caution is only needful to your self, Sir. How can you desire blessing more exact than this, which you may possess, to live in an everlasting confidence of what we do, and still imbrace and love, and to be united in our Souls; though we are not conjoyn'd in our persons.

Pol. These are but trivial Documents; I can hardly be brought to renounce so suddainly, all that which the wiser World hath taken so much leisure to approve: Besides, you mistake the person, whose example you are lead by, for he is now himself preparing to be my Sisters Bride.

Cl. Your Sisters Bride? Beware how you forge a calumny which all your Orisons and mine to help, cannot excuse to Heaven.

Pol. I can conduct you to the place, where your eyes shall Witness what I averr for a truth.

Cl. No Sir, if he be grown guilty of a crime, I do not wish to see it. Yet I wonder to hear he has so soon recanted, the fair Religion he Preached so fervently,

Pol. Lament him not, but rather follow his Examples; come my *Clarinda*, wee'l Marry too, like him.

Cl. Surely some wicked Spirit strives to betray us both; make trial of this new unusual Happiness a little while, wee'l

live and converse beneath a spreading Poplar for our shade,
and for variety sit on Rivers flown banks.

Pol. Yes, and there sit whispering, till we court him to delay
his Journey to the Sea, and swell, untill he leave his Sea-like
inhabitants, as tribute to our Loves upon the shoar.

Cl. I, *Polidorus*, these are guiltless sports.

Pol. Very fine Dreams indeed, but these cannot last, you
and I must Marry, 'tis resolved.

Cl. Banish that thought, or else I will take my leave, and
for ever be estranged from your sight.

Pol. Stay fair *Clarinda*, my reason sure must laugh at this
strange subjection of my faith, yet I will on, and for a while
forbear, and make my self a Proselyte to the pleasure of *Platonic* Love.

The Souldier and his Mistrefs.

Brancaccio.

Olynda.

Bran. **M**Adam, you were pleased, to command me silence,
to which I was obedient.

Ol. Yes, but I now untye your Tongue, if you have any
thing to say.

Bran. First, then let me humbly thank you, that I am still
a Souldier, and may talk.

Ol. You say right, for most of you are skill'd at no other
weapon but Dialogues.

Bran. But if you will give me leave to express my thoughts,
I am none of those weak counterfeit Warriours; no shadow
but a Souldier, my part is not to say, but do; I disclaim all
trifles of Service, the talking way of Courtship; give me a
danger, that would strike astonishment in the bold *Achilles*,
plant me instead of Ordnance against the Walls of a besieged
City, or let me enter on a Grove of Pikes, which I will mow
down like a Crop in Harvest.

Ol. Bless us! what a volley of words is here? you do not
speak me thinks, but discharge, and make every sentence a peal.

Bran. Madam, I bring no puling Elegies, no Poetry,
Bellona is my Muse, and this bright Sword, the only offering
I can present, which when you please, shall sacrifice whole He-
catombs

catombs of your Enemies ; if there be among mortals any so prophane, as to injure such a Beauty.

Ol. You promise liberally, but I fear when it should come to the Test, your Sword will not be so nimble, as the Sword that brags on't ; it shall be fasten'd so close in the Scabbard, that you cannot draw it out, or some such petty toy to delude danger ; then instead of fighting you shall swear valiantly against the Cutler, and give no death but in your Curses.

Bran. Lady, your Comment wrongs my worth : By your fair Honour, and by those many Victories, which yet sit warm and fresh upon my cumbred Sword ; were he a man, and such a one whom often conquest had made as great as my self, and and to what height my vertues have arriv'd, to be thought immortal : If such a man should speak these words, I would strait confute the wild opinion of the loose World, and leave this Wonder dead before their eyes.

Ol. Faith 'twould do well to have some proof of so untamed a Valour : But yet, Sir, me thinks you are much mistaken in the Wooing way. I would have a tame Suiter, you make too much a noise in a Ladies Chamber, pray let me have your Courtship in a softer Dialect.

Bran. Madam, the power of your Love is so prevalent, that I can turn me to any shape, I can submit my mounting Soul to a most gentle carriage, and sweet behaviour, only for your sake, Lady.

Ol. As how, Sir ? I long for an experiment.

Bran. Why thus, divinest Lady, my humble Service being promised —

Ol. What ? do you repeat your Letters, sure this was the last you Writ to your Country Mistress ; does it not follow, [hoping you are as deep in Love as I am at the writing hereof, &c.]

Bran. Lady, I do esteem it the greatest part of my Duty, still at the first appearance to present you my Service.

Ol. What, and give the same thing twenty times over ? I thought you had presented that sufficiently already, but now I begin to suspect it as at anothers command, and none of your own you are so free on't.

Bran. I hope you do not take me, Lady, for a Serving-man or a Gentleman-usher ?

Ol. Truly, your lac'd Cloak being so near ally'd to a Livery, may breed a foul suspicion.

Bran. Fair Madam, you are mistaken.

Ol. How ? tell me I lye, I'll make you more obedient.

Bran. Will

Bran. Will it please you, Lady, to descend so low, as to make me understand your will, you should always find me as quick in the execution, as apprehension.

Ol. Bless me! my Servant all this while, and now to seek what pleases me; I'll hear no more at this time, therefore be gone, I expect no reply.

Bran. Your Creature.

The Affectionate Friend.

Rugiero.

Clara.

Rug. Save you, fair Lady. All health, and your own wishes be upon you.

Cl. If that be all, I thank you, Sir.

Rug. But I have business to you beyond a bare Salute, 'tis to prevent *Perpaider's* Service to you, Lady.

Cl. Well, proceed.

Rug. He's one deserves your Love, if Faith can bear the stamp of Merit; he spends the dayes in tears and sighs, with which he counts the hours, and makes void the minutes; thus in a fullen grief he pines away only for love of you.

Cl. How well your tongue hath learnt to wooe? he need not fear a Repulse, if he could speak his Suit in his own name, smoothed with such Language as yours, truly I pity the poor Gentleman: Bid him rise early, and keep good company, and drink good Wine, 'twill cure his Melancholy.

Rug. If you return this slight answer only, you will draw a new disease upon him, and your cure will only grow to a deeper wound, while he dies with the Physick.

Cl. Indeed you urge his Suit so full, as if he had bequeathed his Soul into her Bosome, but pray discourse this business more coolly: Should I give my life to every own that would this way deserve me, I should soon be Married to a Troop of Men, and grow a lawful Strumpet.

Rug. It may be so, and that face doth deserve it.

Cl. Pray Heaven, himself do not increase the number.

Rug. But in all that heap of Suiters, there's few of them can boast so vigorous a flame, as *Perpaider*: Every one does not testify his affections in gaudy presents, nor wooe in the cost-ly

The familiar discourse of Lovers. II

ly Language of rich gifts, that is the style of *Perpaider's* love written in Gold.

Cla. 'Tis true, he sent me indeed choice of presents, and the finest toys I could wish, but I alwayes paid him in civility. If he expect any more, I shall recal that too. For else call it what you will. He sends me but Wares, and cheats my Cabinet with his Merchandize, which I forsooth must think filled with his Love, and to reward him, bestow my self upon him. But, Sir, I have no price set on me, neither will I passe away my self by bargain.

Rag. Lady, he scorns to chaffer for affection, he desires that you would recompense his faith with yours, and not his gifts; if he send a Jewel carv'd out into a Heart, that is his own Heart cut and wounded by your disdain; every present carries a part of him that sent it; did he know how to send any thing, and leave himself out, you might easily then slight the poor single offer. Neither is he arm'd with gifts only, he durst provoke Death it self, to avoid the face of your displeasure: He dares fight and maintain you Beauty, though he lose his own; and paint your face fresh with his Blood.

Cla. Here's a way indeed, a fine device to defend my Beauty that he might ruine it: That Ladies name suffers in the conquest, whose worth is to be decided by the Sword.

Rag. Lady, you are too severe, thus to despise all wayes that make a Suiter lovely; yet if you doubt his constancy, invent a tryal your self, impose some hard task; whose faith might shake a faith as hard as any rock.

Cla. Pray ye release me, Sir, for I can give no answer, I care for none that are not able to speak for themselves.

THE HUMOURIST.

Cosmo.

Ardelia.

Cos. **W**Hat! can you not abide a Maid, Sir?

Ar. Indeed I never could abide a Maid in my life Lady,
but:

Cos. I never draw away the Maid or the Maiden-head with a wet Finger.

Ar. You love still to make your self worse than you are.

Cos.

Cof. I know few mend in this world, Madam, for the worst are best thought on, the worst best spoken on ever among Women.

Ar. I wonder where you have been all this while with your sentences.

Cof. Faith where I must be again presently, I cannot stay long with you, my dear Lady.

Ar. By my faith but you shall Sir, Cods bodikins, what will become of you shortly, that you drive Maids afore you, and offer to leave Widows behind you, as unkindly, as if you had taken a Surfeit of our Sex lately, and our very sight turned your stomach.

Cof. Cods my life you abuse me, now never trust me if it were not a good revenge to help her to the loss of her Widowhood.

Ar. That were a revenge and a half indeed.

Cof. Nay, 'twere but a whole revenge, Lady; but such a revenge as would more then observe the true rule of a revenger.

Ar. I know your rule before you utter it; Be reveng'd on thy enemy, but without damage to thy self.

Cof. Most rare Lady, this it is to be learned; Learning in Women, is like lustre in Diamonds.

Ar. But tell me, how could you find in your heart to stay so long from me?

Cof. Why? alas you are so smear'd with this wilful Widows three years black weed, that I never come to you, but I dream of Corfies, and Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the night after, and therefore adieu Lady.

Ar. Beshrew my heart, you must not go this three hours.

Cof. Three hours! how shall I do to spend the time?

Ar. Pray tell me how does my Cousin.

Cof. Why? very well Lady, and so is my Friend too; and then let me tell you, there is as worthy a Gentleman as any in England, well.

Ar. But when did you see my Cousin?

Cof. Nay, and he shall be well, and do well, if all my Estate will make him well.

Ar. Sir, you are very danstive me thinks.

Cof. Yes, and I could tell you a thing would make you very danstive too, or else it were very danstive ifaith.

Ar. But pray tell me, can you tell of any thing will make me Dance, say you?

Cof. Well,

Cof. Well, farewell Lady, I must needs take my leave in earnest.

Ar. Bless us ! here is such a stir with your Farewels.

Cof. I will see you again within two or three dayes, on my word, Lady.

Ar. Cods precious, two or three daies ? why, Sir ? you are in a marvellous strange humour ; sit down sweet Sir, ifaith, Sir, I must talk with you about great matters.

Cof. Say, then dear Lady, be short, and utter your mind quickly.

Ar. But pray tell me first, what's that would make me Dance ifaith ?

Cof. Dance, what Dance ? hitherto your Dancers Legs bow forsooth, and caper, and jerk, and firk, and dandle the Body above them, as it were their great Child ; though the special jerker be above this place I hope ; here lies that should fetch a perfect Woman over the Coles ifaith.

Ar. Nay, good, Sir, say what's the thing you could tell me of ?

Cof. No matter, no matter : But let me see a passing prosperous forehead of an exceeding happy distance betwixt the Eye-brows, a clear lightning Eye, a temperate and fresh Blood in both the Cheeks, excellent marks of good fortune.

Ar. Why ? how now, Sir, did you never see me before ?

Cof. Lady, but the state of these things at this instant must be specially observed, and these outward signes, being now in this clear elevation, show your untroubled mind is in an excellent power, to prefer them to act forth more then a little.

Ar. This is excellent.

Cof. The *Crises* here are excellent good, The Proportion of of the Chin good, the little aptness of it to stick out good, and the Wart above it most exceeding good : Never trust me if all things be not answerable to the prediction of a most Divine fortune towards you ; now if you have the grace to apprehend it in the nick, there's all.

Ar. Well, Sir, since you will not tell me your Secret, I will keep another from you ; for the discovery may much pleasure me, and the concealment hurt my estate.

Cof. Nay, then it shall instantly forth. This conjuration Ev'n fires it out of me ; now to be short, gather all your judgment together, for here it comes : Lady, *Demetrius*, rather
my

my Soul then my Friend *Demetrius*, is of too substantial a worth to have any Figures cast about him, he (notwithstanding no other Woman with Empires could stir his affection) is with your virtue most extreemly in Love, and without your requital Dead.

Ar. You amaze me, Sir; is this the wondrous fortune you presage?

Cos. Nay, peace good Lady, I come not to ravish you to any thing. But now I see how you accept my motion: Have I rid all this Circuit to leavy the powers of your judgement, that I might not prove their strength too suddainly with so violent a Charge; and do they fight it out in white blood, and shew me their Heads in the soft Crystal of Tears?

Ar. O Sir, you have wounded your self in charging me, that I should shun judgement, as a Monster, if it would not weep. I place the poor felicity of this World, in a worthy Friend, and to see him so unworthily revolted, I shed not the tears of my Brain, but the tears of my Soul. And if every nature made tears th' effects of any worthy cause, I am sure I now shed them worthily.

Cos. Your sensual powers are up ifaith, I have thrust your Soul quite from her Tribunal. But why weep you Lady, for the wounds of my friendship. And is my friendship thus touch'd, for wishing my Friend doubl'd in your singular happiness?

Ar. How am I doubl'd when my Honour and good Name, two such essential parts of me, would be less and less?

Cos. In whose Judgment?

Ar. In the Judgment of the World.

Cos. Which is a Fools bolt? for nothing is more remote from truth then the Vulgar opinion. But Lady, 'tis true that your Honour and good Name, as they are the species of truth, are worthily two essential parts of you; but as they consist only in airy Titles and corruptible Blood, and care not how many base and enormous acts they commit, they touch you no more than they touch Eternity. And yet no Nobility you have in either, shall be impair'd neither.

Ar. Not to Marry a poor Gentleman!

Cos. Respect him not so; for as he is a Gentleman he is Noble; as he is wealthily furnished with true knowledge he is Rich, and therein adorn'd with the exactest Complements belonging to everlasting Nobleness.

Ar. Which will not maintain him a Week: such kind of Nobleness gives no Coats of honour, nor can get a Coat of necessity.

Cos. Then

Cof. Then is it not substantial knowledge, as it is in him, but verbal, and fantastical.

Ar. Why doth he seek me then?

Cof. To make you joynt-partners with him in all things, and there is but a little partial difference betwixt you, that hinders that universal Joynture.

Ar. Good Sir be content; I cannot hearken to your persuasion.

Cof. I have more then done Lady, and had rather have suffered an alteration of my being, then of your judgment, yet I have done my duty, and so farewell sweet Lady.

The discovery of false Love.

Cornelius.

Lucilla.

Cor. **M** Adam, I kiss your fair hand.

Lu. Oh! Master *Cornelius.*

Cor. The humblest of your Servants.

Lu. Sir, it becomes not your Birth and Blood, to stoop to such a title.

Cor. I must confess, dear Lady, that I do carry in my Blood a more precious humour, than other men, and blood of a deeper Crimson, but you shall call me anything.

Lu. Truly Sir, not I, it becomes not me to change your title, although I could desire I confess, that you were less honourable.

Cor. Why Lady, Is it a fault to spring from the Nobility? 'tis true, there be some have sold well-favoured Lordships, to be ill-favoured Noble-men, and though I wear no title of the State, I can adorn a Lady.

Lu. That's my misfortune, I would you could not, Sir.

Cor. Are you the worse for that? consider Lady.

Lu. I have considered, and I could wish with all my heart, you were not half so Noble, nay indeed no Gentleman.

Cor. How Lady?

Lu. Nay, if you give me leave to speak my thoughts, I could wish you were a fellow two degrees beneath a Footman, one that had no kindred unless Knights of the Post; nay worse, with your pardon Sir, in the humour I am, I wish

wish heartily, you were a Son of the people.

Cor. Good Madam, give me your reason?

Lu. Because I Love you.

Cor. There are few Women wish so ill to those whom they Love.

Lu. They do not love like me then.

Cor. Say you so?

Lu. Alas, Sir, my wealth is a Beggar, and the title of a Lady which my Husband left, is a meer shadow to that which you bring to enoble me. 'Tis out of my Love that I desire you such a one that I might add to you, and you might be created by my Wealth, and made great by me, for then my love would appear; but as you are, I must receive addition from you.

Cor. Why heark you, Lady, no body hears; Could you Love me, if I were less honourable?

Lu. Honourable, why? you cannot be so base as I would have you, that so the World might say, My Marriage gave you somewhat.

Cor. Say you so, why? if that will do you a pleasure, under the Rose, if that will do you a pleasure, there be Lords that call me Cofin 'tis true, but I am —

Lu. What?

Cor. Suspected.

Lu. How?

Cor. Not to be lawful, for I came in at the Wicket, some folks call it the Window.

Lu. Can you prove it?

Cor. Never doubt it, Madam, 'tis most certain.

Lu. Then do I prefer you before all my Suiters, Sir *William Gallant*, and Sir *Thomas Hektor* are both *Mounsebanks*.

Cor. What say you to the Collonel?

Lu. A meer *Lanspersado*, I am transported with joy, but do not flatter me? shall I trust to this? will you not be legitimate when we are Married? for you men are too deceitful to simple Ladies:

Cor. I'll bring the Midwife if you'll Marry me.

Lu. Well then say no more, provide things necessary, and all shall be dispatch'd.

Cor. I do guess your meaning, Lady, and thus Seal my best devotion.

The Assistant Chamber-Maid.

*Francisco. Aureli. Clarathea the
Chamber-Maid.*

Fran. ALL the Joys the gods delight in most, still wait
upon you, fair one.

Au. I shall be ungrateful not to wish you a share in
them.

Fran. Preserver of my life, you have so much engag'd your
Creature, that it were too presumptuous a study for Mortals to
requite.

Fran. If I have done you any, truly I am glad: But what,
blest Saint?

Au. But I much grieve that it will not lie within the com-
pals of my weak power to do you more.

Fran. Rob me not of a Joy, the hopes whereof have so far
transported me.

Au. Sir, I am by the express command of my Father, char-
ged into the Country, there to try how I can like a Suiter of
his choosing, and one he is resolv'd I must have, whether I like
him or not.

Fran. 'Tis a very unjust resolve; I do perceive your Maid
is no stranger to your counsels, Lady.

Au. I should very ill reward her Service, to requite it with
distrust; there is nothing which I dare not trust her faithful-
ness withal.

Fran. It is a noble performance to be Faithful, and deserves
a high reward. Now since you are pleas'd to acquaint your
poor Creature, with what so nearly concerns you, I shall hum-
bly request, what you resolve to do in it.

Au. Sir, you urge to know what lies not in my power to sa-
tisfie; yet I confess I gladly would be assisted by some judi-
cious Friend, what I shall do in such a weighty business as this
is.

Fran. Then 'tis no time to dally, do you love me so as to
make me Master of your self? a happiness which by all the
gods I would not change, for what besides the World can
afford,

Cla. Pray Mistress speak — no — Sir, she does, be confident. Sir, she does. Mistress, this is no time to nourish bashfulness. Sir, pray think what's to be done, and for the rest, take poor *Dorothies* word.

Aur. Sure thou art mad.

Cla. No, neither would I have you so tame, to fool your self out of these which you aim at next to Heaven: 'Twould make one mad, to see how doubtful you would appear in that which is so confirm'd in your Heart. Sir, she is yours, Will you confess it Mistress?

Aur. 'Tis true, my breast in spite of all Resistance will discover it self.

Fran. May I enjoy this blessing without envy from above, no enamour'd god descending to forbid the banes. Religious fires kindled without passion, burn temperately, and last to outlive the envious World, whose narrow breast we can give leave to suspect, but not to comprehend our joys.

Cla. Why this is as it should be. Come fondlings, now we shall have you as bad on the other side, Leave your billing, and resolve what's to be done.

Aur. Thanks good *Clarathea* for thy remembrance; for I had almost lost my self in unspeakable joys, my dear *Clarathea*; for so I dare call thee now, Hast thou chosen any course to steer in this Sea of trouble mixt with joy?

Cla. Truly not I, my shallow judgment is too weak to comprehend what is to be done in things of this high nature. Sir, that's your part to act.

Fran. I shall labour to perform it with all respectful care to our Souls comfort.

Cla. Sir, be confident, that little life I have, shall willingly be spent in toyl, to see your joys compleated.

Fran. I believe thee *Dorothy*, and I shall be careful of a requital: My *Aurelia*, I now must leave thee till my next return, which shall be as speedy as safety will permit: My trusty Friends, to whom I must impart my secrets, expect my coming, whose help I must make use of in our flight; this kiss, and so we part.

The French Taylor.

Bonaroba. Monsieur Tailleur.

Bon. **H**OW now friend, are you the man I sent for ?

Moun. *Me, Madame, be povera jentle homo a Franch, a votre commandement.*

Bon. Are you a Womans Taylor ?

Moun. *Wee, Madame, de Madam Tayler.*

Bon. Indeed you look something like a Woman.

Moun. *No, begar, me shew somthing for de man.*

Bon. They say you are very excellent in you art.

Moun. *Begar, Madam, me make de gown so brave, O de hole Vorle worke by me patron, me ha work for le Royne de Francia le grand Dutches Conde, Spanea, D' Angleter, and all de fine Madamofells.*

Bon. Nay Monsieur, to deprive Desert of its due praise, is an unknown Language, I use it not.

Moun. *Be me trot a Madam, me net do ill ; de Englis man do ill, de Spanere, de Dutch do ill, de Englis man do ill, but your French man, and begare he do incomparable brave.*

Bon. You are Proud on't.

Moun. *Begare me no proud, ide worle me speak be me trot de trut, ang me no lye, metra Madam ; begare ye have de seen to de a de warle : O de fine brave bigg ting, me have ever measure, me wate fit it so pat.*

Bon. Come then let's see your Ware, and a confirmation of these magnificent Speeches.

Moun. *Her is de fort excellent goone, and tre fashionable, Madam.*

Bon. Upon my Virginity wonderful handsome, truly, when I am Married I le have such a one.

Moun. *Par ma foy, nourice me your servant.*

Bon. Truly you Taylors are the most sanctifi'd members of a Kingdom, how many crooked and untoward bodies, have you set upright ? that they now grow as straight in their lives and conversations as the proudest of you all.

Moun. *Be me trot, 'tis de very certain trut, dar is none wich a more a de graw pride.*

Bom. How do you mean, Mounſieur?

Moun. *Par maſoy metra Madam your genti femmy vit de Crooke O de back, dat mal a de gran ſtir to reſtiſier de ugly back vit de bunch, or de ſcantie ſhoulders av de fors prooved creature. Wit wat courage, wit wat a boldneſſe, dey walk; for de trut is, vat dey vant en ſubſtance, dey no vant in the poſture o de body; how dey vex a de patience: And me derfore talk no more of dem.*

Plain dealing, A Jewel.

Bombardo. Francisca.

Fran. **M**Y over kind Captain, what would you ſay?

Bom. Why Miſtreſs, I would ſay as a man might ſay forſooth, indeed I would ſay.

Fran. What Captain?

Bom. Even whatſoever you would have me ſay, forſooth.

Fran. If that be all, pray ſay nothing.

Bom. Why look you Miſtreſs, All that I would ſay, if you mark it, is juſt nothing; for to ſay you are fair is nothing, you know it already; to ſay y'are honeſt, is an indignity to your Beauty.

Fran. Sure your new Cloaths have inſpir'd, or rather infected you; Would I were a Purſe of Gold to reward your wit.

Bom. I would you were my Miſtreſs, ſo you were not counterſeit metal; I would ſoon try you to the Touch-ſtone of my affections, indeed forſooth.

Fran. Well Captain, for your love I muſt paſs away in debt, but will not fail to think on't; now I muſt away.

Bom. Grant me but one requeſt afore you go, I ſhould ſoon diſpatch you and part.

Fran. Name it, Sir.

Bom. Truly 'tis a very ſmall trifle for your part, all things conſider'd.

Fran. But cannot you tell what it is?

Bom. That were a fine jeſt indeed, Why, I would deſire, intreat and beſeech you.

Fran. What to do?

Bom. There

Bom. There you have it, and I thank you too.

Fran. I understand you not.

Bom. Why, to do with you, to do with you.

Fran. To do what?

Bom. Why? In plain terms I would commit with you, or as the more learned Phrase is, I would ravish you.

Fran. Fie Captain, so uncivil, you make me blush.

Bom. I am glad I have it for you, Souldiers are hot upon Service, and a Fools Bolt is soon Shot, as the Proverb says.

Fran. Good Captain keep up your Bolt, till I am at leisure to stand fair for your Mark: So Captain I must leave you.

The Bridal-Night Discourses.

Hymeneo. Lucretia.

Hym. Will you not come to Bed my Dear, why do you so delay, come let me help you.

Lu. To Bed Sweet-heart, why art thou sleepy?

Hym. No, but I shall be worse, if you look sad, and Melancholy, come prethee my Dear, let's to Bed, why dost thou blush; let me undress thee, be not so coy, but smile.

Lu. Alas, I feel my self not well, my Love.

Hym. That's only bashfulness my Dear, I'll make you well, there's no such Physick for you, as your warm Husband's Arms.

Lu. Be not so hasty dearest, we steal not our content, there's time enough.

Hym. Do you already cease to love me?

Lu. No. Think it not, for I do love thee dearly.

Hym. To bed then, I shall give better credit to thee, be not so cold a Lover.

Lu. Give me leave a little to admire and contemplate thy outward Graces.

Hym. Come come, you dally, off with Ornaments for the day, they look unseemly now, clip that Lace, that is more happy than thy dear Husband, to embrace, off with these gorgeous Petticoats, that hide those pleasures, which ought now to be revealed.

Lu. My passion is now over, and now dear joy, I hast to thy embraces.

Hy. Welcome my comfort, and delight, and thus I fold my arms about thee.

Lu. And thus about thee, my dear bliss, I twine like the Female joy.

Hy. Let's put our Bodies and our Minds together, and make up the concord of affection. Come let me kiss thee, let me kiss again, and multiply them to an infinite increase.

Lu. Spare not, they are thine own, dear heart.

Hy. Let's tumble in Delights, and draw out the minutes in dear embraces, there is no difference between us and Princes; for our contentment is now as full and great as theirs. What a Waste, what a Breast, what a Bellie's here? then sweetest let us enter Loves *Elisum*, and bid good night unto thy Maiden-head.

*A Gentleman, coming to a Lady, to
disswade her from Marrying a Gentle-
man; Or, Self-ends.*

Alphonso.

Maria.

Al. **BY** your leave Lady, may my boldness prove pardonable.

Ma. Sir, The name from whence you come, is a warrant sufficient to make you welcome here.

Al. I must confess Lady, I hear you honour him much; but have you absolutely received him as a Suiter?

Ma. 'Tis very true, Sir, and him only.

Al. It is not gone so far, I hope.

Ma. Most certainly it is, and further too, Sir, he has woo'd and won me.

Al. I am then very sorry for your hard fortune, yet if my counsels may prevail, I shall advise not to step a jot further, lest you fall into a Sea of Sorrows; for you are now upon the brink of danger.

Ma. You begin strangely, Sir, I cannot understand you.

Al. Read o're your former story, consider the Quiet, the Wealth, the Pleasure, the Peace you enjoyed, the free Com-
mand

mand of all you have, none to command above you : Consider on the other side, the many cares, the Yoke you bring your neck under.

Ma Sir, deal freely with me, What respect moves you to this dissuasion, is it your Love of him, or Care of me ?

Al. It cannot be love to him Lady, to seek to cross him in so great a hope, as the enjoying of you : It is my care that you should be free from such a dishonour and vexation as he would be, he is become the scorn of his acquaintance, his friends trouble. The several Trades to which he hath such deep engagement, as *Goldsmiths, Silk-men, Taylors, Milleners, Sompsters, Vintners*, all do but wait to pay themselves out of your Estate, 'twould grieve you I believe, Lady, to discover all.

Ma. Yet I cannot understand how this proceeds from care of me.

Al. Consider, Lady.

Ma. I have considered before, and now, but it removes not my stedfast thought. I could use words against yours, but it is poor to boast of Love.

Al. Lady, you are a woman of the noblest and the calmest temper that I ever met withal.

Ma. Truly, Sir, I believe you expected railing ; but that's a way which only common women use.

Al. Oh ! I am strangely taken, me thinks I stand like a false witness against anothers life, ready to take my punishment.

Ma. Sir, I can pardon, and think in charity all this brought to no ill purpose.

Al. I would I had never seen you so contrary to all opinion : People say you were uncivil, froward, and full of womenish distempers ; but you are opposite in all.

Ma. Sir, your commendations are much above my desert.

Al. Alas ! my purpose was to save my Friend from such a hazzard ; but I am now fallen in my self, either to wrong my Friend, or burn in lawless Love : Farewel, divinest Creature.

Ma. Will you be going, Sir ?

Al. I only beg your pardon, and your mercy ; but dare not look no more upon you : my stay will ruin me ; Adieu, sweet Lady.

*The Resolved Ladies Resolution, not
to forsake her Love.*

Marfica. Cosmo.

Mar. A Lads, my dearest Joy, I here you are for Travel,
and for all your Vows and Protestations, will
leave me.

Cos. You hear true Lady, I am come to take my leave.

Mar. You shall not take your leave; I am prepar'd, and
will go with you.

Cos. I am bound for *Italy*.

Mar. 'Tis nothing, I can Travel.

Cos. I am going into *Wales* amnog the Mountains.

Mar. You are my best society, I'll keep with you.

Cos. Are you so Valiant, Lady; it may be, I go to Sea.

Mar. I love a Sea Voyage, and a blustering Tempest, let all
split, I can die with you.

Cos. 'Tis true, I lov'd in a humour, then I hated you, I
think I shall love again, she will tame me; can you Ride
Post?

Mar. Excellently. I could never be weary of your presence.

Cos. I'll Travel under Ground.

Mar. No danger, Sir, in that, I love to be under.

Cos. I'll Live in a Baudy-house.

Mar. I dare come to you.

Cos. But dost thou love me as thou saist?

Mar. Right well, Sir.

Cos. And will you be my Woman.

Mar. 'Tis sure, I'll never be my own else.

Cos. But will you not go away with me now, if I request you.

Mar. Any whither, but to Bed before we are Married.

Cos. Come then, since you trust me so well, we will not part,
till we are lawfully made one.

Mar. Heaven blefs the hour you speak in, and all Saints be
witness

A Per-

A Perverse Gentleman Courted by a Lady; Or, The Woman Hater.

Arnolde. Rossaba.

Arn. **W**HY do you follow me thus, Mistress, am I ordain'd to be devoured quick by these the Cannibals?

Ros. Sir, you may remember a Contract between your self and me, it is my Love that makes me seek you : I came to give you thanks too.

Arn. For what ? for I am something headed.

Ros. For refusing these handsome Beauties that might well have intic'd you to have broke your promise, I know it was for my sake, your Honesty compell'd you ; and give me leave to tell you, it shewed most virtuously.

Arn. And give me leave to tell you, there was no such matter: I have more to do with my Honesty, then to venture it in such weak Barks as Women : I put them off, because I Lov'd them not, not for thy sake, or the Contract, I have made a Thousand Vows and Oaths, alas they are things indifferent, whether they be broken, or kept.

Ros. You do not mean this sure.

Arn. Yes sure and certain, and I hold it positively as a certain Principle.

Ros. You told me other Tales.

Arn. I do not deny it, I have Tales for all sorts of Women, and Protections of all sizes.

Ros. Do you not love me then ?

Arn. If I Love others when I am high and lusty, after a full Meal, I Love thee heartily, come to me when I have satisfied my Senses with Delicates, and then thou shalt see how I Love thee.

Ros. Will you not Marry me then ?

Arn. No certainly dear Lady, I must not yet lose my liberty, and like a Slave that's wanton, cry for more Shackles. What should I Marry for ? I am not an inch farther from my pleasure, there be Honest Married-men enough to ease me ; and truly you are cozened if you think I long for a Maiden-head.

Ros. Arc

Ros. Are you not asham'd, Sir ?

Ar. No, by my troth, there's no shame belongs to it : I hold it as praise worthy to be rich in Pleasures, as others in Sheep or Medows.

Ros. Are all my hopes come to this ? is there no faith, no modesty in men ? Well, Sir, you may relent ; I wish you your full content in another.

Ar. Nay, stay a little, Lady, methinks I melt already ; your constancy hath wrought upon me. I have played the fool all this while, and therefore, Lady, I could wish I knew to recompense, though with the service of my life, those pains and high favours you have thrown upon me.

Ros. Let me enjoy your affections, 'tis recompense enough.

Ar. Take me then, and take me with the truest Love : I'll marry thee immediately : Come follow me.

Love-sickness ; Or, A Lover in despair.

Francesco.

Ricardo.

Fran. **H**OW now, what's the matter, *Ricardo* ?

Ric. I'm ill, exceeding ill.

Fran. Troth that's not well.

Ric. Sure I did Surfeit Yesternight, at the old man's house.

Fran. Surfeit ? Why, did you Eat any thing against the stomach ?

Ric. Truly I had a stomach to one Dish, and the not tasting of it makes me sick at the heart.

Fran. Was it Fish or Flesh ?

Ric. 'Twas Flesh sure, if I hit the mark right.

Fran. I believe that 'tis the missing of a mark, which you long to hit, which makes you draw sighs instead of vows.

Ric. Would I had been a thousand Leagues off, when I sat down at the Table : Alas, my dear *Francesco* ! 'twas there I drank my bane, the strongest poison that ever any man drew from a Ladies Eyes ; and now it swells in me.

Fran. Then by casting of your Water, I guess you would have a Medicine for the Green-sickness.

Ric. 'Tis a green Wound, I must confess.

Fran. Tem

Fran. Tent it, Tent in, keep it from rancking, you are over head and ears in Love.

Ric. I am, and with such mortal Arrows pierc'd, that I shall fall down.

Fran. There's no hurt in that.

Ric. Nay, I shall die, unless her pity send me a quick and sweet recovery.

Fran. And what Doctress is it that must call you Patient?

Ric. Fair *Oriana*, old *Brandino's* Wife.

Fran. How, *Oriana*! Can no Feather fit you but the broach in an Old mans hat; Had you not dainty dishes enough, but you must long for that which the Master of the House sets up for his own tooth.

Ric. Love is not ty'd to Laws, why do you speak this Language?

Fran. Love? 'tis a disease as common with young Gallants, as Swaggering and drinking Tobacco: What a foolish thing 'tis to lie drawing on for a woman, as if he were puffing and blowing at a strait boot, and to morrow be ready to knock at deaths door.

Ric. Alas! that will be my disease.

Fran. Pish, think not on't, 'twill vanish, 'tis but a worm between the Skin and the Flesh, and may be taken out with a Waiting womans Needle, as well as the best Ladies.

Ric. If this be all your comfort, would you'd leave me?

Fran. Leave thee in sickness! I had more need provide thee Caudles, and send for thy Nurse: For marke you *Ricardo*, despair for a woman, 'tis the poorest and most degenerate thing in the World, they hang about mens necks in some places like Hops upon Poles.

Ric. Her Walls of Chastity cannot be beaten down.

Fran. Walls of Chastity, Walls of Wafer-Cakes! I have known a Woman carry a Feather-bed and a Man in her mind, and cast up her Eyes in the Street like a Puritan.

Ric. Alas! you do but stretch me on the Rack, and with laughing increase my Pain; be rather pitiful, and ease my torments.

Fran. Well, since you take me to be so cunning, I'll tell you my Medicine.

Ric. I shall forever thank you.

Fran. First send for your Barber, and let him by rubbing, quicken your Spirits; Then whistle your Gold-finches, your Gallants, to your fist.

Ric. Y'are

Ric. Y'are mad, y'are mad, or no Friend.

Fran. Then into a Tavern have your Musick, your brave Dance, and whiff Tobacco, till all smoke again, and split.

Ric. You split my heart in pieces.

Fran. Do thus till the Moon cuts off her Horns, laugh in the Day, sleep in the Night; the Wenching Fire will soon out.

Ric. Away, away, for I can hear no more.

The Penitent Shepherd, discoursing of his Sherpherdes.

Menalcas.

Amarillis.

Menal. DEAR Shepherdess, I have done you wrong, I su'd for Love to you first, and when I had obtained it, I struck disgraces on thee, therefore let me ask forgiveness now, for I cannot hope thou shouldst Love one stain'd with a deed so foul and impious.

Am. Great Love! if thou art not yet satisfied with the wrongs I have sustained, let my Blood appease thy anger.

Men. Gentle Shepherdess.

Am. Alas, I have been too gentle, do not mock me with it,
Menalcas.

Men. I mean no scorn, for I am come to ask you real pardon for what I have already done.

Am. 'Tis a very strange and suddain alteration.

Men. But 'tis very true; take what revenge thou pleasest; I have well deserved it.

Am. But is this serious, O *Menalcas*! do not break a heart oppress'd with such a load of grief and scorn, as mine is.

Men. I confess my many ills discredit my repentance, but if my Words can find no faith, beleive my Tears, indeed they are not feigned.

Am. Just so you look'd, I remember, when you stole my heart, but I forgive you what e're become of me, I still must Love you.

Men. Forgive me first, and then I will study to deserve something of you, if not Love.

Am. I had thought there had been more hard-heartedness in

in man then I do find, for I see he repents. *O Menalcas* ! if thou mean not this in scorn, take me into thy Armes, and I will be thy Slave.

Men. O say not so, let me be rather thine; there is a pride within me to be ambitious of it.

Am. What a suddain joy thou strik'st into my heart; and yet methinks I fear thou lovest me not.

Men. Why shouldst thou fear? by *Pan*, I Swear thou art Love what ever thou canst imagin; if thou wilt be content to hide my faults, and take me to thy nuptial Bed; when ever that day shall come, the embraces of my Love and me, shall be such, as *Cupid* himself shall take his Fires to kindle other hearts from our abundance; yet leave a flame with us, which we will keep alive to all Eternity.

Am. I dare not now distrust thee Loving Shepherd, thy words have such a semblance of pleasing truth. Give me thy hand, and take thou mine, and while our hands are thus knit together, I shall never think *Daphne* was unkind.

An Importunate Love.

Myrtillo. Phyllis.

Phyl. Shepherd, why do you follow me thus?

Myr. How can I leave to follow, Sweetest, when my heart is with you.

Phyl. With me? tell me then, Where and how I shall restore it.

Myr. It hangs upon your Eyes, but being there scorch'd with disdain, and dazl'd with their Lustre, it flies for ease to your Rosie Lips, but being beaten thence also with many a harsh denial, fain would come here for harbour, for pity then Fair Nymph receive it; and if you can, teach it the hardness of your own.

Phyl. Well, if my heart be so hard as you would make it; I am the gladder, that it is strong enough to be a fence to my Honour.

Myr. You make a fence in vain to guard the Sheep where never any Wolf ever came.

Phyl. Can the Sheep be safe where there is a Dog of prey within,

within, I cannot cherish in my breast the man that would undo my Chastity.

Myr. Then cherish me, for you know I never attempted any thing to cast a spot on that white innocence, to which I am a most religious votary.

Phyl. The more fool you, perhaps if you had, it needed not have come to this.

Myr. Yes, yes, you may remember, although I blush to tell it you, when at first my thoughts were pure and simple, I thought you one whom never any impure flame had touch'd, at that time we conversed without suspect together.

Phyl. And am I not so still? why do you flie from me thus?

Myr. The cause I shall tell you, since you are of so short memory, by which you shall know how just my anger is: What have I done to be thus miserable?

Phyl. When I was tending of my Flocks, under the Shade of yonder Myrtle, when my Maid cry'd out for help, because a Bee had stung her in the Face; you heard me pitying her, closing my Lips to the place affected: But you uncivilly turning courtisie to your vile purposes, cry'd out you were stung too; nay, and that your Lips had received a wound from the same sharp point, prayed me to lend my help to you; which when I did, nothing mistrustful, but you with your ungentle Hands, held me fast, and instead of thanks, gave me a Lustful Kiss; can you remember this, and not blush?

Myr. Excuse the heat of my Desires; alas! I feel the sting still, but dare not ask the cure, nor did it then do you any hurt; but since you think it was a fault, I do repent it, and am sorry I did offend you so.

Phyl. Well, Shepherd; look you never see me more, I cannot love at all, or if at all, not you; and therefore let this settle your thoughts.

Myr. Oh! this distracts me more, but since my presence, is offensive to you, I must obey; yet when I am Dead, the Martyr of your Beauty, if I thought you would shed one poor Tear on my untimely Grave, and say that I was unfortunate to Love where I might not be Lov'd again; my Ashes would find rest: And so farewell the Fairest, yet the Cruellest Shepherdess alive.

The French Dancing-Master discouraging with his Scholar Giovanni.

Gio. **G**OOD day to you, Mounſieur.
Moun. *Serviteur.*

Gio. Do you hear, Mounſieur, I come with an intention to learn to Dance.

Moun. You command my Service, please you begin; that you may ſee your profit allies, — *hab.*

Gio. Have you no other Dancing for the Winter; a man may freez and walk thus?

Moun. It be all your Grace, Mounſieur, your Dance be Horſe-play, begar for de Stable, not de Chamber; your ground paſſage never hurt de back, Mounſieur, nor trouble de legge much, plat ill you learn Mounſieur.

Gio. For mirth ſake, as you Love me.

Moun. Begar, I teach you preſently; Dance with al de Grace of de Body for your good and my profit.

Gio. Well, let me obſerve your Method.

Moun. 'Tis but diſ in beginning, one, two, tree, four, five, the Cenque pace; alley Mounſieur, ſtand upright and begar,

Gio. Am I now in the right Poſture?

Moun. My Brother, Sir, know very well for de little Kit de Fiddle, and me for de Paſture of de Body, begar de King has no two ſuch Subjeſts; dere be one foot, two foot, have you tree foot; begar you have more den I have den.

Gio. Come Mounſieur, let's begin again.

Moun. One, two, you go too faſt, you be at Dover, begar, and me be at Greenwiſh, tree — toder leg, piſhaw Mounſieur.

Gio. Come let's try it o're again.

Moun. Very weel, an do be ſhirvy, you run trot, trot, trot piſhaw, follow me, Fout Madam, can you nortell ſo oifen learning? Madame you foot it now excellent, betre den excellent, you be laughed when come to de Ball. I teach tree hundred never forgot ſo much, me ſweat, taking paine, and ſidling par me foy Aller, aller, look up your Countenance, your Engliſh man ſpoile you, he no teach you look up, piſhaw, carry your body in de Swimming faſhion, ſo fir beon, excellent begar.

Gio. Come

Gio. Come, now, a Country Dance, if the company be numerous enough, we must be at a Ball to night.

Moun. *Where is de Ball dis night?*

Gio. At Mr. — S. House in Covent-Garden.

Moun. O he Dance finely begar, he deserre de Ball of de Varle ; fine, fine, Zhenitman, your oder men dance lop lop, with the lame Leg, as dey want crushes begare, and look for Argent in de ground, pisbarw.

Gio. Now Sir, I take my leave, and you'l be gone too ; *Mounfieur*, will you not ?

Moun. Yes, I have more, Sir my Scholars, me put up my Instrument.

Gio. Is that the way on't ?

Moun. *Ala mode du France*, fit fill. *Adieu*, votre *Serviteur* ; adue, *Mounfieur*.

Love Accepted.

Hercole. Julia.

Jul. NOble Sir, You need not to heap any more protestations, I do believe you Love me.

Her. Do you believe that I Love you, and will not accept it ?

Jul. Yes, I do accept it also ; But Sir, without a stain to Virgin-modesty, I can accept your Love, but pardon me, for I must tell you Sir, it is beyond my power to grant your Suit.

Her. Oh Lady ! you do too much subject a natural Gift, and make your self beholding for that which is your own, the Sun has not more right to his own Beams, neither is the Sea more Lord of his own Waves, then you of your Affection.

Jul. Alas, Sir ! What is it to own a passion without the least power to direct it ? for I move not by a motion which I can call my own ; but in obedience to a Father, who will not give me freedom to place my affection on you, so that you do but lose your Labour, and endear me without merit.

Her. Oh stay, sweet Lady ! leave me not to struggle alone ; with so great an affliction ; O speak something that may be more comfortable ! these words destroy me.

Jul. Sir,

Ful. Sir, I must not be a disobedient Daughter, a Fathers Hests are Sacred.

Her. Alas, sweet Lady! they have no power in Love, for it is but Tyranny and plain usurpation to command the mind against its own election. I am vow'd yours for ever, do not send me away shipwrackt in the Harbour, say only that you can Love me, and I will wait an Age.

Ful. Conclude a peace Sir, with your passion, I am very sorry Love hath been so unkind to you, as to point at me, who am forbidden to think of Love.

Her. But I cannot desist, alas! I am in Love with every thing you say, this very denial as it comes from you, bids me still love you, therefore pardon me Fairest, your Servant who hath no power to rule himself; yet be you less fair and virtuous, perhaps I may then abase my Service.

The Mountebanck discoursing with his Patient.

Amoros. *Glisterpipe.*

Amor. **S**IR, is your name Mr. *Glisterpipe*, the famous Doctor.

Gl. Sir, they call me the very same.

Am. Do you know me?

Gl. Your Pardon, Sir, not very well.

Am. I am the Lord of many Castles. subjected only to Love.

Gl. Sir, your great sublimity doth illustrate this habitation, is there any thing whereby I may expresse my Service? if there be any thing within the Circumference of the Sciences, Medicinal or Mathematical, which may have acceptance with your celsitude, it shall devolve it.

Am. Devolve it self, that word is not in my Table-book; but what are all these Trinkets?

Gl. Take heed I beseech you, they are dangerous, this is the Devils Girdle.

Am. A pox of the Devil, what have I to do with him?

Gl. Sir, 'tis a Circle of Conjuratation, fortified round about with Sacred Characters, against the powers of Infernal Spirits.

Am. 'Tis very likely.

Gl. But will you see the Divel, Sir?

Am. How? the Divel; truly, not at this time, I durst see any thing but the Divel; but as I told you before, I am come hither my self, hearing of your fame, for a small fragment of your art; Have you any thing to procure Love?

Gl. Yes, Sir, all the degrees of it, 'tis ordinary.

Am. I do not care to have it too strong, for the Lady whom I intend it for, is pretty well taken already. An easie working thing will do it.

Gl. Then Sir, take this; here's a rare Powder, whose ingredients were all fetch'd from *Arabia* the Happy. It is of the sublimation of the Phœnix Ashes, when she last burnt her self. Put two or three scruples into a Cup of Wine, it will fetch up her Heart, Sir, that she will not be able to keep it from running out of her Mouth to you.

Am. Let me have it, Sir, I shall be willing to part with any Gold for it.

Gl. Sir, your bounty has purchased it; minister it to whom you please, you will soon find the operation.

A Doctors advice to a Country Maid about her Maiden-Head.

Peg. **M**Aster Doctor, I have got an opportunity by going to Market to come to you, but I cannot stay, I have brought you my Water, pray sweet Mr. Doctor, tell me, I fear I have lost —

Gl. What have you lost?

Peg. My Maiden-head, Sir: Can you tell by my Water?

Gl. Dost not thou know that thy self?

Peg. Truly, Sir, I do somewhat doubt my self; for this Morning when I rose, I found a pair of Breeches upon my Bed, and I have a great suspicion ever since; 'tis an evil Sign they say, and one does not know what may be in these Breeches sometimes; sweet Mr. Doctor, am I a Maid still or no? I would be sorry to lose my Maiden-head e're I were aware, I fear I shall never be honest after it.

Gl. Let me see *Urina Meratrix*; the colour Strumpet, but the

the contents deceive not, your Maiden-head is gone.

Peg. And is there no hope to find it again?

Gl. You are not every body. By my Art, as in other things that have been stoln, he that hath stoln your Maiden-head, shall bring it again.

Peg. Thank you sweet Mr. Doctor, I am in your Debt for this good news.

The Discreet Lover.

Pamphilio. Cypria.

Pam. **L**ady, if you think me not too unworthy to expect a Favour from you, I shall be ambitious as a Servant to call you Mistress, till the happyer Title of a Wife crown our desires.

Cyp. I must confess you have won much upon me, but there are two words to a Bargain, y'are a Gentleman, and I am confident would not be wanting in your endeavours.

Pam. As far as a poor life could venture to do you service.

Cyp. That's far enough, I make not any exception to your person.

Pam. I hope I have Body enough to please a Lady.

Cyp. But to your fortune.

Pam. Although I hold no comparison with yours, it keeps me like a Gentleman.

Cyp. Yet I have a kind of a scruple.

Pam. You honour me in that, for there is hope if I can take that away, you may be mine.

Cyp. Can you put me in any security that you have been honest,

Pam. How do you mean honest?

Cyp. Have you been honest of your Body? Gentle men out of the Wars live lazy, and feed high, drink rich Canary, and may do strange things, when the Wine hath wash'd away discretion.

Pam. What is your meaning, Lady?

Cyp. I do not urge you for the time to come, if you have been honest hitherto; if you will take your own Oath to avoid trouble, I'll be satisfied.

Pam. Honest of my Body !

Cyp. Yes Sir, it concerns me to be careful of my Health, yet if you can clear your Body by an Oath, I'll marry none but you.

Pam. What is the reason why you use me thus ?

Cyp. I wonder you will ask, do you think I do not hear how desperate some are, what a deal of Physick they take, what pains they endure ?

Pam. This is a Tale of a Tub.

Cyp. Sir, I shall not Marry without a Shirt, to shew the complexion of your Body ; swear you are honest, and I am your Wife when you please; till then farewell, Sir.

The Country-Bumkin, between Dick and Jone.

Dic. *Jone* my pretty Chickin, how dost do ? how fares thy Body, didst not think me almost lost ?

Jo. I gave you for dead in good faith, and was in the humour to Marry another man.

Di. Why ? sure thou wert not, thou dost but jest I know.

Jo. Truly I was, nor could you blame me for it, if I had ; is it not a torture think you for a Woman to stay Seven Years without a Husbands company ?

Di. Me thinks my brows begin to bud *Aleon*-like already, they are very knotty, I pray God thou hast not grafted something there, I begin to suspect it shrewdly, by divers signes and tokens ; how comes your Belly so high, Wife ?

Jo. 'Tis nothing but a Timpany, which I am sometimes troubled with.

Di. I do believe thee, how long is it since you perceiv'd it to grow upon you ?

Jo. About two Months since, the Doctors tell me I shall be very free of it speedily.

Di. He is a Fool, I am a better Doctor than he, thou shalt go with this 14 Weeks or thereabouts ; come you are a Whore, and have abused my honest Bed, I'll have thee before the Justice to be punish'd for thy offence.

Jo. Spare me prethee gentle *Dick*, and hearken to my Counsel a little, since thou art a Cuckold, (as I do not deny

ny it) chuse whether thou wilt wear thy Horrs on thy Fore-head, and so all men may see them, or put them into thy Pocket, and no man see them; I leave it to thy own discretion.

Di. Why? then I am a Cuckold, it seems.

Jo. I cannot say against it truly, and speak the truth, if I should, this mark of my Fortune here deeply stamp'd would bewray me, be not so foolish now as *Vulcan* was, to make a Proclamation of thy forked order.

Di. Did *Vulcan* do so?

Jo. Yes, but afterward he repented it, for he Forg'd an artificial Net, with which he got his Wife *Venus* and *Mars* a Bed together in Carnal Copulation, then call'd all the Gods and Goddesses to be spectatours of his own shame.

Di. But when they saw it, what said they?

Jo. They commended *Mars*, but condemned *Vulcan*, for being the publisher of his own shame.

Di. But 'twas a shame for *Mars* to be caught so.

Jo. The gods wish'd every one of them, if that were shame, to be sham'd after that manner.

Di. But how did *Venus* take this?

Jo. In scorn of the *Smith*, and revenge of this trick, hath made his Head as hard as Anvil.

Di. Thou hast devis'd a pretty story in thy own defence; is it best to follow thy Counsel; and say nothing, or stir this bad thing, and make it stink the more?

Jo. You may do what you please, but I have told you the best course.

Di. Let it be so then, I have Travell'd well I trow, and to good purpose, at my return, to Father a Child, of which I do not beget so much as the least Finger, or the least Toe; if this be the Fruits of Travelling, God keep it from me hence forward, and all good folks besides. Come *Jone*, we are all Friends, do so no more, all is forgotten.

Jo. 'Tis if you stay at home and keep me warm, but if you leave me, then have at your Head.

Virginity overvalued.

Sigismund. Cornelia.

Sig. AND why not me, Lady? stand not I as fair, and as fit for your Embraces as any man?

Cor. Yes, Sir, 'tis granted, and as acceptable, I yield to none.

Sig. 'Tis but to try my Courtship, I presume, that you are thus coy, and to draw a more ample testimony of my affection, by Protestation, Prayers, and Complements, which are the weakest Ceremonies due to Love, meer noise, and Lip labour, with the loss of time. I am above the common art of *Humourists*, that cringe and creep by the weak degrees of Love, to kiss the Hand, or the Cheek, or the Lip, or the Eye, and then to cry, Oh divine touch! then to mizzle in the *Elysium* of her bosome, and be entranc'd; my desire speaks in Lovers fire, raging in my Eyes, which were enough to melt to yieldingness, the most frozen breast: Me thinks I find you yielding.

Cor. And I my self to blame.

Sig. Let us retire then.

Cor. Mistake me not, good Sir, pray keep your distance, I blame my self for shewing the signs of any immodesty in me, that should embolden me to yours, and my dishonour. Therefore pray disist, and let the friendly welcome you have found perswade your fair construction.

Sig. Is this earnest?

Cor. Yes, in truth it is.

Sig. I must be plainer then, what make you here in the Smock-fair, what mean these Dressings, these Perfumes? do you wear these gay Habits, and by them call Gazers to your Beauty, to delude them, and make some witnesses of a cold seeming Chastity? what new art is this? is it not to get a Husband?

Cor. Nor a Child neither, Sir, that's less.

Sig. That's soon believed, yet no disparagement to your experienc'd sufficiency in the Trade, for always the best *Carpenters* make the fewest Chips, there are very few of all your Function Fruitful. Yet there be some famous men in Arms, and ap-

approved in publick Service, and there's many a good Handy-crafts man, which are bred by the bounty of the City, as ne're could boast of their Fathers, and as many Daughters (if they prove worthy in their feature) do succeed their active Mothers in their Fortunes.

Cor. You are better Read then I, Sir.

Sig. 'Tis very common knowledge, Lady: Neither do I read this to inform your self, who were instructed, I make no doubt before your price was set, to your present practice by all examples.

Cor. Sir, I must tell you, that you now grow too lavish, so that I am afraid of foul Language; for the avoiding of which, I must intreat a fair departure hence.

Sig. Lady, this great over-acted State might well fit the Wife of a *Clarissima*, or the bashful Daughter of a Senator, but it appears in you a piece set out to Sale, an affected singularity.

Cor. Why should it trouble you, Sir?

Sig. It does, to think what new and secret aim you may intend by this, in taking on you the habit of loose Women, and then to set a price beyond the strength of any ordinary means: Surely you clap a Lord at least aboard, it is not a Laimans Purse, nor Learning that can purchase or confute you.

Cor. Now you ar foul indeed, and I must plead my privilege against you, Sir. You know you have a freedome grounded upon custom here in the City, to make choice of my Lodging, to admit what Visitants I please; yet I suppose, the least abuse on my just complaint may be punishable in whomsoever give the affront.

Sig. Sure you'l prove another creature, then the thing I took you for.

Cor. Yet thus much, for I acknowledge you a Gentleman, if in a Months space I be not promoted in the Honour'd way of Marriage, and by that time the great Heir be not tendred to my Virginity, then if I stoop for less; then here's my hand, I will be yours at your own price, as freely as mine own.

Sig. Most Nobly said, only one word by way of Friendly advice, and so farewell. This Maiden-head of yours, is too highly priz'd by you,

Resolute resistance.

Gulielmo, Mariana.

Guliel. **W**Hat shall I say, do but consent dear Lady to be mine, and you shall taste more happiness then the fiercest ambition of a Woman can pursue: Thou shalt shift more delights than the warm Spring can boast variety of Leaves. Joy shall dry up all thy Tears, and be enthron'd in thy Eyes. The Night shall sow her Pleasures in thy Bosom, and the Morning shall rise only to salute thee.

Mar. Enough, and too much, Sir, truly I hoped when your importunity last forced me to a promise of another answer, I should never see you, could being a sad Prisoner in my Chamber, have prevented your access; but seeing I am betraid to this discourse, receive that which the necessity of fate compels me to.

Gul. What another answer?

Mar. Yes, but such a one as must challenge affinity with what I said before, which in brief, is this; that, not your Estate, though multiplyed to kingdoms, and those wasted with your invention, to serve my Pleasures, have the power to bribe my life away from him, to whose use I am commanded to wear it; yet be just, and seek no other to pollute the stream of my chaste thoughts; I'd rather chuse to die a poor Wife to a Beggar, than to live a Kings in a Glorious Strumpet; can you think Sir, if I should give up my freedom to your bend, and for covetousness of wealth sell Women in me, could I be impudent enough to come abroad, and not be moved to hear my shame from every Tongue? I say, do you think there is so much faith in Lust, as that she that dares be false to one she Loves, will not twine with all the World, and never blush for't? Do but think on this, and call your self home.

Gul. Lady, I have heard you, and allow the excuse, I do not urge, although perhaps your Husbands absence may plead for it, that you should be generally at my dispose, or disclaim all place and person, but what is mine; I am not so ambitious, for my desires are humble, and only beg so much favour

favour as to admit me to one Service, you know what to understand by it, and if you do not like my activity handsomely, then discharge me again.

Mar. You are worse than infection! How dare you speak this Blasphemy to Honour, or how can I hear it?

Gu. 'Tis not to be avoided, I have secur'd your Chamber, Lady.

Mar. Innocence defend me.

Gu. Now once more, and let Nature work; you say you Love your Husband, and do account his absence the misfortune that doth sit most heavy upon your Soul, and this seems to be increased by the despair of his return: Now I am so much a Servant to thy Beauty, that though he is deeply ingaged to me for divers great Sums lent, yet I shall make a general release of all, the first night that I embrace thy body; a pretty round encouragement.

Mar. What do I here!

Gu. If all Gentlemen should pay so dear for this capering, 'twould try the back of their Estates: But mark me, sum up all his debts, they swell to Thousands, and for every time thou admittest me hereafter; I'll strike off a Hundred pound, till all thy Debts be unravell'd. In the mean time thy Husband shall return, and walk the Town as free as an Alderman, and shall live and lye with thee, and thank thee for this Noble composition; what say'st thou? I find thy wisdom coming to thee, why should it be known? who would think the worse of thee? Alas good Soul! 'twas out of pure Love to her Husband, What Woman but would to save a Husbands Life and Fortune, venture a trifle? nay, they will commend thy Act, they will read the story to their Children, 'tis I shall have all the blame; but I'll endure for thy sake, and secure thy peace, and do thy Husband a courtesie, I'll run a thousand hazards: Do I now appear?

Mar. Yes, a glorious Monster.

Gu. Once more will you consent?

Mar. Never, oh never! Sir, let me tell you, you have so little prevail'd upon my Love, that I have almost forgot my Charity: You are a bad man, and I'll sooner meet a Basilisk and be one; and therefore Sir, I must beseech you never to see me again, never, Sir; for your company is tedious, and every minute that you stay here is fatal.

The

The Old Widow.

A. **H**OW now, what so close about the Widow, and alone too?

B. Troth 'tis not my Suit: For this thing, whose Prayer hath been these Ten Years, that she may obtain the second Tooth, and the third Hair, dotes on me, on me that refuse all that are past Sixteen.

A. Why faith, this was her Suit to me too, just now.

B. I had the first on't then; but a Coachman, or a Groom, were much fitter for her.

A. You honour her too much to think she deserves a thing that can lust moderately, give her the Sorrel Stallion, in my Lords long Stable.

B. Or the same coloured Brother, which is worse.

W. Why Gentlemen?

A. Foh, foh, she hath let fly.

W. Do you think I have no more manners then so?

B. Nay faith, I can excuse her for that; but I confess she spoke, which is all one.

A. Her breath would rout an Army sooner then that of a Cannon.

B. It would lay a Devil sooner than all Trithemius his Charms.

A. Hark how it blusters in her Nostrils, like a wind in a foul Chimney.

W. Out you base Companions, you stinking Swabbers.

B. For her gate, that's such, as if her Nose did strive to out-run her Heels.

A. She's just Six Yards behind when that appears, it saves an Usher, Madam.

W. You are most foul-mouth'd Knaves, to use a Woman thus.

A. Your Plaister'd Mouth doth drop against foul weather.

B. Eyc how you writh it, now it looks just like a ruffled-Boot.

A. Or an Oyl'd paper Lanthorn.

B. Her

B. Her Nose the Candle in the midst of it.

A. How bright it Flames ! Put out your Nose good Lady, you burn Daylight.

W. Come up you Lousie Raskals.

A. Not upon you for a Kingdom, good *Jone*. The great *Turk Jone* — The great *Turk*.

B. Kifs him Chuck, Kifs him Chuck, open Mouth'd and be reveng'd.

W. Hang you base cheating Varlet.

A. Don't you see *December* in her Face?

B. Sure the Surveyor of the High-ways will have to doe with her, for not keeping her countenance passable.

A. There lies a Hoar Frost on her Head, and yet a constant Thaw in her Nose.

B. She's like a piece of Fire-wood, dropping at one end, and yet burning ith' midst.

A. O that endeavouring Face ! when will your costiveness have done good, Madam.

B. Do you not hear her Guts already squeak like Kit-strings ?

A. They must come to that within this two or three Years, by that time she'l be true perfect Cat. They practise beforehand.

W. I can endure no longer, though I should throw off my Woman-hood.

A. No need, that's done already, nothing left thee that may style thee Woman, but Lust and Tongue, no Flesh but what the Vices of the Sex exact to keep them in heart.

A. Thou art so lean and out of case, that it were very absurd to call thee Devil-incarnate.

A. Thou art a dry Devil, troubled with the lust of that thou hast not, Flesh.

W. Rogue, Rascal, Villain, I'll shew your cheating tricks I faith, all shall be now laid open ; have I suffered you thus long received in my House, and never took one peny Rent, for this ? I'll have it all by this good Blessed light, I will.

B. You may if you please undo your self, I will not strive to hinder you, but there is something contriving for you which perhaps may be yet brought about, a Match or so, a proper Fellow, 'tis a trifle that, a thing I know you care not for ; Have I plotted to Match you in good sort, and am I used so ? As for the Rent you ask for, here take it, take your Money ; perhaps you had better ne're have taken it, it may stop some proceedings.

W. Alas

W. Alas! you know you may have the heart out of my Belly as they say, if you will take the pains to reach it out; I am sometimes peevish, I confess: Here take your Mony.

A. No.

W. Good Sir.

A. No, keep it, and hoard it up for my Purse is no safe place for it.

W. Let me request you to take it.

A. Alas, 'twill only trouble me, I can as well go light, as be your Treasurer.

W. Good——speak to him to take it.

B. Come, be once over-ruled by a Woman; Come, you shall take it.

W. Nay, faith you shall; Here put it up good Sir.

A. Well, upon intreaty, I am content for once, but make no custom of it; you do presume upon my easie foolishness, 'tis that you make so bold: But mark me, if e're I find you in this mood again, I'll dash your hopes of Marriage for ever.

Kindness Contemned.

Olivero. *Constanza.*

Ol. **T**Hou art a brave Wench.

Con. You are grown bold of late.

Ol. I think so, gramercy Sack, come Kiss me, wilt thou be a Lady?

Con. I have no great ambition.

Ol. I'll buy thee a Parrot to morrow, and a Monkey: Here, take this Ring.

Con. Pray keep it, and let me tell you my mind, Sir.

Ol. And I'll tell thee mine: that's one for another.

Con. Briefly then.

Ol. Be as brief as you please, I can be as brief as you, and tedious too, I know thou lovest me Sirra; dost thou think I am such a fearful coxcomb as I make my self, no I know when to be a Lion, and when to be a Hare: But prethee tell me plainly, when shall we Matrimony it, thou dost't upon my good parts I know; come speak to me, prethee be not bashful,

Con. I

Con. I fear you will not understand me.

Ol. Speak no strange Language, and I warrant, I know Greek and Latin; I have learnt my *Accidence*.

Con. Then know I do not Love you, Sir.

Ol. You do not love me, Sir, then I have lost my Labour.

Con. I make no question but it will appear so, I could be of the humour of some Mistresses, by some slight favours to encourage you to accept your Gifts, and extol your Wit, or invent new wayes to melt your Gold, besides the Exchange and Petty-comt Embroyderies.

Con. Thou shalt have Smock Embroyderies; nay, thy very Skin shall be Embroyder'd.

Con. Yes, and have every day some progress for your Coach, and tire you worse than your Flanders Mares, and then laugh at you; but I am honest, and will deserve your noble Character; I tell you that I must express the truth, I cannot Love you, therefore, pray leave off in time: I cannot Love you, and let that satisfy you.

Ol. This satisfy! why this is even as good as nothing.

Con. It is all that I can promise you.

Ol. Though you cannot Love me, it shall be for your advantage to Marry me.

Con. By no means.

Ol. What, not Marry me neither? Then be no Lady, that's the first thing I pronounce. Secondly, I am resolved your Mother shall understand it, by these Hints.

Con. I would advise you rather to be silent, and to take your leave like a good Christian Lover: So Adieu.

The Fantastick Scholar.

Will.

Rebecca.

Will. Fairest of things — Translucent Creature —
hang me if I know what's next.

Reb. This meant to me?

Will. Fairest of all things — Translucent Creature — rather
obscur'd Deity — 'tis gone again: Lady, will you eat a piece
of Ginger-bread?

Reb. You might have better manners than to scoff one of
my Breeding.

Will. Hark,

Will. Hearn, indeed I love you.

Reb. Alas!

Will. I vow I burn in Love as doth a penny Faggot.

Reb. Heigh ho!

Will. And I shall blaze out fir-reverence, if you do not quench me.

Reb. Indeed now.

Will. Though I say't that should not say't, I am affected toward you strangely.

Reb. Now who would have thought it?

Will. There's a thing each night, that cries Matrimony, Matrimony, *Will.*

Reb. God forbid.

Will. It is some Spirit that would joyn us.

Reb. Goodly, goodly.

Will. Then do I shake all over.

Reb. Dith it so?

Will. Then shake again.

Reb. I pray you now.

Will. Then cry, Fairest of things ——— Translucent Creature, rather obscured Deity, Sweet Mistress, *Rebecca*, I come, I come.

Reb. Alas! I pity you truly.

Will. Now as my Father saith, I would I were a Cowcumber, if I know what to do. Fairest of things, ——— 'tis one Translucent Creature — 'tis ———

Reb. Ay, that is one.

Will. That would willingly run out of doors if he had Law enough.

Reb. I say ———

Will. Nay be not afraid, here's none shall do you harm, know then Translucent Creature, I am whole your *William*. Lack wit, you Servants Servant.

Reb. Methinks you contradict your self, How can you be wholly mine, and yet my Servants Servant?

Will. I do but complement, in that I see down right's the best way here: If thou canst love, I can love too; Law you there now, I am Rich.

Reb. I use not to look after Riches, 'tis the Person I aim at.

Will. That's me, I am Proper, Handsome, Fair, Cleanlimb'd, I am Rich.

Reb. I must have one that can direct and guid me, a Guardian, rather than a Husband, for I am Foolish yet.

Will.

Will. Now see the luck on't Lady ; so am I too ifaith.

Reb. And who e're hath me, will find me to be one of those things which his care must first reform.

Will. Do not doubt that, I have a head for Reformation : This noddle here shall do it. I am Rich.

Reb. Riches create no Love ; I fear you mean to take me for formality only, as some stay'd piece of Mouthould-stuff, fit to be seen, perhaps among other Ornaments ; or, at the best, I shall be counted but a name of dignity, not entertain'd for Love, but State ; one of your train, a thing took, to wipe off suspicion from some person fairer, to whom you have vow'd homage.

Will. Do not think I have any plots or projects in my head, I will do any thing for thee, that thou canst name or think on.

Reb. I doubt you'l flinch.

Will. By my Virginity, which is as good as yours, I am sure ; by my Virginity, if that we men have any such thing, I do believe I will not flinch. Alas ! you don't know *Richard*.

Reb. Can I obtain so much respite from your other Sovereign Service, as to keep your eye from gazing on her for a while.

Will. If I do look on any Woman, nay, if I cast a Sheeps eye upon any but your sweet self, may I lose one of mine : marry I'll keep the other howsoever.

Reb. I know not how I may believe you, you will swear you never cast a glance upon any ; when your eye hath baited at each face from me.

Will. Blind me good-now, being you mistrust ; I will be blinded with this Hankerchief, you shall see that I love you now, So, now let me have a reasonable thing to lead the way home ; I care not though it be a Dog, so he knows the way, and can enquire it out.

Reb. I'll have a care of that, Sir.

Will. I doubt not but I shall be in the Chronicle for this, or in a Ballad else. This Hankirchief shall be hung up in the Parish-Church, instead of a great Silken Flag to fan my Grave with my Arms in it. So for the present farewell dear Paragon of Beauty. I cannot now see to thank thee, my dear Mistress *Rebeccah*.

The

The Widows complaint.

Doll. Furioso.

Doll. NOW help me, good Heavens ! it is such an uncouth thing to be a Widow out of Term-time, I do feel such Aguish-qualms and Dumps, and Fits, and Shakings still an end ; I lately was a Wife I do confess, but yet I had no Husband ; he alas was dead to me, even when he liv'd unto the World ; I was a Widow while he had breath, his death only made others know so much.

Fur. Why so Melancholy, Sweet ?

Doll. How could I chuse, since thou wert not here ; I hope the time is come, that thou wilt be as good as thy word to me.

Fur. Nay, hang me if I e're recant : You'l take me both wind and limb at a venture, will you not ?

Doll. Ay good Chuck, every inch of thee, she were no true Woman that would not.

Fur. I must tell you one thing though, and yet I am loath.

Doll. I am thy Rib, thou must keep nothing from thy Rib, good Chuck, thy Yoke-fellow must know all thy Secrets.

Fur. Why, I'll tell thee, Sweet ; I have nothing.

Doll. Heaven defend !

Fur. 'Tis true.

Doll. Now God forbid ; and would you offer to undo a Widow woman so ? I had as live the old Vintner were alive again.

Fur. Nay, I was not born without it, I confess, but lying in *Turkie* for intelligence, the Great *Turk* being somewhat suspicious of me, lest I might intice some of the Seraglio, gave command that I should be forthwith curb'd.

Doll. 'Twas a Heathenish deed, there's none but an Infidel could have had the heart to have done it.

Fur. Now you know the worst that you must trust to ; Come let's to Church ; besides, there is another thing which doth something trouble me. E're now, I have had a spice of the Pox or so too.

Doll. I do not ask thee about these Diseases ; my question is, if thou hast all thy parts ?

Fur. Faith

Fur. Faith you will not be answered, I have lost a joynt or two ; for there are few Souldiers come off whole , unless it be the General, and some few Sneaks.

Dol. I, but my meaning is , whether that something is not wanting that should write thee Husband.

Fur. Ne're fear that, Wench, for all my talk ; but I am jealous lest the memory of your Husband should extinguish all flames that tend to kindling of any Love fire.

Dol. I do confess, I do bear him in memory , but when I remember what your promise was when he lay sick , it takes something from the bitterness of my sorrows : I tell thee, Woman was not made to be alone.

Fur. Tender things at seventeen may use that plea , but you are arriv'd at Matron, I suppose these young sparks are rak'd up in Sager embers.

Dol. Nay, do not abuse her that must be your Wife, you might have pity, and not come with your nick-names : Have I deserv'd this ?

Fur. If you once hold merits, I have done ; I am glad I know of what Religion you are.

Dol. What's my Religion ? 'tis well known there hath been no Religion in my House e're since my Husband dy'd. Yet if you can leave me, I can leave you ; there are other men enough that won't refuse a Fortune when 'tis proffered.

Fur. Well, I must be gone ; think on't, and so farewell.

*Thine to the end, that is, perhaps
a Month or two.*

The Departure.

Consalvo. Amarantha.

Ama. Must you needs go ?

Gon. Or else stay with dishonour.

Ama. Are there not men enough to fight ?

Gon. Eye, *Amarantha*, this ill becomes the Noble Love you bear me, Would you have your Love a Coward ?

Ama. No believe me, Sir, I would have him Fight, but not so far off from me.

F

Gon. Would it

Gon. Would'st have it thus, or thus?

Ama. If thou be fighting ———

Gon. You wanton Fool, when I come home again, I'll fight with thee at thine now Weapon, and conquer thee too.

Ama. That you have done already, you need no other Arms to me but these, Sir; but will you fight your self?

Gon. Thus deep in Blood Wench, and through the thickest ranks of Pikes.

Ama. Spur bravely your fiery Courser, and beat Troops before you, and cram the Mouth of the Earth with Executions.

Gon. I would do more then these; but prethee tell me, tell me Fairest, where got'st thou this Male-spirit? I wonder at thy mind.

Ama. Were I man, then you would wonder more.

Gon. Sure thou would'st prove a Souldier, and some great Commander.

Ama. Sure I should do something, and the first thing I did, I should grow extreemly envious of your Youth and honour.

Gon. And fight against me?

Ama. Ten to one I should do it.

Gon. Thou wouldest not hurt me.

Ama. In this mind I am in, I think I should be hardly brought to strike you, unless 'twere with a Kiss — but how long wilt thou be away?

Gon. I know not.

Ama. I know you are angry, now pray look upon me, I will ask no more such Questions.

Gon. The Drums beat, I can stay no longer.

Ama. They do but call yet; how fain you would leave my company.

Gon. I would not, unless a greater power than life command, which is my Honour.

Ama. But a little.

Gon. Prethee farewell, and be not doubtful of me.

Ama. I would not have you hurt, and you are so venturous; Fight Nobly, but do not thrust this Body which is none of yours, 'tis mine own; do not seek Wounds, for every drop of Blood you bleed ———

Gon. I will be careful.

Ama. Drops from my Heart, that Loves you dearly.

Gon. Prethee no more, we must part: Hark, they March now.

Ama. Pox

Ann. Pox o' these bauling Drums, I am sure you'l Kifs but one Kifs, What a parting is this?

Gen. Here take me, and do what thou wilt with me, smother me, but still remember that your fooling with me, do not make me forget my Trust.

Ann. I have done, Farewel, Sir, never look back, you shall not stay a Minute.

Gen. I must have one farewel more.

Ann. This look only: The gods preserve and save you.

WITS INTERPRETER:

OR A

LABYRINTH

OF

FANCIES.

M	Arried,	whereto?	to distaste.
	Bedded,	where?	where all grief is plac't.
	Cloathed,	how?	with womans shame.
	Branded,	how?	with loss of name.

*How wretched is that man that is disgrac'd
with loss of name, shame, grief, and all distaste?*

Imprisoned,	how?	to womans will.
Engag'd,	to what?	to what is ill.
Restrain'd,	by whom?	by jealous fear.
Enthrall'd,	to whom?	to a suspicious ear.

*How hapless is that wretch that must fulfil
A false, suspicious, jealous, woman's will ?*

Taxed !	for what ?	for modest mirth.
Exposed !	how ?	a stage on earth.
Surpris'd !	with what ?	with discontent.
Professing !	what ?	now to turn penitent.

*How can that man forlorn take joy on earth,
Where discontent and penance is his mirth ?*

Threatn'd !	how ?	as ne're was no man.
Fool'd !	by whom ?	by a foolish Woman.
Enslav'd !	to what ?	to causeless spleen.
Affrighted !	when ?	when as I dream.

*Th' infernal Prince cannot more Furies summon,
Than lodge in such a spleenful, spiteful Woman.*

Cheer'd most !	when ?	when least at home.
Planted !	where ?	in th' torrid Zone.
Chaf'd !	how ?	with Oyl of Tongue.
Hardn'd !	how ?	by suffering wrong.

*How wretched is his fate that is become
Contented most, when he is least at home ?*

Tormented most !	when ?	when she is near.
Usher'd !	how ?	with endless fear.
Sheilded !	when ?	when I do flye.
Cur'd !	with what ?	with hope to die.

*How careless doth that care to sense appear,
Whose hope is death, whose life is endless fear ?*

Her Face,	her Tongue,	her Wit,
So fair,	so smooth,	so sharp,
First bent,	then drew,	then hit,
My eye,	my ear,	my heart.
My Eye,	my Ear,	my Heart,
To like,	to learn,	to love,

Your Face ,	your Tongue ,	your Wit ,
Doth teach ,	doth lead ,	doth move .

Her Face ,	her Tongue ,	her Wit ,
With beams ,	with sound ,	with art ,
Doth blind ,	doth charm ,	doth rule
My eye ,	my ear ,	my heart .

My Eye ,	my Ear ,	my Heart ,
With life ,	with hope ,	with skill ,
Your face ,	your tongue ,	your wit ,
Doth feed ,	doth feast ,	doth fill .

O Face !	O Tongue !	O Wit !
With frowns ,	with checks ,	with smart ,
Wrong not ,	vex not ,	wound not
My eye ,	my ear ,	my heart .

This Eye ,	this Ear ,	this Heart ,
Shall joy ,	shall bend ,	shall swear ,
Your face ,	your tongue ,	your wit ,
To serve ,	to trust ,	to fear .

Fain would I bend the Bow, wherein to shoot I sue ,
 The Wood is strange ; no Wood, and yet a Bow of Yeu :
 This Bow must have a string, this string must have a shaft ,
 This shaft must have a nock, and then my Lady laught.
 My Lady laught, at what I pray? although the nock were
 narrow ;
 The string was strong, the Bow well bent , nought wanting but
 the Arrow .
 The nock for streightness hindred not , full ready stood the
 Arrow ;
 The Bow lack'd bending , else this shaft had pierced to the
 Marrow .

*Who takes a friend, and trusts him not ,
 Who hopes for good, and hath it not ,
 Who hath a Gem, and keeps it not ,
 Who keeps a joy, yet loves it not .
 The first wants wit, the second will ,
 Careless the third, the fourth does ill .*

The luck,
That some,
Do wish,
Doth hit,
By force,
Too soon,

the life,
that more,
doth seek,
doth hold,
by fear,
too long,

the love,
that all,
do prove,
doth fall,
by fate,
too late:

Too soon,
I find,
The stay,
Of luck,
Whereto,
I live,

too long,
I feel,
the strife,
of life,
wherein,
I pine.

to late
I prove,
the fate
of love,
whereby,
I die.

I live,
By truth,
To shew,
The force,
Of luck.

I pine,
by time,
to know,
the fear,
of life,

I die
by toil,
to try
the foil
of love.

*This lingring life, I like it not,
Tet like when as I love it not,
And love although I labour not,
To learn such cunning skilleth not.*

*I love in hope, yet have I not,
And have that which I hoped not,
To hope for hap is hurteth not,
Tet hurt by having would I not.*

*When fancy smiles I mind her not,
Tet mind her, but I trust her not,
Tet trusting though I try her not,
Her friendship yet deny I not.*

*If fortune frown, then care I not,
Care cures her self I doubt it not,
Doubt breeds distress, who knows it not,
Tet there's redress I fear it not.*

*I live in pain, yet faint I not,
I faint for fear, yet end I not,
To end my life refuse I not,
But as for Love, I mean it not.*

A strange conceit, Content and yet not pleas'd,
My heart is grieved, and my fancy eas'd.
I willing, yield against my will, consent,
And pleas'd by force, though never worse content.
Sith so it is, Come death, shall be my Song;
I live in hate, where love hath done me wrong.

$\left. \begin{array}{c} \textit{Amore} \\ \textit{More} \\ \textit{Ore} \\ \textit{Re} \end{array} \right\} \text{diligit}$
 $\left. \begin{array}{c} \textit{Amicus} \\ \textit{Mundanus} \\ \textit{Hypocrita} \\ \textit{fidus.} \end{array} \right\}$

Since farewell, and welfare, come both to an end,
Then farewell sweet Lady; and farewell my Friend,
As fair if fairer much, if well by me,
So well is better Maid, when well stands by.
My Lady's well, and I well know she's fair,
Then if you wish welfare, I know where you are.

*Thus fair words, and well-meaning, in friendship well,
So I that wish welfare, bid also farewell.*

In a fair Morn, O fairest Morn! was ever Morn so fair?
There shone a Sun, yet not the Sun that shineth in the Air:
For of the Earth, and from the Earth, yet not an earthly
Creature,
Did come this Face, oh never Face that carried such a feature!
Now on a Hill, O blessed Hill! was never Hill so bless'd?
There stood a Man, was never Man for Woman so distress'd?
This Man had hap, O happy Man! most happy Man was he;
For he had hap, to see the hap, that none had hap to see:
This simple Swain, and simple Swains are Men of meanest
Grace;
Had yet the Grace, oh gracious gift! to hap on such a Face.
He pity cry'd, and pity came, and pity'd for his pain;
As Dying would not let him Dye, but gave him Life again.
For Joy whereof he made such Mirth, as all the Woods did
ring,
And Pan with all his Swains came forth, to hear the Shepherd
Sing.
But such a Song, sung never was, nor will be sung again;
Of *Philliday* the Shepherds Queen, and *Corydon* the Swain.

Sweet *Phillis* is the Shepherds Queen, was never such a Queen as she?

And *Corydon* the only Swain, was ever such a Swain as he?

Sweet *Phillis* hath the fairest Face that ever did eye behold,

And *Corydon* the constant'st faith that ever had Lamb in fold.

Fair *Phillis* hath the finest wit that ever the World did breed,

And *Corydon* the truest heart that ever wore Shepherds weed.

Sweet *Phillis*, the only sweet that ever the earth did yield,

And *Corydon* the kindest Swain that ever did keep the Field.

Sweet *Philomel* is *Phillis* Bird, yet *Corydon* is he that taught her,

And *Corydon* doth hear her sing, though *Phyllida* be she that taught her.

The little Lambs are *Phillis* Love, though *Corydon* be he that feeds them,

Sweet are *Phillis* Groves, though *Corydon* be he that feeds them.

And *Phyllida* doth walk the Meads, though *Corydon* be he that owes them,

Poor *Corydon* doth keep the field, though *Phyllida* be she that owes them.



*Since then that Phyllis is the Shepherds only Queen,
O happy Corydon, to whom so true hath Phyllis been.*


Come


Come let us Cast the Dice,
Who shall Drink,


mine is  and his 


 and  is thine

& he threw  &  that's nine


Come away 

 is fair play,

 is your throw Sir,

 they run low Sir,

 I see

 is but three.

O where is the Wine, come fill
up the Glass;

For here is the Man that hath
thrown 

Pretty

Pretty CONCEITS

How a Pear, or an Apple may be parted into many parts without breaking the Rind.

PAs a Needle and Threed under the Rind of the Apple, and then round it with divers turnings, until you come to the place where you began; then draw the Threed gently, and part the Apple into as many parts as you shall judge convenient; for after this manner the several pieces may be taken out between the parting of the Rind, and the Rind remain alwayes whole.

To tell a number thought upon, without asking a Question.

Bid him to think upon any number, and let him multiply it by what number you think convenient, and bid him add to the product, what number you please, provided that you secretly consider, that it may be divided by that by which it is multiplyed, and then divide the Sum by the Number which he first multiplyed by, and subtract from this Quotient the Number thought upon; at the same time divide apart the Number which was added by that which was multiplyed, so then your Quotient shall be equal to his remainder; thus without asking any thing, you may tell what did remain. As for example, suppose you thought upon 7, which multiplyed by 5, makes 35, to which adding 10 it makes 45, which divided by 5 yields 9, from which if you take away 1 the number thought (because the Multiplier divided by the Divisor gives the Quotient 1) the remainder will be 2, which will be proved also, if 10 the number which was added were divided by 5. viz. 2.

A Pleasant Question.

A Woman carrying Eggs to Market met with an unruly Fellow, who broke them; he being now to pay for them, the Woman could not tell how many she had, but only remembred, that counting them by two and by two, there remained one; in like manner by three and by three, by four and by four, there still remained one, and counting them by seven and by seven, there remained none?

Answer, she had 301, which being counted by three and by three

three, by four and by four, &c. there still remains one ; but by seven and by seven, there remains none.

How many Souldiers fought before Troy.

One being asked how many Souldiers came against *Troy*, answered thus : The *Grecians* made seven Fires, and before every Fire they had Fifty Spits, and every Spit had Meat enough to satisfy Nine hundred men. How many men were there? Answer, Three hundred and fifteen thousand men, which is found out by multiplying seven by fifty, and the product by nine hundred.

Of Cupid's Apples.

Cupid complained to his Mother that the Muses had taken away his Apples ; *Clio* cryed, he took away a fift part ; *Euterpe* a twelfth part ; *Ithalia*, the eight part ; *Melpomene*, the twentieth ; *Polymne* took away thirty ; *Urania* one hundred and twenty ; *Calliopa* three hundred : So that he had only fifty left him. How many had he in all ? He had in all 3360.

Thirty men are condemned to dye, whereof there are fifteen *Turks* and fifteen *Christians* ; the Magistrate hath power to save half by Lot : How shall he now save the *Christians*, and Execute the *Turks* ?

Answer. By the order of the five Vowels in this Latin Verse.

Populeam virgam mater regina tenebat.

To perform this, he is to cast away every ninth man, and to place them in this order following.

po	4	Christians
pu	5	Turks
le	2	Christians
am	1	Turk
vir	3	Christians
gam	1	Turk
ma	1	Christian
zer	2	Turks
re	2	Christians
gi	3	Turks
na	1	Christian
te	2	Turks
ne	2	Christians
bat.	1	Turk.

The *Christians* is known by this
Character, X.

The *Turk* by this, O!

Their Order, and manner of Ranking.

D XXXX OOOOO XX O XXX O X OO XX OOO X OO XX O E

Begin at D, and tell on to E, till you have gone over them all. In like manner by this Verse following, you may cast away every tenth number; suppose them wild Apples and Pears. To cast away the wild Apples by every tenth number, make use of this Verse following.

Rex	2	Pears
pa	1	Apple
phi	3	Pears
cum	5	Apples
Gen	2	Pears
te	2	Apples
bo	4	Pears
na	1	Apple
dat	1	Pear
fig	3	Apples
na	1	Pear
te	2	Apples
re	2	Pears
na	1	Apple.

Pears O. Apples I.

OO I OOO I I I I I O O I I OOOO I O I I I O I I O O I.

With three Pots of 8. 5. 3. Pints, to part 8 Pints of Wine,
into equal parts.

Pots, A. B. C.

Pints, 8. 5. 3.

Empty A into B, B into C, C into A, B into C, A into B,
B into C, A into B, B into C, so in B. (the measure of five
Pints,) there will remain four Pints. Then empty C into A,
and C will have nothing, but A also will have four Pints.

Pretty

P R E T T Y C O N C E I T S.

A Pleasant trick with a Ball.

RETAIN one small Ball in your hand, and lay other three small Balls upon the Table ; then with your right hand take up one of the three Balls, and put into your left hand , saying, There is one : Then take up the second, and put that into your left hand also, and therewith likewise put the Ball you retain'd in your right hand, saying, There is two, and yet you know there is three already, and shut your hand in the time : Then take up the third Ball in your right hand, and clap your right unto the upper part of your left arm, retaining the Ball firmly, pronounce these words, *Fuero celeriter*, come all into my hand when I bid you ; Then withdraw your right hand, (holding the palm thereof downward) saying, that's gone, then open your left hand ; and shew them all three together.

Another.

Take up one of the Balls with your right hand, and seem to put it into the left, but retain it, shutting your left hand in due time, and say, There is one : then hold your hand from you ; then with your right hand take up another ; Here I take another : Then open your left hand, saying, That is gone : Then open your right ; shewing them both together.

The secret properties of Eggs.

The round Egg set under the Hen , bringeth forth a Hen-Chicken ; the long Egg set under the Hen , bringeth a Cock-Chicken. The Egg with the Shell laid to steep in Vinegar , for the space of three dayes , doth so soften it, that a man may work the same at length like unto Wax, but being laid in water again, it returns to its former state. Also, if an Egg be painted with several Colours, and set under a Hen to hatch , the Chickens will have such Feathers as are painted upon the Eggs : And the Egg laid to steep in strong Vinegar for the space of three daies , and afterwards laid in the Sun to dry for a Month , will by degrees come to the hardness of a Stone.

*To make a Woman that she shall not eat the Meat
set upon the Table.*

To do this, take a little of the green *Basil*, and when one bringeth any Dishes of Meat unto the Table, put the same Herb secretly under one of the said Dishes of Plates, that she see it not, and as long as the Herb lieth so upon the Table, the Woman shall eat nothing of the Meat in that Dish which covers the Herb.

A neat conclusion of a Hasel Stick.

Take a Hasel Stick of a yard long, being new cut off, and cleave the same just in the middle, giving one end so cleaved unto your friend to hold, and the other end hold your self in both hands after such a manner, that both the inner parts of the Stick may look one right against the other, in the laying them down on the ground, they being laid asunder the breadth of two Fingers; So that they touch together in some one place in an overthwart manner. And within a while after, you shall see them draw and joyn together of themselves. You must understand that the stick must be new cleaved immediately on the cutting of it up, else it worketh not the proper effect.

To make a Candle burn under Water.

Take Wax, Brimstone, and Vinegar, of each a like quantity, boil these altogether over the fire, till the Vinegar appear all consumed, then of the Wax remaining, make a Candle.

To make one see fearful sights in his sleep.

To do this, take the Blood of a Lapwing, and annoint therewith the Pulses of the Forehead going to rest. If in the evening before his going to bed a man eat a small quantity of Night-shade, or Mandrake, he shall see pleasant sights in his Dreams.

To turn Water into Wine.

If you will turn Water into Wine, then fill a Brass Pot with the best Wine, setting a Limbeck upon the head of the Pots, and distil the Wine out, and then dry the Lees remaining after the said distillation, and beat them into fine Powder, which equally mixed with water, causes the water

to have both the colour and taste of the same Wine. Take also a Loaf of Barley-bread hot drawn out of the Oven, and laid so to soak in good Wine, which pieces being well soak'd in the Wine dried in the Sun, and afterwards soak that Bread in fair Water, and it will receive both the taste and colour of that Wine.

How to keep a Horse from tiring upon the way.

When you are to ride, and fear that your Horse may tire, carry with you in a Leathern bag, a good quantity of the powder of *Elecampane*, and when others bait their Horses in their ordinary manner, your Horse being well rubb'd, and walk'd, and litten'd; give him a good handful of your powder in a quart of strong Ale or Beer with a Horn, tying his head up to the rack, and you need give him no other Provinder, or very little till night; then let him be well meated, and give him in the morning two penny worth of Bread, and his Ale and Powder, but remember to water at night.

How a man may put his Finger in, or wash his hands in melting Lead without danger of burning.

Take one ounce of Quick-silver, two ounces of good Bole-armonick, half an ounce of Champhire, and two ounces of *Aqua-vita*; mingle them together, and put them into a brazen Mortar, and beat them with a Pestle; having so done, annoint your hands all over with this Ointment, and you may put your Finger into melted Lead, or you may wash your Hands therewith. If one pour the Lead upon them, and it will neither scald nor burn you.

To make any Fowls to have all their Feathers white.

Take the Eggs and rowl them in the Herb called Mouse-Ear, or in House-leek, or in Oil, and after put the Eggs again in the Nest, and after the hatching, the Feathers will grow white.

To make a Capon to bring up young Chickens.

Take a Capon, and pull the Belly bare of Feathers, and afterwards rub the naked place with Nettles, setting young Chickens under him, and he will cherish them, and bring them up kindly; and the rather if you accustom the Capon to it for a time: The reason of this is, that because of the prick-

pricking of the Nettles, he therefore is desirous to touch the Down and Feathers of the young Chickens.

To make a Sword, or Dagger, or Knife, to cut Iron, as easily as Lead.

If a Sword, or Dagger, or Knife, being only Iron, and fashioned, and being red-hot, be quenched in the juyce of Raddish, mixed with the water of fresh Worms distilled according to Art, being before somewhat bruised; such a Sword, Dagger or Knife, will have such a strange edge if it be quenched four or five times in this Water, that you may cut Iron with it as easily as if it were Lead.

To make steel as soft as Paste.

Take the Gall of an Ox, Mans Urine, Verjuice, and the juyce of Nettles, of each of these take a little quantity, and mix them well together; then quench the Steel red-hot in this Liquor, and it will be as soft as Paste.

To make a Stone seem to vanish out of your hand.

You must have a Stone of a reasonable bigness, such as you may well hide in your hand, sitting in such a manner that you may receive any thing into your lap; take this Stone out of your Pocket, and withdraw your hand to the side of the Table, letting the hidden Stone slip down into your lap, then reach out your hand, tossing up the other Stone, blowing a blast, and looking up (for the looking up will make others to look up) in which time you may take the stone out of your lap into the other hand, and slip it into your Pocket.

Another

Take your Stone out of your Pocket again, saying, Here it is once again, and I will give it to any of you, to hold, then reaching out your hand unto them, and opening it, when any one is about to take it, withdraw your hand to the side of the Table, and make your conveyance as before; in which time say, But you must promise me to take it quickly, then reaching your hand being shut, to him again, while he striveth, thinking to take it quickly, hold fast, in which time you shall take up the Stone in the other hand, and hold it from you, then open your hand and say: If you can hold a Pretty Lass no sifter when you have her, I will not give a pin for your skill.

To cleave a Groat in sunder like two Groats.

Take three small pins, and prick them down upon a Board or Table triangular wise, and then take a thin whole Groat, and lay it level on the heads of the three pins: Having thus done, take a piece of Brimstone and beat it to powder, covering the Groat therewith all over in a pretty thickness, and then with a lighted piece of paper set the Brimstone on fire, till it be consumed: When this is done, and the fire out, you shall see the edges to open like a dry Oyster, then take a Knife, and put into it, and it will easily cleave in sunder, having the impression on both sides very perfect.

How to write Love-letters secretly that they cannot be discovered.

Take a sheet of white paper, and double it in the middle, and cut holes thorough both the half-sheets, let the holes be cut like a pane of Glass, or other forms that you best fancy; then with a pin, prick two little holes at each end, and cut your paper in two halves, give one half to your friend to whom you intend to write, lay your cut paper upon a half-sheet of Writing-paper, and stick two pins thorough the two holes, that it stir not, then thorough these holes that you did cut, write your mind to your Friend: When you have done, take off your paper-holes again, and then write some other idle words, both before and after your lines, but if they were written to make some little sense, it would carry the less suspicion: Then Seal it up and send it.

When your Friend hath received it, he must lay his paper on the same, putting pins into the pin-holes, and then he can read nothing but your mind, that you writ, for all the rest of the lines are covered.

Another.

Write a Letter (what you please on one side of the paper with common Ink, then turn your paper, and write on the other side with Milk, that which you would have secret) and let it dry; but this must be written with a clean Pen: Now when you would read it, hold that side which is written with Ink to the fire, and the milky-Letters will then shew blewish on the other side.

*To fesch Oyls, or Grease, out of Books, Writings, Papers,
or Garments.*

Take a little Oyl of Turpentine, and put a drop or two upon the place which is Oylie or Greasie, rubbing it on; and it will drink up the Oyl or Grease, and be presently dry and fair.

*To grave Arms, Posies, or other devices upon Eggs, to be
served up at the Table.*

Melt Suet pretty warm, and dip in your Eggs on this manner: Hold the Egg between your thumb, and your fore-finger, and quickly dip one half therein, and hold it in your hand till it be cold, and then dip in the other end that it may be thinly covered all over; then take a little Bodkin or Needle, and grave in the Suet what Letters or Words you please; then lay the Egg thus ingraven in good Wine-Vinegar, or other Vinegar in a Stone-pot for the space of six or eight hours, or more or less, according to the sharpness of the same; then take out your Eggs, and in hot water dissolve the Suet from the shells; then lay the Egg to cool, and the Work will appear to be graven on the shell in a russet-colour; and if the Egg lie long enough in Vinegar, the Work will appear upon the Egg it self, being boyled.

*To make a bunch of Grapes with green Wax, that
will seem to be natural.*

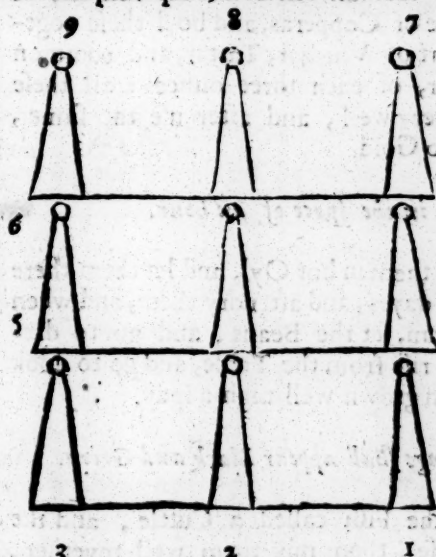
You must get a little stick turned round at the end, about the bigness of an Arrow, and then have your Vessel of Green Wax melted, dipping your stick in the same about the third part of an Inch deep, and it will be almost in the fashion of an Acorn-cup, make a good company of them; then take an Egg and make a little hole in the bigger end of the shell, less than a penny, and get out the yelk thereof, and dry the shell: Then with a piece of your green Wax, hold it to the fire, rubbing and daubing the shell therewith thinly all over; then hold the shell in your left hand, and with your other take up first one cup, holding the same a little near the Candle to warm, and quickly stick it on your Egg, and so do with all the rest of your Cups, till you have filled it all over. They must be set something close together. Now when you have thus done, take a little stick about the bigness of the tag of a Point, and tie a Packthread in the middle thereof, and then put the stick into the hole of the shell, and so hang it up; you may cut leaves of green paper like to vine-leaves and fasten them about the bunch to the string.

To make a Paste for precious Stones.

Take Potters Lead burnt three ounces, and put it in as much water as will cover it a finger or two high, then stir it with your finger, letting it go down to the bottom; afterwards pour out the water, which will serve to wet the inside of the earthen Pot leaded, lest the composition cleave to the insides of it, wherein you put all the substance; then take three ounces of Vermilion dryed, and mingle it with the said Lead; then an ounce of Crystal calcin'd and burnt with fourteen or fifteen Caracks at the most, of Rubrick or sparks of Copper. All these things well stamp'd and mingled together, you shall put in a pot of earth leaded, well wet within with the said water of the Lead; then cover it, and set it in a Glass-makers Furnace for the space of Three or four daies, and you shall have a very fair Paste or Dough, which you may dress with the Wheel as you will. Now to make yellow Stones, put in the rust or rubbish of Iron; to make Rubies, put in Cinople or red Lead.

Of the Play at Nine-Pins.

You will scarce believe that with one Bowl, and Playing freely, one may strike down all the Pins at once; yet from Mathematical principles, it is easie to be done.



For they are but nine in all, dispos'd or plac'd in a perfect square, having three every way, Let us suppose then that a good Player, beginning to play at one something low, should so strike it, that it should strike down the Keiles two and five, and that these might in their violence strike down the Keiles three and six, and the bowl being in motion may strike down the Pins 4 and 7, which

fourth Pin may strike the Pin 8, and so all the 9 may be struck down at once.

How to break a Staff laid upon two Glasses full of water without breaking the Glasses, or spilling the water.

First place the Glasses full of water upon two Joynt-Stools, one as high as another from the ground, and distance one from another by two or three foot, then place the end of the staff upon the edges of the two Glasses, so that they be sharp; this done, with all the force you can with another Staff, strike the Staff which is upon the two Glasses in the middle, and it will break without breaking the Glasses, or spilling the water.

Now in this act, the two ends of the Staff in breaking, slide away from the Glasses, upon which they were placed: Hence it comes that the Glasses are no way endanger'd.

To make Hens lay Eggs all the winter.

Take the tops of Nettles, when they begin to come to the seed, and dry them: Being so dried, give a little of the same with Bran and Hempseed to your Hens,

To make any piece of Iron appear like Gold.

Take four pints of Rain-water, ten drams of Roch-Allom, ten drams of Oyntment of Roman Vitriol and sal Gemme, of each an ounce, and a scruple of Copperas, and boyl these together, then put therein a quart of Vinegar, Tartar, and common Salt finely beaten to powder, of each three ounces; all these incorporate over a soft fire very well, and after use the same, which makes a colour like to Gold.

To make Beans grow in the space of an hour.

Take the Beans, and put them in hot Oyl, and let them there remain for the space of 11 dayes, and after dry them, and when you will make proof of them, set the Beans, and go to dinner, and by that time you rise from the Table, and go to look on them, you shall find them grown well-nigh a span.

To make a light that things shall appear Black and Green.

Take the black juyce of the Fish called a Cuttle, and the like quantity of Verdigrease, then mix them well together, putting the same into a Lamp, and dipping the Week in that Liquor: Then light the same, putting out all the other lights

lights in the room, and then shall all things round about that place, and the walls also, though ne're so white, appear black and green.

*To break a Stone with the Fist, about the thickness
of a Mans Hand.*

First raise the edge of a flat Stone upright from a plain Board, so that it stand of it self without any propping; then with your Fist hastily and quickly, strike the part standing upright, which falling together flat on the plain Board, breaks into many pieces, and if the Fist be swifter stroken than the end of the Stone toucheth the Boards in falling, then is the stroak in vain.

*To make an Herb to grow that shall have many Savors,
and many Tastes.*

Take one Seed of Lettice, one of Endive, one of Smalldge, one of Basil, one of Leek, one of Parsly, putting them all together in a hole, that they may touch one another; but remember that you plant them together in the Dung of an Ox, or Horse, without any earth at all with them. Afterwards these Seeds shall grow up in one proper Herb, which will have 10 many Savors or Tastes, as there were Seeds sown.

To break a good big new Rope with the Hands only.

Take and fasten the one end of the Cord or Rope, with a Nail driven fast into it, or about a strong Hook of Iron, and after wind the same three or four times or; oftner about your hands, and the other end of the Rope, wind about by the top of the palm between the fore-finger and the thumb, that the part of the Cord may reach unto the nail, and the other end unto the bottom of the palm, which it is must be again winded about, and after that winded again once or twice about. This so done, then with a vehement pluck, or force, assay in the same part by which it is so overwinded with the Cord, for that the substance of the Cord or Rope which is under, doth defend that the hand can take no harm by the hasty, and strong pull, and take heed that the outermost wind of the Rope fly not in your Hand. And to conclude, you may conceive this, that in the strong and hasty pluck together, the one fold of the Cord doth so cut the other asunder, and then

especially, when as that part shall be let loose which is between the hand and the nail, especially if both the hands be strong, and the pluck out-right and quick.

How to make a hollow Ring dance it self.

Take a Ring which is hollow round about, into which put Quicksilver, and stop the same that it run not forth: Afterwards heat the Ring somewhat in the fire, and being hot, lay the same on the Table or Stool, which by and by after, will begin to dance again of it self, till it be cold again.

To make an Apple move on the Table.

Take an Apple and cut it in the middle, and in the half make a round hole, putting therein a black beetle, and so lay the half on the Table.

How to draw a Ring off, being very hard thrust on, and the finger swelled.

If a man or woman have thrust a Ring so hard on their Finger, that he or she cannot draw the same off, through the swelling of the Finger, then thread a Needle, and draw the same under the Ring, and wind the thread about the Finger on the other side, and be sure that the whole joynt of the Finger, being between the joynt and the Ring, be covered about with the thread, and that no part of the skin be seen through the close covering of the thread; then draw the Needle again under the Ring, and wind the thread likewise on the other side, and that speedily, whereby the Ring removed on the thread by little and little, may so pass over the joynt and come off.

To make a Card vanish, and to find it again in a Nut.

Take what Card you will, peel the printed paper from off it, and roll it hard up, and make a hole in a Nut, and take out the kernel, and then thrust in the Card, and afterwards stop the hole neatly with Wax. This Nut you must have in a readiness about you, and when you are in your play, call for such a Card as you inclos'd in your Nut, or else have one in readiness, saying, You see here is such a Card; then wet it and peel off the printed side, and in the usual manner come it away: Then take your Nut out of your Pocket, and give it unto one, and bid him crack it; and tell you if he
can

can find the Card there, which being found will be thought very strange.

Then have such another Nut filled with Ink, and stopped after the same manner that the other was, and give that unto another, and bid him crack it, and see what he can find in that, and so soon as he hath crack'd it, all the Ink will run about his mouth, which will cause much laughter.

How to seem to eat a Knife.

Desire any one of your company to lend you a Knife, which when you have gotten, hold it in such a manner, as that you may cover the whole Knife with both your hands, the end of the haft excepted, and set the point of it unto your eye, and say, Some body strike it in with his fist; but no Body will, because it is so dangerous a thing: Then set your hands upon the Table, and looking about you, say, What will no body strike it in? In which time, let the Knife slip down into your lap. Then nimbly make as if you chop'd it hastily into your mouth, or to hold it in one hand, and strike it in with the other; but this must be done nimbly; then make two or three faces, saying, Some drink, some drink; or else you may say, Now some one put his finger in my mouth, and pull it out again; some will say, perhaps, You'l bite me, No I'll assure you; then when he hath put his Finger into your mouth, he will pull it out, and say, Here's nothing; this time is sufficient for you to convey the Knife out of your lap into your pocket; then say, when he hath taken out his Finger again. Did you think to pull the Knife out? if that should be in my mouth 'twould kill me. The Knife is here in my Pocket; and with that, take it out and deliver it him.

To make a Tooth drop out with a touch.

You must have some great Tooth in readiness, as the tooth of a Hog, a Calf, or Horse, this you must retain privately in your right hand, and with the same hand take out of your Pocket a small cork Ball, and having us'd some Rhetorick to perswade them that it is of some excellent property, incline your head, and therewith touch some of the further Teeth, and immediately let the Tooth that you held in your hand drop down, saying, This is the fashion of Mountebanks; Touch and take.

A pretty Conceit.

Take your Ball in your hand, and the Tooth in the other, stretch your hands as far as you can one from the other, and if any will lay a Quart of Wine with you, that you will not withdraw your hands, and yet will make both of them come into either hands which they please. There is no more to be done then to lay one down upon the Table, and turn your self round, and take it up with the other hand, and your wager is won; and it will move no small laughter to see a Fool lose his Money.

Another.

Deliver one piece of Mony with your left hand unto one, and to a second person another, and offer a third to another, for he seeing the other receive mony will not lightly refuse: when he offers to take it, you may rap him on the fingers with a Knife, saying, That you knew that he would have kept it from him.

How to make a Cup of Glasse not to burn being set in the fire.

Take any vessel of Glasse, and boyl it for the space of five hours in common Oyl, and after take it forth, and it will be then made so strong, that the said Glasse will endure the heat of the Fire.

How to draw many Candles one after another being laid at a foots distance.

Take Brimstone, Orpiment, and Oyl, labour these together, and make thereof an Oyntment; after take so many Candles, as may well serve your Table, laying them a large foot a sunder and all arow, the one behind the other, as long as you list to lay them, yea a hundred may you lay down on this wise at length, if you lay them streight; then take a long threed and anoynt it in this Oyntment, which afterwards you must lay along on the Candles and drawing the foremost, all the rest will follow in order.

How to see many strange sights in a Urinal.

Take a new and clean washed Urinal, into which pour clean water, or other running water, afterwards take the
white

white of a new-laid Egg, and a little Saffron, binding it in a clean linnen cloath, after that, pour a little of the water into a Dish, and put the cloath with the Saffron into it so long, until it have coloured it somewhat; then beat the white of the Egg with this water seven or eight times with your finger, and pour it into the Urinal, and you shall afterwards see in it Towers, Castles, Hills, and many other strange sights.

To make a Loaf of new Bread set upon the Table, to dance:

Take a Quill, filling the same with Quick-silver, and stopping it close, thrust the same after into a hot Loaf new drawn out of the Oven, and the Loaf will dance about the Table.

How to make an Egg fly about.

Take a Goose Egg, and after the opening and cleansing of it, take a Bat that flyeth in the Evening, which you must put into the shell, then glue it fast on the top, and the Bat will fly away with it, which will be thought to fly in the Air of it self.

To know a Counterfeit Stone from a Natural precious Stone.

Rub the Stone on Lead, and if it change the colour, then is it Counterfeit; if it change not, it is a Natural Stone.

To make a Chamber as light by Night as by Day.

Take that part of the Glow-worm which stirreth, and bruise it well, then set it in hot wet Horse-dung in a Glas well stopped, and let it there so stand for fifteen dayes, and afterwards distil it in a Glas-Limbeck with a soft fire, the which water so drawn, stopt close in a narrow-neck't Crystal Glas, and hung in the Entry of the House, will give a very bright light.

To make a blown Bladder skip from place to place.

Put Quicksilver in a Bladder; and lay the Bladder in a hot place, and it will skip up and down without handling.

How

How to put an Egg into a Vial.

Steep the Egg two daies and two nights in Vinegar, and then roll it on a Table softly, and it will stretch as long as you please, and then you may put it into a Vial, or draw it through a Ring.

To make an Egg run up to the top of a Spear.

Empty the Egg at a little hole, and fill it full of *May* dew, and stop the whole close with a little Wax and Parchment glued, that the dew go not out: Then stick a Spear in the earth in the heat of the Sun, and lay the Egg by the Spear, and it will mount to the top thereof with the heat of the Sun.

To make a pair of Bowls to lie near a Jack as you please.

Divers men put in Peggs of Lead into their Bowls byass sides; now instead of those Leaden peggs, knock in horse-nail-heads, very neat and handsome, so that it doth not make the Bowl to rub.

Then in the toe of your shooe beforehand, put a piece of a Loadstone, and then throw your Bowl as near the Jack as you can; when the Bowl is out of your Hand, run before it, and with that foot down draw before your Bowl, and it will follow it, then where you would have it lie, quickly take away your foot, and there the Bowl rests.

An excellent way to make artificial Cloves.

Take what quantity you will of the finest Gum Tragacath, and infuse it in Rose-water, then strein it, and beat it in a Morter, with a little fine searc'd Sugar, and beat it among your Paste, and when it is somewhat stiff, take it forth, and roll it somewhat small to the form of Cloves, and likewise cut them to the length of Cloves. Then take a Knife and cross the heads and print them with natural Cloves, and being in the right form of Cloves, dry them in your Oven or stove, and serve them.

To make Eggs dance upon a Staff.

Provide a good thick staff, about two yards long, three parts whereof ought to be made scoop-wise, or half hollow like a basting-ladle. At the end of the scoop must be made a hole, and therein put a broad pin about the length of an Egg,

Egg; this being done, rest the handle of this staff against your right thigh, and hold it with your right hand near to the beginning of the scoope: Lay an Egg then into the scoop of the Staff now up, and anon down, with the scoop side of it alwaies upward, so the Egg will tumble from one end of the Scoop to the other, and not fall out. After the same fashion you may make two or three Eggs wamble one after another.

To cut a Lace asunder in the midst, and make it whole again.

Provide a piece of the Lace which you mean to cut, or at the least a pattern like the same, one inch and a half long, and keeping it double privily in your left hand between some of your fingers rent to the top thereof, and putting your own piece a little before the other (the end, or rather the middle; whereof, you must hide between your fore finger, and thumb) making that which shall be seen of your pattern, let some stander by cut the same asunder, and it will be surely thought that the other Lace is cut; which with words, and rubbing and chafing it, you shall seem to make whole again. Which if it be well handled, will seem strange.

To make Hair shine like Gold.

Take Colewort stalks and dry them, and burn them, and with the Ashes, make a lye to wash the Hair.

To set a Horses, or an Asses head upon a Mans Head and Shoulders.

Cut off the Head of an Ass, or a Horse before they be dead, otherwise the virtue and strength thereof will be the less effectual, and make an earthen Vessel of fit capacity to contain the same, and let it be filled with the Oyl and Fat thereof, cover it close, and daub it over with Lome: Let it boyl over a soft fire, three dayes continually, that the flesh boyl'd may run into Oyl, so as the bare bones may be seen; beat the Hair into powder, and mingle the same with the Oyl, anoynt the Heads of the standers by, and they shall seem to have Horses or Asses Heads.

To make people seem headless.

Break Arsenick very fine, and boyl it with Sulphur in

in a cover'd Pot, and kindle it with a new Candle; and the standers by will seem to be headless.

To make men seem as dead.

Take *Aqua Composita* and mingle it with Salt, and fire it in the Night, putting all other lights out, and the standers by will seem as dead.

To produce a Chicken without the Hen.

Take an Egg, and lay it in the powder of Hens Dung dried, and mingled with some of the Hens Feathers.

A handsome conceit with the Ball.

Lay three or four Balls before you, and as many Candlesticks, Bowls or Salt-seller covers. Then first seem to put one Ball into your left hand, and therewithal seem to hold the same fast; then take one of the Candlesticks, or any other thing, having a hollow foot, and not being too great, and seem to put the Ball which is thought to be in your left hand, underneath the same, and so under the other Candlesticks seem to bestow the other Balls, and all this while the beholders will think each Ball to be under each Candlestick. This done, use some Charm, or form of Words, then take up one of the Candlesticks with one hand, saying, lo, you see that is gone: And so look under each Candlestick with like Grace and Words, and the standers by will wonder where they are become; but if you in lifting up the Candlesticks with your right hand, leave all those three or four Balls under one of them (which by use you may easily do, having turn'd them all down into your hand, and holding them fast with your Little and Ring Finger) and take the Candlestick with your other Fingers, and cast the Balls up into the hollownes thereof, for so they will not roul too soon away: This will cause much wonder to the beholders.

To convey Money out of one of your hands into the other.

First, you must hold open your right hand, and hold therein a Tester, or some big piece of Money, then lay thereupon the top of your long left Finger, and use Words, and upon the sudden, slip your right hand from your finger wherewith you held down the Tester, and bending your hand a very little, you shall retain the Tester still therein, and suddenly,

dently, Ifay, drawing your right hand through your left, you shall seem to have left the Tester there, especially when you shut your left hand in due time; which that it may more truly appear to be done, you may take a Knife, and seem to knock against it so, as it shall make a great sound, but instead of knocking the piece in the left hand where none is, you shall hold the point of the Knife fast with your left hand, and knock against the Tester held in the other hand, and it will be thought to be hit against the Mony in the left hand. Then use words, and open your hand.

To convert Mony into Counters or Counters into Mony.

Take a Counter, and keep it secretly in the palm of your left hand, which being retained still in the right, the Tester will seem to be changed into the Counter.

To put one Tester in one hand, and another in the other, and with words, to bring them together.

He that hath once attained to the facility of holding a piece of Mony in his right hand, may shew a hundred conceits by that means. Thus you may seem to put one piece into your left hand, and retaining it still in you right hand, your may together therewithal take up another like piece, and so with words, seem to bring both pieces together.

To put one Tester into a strangers hand, and another into your own, and to convey both into the strangers hand with words.

Take two Testers evenly set together, and put the same instead of one Tester into a strangers hand, and then making as if you did put one Tester into your left hand, with words you shall make it seem that you convey the Tester in your hand, into the strangers hand; for when you open your left hand, there is nothing seen, and he opening his hand, shall find two,

To do the same trick another way.

Hold out your hand, and cause another to lay a Tester upon the palm thereof, then shake the same up almost to your fingers ends, and putting your thumb upon it, you shall easily, with a little practice, convey the edge betwixt the middle and fore-finger, while you proffer to put it into your

your other hand, provided alwaies that the edge appear not through the fingers on the Back side: Which being done, take up another Tester, which you may cause a stander by to lay down, and put them both together, either closely into a strangers hand, or keep them still in your own: And after words spoken, open you hands, and there being nothing in one, and both pieces in the other, the Beholders will wonder how they came together.

To throw a piece of Money away, and to find it again where you list.

You may, with the middle or ring Finger of the right hand convey a Tester into the palm of the same hand; and seeming to cast it away, still keep it: Which with confederacy, will seem strange.

With words to make a Groat or a Tester to leap out of a Pot, and to run along the Table.

This is done with a long black Hair of a Womans Head, fastned into the edge of a Groat, by means of a little hole driven into it with a Spanish Needle. And this feat is better done by night, a Candle being plac'd between you and the Beholders, their eyes being hindred from discerning the deceit.

To make a Groat sink through a Table, and to vanish out of a Hankerchief very strangely.

Borrow a Groat, or a Tester, and mark it before you, and seem to put it into a Hankerchief, and wind it so that you may the better see and feel it; then take the Hankerchief, and bid the party see whether the Groat be there or not: Then require him to put it under a Candlestick, and using certain words of enchantment, cause the Groat to fall into the Bason. This done, another takes off the Candlestick, and you taking the Hankerchief by the Tassel, shake it, but the Money is gone.

This is done by sowing a Groat into the corner of a Hankerchief, finely covered with a piece of Linnen a little bigger then your Groat, which corner you must convey instead of the Groat delivered to you into the middle of your Hankerchief, leaving the other in your hands, or lap; which afterwards, you may seem to pull through the board, letting it fall into a Bason.

A notable trick to transform a Counter to a Groat.

Take a Groat or some less peece of Money, and grind it very thin at the one side, and take two Counters, and grind them, the one at the one side, and the other at the other; glew the smooth side of the Groat to the smooth side of the Counter, joyning them so close together as may be, specially at the edges, which may be so filed, as they shall seem to be one peece, namely, one side a Counter, and the other side a Groat: Then take a very little green Wax, and lay it so upon the smooth side of the Counter, as it doth not much discolour the Groat, and so will that Counter cleave together to the Groat, as if they were glewed; and being fil'd even with the Groat and the other Counter, it will seem so like a perfect intire Counter, that though a stranger handle it, it will not be discovered; then having touch'd your fore-finger and the thumb of your right hand with soft Wax, take therewith the counterfeit Counter, and lay it down openly upon the palm of your left hand, in such sort as an Accomptant layeth down his Counters, wringing the same hard, so as you may leave the glew'd Counter with the Groat apparently in the palm of your left hand, and the smooth side of the wax'd Counter will stick fast upon your thumb by reason of the Wax, and so you may hide it where you please. Provided alwayes, that you may lay the wax'd side downward, and the glew side upward, then close your hand, and in, and after the closing thereof, turn the peece; and so instead of a Counter, which they supposed to be in your hand, you shall seem to have a Groat to the astonishment of the Beholders.

An excellent trick to make a Two-penny-peece lye plain in the palm of your hand, and to be passed from thence where you list.

Put a little red Wax (not too thin) upon the nail of your longest finger, then let a stranger put a Two-penny-peece into your palm, and shut your fist suddenly, and convey the Two-penny-peece upon the Wax, which with use you may accomplish, as no man shall perceive it: Then, and in the meantime, use words of course, as *Ailif Cazil Zaxe Hismal moliat*, or such like, and suddenly opening your hand, hold the tips of

of your Fingers rather lower then higher, then the palm of your hand, and the beholders will wonder where it is become. Turn then your hand suddenly again, and lay a wager whether it be there or no, and you may either leave it there, or take it away with you at your pleasure. This may be best handled by putting the Wax upon the two-penny-peece, but then must you lay it in your hand your self.

To convey a Tester out of ones hand, that holdeth it fast.

Stick a little Wax upon your thumb, and take a stander by by the Finger, shewing him the Tester, and telling him you will put the same into his hand, then wring it down hard with your Wax'd thumb, and using many words, look him in the Face; as soon as you perceive him look in your Face, suddainly take away your thumb, and close his hand, so it will seem to him that the Tester remaineth, as when you wring a Tester upon a mans Fore-head, it will seem to stick when it is taken away, especially if it be wet: Then cause him to hold his hand still; and with speed put it into another mans hand, or into your own two Testers, instead of one, and use words of course, whereby you shall not only make the Beholders, but the Holders believe when they open their hands, that you have brought them together by Enchantment.

To throw a peece of Money into a deep Pond, and to fetch it again where you list.

In this you must work by private confederacy, by making a shilling, or any other thing, then throw it into a deep Pond, and having hid a shilling, before in some secret place; bid one go presently and fetch it, making them believe that it is the same which you threw into the water.

To convey one shilling being in one hand, into another hand, holding your hands abroad.

Take a shilling in each hand, and holding your armes abroad, lay a wager, that you will put them both into one hand, without bringing them nearer together: The wager being laid, hold your hands abroad, and turning about with your body, lay the shilling out of one of your hands upon the Table, and turning to the other side, take it up with the other hand, and so you shall win the wager.

*To transform one small thing into any other form,
by folding of Paper.*

Take a sheet of Paper, or a Handkerchief, and fold or double the same, so as one side be a little longer than another, then put a Counter between the two sides or leaves of the Paper or Kerchief up to the middle of the top of the fold, holding the same so as it be not perceiv'd, and lay a Groat on the out side thereof right against the Counter, and fold it down to the end of the longer side, and when you unfold it again, the Groat will be where the Counter was, and the Counter where the Groat was.

The like, or rather stranger, may be done with two papers, three inches square a peece, divided by two folds into three equal parts at either side, so as each folded paper remain one inch square, then glew the back side of the two papers together as they are folded, and not as they are open, and so shall both papers seem to be but one, and which side soever you open, it shall appear to be the same, if you hide handsomly the bottom, as you may well do with your middle Finger, so as if you have a Groat in the one, and a Counter in the other, you have shew'd but one, by turning it, the paper may seem to transubstantiate it.

Of the tricks with Cards.

In showing tricks with Cards, the principal point consisteth in the shuffling them nimbly, and alwayes keeping one certain Card either in the bottom, or in some known place of the stock, four or five Cards from it; and in reserving the bottom Card, you must alwaies when you shuffle, keep it a little before or a little behind, all the Cards lying underneath, bestowing him either a little beyond his fellows before, right over the fore-finger, or else behind the rest, so as the little finger of the left hand may meet with it, which is the easier and the better way. In the beginning of your shuffling, shuffle as thick as you can, and in the end throw upon the stock the neather Card (with so many more at the least, as you would have preserv'd for your purpose) a little before or behind the rest: Provided alwaies, that your fore finger if the pack lye behind; creep up to meet with the bottom Card, and not lye betwixt the Cards, and when you feel it, you may there hold it, untill you have shuffled over the Cards again, still leaving your kept Card below. By this means

What pack soever you make, though it consist of eight, twelve, or twenty Cards, you may keep together unsever'd, next to the neather Card, and yet shuffle them often, to satisfie the curious Beholder.

How to deliver out four Aces, and to convert them into four Knaves.

Make a pack of these eight Cards, four Knaves, and four Aces, then shuffle them so, as alwaies at the second shuffling, or at least wise at the end of your shuffling the said Pack, one Ace may lye neathermost, or so as you may know where he goeth and lyeth, and alwaies let your said Pack with three or four Cards more lye unseparably together immediately upon, and with that Ace. Then using some speech or other device, and putting your hands with the Cards to the edge of the Table to hide the action, let out privily a peece of the second Card, which is one of the Knaves, holding forth the stick in both your hands, and to the standers by, shewing the neather Card which is the Ace, or keep a Card, covering also the head or peece of the Knave, which is the next Card, with your Fore-finger draw out the same Knave, laying it upon the Table; then shuffle again, keeping your pack whole, and so have you two Aces lying together in the bottom, and therefore to reform that disordered Card, as also for a grace and countenance to that action, take off the uppermost Card of the bunch, and thrust it into the midst of the Cards, and then take away the neathermost Card, which is one of your said Aces, and bestow him likewise: Then may you begin as before, shewing another Ace; and instead thereof, play down another Knave, and so forth, till instead of four Aces, you have laid down four Knaves. The Beholders all while thinking that there lye four Aces on the Table, are much this mistaken.

How to tell one what Card he sees in the bottom, when the same Card is shuffled into the Stock.

When you have seen a Card privily, as though you mark'd it not, lay the same undermost, and shuffle the Cards as before you are taught, till your Card lye again below in the bottom: Then shew the same to the Beholders, desiring them to remember it, then shuffle the Card, or let any other shuffle them, for you know the Card already; and therefore may at any time, tell them what Card they saw, which nevertheless is to be done with great circumstance and shew of difficulty.

Another way to do the same, having your self indeed never seen the Card.

If you can see no Card, or be suspected to have seen that which you mean, then let a stander by first shuffle, and afterwards take you the Cards into your hands, and having shewed and not seen the bottom Card, shuffle again; and keep the said bottom Card as before you are taught and either make a shift then to see it when their suspicion is past, which may be done by letting some Cards fall, or else lay down all the Cards in heaps, remembring where you laid the bottom Card; then spy how many Cards lye in some one heap, and lay your heap where your bottom Card is upon the heap; and all the other heaps upon the same, and so if there were five Cards in the heap whereon you laid your Card, then the same must be the sixth Card, which now you may show on, or look upon without suspicion, and tell them the Card they saw.

To tell one without confederacy what Card he thinketh.

Lay three Cards on a Table a little way distant, and bid a stander by turn and not waver, but think one of them three, and by his eye you shall assuredly perceive what he both sees and thinks; as you shall do the like, if you cast down a whole pair of Cards with their Faces upwards, where there will be few or none plainly perceiv'd, and they also coat Cards. But as you cast them down suddenly, so must you take them up presently, marking both his eye, and the Card whereon he looketh.

How to tell what Card any man thinketh, how to convey the same into a kernel of a Nut, or a Cherry-stone, and the same again into ones pocket: how to make one draw the same, or any Card you list, and all under one device

Take a Nut or a Cherry-stone, and burn a hole through the side of the top of the shell, and also through the Kernel if you will with a hot Bodkin, or bore it with an Aul, and with the eye of a Needle pull out some of the Kernel, then write the number or name of the Card in a peece of fine Paper, one inch, or half an inch at length, and half so much in
H 2 breadth

in breadth, and roll it up hard, then put it into a Nut, or into a Cherry-stone, and close the hole with a little red Wax, and rub the same with a little Dust, and it will not be perceived, if the Nut or Cherry-stone be but brown or old. Then let your confederate think that Card which you have in your Nut, and either convey the said Nut or Cherry-stone into some bodie's pocket; or lay it in some strange place, then make one draw the same out of the stock held in your hand, which by use you may well do; but say not, I will make you upon force draw such a Card, but require some stander by to draw a Card, saying, that it skills not what Card he draw, and if your hand serve you to use the Cards well, you shall prefer unto him, though he snatch at another, the very Card which you kept, and your confederate thought, which is written in the Nut, and hidden in your Pocket. You must while you hold the stock in your hands, tossing it too and fro, remember alwaies to keep your Card in your eyes, and not to lose the sight thereof. Which trick, though you are perfect in your way the same privily mark, and when you perceive his hand ready to draw, put it a little out towards his hand, nimbly turning over the Cards as though you numbred them, holding the same more loose and open than the other, in no wise suffering him to draw any other, which if he should do, you must let three or four fall, that you may begin again. This will seem most strange, if your said paper be inclosed in a Button, and by confederacy sow'd upon the Doublet or Coat of any body.

How to knit a knot upon a Handkerchief, and to undo the same with words.

Make one plain loose knot, with the two corner ends of a Handkerchief, and seeming to draw the same very hard, hold fast the body of the said Handkerchief near to the knot with your right hand, pulling the contrary end with the left, which is the corner, or that which you hold, then close up handsomely the knot; which will be yet somewhat loose, and pull the Handkerchief with the right hand, and the left hand end may be near to the knot: Then will it seem a true and fine knot, and to make it appear more assuredly to be so indeed, let a stranger pull at the end which you hold in your left hand, whilst you hold fast the other in your right hand, and then holding the knot with your fore finger and thumb, and the neather part of your Handkerchief with your

your other fingers, as you hold a bridle when you would with one hand slip the knot, and lengthen the Reins. This done, turn your Handkerchief over the knot with the left hand; in doing whereof, you must suddenly slip out the end or corner, putting up the knot of your Handkerchief with your fore-finger and thumb; as you would put up the fore-said not of your Bridle. Then deliver the same cover'd, and wrapt in the midst of your Handkerchief to any one to hold fast; and after some words used, and wagers laid, take the Handkerchief, and shake it, and it will be loose.

To pull three Bead-stones from off a Cord, while you hold fast the end thereof, without removing your hand.

Take two little Whipcords of Two Foot long apeece, double them equally, so as they appear like four ends, then take three great Bead-stones, the hole of one of them being bigger then the rest, and put one Bead-stone upon the eye or bowl of the Cord, and another on the other Cord, then take the stone with the greatest hole, and let both the bowls be hidden therein, which may the better be done, if you put the eye of the one into the eye or bout of the other. Then pull the middle Bead upon the same being doubled over his fellow, and so will the Beads seem to be put over the two Cords with a partition. For holding fast at each hand the two ends of the two Cords, you may toss them as you list, and make it seem manifest to the Beholders, which may not see how you have done it, that the Bead-stones are put upon the two Cords without any fraud. Then must you seem to add more effectually, binding of those Bead-stones to the string, and make one half of a knot with one of the ends of each side, which is for no other purpose, but that when the Bead-stones are taken away, the Cords may be seen in the case which the Beholders supposed them to be in before: For when you have made your half knot, which in any wise you may not double to make a perfect knot, you must deliver into the hands of some standers by those two Cords, namely, two ends evenly set in one hand, and two in the other, and then with a Wager begin to pull off your Bead-stone, which if you handle nimbly, and in the end cause him to pull his two ends, the two Cords will shew to be placed plainly, and the Bead-stones to have come through the Cords,

How to know if one cast Cross or Pile by the ringing.

Lay a Wager with your Confederate, who must seem simple or obstinately oppos'd against you, that standing behind a door, you will by the sound or ringing of the Mony, tell him whether he cast Cross or Pile, so as when you are gone, and have fillipt the Mony before the Witneses; he must say, *what is it*, if it be Cross, or *what is it* if it be Pile, or some other sign as you are agreed upon, and so you need not fail to guess rightly.

To make a Shoal of Goslings draw a Timber-logg.

To make a shoal of Goslings, or a Gaggle of Geese to seem to draw a Timberlogg, is done by that very means that is us'd when a Cat draws a Fool through a Pond, but handled somewhat further off from the Beholders.

To make a Pot, or any such thing standing fast upon the Cup-board, to fall down thence by virtue of words.

Let a Cub-board be so placed, as your Confederate may hold a black threed without in the Court behind some Window of that Room, and at a certain loud word spoken by you, he may pull the same threed, being wound about the Pot.

To make one dance naked.

Make a poor Boy, confederate with you; after some Charms spoken by you, to uncloath himself and stand naked; seeming while he undressed himself to shake, stamp, and cry, still hastening to be uncloath'd, till he be stark naked; or if you can procure none to go so far, let him only stamp and shake, and seem to uncloath him, and then you may for reverence of the Company, seem to release him.

To alter one Grain into another, or to consume the Corn or Grain to nothing.

Take a Box cover'd, or rather footed a little at each end, the bottom of the one being no deeper than as it may contain one Lay of Corn or Pepper glued thereupon, then put into the hollow end thereof some other kind of Grain ground, or unground; then cover it and put it under a Hat, or Candlestick, and either in putting it therinto, or pulling it thence; they turn

turn the Box, and open the contrary end, wherein is shewed a contrary Grain, or else they shew the glud end first, which end they suddenly thrust into a Bowl or Bag of such grain as is glud thereupon already, and secondly, the empty Box.

To seem to kill a Horse, and to cure him again.

Take the Seed of Henbane, and give it the Horse in his Provender, and it will cast him into such a deep Sleep, that he will seem dead; if you will recover him again, rub his Nostrils with Vinegar, and he will seem to be revived.

How to convey with words or Charms, the Corn contained in one Box into another.

Take a Box fashioned like a Bell, whereinto put so much of such Corn or Spice, as the aforesaid hollow Box can contain; then stop, or cover the same with a peece of Leather; as broad as a Tesser, which being thrust up hard towards the middle part of the said Bell, will stick fast and bear up the Lome; and if the edge of the Leather be wet, it will hold the better; then take the other Box dipped as aforesaid in Lome, and set down the same upon a Table, the empty end upward, saying, that you will convey the grain therein into the other Box like a Bell, which being set down somewhat hard upon the Table, the Leather and the Corn therein will fall down so, as the said Bell being taken up from the Table, you shall see the Corn lying thereon, and the stopple will be hidden and cover'd therewith; and when you uncover the Box, nothing shall remain therein. But presently the Corn must be swept down with one hand into the other, or into your Lap, or Hat.

To convert Wheat into Flower.

Take a Box with a bottom in the middle made for like purposes, and another like a Tun, wherein is shewed great variety of stuff, as well of Liquors as Spices, by means of another little Tun within the same.

To burn a Thread, and to make it whole with the Ashes thereof.

Take two Threads or small Laces of one Foot in length apeece, roll up one of them round, which will be then of the

quantity of a Pease, bestow the same between your Fore-finger, and your Thumb: Then take the other threed, and hold it forth at length betwixt the Fore-finger and the Thumb of each hand, holding your Fingers daintily, as young Gentlewomen are taught to take up their Meat. Then let one cut asunder the same threed in the middle; when that is done, put the tops of your two Thumbs together, and so shall you with less suspicion receive the peece of threed which you hold in your right hand, into your left, without opening of your left Finger and Thumb; then holding these two pieces as you did the same before it was cut; let those two be cut also asunder in the middle, and they conveyed again as before, until they be cut very short, and then roll all those Balls together, and keep that Ball of small threds before the other in your left hand, and with a Knife thrust out the same into a Candle, where you may hold it, till that Ball of small threds be burnt to Ashes. Then pull back the Knife with your right hand, and leave the Ashes with the other Ball betwixt the Fore-finger and Thumb of your left hand, and with the two Thumbs, and two Fore-fingers, seem to take pains to rub the Ashes until your threed be removed, and draw out the threed at length, which you kept all this while betwixt your left Finger and Thumb.

To cut a Lace in sunder in the midst, and to make it whole again.

By a device not much unlike to this, you may seem to cut asunder any Lace, Point, Girdle, or Garter. To do which, provide a peece of the Lace you mean to cut, or at least a pattern like the same, one inch and a half long, keeping it double privily in your left hand, betwixt some of your Fingers, near to the tops thereof; take the other Lace which you mean to cut, which you may hang about ones neck, and draw down your left hand to the bout thereof, and putting your own peece a little before the other. (The end, or rather middle thereof, you must hide betwixt your Fore finger and Thumb) making the eye or bout, which shall be seen, of your own pattern, let some stander by cut the same asunder, and it will be surely thought that the other Lace is cut, which with words you shall seem to renew, and make whole again.

How to pull Laces out of your mouth, of what colour or length you list, and never any thing seen to be therein.

As for this, 'tis done by putting one round bottom into your mouth as fast as you pull out another, and at the just end of every Yard tie a knot so as the same rests upon the teeth, then cut off the same, for so the Beholders are double and treble deceived, seeing as much Lace as will be contained in a Hat, and the same of what colour you list to name to be drawn by so even Yards out of your Mouth, and yet to talk as if you had nothing at all in your Mouth.

How to make a Book wherein you shall shew every Leaf thereof to be White, Black, Blew, Yellow, Red, Green.

Make a Book seven Inches long, and five Inches broad, or according to that proportion, and let there be forty nine leaves, that is seven times seven contained therein, so as you may cut upon the edge of each Leaf six notches, each notch in depth half a quarter of an inch, and one inch distant. Paint every fourteenth and fifteenth Page, which is the end of every sixth Leaf, and the beginning of every seventh, with like colour or one kind of Picture. Cut off with a pair of Sheers every notch of the first Leaf, leaving only one inch of paper in the uppermost Leaf un-cut, which will remain almost half a quarter of an inch higher than any part of that Leaf. Leave another like inch in the second place of the second Leaf, clipping away one inch of Paper in the highest place immediately above it, and all the notches below the same, and so orderly to the third, fourth, &c. So as there shall rest upon each Leaf, one only nick of Paper above the rest. One high un-cut inch of Paper must answer to the first directly in every seventh Leaf of the Book, so as when you have cut the first seven leaves in such sort as I have described, you are to begin the self-same order at the eighth Leaf, descending in like manner to the cutting other seven Leaves to twenty one, until you are past through every Leaf, all the thickness of your Book.

Now you shall understand, that after the first seven Leaves, every seventh Leaf in the Book is to be: You must observe that at each Bum Leaf, or high inch of paper seven Leaves distant, opposite one directly and lineally against the other through

through the thickness of the Book, the same page with the page precedent so to be painted with the like colour or Picture; and so must you pass through the Book, with seven sorts of Colours or Pictures, so as when you shall rest your thumb upon any of these high inches, and open the Book, you shall see in each page one Colour or Picture throughout the Book, in another row another Colour.

To make the matter more plain unto you, let this be the description thereof: Hold the Book with your left hand, and between your forefinger and thumb of your right hand slip over the Book in what place you list, and your thumb will alwaies rest at the seventh Leaf; namely, at the high inch of paper from whence your Book is Strein'd, it will fall or slip to the next: which when you hold fast and open the Book, the beholders seeing each leaf to have one Colour or Picture with so many varieties, all passing continually and directly through the whole Book, will suppose, that with words, you can discolour the leaves at your pleasure.

Gemma Phrysus

Record.

THOMAS LUPTON.

To kill any kind of Poultry, and give it life again.

Take a Hen, a Chick, or Capon, thrust a Nail or fine sharp pointed Knife through the midst of the head thereof, the edge towards the Bill, so as it may seem impossible for her to escape death; then use words, and pulling out the Knife, lay Oats before her, and she will eat, and live, being nothing at all hurt with the wound.

To eat a Knife, and fetch it out of any other place.

Take a Knife, and contain the same within your two hands, so as no part be seen thereof, but a little of the point, which you must so bite at the first that a noise be made therewith: Then seem to put a great part thereof into his mouth, and letting your hand slip down, there will appear to have been more in your mouth than is possible to be contained therein. Then send for drink, or use some other delay, until you have made the said Knife slip into your lap, holding both your Fists together as before, and then raise them so from the edge of the Table where you sit, for from thence the Knife may most privily

slip

flip down into your Lap, and instead of biting the Knife, nable a little upon your nail, and then seem to thrust the Knife into your mouth, opening the hand next unto it, and thrust up the other, so as it may appear to the standers by, that you have delivered your hands thereof, and thrust it into your mouth, then call for drink, after countenance made of pricking and danger: Lastly, put your hand into your Lap, and taking that Knife in your hand, you may seem to bring it from behind you, or from whence you list.

To thrust a Bodkin into your head without hurt

Take a Bodkin so made as the Haft being hollow, the blade thereof may slip into it as soon as you shall hold the point upwards, and set the same to your Forehead, and seem to thrust the same into your Forehead, and so with a little Spunge in your hand, you may bring out blood or wine, making the beholders think, the blood or the wine runneth out of your Forehead; then after the countenance of pain and grief, pull away your hand suddenly, holding the point downwards, and it will fall out, yet not seem to have been thrust into the haft, but immediately thrust that Bodkin into your Lap or Pocket, and pull out another plain Bodkin like the same, something bloody, saving only in the conceit.

To thrust a Bodkin through your Tongue, or a Knife through your Arm.

Make a Bodkin, the blade thereof being parted into the middle, so as the one part be not near to the other by three quarters of an inch, each part being kept asunder with a crooked piece of Iron, as you see described; then thrust your tongue between the foresaid space, thrusting the crooked piece of Iron behind your teeth, biting the same, and it will seem to stick so fast in and through your tongue, that it will be heard to pull it out.

To thrust a piece of Lead into one eye, and to drive it about with a stick between the skin and the flesh of the forehead, until it be brought to the other eye, and there thrust out.

Put a piece of Lead into one of the nether lids of your eye, as big as a tag of a point, but not so long, which yet

you may do without danger, and with a little juggling-stick one end thereof being hollow, seem to thrust the like piece of Lead under the other Eye-lid, but convey the same indeed into the hollowness of the stick, the stoppler or peg whereof may be privately kept in your hand till the feat be done. Then seem to drive the said piece of Lead with the said stick brought along upon your forehead, to the other eye you thrust out the piece of Lead which before you had put thereinto, to the admiration of the Beholders.

To put a Ring through your Cheek.

Take two Rings of like colour and quantity, the one fil'd asunder, so as you may thrust it upon your cheek, the other must be whole, and convey'd upon a stick, holding your hand thereupon in the middle of the stick, to be held fast by a stander by. Then conveying the same cleanly into your own hand, or for want of a good conveyance into your Lap, or Pocket; pull away your hand from the stick, and in pulling it away, whirl about the Ring, that it may be thought that you have put on it the Ring which was in your Cheek.

To keep a Tapster from frothing his Pots.

Provide in a readiness, the skin of a Red-Herring, and when the Tapster is absent, do but rub a little on the inside of his Pots, and he will not be able to froth them, do what he can in a good while after.

To find out the knavery of the Vintners in mixing Water with their French Wines, or Honey with sweet Wines.

If you suspect French Wines, as Claret or White, to be mingled with Water, the best way to find it out, is to put a Pear pared into the Glass, and if it swim aloft upon the Wine, it is a pregnant evidence that the Wine is good and unmingled; but if it sink, then you may conclude it to be naught.

If you suspect sweet Wines, as Malaga or Canary to be mixt with Honey, then pour out a few drops of the Wine upon a hot Plate of Iron, and the Wine will soon dissolve, but the Honey will remain there.

To make a Man appear on a burning Flame without any harm.

Take Briarstone, Opriment, and common Oyl, and make an Oyntment therewith, with which annoynt all your Garment round about, and your head and hands, and after light the same, and it will burn all at once without harm.

To make a Flame pass suddenly out of a Pot full of Water.

Take an Egg and make a hole in the head, and draw out all the substance of the same, fill it with powder of Brimstone and unslak'd Lime mixt together; then shut the mouth with Wax, and let it fall to the bottom of a quart pot full of water, taking your hand suddenly away, and presently a flame will issue out at the mouth of the Pot.

How to spit Fire.

Take the powder of a Willow-stick finely beaten, and searfed, with which joyn a little new silk, making it round like to a Ball, into which put this powder, wraping the silk about it; afterwards put into it with the powder, a little fine flax, and then stick it up round about; then cut it open a little upon one side, putting a quick cole into it to set it a little on fire, then put it into your mouth, and when you will spit Fire out, hold the Ball strongly in your mouth, and blow, and a great light will issue out of your mouth.

To make Ink to rule paper to write by, the writing whereof being dry, the Lines may be so taken out, that it shall seem that you have written without Lines.

Take a Paragon Stone, stamp and bray it well, then take the bigness of a little Nut of the fairest Tartar, or Lees of Wine calcin'd and burnt, setting it to seeth and dissolve it in a Dish of clean water, and then strain it out. And then with this water temper the black powder of the Paragon Stone, till it becomes like Ink, and then rule your Paper or Parchment, and write upon those Lines what you will with common Ink, and when the writing is dry, for to take out the said Lines, you must take hard crums of white bread, and rub the paper over with them, and the Lines which you have ruled, will go out as clear, as if there had never been any Line at all.

To counterfeit a Diamond with a white Saphir.

Take white Smalt well beaten into powder, and mingle it with the filing of Gold or Iron, but so as there be as much Smalt as filing; then take a little other Smalt without filing, and make it into dough with your spittle, and wrap the Saphir in it, and let it dry well at the fire. This done, tie it at the end of a small and fine Wire, and leave the other end so that you may pluck it out when you will. Afterwards cover it with the said filings, and leave it so on the fire a certain space, until the filing be very hot, but so that in no case it melt; then put on your Saphir to see if the colour please you, if not, put it in again, untill it be fair to your mind.

To make Rubies of two pieces, and Emraulds.

Take a Grain of Mastick which you shall stick upon the point of a Knife, and heat it well against the fire, and it will cast out a little drop like the tear of a mans eye, having a luster like Pearl. Take this drop of Mastick, and if you will make Emrauld, colour it with Spanish Green, temper'd with Oyl and Wax if it be needful, and if it be too thick, temper it with Water; but if you will make Rubies, take Gum Arabick, Aloe Succatrine, raw rock Alom, as much of the one as the other, and let it boyl altogether in common Water, then put into the same water some Brasil cut small, and let it seeth, putting to it some Alom Calcin'd, so call'd, because it was boyl'd in a Caldron, of which the more there is, the darker it will be; then take the drop of Mastick abovesaid, and colour it with the said red. This done, take two pieces of Crystal dress'd and trim'd with the wheel, of what fashion and greatness you will, so that the piece that you will lay uppermost be not so great as that which you make, that is to say, the one dress'd upon the other, as the nail upon the finger, just on every side. After this, lay that underneath upon a little fire-pan, or some other Instrument of Iron upon the Coals, that the said Crystal may be very hot and then touch it upon the said red drop, which you shall take upon the end of of a stick; but it must be so hot as that it may drop down the better, and when you see that the said piece of Crystal is colour'd enough, you shall take the other lesser piece, that must be set above, which likewise must be hot, and set it upon the said drop, and it will conglutinate and glew the two pieces

Pieces of Crystal together, without causing any thickness or lett unto the luster of the Ruby.

To make Ink so white, that although a man write with it upon white Paper, it may easily be read.

Take the shells of a new laid Egg very white and well wash'd, then bray them well upon a clean Marble-stone with clean Water: Put them in a clean Dish till the Powder descend to the bottom, after drain out the Water lightly, and let the Powder dry of it self, or in the Sun, and so shall you have an excellent White excelling Ceruse or any white in the World. When you would use it, take Gum-Armoniack well wash'd and mollifi'd, taking off the yellow skin that is about it, then steep it the space of a night in distill'd Vinegar, and in the morning you shall find it dissolv'd, and the Vinegar whiter than Milk; and then strain it through a clean linnen cloath, and with a little of this white liquor, you shall temper the said Powder, and then write or paint with it, and you shall have a colour surpassing all other white colours.

To make a Powder to take out blots out of Paper, or else the Letters and writing from the Paper.

Take Ceruse well beaten in a Morter, and make of it a dough with the Milk of a Fig-tree, then let it dry, and afterwards beat it again; then dry it as before, and so seven times: then keep it so in powder, and when you will use it to take out blots or letters out of Paper, take a Linnen cloath, and wet it well in water, pressing and wringing the water out, then spread it abroad upon the place where you will have it, and leave it thereon till the paper and the ink be moist therewith, then take away the wet cloath, and upon the blot or letters that you will have taken away, put a little of the powder of Ceruse, leaving it there the space of a night. In the morning, take a linnen cloth, clean and dry, and rub softly and finely the said powder, and the paper will remain exceeding white, to write upon again as well as before, and better; and if it be not well rub'd the first time, you must do it once more, and you shall not fail.

To Guild the Edges of Books.

Take the quantity of a Wal-nut of Bole-Armoniack, the bigness of a piece of Sugar-candy, beat them together dry

in a Mortar, and put to a little of the white of an Egg well beaten, and mingle them altogether, then take a Book that you would guild being well bound, well cut, and well polish'd, set him fast in the Press, and that as even and as right as you can, then wipe it over with the white of an Egg well beaten, and let it dry, then wipe it again with the same composition, and when it is well dried, scrape it and polish it well. Last of all, when you lay on the Gold, wet the said Edges with a little fair water with a Pencil, then put on the Golden Leaves, and when it is dry polish it with a Dogs tooth; this done, you may make what work you will upon it.

A Liquor of the colour of Gold to write withal, or to paint.

Take an Egg laid the same day that you intend to make this, which you must open at one end, and take out all the white, then take two parts of Quicksilver, and one part of Sal Armoniack that is clean, and well beaten, and of these two things you shall put as much upon the yolk of the Egg that remaineth in the shell as will fill it up again; then mingle them all well together with a little stick, then stop up the said Egg with the piece that you took off, closing it well with a piece of Wax that nothing may enter into it, nor any thing issue out of it; then lay it under Horse-Dung right up, the open end upward; this done, take another half Egg-shell to make a Cover or Cap for the broken end, and cover it again in Horse-Dung, and leave it so the space of twenty or five and twenty dayes, so shall you have a very fair colour of Gold to write withal, and if the said substance be too hard or thick, break it and temper it with Gumm'd-water.

To make a Green colour to paint with.

Take Verdigrease, Lytharge, Quicksilver, and bray all these together with the piss of a young Child, and then write with it, and it will have the colour of an Emrauld.

To bray fine Gold to write withal.

Take Gold leaves beaten and four drops of Honey, mix it well together, and put it in a Glass, and when you will use it, steep and temper it in Gum-water.

Another way.

Take as much as you will of the leaves of Gold or Silver beaten, and lay it abroad in a large Glass, as even as you can, and wet it with clear water, stir it up and down with your finger, wetting your finger sometimes: in the stirring it, do not spread it too much abroad, continuing to do so till it be well broken, putting water alwayes to it; and when you think it is bray'd enough, fill the Glass with clean freshwater, and skin it well, then let it rest half an hour: After this, strain the water, and you shall find the Gold in the bottom of the Cup, which you may draw at your pleasure: When you will use it, steep and temper it with Gum-water, keeping it well covered, that no filth come to it.

To make colours of all kind of Metals.

Take Crystal, or Paragon-stone, and bray it well with the White of an Egg, and then write with it, and when it is dry, rub the writing with Gold, or any other Metal, and it will have the colour of the Metal which you rub upon it.

To make Letters of the colour of Gold, without Gold.

Take an ounce of Orpiment, and an ounce of fine Crystal and beat them by themselves, then mingle them together with the Whites of Eggs, then write with it.

To make Silver Letters without Silver.

Take an ounce of Tin, two ounces of Quicksilver, and melt them together, then bray them with Gum'm'd water, then write with it.

To make Green Letters.

Take the Juice of Rue, Verdi-greese, and Saffron, bray them well together, and mingle it with Gum'm'd water, and write therewith.

To make white Letters in black Paper.

Take the pure Milk of a Fig-tree in a Glass, and set it in the Sun the space of half an hour, then temper it with Gum-water when you will use it; when you have written with it, black the Paper as much as you can if it be great, and when it is dry

rub it well with a linnen cloth ; then the letter that you made with the milk of a Fig tree will go altogether, and the paper will remain written white, because it was kept and preserved by the same Milk from the Ink where the Letters were. Thus you shall have fair white Letters in a black paper.

Conceits for Merriment at Table.

To make a mans Hands or Face, black by wiping on his Towel.

Take Chalcantum and a Gall or two and bruise them, then sift them in a fine Sieve, making a very fine powder to strew upon the Napkin, which being cast upon the Towel, and rub'd or beaten in with a dry hand into the cloth, take the cloth and shake it, that which will not stick on may fall off ; then press it again, and shake it till you think there remains enough upon the Towel. This done, when water is brought, give that Towel to whom you intend, and when he comes to wipe his wet hands and face, it will smut and daub his face, as if he had been wash'd with Ink, to the laughter of the Beholders.

To hinder a Man from swallowing his Meat.

Take of the root of the Herb called Bella-Donna, one dram beaten small and put it into a Glass of Wine, letting it stand for the space of twelve hours, in the morning drink to the party you intend to serve in this manner, and give him this Wine, three hours after call him to dinner, and you shall see he will by no means be able to swallow his Meat, his Chaps will be so sore, when you have sport enough, let him gargle in his mouth a little Vinegar, or Milk, and he will be immediately as well as ever.

Another way.

Take the finest powder of dry Arisarum, and sprinkle it instead of Cynamon and Pepper upon what meat you think fittest; for this, when he hath taken a bit into his mouth, will so hurt his Chaps, and the inside of his mouth, that he will make a hundred faces, neither will the smart cease, till you cause him to wash his mouth with Milk.

Take also the leaves of Colocasía, and mingle them in a Sallet, and it will fill the mouth of him that eats it with such a clammy spittle, that he will be able to eat nothing till he have wash'd his mouth.

To make the Meat seem bitter.

Rub the edge of the Knife, or the Napkins with the pith of Colocynthida, for when he shall cut bread with this Knife, or wipe his mouth with his Napkin, it will render such a horrid bitter taste, that whatsoever he eats will appear to him to be infested with that taste; and the oftner he cuts and wipes his Mouth, the more his Palate, Tongue, and Mouth, will be infested, so that he will be forced to leave his Meat.

To cause the Cup to stick to a mans lips, that it can hardly be pulled away.

Take the Milk of a Fig-tree, and mingle it with Gum Tragacanth, and anoint the brims of the Cup with it, which when it is dry will not be seen. Then give it to any one full of Wine to drink, and it will before he has done drinking, stick so fast to his Lips, that it will be impossible to pluck it away.

To make the Meat appear Bloody and full of Worms.

Take the blood of a Hare and boyl it, and let it dry again, then beat it to powder, which when it is strew'd about the hot Meat, though never so well boyled or roasted, it will appear to be bloody, and be by some rejected, but may be eaten by those that know the Conceit with much safety and pastime.

Take Lute-strings, and cut them very small, and strew them upon hot Meat and they will seem to move with the heat of the Meat, so that they will appear like Worms.

Pretty Conceits to take Fish.

To make a little Ball under Water, to which the Fish will gather together.

Make a Ball of Brasse or Lead hollow, three or four foot in Diameter, keeping the form of a Pyramide toward the bottom, having at the top Iron Rings for Cords to be ty'd to it: that it may be drawn up and down in the Water, let the belly of the Ball be open with windows of Glass, handsomely set into the Brasse with Lead, making up the cranies that no water get in, let

let it have a pipe come from the upper part of it in length fifteen or twenty foot, in breadth one foot, and let it appear above water, two foot at least; when it is thus hanging in the Water, light a Candle, and let it down through the Pipe into the Belly of the Ball, where you may so order it to be fastened that whatsoever way the Ball move, the Candle may stand upright. This light will then shine through the water, and multitudes of Fish will gather about it, which may easily be caught with a Net.

To write Letters upon Crystal undiscovered.

Take Gum-Arabick and dissolve it in water, or, that it may be clearer, Gum-Tragacanth; then write upon Crystal or any other Glass, when the Letters are dry they will not be seen; when you will have it read, rub it over with the ashes of burnt-paper.

To Counterfeit a Seal.

Melt Sulphur, and cast into it Cerusse powdered, put this upon the Seal, keeping it from the paper of the Letter with other paper, or a little soft Wax, and the Seal will be perfectly taken.

To open, and shut a Letter again.

With a thin Knife a little warmed, open the Wax under the Seal, and read; when you would shut it up again, use Gum-Tragacanth.

Conceits of Glasses.

To cause the face to look of any colour.

While the matter whereof you would form your Looking-Glass is in the Furnace, you may give it what colour you please; if you cast in Saffron, it will render the face as if 'twere discoloured with the yellow Jaundice; if black, it makes a dark colour, if a good quantity thereof, it looks like an *Ethiopian*; if red, you behold the face of one drunk. Thus may the fairest women be deluded with these kind of Glasses.

To make the face appear as if it were divided in the middle.

¶ Let the Superficies of the Glass which is cast, to the sight be exactly level; let it on the backside just in the middle be raz'd
with

with an obtuse Angle, in the extreame deepest and obtuse ; for so where the lines fall upon , and meet with the Angle, it will seem double.

To make Ink to carry about a man in a dry powder, which when you will write with, you must temper with a little Wine, Water, or Vinegar, and then you may immediately, put it in practice.

Take Peach or Apricock-stones with their Kernels, sweet Almonds or Bitter, so they have their shels hard : And in case you can get only the said Kernels without their shels , it will be good enough. Take then all the said things together , or those that you can get, and burn them upon the Coals , and when they be very red and enflamed, take them out , and when they be thus reduc'd to very black Coals, keep them in a Pan. Take likewise Rosin of a Pine-tree, and put it in a Pan, and make it flame and burn ; then take a little bag holden open with little sticks laid across over it, and hold the mouth of the bag downward over the flame, so that the smoak of the said Rosin may gather together and slick round about the said Bag ; and when all the Rosin is exhal'd , and cold again , cause all the said smoak to fall upon a paper or tablet, or some other thing , and keep it ; but if you will not take the pains to make this smoak , you may take one part, or what quantity you will of the Coals of the said stones ; of Vitriol one part , of Galls two parts , of Gum-Arabick four parts.

Let all these things be well stamp'd, sifted, and mingled together, and then keep well this powder in a linnen bag or of leather, for the older it is, the better it will be ; when you will use it to make Ink of it, take a little of it and temper it with Wine, Water, or Vinegar, the which being put into it warm, the Ink shall be the better ; nevertheless being put in cold , it is no great matter : And you shall make very good Ink , which you may carry where you will without spilling or-shedding. If you have naughty Ink, put to it a little of the same powder.

To make a great deal of Ink, and with little cost.

Take the black with which Curriers black their skins , then take the liquor of the fish called a Cuttle, which costeth almost nothing, with Galls : Mingle the said Galls with the Tanners colour, and without any other thing you shall have a perfect

Ink. To make it yet better, you may put to it of the said powder made of the Coals of Vitriole, of Galls, and of Gum, and the said Ink will be very good to print in Copper, putting to it a little Vernix, and a little Oyl of Line, so that it may be liquid, and sitting of it self, to pierce into all manner of engravings.

To Guild with water.

Take Well, River, or Conduit-water, and for three pound of the Water, take two of Roch-Allom, an Ounce of Vitriol, the weight of a peny of Verdi-greese, three Ounces of Sall Gem, an Ounce of Orpiment, and let all boyl together, and when you see it boyl, put in Lees called Tartar, and Bay-salt, of each of them half an Ounce, and when it hath sod a little while, take it from the fire, and paint the Iron withal, then having set it in the fire to heat, burnish it, and it is done.

To take a Jack-Daw.

This Bird admires her own shape, which the subtle Fowler having found out, may set in a place where they are most frequented, a Bason or little Vessel full of Oyl, the curious Bird will streight come and sit upon the edge of the dish, and seeing another Bird so like her self, will flye too in, and suddainly plung her self in the Oyl, the thickness of which hinders her from flying, so that she may be easily taken without any other Snare.

In the same manner Quail and Partridge are taken, if you lye hid behind, where you have set up a Looking-Glass, where they usually haunt, for they seeing the likeness of themselves in the Glas, come instantly flying to it, whereby the Net is easily thrown over them.

To take Partridge.

There is a great Sympathy between the Hart and the Partridge, so that if you take the Skin of a Hart, and put it on in the Field, letting the Horns be seen well smeared with Bird-lime, the the Partridge will come flying to you, and sit upon every part of the Skin, till they are intangled in the Bird-lime.

Another

Another way to take Partridge.

Take Barley and soke it in Wine, and they will be so drunk when they have eaten it, that you may easily take them with your hands.

Another way to fox any Byds.

Take Tormentil and boyl it in good Wine, and in that decoction, steep the seed of Wheat or Barley for a good space, till they be well soak'd, for the little bits of the Tormentil will stick to the grain, which being cast to them and eaten by them, will intoxicate them that they may be taken up in your hand.

Or in a place frequented with Birds, throw first a little Barley, then afterwards make a little drow of Barley Meal, and Ox Gall, and the seed of Henbane, and set it in the same place with Barley cast about it, which stupifies the Birds that they cannot fly.

To take Fish the same way.

Take white bread, and the root of the herb Cyclaminum, and mix them into a paste, and cast it into the River, and it will make the fish so drunk, that they will need no Net, you may but take them with your hands.

*Pretty Conceits about the secret conveyances
of Love Letters.*

Take Chalchantum and dissolve it in water, then take some Galls, and gently bruised, put them in water, letting them stand so a day and a night; then strain it, and with the water write your mind on a piece of white paper, and send it to your friend, when you would have them seen, dip the Letters first in Water.

Another.

Take Allum and dissolve it in fair Water, and write upon a white Cloth or a Napkin, or a Towel, which when it is dry, will not be seen at all; when you would have them visible, dip it in fair Water, and the Napkin will be of a wet colour throughout, but where the Allum was writ with.

Another.

Take Lythargyrum, and put it into an earthen pot, having a little hole in it, together with some Vinegar, boyl it and strain it: Then write your Letter upon paper with the juice of a good Lemmon; and when you would have it seen, dip it in the aforesaid decoction, and the Letters will appear upon the paper, of a Milkie colour.

How Letters may be read at the fire.

Take the juyce of an Onion, or a Pomgranate, and write upon Paper, and it will not be seen, till the paper comes to be pretty warm at the fire.

Another.

Take Sal Armoniacum, and being bruised, mingle it with water; then write upon the paper, and the Letters will be of the same colour, but being held to the Fire, it will appear to be of a black colour.

Another.

So that the Letters shall not be read, till the paper be scorch'd.

Take the sharpest Vinegar, and the white of an Egg, mingle it; and beating it together with some Hydrargyrum; with this write your Letter, and you may burn your Paper, but cannot burn the Letters.

Another.

To be read against the fire.

Take Cernse and mix it with Tragacanth, with which mixture will be made a colour like to that of Paper, so that it cannot be discern'd from it, with which having writ your Letttr, it cannot be read unless you hold it against the fire.

How a Letter may not be read till it be rubb'd over with fine flower.

Take Vinegar or Urine; and write upon any part of the body, as the Arm or the Thigh or Back, for the Letters will not

not be seen till they be rubb'd over with fine Meal, or the Ashes of burnt Paper.

Another.

Take the Milk of a Fig-tree, and write upon paper, for this will not be read, till it be rubb'd over with Charcole-dust.

That the Letters may not be discovered either by the fire or water, but only by dust.

Dissolve a little Goats-fat, with a small quantity of Turpentine, and with this rub your paper, and keep it: when you would send any thing to your Friend, put the paper upon a little board which you intend to send to your Friend, and with an Iron Pen write down the Letters, for so the fat will stick to the Tablet; send this Tablet, for it can be no way read, but by rubbing it with dust.

Another subtil way.

Take an Egg and put it three or four hours in Vinegar, and it will be so soft that you may open it easily with a thin Knife; then put into it your Letter, which must be short and thin done up, then put the Egg again in water, and it will close up and return to its former hardness.

WITS

WITS INTERPRETER:

OR,

APOLLO and ORPHEUS.

Several Love-Songs, Drollery, and
other Verses.

Woman Undesil'd.

Well, well, 'tis true,
I am now fall'n in love,
And 'tis with you:
But I plainly see
When you'r enthron'd by me above,
You all the arts and pow'rs improve
To Tyrant over me;
And make my flames the center of your scorn,
Whil'ft you rejoyce, and feast your eyes
To see me thus forlorn.

But yet be wise,
And don't believe that I
Do think your eyes
More bright than Stars can be;
Or face the Angels, face out-vies,
In their Celestial Liveries.
'Tis all but Poetrie,
I could have said as much by any she:
Thou art not beautious of thy self,
But art made so by me.

While we like fools
Fathom the earth and skies,
Nay drain the Schools,
For names t'express ye by;
Out-rant the loud Hyperbole;
To dub the Saints and Deities
By *Cupid's* Heraldry:
I know ye're flesh and blood, as well as men,

Who

Who when we please can mortalize,
And make you so again.

But since my fate
Hath drawn me to that sin
Which I did hate;
I'll not my labour lose,
But I'll love on,
Since I begun,
(To th' purpose now my hand is in)
Spight of that art you use;
And let you see the World is not so bare,
There 're things enough to love besides
Such toys as women are.

I love good Wine,
I love my Book and Muse,
Nay, all the nine.
I love my Friend,
I love my Horse, and could I choose
One that my Love would not abuse,
To her my heart should bend:
I love all those that Laugh, and those that Sing,
I love my Country, Prince, and King,
And those that love my King.

The Health.

A Health to the Nut-brown Lass,
With the hazle Eyes let it pass:
She that hath good Eyes,
Hath Good Thighs,
Let it pass — let it pass.

As much to the lively gray,
'Tis as good i'th' night as day:
She that has good Eyes,
Hath good Thighs,
Drink away, — drink away.

I pledge, I pledge, what ho! some wine,
Here's to mine and to thine,

The colours are divine ———
 But oh the black, the black,
 Give me as much agen, and let't be Sack :
 She that has good Eyes
 Has good Thighs,
 And it may be a better knack.

Disdain Reproved.

TAKE heed fair *Cloris* how you tame,
 By your disdain, *Aminas* flame :
 A noble heart which once deny'd
 Swells into such a height of pride,
 'Twill rather burst than deign to be
 The worshipper of crueltie.

You may use common shepherds so,
 My sighs at last to storms will grow,
 And blow such scorns upon thy pride
 'Twill blast what I have magnifi'd :
 You are not fair if love you lack,
 Ingratitude makes all things black.

O do not, for a flock of Sheep,
 A showre of Gold when as you sleep,
 Nor for the tale ambition tells,
 Forfake the house wherein he dwells :
 In *Damons* Palace you'l ne're shine
 So bright as in this bowre of mine.

What is most to be liked in a Mistress.

TIS not how witty, nor how free,
 Nor yet how beautiful she be,
 But how much kind and true to me ;
 Freedom and wit none can confine,
 And beauty like the Sun doth shine,
 But kind and true are only thine.

Let others with attention sit
 To list'n and admire her wit,

That is a rock, where I ne're split.
Let others dote upon her eyes,
And burn their hearts for sacrifice,
Beautie's a calm where danger lies.

Yet kind and true have been long try'd,
And harbour where we may confide,
And safely there at Anchor ride;
From change of windes there we are free,
Nor need we fear storms tyrannie,
Nor Pirate, though a Prince he be.

To his Mistress sick.

O Do not die! for I shall hate
All women so when thou art gone;
Then thee I shall not celebrate
When I remember thou wert one.

But yet thou canst not die I know,
To leave this world behind is death,
But when thou from this World wilt go
The whole World vapours with thy Breath.

Or if when thou, the World's soul, goest,
That stay 'tis but thy carcass then,
The fairest women, but thy ghost,
But earthly, worms the worthiest men.

O wrangling Schools that search what fire
Shall burn this World, have none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her fever might be it?

And yet she cannot waste by this;
Nor long time bear this torturing wrong;
For much corruption needful is
To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter is therein soon spent,
Thy beauty and all parts with thee
Are an unchanging firmament.

Yet

Yet 'twas of my mind ceasing thee,
 Though it in thee cannot per sever,
 For I had rather owner be
 Of thee one hour, than of all else ever.

What 'tis to be in Love.

IF to love sweetness in alluring Eyes
 Where Love sits teaching thoughts to smile,
 And smiles to imbellish funeral obsequies,
 Makeing grief lovely, and pleasure sad the while:
 If this be Love, O then I am in Love!
 As hopeless to enjoy, as to remove.

If all the day with fixed thought to rave
 On the Idea of those blest perfections,
 And all the night no Minutes rest to have
 For framing answers to my thoughts objections:
 If this be Love, O then I am in Love!
 As hopeless to enjoy, as to remove.

If to admire ripe thoughts in fair young feature,
 A Soul untroubled in a thoughtful Face,
 A matchless Mind in an unmatched Creature,
 An Angels goodness with an Angels Grace:
 If this be Love, O then I am in Love!
 As hopeless to enjoy, as to remove.

To his Mistriss on her Hair.

BRight Hair, which did the Sun not shine
 Might'st over-rule our years.
 Only for those clear beams of thine
 We joy in being seers,
 For in the light doth not arise
 Ought more agreeing with our eyes.

It is composed of such mold,
 And by such hand is wrought,
 The sight contents us more than Gold,
 But yet is dearly bought;

For he that there bestowes his Eye
May well salute his liberty.

Which being fled, doth not return,
But keeps his distance ever;
Leaving the poor engag'd to mourn
In chains acquitted never:
Yet such as to thee captives be
So pleasing they would not be free.

Chains whose each slender twine is blest
With power to hold all eyes,
Chains which united might arrest
The hasty destinies;
Yet they that bare them heaviest charg'd
Do not desire to be enlarg'd.

For though they wake when others sleep,
Their eyes new wayes discover;
And sees the wonders in Love's deep,
Which none can see but Lovers:
Such as with me adventurous are
Under this favourable Star.

A Message.

GO naked Truth, and let thy bashful tears
Fall at her Feet, presume not to her hand;
Pour out thy Love, yet not into her Ears,
And in her sight there like an Image stand
That prays and weeps, and till those springs be dry
No bolder wayes of supplication try.

Look on her Face, but yet be sure she look
Another way before thou be so bold;
Let not a Ribon or a Pin be took
Till she have bow'd it, or have worn it old;
The very crums that from her Table fall
Will serve to feed and feast my hopes withal.

How many Thousands do her eyes revive
Coming in troops that singled out alone;

Would

Would die for joy, were they so mad to strive
 Against that heat and feel it one by one;
 Part of a lock he may have strength to bear,
 That dares not take one to himself for fear.

Yet not to see and not be seen at all,
 Is too remote a distance from my heart,
 Which is content neither to rise nor fall,
 But stand and play an humble Suitors part,
 Admiring how those that behold thy face
 Seduc'd by hope venture to lose their place.

The Tennis-Court.

WHEN as the hand at Tennis plays,
 And men to gaming fall,
 Love is the Court, hope is the House,
 And favour serves the Ball.

This Ball it self is due desert,
 The Line that measure shows
 Is reason, whereon judgement looks
 Where Players win or lose.

The Tutties are deceitful shifts,
 The stoppers jealousy,
 Which hath Sir *Argus* hundred eyes
 Wherewith to watch an pry.

The fault whereby fifteen is lost
 Is want of wit and sense,
 And he that brings the racket in
 Is double diligence.

But now the racket is free-will
 Which makes the Ball rebound,
 And noble beauty is the choice,
 And of each game the ground.

Then rashness strikes the Ball away,
 And there is over-sight,
 A bandy ho! the people cry,
 And so the Ball takes flight.

Now at the length good-liking proves,
Content to be their gain:
Thus in the Tennis Court, Love is
A pleasure mixt with pain.

Unbelief.

I Know she is a woman,
To whose faith my love I tye:
It's not strange? for there's no man
Lefs believes their Sex then I,

Yet one tells me, who hath try'd them,
Of thousands, one may constant be:
But I doubt me he bely'd them,
Through his craft to cozen me.

Yet enticing hope doth move me
To think on Women to be true;
Who in your Angels-shape comes to me,
O Sad! what power there rests in you?

Then if destiny hath giv'n
More than ever I could ween;
I swear you only dropt from Heav'n,
And till now were never seen.

Two Kisses.

ONce and no more, so said my Love,
When in my arms in chained,
She unto mine her lips did move,
And so my heart she gained.
Thus done, she saith, Away I must
For fear of being miss'd,
Your heart's made over but in trust,
And so again she Kissed.

Dissatisfaction.

THough my carriage be but weak,
Though my look be of the sternest;

K

Yet

Yet my passions are compareless,
When I love I am in earnest.

For my brains are not so reeling;
But a Gentle soul may joke me;
Nor my heart so hard of feeling,
But it melts if love provoke me.

Love is a foolish melancholy,
Leading the mind with false persuasions;
Why should I not else see my folly,
Losing whole time to gain occasions.

My Love is always Lunatick,
Methinks my heart is so on fire,
That though my Mistress send for me,
I dare not for my life come nigh her.

Methinks Love's sparkles would so start,
And at her sight give forth such flame,
That standers-by would see my heart,
And by the light there read the same.

Then best to single her alone,
Though to encounter she be loath,
The match were equal one to one,
And solitude would right us both.

Alone or else-where all's in vain,
For every time that yet we met,
Was but a cause to meet again
For something that we did forget.

A description of Women.

ALL you that Women love,
Or like the Amorous trade,
Come learn of me what Women be,
And whereof they are made.
Their hands are made of Rash,
Their minds are made of Say,
Their love is like Silk changeable,
It lasteth but a day;

Their will Motladoo is,
 Of Durance is their hate,
 The food they feed on most is Carp,
 Their gaming is Check-mate:
 Of Fustian's their discourse,
 Their zeal is made of freez,
 And they that on their favour wait,
 Gain most when they do leez.
 Their glory springs from Sattin,
 Their vanity from Feather,
 Their beauty is, stand further off,
 Their conscience is of Leather.
 Their humours Water-chamblet,
 But Canyas fits them best,
Perpetuana is their folly,
 Their earnest is but jest.
 Their life is love and idleness,
 Their doing is their pleasure,
 They lawless are, yet all their ware
 They buy by standing measure,
 Their fore-parts are of Rue,
 Their hinder-parts of Docks,
 Of hardest brasile are their hearts,
 Their hands are made of Box.
 Their malice is of Lead,
 Their avarice of Mony,
 Of subtilty their fortunes is,
 Their acquaintance is of Conny.
 Or if in plainer terms
 Withal you would be dealt,
 Of Bever are their tender Thighs,
 Their things are made of Felt.

A SONG.

A Maidens Complaint.

Shall I Weep, or shall I Sing?
 I know not best what fits Mourning:
 If I Weep, I ease my brain,
 If I Sing, I Sing in pain:
 Weeping I'll Sing, and Singing Weep,
 To see that men no faith can keep.

Men have all deceitful hearts
 To rob poor Virgins of their parts,
 And when they love they tyrants grow,
 Triumphant in their overthrow.

Therefore, &c.

The treasure's stoln, the thieves are fled,
 And we left wounded in our bed;
 Then to complain if we begin,
 They swear 'twas we that led them in.

Therefore, &c.

To Sweet Jone.

Dick. **T**ell me *Jugge*, how spell'st thou *Jone*?
 Tell me but that, it's all I crave,
 I shall not need to be alone,
 When such a lovely one I have;
 That thou art, who can divine?
 One whose praise no tongue can tell,
 And all will grant that I am I;
 O happy I! if right thou spell,
 If I be I, and thou be'st one,
 Tell me sweet *Jugge*, how spell'st thou *Jone*?

Jone. I'll tell you Sir, and tell you true,
 That I am I, and I am one;
 So can I spell *Jone* without *U*,
 And spelling so can lig alone;
 My I to one is consonant,
 But as for yours it is not so,
 If then your I agreement want,
 I to your I must answer no:
 Therefore leave off your spelling plea,
 And let my I be I *per se*.

Dick. Your answer makes me almost blind,
 Put out one, and leave one eye,
 Unless therein some hope I find,
 Perforce I must despair and die;
 For I am *U* when you do speak,
 O speak again, and tell me so;

My heart with sorrow cannot break
To hear so kind a grunting, no,
And this is all for which I sue,
That I may be turn'd into U.

Jone. Nay, if you turn, and wind, and press,
And in the Cross-row have such skill,
I am put down, I must confess,
It boots not me to cross your will;
If you say true, say so, stand to it,
You shall not need to lig alone;
For I will lie that I may do it;
Now put together we'll spell *Jone*:
But how will *Jone* be spell'd, I wonder;
When U and I do part asunder.

The Reyn.

WHEN *Phæbus* first did *Daphne* love,
And could no way her fancy move;
He crav'd the cause. Quoth she,
I have vow'd Virginitie.
Then *Phæbus* raging, swore and said,
Past fifteen none should die a maid;
If Maidens then chance to be sped,
E're they can scarcely dress their head;
Yet blame them not, for they are loath
To make *Apollo* break his oath:
And better were a child unborn,
Then that a god should be forsworn.
Yet silly they when all is done,
Complain mens wits their hearts have won;
When 'tis for fear lest they should be
With *Daphne* turn'd into a Tree.
And who would so her self abuse,
To be a Tree if she could chuse?

A Letter to his Mistress in absence.

THOUGH I must live here, and by force
Of your command suffer divorce,

Though I am parted, yet my mind
 That's more my self still staves behind;
 I breath in you, you keep my Heart,
 'Twas but a carcass that did part:
 There though our bodies are disjoyn'd,
 And livings are to place confin'd,
 Yet let our boundless spirit meet,
 And in loves Sphere each other greet.
 Then let us work a mystick wreath,
 Unknown unto the world beneath;
 There let our clasp'd love sweetly twine,
 There let our secret thoughts unseen,
 Like nets be weav'd, and undermin'd,
 Wherewith we'll catch each others mind.
 There while our souls do sit and Kiss,
 Tasting a sweet and subtle bliss,
 Such as gross Lovers cannot know,
 Whose hands and lips meet here below:
 Let us look down, and mark what pain
 Our absent bodyes here sustain,
 And smile to see so fair a way,
 The one doth from the other stay:
 Yet burn and languish with desire,
 To joyn and quench each mutual fire;
 There let us joy to see from far
 Our emulous souls at peaceful war,
 Whil'st both with equal lustre shine,
 There seated in those heav'nly bowers,
 We'l cheat the long and lingring hours,
 Making our bitter absence sweet,
 'Till souls and bodies both shall meet.

Two loath to depart.

LYe still my Dear, why dost thou rise?
 The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
 'Tis not the day breaks, but my heart,
 To think that thou and I must part:
 O stay! O stay! or else my joys must die,
 And perish in their infancie.

'Tis true 'tis day, what if it be?
 Wilt thou therefore arise from me?

Did we lie down because 'twas night ?
And wilt thou rise for fear of light ?
O no ! since that in darkness we came hither ,
In sight of light we' l lie together.

A Countrey Suiter to his Love.

Fair Wench, I cannot court thy sprightly eyes ;
With a Bass-Viol plac'd betwixt my thighs ;
I cannot lisp, nor to a Fiddle sing ,
Nor run upon a high-stretch'd Minikin ;
I am not fashion'd for these amorous times ,
To court this beauty with harmonious times ;
I cannot whine in pining Elegies ,
Entombing *Cupid* with sad Obsequies ;
I cannot dally, caper, dance, nor sing ,
Gilding my Saints with subtle Sonettings ;
I cannot bus thy fist, play with thy hair ,
Swearing by *Jove*, thou art most debonair.
I cannot cross mine arms, nor sigh, ay me !
Not I, by *Jove*, egregious foppery ;
Not I, by *Jove*, but shall I tell thee roundly ?
Hark in thine ear, for I can jerk thee soundly.

A SONG.

HE that loves a rosie-cheek ,
Or a corral lip admires ,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires :
As old times makes decay ,
So his flame must pass away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind ,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires ,
Hearts with equal love combin'd ,
Kindle never-dying fires :
Where these are I do despise ,
Love, cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

SONG.

SHall I grieve or pine with sorrow,
 For a beauty that doth borrow,
 It's chiefest pride and glorious gloss,
 From cunning art as base and dross,
 Which fading is and flies,
 No sooner born but dies?
 O no, not so, I'll rather chuse to hate
 Love-joys, as toys, and live in single state.

Such a fair can never be
 From the falling-sickness free,
 She will act *Diana's* part,
 And turn thee to a horned Hart,
 Shee'll yield to all,
 Yet conquer in the fall,
 No saint more quaint by day than she,
 No spright in th' night more fearful there can be

When I love, I'll love a creature,
 That shall glory in none but nature,
 Her face shall be her own,
 Loving unto me alone,
 Chaste, fair, and young,
 More wit than tongue,
 O she shall be my Love, or none,
 Such a love, will I prove,
 Or vow to lie alone.

A Lovers passion.

IS she not wondrous fair? but O! I see
 She is too much, too fair, too sweet for me,
 That I forget my flames, but a new fire,
 Hath taught me not to love, but to admire.
 Just as the Sun methinks I see her face,
 Wh'ch we would gaze upon, but not embrace;
 So sure 'tis heav'n's pleasure she should be sent,
 As pure to heav'n again as she was lent,

And

And bids as we would hope for bliss
Not to profane her with mortal kifs,
Alas! how cold my love doth grow! how hot?
O how I love her, how I love her not?
So doth my ague-love torment by turns,
As now it freezeth, now again it burns.

Love ill-requited.

TELL me you Stars that our affections move?
Why made you me thus cruel, as to love?
Why turns my heart her scorned sacrifice,
Whose brest's as hard as Chrystal, cold as Ice:
God of desire, if all thy Votaryes
Thou thus repay, succession will grow wise,
No sighs of hearts more at thy shrine shall smok,
Thy pow'r shall be despised, thy altar broke.
O give to her your flame to melt the snow,
Which I suppose doth in her bosom grow;
Or make me Ice, so that her Crystal-chains
Bind up all love within thy froz'n veins,

Womens inconstancy.

I Am confirm'd, a woman can
Love this or that, or any man,
To day her Love is melting hot,
To morrow swears she knew you not,
Let her but a new object find
And she is of another mind:
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If e're I dote upon you more.

But still I love the fair, and why?
For nothing but to please my eye,
And so the fat and soft kind Dame
I flatter to appease my flame,
For her that's musical I long,
When I am sad to sing a song:
But hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If e're I dote upon you more,

I'll give my fancy leave to range,
 Through every face to find a change,
 The black, the brown, the fair shall be
 But objects of varietie:
 I'll court them all to see my turn
 But with such flames as shall not burn:
 For hang me, Ladies, at your dore,
 If e're I dote upon you more.

The Answer.

His wits infirm who thinks we can
 Love this or that, or any man,
 This the love that's melting heat,
 To morrow we shall fain repeat,
 Did not you in the object find
 What tells us yesterday was wind?
 Then hang that servant on a sign,
 That could so well his doings define.

And he that loves and knows not why,
 But fat and soft, and fair to th' eye,
 May easily enjoy such Dames,
 If flattering will appease his flames.
 And she whose Musick love can breed,
 This ever then shall be my Creed,
 To hang that servant for a signe,
 Lov's not the Goddess, but the Shrine.

A Suit.

FAirer than *Dianna*, chaster than *Susanna*,
 O let me thy favour merit.

Ans. Yes, when as the fountains overflow the mountains,
 Then thou shalt my favour merit.

Lov. Oh! I dye if you prove obdurate,
 Some stratagem I'll undertake,
 And search out some honest Curat,
 And to him my confession make.

Ans.

Ans. Impart not such desperation with such provocation,
For it is damnation so to do,
Such disparing actions must have sharp corrections
Justly, and in publick too.

Lev. O torture not the soul that dyeth
Whose heart for thee is sore tormented.

Ans. Such tyranny my soul denieth;
Sir, cease your suit, and be contented.

Canst thou be so cruel,
Dear and onely jewel,
Yielding fiery toment to my heart?

Ans. O object unto fortune!
How canst thou me importune
To that which will procure my smart?

Lev. O shew some commiseration
To him that loveth thee intirely!
I'll tell to every congregation
How thou loved'st me sincerely.

The more you ore affected,
The less you seem suspected,
Such cankered corruption
Lurks in all your kind.

Ans. Sir, you are deceiv'd,
And of your sense bereav'd,
You've lost your sight, how long have you been blind?

Lev. O senseless and unfeeling creature!
Of Tyranny the very Mirror;
The canker'd Worm corrupteth Nature
To all that live a plague and terror.

Women scorned,

Come hither sweet melancholly;
Now 'tis no time to be jolly,
Dame Fortune is poor, and Venus a Whore,
And Cupid is full of folly.

I cannot but laugh to see men
Thus dote on foolish women,
Accused are they, that with such Puppets play,
And blessed is he that's a Freeman.

For once I lov'd a creature for virtue,
For virtue more than feature,
But she is proud that was my only joy,
And she is of a weather-cocks nature.

I lov'd her as a sister,
A thousand times I kiss her,
I fed her with rings, and many pretty things,
Yet nevertheless have mist her.

These words in her mouth were common,
I'll marry thy self or no man:
But away she flew, like a Hawk from a mule,
So fickle a thing is woman.

Chast life shall be my study,
My closet, a walk that is woody:
And during my life, I'll ne're have a wife,
She'll make my brains grow muddy.

My Muses shall be my bed-fellow,
A bundle of books my pillow,
And instead of a horn, my head I'll adorn,
With a Garland made with willow:

I'll never more trust a woman
That will prove constant to no man,
She sets up her guiles with flattering smiles
With a purpose to undo man.

For they are always so fickle
And in their behaviour brittle,
Like grass that is old, and falls from the mould,
They are fit to be trim'd with a sickle.

False fondling now I'll leave thee,
For thou wilt of my wits bereave me,
Although I am blind, I evermore find,
Thou art constant to deceive me.

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,
And make all white, thy tresses yellow;
And when time shall date thy glory,
Then too late, thou wilt be sorry.

Spare to speak, spare to speed.

UNless thou cast thy lure,
Or throw her out a train,
Thou seldom shalt a falcon or
A tassel gentle gain.

Though looks betok'n love,
And make a shew of lust,
Yet speech is that which knits the knot,
Whereon a man must trust.

Assure thy self as he
That fears Caliver-shot,
Can never come to scale a fort,
Or skirmish worth a groat.

So he that spares to speak
When time and place are fit,
Is sure to miss the mark,
He was in hope to hit.

Experience hath no peer,
It passeth Learning far ;
I speak it not without my book,
But like a man of war.

Answer ex tempore.

ALthough thou cast thy lure,
Or flingest forth thy train,
No falcon but some haggard kite,
Or buffard thou shalt gain.

Sweet looks may please the eye,
When words offend the ear,
You oft'n see that men look well,
But speak well seldom here.

And he that fears for to be hit
With shot of rearing gun,
To hit another with the same
Perhaps he will not shun.

And

And he that fears not what he speaks
 What others speak may fear;
 I count it best to be far off,
 Where it's hurtful to be near.

So good Sir, fare you well,
 Thy knowledge was thy care,
 Nor wast thou as thou term'dst thy self,
 A man of War, but Ware.

To the same intent.

THe Fisher-man that fears
 His hook and line to cast,
 Or spread his net the take the Fish,
 Well worthy is to fast.

The Forrester that dreads
 To rouz to lodged Buck,
 Because of briers and brakes, deserves
 To have no Hunters luck.

Where words may win good-will,
 And boldness bear no blame;
 Why should they want a face of Brass
 To board the bravest Dame?

Answer.

THe Fisher sometimes takes a Frog
 Whose Net was cast for Fish;
 And words are oft-times spent in vain,
 And not according to your wish.

The Forrester that wages
 His health before his Game;
 Would rather chuse to go unhurt
 Then hurt to get the same.

Where words are thought but ill,
 And boldness bears much blame,
 As there to wear a face of Brass
 'Tis charge and also shame,

To the same intent.

My lover, spare to speak
And ever spare to speed,
Unless thou shew thy hurt, how shall
The Surgeon know thy need?

Why hath a man a Tongue,
And boldness in his brest,
And to bewray his mind, by mouth,
To set his heart at rest.

Answer.

Bolt, Lover, spare to speak,
And sparing thou shalt speed,
Thy hurt not seen but understood,
May have redress at need.

What though man hath a tongue,
And boldness in his brest,
His case once known, what needs he speak?
By silence comes the rest.

The Prisoners Song.

A King lives not a braver life
Then we merry Prisoners do,
Though fools in freedom do conceive
That we are in want and wo:
When we never do take care
For providing of fare,
We have one that doth purvey
For Victual day by day.
What, pray, then can a king have more
Than one that doth provide his store?

Kings have a Keeper, so have we;
Although he be not a Lord,
Yet shall strut and swell as big as he,
And command all with a word:
All the Judges do appear
Twice before us every year,
Where each one of us doth stand
With the law in his own hand.

Can Kings command then more than we
Who of all Law commanders be?

Each to the Hall walks with his chain,
Where our guard about us stand,
And all the Country comes in amain,
At holding up of a hand :
Though our Chaplain cannot preach,
Yet he'll suddenly you teach
For to read the hardest Psalm,
Doth not he deserve the Palm ?
Ye Courtiers all, you cannot show,
Such Officers as these I trow.

Change approved.

CHange thy mind since she doth change,
Let not fancie still abuse thee,
Thy untruth will not seem strange
When her falshood may excuse thee :
Love is dead, but thou art free,
She doth live, but dead to thee.
When she lov'd thee best a while,
See how still she hath delay'd thee :
Using shews for to beguile
Those vain hopes that have betray'd thee ;
Now thou seest, but all too late,
Love loves truth, which women hate.

Love no more since she is gone,
She is gone, and loves another ;
Being once deceived by one,
Leave her love, but love no other ;
She is false, bid love adieu,
She was best, and yet untrue.

Love farewell, more dear to me
Than my life, which thou preservest :
Life, thy joy is gone from thee,
Others have what thou deservest :
O thy death doth spring from hence.
Thou must die for their offence.

Die, but yet before thou die
Make her know what she hath gotten,

She in whom my hope did lie,
Changing now is quite forgotten,
She doth change, and change is base,
Baser in so vile a place.

You wish me to a wife, rich, fair, and young,
That had the *Spanish, French* and *Latin* Tongue,
I thank you Sir, for I will have none such,
I think one language will be tongue too much:
Then love you not the Learned? As my life!
The Learned Scholar, not the learned Wife.

To Beauty.

VICTORIOUS beauty, though your eyes,
Do conquer when you sit or rise,
Do not a single heart despise,
Or the taking of so small a prize;
It came alone (yet so well arm'd)
with Characters of beauty charm'd;
That so it might remain unharm'd;
But steel, nor yet the strongest breast,
Are proof against those eyes so blest:
Or can a beauty so divine,
Which is inferior unto thine,
Of any heart be long possest,
Where they pretend an interest.
The conquest in regard of me
Is small; but in respect of thee
(Which if divulg'd) deserves to be
Recorded for a victory:
And such a one, as men may say,
Though you have stolne my heart away;
If that your servant prove not true,
May steal a heart or two from you.

S O N G.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed,
For fear I wear *Ateons* head;
A maiden black is always proud,

I

And

A maiden black is always proud,
 And that is little, is always loud ;
 A maiden that is tall of growth
 Is always subject unto sloth :

The fair, the foul, the little, the tall,
 Some fault remains among them all.

Women dispraised, praised.

Women, the wo of men, cause of mens fall,
 You, whom Philosophers term *monsters all*,
 I love your sex ev'n from my heart and soul,
 From my affections which do both controul,
 And I would spend the lives of fifty men,
 If possible, to praise you with my pen,
 And paint your wealth ; but you your selves do know
 To paint your selves better than I can show :
 But if my praises might your favours win
 I'll set you forth, and thus I will begin.
 Oh ! you are kind, and kinder far than man,
 And equalize your kindness no man can ;
 For man to one man only can shew love,
 But you to divers men your duty prove :
 Oh ! you are fair, let me that fair unsay,
 So 's a bright night compar'd with stormy day :
 Oh ! you are fair, as fair as was the fruit,
 Which to attain was *Tantalus's* suit :
 Oh ! you are wise, and have a nimble wit ;
 As for your conversation, 'tis most sweet :
 Oh ! you are chaste, for you this grace do win,
 As is the Moon that hath a Man within ;
 Some say you have no virtue, but they lye,
 For you prove constant in unconstance.
 Why ! you are every thing, man's whole delight,
 I speak for day, let them that know for night.

Two, loth to depart.

LYe near my Dear, why dost thou rise ?
 The light that shines, comes from thine eyes ;
 'Tis not the day breaks, but my heart,
 To think that thou and I must part:

Oh stay ! O stay ! or else my joyes must die,
And perish in their infansy.

'Tis true, 'tis day, what if it be ?
Wilt thou therefore arise from me ?
Did we lye down because 'twas night ?
And must we rise because 'tis light ?
Oh no ! since that in darkness we came hither ;
In spight of light wee'l lye together.

Of Melancholy.

Hence all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There's nought in this world sweet
But only melancholy.

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A light that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fast'ned to the ground,
And long chain'd up with holy sound,
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves.

Morn-light fair when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd save Batts and Owles,
Mid-night peals, and parting groans,
These are the sounds Love feeds upon :
Then stretch your bones in a smooth vally.
There's nothing sweet but only melancholy.

An opposite to Melancholy.

R^Eturn my joyes, and hither bring
A tongue not made to speak, but sing ;
A jolly spleen, and inward feast,
A causeless laugh without a jest,
A sprightly gall that leaves no print,
And makes a feather of a flint,
A heart that's lighter then the air,
An eye still dancing in its sphear,

Strong mirth which nothing can controul,
 A body nimbler than a soul,
 Free wandring thoughts not ty'd to muse,
 Which think on all things, nothing chuse:
 Which e're we see them come are gone,
 These life it self relies upon,
 Then take no care but only to be jolly,
 To be more wretched than we need is folly,

Loves riddle resolved.

Down in a garden sate my dearest love,
 Her skin more soft then down of swan,
 More tender-hearted then the Turtle-dove,
 And far more kind than bleeding Pelican.
 I courted her, she rose and blushing said,
 Why! was I born to live and die a maid?
 With that I pluckt a pretty Marygold,
 Whose dewie leaves shut up when day is done,
 Sweeting (I said) arise; look and behold
 A pretty riddle I'le to thee unfold,
 These leaves shut in as close as cloyster'd Nun,
 Yet will they open when they see the Sun,
 What mean you by this riddle, Sir, she said.
 I pray expound it. Then I thus began,
 Are not men made for maids, and maids for men?
 With that she chang'd her colour and grew wan.
 Since that this riddle you so well unfold,
 Be you the Sun, I'le be the Marygold.

A Mistress.

Her for a Mistress fain I would enjoy,
 That hangs the lips and points for every toy,
 Speaks like a wag, is fair, would boldly stand
 To rear loves standard with a wanton hand,
 Who in Loves fight for one blow gives me three;
 And being stabb'd, falls streight to kissing me;
 For if she wants the tricks of venerie,
 Wer't Venus self, I could not love her, I.

If she be modest, fair, and chaste of life,
Hang her, she's good for nothing but a wife.

Think not dear Love, that I'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal,
No eye shall see, no not the Sun,
What thou and I together have done :
No ear shall hear our loves, but we
As silent as the night will be.
The God of Love, who with his dart
Did first wound thine, and then my heart,
Shall never know, that we can tell
What sweetness in Embraces dwell.

This only way to find it out,
Is when I die, Physicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgments which was true :
Rip up my heart, and then I fear
The world will find thy picture there.

To Cælia.

Rise lovely *Cælia*, and be kind,
Let my desires freedom find,
And we'll make the Gods confess,
Mortals enjoy some happiness.
Sit thee down.

Cupid hath but one bow, yet can I spy
A thousand *Cupids* in thy eye :
Nor may the Gods behold our bliss,
For sure thine eyes do darken his.
If thou fearest,

That he'll betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipse thee with his sight,
And whilst I shade thee from his eye,
Oh ! let me hear thee gently cry,
I yield.

The Virgin Loffa.

Who fears for thorns to pluck the lovely rose,
 By my consent shall to a nettle smell,
 Or through a faint heart who doth a Lady lose,
 A drudge I wish, or to lead Apes in hell;
 On thorns no grapes, but sower flows do grow,
 So from base love, a base delight doth flow.

Then mind a crown, thy thoughts above the skie,
 For easie gain'd the conquest is not sweet,
 My fancy with young *Icarus* wings shall flie,
 Yet fast'ned so as fire and frost may meet :
 For pleas'd am I, if hope return but this
 Small grace for me, my Mistress hand to kifs.

A grace indeed far passing all the joy,
 That doth fulfil the greedy Lovers wish,
 For though her scorn my thoughts does much annoy ;
 Though to despair of grace I cannot like :
 Yet this with joy all passions set at rest,
 I daily see my Mistress in my brest.

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
 Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
 I would not marvel that they make men bound,
 By service long to purchase their good will :
 But when I see how frail these creatures are,
 I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
 How oft from *Phæbus* they do cleave to *Pan* ;
 Unsettled still like Haggards wild they range,
 The gentle birds that flie from man to man :
 Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
 And let them go (fair fools) what way they list ?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both
 To pass the time when nothing else can please,
 And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
 Till weary of their wiles our selves we ease :

And then we say, when we their fancies try,
To play with fools, oh what an Ass am I?

Expostulation.

A Man that serves a Lady fair,
Whose powerful charms so powerful are,
That if she list, she may him glad,
Or when she list can make him sad.

This question ask I certainly,
That if he for his fantasie,
Might wish his Lady as he could,
To kiss and have her as he would ;

Perchance in place when as she lies,
How for to talk and to devise,
And for to commune prettily,
And for to feel her secretly.

Perchance thus, perchance even so,
Perchance above, perchance below ;
As she will give him liberty,
To use her for his fantasie.

This question ask I by your oath,
And by your faith, and by your troth,
That if your Servant had you thus,
And proffer'd you as much as this,
(I mean) to talk, and lye, and kiss,
Say now your fancy as it is,
Should he offend you, yea, or no ?

The Storm.

CLOUDS of contempt have stirr'd up storms of care,
And care, conceits of grief which grieve my mind ;
My mind thus mov'd doth shew my mourning fare,
Fare ill I must when favour none I find ;
I find my woes, my woes before my face,
Fac'd with denial, scorn'd with disgrace.

Disgrace hath dimn'd the dayes of my delight,
 Days of delight for night of black despair;
 Despair hath spit the poison of her spight,
 A spight to leave to look on one so fair;
 So fair, so passing fair, my heav'ns bliss,
 Yet blislesse to be deny'd a kiss,

Do but displace the clouds of discontent,
 Let forward service friendly favour gain,
 Let truth and trial banish all deceit,
 And let your subject your good grace obtain:
 Let not suspect your sweetness over-cloud,
 But let perfection in my Princess shroud.

I deem'd her fair, I see it is not so,
 'Twas Love that cast a mist before my eyes,
 How ere she is, a God's name let her go,
 My reason knows that fancy taught me lies.

Whom cannot Love, and Lovers tongue make fair?
 Painters and Poets both may shew their skill;
 But to expresse her cheek, her eye, her hair,
 Love neither needs the Pencil nor the Quill.

Waking he talks of nothing but her grace,
 Her comely grace the Loadstone of his love;
 Sleeping he dreams of nothing but her face,
 And dreams her whiter than the whitest dove:
 All other things through sorrow lose their pleasure,
 But Love alone makes trouble seem a treasure.

I mean to spend my passion in my verse,
 To write of Love, and for to ease my heart;
 But like fond Surgeons while I sought to pierce
 A cankerd wound, I made my self to smart.

For when I sought to conquer Love, the more
 Love made me yield, that thought to make it shrink;
 Much like the *Goodwin*-sands on *Britain* shore,
 In which the more you strive the more you sink.

The Painter lov'd the picture which he drew,
 Delighting much his handy-work to see:

I never

I never read my Verse, but still I rue ,
 Judge which is verier fool, of him or me :
 For I that made a Fire but for to warm me ,
 Have burnt my Nails, and so my good doth harm me.

In vain I cast cold water on the fire ,
 Whose Wood is will, whose Coals are hot desire :
 Then let it burn, and burn, and flame and fume it,
 So may it do till self-heat shall consume it.

Phæbus though none can dim his radiant light ,
 His course run out will shroud himself at night :
 The tempest calms, yet no man can allay it ,
 And Love must cease it self, for none can stay it.

Ye though you cannot break it with a stone ,
 Yet will it thaw it self when Frost is gone :
 Seas have there Floods, and yet they Ebb again ,
 And none so Loves, but that he may disdain.
 This then shall be the burthen of my Song ,
 Forbear a while and think the time not long.

His Mistress describ'd.

Little *Cupid* (god of Love)
 Me hath wounded from above :
 With his speedy piercing Dart ,
 Which black *Vulcan* fram'd by Art.
Cupid, Vulcan, Dart and all ,
 Ease me in this bitter thrall.

My Sweet Mistress beauties rare ,
 Dull my heart with pensive care :
Hellen was not half so fair ,
 Therefore I live in despair,
 Second *Hellen*, my hearts Mistress ,
 Help, oh help me in this deep distress.

If I should her beauty tell ,
 She *Diana* doth excell :
 That *Diana* fairest light ,
 Whose brightness makes all darkness night.

Sweet *Diana* beauties princefs,
Comfort him that's comfortless.

Phæbus in his faireſt race,
Joyes to behold her ſacred face,
Her ſweet face this light refines,
Her face my heart undermines :
Glorious beauty, eyes ſole object,
Pity me your faithful ſubject.

Her heav'nly light ſweet burning lamps,
Her cherry lips where love encamps,
Her marchleſs cheeks the faireſt fair,
Her breath a ſweet perfumed air :
Sweet ſugar'd breath, cheeks, lips, and eyes,
Relieve my heart that living dies.

Her neck more white than whiteſt milk,
Her palms more ſoft than ſoſteſt ſilk,
Her Lilly-colour'd ivory breſt,
And her breſt balls *Cupid's* neſt :
White neck, ſoft palms, breſt and paps,
Oh ſuccour me in my miſhaps.

Her body, leg, and foot without compare,
She only is a map of beauty rare,
She only holds my heart in her ſubjection,
And I a ſubject to her rare perfection :
Little *Cupid*, *Venus* Queen of Beauty,
Or end my mournful life or make her love me.

Love's Encomium.

IF not for love, what thing were life ?
Nought but a maſs of moving mould,
A world within it ſelf of ſtrife,
A time of trouble trebly told :
A dungeon deep of dark deſpair,
A ſink of wo and endleſs care.

And endleſs care to laſting pain,
A ſalveleſs ſore without recure,

A wight condemn'd from bliss to bane,
A mixture between life and death t^e endure :
A substance where all torments dwell,
To term it right, A second hell.

A second hell full-fraught with vice,
A mirrour where men may espy
Ambition, pride, and avarice,
Hate, envy, wrath, and jealousie,
And cold suspect, lack-love, this give,
Who loves not then ought not to live.

Ought not to live if he had seen
My Mistres fair, whose happy hue
Hath stained all the rest have been,
Though Poets faigning had been true :
Of each good thing she hath the best,
Of bounty, beauty, and the rest.

And the rest, which resteth yet,
Arrested hath my quivering quill,
And sith that want of art and wit,
Unable is to furnish will :
I do omit, since I no way
My Mistres vertues can display.

The Araignment of Women.

THe man that lives in womans love
Is dying every hour,
Who feeds his fancy with their faith
Shall find his hope unsure.

Some men say women have no souls,
But sure no faith I find,
No greater stay in constant oaths
Than leaves that shake with wind.

All oaths are lawful when they like,
And trifles when they hate,
All speeches pleasing when they love,
But otherwise debate.

If that you urge them with their oaths,
Or do your grief complain,
They answer, where they made the vow,
They will unswear again.

Therefore esteem them as they are
In whom no surety stands,
And take them but for silly fools
That came within their hands.

To Care.

Care, Care, go pack, thou art no mate for me,
Thy thorny thoughts my heart to death do wound,
Thou mak'st the fair seem like a blasted tree,
Thou bring'st ripe years and hoary age to th' ground :
Which makes me sing to solace my annoy,
Care, Care adieu, my heart doth hope for joy.

Care, Care adieu, thou rival of delight,
Return unto the Care of dead despair,
Thou art no guest to harbour in my spright,
Whose poyson'd sighs infect the very air ;
Therefore I sing, &c.

Care, Care adieu, and welcome pleasure now,
Thou fruit of joy, and ease of pleasure both,
I wear thy weed, I make a solemn vow,
Let time or chance be pleased, or be wroth.
I therefore sing to solace my annoy,
Care, Care, go pack, my heart doth hope for joy.

Vain Love.

If that a loyal heart, and faith unfained,
If a sweet languishing with chaste desire,
If hunger-starven hope so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and cherisht but with fire,
And if a brow with careful tears be painted,
Witness my love, with broken words half-spoken;
To her that sits in my thoughts temple sainted,

And lays to view my Vulture-gnawn heart open ;
 If I have done due homâge to her eyes,
 And had my sight still tending on her name,
 If in her love my life and honour lies,
 And she the most unkind doth scorn the same :
 Let this suffice for now the World shall see,
 The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must be.

A SONG.

TOrmented in my secret thought,
 In vain I sought to find relief,
 My hap was so, my fortune such,
 That vain conceit had bred my grief.

And love that masters weaker brains
 Had joyn'd with fortune for my harms ;
 Both sought my fall, and *Venus* force,
 With these enchantments made my charms.

My choice well form'd on every part,
 I thought I never see none such :
 Her wit was great, her mind was good,
 And I poor fool lov'd all too much.

But who can blame a tender heart,
 Whom love and fortune force to yield ?
 Poor virtue she would fain resist,
 But *Venus* thou didst win the field.

'Tis vain to strive against the force of Love:

MY heart spake to mine eyes and said,
 Your hasty sight hath been my wo :
 My eyes complained of my head,
 That there so little wit did grow.

Then wit, that never wants excuse,
 Says, where is reason all the while ?
 Thus when my senses were at strife,
 The blind god begins to smile.

I smile to see that fool, quoth he,
 Though virtues force, and love prevent,
 I shor but at the heart and eyes,
 But wit and reason gave consent.

Thus when the eyes do look and like,
 In vain for help the heart doth call;
 Wit proves it self a very toy,
 And reason is but passions thrall.

Description of Love.

Love is a sowre delight, a sugar'd grief,
 A sea of fears, and everlasting strife,
 A breach of reasons laws, a secret thief,
 A living death a never dying life;
 A bane for souls, a scourge for noble wits,
 A deadly wound, a shaft that never hits.

A labyrinth of doubts, and idle lust,
 A raving Bird, a tyrant most unjust;
 Yet mighty Love regard not what I say,
 But blame the light that led my eyes astray;
 Yet hurt her not lest I sustain the smart,
 Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

Change of resolution.

Whereat I wept, ere while I laugh,
 That which I fear'd I now despise,
 My Victor now my Vassal is,
 My foe constrain'd, my weal supplies,
 Thus do I triumph on my foe,
 I weep at weal, I laugh at woe.

My care is car'd, yet hath no end,
 Not that I want, but that I have,
 My chance is chang'd, yet still I say;
 I would have less, and yet I crave:
 Ay me poor wretch! who thus do live
 Constrain'd to take, yet forc'd to give,

She whose delights are signs of death,
Who when she smiles begins to lowre,
Constant in this, that still she'l change
Her sweetest gifts; time proves but sowre:
I live in care, crost through her guile,
Through her I weep, at her I smile.

Expostulation.

WHat is my fault of late? alas!
That I am thus rejected quite,
Wherein have I offended her,
That ever was my chief delight?
I know that I my self am free,
Here is the fault if any be.

And sure a fault I know there is,
Else would she never be so strange,
And that's her foolish fickleness,
Which makes her mind from me to change:
But who would think inconstancie
Could once be found in such as she?

But Lady, since you are so light,
That of your love there is no hold,
You may imagine this right well,
The world will judge your love but cold;
And you your self will soon't repent,
You brought to pass your bad intent.

And look to this, although your eyes
See better than the pur-blind Hare,
Yet when that others do you court,
Your self may hap to have a share
Of that which you have given me
(I mean) your false inconstancie!

And thus Adiew, you fickle friend,
And know I scorn thy wandering kind,
And when thy self art us'd like me;
Then thank thine own unconstant mind.
And I my self will warned be,
For ever trusting such as thee.

To his Mistress.

FAir Mistress, if you can vouchsafe to see
 The heavy picture of a careful mind,
 Forlorn with grief ; do you but look on me,
 And judge if fortune be not most unkind :
 That he that sues, and sueth faithfully,
 Should be repay'd with extreame cruelty.

What greater torment to a loving mind,
 Than to be scorned where he liketh most ?
 What state of refuge can he hope to find,
 Where each thing doth at his misfortune boast ?
 Condemn'd, confounded, with rebuke and blame,
 Yet ignorant from whence the causes came.

So heavy is the weighty yoke of Love,
 When quaintest looks afford discourtesie,
 That wise is he that doth the passions prove,
 And yet can keep himself at libertie :
 But he whose wit is ravished by stealth,
 Had need of Physick in his greatest health.

Some men in love commend their happiness,
 Their lovely Mistress, and their sweet delight ;
 But I can boast of Fortune's frowardness,
 Her extreame rigour, and severe despight :
 But for the sweetness other men have felt,
 I came too late, my part was elsewhere dealt.

Yet can I say, no man hath been more just,
 Nor serv'd his Mistress with more due regard ;
 But she is govern'd by her own mistrust,
 And doom's her servant his deserv'd reward :
 Thus my misfortune waxeth more and more,
 Yet will I suffer, though I die therefore.

Like as the Deer that feeds on pleasant ground,
 With hungry chaps to eat his greedy fill,
 Receiveth oft the hunters deadly wound,
 That lies in wait the silly beast to kill.

So, I, alas ! did bait my hungry eye,
On food that fed and fill'd my sweet delight,
I nothing dread, n or sought the means to flye
The danger great that lies in lawless fight.

The stricken Deer is forced to depart
From whence he fled and caught his mortal blow,
He hides himself to ease his deadly smart,
And loves to lurk where none but he may know :
So I, when Love hath wounded sore my mind,
Must wander far, yet leave my heart behind.

Like as the little Bird (in time of night)
When Birders beat the bush and shake the nest,
He fluttering forth, straight flies into the light,
As if twere day, new springing from his rest :
Where so his wilful wings consume away,
That needs he must become the Birders prey.

Or as the Flie, (when candles are alight)
Still play about the flame until they burn ;
Ev n so my heart hath seen of her the light,
From whom again it hardly can return :
But sure is is but reason I suppose,
He feels the prick, that seeks to pull the Rose.

I made a fault through lightness of belief,
Which fond belief Love placed in my brest,
But when at last some reason gave relief,
I saw too late that wit that's bought is best :
Mu'e not therefore, although I change my vain,
He runneth far that ne're returns again.

Yet you to whom my sighs in songs are known,
Think you is fond, then pardon it is past,
And though I find my wildest oats be sown,
And joy to see that now I see at last :
Yet since her love was cause I trod awrye,
I hate not her, nor will, although I dye.

I curse no time wherein those lips of mine,
Did pray or praise my love that growes unkind,
I curse no leaf, nor ink, nor any Line,
My hand did write in hope to win her mind :

M

I curse

I curse her hateful heart and sportful eyes,
And threatening words, that did my love chastise.

On Beauty:

BEauty fate bathing by a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds were calm, the birds did sing,
The sweet stream ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts entic'd my eye,
To see what was forbidden,
But better memory cry'd, fye !
Thus vain delights were chidden.

To his Mistress by Sir Walter Raleigh.

PAssions are liken'd best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur ; but the deep are dumb :
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come :
They that are rich in words, must needs discover
That they are poor in that which makes a Lover.

Wrong not (sweet Mistress of my heart)
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.
Since if my plaints were not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty :
It comes not from defects of duty.
For knowing that I sue to serve
A Saint of such perfection,
As all desie, but none deserve
A place in her affection.
I rather choose to want relief,
Then venture the revealing,
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing ;

Thus those desires that aim so high
For any mortal Lover,
When reason cannot make them dye,
Discretion doth them cover ;
Yet when discretion doth bereave
The plaints that they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is a suitor.
Silence in love bewrayes more wo,
Than words, though nere so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
Then wrong not dearest Love
My love through secret passion,
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

On his Mistress.

TIs fit no Poet now should love, for I
Have chang'd my soul, where every Muse would flye,
And thou'rt wit-sick, when single beauties call
For fame, that sees my Mistress wear um all,
Level your eyes to hers, and tell if there
More lustre shine not than thine know to bear :
So glorious that the Sun, which did concur
To give her life, takes now his life from her,
Which through my ribs shot by some fiery art,
Is turn'd to lightning, and hath scorcht my heart :
Yet (by her self) I'll burn her Martyr, there,
Ere she shall weep to quench me with one tear.

The New-years-gift.

Since nothing else will do't, I'll make a shift
To court my self with a wisht New-years-gift,
First I would have some Ophir-flowing vein
Prickt in the States Exchequer, that might rain
Life-blood into my pockets : then I'd spare
Thoughts for a Mistress rather sweet than fair,

To these good wine fans quarrelling ; till night
 Bring with it sleep, or the more quaint delight
 Of fierce, but hugg'd embraces with a fame,
 Large as mens hearing to adorn my name :
 That all I write may take, and when I go
 To Church, I'd have the neighbouring pew to shew
 Beautys clear as my Loves, if any be,
 It is deny'd, because all fair is she ,
 Good luck at play too, and if ought appear
 New unto thee, I wish it 'gainst next-year.

A health to his Mistress.

TO her whose beauty doth excell
 Story, we tois these cups, and sell
 Sobriety a Sacrifice
 To the bright lustre of her eyes,
 Each soul that sips here is divine,
 Her beauty deifies the wine.

The Contempt of a Mistress.

WHY should I live but while she loves, or date
 Sad funerals to my joyes, because her hate
 Darts it self at me ; shall not I persist
 Active and capable, unless she list ?

To smile or breath upon me, cannot I
 Be wanton, but in coplets swear and lye,
 In truth exceeding Poetry, but when
 I make her face my subject ? shall I then

Be blind to errour, when her star-like eyes
 Shall cease to light me to her falsities ?
 Shall I when she's forgot, want where to buy,
 At a heart-rated price credulity ?

Or will my wine, which I fear most of all,
 If I not drink her health, decay and fall ?
 Here's the dear loss of love, who but attains
 To lose this Mistress, in his losses gains.

Blindness in Love.

HER eyes that all the world but me
 With cherishing beams do feed,
 Have left my eyes but light to see
 Their own griefs, which must bleed
 Out at their harmless balls, and can't sustain
 Themselves, but melt, fir'd by her hot disdain.

Then powerful love when I am blind,
 Strike thou affections dart
 Into her breast, that she may find
 Her broke, that broke my heart :
 So when her sparkling tears I do not see,
 I cannot pity her just misery.

The proof of Love.

AS careless wantons venture oft to meet
 Love's volleys, till some well aim'd bullet greet
 Their once shot-free belief : so tender I
 Walk as I thought firm proof 'gainst destiny,
 And deem'd my constancy a rock, upon
 Which I might stand, and dare temptation :
 Till mine own batter'd soul, now taught to weep
 For her rash pride, yields place enough to steep
 Her self in her own wounds : and must now find
 No balm, but tears, cur'd an infected mind.

*On a beautiful Lady walking in Hide-Park,
 when the Grass first shewed it self.*

SURE 'twas the spring past by, for th' earth did waste,
 Her long hid sweets at her approach, and plac'd,
 Quick varying flowers upon the tender grass
 To breath new freshness where they please to pass,
 The tender blades vail'd as they trod, and kiss'd
 The foot that cover'd it, but when it miss'd
 Her airy pressure, like a wife whose bed
 Is scorn'd, it droop'd, and since hung down its head,

Till by a strength Love gave to entertain
 Her wisht return, it rear'd it self again,
 And now stands tall in pride : but had it seen
 Her face, that court of beauty, where the Queen
 Of Love is always resident, it would
 When the Sun dally's with it, weep in cold
 And pearly dew at noon, griev'd that her face
 Might not (as did her feet) daign equal grace
 In moving near it what my happy eyes
 Saw there, though from that hour their faculties
 Were ever forfeit. This bright vision yet
 Must needs engage me in a further debt
 To her than this want quits, since that I see
 In being less fair must be a loss to me.

S O N G.

The Question.

WHY dost thou ever love me, tell
 Thou cruel fair,
 Whose heart came there
 To lodge a while, but not to dwell ?

Did not my entertainment meet
 Thy own desires ?
 Were not my fires
 As hot, and every kiss as sweet ?

Oh *Jove* ! when first my lips were blest,
 And I grew proud
 That they might shroud
 Themselves upon her waxen brest :

It call'd on envy from thy own
 Great state, to see
 Those joys by me
 Possess which thou wouldst grasp alone :

But I no more will vex that fate,
 Nor dare to love,
 Where He shall prove
 A Rivall, but repent and hate.

Reformation in Love.

Till now I never did believe
 A man could love for vertues sake.
 Nor thought the absence of one Love could grieve
 The man that freely might an other take :
 But since mine eyes betroth'd my heart to you
 I find both true ,
 That innocence hath so my love refin'd
 I mourn thy body's absent from thy mind.

Till now I never made an oath,
 But with a purpose to forswear ;
 For to be fix'd upon one faith were sloth,
 When every Lady's eye is *Cupids* spear :
 But if she merits faith from every brest,
 Who is the best
 Of woman kind, how then can I be free
 To love another, having once lov'd thee ?

Such is the rare and happy pow'r
 Of goodness, that it can dilate
 It self to make one virtuous in an hour,
 Who liv'd before perhaps a reprobate :
 Then since on me this wonder thou hast done,
 Prethee work on
 Upon thy self, thy sex doth want that grace,
 My truth to love more than a better face,

The Taylors Songs.

Tis a merry life we live,
 All our work is brought unto us,
 Still are getting, never give,
 For their cloaths all men do wooe us :
 Yet unkind they blast our names
 With aspersions of dishonour ;
 For which we make bold with their Dames
 When we take our measure on her.

*The Question moved between
Luce and Kate.*

Luce. IF in this question I propound to thee
Be any, any choice,
Ie, me have thy voice.

Kate. You shall most free.

Luce. Which hadst thou rather be,
If thou mightst choose thy life,
A fools; a fools Mistress,
Or else an old mans wife ?

Kate. The choice is hard, I know not which is best,
One ill y' are bound to, and I think that's least.

Luce. Then as you lose your sport by one,
You lose your name by t'other.

Kate. You counsel well, but love refuses
What good counsel often chuses.

*A Copy of Verses made by a Lady, and sent to
another Lady, with a Bracelet made
of her own hair.*

GO gentle wreath, and let her know,
I love her when I say not so.
By my pains with thee she'l find,
How oft she hath been in my mind.
To thy fabrick, hand and head
Joynly have contributed;
And whilst others speak her fair,
'Tis I that serve her to a hair.
Go and be at her command,
For always thou wilt be at hand;
Warm the blood which from that part
Takes secret marches to her heart;
Whose endless circularity,
Will shew loves perpetuity,
The subtle web, and secret twining,
Is like Love with Love combining:

Learn then by her pulse to know,
Whether she's in health or no :
And convey the news to me,
By some kind of Sympathy :
Tell her then, that wearing thee,
She's not without a part of me.

Cœlia singing.

Till I beheld fair *Cœlia's* face,
Where perfect beauty keeps her court,
A Lovers passion found no place
In me, who counted Love a sport :
I thought the whole world could not move
A wellresolved heart to love.

Wounded by her, I now adore
Those powers of Love I have des' d,
I court the flames I scorn'd before,
And am repay'd with scorn and pride :
In such unpity'd flames to dwell,
Is not a martyrdom, but hell.

Cupid can't help me, nor wound her,
He'l rather prove my rival hence,
Though blind he'l turn Idolater,
For she hath charms for every sense :
Should he her voices musick hear,
Soft Love would enter Loves one ear.

The Surprise.

Careless of love, and free from fears,
I fate and gaz'd on *Stella's* eyes,
Thinking my reason, or my years,
Might keep me safe from all surprise.

But Love that hath been long despis'd,
And made the Baud to others trust,
Finding its Deity surpris'd,
And chang'd into degenerate lust,

Summon'd up all his strength and power,
 Making her face his Magazine,
 Where Virtue, Grace and Beauty's flower
 He plac'd his godhead to redeem.

So that too late, alas ! I find
 No steeled armour is of proof,
 Nor can the best resolved mind,
 Resist her beauty and her youth.

But yet the folly to untwist
 That loving I deserve no blame,
 Were it not Atheism to resist
 Where gods themselves conspire her flame.

Beauty extoll'd.

GAze not on Swans in whose soft breast
 A full-hatch'd Beauty seems to nest,
 Nor Snow, which falling from the sky,
 Hovers in its Virginity.

Gaze not on Roses, though new-blown,
 Grac'd with a fresh complexion ;
 Nor Lillies, which no subtle Bee
 Hath robb'd by kissing Chymistrie.

Gaze not on that pure milky way,
 Where night vies splendour with the day ;
 Nor pearl, whose Silver walls confine
 The riches of an Indian mine.

For if my Emperess appears,
 Swans moultring die, Snow melts to tears ;
 Roses do blush and hang their heads,
 Pale Lillies shrink into their beds.

The milky way rides post to shroud
 Its baffl'd glory in a cloud ;
 And Pearls do climb into her ear ,
 To hang themselves for envy there.

So have I seen Stars big with light,
Prove Lanthorns to the Moon-ey'd Night;
Which when Sol's Rayes were once display'd,
Sink in their sockets, and decay'd.

In commendation of his Mistress.

THe purest Pearl of Nature is my choice,
To morrows breath
And this days death,
Are certain dooms of her all-charming voice.
So beyond fair that no glass can her flatter;
So sweetly mild,
That tongue's defil'd,
Dare not on her their envious stories scatter.
The witty forms of beauty, which are shed,
In ravishing streams,
From Poets Theams.
Like shadows when her self appears are fled;
Let me but live ith' Heaven of her bright eye,
Great Love, I'll be thy constant Votary.

Parting from his weeping Mistress.

FArewel dear sweet; yet ere I go, once more
Let me be sportive on that corral shore,
Where Crystal waves from thy Cerulean eye
Flow, envious to drown thy spicery.
There let me suck that Nectar that must keep
My nodding soul from her eternal sleep.
Then like to withering Autumn let me part
From thee, the Summers glory, till my heart
Decay'd with tearing sighs, receive a new
Spring, from the comfort of thy ravishing view.
There when we reach the season, we will keep
Our loves awake, till age rock us asleep.

In preservation of some excellent Verse.

LAdy, I think that once I heard you say
You lov'd not to be flatter'd; 'tis a way

Few female tongues have ambled in ; yet I
 Must needs say something to you, though not lye,
 If I should vow your eyes shine bright as day
 Shot through a cloud, or that the sweets of *May*
 Rose from your breath, or that your hands were white
 As *Pyrenean* snow, you might indite
 My judgment of idolatry, and swear
 I writ what I would have, not what you were.
 But I mean no such thing ; my lines invade
 This favour only, that your serving-maid
 Of this Poetick rapture be not thought
 A fit interpreter, unless she brought
 More wit to th' world than her trade ownes, nor you
 Question your Glas, and read these Verses too,
 At once to see how't shewes ; for what's writ here,
 Is neither Ballad, Rhyme nor got with Beere ;
 But shall deserve your thoughts ; now if you be
 Angry at this, the next shall flatter ye.

Amarantha counselled.

A *Marantha* sweet and fair,
 Forbare to braid that shining hair ;
 As my curious hand or eye,
 Hovering round thee, let it flye.
 Let it flye, as unconfin'd
 As its calm ravisher, the wind,
 Who has left his darling, the East,
 To wanton o're his spicy Nest.

Every tress must be confest
 But neatly tangled at the least,
 Like a clew of Gold on thread,
 Most excellently ravelled.
 Do not wind up that light
 In Ribands, and o're cloud in night
 Like the Sun in's early ray,
 But shake your head and scatter day.

Age not to be rejected.

A M I despis'd because you say,
 And I believe, that I am gray ?

Know Lady, you have but your day
 And night will come, when men will swear,
 Time has spilt snow upon your hair :
 Then, when in your glass you seek,
 But find no Rose-bud in your cheek ;
 No, nor the Bed to give a shew,
 Where such a rare Carnation grew,
 And such a smiling Tulip too,
 Ah ! then too late, close in your Chamber keeping,
 It will be told,
 That you are old,
 By those true tears y' are weeping.

S O N G.

Then our musick is in prime
 When our teeth keep triple time ;
 Hungry Notes are fit for knels,
 May lankness be,
 No quest to me ;
 The B. gipe sounds when that it swells.
 A mooted night brings wholesom smiles,
 When *John* an *Oke* and *John* a *Stiles*
 Do grease the Lawyers Satin.
 A reading day
 Frights *French* away,
 The Benchers dare speak *Latin* ;
 He that's full, doth Verse compose ;
 Hunger deals in sullen Prose,
 Take notice and discard her.
 The empty spit,
 Ne're cherisht wit,
Minerva loves the Larder.
 First to breakfast, then to dine,
 Is to Conquer *Bellarmino* ;
 Distinctions then are budding ;
 Old *Suckcliff's* wit,
 Did never hit,
 But after his bag-pudding.

Why disdain'd?

Happy *Adonis*! whose alluring grace
 Had power to charm th' inamour'd god of Love,
 That she descends down from her seat above,
 Leaving the heavens, that she might thee embrace,
 And happy *Hylas* sprung of Kingly race,
 For thee of old the wanton wood nymphs strove
 And won by force conceal'd thee in a grove,
 There, to enjoy the riches of thy face;
 But we whose out-sides are not thus adorn'd,
 Unhappy life to be contemn'd and scorn'd
 While tyrant Love sports in our misery,
 Yet falshood oft in gaudy shapes disguis'd
 Appears, when those more mean, more constant be;
 Say Ladys then, why are ye thus despis'd?

*On a Gentleman who was married to his
 Mistress upon the first address.*

A Rare exploit! what? go and wooe, and wed,
 And bring the spoiles of a rich Maiden-head,
 Away *Ex tempore*? what magick charms
 Brought her within the circle of thine arms?
Venus did wrap thee in her smock I trow,
 And *Cupid* lent thee both his wing and bow;
 I thought thou wouldst have gone the dull old rode,
 Of shaking legs and faces *a la mode*.
 To gain a look, I thought would cost a week,
 A fortnight for her hand, a month her cheek;
 Others can't go a wooing under less
 Than half a dozen Taylors, and a mess
 Of perfum'd trade; all *London* must set out,
 Poets and all to bring one match about;
 But thou whilst buzzards and dull Kites do hover,
 Dost fall upon thy prey, an Eagle Lover.
 Cowards draw lines, dig, creep, and work in trenches;
 Wooing is sneaking, storming wins the wenches.
William the Conquerour did thus they say,
 Landed fell on, and quickly won the day.

To a deformed Lady.

GOOD Madam *Fowler*, do not trouble me,
 To write a Sonnet in praise of thee.
 I dare not cross wise nature so to frame
 A Sonnet where she meant an Epigram.
 When nature did create thy corps, she thought
 Of Epigrams that I should make, and laught;
 As many limbs, as she did give thee, just
 So many Epigrams I answer must.
 And thou thinkest, and truly that thou hast
 Some limbs about thee that are not misplac'd:
 Yet these few parts which thou believest are best,
 Are but good Epigrams against the rest.
 And that thou mayst perceive thy fate to be
 Never to have a Sonnet made of thee.
 Thy mothers children were conceived all,
 And born in Epigrams originall;
 For at the getting of each child, thy dame,
 Against her self conceiv'd an Epigram.

On a Gentlewomans black hair and eyes.

IF shadows be a pictures excellence,
 And make it seem more glorious to the sense;
 If Stars in the bright day be lost from sight,
 And shine more glorious in the mask of night:
 Why should you think, Rare Creature, that you lack
 Perfection, 'cause your hair and eyes are black?
 Or that your beauty, which so far exceeds
 The new-sprung Lillie, in their Maiden weeds,
 The cherrie colour of your cheeks and lips,
 Should by that darkness suffer an eclips?
 No, 'tis not fit that Nature should have made
 So bright a sun to shine without a shade.
 It seems that Nature when she first did fancie
 Thy rare compofure, studied Necromancie;
 And when these gifts to you she did impart,
 She used altogether the black Art:
 She made the Magick circle of your eyes;

She

She made your hair the chain wherewith she ties
 Rebellious hearts : and those veins which appear,
 Twining *Meander*-like, 'bout every sphear
 Misterious figures ; and when you lik,
 Your voice commandeth like an Exorcist ;
 O ! if in Magick you have skill so rare,
 Vouchsafe to make me your familiar ;
 Nor hath kind nature her black art reveal'd
 In outward parts alone, some lie conceal'd.
 As by the spring-head men may often know,
 The nature of the stream that runs below ;
 So your black hair and eyes do give direction,
 To make me think the rest of like complexion.
 That rest where all rest lies, that blesteth man,
 That golden Mine, the streights of *Magellan*.
 That world dividing gulf which who so ventures,
 With swelling sails and ravish'd senses enters
 Into world of blis : pardon, I pray,
 If any rude pen presume here to display
 Secrets unknown, and hath its bounds o'repast,
 In praising sweetness which I ne're shall taste.
 Starv'd men may know there's food, and blind men may,
 Though hid from them, despair there is a day.
 A Rover in the mark his arrow sticks,
 Sometimes as soon as he that shoots at pricks ;
 And could I but direct my shaft aright,
 The black mark would I hit, and not the white.

The Sigh,

FLye, O flye sad sighs, and bear
 These few words into her ear,
 Blest where'er thou dost remain,
 Worthier of a softer chain,
 Still I live, if it be true,
 The turtle lives that's cleft in two ;
 Tears and sorrows I have store,
 But O thine do grieve me more :
 Die I would, but that I do
 Fear my fate would kill thee too.

SONG.

ALL the materials are the same,
 Of beauty and desire.
 In a fair woman's goodly frame,
 No beauty is without a flame,
 No flame without a fire.
 Then tell me what those creatures are,
 That would be thought both chaste and fair.

If modesty it self appear
 With blushes in her face,
 Think then the blood that danceth there
 Can revel it no other where,
 Nor warm no other place.

If on her neck her hair be spread,
 With many a curious ring;
 Why sure that heat that curls her head,
 Will make her mad to be in bed,
 And do the other thing.

Go ask but thy Philosopher,
 What gives her lips the balm;
 What spirit gives motion to her eye,
 What makes her breast to swell so high,
 And gives moisture to her palm.

SONG.

She's not the fairest of her name;
 But yet she conquers more than all the race,
 For she hath other motives to enflame,
 Besides a lovely face:
 There's wit and constancie,
 And charms that strike the soul more than the eye.
 'Tis not an easie lover
 Knows how to discover
 Such divinity.

And yet she is an easie book,
 Writ in plain Language for the meanest wit.
 A stately garb, and yet a gracious look,
 With all things justly fit.

But age will undermine
 This glorious outside that appears so fine.

Then the common Lover
 Shrinks and gives over;
 Then she's only mine.

To the Platonick that applyes
 His dear addressees only to the mind;
 The body but a Temple signifies,
 Whereas the Saint's inshrin'd,
 To him it is all one

Whether the walls be brick or stone.
 Nay in holy places,
 Which old time defaces,
 More devotion's shown.

S O N G.

D. Mine own sweet *Nan*, if that you can,
 Let pity move thy fancy,
 That I may say another day,
 Thou art my pretty *Nancy*.

Nan. I faith Sir! no, I mean not so,
 To love I have no leisure;
 To fancy such a simple sot,
 Good Sir, I take no pleasure.

D. Sot! say you so, what mean you now;
 To frump and flout so kindly?

Nan. Alas, alas, good *Balaams* Afs,
 I'll frump and flout you finely.
 Such manner of maids do make all trades
 To be both bad and sorry;
 Leave off to wooe, and fancie too,
 I have no kindness for ye.

Therefore I pray you do not stay.

D. Grant love for love again.

Nan. To love an Ideot, *Love* forbid it;
 Therefore you sue in vain.

Alas ye minks. *Nan.* Alas Sir Ginks;

D. Away you curtaile minion.

Nan. Away you knave, your words do grave
 A halter and an onion.

D. But yet behold this purse of gold,
Which I to thee will give ;
Besides my heart shall never start
From *Nancy* while I live.

Nan. I thank you for your courtesie Sir ;
Your gift I'le not forsake,
Though Maidens may awhile say Nay,
They cannot chuse but take.

Then we are friends, our envy ends,
And here I will be thine ;
To end our quarrel, I'le buy thee apparel,
To make thee brave and fine.

I thank you for your courtesie Sir,
The more to confirm this,
In token true, of love to you,
I'le seal it with a Kiss.

Tom. Sweet meat must have sowre sawce you knave ;
She is no match for you,
She is mine own, and what y' have shown,
I cannot well allow.

Welcome my love, here's gold for thee ;
Gramercy my sweet *Nan*.

The Gold is mine, 'tis none of thine ;
Do therefore what you can.

D. Shall I be bob'd with an Ideot,
Both of my purse and gold ?
Fie upon thee, I'le not love thee ,
Away thou art a scold.

T. But I will have the wench, Sir knave ;
Hands off with gentle warning,
Lest I you knock, with *Nancy's* rock,
And teach you a little learning.

D. Was ever seen a maid thus coy,
Or one so overthwarted ?
Was ever seen so fine a toy ;
A fool and his mony parted ?

Away you clown, I'le knock you down,
I pray you strike first blow,
The wench is mine, the gold was thine ;
Now both are mine I trow.

Thou'lt have the one half of the gold,
But I will have the other ;

So mayst thou say another day,

I made thee a younger brother.
 I am content, but yet alas,
 The wench is mine alway ;
 No gold, no wench, but all 'tis hers,
 Be bold that this you may.
 Thus whilst two dogs fight for a bone,
 The third doth fare the better ;
 Young men, take heed, love not too soon ;
 For maidens they are wily,
 Unless your heed be good to speed,
 Their craft will soon beguile ye.

Against Platonick Love.

'T Is true, fair *Celia*, that by thee I live ;
 That every kiss, and every fond embrace,
 Forms a new soul within me, and doth give
 A balsam to the wound made by thy face.
 Yet still methinks I miss
 That bliss,
 Which Lovers dare not name,
 And only then described is,
 When flame doth meet with flame.

Those favours which do bless me every day,
 Are yet but empty and Platonical.
 Think not to please your servants with half pay.
 Good Gamesters never stick to through at all
 Who can endure to miss
 That bliss,
 Which Lovers dare not name,
 And only then described is,
 When flame doth meet with flame.

If all those sweets within you must remain
 Unknown and ne're enjoy'd, like hidden treasure,
 Nature as well as I, will lose her name,
 And you as well as I your youthful pleasure,
 We wrong our selves to miss
 That bliss
 Which Lovers dare not name ;

And only then described is
When flame doth meet with flame.

Our souls which long have peept at one another,
Out of the narrow calements of our eyes,
Shall now by love conducted meet together,
In secret caverns where all pleasures lies :

There, there we shall not miss
That bliss

Which Lovers dare not name,

And only then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

Upon his unconstant Mistress.

WHY should I wrong my judgment so,
As for to love where I do know

There is no hold for to be taken ?

For what her wish thirsts after most,

If once off her, her heart can boast,

Straight by her folly 'tis forsaken.

Thus while I still pursue in vain,

Me thinks I turn a child again ;

And of my shadow am a-chasing ;

For all her favours are to me,

Like apparitions which we see,

But never can come neer th' embracing.

Oft have I wisht that there had been

Some Almanack whereby to have seen

When love with her had been in season.

But I perceive there is no art

Can find the Epact of her heart

That loves by chance, and not by reason.

Yet will I not for this despair,

For time her humour may prepare,

To grace him who is now neglected ;

And what unto my constancie

She now denies, one day may be

From her unconstancie expected :

Of one cured of the Tooth-ach,
by a kiss from a Lady.

FAte's now grown merciful to men,
Turning disease to bliss;
For had not kind Rhume vext me, then
I might not *Celia* kiss.
Physicians you are now my scorn,
For I have found a way
To cure diseases, when forlorn
By your dull art, which may
Patch up a body for a time,
But can restore to health
No more than *Chymicks* can sublime
True gold, the India's wealth.
That Angel sure that us'd to move,
The people we so admire
Doth to his heaven the seat of Love,
As to his haven retire.

Of Love.

Cupid is an idle toy,
Never was there such a boy,
If there were, let him show
Or his quiver, or his bow,
Or a wound by him he got,
With a broken Arrow shot.
Mony, mony makes them bow,
And is the only Cupid now.
While the world continued good,
And men lov'd for flesh and blood,
Men about them bare the dart,
That did win a womans heart;
And the women great and small,
With the little thing they call
Coney, Coney caught the men;
This was the only Cupid then.

No Delay.

DEarest, do not now delay me,
 Since thou knowst I must be gone;
 Wind and tide 'tis thought doth stay me.
 But 'tis wind that must be blown
 From the breath, whose native smell
 Indian odours do excell.

O then speak, my dearest fair,
 Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
 But perfume the neighbouring air,
 For dumb silence else will starve mee.
 'Tis a word quickly spoken,
 Which restrain'd, the heart is broken.

The Poets S O N G.

WHWhy should we laugh and be jolly,
 Seeing now all the world grows mad,
 And lull'd in a dull melancholly?
 He that wallows in store
 Is still gaping for more,
 And that makes him so poor,
 As the wretch that ne're any thing had.

How damn'd is the Mony-monger
 That doth purchase to him and his heirs,
 And grows shriveld with thrift and with hunger,
 Whilst we that are bonny
 Buy Sack with ready mony,
 And never trouble Scriv'ners and Lawyers.

Those Gulls that by raging and toyling,
 Do swell their revenues so fast,
 And get nothing by all their turmoyling,
 But are marks of each tax,
 Whilst they load their own backs
 With heavier packs,
 And lye down gall'd and weary at last.

Whilest we that do traffique and tippie
 Can baffle the Crown and the Sword,
 Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple,
 We nere trouble our heads
 With Indentures and Deeds,
 But our Wills are compos'd in a word,

Our mony shall never indite us,
 No, nor drag us to Gold-Smiths Hall;
 Nor Pyrate, nor Thief shall affright us;
 He that has no estates
 Fears no plunder nor rates,
 He may sleep with open gates;
 He that lies on the ground cannot fall,

We laugh at those fools whose endeavours,
 Do but fit them for prisons and fines,
 We that spend what we have, are the savers,
 If thief do break in,
 They go empty agin,
 They may plunder and lose their design.

Then let's not take care for to morrow,
 But tippie and quaffe while we may,
 To drive from our hearts all sorrow.
 Those Cormorants which are troubled with the itch,
 To be weighty and rich,
 Do but toil for the wealth that they borrow.

The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
 What a pox is he better than we?
 He must vail to the man with the buff on;
 Though Custard he eat,
 And such lubbardly meat,
 But 'tis Sack makes us merrier than he.

The Cavaliers Husband.

Tush, let them keep him if they can,
 He's not in hold while you are free,
 Come weep no more; but pledge the man
 Who though in fetters, it can be

A prisoner unto none but thee.
Then dry your eyes, for every tear
Makes them like drown'd worlds to appear.

Post through the air my fancy went,
And there stood by,
When he was brought to th' Parliament;
And freight to th' bar, to th' bar they cry;
The smiling Captain asked why?
With that they soon drew up his Charge,
Lady, you shall hear't at large.

Imprimis, he is married late
With a Ring too, to a Saint
Would make the best of us a mate,
Witty, pretty, young and quaint,
And fairer than our wives can paint.
Her lips doth set mens teeth on edge,
Sure that's a breach of Priviledge.

Item, that fair Delinquent can
Provoke our members for to rise,
And make our General prove a man,
And the Star Chamber of her eyes
Robs Subjects of their liberties.
Her voice doth keep mens ears in aw,
Even like the High-Commission Law.

Item, this fair Delinquent hath
A pair of Organs in her throat,
Which when she doth inspire with breath,
She can command in every Note,
More than both our Houses Vote.
Her very hair put in aray,
Will fetter the Militia.

Her cheeks still natures Patent have
Not yet call'd in,
But in them ingross'd all that is brave,
And other Ladies hucksters be,
Her beauty the Monopolie.
When theirs is gone, to her they come,
And chaffer with her face for some.

She hath an Altar on her brow,
 Her eyes are two tapers on each side,
 Where superstitious Lovers bow;
 Her name is *Mary* too beside.
 Lets clap him up till further leisure,
 And send for her to wait our pleasure.

[*The Vote*]

Then go fair Lady, follow him,
 Fear no Trumpet, fear no Drum,
 Fair women may prevail with P——
 And one sweet smile when there you come,
 Will quickly speak the speaker dumb.
 If not, then let one tear be spent,
 And 'twill dissolve the Parliament.

The entire Heart.

Canst thou love me, and yet doubt
 So much falshood in my heart,
 That a way I should find out
 To impart
 Fragments of a broken Love to you,
 More than all being less than due?
 O no, Love must clear distrust,
 Or be eaten with that rust;
 Short love liking may find jars,
 There love that lasteth knows no wars.

The belief begets delight,
 And so satisfies desire,
 That in them it shines as light,
 No more fire.
 All the burning qualities appeas'd,
 Each in others joyning pleas'd,
 Not a whisper, not a thought,
 But 'twixt both in common brought;
 Even to seem two th' are loth,
 Love being only soul to both.

A Devonshire Song.

THou nere vilt riddle neighbour *John*
 Where ich of late have been a ;
 Why ich have been at *Plimouth*, mon,
 The like hath never been a .
 Zich streets, zich men, zich huge zeal,
 Zich things, zich guns, there rumbling,
 Thy zelf like me would blefs to zee
 Zich bōmination jumbling.

The Town is pitcht with shingle ſtone,
 Do gliften like the ze a,
 The zhops ſtand ope, and all year long
 A Vair I think there be a ;
 The King zome zwear himzelf was there,
 A man or ſome ſuch thing a.

Shouldſt thou that had no water paſt
 But thick ſame in the meer a ;
 Didſt zee the Zea wouldſt be agaſt,
 Vort did zo ztream and rore :
 Zo zalt did taſte, thy tongue would think a
 The vire were in the water ;
 And 'tis ſo wide, no land's eſpy'd,
 Look nere ſo long thereafter.

The water from the element,
 No man can zee before a,
 The Zea was low, yet all anent
 'Twas higher than the Moor a :
 'Tis marle how looking down the cliffe,
 Men do look upward rather,
 If theſe mine eyes had not it zeen,
 Had ſcarce believ'd my Vather.

Amid the water wooden birds,
 And vlying houſes zwim a,
 And vull of things as ich have heard,
 And men up to the brim a :
 They row into another world,

And

And venture to conquer a.
 And with their guns vould devellish onds
 They dunder and spit fire a.

Good neighbour *John*, how var is it
 This marle, for ich shall see a.
 Ich mope no longer here that's vlat,
 To watch a Zheep or Tree a,
 Though it zo big as *London* be a,
 Wech ten mile I imagine,
 Ich thither Hie, for this place I
 Do take in great in dudgin.

The hunting of the Hare.

When cold Winters withered brow
 Wax'd pale and wan with sorrow,
 Day had over-tane the silent night,
 And coming was the morrow.

I heard a youth with lusty horn,
 And with a sprightly hollow;
 Cry, Come away, it's almost day,
 Forake your beds and follow.

When with a fort well arm'd for sport,
 Upon their courses mounted,
 Such as *Venus*-joy bestirr'd
 When he the wild Boar hunted.

Then to the Downs with a pack of Hounds
 Whom Nature hath befriended,
 Pursue poor Wat, now come from squat,
 Her first sleep scarcely ended.

Then o're the dales, o're the hills and vales,
 And o're the craggy mountains,
 To the woods and shady groves
 Enricht the silver Fountains.

When gliding streams with murmurs sweet
 And pretty birds with wonder,

Do carrol notes, with their shrill throats,
And shooting fill the air with thunder.

Now to the rocks, to the fens, to the caves,
And to her wonted cunning,
With head and dublets Wat replies,
And now forsakes her running.

Her dublet buskins do bewray
Her art and skill in flying,
She hears her knell, running passing well,
And yet not sick but dying.

Eccho shrills, from the Vales to the hills,
The Salvages, and Satyrs,
The Elves and Satyrs do arise,
And see Nymphs from the waters.

They listen to the deeper strain
Attentively delighted,
Courting the day to a longer stay,
Lest we should be be-nighted.

To his Mistress.

WRong not sweet Empress of my heart
The merits of true passion;
By thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.
But if my words serve not to prove
The conquest of your beauty;
It comes not for the want of love,
But from excess of duty:
For being that I serve to serve
A Saint of such perfection.
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection.
I rather chuse to want relief
Than venture the revealing,
Since glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that are too high
 For any mortal Lover,
 When reason cannot make them die,
 Discretion doth ~~them~~ cover ;
 But when discretion doth bereave
 The plaint that they should utter,
 Then their discretion may perceive
 Their silence in a Suitor.
 Silence in love bewrayes more wo
 Than words though nere so witty :
 The beggar that is dumb you know
 Deserveth double pity.
 Then do not wrong my secret heart,
 My true, though secret passion ;
 He smarteth most that hoards his smart,
 And sues for no compassion.

From a Gentleman to his Mistress.

Temptation breeds those love-attracting flowers,
 That grow upon thy crimson cheeks, love's Bowers.
 Who is there whom thou tempt'st not with those soft
 Red Coral lips, that I have kiss'd so oft ?
 Or with those teeth of Pearl, the double guard,
 To speech, where heavenly musick still is heard.
 And from thy sweet lips a kiss being taken,
 Would Tyrants melt, and cruel Death awaken.
 Ohow much those fair-rising breasts do move,
 How they do invite and tempt me, sweet to love !
 Of polish'd Ivory is thy Globe-like belly,
 Which is as sweet, as soft, as any Lilly.
 And under that same snowy swelling Mountain,
 Cover'd with moss, doth stand a milky Fountain ;
 For all these sweets, I love thee ; thy soft thighs,
 Whose alabaster Pillars do arise,
 Like Sea-marks guiding to some happy Lands.
 O happy are those eyes have ever seen them,
 Most happy he is that shall sail between them :
 Between them also for one night to lie,
 Nay one half hour, I would gladly die.

A Lovers Lamentation.

WHat shall I do that am undone ?
 Where shall I fly, my self to shun ?
 Ay me my self, my self must kill,
 And yet I do against my will;
 In starry Letters I behold,
 My death is in the heavens enroll'd :
 There find I writ ith' sky above,
 That I, poor I, must die for Love.

The Thiefs Song.

I Keep my horse, I keep my whore,
 I take no Rents, yet am not poor ;
 I travel all the Land about,
 And yet was born to never a foot,
 With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine,
 I do at midnight often dine ;
 And if my Whore be not in case,
 My Hostess Daughter has her place.
 The Maids sit up, and watch their turns,
 If I stay long, the Tapster mourns.
 The Cook-maid has no mind to sin,
 Though tempted by the Chamberlin ;
 But when I knock, O how they bustle !
 The Ostler yawns, the Geldings juggle ;
 If maid but sleep, O how they curse her !
 And all this comes of, Deliver your purse Sir.

The Mountebanks Song.

Here within this place is cur'd,
 All the griefs that ever were endur'd ;
 Palsie, Gout, Hydripick humour,
 Fistula in Ano, Ulcer, Megrum ;
 Or what so ere beleagr'um.
 Stone, Rupture, Squinancy, Imposthume,
 Yet too dear it shall not cost them.

In brief, you cannot, I assure you,
Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.

The Yorkshire-Maids Song.

I Wo' not go to't, I mun not go to't,
For love nor yet for fee,
For I am a maid, and will bee a maid,
And a good one till I die :
Yet mine intent I could repent
For one man's company.

The Sparrow.

A Bonny bird I had,
A bird that was my marrow,
A bird whose pastime made me glad;
And *Philip* 'twas my Sparrow.
A pretty play-fellow ; chirp it would,
And hop and fly to fist,
Keep Cut as 'twere a Usurers Gold,
And bill me when I list;
Philip, Philip, Philip, it cryes,
But he is fled and my joy dies.

But were my *Philip* come again,
I would not change my Love,
For *Juno's* bird with the gaudy train,
Nor yet for *Venus Dove* :
Nay, would my *Philip* come again,
I would not change my state,
For his great name sakes wealth of *Spain*,
To be anothers mate.
Philip, &c.

Which Wife to choose.

HE that marries a merry Lads,
He has most cause to be sad ;
For let her go free in her merry tricks,

She'll work his patience mad.
But he that marry's a scold, a scold,
He has most cause to be merry;
For when she's in her fits he may cherish his wits
With singing, heigh down derry.

He that weds a roaring girl,
That will both scratch and fight;
Though he study all day, to make her away,
Will be glad to please her at night.
And he that copes with a sullen wench,
That scarce will speak at all;
Her doggedness more than a scold or a whore
Will penetrate his gall.

He that's matcht with a Turtle Dove,
That has no spleen about her.
Shall waste so much life, in love of his wife,
He had better be without her.
But he that marry's a scold, a scold, &c.

Women are born but to make fools of men.
She that's made sure to him she loves not well,
Her banes are asked here, but she weds in hell;
Parents that match their children 'gainst their will,
Teach them not how to live, but how to kill.

A Lovers Will.

I Bequeath my kisses to some Taylor, that hunts out weddings every Sunday. *Item*, my sighs to a Noise of Fidler's ill pay'd. My paleness to a Fencer fighting at Sharps. *Item*, my want of stomach to one of the Guard.

A Kifs.

A Kifs is nothing but the Gamut to Prick-Song.

O

The

The Copy of an Indenture.

TO all good and Christian people, to whom this present writing shall come : Know you for a certain, that I *William Tarr* Seaman ; for, and in, consideration of the sum of five hundred Crowns, have clearly bargain'd, sold, given, granted, assigned, and set over ; and by these presents do clearly bargain, sell, give, grant, assign, and set over all the right, estate, title, interest, demand, possession, and term of years to come, which I the said *William Tarr* have, or ought to have in, and to *Jone Tarr*, my most vertuous, loving, modest, and obedient wife, together with those rare qualities with which she is furnished. *Imprimis*, the beauties of her mind ; chastity, temperance, &c. but above all, patience. *Item*, her curious voice wherewith she useth to sing *Chivy-Chase* ; her discourse, her contenting age and experience ; which said *Jone Tarr* lying and being in occupation of the said *William Tarr*, I the said *William Tarr* deliver over to *Thomas Lusty* Gentleman, to have and to hold, to use and enjoy, and to be acquitted of all former sailes and bargains, gifts, grants, and surrenders, rendryes ; and furthermore, I the said *William Tarr* of and for the consideration of the sum of five hundred Crowns, to set me abroad ; before these witnesses, do utterly disclaim for ever any title, estate, interest, demand, or possession in, or to, the said *Jone Tarr*, my good and honest wife ; as also neither to touch, attempt, molest, or incumber any part, or parts whatsoever either hidden, or unhidden, either those that boldly look abroad, or those that dare not shew their face. In witness whereof, I have here set to my hand and seal, in presence of all these the day and date above written.

S O N G.

Since first I saw thy face, I resolv'd
 To honour and renown you ;
 If now I be disdain'd, I wish
 My heart had never known you.

What ? I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
 Shall we begin to wrangle ?

No;

No, no, no, I love thee still,
And cannot disintangle.

If I admire or praise you too much,
That fault you may forgive me;
Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch,
Then justly might you leave me.

I ask'd you leave, you bid me love,
Is't now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I love thee still,
What fortune e're betides me.

The Sun whose beams most glorious
Rejecteth no beholder,
And thy sweet beauty past compare
Makes my poor eyes the bolder.

Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there, where ever I go,
I leave my heart behind me.

If I have wrong'd you, tell me wherein,
And I will soon amend it;
In recompense of such a sin,
Here is my heart, I'll send it.

If that will not your mercy move,
Then for my life I care not;
O then, O then, torment me still,
And take my life and spare not.

Answer to the third stave.

Art thou so mad to love a Lass,
And leave thy heart behind thee?
Go learn more wit, green headed ass,
For *Cupid's* rules will bind thee.
A young wench loves a Lad that's bold;
And not a simp'ring noddy;
Therefore before thou leave thy hold,
Be sure thou bounce her body.

On his discreet Mistress.

IT's not the fair, that will not do,
 She must be wise and lovely too :
 Love hath its Center ; all do tend,
 Uninterrupted to one end.
 Though some are kinder, others coy ;
 All Lovers do or would enjoy.
 Nature bids some but play and kifs ;
 They must not dare a further blifs :
 Who loves without a wise controul,
 Loves by the sense, and not the soul :
 What cares hath love which wait upon her,
 To counterpel the charms of honour ?

What difficulties to design,
 The freedom of the place, the time ?
 Unless she's wise she'l as soon fail
 As Ships without their sterns to sail :
 Yet such contrivance in despight,
 Of fears i'th wise doth yeild delight :
 If't take effect, why then agen,
 We triumph in the stratagem ;
 In such all pleaseth, every jot,
 Or else scarce one thing gueses you what :
 He can but like, not love who pryces,
 No further than his Mistresses eyes :
 And he's an Ass in *Venus* School,
 Who sayes he loves a handsome Fool.

Enjoyment of his Mistress.

ALl mans desires, *Lucilla*, tend
 To happiness to try the end :
 Dost think love endeth in a kifs ?
 It's but the way, you know the blifs.
 To enjoy without, or wit or fear,
 I were a fool, Gold may be dear :
 But since in safety now we may,
 Pray who's the fool, if you say nay ?

One falling in Love with his Sister.

THe fruitful branches of the Vine,
 With kind embraces re-intwine,
 As I could wish thy arms and mine ;
 And yet there is no reasoning amongst them,
 We are branches of one stem.

The Crystal streams re-fin'dly come
 From *Thetis* womb do murmuring run,
 Until they gently meet in one.
 And yet both from the self same fountain came ;
 Their lineage was the same.

The harmless Turtles when they kiss,
 Redoubled with an earnest is
 Of an approaching further bliss.
 They scruple not your four degrees, but they
 Freely themselves enjoy.

Had our great Grandfire said,
 And Nature told him 'twas a sin ;
 Tell me but then, where had we been ?
 And shall we then call that unnatural
 Which nature gave to all ?

However now the cause is past,
 The aged world declines as fast,
 As to increase it first made hast :
 And lest the world should barren grow of men,
 My Dear let us begin the world agen.

And how do after tedious toyl,
 Forraign transplanters, that beguile
 What soon grows in its native soyl ?
 A Paradox the goddess then should thus
 Vary 'twixt them and us.

*On a fair Lady presented to a Gentlemans view,
who was lately recovered of a tedious sickness;
and, as he was at Tunbridge, requested
to commend her.*

A Woful dismal subject might have done,
But blind men to commend the glorious Sun ;
Suppose they once could see, the heat is spent,
'Tis worse than is your hunting on cold sent.
The sad remembrance of their loss would be
A damp to th' spirit of their Poetrie ;
Give dainties to a queasie appetite,
He'l answer if you ask him how he like,
'Tis good enough or so ; how strange 'twill be
After a twelve months sickness now for me
To magnifie a Beauty ? nay 'tis true,
And besides that a water-drinker too.
Taylor would take offence if you should know it,
That there were now a second Water-Poet.
All I can say is, I have view'd her face,
And think her handsom ; pray heaven give her grace :
But were I well, and water turn'd to wine,
I make no question but she were divine.

On his Black Mistress.

THine's fair, facetious, all that can
Delight the airy part of man ;
My Love is black thou sayst, her eye
Hath something of severity.
Therefore I love ; her spring will last
When all thy flowers are dead and blast.
She's wisely fram'd, with art is made,
Your best night pieces have most shade ;
And cause reserv'd, thinkst thou that mine
Yields not as great a warmth as thine ?
Her heat is inward, and she may,
More pleasant be another way ;
They're slow to yield ; but when they do,
You have both soul and body too.

The quicker eye and nimble tongue,
Leaves footsteps for suspicion ;
But in her looks and language lies,
A very charin for *Argus* eyes.
Now pray then tell me, and withal
Pray be not too too partial :
Doth not one feature now in mine,
Appear more lovely than all thine ?
No airy objects will me move,
It is the sober Black I love :
I lov't so well, that I protest
I love her blackest parts the best.

On his Conscientious Mistress.

Speak not of Conscience my *Lucilla* more,
Why 'tis but what our fathers did before ;
Had reverend Age but stamp't it for divine,
To be chaste at thy years had been a Crime.
The self same fear would seize upon thy heart,
To keep the same thing, as with it to part.
Come 'tis a peevish elfe begotten by
A Politician on simplicity,
As various as is *Proteus*, and doth take
In all Religions a several shape :
And serves in each, as when the children cry,
Or for a bug-bear, or a lullaby.
My dear be Nobler ; if thy dazled eyes
Do gaze astonisht at heavens mysteries ;
Chuse not a private Law crept in by stealth,
But universal crown'd by heaven it self :
The Law of Nature, there for what we do,
No prick of Conscience, Dear, shall trouble you.

S O N G.

On one coming to bed to him.

W Elcome fair *Lucilla*, more,
Much more now than e're before ;

Now I see thy sprightly love
By thy proper heat can move.

No Vermilion blush thy cheek,
That we naked thus do meet ;
Cupid's blind and cannot see,
And as naked as are wee.

Com let's kiss, embrace and toy,
Till we teach the wanton boy ;
Cupid now shall stupid prove,
In the Amorous art of Love.

The sweet Nectar of thy lip,
Nectar which the gods would sip ;
By our often kisses I
Will draw barren and quite dry.

Glutt'd with mellifluous kisses,
We'll exuberate our blisses ;
Twist, embrace, and re-intwine,
Like the Ivy and the Vine.

Where we'll meet with such desire,
Equal with such flames of fire ;
Nothing shall the same allay,
But fair *Venus* milky-way.

Then I'll slumber on thy breasts,
Cupid's pillow where he nests ;
Re descending to the Grove,
Where's the pleasant seat of Love.

Tell me who desires to come
To the faign'd *Elysium* ;
Never dream, for sure there is
No *Elysium* but this.

A Dialogue upon parting.

W. A Nd wherefore now my dearest heart,
Wilt thou thy Native soil depart ?

By

By all true Lovers lawful charms,
Within the Circle of my arms,
I thee conjure to stay.

M. Love, when I return at large,
Then will I perform the charge :
Then shall thy small arms enfold me ,
Now great *Britaine* cannot hold me,
I must, I must away.

W. Take rather thy *Mercators* book,
And travail over with a look,
Oft have I wish't t' had been my hap,
That I my self had been a Map,
That thou might'st read me over.

M. And surely so my dearest heart,
Virginities truest Map thou art;
But yet I'm bound in secret bands
To yet unknown and secret lands,
I may not now discover.

W. And if the matter must be so,
Together with thee will I go ;
I'll be no burden to thy boat,
Thy Vessel will the better float ;
I'm honest, yet I'm light.

M. Nay rather stay, and spare that pain,
Till I come safely back again ;
And when my travails ended be,
Then travail shall begin with thee,
If I can do thee right.

Colins Adventure.

AS *Colin* went forth his sheep to unfold
In a morning of *April* as gray as 'twas cold,
In a Thicket he heard a voice it self spread,
Which was, oh, oh, I am almost dead.

He peep'd in the bushes, and spy'd where there lay
His Mistress whose countenance made *April May* ;
But in her looks some sadness was read,
Cry oh, oh, &c.

He rusht in unto her, and cry'd what's the matter ?
'Ah *Colin*, quoth she, why will you come at her
Who by the false Swain hath oft been mislead ?
For which ; oh, oh, &c.

He turn'd her milk-paile, and down he there sat,
His hand stroak'd his beard, on his knee hung his coat ;
But oh, still *Mopsa* cry'd before ought was said,
Colin oh, oh, &c.

Be gad, quoth stout *Colin*, I ever was true,
Thou gav'st me a handkerchief all hemmed with blew ;
'A pin-box I gave thee, and a girdle so red,
'And yet she cry'd oh, oh, &c.

Delaying, quoth she, hath made me thus ill,
For I never fear'd *Sarah* that dwelt at the mill ;
Since in the evening late her hogs thou hast fed,
For which, oh, oh, &c.

Colin then chuckt her under the chin,
Chear up, for to love thee I never will lin ;
Says she, i'll believe it when the Parson has read,
Till then, oh, oh, &c.

U'ds boars, quoth *Colin*, I'll new clout my shun,
And ere the week pass, by the mass it shall be done ;
You might have done this before then she said,
But now, oh, oh, &c.

He gave her a twitch that quite turn'd her round ;
And said, I'm the truest that e're trod on ground ;
Come settle thy milk-paile fast to thy head,
No more, oh, oh, &c.

Why then I perceive thou'lt not leave me in the lurch,
I'll don my best cloaths, and straight to the Church ;
Jog on merry *Colin*, jog on before,
For I faith, I faith, I'll die no more.

A Lover and Death:

DEath, fatal death, in thy unconquered arms,
Embrace thy lover; thou hast few or none.

De. Away, be gone.

Death is not subject to Loves wanton charms.

L. Shall I not die?

D. Not by and by.

But then when thou perhaps wouldst give

A greater bribe to stay my hand and live.

L. Some other Lover else thou think'st will make me loath
To leave this courtship, and repair to thee.

D. There we agree.

But then come I and set upon you both.

L. Be not so slow.

D. Dar'st thou say so?

That yesterday were but devising how

To piece out life, which thou wouldst shorten now.

L. If thou hadst eyes, thou couldst not be misled,

So much by hear-say, for I dote on thee;

D. How can that be?

More fear than love my ghastly looks have bred.

L. Not in my breast,

D. Then be at rest.

For I have keys to that celestial door,

Will make thee think all other prospects poor.

L. Sleep bores a hole, and sometimes lets us see

What the false glasses of our eyes forbid.

D. Sleep ever did

Best represent, and most resemble me.

L. Him will I woo.

D. I pteethee doo;

And thou shalt find death is not full of pain;

For my cold touch doth but prolong his reign:

The Departure.

IF thus you needs must go,

What shall your own heart do?

This one made of our two.

Madam,

Madam, two hearts we brake,
And from them both did take
The best, one heart to make.

Half this is of your heart,
Mine is th' other part,
Joyn'd by our equal art.

Were it Cemented or sown,
By threads or pieces hewn:
We each might find our own.

But 'tis dissolv'd and fixt
So curiously, and mixt;
No difference that betwixt.

But how shall we agree,
By whom it kept shall bee,
Whether by you or mee?

It cannot two breasts fill,
One must be heartless still,
Until the other will.

It was with me to day,
When I will'd it to say
With whether it would stay.

It told me in your breast,
Where it might hope to rest;
For if it were my guest,

Then certainly it knew,
That I would still anew
Be sending it to you.

Never I think had two
Such work, so much to do,
A unity to two.

Yours was so cold and chaste,
Whilst mine with zeal did waste;
Like fire with water plac't.

How did my heart entreat ?
How pant, how did it beat ?
Till it could give you heat.

Till to that temper brought,
With either mixture wrought,
That blessing eithers thought.

In such a heat it lies,
From this base worlds dull joys,
That heaven it not envies.

All that this earth can shew,
Our hearts shall not once know ;
For it's too vile and low.

The Shepherd's complaint.

Small is the Bee, but yet with his small sting
Does greater mischief than a greater thing :
But what of all things can be less than love,
That through so narrow passages can pierce,
And in so narrow room lie hid ? sometime
Under the shadow of an eye-lids fault :
Now in the small curl of a shining tress :
Now in the little pits that form sweet smiles
In an enamouring cheek ; yet makes so deep,
So deadly and inmedicable wounds.
Ay me ! my breast is all one bleeding wound ;
A thousand armed darts, alas, are lodg'd
By thas fell tyrant, Love, in *Sylvia's* eyes.
Cruel love, cruel *Sylvia*, Savager
Than the wild desarts, O well thy name
Suits with thy nature (*Sylvan* as thou art)
The woods under their green roofs hide the snake,
The Bear, the Lyon ; and thou in thy breast
Hidest disdain, hate, and impiety.
More hateful than the Lyon, Bear, or Snake ;
For they will some way be reclaim'd ; thou neither
With prayers nor gifts ; alas when I present thee
Fresh flowers, thou frowardly refuseth them,
Perhaps because th'hast in thy lovely face

Fairer than those ? Alas when I present thee
Fair Apples, thou dost scornfully reject them,
Perhaps because thy bosome bear a pair
Fairer than those ; Ay me, when I present thee
Sweet hony thou disdainfully deny'st it,
Because thy lips perhaps breath sweeter hony
Than the Bee makes ; but if my poverty
Can give thee nought, that thou hast not more fair
And lovely in thy self ; my self I give thee.
But thou unjust scorn'st and abhor'st the gift,
Yet I'm not so foul to be so despis'd,
If well I mark my self, when th' other day
I view'd my shadow in the watry main,
When the wind blew not, and the Sea lay still.
The manly tincture of my sanguine brow,
These muscl'd arms and shoulders large enough,
This hairy breast of mine, and hoary thighs,
Proclaim my able force and manly-hood,
Make trial of me, if thou doubt'st of it ;
What wilt thou do with those same tenderlings ,
On whose bare cheek the young down scarcely springs ?
With what an art they place their hair in order ?
Women in shew, and women in their strength ;
Tell me, who wilt thou have to follow thee
Or the bald hills, and through the leavy woods ,
And fight with thee for Bear or armed Boar ?
No, no, my shape's not it thou hat'st me for,
But 'tis my poverty thou dost abhor.
Ah that poor cottages will follow still
Great towns example in what ere is ill.
This may be truly call'd the golden age ,
For Gold alone prevails, Gold only reigns :
O thou who ere thou wert that first didst teach
To sell love thus, accursed be thy dust
And thy cold buried bones ; nor ever may
Shepherd or Nymph say to them, Rest in peace ;
But be they washt with rain : and lost with winds ;
And may the passer by, and all the rout
Of beasts with foul feet spurn them all about ;
Base mercenary love, thou hast deflowred
Loves nobleness, and turn'd his happy joyes
Into such bitterness, and sharp annoyas :
Love to be slave to Gold ! O miracle

More odious, and abominable far
 Than the large Earth produces, or the Main;
 But why alas, why do I vex my self
 Thus all in vain? no, let each creature use
 Those arms which nature for his use hath given him;
 The Hart his speed, the Lyon his long paw,
 The foaming Boar his tusks; the womans arms
 And power lye in her beauty and graceful shape.
 I find my strength is the best help I have,
 And am by nature fit for deeds of force,
 Will for reward of all my love mispent,
 Force this proud cruel to my own content.

Against Love.

THou wantst as much judgement as I, no ods,
 Thou little Devil which subdu'st the gods;
 For thou hat'st those that love thee, only those;
 And like an insolent proud victor
 Never is thy Rigour stricter
 Then against such as yield to thy dispose.

In all thy actions treachery presides,
 And th' Army or thy passions fury guides,
 That 'gainst the Laws of prudence will advance;
 Thy food is poyson, and no reason
 Can thy wild discourses season,
 Thy knowledge is the height of ignorance.

When a poor Lover that hath worn thy chains
 Imagine she hath took sufficient pains,
 And his remuneration looks to have;
 Then thy severity regarding
 No high merit, for rewarding
 Pays him with torments like a Gally-slave,

None more than I feel how my sorrow wastes,
 None less than I thy sweetness ever tastes,
 She scorns me to whose favours I pretend.

I chafe, she flies; what strange misfortune
 Crossest me still to importune,
If the resolve never to condescend?

That

That such sad pressures may find some relief,
 A little yet to mollifie my grief
 From hope alone, vain hope, there drops a balm,
 I in the air am building castles
 With the wind my fancy wrassles,
 And in a Tempest searches for a calm.

Maugre the Demons power that blinds my fight,
 And drives into eternal night,
 Yet through the storm my passage I extort,
 But alas, when I have long been striving
 To scape death and am arriving,
 My fate is to be shipwrackt in the port.

*To his Catholick Mistress thrown down by
 in the Corn, as he struggled for a kiss.*

WHat gentle Saint shall I invoke to sue
 My pardon out? I know no Saint but you :
 To whom I bow, and as the Church thinks meet,
 Perform my penance in this guiltless sheet ;
 Command what penance else your will assigns ;
 Hang me, for that intent I send these lines ;
 In this hot season there can scarce be found
 Water enough wherein I may be drown'd ;
 But yet if you command, my eyes shall be
 Sufficient both to drown'd themselves and me ;
 I fall before your feet ; would they had stood.
 Yet understand my badness speaks you good ;
 My fault had been no fault had you not bin,
 Had there not been a God, man could not sin.
 I did too much, nor could I do much less,
 'Tis natural to desire happines.
 Th' aspiring Corn shew'd it desiring this,
 Which made it stand on tiptoe for a kiss.
 Me thinks its fault as great as mine appears,
 Which rudely fell together by the ears.
 And would have done that which I did intend,
 But we both lost our ends, yet find our end ;
 Unless blest soul your life-commanding eyes
 That first did make us fall, would make us rise :

You are all miracle ! Oh let me see
You act a miracle, and pardon mee.

Upon a Lady that came to Church in a Mask.

AT Church there did appear on Sunday last,
A fable crature that lookt like a Fast :
The people trembled, and the Parsons fear
Shortned his Sermon to prolong his prayer ;
God blefs us cry'd the old folk, and did say
I do believe in &c. all did curse or pray
That fear gave leave to speak ; the blind man, he
Was frighted by the ear, yet wisht to see
The cause ; but some were of another mind,
And thought it a blessing to be blind.
Raw head himself could not thus terrifie,
He stills the children, but this makes them cry :
Winter ne're lookt more sadly ; here's a face
Black as the Parsons cloak, or as the place
He so much talkt of, I could wish my hat
That is new dy'd, were but as black as that.
In these lines you may read th' effect of it,
For you may find it scar'd away my wit.

On his Mistress.

Much I have heard of vertue and the graces,
And read of some that have seen handsome faces.
Rare Ladies I have heard of, that have been
Young and discreet, well vers'd in all but sin,
Less nice than fair, yet beauties without spot,
Exceeding knowing, and yet know it not.
Great wonders ! I thought these more strange than true,
Except their Authors prophecy'd of you ;
Then did they say too little, I too much,
To question if there e're were any such.

To his Mistress going to War's.

Here let me war, in these arms let me lie,
Here let me parley, batter, bleed, and die :
Thy arms encompass me, and my arms thee ;
Thy heart the ransome is, take mine from me.

Those wars the ignorant, ours the experienc'd prove,
 There men fall always under, here above :
 There rights are wrongs, here we'll uprightly lie,
 There men kill men, we'll get one by and by,
 Many there are that war do'nt undertake,
 But stay at home, shot, arms, and swords to make.
 Say, prethee tell me, do not we do then,
 More glorious service, staying to make men ?

On a Watch lost in a Tavern.

A Watch lost in a Tavern ? that's a crime,
 You know how men in drinking lose there time :
 A Watch keeps time, and if time pass away,
 There is small reason that the Watch should stay,
 The key hung out, and you forgot to lock it,
 Time scorns to be kept tame in any pocket.
 Hereafter, if you keep't, thus must you do,
 Pocket your Watch, and watch your pocket too.

A Catch.

THe parcht earth drinks the rain,
 Trees drink of that again ;
 Rivers the Seas do quaff,
 Sol drinks the Ocean off ?
 And when that health is done,
 Pale *Cynthia* drinks the Sun.
 Friends, why do ye chide,
 And stern my drinking tide ?
 Thinking to make me sad,
 I will, I will be mad.

On a Lady of too high quality for him.

I Thought but to have warm'd me at thine eyes,
 And they have burnt me : thus poor wanton flies,
 Do play so long about the angry flame,
 Till that becomes their fate, which was their game.

No *Chloris*, I'll behold thee but afar,
 As skill'd Astronomers behold a Star;
 And by so wise a distance take thy light,
 As not to be consumed with thy light:
 So will I, when I to thine Altars come,
 Mingle the sweeter spices with the gum,
 That those thick mists and vapours which do rise,
 May'nt make the Offerer a Sacrifice.

Phillis walking by night.

Phillis must walk no more by night,
 for shee's too bright
 For any power that ruleth there;
 And doth so much exceed each star,
 As they do borrow light from her.

I saw the morn dart fiery red
 from her cloudy bed;
 Amaz'd see each neighbouring ray
 Drop down so fast, and hie'd away,
 As at th' approaches of the day.

Now she looks redder when she sees
Phillis the cause of these:
 For looking down; she might espye
 All these rayes in *Phillis* eye,
 Making her cheeks the fair sky.

And ever since she hath lookt pale,
 and if those looks prevail,
 And overcome her redness so,
 Alas, how shall we shepherds know,
 When the next blushing wind shall blow:

*To Niphea, an Engagement on return
 of her favour.*

AS when old *Saturn* bore the sway,
 Shepherds and Nymphs did on the green
 With an offensive freedom play
 Before the *May* Lord and his Queen,

Or as on rocks high perching Doves,
Through each others chymicks bill
Transfuse their souls, and unstain'd loves,
Into each others breast distil.

Henceforth in varied Scenes I'll move,
Of innocent and chaste delight :
My tapers kindl'd by true love,
Not the false flash of appetite.

A gentle warmth my heart shall glad,
Unshook by any aguish cold,
Of loathing, or grown raging mad
With fears of desire too bold.

The fire so essenc'd, so refin'd
Within my better'd soul shall shine :
That these by *Plato's* rules defin'd
As pure, shall seem but sparks to mine.

Nay I'll look Babies in your eye,
Free from fond thoughts of making one :
Rob, yet increase by robbery
The Roses on your fresh lip blown,

Or else, as penitents of yore,
Without the temple door did stand,
At distance I'll My Saint adore,
And come no nearer than your hand.

So that my error pardon'd be,
Which was no less than his offence ;
Who seeking knowledge from the tree
Forbid, betray'd his innocence.

The Kiss.

Print upon my lips a kiss,
Close and melting, I'll not miss,
Choice of liquors, which the gods
Quaff to friendship, when at odds,
For that peerless lip of thine,
Shames *Nepenthe*, and the Vine :

Those by quenching kindle fire,
This creates the best desire,
And the noblest thoughts refine.

2.

Print upon my lips a kiss,
Print it home: the purest bliss
Is not softer; nor the down
Fleeting on *Meanders* Crown;
Nor the touch of clouds that rise,
Drawn by power of *Phæbus* eyes,
Through the regions of the air,
From a thousand spices rare,
When to live the *Phænix* dies.

3.

Print upon my lips a kiss.
Sweetness there much sweeter is,
Than the muskygales that fly
O're perfumed *Araby*.
Take their first Commencement here,
And cloth in damask Roses wear
On their blushing leaves, a sent
Such as Nature never lent
To any lip but yours my dear.

4.

Print upon my lips a kiss,
And for that I'll give you this;
This and that, and to the t'other,
Add a fifth, and then another,
Till their audit do surpass
Mendips sheep or *Bunwells* grass,
Or tough *Severn* in its stream
Hides no sand can number them,
Which from mine to thine do pass.

Take her and tug her,
And turn her and hug her;
And turn her again boy, again;
Then if she mumble,
Or if her taile tumble,
Kiss her a main boy, a main.
Do thy endeavour,

To take off her feaver,
Then her disease no longer will raign.

If nothing will serve her,
Then thus to preserve her,
Swing her a main boy, a main,
Give her cold gelly,
To take up her belly,
And once a day swing her again ;
If she stand all these pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her disease will no longer raign.

Have you any crackt Maidenheads to new leach or mend ?
Have you any old Maidenheads to sell or to change ?
Bring them to me, with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout them, I'll mend them, I'll knock in a pin,
Shall make them as good Maids agin
As ever they have been.

Musick from hell.

SAd *Orpheus* having lost his wife,
The sole and chief companion of his life ;
Taking his harp adventur'd into hell,
And brought her up from that infernal cell :
How many husbands, were there wives so lost,
Would hazard landing in so dire a coast
To fetch them out ; some few I think or none,
A figh or two enough when she is gone.
It's safer far to sit down by the loss
Lest he repent in bringing back his cross.
Surely I wonder why he took such pains,
For so small poor unrecompencing gains ;
Sure women at that time were very rare,
Or she some piece surpassing all compare ;
Had she liv'd now, when the first wife did die,
He need not go to hell for new supply ;
We could have furnisht him, nay if hells brood
Should come to seek a match with humane blood,
We'll match them to the full, and make them fain
To leave their wives and chuse their hellish pain ;

But there's so many such inehanting ware,
 That twenty wives we can the devil spare;
 But yet I must some further know,
 Why none attempts it now, since I do know
 As many have posselt as good, as chast as fair,
 As grave, as wise, as ever breath'd by air:
 Sure husband-love decayes; I grant it true,
 Yet no one did it; do you mark and view;
 Alter the case and then I dare be bold,
 No woman ever did, or will go scold,
 To fetch her husband, though he be as good,
 As grave, as wise, yea of a Noble blood;
 Though all the vertues that ever were in man
 Were coucht in him; nay though that all which can,
 Or ever was, or will be wisht in one
 Were full in him, she'd cry, Let him alone.
 Sure womens love decayes, but yet I am misled,
 That ne're decayes, that never yet was bred.
 But to conclude, the days that we live in,
 Affection's cold, and love is grown so thin,
 That of both Sexes many such there be,
 Which here on earth so badly do agree,
 Thst being parted, who is left behind,
 Drinks Lethe still to put it out of mind.
 And did they know the other went to blifs,
 Rather than meet, the joy would chuse to mis.

Of his fair Mistress.

VErtue, Beauty, forms of Honour,
 Like rich Jewels hang upon her;
 When she moves, there seems to be
 A Throne joyn'd with humility.
 Her speech excells with so much odds,
 As parly betwixt men and gods:
 Those that her perfections shew,
 Must the blessed Deities know,
 That all our grace is here derided,
 Heaven and she have all divided.
 Methinks that all commanding *Jove*
 Should visit earth to win her love;
 Or take her up by sacred power,
 And make all heaven her right of dower;

So the Nuptials were made ev'n,
Love should have her, and she have heav'n.

On a Lady Singing.

Come with your voices let us war,
 And challenge all the Sphears,
 Till each of us be made a Star,
 And all the world turn ears.

Mix then our notes that we may prove
 To stay the running floods,
 To make the mountain quarries move,
 And call the walking woods.

What need of me? do you but sing,
 Sleep and the graves will wake;
 No voice so sweet, no words have sting,
 But what your lips do make.

Some say the Angels mark each deed
 We exercise below;
 And out of inward passion feed
 On what they see or know.

Sing you no more then, lest the best
 Of Angels should be driven
 To fall again at such a feast,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

Nay rather let their notes be strain'd,
 To meet their high desire,
 So they in state of grace retain'd,
 May wish us of their Quire.

*A farewell to his Mistress, on his going
 to the Wars.*

Preserve thy sighs unthrifty girl,
 To purifie the air;
 Thy tears to thread instead of Pearl
 On Bracelets of thy hair.

The Trumpet wakes the Eccho horse,
 And wakes the talking Drum.
 Th' expence of grief gains no remorse,
 When sorrow should be dumb.
 For I must go where silken peace
 Hath lost her drowsie head,
 And for the sport of Kings, encrease
 The number of the dead.
 But first I'll chide thee cruel thief,
 Can I in War delight ?
 That being of my heart bereaft
 Can have no heart to fight !
 Thow knowst the sacred Laws of old,
 Ordain'd the thief should pay
 To purge his guilty hands seven fold,
 What he had stol'n away.
 Thy payment shall but double be,
 Therefore with speed resign,
 Mine own seduced heart to me,
 Accompani'd with thine.

The Broom-mans Song

BRoom, broom, the bonny broom,
 Come buy my birchen Broom ;
 I'th' wars we have no more room,
 Buy all my bonny broom
 For a kifs or two ;
 If that will not do,
 For a little, little pleasure,
 Take all my whole treasure ;
 If all this will not do't,
 Take the Broom-man to boot.
 Broom, broom, bonny Broom.

A Dialogue betwixt Cordanus and Amoret.

Cor. **D**istressed Pilgrim, whose dark clouded eyes
 Speaks thee a Martyr to Loves cruelties,
 Whither away ?

Amo. What

Amo. What pitying voice I hear
Calls back my flying steps ?

Cor. Prethee draw near.

Amo. I shal but say kind Swain, what doth become
Of a lost heart, ere to *Elysium*
'T wounded walks ?

Cor. First it does freely flye
Into the pleasures of a Lovers eye:
But once condemn'd to scorn it fetter'd lies,
An ever-bowing slave to tyrannies.

Amo. I pity its sad fate, since its offence
Was but for Love : Can tears re-call it thence ?

Cor. O no, such tears as do for pity call,
She proudly scorns, and glories in their fall.

Amo. Since neither sighs nor tears, kind shepherd tell,
Will not a kiss prevail ?

Cor. Thou mayst as well
Court *Eccho* with a kiss.

Amo. Can no art move
A sacred violence to make her love ?

Cor. O no ! 'tis only Destiny or Fate,
Fashions our wills either to love or hate.

Amo. Then captive heart, since that no humane spell,
Hath power to grasp thee his, Farewel. *Cor.* Farewel.

Chorus. Lost hearts, like Lambs drove from their folds by fears,
May back return by chance, but not by tears.

A Dialogue betwixt Time and a Pilgrim.

A Ged man that mows these Fields :

Time. Pilgrim, speak what is thy will ?

Pil. Whose soil is this that such sweet pasture yields ?
Or who art thou whose foot stands never still ?
Or where am I ?

Time. In Love.

Pil. His Lordship lies above.

Time. Yes and below, and round about,
Wherein all sorts of flowers are growing,
Which as the early Spring falls out,
Time falls as fast a mowing.

Pil. If thou art *Time*, these flowers have lives.
And then I fear

Under some Lilly she I love,
May now be growing there.

Time. And in some thistle or some spire of grass,
My sithe, thy stalk, before her's come, may pass.

Pil. No, Alleadge the cause.

Time. Time cannot alter, but obey Fates Laws.

Chorus. Then happy those, whom Fate that is the stronger,
Together twists their threads, and yet draws hers the longer.

On a Gentleman that had the Small Pox.

OH what a fault ! nay what a sin,
In Fate and Fortune, had it been,
So much beauty to have lost,
Could the world with all her cost
Have redeem'd it ?

Unmannerly disease that durst,
Threates that face, ere thou hadst first
Ask'd leave of Nature, that had spent
Such pains to make it excellent,
And so esteem'd it.

Sure thou wast sent by Loves fair Queen,
That would not have a fairer seen,
Nor could endure her own bright Star,
On earth should be out shin'd so far
By base mortality.

Or didst thou think by sinning so,
To bring this pox in fashion too,
That henceforth every better face
Might wear a pox-hole for a grace,
And meer formality.

The choice of a Mistress.

I Know there are some fools that care
Not for the body, so the face be fair ;
Some asses too, that in a Female Creature,
Respect not Beauty, but a comely Feature :

And

And others too, that for their parts in sight,
Care not so much, so that the C. be right,
Each man his humour hath, and saith, 'Tis mine,
To love the woman which I now define :
First I would have her wainscote face and hand
More wrinkled far than any pleated band ;
That in those furrows, if I'de take the pain,
I might both sow and reap, great stoore of grain.
Her nose I'de have a foot long, not above,
With pimples rubied o're, for those I love ;
And at the end a comely pearl of snout,
Considering whether it should fall, or not.
Provided next her teeth be out ;
I care not if her pretty snow
Meet with her chin, and both together
Hem in her lips as dry as good white leather.
One wall-eye she shall have, for that's a sign
In other beasts the best, why not in mine ?
Her neck I'de have pure Jet at least,
With yellow spots enamel'd, and her breast
Like to a Grasshopper, both thin and lean ;
Not to be toucht for dirt unless swept clean.
As for her belly, 'tis no matter so
There be a belly, and a thing below ;
Yet if thou wilt, let it be something high,
And always let there be a Tympany.
But soft, where am I now ? here I should stride
Lest I fall in, the place may be so wide ;
And pass unto her thighs, which shall be just,
Like an Ant's that's scraping in the dust ;
Into her legs I'de have some issues fall,
And all her calf into a gouty small :
Her feet both thick, and Eagle-like display'd
The symptoms of a comely maid.
As for her parts behind, I ask no more,
Let them but answer those which are before ;
I have my utmost wish, and having so,
Judge Reader whether I'm happy, yea, or no,

By Sir Walter Raleigh.

CALLING to mind my eyes went long about,
 To cause my heart for to forsake my breast;
 All in a rage I sought to pull them out,
 By whose advice I liv'd in such unrest;
 What could they say again to win my grace?
 Furfooth that they had seen my Mistress face.

Another time my heart I call'd to mind,
 Thinking that he this woe on me had brought.
 Because that he to love his force resign'd,
 Where of such war my fancy never thought.
 What could he say I would him have slain?
 That he was hers, and had forgone my claim.

At last when I perceived both eyes and heart
 Excus'd themselves as guiltless of mine ill,
 I found my self the cause of all my smart,
 And told my self that I my self would kill:
 Yet when I saw my self to you was true,
 I lov'd my self, because my self lov'd you.

Song to Phillis.

PHILLIS why should we delay?
 Pleasures shorter than the day;
 Could we, which we never can,
 Stretch our lives beyond a span;
 Beauty like a shadow flies,
 And our youth before us dies:

Or would youth and beauty stay,
 Love has wings and will away;
 Love has swifter wings than Time;
 Change in love too oft does chime:
 Gods that never change their State,
 Vary of their love and hate.

PHILLIS to this truth we owe,
 All the love betwixt us now;

Let not you and I require,
 What has been our past desire;
 On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd:
 Leave it to the Planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do;
 For the joy we now may prove;
 Take advice of present love.

Opportunity.

IF the quick spirit of your eye,
 Now languish, anon must die;
 If every sweet, and every grace
 Must flye from that forsaken face;
 Then *Celia* let us reap our joyes,
 E're time such goodly fruit destroyes:
 Or if that golden Fleece must grow
 For ever free from aged snow;
 If those bright Suns must know no shade,
 Nor your fresh beauty ever fade;
 Then *Celia* fear not to bestow,
 What still being gather'd, still must grow.
 Thus either *Time* his sickle brings;
 In vain, or else in vain his wings,

Little Love serves turn.

Little Love serves my turn, 'tis so enflaming,
 Rather than I will burn,
 I'll leave my gaming;
 For when I think upon't
 Oh 'tis so painful,
 Cause Ladies have a trick
 To be disdainful.

Beauty shall court it self:
 'Tis not worth speaking;
 No more Amorous pangs,
 No more hear breaking;

Those that ne're felt the smart,
 Let them go try it,
 Have redeem'd my heart,
 Now I defie it.

No more, no more,
 I must give o're,
 For beauty is so sweet,
 It makes me pine,
 Distrusts my mind
 And surfeit when I see't.

Forgive me Love
 If I remove
 To some other speare,
 Where I may keep a flock of sheep;
 And know no other care.

Farewel to Chloris.

Chloris farewel, I now must go;
 For if with thee I here do stay,
 Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
 I shall grow blind and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
 Amongst the rest me hither brought;
 Finding this fame fall short of truth,
 Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
 A servant to anothers will;
 Yet for thy love would forfeit both
 Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take?
 When thou fore knowing this abuse;
 For some more worthy Lovers sake,
 Mayst leave me with so just excuse.

For thou mayst say, 'twas not my fault,
 That thou didst thus unconstant prove;
 Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
 And raise thy story to that height,
 That strangers shall at distance burn,
 And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
 And gain such trust that I may come
 And banquet sometimes on thy face,
 But make my constant meals at home.

Good Advice.

Let not thy beauty make thee proud,
 Though Princes do adore thee;
 Since time and sickness were allow'd
 To mow such flowers before thee.
 Nor be not shie to that degree,
 Thy friends may hardly know thee;
 Nor yet so coming, or so free,
 That every flye may blow thee,
 A state in every Princely brow,
 As decent is requir'd;
 Much more in thee to whom they bow,
 By beauties lightning fir'd.
 And yet a state so sweetly mix'd,
 With an attractive mildness;
 It may like Vertue sit betwixt
 The extreams of pride and vilness.
 Then every eye that sees thy face,
 Will in thy beauty glory;
 And every tongue that wags will grace
 Thy vertue with a story.

SONG.

Come lovely *Phillis*, since it thy will is
 To crown thy *Corydon* with *Daphadillies*;
 With many kisses, and as sweet as this is;
 'Twill repay, to multiply thy blisses.
 How will I hold thee,
 And thus enfold thee
 Free from harms within these arms?

Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
 Oft tedious hours, and sorrows best exiling ;
 For if you lowre ; the banks no power
 Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower ;
 Your eyes not granting,
 Their rayes enchanting.
 Mine may raine, but 'tis in vain.

The stray Shepherdes found.

A Mid the Mirtles as I walkt,
 Love and my sighs thus entertalkt,
 Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
 Where may I find my Shepherdes ?

Then fool, said Love, knowst thou not this ?
 In every thing that's good she is ;
 In yonder Tulip, go and seek,
 There thou shalt find her lip, her cheek :

In that enammel'd Fancy by,
 There shalt thou find her curious eye ;
 In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud,
 There do the streams wave of her blood.

'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
 I went and pluckt them one by one,
 To make of parts a union ;
 But on a sudden all was gone.

At which I stopt ; said Love, these be
 Fond man, resemblances of thee ;
 For as these flowers thy joys must dye,
 Ev'n in the turning of an eye ;
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 As those flowers when knit together.

Disdain return'd.

Wert thou much fairer than thou art,
 Which lies not in the power of art ;

Or hadst thou in thy eyes more darts
 Than ever *Cupid* shot at hearts;
 Yet if they were not shot at mee,
 I should not cast a thought on thee.

T'd rather marry a disease,
 Than court the thing I cannot please;
 She that would cherish my desires,
 Must court my flames with equal fires.
 What pleasure is there in a kiss,
 To him that doubts her heart not his?

I love thee not because th' art fair,
 Softer than down, smoother than air:
 Nor for the *Cupids* that do lie
 In every corner of thy eye;
 Would you then know what it may be?
 'Tis I love you, cause you love me.

The Conquest of Love.

Lay that fullen Garland by thee,
 Keep it for the *Elysium* shade;
 Take my wreath of lussy Ivie,
 Not of that faint myrtle made.
 When I see my soul descending
 To that cold unfertile plain
 Of sad fools, the Lake attending,
 Thou shalt wear this Crown again;
 Now drink wine, and know the odds
 'Twixt that Lethe and the gods.

Rouse thy dull and drousie spirits,
 Here's the soul-reviving streams;
 The stupid Lovers brain inherits
 Nought but vain and empty dreams:
 Think not then these dismal trances,
 Which our raptures can contend;
 The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,
 Shall come soonest to his end.

Cho. Sadness may some pity move,
 Mirth and Courage, Mirth and Courage,
 Mirth and Courage conquers love.

Fix then on that cloudy forehead,
 On thy vainly crossed arms,
 Thou maist as well call back the buried,
 As raise love by such false charms.
 Sacrifice a glass of Claret,
 To each letter of her name;
 Gods have oft descended for it,
 Mortals must do more the same.
 If she comes not at that flood,
 Sleep will come, sleep will come,
 Sleep will come, and that's as good.

Wake my *Adonis*, do not die,
 One life's enough for thee and I.
 Where are thy looks, thy wiles,
 Thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles?
 Alas in vain I call,
 One Death hath snatch'd them all:
 Yet Death's not deadly in that face,
 Death in these looks it self hath grace;
 'Twas this, 'twas this I fear'd,
 When my pale Ghost appear'd.
 This I presag'd when thundring *Jove*
 Tore the best myrtle in my Grove:
 When my sick Rose-buds lost their smell,
 And from my temples untoucht fell;
 And 'twas for some such thing,
 My dove first hung her wing.
 Whither art thou, my Deity, gone?
Venus in *Venus* there is none.
 In vain a Goddess now am I,
 Only to grieve and not to die;
 But I will love my grief,
 Make tears my tears relief;
 And sorrow shall to me
 A new *Adonis* be.
 And this the fates sha'nt rob me off, whilst I
 A Goddess am to grieve, and not to die.

The Platonick Lover.

Change, Platonists, change for shame,

Get your selves another name,

This is but a thin disguise,

And betrayes to common eyes ;

Dim, and pur-blind though they be,

Your Philosophy they see

Is but a lay-hypocrisie,

A kind of heresie.

Plato ne're allow'd a kiss,

Nor the like fantastick blifs.

All the day sit, and gagle

With Sir *Amorous Lafoole*,

Ne're dreamt of that delight

Which a ball presents at night,

To ape you to what follows next ;

Only you corrupt the text.

Yet must *Plato* justifye

All your wanton vanitie.

When indeed, the truth to say,

'Tis opinion that doth sway ;

I a meer court-frippery

You act but yet, what formerly,

And all your Sex was wont to do

Many hundred years ago.

When, *Celia*, I intend to flatter you,

And tell you lies to make you true,

I swear

There's none so fair——

And you believe it too.

Oft have I match'd you with the Rose, and said,

No twins so like hath nature made ;

But 'tis

Only in this——

You prick my hand and fade.

Oft have I said, There is no precious stone

But may be found in you alone ;

Though I

No stone espy——

Unless your heart be one.

When

When I praise your skin, I quote the Wooll
That silk-worms from their entrails pull.
And shew

That new fall'n snow ———
Is not more beautiful.
Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles;
Were you as excellent as these,
While I

Before you lie ———
They might be had with ease.

Bright *Aurelia* I do owe
All the woe
I can show
To those glorious looks alone,
Though you are unrelenting stone.
The quick lightning from your eyes
Did sacrifice
My unwise

My unwary harmless heart;
And now you glory in my smart;
How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame
From you came,

Vext with what your self made burn;
Your scorn to tinder it did turn;
The last spark now Love can call,
That does fall
On the small

Scorch't remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

The Demand.

I Prethee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should you keep mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To send it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Will steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together ?
 O love ! where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our hearts thou sever ?

But love is such a mysterie,
 I cannot find it out ;
 For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
 I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell wo,
 I will no longer pine ;
 But I'll believe I have her heart,
 As much as she hath mine ;

S O N G.

Since love hath in thine and mine eye
 Kindled a holy flame,
 What pity 'twere to let it die,
 What sin to quench the same ?

The stars that seem extinct by day,
 Disclose their flames at night ;
 And in a Sable sense convey
 Their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous eye and ear
 Are shut or turn'd aside ;
 Our tongues, our eyes may talk sans fear,
 Of being heard or spide.

*To his Mistress, who unjustly taxed him
 of leaving her off,*

WHY shouldst thou swear, I am forsworn ;
 Since thine I vow'd to be ?
 Lady, it is already morn,
 It was last night I swore to thee
 This fond impossibilitie.

Hve I not lov'd thee much and long ?
 A tedious twelve months space :
 I should all other Beauties wrong,
 And rob thee of a new embrace,
 Should I still dote upon thy face.

Not that all joys in thy brown hair
 In others may be found ;
 But I will search the black, the fair ,
 Like skilful Mineralists that sound
 For treasures in unhidden ground.

Then if when I have lov'd thee round,
 Thou prove the pleasant see ;
 In spoil of meaner beauties crown'd,
 I laden will return to thee,
 Even sated with varietie.

The Sacrifice.

I Wish no more thou shouldst love me,
 My joyes are full in loving thee.
 My heart's too narrow to contain
 My blifs, shouldst thou love me again.
 Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate
 Leads me to love , and thee to hate :
 Yet I will love while I have breath ;
 For not to love were worse than death.
 Then shall I sue for scorn or grace,
 A lingring life, or death embrace.
 Since one of these I needs must try,
 Love me but once, and let me die.
 Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,
 Then cruel life shall yield thee praise.
 It shall be counted, whoso dies,
 No murder, but a Sacrifice.

Q4

Enjoy-

Enjoyment desir'd.

FAith be no longer coy,
 Let us enjoy
 What's by the world confest
 Women love best.
 Thy beauty fresh as *May*,
 Will soon decay.
 Besides, within a year or two,
 I shall be old and cannot do.
 Dost think that Nature can
 For every man,
 Had she more skill, provide
 So fair a Bride?
 Who ever had a feast
 For a single guest?
 No, without she did intend
 To serve the husband and his friend,
 To be a little nice,
 Sets better price
 On Virgins, and improves
 Their servants loves.
 But in the riper years
 It ill appears.
 After a while you'll find this true,
 I need provoking more than you.

S O N G.

The Lovers Mistake.

TELL me no more, Her eyes are like
 To rising Suns that wonder strike;
 For if 'twere so, how could it be
 They could be thus eclips'd to me?
 Tell me no more, Her breasts do grow
 Like melting hills of rising snow.
 For if 'twere so, how could they lye
 So near the Sunshine of her eye?
 Tell me no more, The restless Spears
 Compar'd to her voice fright our ears;

For if 'twere so, how then could death
Dwell with such discord in her breath ?

No, say, Her eye, portenders are
Of ruine, or some blazing Star :
Else would I feel from that fair fire,
Some heat to cherish my desire.

Say that her breasts, though cold as snow,
Are hard as marble when I woo ;
Else they would soften and relent,
With sighs enflamed from me sent.

Say that although She's like the Moon,
She's heav'nly fair, yet change as soon ;
Else she would constant once remain,
Either to pity, or disdain :

That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murder'd quite ;
For 'tis no less cruel there to kill,
Where life doth but increase the ill :

Go and bestride the Southern wind,
Fly O forlorn, nor look behind,
Till thou the glazed Ocean hast past,

And climes unknown to man.
Lay'd on a snowie mountain bare,
Thy bosome to the freezing air ;
And if those colds be not so great
To quench, but they thaw with thy heat,
To her far more cold despair apply
Thy own despair and will to die ;
And when by these congeal'd to stone,
Then will her heart and thine be one.

No Beauty in Women.

OF the kind Boy I ask no red and white,
To take up my delight ;
No odd becoming graces ;
Black eyes, or little, know not what's in faces.
Make me but nod enough, give me good store
Of love for her I court,
I ask no more ;
'Tis love in love that makes the sporr.

There's

There's no such thing as that we Beauty call,

It is meer couzenage all :

For though some long ago,

Lik'd certain colours mingled so and so ;

That doth not tye me now from chusing new.

If I a fancy take

To black and blew,

Then fancy doth it beauty make.

'Tis not the meat but 'tis the appetite

Makes eating a delight ;

And if I wish one dish

More than another, that a Pheasant is ;

What in our matches may in us be found,

So to the height and nick

We up be bound

No matter by what hand or trick.

Who deserves to be best beloved ?

SHe that loves me for her self,

For affection, not base self,

Ne're regarding my descent,

Gesture, Feature, but intent,

She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me for no end,

But because I am her friend ;

Never doubting my desire,

But believes it sacred fire ;

She, only she deserves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me with resolve

Ne're to alter till dissolv'd,

Slighting all things that stern Fate,

May hereafter seem to threat :

She, only she deserves to be belov'd of me.

Unconstancy blamed.

BY all thy glories willingly I go,

Yet could have wish't thee constant in thy love ;

But since thou needs must prove

Uncertain, as is thy beauty ;

Or as the glass that shews
 It thee, my hopes thus soon to overthrow,
 Shews thee more fickle ; but my flames by this
 Are easier quencht than his
 Whom flattering smiles betray ;
 'Tis tyrannous delay
 Breeds all the harm,
 And makes that fire consume that should but warm.
 Till time destroy those blossoms of my youth,
 Thou art our Idol-worship at that rate :
 But who can tell thy fate,
 And say that when this beauty's done ,
 This Lovers torch shall still burn on ?
 I could have serv'd thee with such truth
 Devoutest Pilgrimes to their Saints do shew
 Departed long ago ;
 And at this ebbing tide,
 Have us'd thee as a bride ;
 Who's only true
 While you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

The cross Wife's Banquet.

TWelve sorts of meats my Wife provides ,
 And bates me not a dish :
 Of which four flesh, four fruit there are,
 The other four of fish.
 For the first Course she serves me in
 Four birds that dainties are ;
 The first a Quail, the next a Rail,
 And Bittern, and a Jar.
 Mine appetite being cloy'd with these,
 With fish she makes it sharp,
 And brings me next a Lump,
 A Pout, a Gudgeon and a Carp,
 The second Course is of fruit well serv'd,
 Fitting well the season ;
 A medler and a Hartichoke,
 A Crab and a small Reason.
 What's he that having such a wife,
 That on her should not dote :
 Who every day provides him fare,
 That cost's him never a grote.

The Kifs.

COME my sweet, whilst every strain
 Calls our souls into the ear,
 Where they greedy listning fain
 Would run into the sound they hear.
 Lest in desire
 To fill the quire,
 Themselves they tye
 To harmony,
 Let's kifs and call them back again.

Now let us orderly convey
 Our souls into each others brest,
 Where enterchanged let them stay,
 Slumbring in a melting rest.
 Then with new fire
 Let them retire,
 And still present
 Sweet fresh content,
 Youthful as the early day.

Then let us a tumult make,
 Shuffling so our souls, that we
 Careless who did give or take,
 May not know in whom they be.
 Then let each smother
 And stifle the other,
 Till we expire
 In gentle fire,
 Scorning the forgetful lake.

The Unconstant Suitor.

BE gone, begone thou perjur'd man,
 And never more return :
 For know, that thy inconstancy
 Hath chang'd my love to scorn ;
 Thou hast awak'd me ; and I can
 See clearly there's no truth in man.

Thou

Thou mayst perhaps prevail upon
 Some other to believe thee ;
 And since thou canst love more than one,
 Ne're think that it shall grieve me.
 For th' hast awak'd me, and I can
 See clearly there's no truth in man.

By thy Apostasie I find,
 That love is plac'd amiss,
 And can't continue in the mind,
 Where vertue wanting is
 I'm now resolv'd, and know there can
 No constant thought remain in man.

A Lovers Advice.

First if thou art a freshman, and art bent
 To bear loves arms, and follow *Cupids* tent,
 Find whom to love : The next thing thou must do,
 Learn now to speak her fair, to please, to wooe ;
 Last, having won thy Mistress to thy lure,
 I'll teach thee how to make that love endure.
 This is my aim, I'll keep within this place,
 And in this road my Chariot-wheel I'll trace.
 Whilst thou dost live and art a Bachelour,
 The love of one above the rest prefer,
 To whom thy soul sayes, Thou art lone content me ;
 But such a one shall not from heav'n be sent thee.
 Such are not dropt down from the azure skie,
 But thou must seek her out with busie eye.
 Well knowes the Huntsman where his toiles to set,
 And in what den the Boar his teeth doth whet.
 Well knows the Fowler where to lay his gin,
 The Fisher knows what pool the Fish are in.
 And thou that studiest to become a Lover,
 Learn in what place most Virgins to discover.
 I do not bid thee sail the sea to seek,
 Nor travel far to find one thou dost like,
 Like *Perseus* that among the *Negroids* sought,
 And fair *Andromeda* from *India* brought.
 Or *Paris* who to steal that dainty piece,
 Travell'd as far as is 'twixt *Troy* and *Greece*.

Behold

Behold the populous city of her pride
 Yields thee more choice than all the world beside.
 More ears of ripe corn grow not in the field,
 Nor half so many boughs the Forrest yield.

Upon his Mistress walking in the Snow.

I Saw fair *Chloris* walk alone,
 When feather'd rain came softly down;
 And *Jove* descending from his Tower,
 To court her in a silver shower.
 The gentle snow flew to her breasts,
 Like little birds into their nests;
 And overcome with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear:
 Then falling to her garments hem,
 To deck her, freez'd into a Gem.

She that will eat her breakfast in her bed,
 And spend the morn in dressing of her head;
 And sit at dinner mincing like a Bride,
 Talking all day of fashion and of pride.
 God in his mercy may do much to save her,
 But what a case is he in that shall have her?

Of Women.

COMmit thy ship unto the wind,
 But not thy faith to woman kind:
 There is more safety in the wave,
 Than in the trust that women have.
 There is none good, yet if it fall,
 Some one prove good among them all;
 Some strange intent the Fates have had
 To make a good thing of a bad.

The Answer.

THese arguments you here propound,
 Are built on waves that have no ground.

Admit these arguments be true,
Yet they couclude no good from you.
For if the Fates such purpose had
To make a good thing of a bad.
Then *Adam* was the thing of nought,
Of which the good *Eve* was wrought.

To her importunate Servant.

IF the center of my brest,
A dominion unpossess
Heretofore,
May thy wandering thoughts suffice,
Look no more,
And my heart shall be the prize.
So thou keep above the line,
All the hemisphere is thine.

A Ladies Prayer to Cupid.

Since I must needs into thy School return,
Be pitiful O Love, and do not burn
Me with desire of cold and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond boy or page.
But gentle *Cupid* give me, if thou can,
One to my love, whom I may call a man;
Of person comely, and of face as sweet,
Let him be sober, secret, and discreet,
Well practis'd in Loves School; let him within
Wear all his beard, and none upon his chin.

A Bacchanal.

Bacchus, Iachus, fill our brains
As well as bowles with sprightly strains
Let Souldiers fight for pay or praise,
And mony be the misers wish,
Poor Scholars study all their dayes,
And gluttons glory in the dish;
'Tis wine, 'tis wine revives poor souls;
Therefore give us the cheer in bowles.

Let

Let minions marshal every hair
 Or in a lovers lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear;
 We have the native red and white.
 'Tis wine, 'tis wine revives sad souls,
 Therefore give us our cheer in bowles.
Bacchus, Iacchus, &c.

Take Pheasant, Poulés, and calved Sammon,
 Or how to please your palats think;
 Give us a salt Westphalia Gammon,
 Not meat to eat, but meat to drink,
 'Tis wine pure wine revives sad soules,
 Therefore give us our cheer in bowles.
Bacchus, &c.

Some have the Ptiffick, some the Rheume,
 Som have the Palsie, some the Gont,
 Some swell with fat, some consume,
 But they are found that drink all out.
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad soules,
 Therefore give us our cheer in bowles.
Bacchus, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That forward which before was dull,
 These grow good fellows that were grave,
 And kindness flowes from cups brim-full,
 'Tis wine, 'tis wine revives sad soules,
 Therefore give us our cheer in bowles.
Bacchus, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health,
 Some want a Wife, and some a Punk,
 Some men want friends, and some want wealth,
 But they want nothing that are drunk.
 'Tis wine, 'tis wine revives sad souls,
 Therefore give us our cheer in bowls.
Bacchus, &c.

His Mistress found.

THou Shepherd whose intentive eye
O're every lamb is such a spye ;
No wily fox can make them less,
Where may I find my Shepherdess ?

A little pausing then said he,
How can that jewel stray from thee ?
In Summer heat, in Winters cold ,
I thought thy breast had been her fold.

That is indeed the constant place,
Wherein my thoughts still see her face !
And print her image in my heart,
But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

With that he smiling, said, I might
Of *Chloris* partly have a sight :
And some of her perfections meet,
In every flower was fresh and sweet.

The growing Lillies bear her skin,
The violet her blew veins within ;
The blushing Rose new blown and spread ,
Her sweeter cheek, her lip the red.

The winds that wanton with the Spring,
Such odours as her breathing bring.
But the resemblance of her eyes,
Was never found beneath the skyes.

Her charming voice who strives to hit
His object, must be higher yet ;
For heaven and earth, and all we see,
Dispers'd, collected is but shee.

Amaz'd at this discourse ; me thought
Love both ambition in me wrought,
And made me covet to engrosse
A wealth, would prove a publick losse,

With that I sigh'd ; asham'd to see
 Such worth in her ; such want in me ;
 And closing both mine eyes, forbid
 The world my sight, since she was hid.

A fair woman described.

A Proper piece that bears sweet beauties prize,
 Must have at least these thirty properties,
 Such one was *Helen*, love-sick *Paris* joy,
 Whose beauty burnt the luckless walls of *Troy*.
 Three white, three black, three of a ruddy hue,
 Three long, three short (mark maids, all this is true ;)
 Three grosse, three great, three slender, and straight three,
 Three large and wide, three little last must be,
 Soft white her silken skin, which each one seeth,
 White her curl'd tresses, white her ivory teeth.
 Black I do blush to name, *Cupids* warm nest,
 (Our Muse is modest, you'll conceive the rest)
 Black those two little worlds, those star-like eyes,
 Where Love in Majesty doth tyrannize ;
 Black be that sable velvet Canopie ;
 That brow that overpeers those peerless eyes.
 Ruddy the nails of her fingers must be
 A grace, divine *Aurora* given to thee.
 Ruddy the Coral portal of her tongue,
 Rose her cheeks, yet Lillies mixt among,
 Long the whole structure of her bodies frame,
 Long dangling locks to over-shade the same.
 Long be her lilly hand , the which to kiss,
 The longing brain-sick lover makes his bliss.
 Short be the rank of pearls circling her tongue,
 Whence that same wanton Syren oft hath sung.
 Short pretty foot, and short her tender ear,
 A jewel in a jewel oft to wear.
 Broad breast, broad down, broad beauty's marble wall,
 Broad buttocks, will not need a fardingale ;
 And broad her brow, Loves tablet, where is writ
 Secrets of nature, passing humane wit.
 A strait mouth, 'tis no praise to have it wide ;
 Strait that which natures modesty doth hide.
 And strait her little pretty slender waist,

Few wenches now adays but are strait lac'd.
 A good big bum is good, and it doth well,
 If the lips rise, and natures secrets swell,
 Small fingers, not too thick, yet a plump lip;
 Thin twisted curls, most fit for *Cupid's* whip.
 Lastly a little obelisk formed head,
 A little nose, kisses ne're hindred.
 A pretty pap, for if it swell,
 Wenches beware, I fear all is not well.
 Sith few or none so fitly formed are,
 There's few or none fair, or she's wondrous fair.

On his Mistress's eyes.

A Strologers whose opticks prie
 In airy secrets, see stars shie,
 The reason why
 No grim Philosopher could tell,
 Nor e're find out for those that fell
 A place to dwell;

Till I did this night discover
 Where two of the brightest hover.

Nor is't a miracle, or strange
 That these two should their stations change,
 And choose to range
 In a new sphere, since we do see
 Their first orb parallell'd to be
 In Majestie,
 For this attracts all skilful eyes
 To wonder at it, but neglects the skies.

On one that laugh't at him at Church.

What though I were not pew'd, but stood in yoke
 Below there; with the three pound and a cloke
 Squire of your person? and the quick-tongu'd crue
 Of those that crie, What do you lack? must you
 Need, laugh at me? wast not enough that I
 Bath'd in the fair sweat of humility,
 Would so have washt away my sin; but you
 Scorning my meeker meeker station must pursue

My Publican-like sorrowes with disdain,
 Proud Pharisee! as if you hop'd t' attain
 Heav'n by your laughtet; yet my votes will pay
 Your evil back with good; and thus I pray,
 May she some face within this Temple see,
 Which she besides her own may think to be
 Stuck full of beauties, though not so; but like
 To hers indeed, which once seen may it strike
 Hot Love into her, but when she counts it, pass
 Like to her own kiss'd shadow from her glass.
 May that bright Virgin, which doth now sit nigh her,
 When she comes neer, choose ever to sit by her;
 That we may see her heiligh colour tends
 To dimness, when this sparkling light ascends.
 May ever spring of vertue in her fade,
 That ambling piece of diligence, her maid,
 May she betray her secrets, and may I
 Because I thought her once fair, e're I die
 Dictate false English in a verse, and dead
 May she without a tear be buried,
 To keep me company, or an Epitaph,
 If *Withers* make it not: but stay she'l laugh
 If I my self so dread a senterce give;
 May she a longing widow ever live.
 But if she'l marry, be't one that no more
 Can, than the last could, that she had before.

To a Lady unveiling her self.

Kep on your veil and hide your eye,
 For with beholding you I die.
 Your fatal beauty *Gorgon*-like,
 Dead with astonishment will strike.
 Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
 Are worse than *Basilisks* to mee.
 Hide from my sight those hills of snow,
 Their melting Valley do not show;
 Those azure paths lead to despair,
 O vex me not! forbear, forbear:
 For while I thus in torment dwell,
 The sight of heav'n is worse then hell.
 Your dainty voice, and warbling breath
 Sounds like a sentence pass for death.

Your dangling tresses are become
Like instruments of final doom.
Oh if an Angel torture so !
When life is done, where shall I go?

The Violin.

TO play upon a Viol, if
A Virgin will begin,
She first of all must know her cliff,
And all the stops therein.
Her prick she must hold long enough,
Her back-falls gently take ;
Her touch must gentle be, not rough,
She at each stroak must shake.
Her body must by no means bend,
But stick close to her fiddle ;
Her feet must hold the lower end,
Her knees must hold the middle.
She boldly to the bow must flie,
As if she'd make it crack ;
Two fingers on the hair must lie,
And two upon the back.
And when she hath as she would have,
She must it gently thrust,
Up, down, swift, slow, at any rate
As she her self doth lust.
And when she once begins to find
That she grows something cunning,
She'l ne're be quiet in her mind ;
Untill she find it running.

Tobacco.

YOU that in Love do mean to sport,
Tobacco, tobacco.
Take a wench of the meaner sort,
Tobacco, tobacco.
But let her have a comely face,
Like one that comes of *Venus* race ;
Thentake occasion, time and place,
To give her some tobacco.

Your Can with moisture must abound,
 Tobacco, tobacco,
 Your bullets must be plump and round,
 Tobacco, tobacco.

But if that do please her well,
 Tobacco, tobacco,
 All others you will then excell,
 Tobacco, tobacco,

She will be ready at your call,
 And take Tobacco, Pipe, and all,
 So ready she will be to fall
 To taste your good Tobacco.

Your stopper must be stiff and strong,
 It must be large and long,
 Or else she swears you do her wrong,
 She scorns your weak Tobacco.

A Rapture.

SOLICIT not my chaster eyes
 With those fair breasts that fall and rise,
 I'll not lie between those dugs
 Where *Cupid* nestles, sleeps, and snugs;
 There is no goddess I adore
 To fight with those that call her whore.
 Though all not surfeit in thy pride,
 By me so falsely deify'd.

No hang a Mistress, I'll have none,
 No such toy to dote upon.

Beauty's fair in Loves conceit,
 Though her face be eighty eight:
 Called faithful; constant, fair,
 Thou *Faux* ith' dark-plot-treason there,
 The Phoenix too must build his nest
 Ith' blest *Arabia* of her breast.
 Without her little dug, though she,
 Or Musk, or Civet, dare not be.

Fie, fie ! a Mistrefs I'le have none,
No fuch toy to dote upon.

I'le be no Merchant , nor fail nigh
Thefe tempting India's of the thigh ;
Make an adventure hit or mifs ,
And wrack my fancy for a kifs ,
Fool to your laughing Ladyship ,
To get a fmile , or touch your lip ,
Proteft with oaths high and mighty,
That your spittle is *Aqua vita*,
No hang a Mistrefs , I'le have none,
No fuch toy to dote upon.

Among the gallants swear, and rant,
And of your kindnefs boast and vant.
Then drink difeases down, and wave
All thoughts of ficknefs, or the grave.
Pledge your health, and pledge it ftoutly,
Pray o're my cups, and drink devoutly.
Increase the feaver of my luft,
And never dream I am but duft .
No hang a Mistrefs, I'le have none,
No fuch toy to dote upon.

Then vault and do fome tumblers knack,
That fpeaks me man and fhewes my back;
Run in debt and pawn my goods,
To buy you fancies, gloves, and hoods :
Then if the Catch-pole chance to hale,
And drag me to the loathfome Gaole ;
There may your fervant die and rot,
You never fend, you fee him not.
Shame on a Mistrefs, I'le have none,
No fuch toy to dote upon.

At leaft I fhall be curft in this,
Your Love, your beauty common is ;
Then I receive my rivals glove.
Murther, or elfe renounce my love.
Or late at night muft walk the ftreet,
Where ten to one fome rogues I meet :
Only to watch till one oth' clock.
It'h' cold to fee you in your fmock.

And nothing do,
 But look at you,
 And through the key-hole too.
 No hang a Mistress, I'll have none,
 No such toy to dote upon.

Mistrust in Love.

IF any stranger do appear,
 Thy jealous loves straight begins to fear.
 If any letters come to thee,
 Suspition swiftly doth come post to mee.
 If after this thou chance to frown;
 Despair brings night on, and my sun goes down,
 From me in anger if thou part,
 A fearful palsie shakes my trembling heart.
 But shouldst thou bid me once abstain,
 My breath would go, and ne're return again:
 To rid me of these killing doubts,
 Would I could see thee once make Baby-clouts.

*The reply to the fair boys answer being courted
 by the Black-moor.*

AH silly boy! how can it be,
 That natures law's a prodigie?
 Hath not the world as much of night
 Even at this instant, as of light.
 The days guard is one single fire,
 But millions do black night admire.
 The eclips which of the Sun we see,
 No loss to him, but us, though wee
 Through ignorance think ours is ill,
 Dear let me be thy shadow still;
 But where the down-right rayes are shown,
 For there the body and the shade are one;
 Long may thou live, when death gives all,
 Thou art kind, he's prodigal.

On a little Dog presented to a Lady.

THis Dog may kiss your hand, your lip,
 Lie in your lap, and with you sleep ?
 On the same pillow rest his head,
 Be your companion in your bed.
 Now he that gave it doth not crave
 Any reward of what he gave ;
 But he would think himself more blest,
 If you'd but use him as a beast.

A S O N G.

1.

I Walk'd abroad not long ago,
 But will not tell you whither,
 It is where flowers of beauty grow,
 And fair ones flock together ;
 And *Cupid* will great wonders show
 If ever you come thither.

2.

For like two suns, two beauties bright
 Did shining sit together ;
 As tempted by their double light,
 Mine eyes were fixt on either ;
 And both at once so shew'd their might,
 I lov'd, but knew not whether.

3.

Such equal sweetness *Venus* gave,
 That she preferr'd not either ;
 That when for love I sought to crave,
 I knew not well of whether ;
 For one while this I lik'd to have,
 And then I that had rather.

4.

A Lover of the choicest eye
 Might have been pleas'd with either,
 And so I must confess should I,
 Had they not been together.
 Now both must love, or both deny,
 In one enjoy I neither.

But

5.

But happy chance I feel no smart,
 To curse my coming thither ;
 For since that my divided heart,
 I choos'ing knew I not whether,
 Love angry grew, and did depart,
 And now I care for neither.

Beauty deny'd.

1.

OF thee, kind Boy, I ask no red and white,
 To make up my delight.
 No odd becoming graces,
 Black eyes, or little I know not what in faces ;
 Make me but mad enough, give me good store
 Of love for her I court, I ask no more.

2.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
 It is meer coufenage all.
 For though some long ago
 Lik'd certain colours mingled so and so,
 That ties not me at all from choos'ing now,
 The black and blew.
 That fancy doth it beauty make.

3.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite,
 Makes eating a delight.
 And if I like one dish
 More than another, that a Pheasant is.
 What in our Watches, that in use is found ;
 So to the height, and nick
 We up be wound,
 No matter by what hand or trick.

A Debt unpay'd.

Content fair cruel let us part,
 And see who goes without a heart ;
 Compare our two, and by them know
 How many sighs thou dost mine owe.

The Tribute I have paid in tears,
Brings thee behind in loves arrears
So much, thy heart cannot be thine,
Unlesse the debt be freed by mine.

Think not that absence can remove,
Compulsive motives of true love ;
But that it more augments the same,
As fewel to a new-born flame.
Or if by that thou think'st to free
Thy wealth, thy heart ingag'd to me.
Know time will raise thy interest score,
As thou canst ne're redeem it more.

Thy beauteous fame may happy make
Some sensual swain that thou maist take,
To please thy fond fantastick eye,
Thy heart is mine in equity.
Till thou repay'st each sigh and tear,
I gave thee for that Jewel dear.
Content then cruel, let us part,
If thus you mean to lose your heart.

A S O N G.

Look, see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes ;
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone ;
But mark the fate of faces :
That red, and white works now no more in me,
Then if it could not charm, nor I not see.

And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
And still the self same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt
And suffer from such fires.
Oh some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.

She every day her man doth kill,
 And I as often die,
 Neither her power then, nor my will
 Can questionable be
 What is the myſterie ?
 Sure Beauties Empires like the greateſt States,
 Have certain periods ſet, and hidden dates.

S O N G.

BY all the perjuries thy lips did wear
 Thy formal favours never aim'd at good,
 But what might move thy blood
 To wanton in its own ſelf-love,
 Which Virtue bids me to reprove.
 Though to reform, be to forſwear ;
 Yet in the holy ſtate of love me may
 Not ſwear our ſouls away :
 For at the latter day,
 We dam, if we betray.
 And they that prove
 False in this love, uncrown the King of Love.
 Ere time hath blemish'd this poor bloom of mine ;
 Your wild Idolatry will worſhip more
 Than *Laplanders* adore.
 You cannot with your words win me
 To think that were no ſaint you ſee.
 You can adore an empty ſhrine.
 No, dear diſſempler, the beſt love doth tend
 To a ſelf-ſerving end,
 The greateſt vow that is
 We do obey for bliſs.
 He that will be
 False to himſelf, can ne're be true to me.

*Upon the naked Bedlams, and ſpotted beaſts
 in Covent-Garden.*

WHo *Befſe* ? ſhe ne're was half ſo vainly clad ;
Befſe ne're was half ſo naked, half ſo mad.
 Again theſe rave for luſt, for love *Befſe* ranted,
 Then *Befſe*'s ſkin was tann'd, but this is painted:

No this is Madam Spot, 'tis she, I know her,
Her face is powdred ermine, I'll speak to her.
How doth your most inamell'd Ladyship?
Nay pardon me, I dare not touch your lip.
What, kisse a Leopard, he that lips will close
With such a beast as you, may lose his nose.
Why in such hast before we part? 'tis meet
You should do penance, Madam, in a sheet.
'Tis time when wilful errours so loud cryes,
To punish such notorious Sectaries.
In publick you appear half Adamite,
In private practice you are one out-right.
But dappled Ladies, if you needs must show
Your nakedness, yet pray why spotted so?
Hath beauty think you lustre from the spots?
Is paper fairer, when its stain'd with blots?
What have you cut your Masks out into slippets,
Like wanton girls, which make you spots, and tippets?
As I have seen a cook that's over-neat,
To garnish out a dish, hath spoil'd good meat.
Pride is a plague, why sure these are the sores,
I will write, Lord have mercy on their doors.
Devils are black who doubts it? but some write,
That there are Devils likewise that are white:
Well, I have found a third sort that are neither,
They are pide Devils, black and white together.
Come tell us true, for what these spots are set?
Are they decoyes to draw fools to your net?
Are they like ribbons in the mains and tail
Of an old wincing Mare that's set to sail.
You that use publick trade must hand out signs,
Bushes you think will vent your naughty wines.
I'll tell you Ladies, never give me trust,
If these baits move not more to scorn than lust.
Perhaps they may a stomach tempt that loves
A Gammon of Bacon stuck with cloves,
Or white broth with prunes, but never hope
That love or lust to this patcht lure should stoop:
Unleis of such rude ruffins who ne're blush
To enter wherefoe're they see a blush,
Whose breeches, and whose shirts make plain report,
That they as ready are as you for sport.
Take my advice to be secure from jeers,
Wash off your stinking spots with bitter tears.

O you sweet rural beauties, who were never
 Infected with this ugly spotted fever,
 Whose face is smoother than the ivory plain,
 Needs neither spot from *France*, nor paint from *Spain*.
 Whose snowy mountains never saw the light,
 And yet the Sun never saw snow so white,
 Whose dress the emblem is of modesty,
 Whose looks secures you from attempts, whose eye
 Hath made *Job's* vow and kept it, and whose whole
 Behaviour chaste is as your Virgin-soul ;
 Which to adorn, takes up your chiefest thoughts,
 Not to get pendants , painting, ribbons, spots.
 Trust me, sweet Ladies, I that never thought
 To love again, do now extreamly doat.
 Men that have wit, religion, or estates,
 Will be ambitious to make you their mates ;
 Whilst all those naked beldams painted babies,
 Spotted faces, and frenchified Ladies,
 With all their proud fantastical disguises,
 Will prove at last but fools and beggars prizes.

Lovers Dallying.

Come my pretty false ey'd maid,
 And leave your crafty smiling ;
 Think'st thou I'll be still delay'd
 With looks and words beguiling ?
 Call to mind how tother day,
 Thou gat'st loose and ran'st away.
 But since I have caught thee now,
 I'll clip thy wings from flying ;
 With my lips I'll teach thee how
 I'll stop thy mouth from crying.
 Sooner may'st thou tell the stars,
 Or number hail down pouring,
 Or count the mischiefs of the wars,
 Or *Godwin's* sands devouring,
 Then these melting kisses here,
 Which thy tired lips must bear ;
 Such a harvest never hit,
 So rich and full of pleasure,
 But 'tis spent in gathering it,
 So fading is Loves treasure.

I wish 'twere midnight, now my Love;
 And all the world were sleeping;
 And here some solitary Grove,
 Which no man had in keeping:
 For my designs would then be safe,
 And when thou weep'st, then would I laugh.
 But if ought were taken ill.
 Love only should be blam'd;
 And I would rest thy servant still,
 And thou my Saint unblam'd.
 But why do we no farther move,
 But spend our time in wishes?
 Let's enter in the bath of Love,
 And therein sport like fishes.
 Cupid nothing more despights
 Than our slackness in his rights.
 Fear not feeble *Hymens* rod,
 Which calls us first to marry;
 For aged men make him a god,
 Whose cold desire could tarry.

To his Mistress not drinking off her wine.

I.

plish! modest sipper, to't again,
 My sweetest joy,
 The wine's not coy
 My dearest puling, prethee then,
 Prethee my fair,
 Once more bedew those lips of thine,
 Mend thy draught, and mend the wine.

2.

Since it hath tasted of thy lip,
 (Too quickly cloy'd)
 How overjoy'd
 It cheerfully
 Invites thee to another sip.
 Methinks I see
 The wine perfum'd by thee my fair,
 Bacchus himself is dabling there.

3.

Once dear soul, nay prethee try,
 Bath that cherry
 In the Sherry,
 The jocund wine,
 Which sweetly smiles and courts thy eye,
 As more divine,
 Though they take none to drink to mee,
 Take pleasure to be drunk to thee.

4.

Nay my fair, off with't, off with it clean,
 Well I perceive
 Why this you leave,
 My love reveals
 And makes me ghes what 'tis you mean.
 Because at meals
 My lips are kept from kissing thee,
 Thou needs wilt kiss the glasse to mee.

Good morrow to his Mistress.

NOW a good morning to my sweet,
 Health from all mankind and the Saints above,
 Ave, my dear, spare that dew that lies
 On thy fair hand, to wash my love-sick eyes,
 That at my prayers I may better see,
 Virgin most sweet to tell my beads to thee.
 I am a Papist zealous and precise,
 My Mistress is the Saint I idolise.
 Then in the morning ere I rose,
 I'd kiss thy pretty pettitoes,
 Those smaller feet with which it' day,
 My Love so neatly trips away.

Since you I must not wait upon,
 Most modest Lady I'll be gone.
 And though I cannot sleep with thee,
 O may my dearest dream of mee !
 All the night long dream that we move
 To the main Center of our love.
 And if I chance to dream of thee,
 O may I dream eternally !
 Dream that we freely act and play,

These portures which we dream by day,
 Spending our thoughts ith' best delight,
 Chast dreams allow of in the night.

SONG.

O That joy so soon should waste !
 Or so sweet a bliss
 As a kiss,
 Might not for ever last !
 So sugred, so melting, so soft, so delicious.
 The dew that lies on roses,
 When the Morn her self discloses,
 Is not so precious.
 O rather than I would it smother,
 Were I to taste such another ;
 It should be my wishing,
 That I might die kissing.

SONG.

W Here did you borrow that last sigh,
 And that relenting groan ?
 For those that sigh, and not for love,
 Usurp what's not their own.
 Loves arrows sooner armour pierce,
 Then your soft snowy skin ;
 Your eyes can only teach us love,
 But cannot take it in.

To Sickness.

W Hy, Disease, dost thou molest
 Ladies, and of them the best ?
 Do not men enough of rites
 Bring to thy altars by their nights
 Spent in surfets, and their dayes
 And nights too in worser wayes ?
 Take heed, Sickness, what you do,
 I shall fear you'll surfet too.

Live not we as all thy stalls;
Spittles, Pesthouse, Hospitals;
Scarce will take our present store,
And this Age will build no more.
Prethee feed contented then,
Sickness, only on us men.
Or if needs thy lust will taste,
Woman-kind devour the waste
Livers round about the Town,
But forgive me with thy Crown.
They maintain the truest trade,
And have more diseases made.
What should yet thy palat please,
Daintiness, and softer ease,
Steeled limbs, and finest blood?
If thy leanness love such food,
There are those that for thy sake
Do enough, and who would take
Any pains, yea think it price,
To become thy sacrifice.
That distill their husbands land,
In decoctions, and are mann'd
With ten Emp'ricks in their chamber,
Lying for the Spirit of Amber.
That for Oyl of Chalk dare spend
More than Citizens dare lend.
Them and all their officers,
That to make all pleasure theirs,
Will by Coach and Water go,
Every Shew in Town to know,
Dare entaile their loves on any,
Eald or blind, or ne're so many.

And for thee at common game
Play away health, wealth, and fame.
These, *Disease*, will thee deserve,
And will long ere thou should starve,
On their bed most prostitute,
Move it as their humblest suite,
In thy justice to molest
None but them, and leave the rest.

SONG.

Love is blind and wanton;
 In the whole world there's scant one,
 Such another,
 No not his mother.
 He hath pluckt his doves and sparrows,
 To feather his sharp arrows;
 And alone prevaieth
 While sick *Venus* wailerh.
 But if *Cypris* once recover
 The wag, it shall behove her
 To look better to him,
 Or she will undo him.

A mock Rime.

Ramp up my Genius, be not retrograde,
 But boldly nominate a spade, a spade
 What shall thy hibrical and glibbery muse,
 Live as she were defunct like Punk in stews?
 Alas that were no modern consequence,
 To have Cothurnal Buskans frighted hence.
 No, teach thy *Incubus* to Poetise,
 And throw abroad thy spurious snottories,
 Upon that puffed up lump of barmy froth,
 Or clumfie child-blain'd judgement: that with oath
 Magnificates his merit; and bespawles
 The conscious time with humorous some and bowles.
 As if his Organons of sense would crack
 The sinews of my patience, break his back.
 O Poets all and some! for none we list
 Of strenuous vengeance to clutch the fist.

A SONG.

Here my sweetest Mistress lies,
 The last, the rarest of all rarities,
 Shrouded she is from top to toe,

With Lillies which all o're grow.
 Instead of bays and rosemary,
 Roses in her cheeks there be.

Oh! would I thy coffin were,
Amanda's living sepulchre.
 Or would within that winding-sheet,
 Our happy limbs might closely meet.
 There would I chaste lie till day of doom,
 And mingle dust till th' resurrection come.

But since as yet this cannot be,
 For heavens sake,
 My dearest now awake;
 For while my Mistress sleeps she's dead to me.

Farewel to Love.

False world, good night, since thou hast brought
 That hour upon my morn of age;
 Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
 My part is ended on thy stage:
 Do not once hope that thou canst tempt
 A spirit so resolv'd to wead
 Upon thy shield, and live exempt
 From all the rest that thou wouldst spread.
 I know thy forms are studied arts,
 Thy subtile ways but narrow straights,
 Thy curtesie but suddain starts,
 And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.
 I know too, though thou smelt and paint,
 Yet art thou both shrunk up and old;
 That only fools make thee a Saint,
 And all thy good is to be sold.
 I know thou whole art but a shop,
 Yet art thou falser than thy wares,
 And knowing this should I yet stay,
 Like such as blow away their lives?
 And never will redeem a day,
 Enamour'd of our golden gyves;
 Or having scap'd shall I return,
 And thrust my neck into the noose?
 From whence so lately I did burn,
 With all my pow'rs my self to loose?

What bird or beast is known so dull,
 That fled his cage or brake his chain,
 And tasting air and freedom would
 Render his head in there again?
 If these who have but sense can shun
 The engines that have them annoy'd,
 Little for me had reason done,
 If I could not thy gins avoid.
 Yet threaten, do : alas! I fear,
 As little as I hope from thee ;
 I know thou canst not shew nor bear,
 More hatred than thou hast to me,
 My tender, first, and simple years
 Thou didst abuse, and them betray ;
 Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,
 When all the causes were away.
 Thou in a soil hast planted me,
 Where breath the basest of thy fools ;
 Where envious arts profess'd be.
 And pride and ignorance the schools,
 Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
 But as 'tis rumour'd and believ'd ;
 Where every freedom is betray'd,
 And every goodness tax'd or griev'd.
 But what we're born for we must bear,
 Our frail condition it is such,
 That what to all may happen here,
 If't chance to me, I must not grutch.
 Else if my state should, must mistake,
 To harbour a divided thought ;
 From all my kind that for my sake
 There should a miracle be wrought.
 No, I do know that I was born
 To age, misfortune, sickness, grief ;
 But I will bear these with that scorn,
 As shall not need thy false relief.
 Nor for my peace will I go far,
 As wanderers do that still do rome ;
 But make my strengths such as they are,
 Here in bp̄som, and at home.

SONG.

COME my *Celia* let us prove,
 While we may the sports of love ;
 Time will not be ours forever,
 He at length our good will sever.
 Spend not then his gifts in vain,
 Suns that set may rise again.
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.
 Why should we defer our joys ?
 Fame and rumour are but toys.
 Cannot we delude the eyes,
 Of a few poor household spies ?
 Or his easier ears beguile,
 So removed by our wile ?
 'Tis no sin loyes fruit to steal,
 But the sweet theft to reveal.
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have crimes accounted been.

To his Mistress putting flowers in her bosom.

'TIs not the pink I gape upon,
 Nor pleasant coullip I look on ;
 No nor the lovely violet,
 Shutting its purple Cabinet ;
 Nor the white lilly now and than,
 For envy looking pale and wan ;
 Nor ruddy scarlet damask rose,
 Like thy lips where coral grows ;
 Nor yellow *Caltha* , whose fair leaves
 From thy bright beauty day receives.
 That gilt Sun-dial which doth catch,
 And lug the Sun-beam, natures watch ;
 Which by its strange Horoscopie
 To the working whispering Bee,
 What time of day it was once did tell.
 Now like the pretty Pimpernel,
 When shut, when open it shall lie,

Takes its direction from thine eye :
 No nor the primrose though it be,
 Modest, and simpers too like thee.
 Which gladly sported of its balm,
 Mingled its moisture with thy palm.
 Ravish'd this morning in its bed,
 Bequeath'd thy hand its maidenhead.
 No but the rarest of the bower,
 Leap up, come kiss me is the flower.
 I look to see how that grows proud,
 Made in thy bosom *Cupid's* shroud.
 Then while you there those flowers strow,
 My love doth in procession go.
Cupid awakes and is not dead,
 His shroud's a garland on his head.
 Thou'lt make a poeſie fit for me,
 O that my hand might gather thee !
 Or could those flowers but leave me when they die,
 Those sweeter flower-pots a legacy.

Answer to a Question.

PHilosophers who in old age did live,
 Say it is *Jove* makes water through a sieve,
 Perhaps their god is drunk he leaks so fast,
 Or else some Doctor must his urine cast.
 I'll tell thee fairest, heavens bankrupt King,
 Grown poor through lust doth silver hailstones sling
 Instead of gold ; the shower aim'd at thee.
 He fain would take thee for her *Danae*.

I'll tell thee my *Amanda* whence it is
 It rain'd so much to day, the reason's this :
 The Sun espied thy beauty, look'd upon't,
 And heaven sneez'd with looking to much on't.

The Devonshire Ditty.

COckbodkins chil work no more,
 Dost think chil labour to be poor ?
 No, no, ich chawe a do.
 If this be now the work and trade,

That Iſe muſt break and rogue be made,
Ich chil a plundering too.

Chil zell my Cart, and eke my Plough,
And get a zword, if ich know how,
For ich meant to be right.
Firſt chil learn to zwear and roar,
And gallantly to wench and whore ;
'Tis no matter where Iſe can fight.

But firſt a warrant it is vet
From Mr. Captain that is get,
And make a zöre adoe.
For then chave power in any place,
To ſteal a horſe without diſgrace,
And beat the owner too.

Ich had ſix oxen tother day,
And them the Round-heads got away,
A miſchief be their ſpeed.
Ich had ſix horſes in a hole,
And them the Cavaliers ſtole,
Iſe think they be agreed.

If chave any mony left in ſtore,
There comes a warrant ſtraight therefore,
Or Iſe muſt plundred be.
As ſoon's chave ſhuffled out one pay,
Then comes another without delay,
Was there ever the like azee ?

Her's do labour, toil and zweat,
Endure the cold, the dry and wet,
And what does think Iſe get ?
Fags, juſt my labour for my pains,
The garrifons have all the gains,
For thither all is vet.

They vet my corn, my bean, and peaſe,
Iſe dare no man to diſpleaſe,
They do zo zwear and vaper ;
And when Iſe to the Governour come,

Desiring him to ease one zome,
Chave nothing but a paper.

But dost thou think a paper will
My back cloath, or my belly fill?
No, no, go take thy note.
If that another year my vield,
No better profit do me yield,
Ise may go cut my throat.

And if all this be not grief enow,
They have a thing call'd Quarter too,
O! 'tis a vengeance waster,
A pox upon't they call it vree,
Cham zure th'ave made us slavesto be,
And every rogue our master.

The second Part.

Then straight came rustling to my dore,
Some dozen of these rogues, or more;
So zausie they be grown.
Facks if they come, down they sit,
They'l never ask me leave one whit,
They'l take all for their own.

Then ich provision straight must make,
And from my Chymney needs must take,
And vitch both pure and good.
Oh! 'twould melt a Christians heart to see,
That such good Bacon spoil'd should be.
'Twas as redas any blood.

But in it would, whether chud or not,
Together with Beans into the pot,
As sweet as any viggs.
And when chave done all that I am able,
They'l flat it down all under table,
And zwear they be no Pigs.

Then Ise did intreat their worships to be quiet,
And ich would strive to mend their diet,

And

And they shall have finer feeding,
They zwear goddam thee for a boor,
Wee'l gick thee rascal out a door,
And teach thee better breeding.

Then on the fire they put on
A piece of beef, or else good mutton,
No, no, this is no meat.
Forsooth they must have finer food,
A good vat hen with all her brood;
And then perhaps they'l eat.

But of late ich had a crew together,
They were meer devils, ich ask'd them whether
That they were not of our nation.
Good Lord defend us from all zuch,
They zaid they were wild *Irish* or else *Dutch*,
They were of the Devils generation:

And when these raskals went away,
What er'e you thing they did me repay
Ich will not you deceive.
Facks just as folks go to a vaire,
They vaidled up my goods and ware,
And so they took their leave.

O what a clutter they did make
Our house for *Babel* they did make,
We could not understand a jot.
Yet they did know what did belong
To drink and zwear in our own tongue,
Such language they had a got.

Nor home ich any zafe abroad,
If that lse chance to go abroad.
These rogues will come to spy me.
Then zurrah, zurrah, quoth they, tarry,
We know false letters you do carry,
And so they come to try me.

For as swift as any lightning goes
Straight all their hand into my hose,
There out they pull my purse.

O zurrah, zurrah, this is it,
Your Letters are in silver writ ;
You may go take your course.

A Trouper tother day did greet me,
But could you gueſſe the reaſon,
Thou art, quoth he, a rebel, knave,
And zo thou doſt thy zelf behave ,
For thou doeſt whistle treason.

Nor was this raskal much in blame,
For all his mates zware juſt the zame,
That ich was fain to do.
Ich humble pardon of him ſought,
And gave him mony for my fault,
And glad I could ſcape ſo too.

A S O N G.

THere was a maid whoſe name was *Ua*,
Sing, turn her over the ladder.
And it was her chance do amiſs,
Some two or three times together :
Some two or three times together,
She left the cheeſe upon the ſhelf,
Sing turn, &c.
And there ſtood till it turn'd it ſelf,
Some two, &c.
She brought her butter unto the Croſs,
Sing turn, &c.
And there you may ſee the print of her Arſe ;
Some two, &c.
She ſet her foot upon the block,
Sing turn, &c.
And ſtrain'd the milk through the ſkirt of her ſmock,
Some two, &c.
She waſh'd her britch all in the whay,
Sing turn, &c.
And ſwore it was phyſick if tak'n in *May*,
Some two, &c.
She ſate a milking upon her *bum*,
Sing turn, &c.

And

And then her kindness began to come,
 Some two, &c.
 She kept the Cream for her sweet-heart,
 Sing turn, &c.
 That he might the better perform his part,
 Some two, &c.
 So gave the eggs still to the man,
 Sing turn, &c.
 Because she was sure to have them again,
 Some two, &c.
 Her face was black, her hair was red,
 Sing turn, &c.
 And at mid-night she us'd to shit a bed,
 Some two, &c.
 She wisht that the Cow had been a Bull,
 Sing turn, &c.
 That she might have had her belly full,
 Some two, &c.
Europa was both fair and wise,
 Sing turn, &c.
 And yet a Bull got between her thighs,
 Some two, &c.
 Though I be not so fair as she,
 Sing turn, &c.
 What's good for her once, is better for me,
 Some two, &c.
 She thrust her fingers into her Arse,
 Sing turn, &c.
 And wisht it had been a swinging T—
 Some two, &c.

A Mock-Song.

I.

WHy so fair ? why so sweet ?
 My fairest sweet one, why so coy ?
 Why so angry ? why so fretting ?
 That pretty face didst thou but see't,
 How thy soft cheeks so smooth and fair,
 Like to those full fat buttocks are,
 Where *Venus* clapt her plump-arse boy.

How they rise
 About milne eyes,
 And betwixt thy nose our jetting.
 Wouldst thou but wave thy modesty,
 And look from top to toe,
 Above, below,
 What dainty things there be;
 Thy Milk-white full milch'd brest,
 Upon whose swelling hills doth rest
Aminia's new-walht flock,
 Where the Graces make careesses,
 Like most amorous Shepherdesses;
 Surely thou canst not think I mock.

2.

Lovely fair, why so chaste?
 Why so peevish? so untoward?
 At what, my Dear, hast thou took distast?
 Sweetest, fair one, why so froward?
 Wouldst thou but view impartially,
 The rolling goggles of thine eye,
 Thy unthatcht browes so neatly set,
 With scales of scurf all o're.
 Thy hairless eye-lid alwayes wet,
 And stiffe with gum good store.
 Didst thou but see
 Upon thy nose how prettily,
 Ith pimpled pockholes all about,
Cupid playes bo-peep in and out.
 How thy snag-teeth stand orderly,
 Like stakes which strut by th' water side,
 Stradling to beat off the tide,
 Till green and worn to the stumps they be.
 Wouldst thou but once my dearest sweet,
 Look thy self o're from hand to feet,
 Below, above,
 Thou couldst not chuse but think I love.

3.

Beauty, beauty, what dost mean?
Cupid sucks my heart's bloud out,
 And well thou know'st I cannot wean

The child, for thy sweet dugs do give him life.
 When I would starve the rogue, then turn about,
 Busse me, and say thou'lt be my wife.

For troth when e're I see,
 Either what is below thy knee,
 Or if mine eyes I cast,
 On parts above thy waist;
 Where e're my sense doth move,
 I am more and more in love.

Still from thine eyes there passies,
 As from great burning glasses,
 Lightning in such frequent flashes,
 That they consume my heart to ashes.
 Nay when thou blow'st thy snotty nose,
 The bellows of thy nostril blowes
 The fire of Love into a flame,
 And th' oil of armpits feeds the same.
 Thy legs, breast, lips and eyes enslave me,
 But if behind thee once I come,
 And view the mountains of thy bum.

O then

I am mad to have thee.

Upon his Mistress letting fall a Diamond Ring

NO 'twas no Diamond let fall,
 'Twas a glance flew from her eye,
 You are deceived all
 To think such sparks in Diamonds lie.
 'Tis a star you see lie there,
 Fall from her eye its proper spheare;

2.

But I am deceived too,
 'Tis not bright enough to be
 Such a one, for few
 Weak sparks like this from thence do flie.
 No certain, 'tis some common stone,
 By her eye made a Diamond.

3.

Yes, and the now religious gem,

Being by her created new,
 And made a diadem,
 Falls down and worships at her shoe;
 And at her feet it prostrate lies,
 And thanks its maker, her fair eyes.

Good wishes to his Mistress.

MAY my fair Mistress live,
 And live in health,
 May no disease, no cross,
 No suddain loss;
 Nor want of wealth,
 No angry push, no pain or smart,
 Afflict or grieve
 Her tender melting heart.

2.

May the heavens and the earth
 Conspire her mirth.
 By *Jo* I conjure thee *Jo*;
 May all that's good,
 Club her delight.
 May *Cupid* give her all the sweets of love,
 And kindle in the coolest night,
 Most chastly warm her blood,

3.

Ne're may she wipe a tear
 From her bright eye,
 Ne're may she sigh, or wear
 A mourning vail,
 In black look pale,
 Till in her cheeks those fresher Roses die.
 And where they blush it so,
 Nothing but ghastly Lillies grow,

4.

Ne're may she scowl or frown,
 Or chafe, or fret,
 Ne're may she meet a clown,
 That smells of sweat.

By

By him be kist,
 Ne're may the bristles of a bumkins chin,
 Or gripes of's callow fist,
 Injure her softer sweeter skin.

5.

Ne're may my dearest die
 A sudden death,
 Nor on her death-bed lie
 Whilst all about
 Her friends drop tears.
 But like a brighter lamp ith' end
 May she burn clear, and spend
 Her store of oil, and so go out.

6.

Ne're may her slender wrist
 Be overprest,
 Nor rudely wrung too hard.
 May her fair hand
 Be lucky still,
 At what e're game she playes, may she command
 The surest winning Card ;
 And never may she want her will.

7.

Among great Madams whatsoe're
 May she fair appear.
 Ne're may she want an eye,
 To admire and gaze,
 Nor tongue to praise
 Her rare well featur'd Phisnomie ;
 Still may she called be,
 The sweetest, and the fairest, she.

8.

And if that greatest *Jove*
 Shall blesse me so,
 So as to make her mine,
 And she shall know
 No other love.
 All the night long upon her slumbering vine.

May Cupid's lodge in swarmes,
Ne're may she startle from mine armes.

9.

But if I can be thought
Worthy that love,
For which so long I have fought,
For which I have strove
So zealously,
When I am gone and lost, oh may she find
A heart as kind,
That knowes to love as well as I!

The Parsons welcome to his Patron new married

WE would make Bonfires Sir, but that we doubt,
Your Ladyes brighter flames would put them out,
As the Sun shames a coal; we hear beside,
Your kitchin hath a fire in't this good tide:
Therefore while others bring you in their dishes,
I'll only sacrifice a few good wishes.

May you be satisfy'd with mutual loves,
And your embraces be as chaste as doves.
May you among all women love but one,
And heaven grant that your father may love none.
May he get wealth, and you get boys; your sport
To vie, who shall get most of either sort.
May you inherit yet before you're old,
Your fathers lands, and your old grannams gold.
May you a hundred happy years fulfill,
May tithes stand fast, and I be Parson still.

A Game at Chess.

I And my Mistress on a day,
Sate down a game at Chess to play,
Passing my Bishops with their lawns,
She was still for taking pawns.
She plaid, I plaid, she checkt me straight,
She wisht, I wisht, it might be mate.
But then said I, I must check you,
Or else you'll check, and beat me too.

T

A Sacri-

A Sacrifice to his Mistresse.

I Have an eye for her that's fair,
 An ear for her that sings;
 Yet do not care
 For golden hair.
 I scorn the portion treachery brings
 To bawdy beauty I am a churle,
 And hate, though a melodious girle,
 Her that is nought but air.

2.
 I have a heart for her that's kind,
 A lip for her that smiles;
 But if her mind
 Be like the wind,
 I'd rather foot it twenty miles;
 Than kiss a Lass whose moisture reeks;
 I left in her clammy glew-pyed cheeks
 I leave my heart behind.

3.
 Is thy voice mellow, is it smart?
 Art *Venus* for thy beauty?
 If kind and tart,
 And chaste thou art,
 Then I am bound to do thee duty.
 Though pretty *Moll*, or bonny *Kate*,
 Hast thou one hair adulterate,
 I am blind and deaf, and out of heart.

4.
 Dear Mistress, thou art fair, well bred,
 Harmonious, sweetly kind,
 If thou wilt wed
 My Virgin-bed,
 And taste my love, thou art to my mind.
 Take hands, lips, heart and eyes,
 All are too mean a sacrifice,
 To th' altar of thy Maiden-head.

To his Mistress desirous to go to bed.

Sleepy, my dear ? yes, yes I see,
Morpheus is fallen in love with thee.
Morpheus my worst of rivals tries,
 To draw the Curtains of thine eyes ;
 And fans them with his wing asleep,
 Makes drowsie love to play bo-keep.
 How prettily his feathers blow
 Those fleshie shuttings to and fro ?
 Oh ! how he makes me tantalize
 With those fair apples of thine eyes ;
 Equivocates, and cheats me still,
 Opening and shutting at his will.
 Now both, now one ; the doting god
 Playes with thine eyes at even or odd.
 My stammering tongue doubts which it might
 Bid thee good morrow, or good night.
 So thy eyes twinkle brighter far
 Than the bright trembling evening Star.
 So a wax taper burnt within
 The soccet, playes at out and in.

Thus doth *Morphus* court thine eye,
 Meaning there all night to lie.
Cupid and he play hoop all hid,
 The eye, their bed, and coverlid.

Fairest ; let me thy night-cloaths air,
 Come, I'll unlace thy stomacher.
 Make me thy maiden chamber-man,
 Or let me be thy warming pan.
 Oh ! that I might but lay my head,
 At thy beds feet ith' trundle-bed !

SONG.

BEauty and Love once fell at odds,
 And thus revil'd each other,
 Quoth Love, I am one of the gods,
 And you wait on my mother.

Thou hast no pow'r o're man at all ;
But what I gave to thee.
Nor art thou longer fair or sweet,
Then men acknowledge me.

A way, fond boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind.
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find.

'Twas I begot thee mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire.
I made thy arrows and thy bow,
And wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud maid,

So beauty ever since have been,
But courted for an hour.
To love a day is now a sin
'Gainst *Cupid* and his power.

Bid me but live, and I will live
Thy Votarie to be.
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as soundly free,
As in the world thou canst not find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay,
And honour thy decree:
O bid it languish quite away,
And it shall do't for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see ;
Or having none, yet I will keep
A willing heart for thee.

Thou art my love, my life, my heart,
The very eye of mee,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

The bashful Lover.

I Love a Lass, but cannot shew it,
I keep a fire that burns within,
Rap'd up in embers, ah could she know it !
I might perhaps be lov'd again.
For a true Love may justly call
For friendship, Love reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous betray me
A sigh by whispering in her ear,
Or let some piteous flowre convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear,
Or two, or more : the hardest flint,
By often drops receives a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too too weak ?
No, no, they say Lovers may send it,
By writing, what they cannot speak.
Go then my muse, and let this verse,
Bring back my life, or else my hearse.

The Request.

'TIs but a frown, I prethee let me die,
One bended brow concludes my tragedy.
For all my love, I ask but this of thee,
Thou wilt not be too long a killing me.
For if thou lov'st not, what avail thy smiles,
Which only warm, a bowl of snow, the whites
That it received comfort from thine eyes,
The self-same comfort melts away, and dies :
So in the end thy frowns and smiles are one,
And differ but in execution.

SONG.

WHy should you weep
 When I relate the story of my woe?
 Let not the swarthy mist of my black fate
 O'rcast thy beauty so.
 For each rich pearl left on that score,
 Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more:
 Quench not those fires that to thy bliss should guide,
 O stay that precious tear!
 Nor let these drops upon my deluge tide,
 So drown thy beauty there,
 That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
 You lose your lustre, but the world its light.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Daph. Forbear fond swain, I cannot love.

Erg. I prethee fair one tell me why
 Thou art so cold? **Daph.** You do but move
 To take away my liberty.

Erg. I'll keep thy sheep while thou shalt play,
 Delight shall make each month a *May*.

Daph. Those pleasant are unthrifty hours.

Erg. Thou shalt have the choicest flowers;
 Wax and hony, milk and wool,
 Of ripest fruits thy belly full.

Daph. My flocks I keep by thine.

Erg. Not so.

But let them undistinguish'd go.

Daph. I can afford no more.

Erg. Ah cease!

Love come so far, may yet increase.

Daph. Each day I'll grant a kiss.

Erg. Our blisses;

Must not conclude, but spring from kisses.

Daph. Then, Shepherd, love thy fill.

Erg. I shall.

Who knows how much, loves not at all.

Cho. Then draw me both our flocks up hither.

That

That we may pitch our folds together,
And in our chaste embracements keep
Our selves as harmless as our sheep.

Pastoral Dialogue.

Thir. Dear *Sylva*, let thy *Thirsis* know
What 'tis that makes thy tears o'reflow.

Are the kids that use to play,
And skip so nimbly, gone astray?
Are *Chloris* flowers more fresh and green;
Or is some other Nymph made Queen?

Syl. *Thirsis* dost think that I
Can grieve for this when thou art by?

Thir. What is it then?

Syl. My father bids
That I no longer feed my kids
With thine, but *Corydons*, and wear
None but his garters on my hair.

Thir. Why so my *Sylvia*, will he keep
Thy flocks more safe, when thou dost sleep;
Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise,
When chanted with his roundelays?

Syl. No *Thirsis*, I my flocks must joy
With his, 'cause they are more than thine.

Cho. Fathers harder than the rocks.
Joy not their children, but their flocks.
And *Hymen* calls to light his torches there,
When fortunes not affections, equal are.

Pastoral Dialogue.

A *Stroph.* Did you not once *Lucinda* view;
You would love none but me?

Lu. I, but my mother tells me now,
I must love wealth; not thee,

Astr. 'Tis not my fault, my sheep are lean,
Or that they are so few.

Lu. Nor mine, I cannot love so mean,
So poor a thing as you.

Astr. Cruel, cruel, thy love is in thy power,
Fortune is not in mine.

Lu. 'But Shepherd think how great my dower
Is in respect of thine.

Astr. Ah me ! Ah me ! Mock you my grief ?

Lu. I pity thy sad fate.

Astr. Pity for love is poor relief,
I'd rather choose thy hate.

Lu. But I must love thee. *Astr.* No. *Lu.* Believe.
I'll seal it with a kiss.

And give thee no more cause to grieve
Then what thou find'st in this.

Cho. Be witness then ye powers above,
And by these holy bands,
Let it appear that truest Love
Grows not on wealth nor lands.

The Platonick Love.

When if our bodies cannot meet
Loves fewel more divine ;
The fixt stars by the twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

False meteors that do change their place,
Though they shine fair and bright :
Yet when they cover to embrace,
Fall down, and lose their light.

If thou perceive the flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine.
And when I feel mine wast away,
I'll take new fire on thine.

Thus while we shall preserve from wast
The flame of our desire,
No Vestal shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.

The careless Lover.

I Can love for an hour when I am at leisure,
He that loves half a day, fools without measure.
Cupid then tell me, what Art had thy Mother,
To make men love one face more than another.

Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour
To make the world believe they can love ever,
Ladies believe them not, they'l but deceive you,
For when they have their ends, they then will leave you.

Men cannot tie themselves on your sweet features,
They'l have variety of loving creatures;
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never do't, yet they'l be fooling.

The Resolution:

I Will not trust thy tempting graces,
Nor thy deceitful charms,
Nor pris'ner be to thy embraces,
Nor fetter'd in thy arms:
No *Calia*, no, not, all thy art,
Can captivate, or wound my heart.

I will not gaze upon thine eyes,
Nor wanton with thy hair,
Lest those should burn me by surprise,
Or these my soul ensnare:
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Nor fool my liberty away.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine,
If thou wouldst mine should captive be,
Thou must thy own resign:
And gratitude shall thus move more
Than love or beauty could before.

Say not I die, or that I live by thee,
And as thou point'st my doom, so must it be:
Or that my life, didst thou but leave to love,
Would (like a long disease) as weary prove:
Since he whose mind is proof against his fate,
Makes himself happy at the worst estate.

'Tis vanity for man to build his bliss
On the frail favour of a woman's kiss,

And

And most unmanly to enthrall his eye,
 When heav'n and nature gives it liberty:
 Since womens fancies with their fashions change,
 To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

I know the humour of your Sex is such,
 You ne're could value any one thing much;
 For should thy breast with constant flames be fir'd,
 'Twere more than I expected, though desir'd:
 Then think me not so fond, although I love,
 But as thou steer'st thy course, so mine shall move.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth forgo,
 Is his own man, no slave to any wo;
 Thus arm'd with resolution I am free,
 Still the ore'comer of my destiny:
 Yet know, I love, though I can leave the state:
 He best knows how to love, knows how to hate.

S O N G.

O H my *Clarissa*! cruel fair,
 Bright as the morning, and soft as air,
 Fresher then flowers in *May*,
 Yet far more sweet than they:
 Love is the subject of my prayer.

A wound so powerful would urge thy soul,
 Spight of a froward heart coyne's controul,
 And make thy love as fixt,
 As is the heart thou prick'st;
 Forcing thee with me to condole.

Let not such fortune my Love bety'd,
 Oh let your heart be mollify'd!

Send me not to my grave,
 Unpity'd like a slave:

How can love such usage abide?
 Sympathize with me, a while in grief,
 This passion quickly will find out relief;
Cupid will from his bowers
 Warm these chill hearts of ours,
 And make his pow'r rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equal bee,
Giving me ease by wounding thee;
Then would you never scorn,
When like to me you burn :
At least not prove unkind to me.

S O N G.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That weakly satisfie our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Like common people of the skies,
What are you when the Moon shall rise ?

You violets that first appear,
And by your purple mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the Rose is blown ?

You lusty chanters of the wood,
That fill the air with natures layes,
Thinking your passion understood
By accents weak : What is your praise
When *Philomel* her voice shall raise ?

So when my princeſs ſhall be ſeen,
In ſweetneſs of her looks and mind,
By virtue firſt then chooſe a Queen,
Tell me if ſhe were not deſign'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

The Unconſtant Shepherd.

O Tell me, *Damon* ! canſt thou prove,
(After thy many vows of love)
So falſe to loſe me with thy will ?
Though I am not ſo young and fair,
As when my Garlands crown my hair,
I aw *Urania* ſtill,

How

How didst thou wooe ? with sighs and tears,
To undo me in my bloom of years,
Then worth the love of every swain,
Who freely would on me bestow ?
Whole flocks as white as virgin snow,
But I did all disdain.

Or if thou wert resolv'd to wound
Me with thy scorn, could none be found
To be the darling of mine eyes,
But servile *Mopsa* whose best face
Was on my flock, and me to wait ?
Ah ill-bred shepherdess !

Oh ! may that chin upon her face
Betray thy heart to love disgrace,
And to her pride thou triumph be.
Die for her love as I for thine,
No shepherds tear bedew thy shrine,
A just revenge for me.

Fine young folly, though you wear
That fair beauty I did swear,
Yet you ne're could teach my heart:
For we Courtiers learn at school
Only with your sex to play the fool,
You are not worth our serious part.

When I sigh, and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms, and wondring stand.
Holding fairly with your eyes,
Then dilate on my desires,
Here the Sun ne're shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lye.

When I eye your curls or lace,
Gentle soul you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit.

By Sir Kenelme Digby.

Farewel the gilded follies, plea sing troubles,
 Farewel the honoured rags, the crystal bubbles ;
 Fame's but a hollow eccho, gold pure clay,
 Honour the darling but of one poor day,
 Beauty the eye idol, but a damask skin,
 State but a golden prison to live in,
 And torture free-born minds imbroidered trains
 Meerly but pageants, proudly swelling veins,
 And blood allyed to greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchast, not our own :
 Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Trains, Blood and Birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
 I would be Great, but that the Sun doth still
 Level his rayes, against the rising hill :
 I would be high, but see the proudest Oak
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroak :
 I would be rich, but see men too unkind,
 Dig out the bowels of the richest minde :
 I would be wise, but that the Fox I see,
 Suspected guilty, whilst the Ass goes free :
 I would be fair, but see that Champion proud,
 The bright Sun often setting in a cloud :
 I would be poor, but see the humble grass
 Trampled upon by each unworthy Ass :
 Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorn'd if poor ;
 Great, fear'd ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied more.
 I have wisht all ; but more I'le wish for neither
 Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair ; poor I'le be rather.
 Would the world now adopt me for her Heir,
 Would beauties Queen intitle me her fair ;
 I would speak me favours Minion, would I buy
 Angels with *India* ; with a speaking eye
 Command bare heads, bare knees, strike justice dumb
 As well as blind, and lame, and give a tongue
 To stones by Epithetes ; be call'd great Master
 By the loose Lines of every Poetaster :
 Would I be more than any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise, in superlatives :
 But I more freely would these gifts resign,

Than

Than ever Fortune would have made them mine;
 I hold one minute of my holy leisure
 Beyond so much of all this empty pleasure.
 Welcome pure thoughts, welcome the silent groves;
 These gifts, this court, my soul entirely loves.
 The winged people of the world shall sing
 My cheerful Anthems in the glad some Spring:
 A Prayer-book shall be my Looking-glass,
 Wherein I will adore sweet Virtue's face;
 Here dwells no hateful Love, no palace-cares,
 Here dwells no hateful promise, nor pale fears:
 Here will I sit and sigh my hot love folly,
 And learn t' affect an holy melancholly:
 And if contentment be a stranger then,
 I'll ne're look for it but in heaven agen.

S O N G.

THe Spaniard loves his ancient step,
 A Lombard the Venetian,
 And some like breechless women go,
 The Rush, Turk, Jew and Grecian.

The thrifty French man wears small waist,
 The Dutch his belly boasteth,
 The English man is for them all,
 And for each fashion coasteth.

The Turk in linnen wraps his head,
 The Persian his in lawn too,
 The Rush with sable furs his cap,
 And change will not be drawn to.

The Spaniard's constant to his block,
 The French inconstant ever,
 But of all felts that may be felt,
 Give me the English bever.

The German loves his cony-wool,
 The Irish-man his shag too,
 The Welsh his Monmouth loves to wear,
 And of the same will brag too.

Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great, and others small things,
But oh your liquorish Englishman !
He loves to deal in all things.

The Rush drinks Quafs, Dutch Lubecks beer,
And that is strong and mighty,
The Britain he Metheglin quaffs,
The Irish *Aquavita*.

The French affects the Orleance-grape,
The Spaniard sips his Sherry,
The English none of these can 'scape,
But he withall makes merry.

The Italian in her high chopen,
Scotch Lasse and lovely Fro too,
The Spanish Donna, French Madam.
He doth not fear to go to.

Nothing so full of hazard, dread,
Nought lives above the center :
No health, no fashion, wine nor wench,
On which he will not venture.

S O N G.

Hence with passion, sighs, and tears,
Disasters, sorrows, cares and fears !
See my Love, my Love appears,
That thought himself exil'd !
Whence might all these loud joyes grow,
Whence might mirth and banquets flow ?
But that he's come, he's come I know,
Fair Fortune thou hast smil'd.

Give to these blind windows eyes,
Dazle the stars, and mock the skies,
And let us two (us two) devise
To lavish our best treasures,
Crown our wishes with content,
Meet our souls in sweet consent,

And

And let this night, this night be spent,
In all abundant pleasures.

In Commendation of her Servant.

His head is of a comely block,
And would shew well crown'd with the comb of cock,
His face a tun, his brow a fluttrish room,
His nose the chamberlain, his beard the broom,
Or like *Newmarket*-heath that makes thieves rich,
In which his mouth stands just like Devils-ditch.

*Doctor King, upon Hillier, a deformed
Fellow of Christ-Church.*

Jack of Calice, *Vulcan's* son,
Heart of malice, *Sekin* all dun,
Beard all thistles, face all pimples,
Nose all grissels, brows all wrinkles,
He hath deceived the maid of *Grandpole*,
But now the blockhead hath his handful.

On Dick Primer.

Here lies *Dick Primer*, O most envious death !
Why didst thou rob *Dick Primer* of his breath ?
He in is life, by scraping of a pin,
Made better dust than thou canst make of him.

Upon a Chive of Beef.

A Chive of Beef, God save us all,
Far larger than the Butchers stall,
And sturdier than the City-wall,

2.
For this held out untill the foe
By dint of blade and potent blow,
Fell in pell-mell, that did not so.

3.
With stomachs sharper than their knives,

They laid about them for their lives;
Well, *Eastcheap*-men, beware your Wives.

4.
Inraged weapons storm it round,
Each reaking from a gaping wound,
That in it' gravey it seems drown'd.

5.
Magnanimous flesh, that didst not fall
At first assault, or second maul,
But a third time defy'd them all.

6.
What strength can Fate's decree revoke;
It was ordain'd though should 'st be broke:
Alas! time sells the sturdy Oke.

7.
What goodly Monument still appear,
What spondil'-bulwarks are there there,
What pallisado ribs are here?

8.
This bold monument death defies,
Inscribed thus, To mirth here lies
A Trophy and a Sacrifice.

Epitaph.

Here six-foot deep in his fast sleep
The Lord of *Lampasse* lies,
Who his end made, with his own blade,
Betwixt his Mistress's thighs;
If through that hole to Heav'n he stole,
I dare be bold to say,
He was the first which that way past,
And the last that found the way.

Epitaph on John West.

Within this Chest
In peace doth rest
Our Friend *John West*;
Whose fame is blest
With heart distressed,

V

And

And tears exprest,
My hands I wrest,
And thump my brest,
To think the best
And dearest guest
Of our brave feast
Is now deceast.

On old Cecil:

Here lies *Salisbury* your little great Commander,
On whom malice it self could not fast'n a slander,
Though *crook back'd* the vulgar term'd him in spight,
There are many behind that are not upright:
He was just to King *James*, as he was to the Queen,
Did many good deeds that never were seen;
He humbl'd the rich, made much of the poor,
He would father the orphan, and ferrit the whore;
'Twixt man and wife, if there fell any strife.
To pleasure the husband, he dealt with the wife :
Both widows and virgins once in a year
He would visit and pleasure, which cost him full dear;
I touch not her honour, she I hope is no maid,
By whom we confesse he soundly was paid.
Thus to King, and to State he was a great stay,
Till *Poe* with his sringe did squirt him away ;
A gamester he was there never was fairer,
Play'd much on old Cards, and ever had a sharer :
He was a foe to his foe, but was a true friend,
For he ne're lov'd any, but he lov'd to the end.
A son he hath left him, but no body minds him,
And a daughter for goodness that comes not behind him.
Thus here lies his body interr'd as you see,
No doubt but his soul is where it should be :
If to pay for the dead you have any great hope,
Yet say, Lord have mercy on *Beeson* and *Cope*.

On Sir F. Vere.

Death meeting him arm'd with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field :

But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death (like a coward) struck him, and he dy'd.

On Women.

A Woman may be fair, and her mind
Is as unconstant as the wavering wind:
Venus her self is fair, and shineth far,
Yet she's a Planet and no fixed Star:

A messe of Nonsense.

UPon a dark, light, gloomy, sunshine day,
As I in *August* walkt to gather *May*,
It was at noon neer ten a clock at night,
The Sun being set did shine exceeding bright;
I with mine eyes began to hear a noise,
And turn'd my ears about to see the voice,
When from a cellar seven stories high,
With loud low voice *Melpomene* did cry,
What sober madness hath possesst your brains,
And men of no place? shall your easie pains
Be thus rewarded? passing *Smithfield* bars,
Cast up the blear-ey'd eyes down to the stars,
And see the Dragons head in *Quartile* move,
Now *Venus* is with *Mercury* in love:
Mars patient rages in a fustian fume,
And *Jove* will be reveng'd, or quit the room:
Mild *Juno*, beauteous *Saturn*, *Martia* free,
At ten leagues distance now assembled be.
Then shut your eyes and see bright *Iris* mount
Five hundred fathoms deep by just account,
And with a noble ignominious train
Passes flying to the place where *Mars* was slain:
Thus silently she spake, whilst I mine eyes
Fixt on the ground advanced to the skies.
And then not speaking any word reply'd
Our noble family is near ally'd
To that renowned peasant *George a Green*:
Stout *Wakefield* Pinner, he that stood between
Achilles and the fierce *Eacides*,

And them withstood with most laborious ease,
 Yet whilst that *Boreas* and kind *Auster* lie
 Together, and at once the same way fly;
 And that unmov'd wandering fixed star,
 That bloody peace foretels, and patient war,
 And scares the earth with fiery apparition,
 And plants in men both good and bad conditions:
 I ever will with my weak able pen
 Subscribe my self your Servant,

Francis Ben.

Mars Anger'd.

FAir was the Morn when bloody minded *Mars*
 Rose up betime to kiss his Mistress—
 But when he came, as Poets sage have writen,
 Alack-aday, he found her smock be—
 Then in a rage he clutch'd his martial fist,
 And swore t' have made it clean she might have pist.
 Streight in a rage he draws his bloody sword,
 And with that martial blade scapt off the—

Jockie with *Finnie* dancing,
 Read her mind in her eyes sweet glancing,
 When pressing for a kiss her head she wried,
 So as his lips fell quite beside;
 He still persisting,
 She still resisting,
 Put was short heel'd, and backward reel'd,
 So ere she could recover,
Finnie fell under, and *Jockie* over.

On Love.

TO love, or praise a thing unknown
 Is to hope to reap where nought was sown:
 Love is by fancy born; by looks up bred;
 And being grown by gazing perfected.

E P I T A P H.

Here doth lie the good old Knight Sir *Harry*,
 With her whom he lov'd, but would not marry,
 Who when he liv'd, and well could feel,
 She then did lie, and he did kneel:
 Now he is dead and past his feeling,
 He doth lie, and she is kneeling.

On a Gentlewoman.

Wilt thou hear what man can say,
 In a little ? Reader stay,
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much vertue as could die,
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more vertue than doth live ;
 If at most she had a fault,
 Leave it had within this vault,
 Her name was *Elizabeth*,
 The other let it sleep with death,
 Fitter where it died to tell,
 Then that it liv'd at all ; Farewel.

On a Vicar.

THe silver sound of musick sweet,
 Quoth our Sir *John* the Vicar,
 Is for to hear a nut-brown tosse
 Cry his i' th' lungs of the liquor.

On fair Isabell.

THe way to write an Epitaph
 To make fair *Isabell* to laugh,
 Is lie down on her and write well,
 Here under lies fair *Isabell*.

*On Joan Hog.**A Question to Death, By W.*

Will. I Prethee Death tell me the reason why
Thou took'st *Joan Hog* so suddainly ?
Death. I'll tell the *Will*, she wanted weight and pith ;
I took her up to cheat the Devil with.

On a Footman.

THis nimble Footman run away from Death ,
And here he rested being out of breath ;
Here Death him overtook, made him his slave,
And sent him on an errant to his grave.

On a Fart.

AS man, the wind that breeds the bellyes pain ,
'Tis born, it dies, and nere returns again :
And least 't should want a Tomb of equal worth ,
The Nose doth bury what the nock brought forth.

On Steal-Wit.

Here one doth lie, that serveth to reveal
Who that one was, for he that lies can steal :
His brain being poor, he stole wit and is left
A prisoner here till Dooms-day for his theft.

Here lies little Crook-back who was justly reckon'd
Richard the Fourth, but was *Judas* the second :
In life they agreed, in death they did alter ,
Great pity the Pox did cozen the Halter.

On a Gentlewoman injured by the Small-Pox.

A Beauty smother than an Ivory plane ,
Late by the Pox injuriously was slain :

'Twas not the Pox, Love sent a thousand darts,
 And made those pits for graves to bury hearts:
 But since your Beauty hath regain'd its light,
 Those hearts are double slain, it shines so bright.

Justice of late hath lost her wits,
 And flyeth about like Ague-fits;
 With reverend Cook it would not stay,
 For Montague drove it away:
 From learned Lee, and honest Crew,
 As swift as air away it flew.

And since it would not there abide,
 'Tis now wrapt up within a *hide*:
 Now boots and shooes must needs be dear,
 For *Hide* is rais'd for all the year.

Of Beauty.

IT was no dream, I was awake, and saw,
 (Lend me thy voice oh Fame! that I may draw
 Wonder to truth, and have my vision whirl'd
 Hot from the Trumpet round about the world:)
 I saw a beauty from the sea to rise,
 Which all the world lookt, and all the world was eyes.
 Ha, ha, ha, what need you tell
 The world of what the world saw as well as you?
 Dost think that eyes can hear? an
 Other bull I faith, ha, ha, ha.

On Love.

LOve is a game at Tables, where the Dye
 Of maids affection doth in fancy lie;
 And if you take their fancy in a blot,
 'Tis ten to one if then you enter not.

Then being a gamester, you may boldly venture,
 And if you see the point lie open enter:

But mark them well, by false playing then,
Do what you can, they will be bearing men.

Of Women in a double sense.

DAmes are endu'd with vertues excellent,
What man is he can prove that ? they offend
Daily ; they serve the Lord, with good intent,
Seldom. They displease their husbands to the end
Always. To please them well they do intend
Never ; in them one shall find shrewdness much,
Such are their manners, and their graces such.
Some men may say, perhaps, yet speak no treason,
The verses are more rime, the prose more reason.

On a Maidenhead.

WHat's that you call a Maidenhead ?
A thing oft smother'd in a bed,
Which few have now, which all have had,
That's freely giv'n, yet makes one sad.
It's got for nought with little pain,
It's kept, but lost not had again ;
It's that we call a Maidenhead,
By proving quick is ever dead.
A lamp which Lasses bear about,
Till putting in doth put it out ;
An herb it is, but turns a weed,
When first the husk receives the seed,
It is a Maidenhead we call,
A thing by standing made to fall.
At fifteen rare, at eighteen strange,
Which either lose when two do change.
A thing which youths do oft'n lurch,
Which Brides do seldom bring to Church.

On a Gentlewomans behaviour.

IS't for a grace, or is't for some dislike
Where others give the lip, you give your cheek ?

You take it for a pride of your behaviour,
 But I do rather take it for a favour ;
 Wherefore to shew my duty and my love,
 I'll leave both lips and cheek to kisse your glove :
 For why, I'll make you with the cause acquainted,
 Your gloves perfum'd, your cheeks and lips are painted.

*On a Gentlewoman and her Son, each of them
 wanting an eye.*

AN one-ey'd boy born of a half-blind mother,
 Matchless for beauty, save the one with t'other,
 Lend her thy sight, sweet boy, and she shall prove,
 The Queen of Beauty, thou the God of Love.

A Lady's Question to a Doctor.

A Comely Lady that of late was sped
 With all the comforts of a married bed,
 Of a grave Doctor askt whether's more right
 For *Venus* sports, the morning, or the night ?
 The Doctor answer'd (as it seem'd most meet)
 The night more wholesome, but the morn more sweet,
 Nay, then in faith (quoth she) since we have leisure,
 Wee'll to't each night for health, each morn for pleasure.

One meeting a Gentlewoman in the dark.

TO see such dainty ghosts as you appear,
 Will make my flesh stand sooner than my hair.

An Epitaph upon a Tallow-Chandler.

HERE lies a Tallow-Chandler. I need not tell it,
 If your nose be not stop't, you may easily smell it :
 Then gentle Reader, herein learn you may,
 He that made many weeks cann't make one day,

Upon a Horse.

Here lies a Horse that dy'd, but
 To make his master go on foot ;
 A miracle, should it be so,
 The dead to make the lame to go :
 Yet Fate would have it that the same
 Should make him go, that made him lame.

On Master Button.

Cudd's life and precious coles,
 Are graves become button holes ?

On a Child.

A Child and dead ! alas, how should that come ?
 Surely his thred of life is but a thrum.

Upon one that dy'd suddenly.

His disease was unknown, his grief was hid,
 He cry'd I dye, and so he did.

Upon Andrew Leigh.

Here *Andrew* lies, that vexed with a wife,
 To gain his quiet, parted with his life ;
 But see the spight, she that so oft had crost
 Him living, dies, and means to haunt his ghost ;
 But she may fail, for *Andrew* out of doubt
 Did cause his brother *Peter* shut her out.

On Captain Manwaring.

Within this Cave of clay interred is
 A man who durst oppose the stoutest foe ;

For war was his delight and chiefest blisse,
Till death did ring the Bell that all might know
The time was finisht of his short lives lease,
For which he left the war, and dy'd in peace.

One calls me friend, yet urges me to pay
A debt I borrowed not upon a day,
But upon terms of love, am I his friend?
I may then owe as freely, as he lend.

On a fair Gentlewoman that sung well.

BE silent you still musick of the Sphears,
And every sense make hast to be all ears;
And give devout attention to her aires,
To which the gods do list'n, as to ~~our~~ prayers
Of pious Votaries; the which to hear,
Tumult would be attentive, and would swear
To keep lesse noise at Nile, if there she sing,
Or with a happy touch, grace but the string;
Among so many Auditors, so many throngs
Of gods and men, that press to hear thy songs;
O let me have an unespied room,
To die with such an Anthem o're my tomb!

On Sir Stephen Somes.

HERE lies Sir *Stephen Somes* with his head full low,
To whom death swore, Before God you shall go.

On a Beautiful Lady.

DEarest, thy Tresses are not Threds of Gold,
Thine eyes nor Diamonds, nor do I hold
Thy lips for Rubies, thy fair cheeks to be
Fresh Roses; or thy teeth of Ivory.
Thy skin that doth thy dainty body sheath;
Not Alabaster is, nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours; these the earth brings forth;
Compar'd with much, would but impair thy worth.

Such

Such may be others Mistresses, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but all is divine.

Thy tresses are those rays that do arise
Not from one Sun, but two, such are mine eyes,
Thy lips congealed Nectar are, and such,
As but a deitie, there's none dare touch :
Thy perfect crimson that thy cheek doth clothe,
(But only that it far exceeds them both)
Aurora's blush resembles, or that red,
Which *Iris* shuts in when her mantle's spread ;
Thy teeth in whiteness *Leda's* Swans exceed,
Thy skin a heav'nly and immortal weed.

And as thou breath'st, the winds are ready straight,
To fetch it from thee, and do therefore wait
Close at thy lips, and snatching it from thence ,
Carry't to heav'n where 'tis *Joves* frankinsense.
Fair goddess, since thy features make thee one.
Yet be not such for those respects alone ;
For forme's sake only that's expos'd to view,
But goddess like dispos'd, be good and true.

*On Archer the fool who was struck into a swoond
with a blow upon the head with a Pot.*

Much wine will make dead drunk ; but 'twas thy lot
To taste of death by one poor single pot,
Fortune did favour fools, but now we see,
Sh' hath chang'd her tune, because men fools will be,
And in her doom [for she it was] thought best,
To die in earnest, though thou liv'st in jest ;
As dead as a door nail thou art, but how ?
That's always knockt in the head, and so art thou :
Yet since thou liv'st so long without all reason ;
To make thee senseless too was worse then treason :
At least the same, for him that knocks thee down,
Though th'art not Scepter arm'd, yet spoil'd the Crown:
Thy loss we might lament, but that we see
Hundreds do live at Court as well as thee,
And may go hence to bear thee company,
Unless a pardon come as suddenly.

Unpity'd was thy fate, for some did cry,
Ev'n as he liv'd a fool, so did he die.
Thy sad mischance, though they neglect, yet I
Would, had I leisure, nothing else but cry.
But since the time denies me to be sad,
If I do laugh I sin, if cry, I'm mad ;
Only I do relate thy death, and say
If others be dispos'd to weep they may.

On a Lady playing on the Musick.

UPON an instrument of pleasing sound
A Lady play'd, more pleasing to the sight.
I being ask'd in which of these I found
Greatest content my senses to delight ;
Ravish'd in both at once as much may be,
Said, Sweet was musick, sweeter was the Lady.

Of one that will do many things hereafter.

OLD *Cosmus* to his friends this out doth give,
After a while he like a Lord will live,
After a while he'll end all troublous suits,
After a while retain some men of quality,
After a while, of riches reap the fruits,
After a while keep house in some formality,
After a while finish his beauteous building,
After a while leave off his busie buying,
Yet all the while he lives but like a hilding,
His hair grows gray with long vexatious toying.
Well *Cosmus*, I believe your heir doth smile,
To think what you will do after a while.
For sure the Proverb is more true then civil,
Blest is the son whose Sire goes to the Devil.

Of one that took thought for a wife.

NO sooner *Chimus*'s wife was dead and buried,
But that with mourning much, and sorrows wearied,
A maid, a servant of his wives he wedded,

And

And after he had boarded her, and bedded,
 And in her Mistress room had fully plac'd her,
 His wives old servant waxed his new Master.

Upon a Lawyer.

A Vertuous dame that saw a Lawyer come
 Abroad, reprov'd his stay so long from home,
 And said to him that in his absence thence,
 His wife might want her due benevolence.
 But he straight quit himself of such disgrace,
 Answer'd it thus with putting of a Case.
 One owes a hundred pound, now tell me whether
 Is best, to have his payment altogether,
 Or to take it by a shilling, and a shilling,
 Whereby the bag should be the longer filling?
 Sure, said the Dame, I grant 'twere little losse
 If one receiv'd such payments all in grosse;
 Yet in your absence this might breed you sorrow,
 To hear your wife for want, should twelve pence borrow.

How Sack makes one lean.

I Marvell'd much last day what you did mean,
 To say that drinking Sack will make one lean;
 But now I see, and then mistook you clean:
 For my good neighbour *Marcus*, who, I trow
 Fears fatness much, this drink hath ply'd him so,
 That now except he lean, he cannot go.
 Ha! Gentle Doctor, now I see your meaning,
 Sack will not leave one lean, 'twill leave him leaning.

*Of swearing between a Wife and her
 Husband.*

C IS, by this Candle in my sleep I thought
 One told me of thy body thou wert naught.
 Good Husband, he that told you, ly'd, the said,
 And swearing, laid her hand upon the bread.
 Then eat the Bread, quoth he, that I may deem

That fancy false, that true to me did seem.
Nay Sir, said she, the matter well to handle,
Since you swore first, you first shall eat the Candle.

Of a kind, unkind Husband.

A Rich old Lord, did wed a rich young Lady
Of good complexion, and of goodly stature;
And for he was of kind and noble nature,
He lov'd to see her go as brave as may be:
A pleasant Knight one day was so presumptuous
To tell this Lord in way of plain simplicity,
'Tis you my Lord that have this worlds felicity;
To have a Dame so young, so sweet, so sumptuous.
Tush, said the Lord, but these same costly Gowns,
With Kirtles, Carknets, plague me in such sort,
That every time I taste of *Venus* sport,
I will be sworn, cost me an hundred crowns.
Now fie Sir, said his Wife, where is your sence?
Though 'tis too true, yet say not so for shame;
For I would wish to clear me out of blame,
That each time cost you but a hundred pence.

Of the Commodities men have at their Marriage.

A Fine young Clerk of kin to Frier *Trapper*
Prompt of his tongue, of person neat and dapper;
Nor deeply read, yet were he put unto it.
One that could say his service, and could do it;
His marks and hair shew'd him of excellent carriage:
This man one day did hap to talk of Marriage,
The joyes whereof, that you may understand,
I'll place them on each finger of my hand.
Four joyes said he, on married men I cast,
A wife, and friends, and coin, and children last:
And first thy wife; see how at bed and board,
What comfort, and what joyes she doth afford.
Then for her friends, what joyes can be more dear
Then loving friends, dwell they far off or near?
A third joy then it is to have the portion

Well got, and void of strife, fraud, or extortion.
 And fourthly those sweet babes that call one dad,
 Oh how they joy the soul, and make it glad!
 But now Sir, there remains one observation,
 That well deserves your due consideration.
 Mark then again, I say, for so 'twere meet,
 Which of these joyes are firm, and which do fleet.
 First for the wife, sure no man can deny it,
 That for most part she sticks most surely by it.
 But for thy friends, when they should most avail you,
 By deaths or fortunes change, oftentimes they fail you.
 Then for the portion, without more forecast,
 While charge increaseth, money fails at last.
 And last the childret, most of them outlive you;
 But ill brought up, they often live to grieve you.
 Now mark upon the fingers who remain,
 The children and the wife, only these twain.

On a Preacher.

A Smooth-tongu'd Preacher that did much affect
 To be reputed of the purer Sect,
 Unto these times great praises did afford,
 That brought he said, the Sun-shine of the word.
 The Sun-shine of the word, this he extoll'd,
 The Sun-shine of the word, still this he told.
 But I that well observ'd what slender fruits
 Have grown of all their preaching and disputes,
 Pray God they bring us not when all is done,
 Out of Gods blessing, into the warm Sun.
 For sure as some of them have us'd the matter,
 Their Sun-shine is but Moon-shine in the water.

Of a female Minister.

A Minister affecting singularity,
 And preaching in the Pulpit of his Theam
 Born with the current of the common stream,
 Extolling faith and hope, forgetting charity;
 For while he was most busie in his text,
 He spy'd a woman talking with her next.

And straight he cry'd to her, Dame leave thy babling,
Wherewith the poor good woman shrewdly vext
Could hold no longer, but fell flat to squabbling.
Beshrew thy kraked heart, she doth reply,
Who babled in this place more, thou or I?

Two witty Answers.

Bowner, that once had Bishop been of *London*;
Was bid by one, Good morrow Bishop *Quondam*;
He with the scoff no whit put out of temper,
Reply'd incontinent, Adieu Knave *semper*.
Another in such kind of scoffing speeches,
Would beg his Tippet needs to line his breeches;
No, no, quoth he, but it may be thy hap,
To have a foolish head to line thy cap.

Of Borrowing.

Linus came late to me, six crowns to borrow;
And swore God dam him he'd repay't to morrow,
I knew his word as currant as his band,
And straight I gave to him three crowns in hand.
This I to give, this he to take, was willing,
And this he gain'd, and I sav'd fifteen shilling.

On a Crow.

A Baron and a Knight were one day walking
On *Richmond-Green*; and as they were a talking,
A Crow that lighted on the rale by fortune,
Stood pecking, and cry'd loud with noise importune:
This Bird, the Baron said, doth you salute,
Sir Knight, as if to you it had some sute.
Not unto me, the Knight reply'd in pleasance;
'Tis to some Lord he made his low obeysance.

On a pair of Gloves.

Hie, blest Gloves, and understand
What it is to kiss that hand.

On the praise of Women.

Blest be those heav'nly Powers that brought to light
That precious thing call'd Woman, mans delight.
That free-born subject, casket full of treasure,
That constant Author of mans hoped pleasure;
That spotless, harmless Saint, not knowing evil,
From whom we learn what e're is good and civil.
And she's a work so purely wrought, that nature
Knew not whether 'twere more adorn'd with feature,
Or with chaste honesty; and this was she,
Fruit of whose womb freed men from misery.
For which she's blest, that her few faults should fall
From small to less, from less to none at all,

A Welchman.

A Man of *Wales*, between *St. Davids* day and *Easter*;
Was on's host's score for cheese great store, a tester.
His host did chalk it up behind the dore,
And said, For cheese good Sir, come pay your score.
I wonder then, quoth he, what meaneth these?
Dost think, her Country knows not chalk from cheese?

A Necklace.

Those veines are Natures net,
Those cords by art are set.
I, ove himself flye neer,
He is intangled here.

Possies for Bracelets.

WHen you put on this little band,
Then think I take you by the hand.

Another.

Vouchsafe thy pris'ner this to be,
He's faster then that sent it thee.

On Galla.

Galla will pawn her Maiden-head on this,
You do not read what substantive it is,
That ne're stands by it self, but still requires
Unto another word to change desires
And surely he, that doth this Riddle read,
To joyn unto't, deserves her Maiden-head.

On Tom Holland, and Nell Cotton.

A Leight young man did lie with a leighter woman,
And did request their things might be in common;
And gave her, when her good will he had gotten,
A Yard of Holland for an Ell of Cotton.

On Women.

Women were born in *Wiltshire*,
Brought up in *Cumberland*:
They lead their lives in *Bedfordshire*,
And bring their husbands unto *Buckingham*,
And die in *Shrewsbury*.

On the death of the Treasurer.

IMmoderate death that wouldst not once confer,
 Nor talk, nor parley, with the Treasurer :
 Had he been thee, or of thy faithful Tribe,
 He would have spared thee, and tak'n a bribe.

Another.

HE who with learning and his wit
 Could write the Law, and conquer it,
 And thought his policy was well nigh able,
 To scare a suitor at the Council-table.
 When he no further evidence had to shew,
 Was fain to take his death upon't 'twas so.

On a Countryman and his wife.

A Rustick Swain was cleaving of a block,
 And hum he cries at every ponderous knock.
 Fie husband, quoth the wife, why hum you so ?
 Quoth he, it makes the wedge the further go.
 When day was spent, and drowsie night was come,
 Being, at play in bed, she bid him hum :
 Wife leave off, I entreat, and hum no more,
 For when I hum I cleave, but now I bore.

Tobacconist.

Such meat doth gluttony procure
 To feed men fat like swine ;
 But he's a frugal man indeed
 That with a leaf can dine.
 He needs no napkin for his hands,
 Nor fingers ends to wipe ;
 That hath his kitchen in a box,
 And roast-meat in a pipe.

On his Mistress.

MY Love is made of nature's chiefest mold,
 Set by on purpose since she made the world;
 Whose face is white like Lilly, or the Rose,
 Wherein no blemish doth it self disclose,
 Her glowing eyes seek to exceed the rest;
 Her nose and cheek so fair, none knows it best.
 Her lip like Roses red, like velvet soft,
 Her chin more comely is than can be thought.
 Her teeth like Alabaster, her skin like snow,
 But it makes me blush to think what is below.

Gift.

NOt want of heart, but want of art
 Hath made my gift so small;
 Then loving heart, take hearty love,
 To make amends for all.
 Take gift with heart, and heart with gift,
 Let will supply thy want;
 For willing heart, nor hearty will,
 Nor is, nor shall be, scant.

Glove.

IF that from glove you take the letter G.
 Then glove is love, and that I send to thee.

Cuckold.

What's a Woman? nature's oversight!
 What's a Cuckold being brought to light?
 Surely in *Eden's* garden shade
 Was never such a creature made?
 Then certainly, without mistaking,
Cuckolds are of womens making.

On a Mask.

KEEP on the Mask, and hide your eyes;
 For with beholding you I die;
 Your fatal beauty Gorgon-like,
 Dead with astonishment will strike.
 Your piercing eyes if them I see,
 Are worse than Basilisk to me.
 Hide from my sight those hills of snow,
 Those azure paths lead to despair;
 O vex me not, forbear, forbear:
 For while I thus in torment dwell;
 The sight of heav'n is worse then hell.
 Your dainty voice and warbling breath
 Sound like a sentence past for death;
 Your dangling tresses are become
 Like instruments of final doom.
 O if an Angel torture so!
 When life is done, where shall I go?

To his Mistress sending him a Posie of Violets.

WHY dost thou send me Violets, my dear?
 To make me burn more violent, I fear.
 With violets too violent thou art,
 To violate and wound my bleeding heart;

On Love.

LOVE is a fire of Nature, which by turns,
 Consumes in presence, but in absence burns.

On Swearing.

IN older time an ancient custom 'twas
 To swear in weighty matters, By the Masse;
 But when the Masse went down, as old men note,
 They swore thus, By the cross of this same groat;

But when the Croſs was likewise held in ſcorn,
Then by their Faith the common oath was ſworn:
Now they have ſworn away all faith and troth,
Only, God damn me, is their uſual oath;
This cuſtom kept decorum by gradation,
Maſs, Croſs, and Faith being loſt, they found Damnation.

On Geta.

Geta ſome wool and weaving, firſt began,
Swelling and ſwelling to a Gentleman;
When he was Gentleman and bravely dight,
He left not ſwelling till he was a Knight;
And from a Knight thus higher to ſurmount,
He ſwell'd on bigger till he was a Count;
And ſtill proceeding careleſs of his firſt,
He ſwell'd to be a Duke, and then he burſt.

On a Flye in a Glaſs.

Out of his Glaſs one took a Flye,
In earneſt or in jeſt,
I cannot tell; but having drunk,
Return'd it to the reſt:
And for he would offenceleſs ſeem,
He ſhew'd his reaſon too,
Although I love them not my ſelf,
It may be ſome here do.

To a proud, rich, but deformed Gentlewoman.

In anger puff'd you ſay I prove
Fraught with the ſtream of luſt, not love;
Time was you ſaid I priz'd thy face
High and renown'd, as if its grace
Were paſt compare; but now I ſeem
Urg'd unto wrath to diſeſteem
Honours attendant on thy praiſe,
And to diſrobe thee of thy rayes.

Disgorging thus such surfeits you
 Sound forth these words, I am untrue :
 'Tis true I said, three goddesses
 Grac'd thy rare parts as like to these ;
 Rich *Juno* was but like a sow
 As foul as fat, and so art thou.
 Next *Wisdom* was in *Pallas*, but
 Thou like to her art turn'd a slut,
 Eye-pleasing *Venus* would admit
 Delight in bed, and you love it.
 Incensed by thy wily mind,
 I thus requite thee in thy kind :
 O'recharg'd with anger venting spleen,
 Ere to one soul, one slut, one quean,
 Harbour'd in one I did compare thee,
 Although truth now, I seem'd to spare thee.
 Disgest me as you please, yet know,
 Will ne're did mean what Wit did show ;
 And though Art taught me to be bold,
 No part I lov'd in thee but gold.
 Take this from me, pray that a fool
 Espouse thee, so thy filth may rule.
 Detain no wise man, for thy self
 No such will love, but all thy wealth.

Upon Women.

HE's happy that avoids lust, Female kind
 Are they that curse it ; maids possess a mind
 Saint-like ; what man can prove that they offend,
 In thought, in word, or work ? they seek to end
 Their husbands discontent, filling their hearts
 With fair Love, never with fond Lust ; their arts
 Provoke lascivious follies, still requiring
 Variety of Lovers ne're desiring
 The man that's good but gay, and Love-sick youth
 Is by them hated ; always loved truth.
 Never I knew them cruel, I do find
 Faith in them still, they have a wicked mind.

On these three Words :

N I X } Snow.
 I X } 9.
 C O R N I X } A Crow.

N I X. I that the Winter's daughter am,
 While that my letters stand,
 Am whiter than the plume of Swan,
 Or any Lady's hand.

I X. Take but away my letter first,
 And then I do decline,
 That stood before for milk-white snow,
 To be the figure Nine.

And if that further your desire
 By change to do some triks;
 As black as any bird I am.

C O R N I X. By adding **C O R.** to **N I X.**

Upon a Usurer.

A Clergy-man that oft had preach'd
 From his stopt steeple throte,
 And to his Congregation teach'd
 Full oft this certain note :

There could no Usurer be sav'd,
 Unless he did restore
 What he so wrongfully had shav'd
 From back of needy poor :

Upon a time it so fell out ,
 This Usurer did meet
 The Parson as he went to Church,
 And thus he did him greet.

Quoth he, good Sir, I wonder much
 You take such fruitless pain
 To preach against a sin that's such
 As you your selves maintain ;
 But ten i'th hundred do I take,
 On good occasion when ;
 But you a hundred do reserve

Allow-

Allowing one but ten.
 The Parson hearing him say so,
 Began to be afraid,
 And never preach'd against that sin
 To this day that I heard.

Another.

Here lies at least ten in the hundred,
 Shackled up both hands and feet,
 That at such as lent mony *gratis* wondred,
 The gain of usury was so sweet ;
 But thus being now of life bereav'n,
 'Tis a hundred to ten he's scarce gone to heav'n.

On a Spend-thrift.

Here lies *Jack* careless
 Without tomb, without thought,
 Without sheet ;
 That liv'd in the Ale-house,
 And Bowling-Ally,
 And dy'd at length in the street.

On a Notorious Courtier.

Here lies he where no man fees,
 That liv'd by crooked hamms and knees ;
 Yet, in his heart, did boyl that lust
 That nought could quench but earth and dust,
 Where if he had been sooner laid,
 Lesse sums his reckoning would have paid.

On a Child found.

Conceive a fault by me conceiv'd,
 By my reduced mother ;
 Who vows until she be a wife,
 I ne're shall know a brother.

And for this Hospital is rich,
And hath a plenteous purse,
And he is poor, and cannot pay,
Sh' hath put me here to nurse;
No further she imparts her self,
Than that she is a sinner,
Though not the last that so shall erre,
No more than first beginner.
How e're she here hath pack'd me up
The witness of her shame,
And left me unto your to feed,
To cloath and give a name.

On a Love-sick Tonib.

Here lyeth he, he lyeth here,
That bounc'd, and pity cry'd;
The door not op't, fell sick alas,
Alas fell sick, and dy'd.

On a Chamber-maid.

Underneath this stone is laid
A Ladies sometime, Chamber-maid;
Who was young, and plump, and pretty,
And yet a Maid, alas, 'twas pity.

On a rich Lawyer.

Within this everlasting tomb
Whose house contains her head till doom,
Is one posselt here to abide,
That yet had liv'd and had not dy'd,
If Death like him would have agreed,
At any rate to have him free'd;
Or if he could at point of death
That sold his wind have bought his breath;
This cross to him could ne're so fall,
T' have wed the Church that woo'd the Hall.

On a Citizen.

From wares and cares, and feigned breath
 Here I at last am freed by death ;
 If that my dealings were not just,
 The more I fear, the lesse I trust.
 What though a hundred Blue-coats sing ?
 My friends did mourn, the bells did ring,
 The earth receiv'd me with applause,
 All doth not better mend my cause.
 Fed I the hungry, cloath'd the poor ?
 Made I these friends to go before ?
 No, I left wealth behind unspent,
 Coins unreceiv'd that I had lent ;
 And suites unended, wag'd by cost,
 And all I left behind is lost :
 Good deeds I did, and gifts I gave,
 Those went before me, those I have.

On the resolution of the Garland.

Betwixt to Suitors sat a Lady fair,
 Vpon her head a Garland she did wear ;
 And of th' inamour'd two, the first alone
 A Garland wore like her, the other none :
 From her one head she took the wreath she wore,
 And on him plac'd it that had none before ;
 And then these Lovers brows were both about
 Beset with Garlands, and she sate without.
 Beholding then these Rivals on each side
 Of her, thus plac'd and deck'd in all their pride ;
 She from the first mans head the wreath he had
 Took off, and therewith her brown brows she clad.
 And now this Lady and the second were
 In Garlands deck'd, and the first man sat bare :
 Now Which did she love best ? or him to whom
 She gave, or him she took the Garland from ?

Answer.

Answer.

IN my conceit she would him soonest have
From whom she took, not him to whom she gave;
For to bestow, divers respects may move;
But to receive, none should perswade but Love:
She grac'd him much on whom her wreath she plac'd,
But him whose wreath she wore she much more grac'd;
For where she gives she there a servant makes,
But makes her self a servant where she takes:
Then where she takes she honours most; and where
She doth most honour, she most love doth bear.

*A Contention between a Monk and
a young Virgin.*

M. Since both our age and sex and all do move,
Why dost not me respect, since I thee love?

V. Thy Vesture pleaseth not; Love others black;
'Tis white I like; that fits a Lover's back.

M. Under this Robe of black behold white skin,
Though black thou dost exclude, let whiteness in.

V. But to Religion thou art wedded now,
And this black Robe is witness to thy vow.

M. My vaile I cast aside that so hath bred
This thy dislike, to enjoy thy naked bed.

V. Thy vaile though thou forsake, thou art the same;
Nor is thy sin the less, or less thy shame.

M. A fault I do confess it is, though small,
And if a sin, it is but venial.

Epigram.

TOm a field fought; one from the beaten side
Ran home and Victory on his part cry'd;
The Prince inform'd, thus contrary amiss,
Rung Bells, made Bonfires as the custom is.
In short time after all this joy and cost,
The King was sure resolv'd the field was lost;

Where.

Wherewith in a great haste as in great grief,
 Charg'd the first messenger to tell in brief,
 Where he had heard that I e, The field was won;
 Quoth he; Sir, I my self this lye begun;
 Which for a Commodity unto your grace,
 And all your Subjects I this brought in place:
 For where the truth would have brought wailing and weeping;
 My lye hath brought two days laughing and sleeping.
 And if you all this year took my lye for true,
 To keep you merry, What harm would ensue?
 Better it is, quoth he, be it new or stale,
 A harmles lye, than a harmful tale.
 How this lye was allow'd of, I cannot tell;
 But if the King lik'd it, the lyer sped well.

On one Master Kitchen.

Here lies one, in flower of youth,
 Once his friend's joy, now his parents ruth:
 If *Kitchen* be his name, as I have found,
 Then Death now keeps his Kitchen under ground;
 And hungry worms that late of flesh did eat,
 Devour their Kitchen in the stead of meat.
 This was his lot, and Reader this must be
 Ere long thy ruine, and the end of me.

Epigram.

One time, as 'twas my ordinary wont,
 I went abroad into the fields to hunt;
 Started a Hare, pursu'd her with full cry,
 And neer had wearied her; when by and by
Miso because I hunted in his grounds,
 Let loose his running dogs and bang'd my hounds:
 From thence that sport I utterly forswore,
 Being so unkindly cross'd by such a Bore;
 So leaving th' open fields and Forrest wide,
 My common haunt was by the water-side;
 For what though lands enclosed be,
 Yet seas, and rivers, questionless are free;
 There will I sport me with the scaly fry,

Fearless though all the world were standing by
 I had not scarce cast in my bait to take,
 But streight one comes, it seems he haste did make,
 That bids me pack when first I did appear;
 Away went I, it was no fishing there.
 Scarce knowing now what sport to entertain,
 Being banisht both the earth and watery plain,
 I took a Piece next time, and forthwith went,
 To sport me in the airy regiment.
 When having scarce discharg'd to kill a Daw,
 Another comes and brings me Statute-Law
 Upon my piece; where I it lost, then swore,
 I ne're would hunt, nor angle, nor shoot more.
 Then took I Dice in hand, my heavy fate,
 Thus cross in all, and lost my whole estate.

On his Mistress undressing her.

Thy hood's pull'd off, nay then I'm dead and gone;
 Prethee, dear Mistress, put thy night-coif on;
 I see a thousand amorous Cupids there,
 Which lie in ambush lurking in thy hair.
 Look with what haste within those locks of thine,
 They string their bows to shoot these eyes of mine;
 Look how that little blind rogue with his dart
 Stands aiming and layes level at my heart;
 The symptomes of my wounds *Amanda* see,
 O I bleed inward, prethee pity me.
 I am all stuck with arrows which are shot
 So thick and fast that there is ne're a spot
 About me free, each distinct Atom smarts
 By't self, pierc'd with a thousand darts:
 And as a man with pangs surpriz'd by death,
 Struggles for life to keep his parting breath,
 My nerves and sinews stretch, and all within
 My body yearns to grasp and reach thee in.
 How could I knit and weave eternally,
 And mingle limbs into a Gordion tie?
 Shoot on, sweet Archers till I'm slain with Love,
 Then like the Bedlam, who in's talk doth prove
 What made him mad, my happy blessed ghost
 Of this night's vision shall for ever boast.

Kill me my boyes, 'tis mercy to be kill'd
 With Love ; who would not die in such a field
 Of Damask Rose slain by her Lilly hand ?
 Dart me to death ; the pretty boyes that stand
 Upon her brest, the shafts which thence you send,
 Tell me I am my Mistres bosom friend.

On her drinking.

Calling for Beer, know not the gods they ought,
 To send thee Nectar for thy morning-draught ?
 I'm sure the heavens do allow it you,
 And sweet *Ambrosia* for your breakfast too.
 How ist ? Surely this lazy *Ganymed*
 Sleeps it, and is not yet got out of bed.
 What not yet come ? *Madam*, by that face
 I'll turn this puny Buxler out of's place,
 And drain the skies till there no Nectar be,
 But what the Gods shall beg as alms from thee.

Upon going to the Bath.

A Common phrase long used there hath been,
 And by prescription now some credit hath,
 That divers Ladies coming to the Bath,
 Come chiefly but to see, and to be seen ;
 But if I should declare my Conscience briefly,
 I cannot think that is their errand chiefly ;
 For, as I hear the most of them have dealt,
 They chiefly come to feel and to be felt.

How an Assé may prove an Elephant.

IT hath been said, to give good spirits hope ;
 A Knight may prove a King, a Clerk a Pope.
 But our young spirits disdain all old rules,
 Compar'd by holy writ to horse and mules ;
 'Tis vain with ancient Proverbs to provoke
 To virtuous courses ; with these such bear no stroke,

Then their old pride let my new proverb daunt,
An Asse may one day prove an Elephant.

On a Lawyer.

A Lawyer call'd unto the Bar but lately,
Yet one that lofty bore his looks and stately,
And howsoe're his mind was in sincerity,
His speech and manners shew'd austerity.
This Lawyer hop'd to be a bidden guest,
With divers others to a Gossips Feast;
Where though that many did by entercourse
Exchange sometimes from this to that discourse;
Yet one bent brow and frown of him was able
To govern all the talk was at the Table,
His manner was perhaps to help digestion,
Still to Divinity to draw each question;
In this his tongue extravagant would range,
And he pronounced Maximes very strange.
First he affirm'd it was a passing folly,
To think one day more than anot^r er holy.
If one said *Michael-mas*, straight he would chide,
And tell them they must call it *Michaels-tide*.
If one had sneez'd, to say, as is the fashion,
Christ help, 'twas witchcraft, and deserv'd damnation.
Now when he talked thus, you must suppose
The Gossips cup came often from his nose:
And were it the warm spice or the warm weather,
At least he sneezed twice or thrice together.
A pleasant guest that kept his words in mind,
And heard him sneez, in scorn said, Keep behind.
At which the Lawyer taking great offence,
Said, Sir, you might have us'd Save reverence.
I would, quoth t^r other, but I feared you
Would then have call'd Save reverence witchcraft too.

On one unwilling to lend Money.

W HEN I would buy two suits of rich apparel,
Or some fair ready horse against the running,

Y

Rich

Rich *Quintus* that same Miser fly and cunning,
 Yet my great friend begins to pick a quarrel,
 To tell me how his credit is in peril;
 How some great Lord, whose name may not be spoken;
 With him for twenty thousand crowns had broken.
 Then with a feigned sigh, and sign of sorrow.
 Swearing, he thinks these Lords will quite undo him,
 He calls his servant *Oliver* unto him,
 And sends to the Exchange to take on use
 A thousand pounds must needs be paid to morrow.
 Thus would he blind my eyes with this abuse,
 And thinks, though he was sure to borrow,
 That now I must needs shut my mouth for shame.
 Eie, *Quintus*, fie, then when I speak deny me,
 But to deny me thus before I try thee,
 Blush and confesse that you are much to blame.

On a Bayly.

I Heard a pleasant tale at *Cammington*,
 There where my Lady dwelt, call'd the fair Nun;
 How one that by his office was Deceiver,
 My tongue oft trips, I should have said Receiver;
 Or to speak plain and true, an arrant Bayly,
 Such as about the Country travel dayly,
 That when the Quarter-day was two days past,
 Went presently to gather rents in haste;
 And if, as oft it hapt, he broke good manner,
 He strait would plead the custom of the Mannor,
 Swearing he might distrin all goods and chattel,
 Were it in moveables, or else quick cattel.

This Bayliff coming to a Tenement,
 I'th Tenants absence strain'd his wife for rent,
 In which the beast so pliable he found,
 He never needs to drive her to the pound:
 The Tenant by Intelligence did guesse
 The Bayliff taken had a wrong distress,
 And to the Bayliffs wife he went, complaining
 Of this her husbands usage in distraining,
 Requesting her like curtesies to render,
 And to accept such rent as he would tender,

She, whether moved with some strange compassion,
 Or that his tale did put her in new passion,
 Accepts his payment like a gentle wench,
 All coyn was currant, *English, Spanish French*;
 And when she taken had his sorry pittance,
 I think that with a kisse she seal'd th' acquittance.
 When next these husbands met, they chaf'd, they curst,
 Happy was he that could cry Cuckold first:
 From spiteful words they fell to daggers-drawing,
 And after each to other threatned Lawing;
 Each party seeks to make him strong by factions;
 In several Courts they enter several actions;
 Much bloud, much money had been spent
 About this foolish straining for the rent:
 Save that a gentle Justice of the Peace,
 Willing to cause such foolish quarrels cease,
 Prevail'd so with the Parties by entreaty
 Of concord, both agreed to have a treaty:
 And both referr'd the matter to the Justice,
 Who having well observed what a jest 'tis,
 To think two Cuckolds were so fairly parted,
 Each having tane the blow that never smarted,
 He charged each of them shake hands together,
 And when they met, to say, Goodmorrow brother.
 Thus each quit other all old debts and driblets,
 And set the hares head 'gainst the goose's giblets.

On a Lord.

DOn Pedro drinks to no man at the board,
 Nor once a taste doth of his cup afford,
 Some think it pride in him, but see their blindness,
 I know therein his Lordship doth us kindness.

On Leda.

Leda was *Balbus* quean, yet might she have deny'd it:
 She weds him now; what means hath *Leda* left to hide it?

On her Religion.

MY lovely *Leda*, some at thee repining,
 Ask'd me, Unto what Sect thou art inclining?
 Which doubt shall I resolve amongst so many,
 Whether to none, to one, to all, to any?
 Surely one should be deem'd a false accusant
 That would appeach *Leda* for a Recusant.
 Her fault according to her former using,
 Was noted more in taking than refusing.
 For Lent or Fasts she hath no superstition;
 For if she hath not chang'd her old condition,
 Be it by night in bed, by day in dish,
 Flesh unto her more welcome is than fish.
 Thou art so Protestant, thy falshood saith,
 Thou canst not hope to save thy self by faith.
 Well *Leda*, yet to shew thy good affection,
 I'll say thy Sect is of a double Section;
 A Brownist, lovely brown thy neck and brest;
 The family of Love in all the rest.

On Galla going to the Bath.

WHEN *Galla* for her health goes to the Bath,
 She carefully doth hide, as it is most meet,
 With aprons of fine linnen or a sheet,
 Those parts that modesty concealed hath;
 Nor only those, but even the breast and neck,
 That might be seen or shown without all check:
 But yet one foul and unbecoming place,
 She leaves uncover'd still; what's that? her face.

To a Lady.

FRoward, yet fortunate? if fortune knew it;
 Believe me, Madam, she would make you rue it.

To Madam Wouldbe.

FINE Madam *Wouldbe*, wherefore should you fear
 That love, to make so well, a child to bear ?
 The world reputes you barren, but I know,
 Your 'Potecary and his drug says, No :
 Is it the pain affrights ? that's soon forgot ;
 Or your complexion's losse ? you have a spot
 That can restore that ; will it hurt your feature ?
 To make amends y'are thought a wholesome creature.
 What should the cause be ? O ! you live at Court,
 And there's both losse of time, and losse of sport
 In a great belly. Write then on thy Womb,
 Of the not-born, yet buried, here's the Tomb:

On Cob.

COB, thou no Souldier cheif, nor Fencer art,
 Yet by thy weapon liv'st ; th' hast one good part.

On a Cheater.

TOUCH'd with the sin of false play in his punk,
Hazard a month forswore his, and grew drunk
 Each night to drown his cares, but when the gain
 Of what Sh' had wrought came in and wak'd his brain.
 Upon th' account, hers grew the quicker trade ;
 Since when, he's sober again, and all playes made.

On a waiting Gentlewon.

WHEN *Mill* came first to Court, th'unprofiting soul
 Unworthy such a Mistress, such a school,
 Was dull, and long ere she would go to man ;
 At last, ease, appetite, and example wan
 The nicer thing to love her Ladies Page,
 And finding good security in his age,

Went on, and proving him still day by day,
 Discern'd no difference of his years or play :
 Not though that hair grew brown which once was amber,
 And he grown youth was call'd to his Lady's chamber.
 Still *Mill* continu'd ; nay his fate growing worse,
 And he remov'd to Gentleman of th' Horse,
Mill was the same, since both his body and his face
 Blown up (and he too unweildy for that place)
 Hath got the Stewards chair, he will not tarry
 Longer a day, but with his *Mill* will marry :
 And it is hoped that she like *Milo* will
 First bearing him a Calf, bear him a Bull.

On an English Monsieur.

Would you believe when you this *Monsieur* see,
 That his whole body should speak *French*, not he ?
 That so much scarce of *France*, and hat and feather,
 And shoe and tie, and garter should come hither,
 And land on one whose face durst never be
 Toward the Sea further than half-way Tree ?
 That he untravell'd should be *French* so much,
 As *French* men in his company should seem *Dutch* :
 Or had his Father when he did him get
 The *French* disease with which he labours yet ?
 Or, hung some *Monsieurs* Picture on the wall,
 By which his Dam conceiv'd him cloaths and all ?
 Or is't some *French* Statue ? No, it doth move,
 And stoop and cringe : O then it needs must prove
 The new *French* Taylors motion, monthly made,
 Dayly to turn in *Pauls*, and half the Trade.

On a hungry Captain.

DO what you come for, Captain, with your news ;
 That's fit and eat ; do not my ears abuse.
 I oft look on false coyn to know't from true,
 Nor that lov'd it more than I will you.
 Tell the grosse *Dutch* those grosser Lads of yours,
 How great you were with their two Emperours,

And yet are with their Princes ; fill them full
 Of your *Moroccian Horse, Venetian Bull.*
 Tell them what parts y' have tane, where run away,
 What States y' have gull'd which yet keeps you in pay.
 Give them your Services and Embassies.
 In *Ireland, Holland, Sweden*, pompous lyes,
 In *Hungary and Poland Turkie too* ;
 What at *Legorn, Rome, Florence* you did do,
 And in some year all these together heap'd,
 For which there must more land and sea be leap'd ;
 If but to be believ'd you have the hap,
 Then can a flea at twice skip in the Map.
 Give your young Statesmen that first make you drunk,
 They lye with you closer than a punk,
 For news, your *Villeroyes, and Silleries,*
Janines, your Muncies and your Twilleries ;
 Your *Arch-Dukes Agents and your Benighams :*
 These are your words of credit : keep your names
 Of *Harmow, Shitter, Huesen, Copen-hagen,*
Hanspiegle, Rotterberg and Boutershain
 For your next meal ; this you are sure of. Why ?
 Will you part with them here unthriftily ?
 Nay now you puff, lusk, and draw up your chin,
 Twirle the poor chain you run a feasting in.
 Come be not angry, you are hungry. Eat,
 Do what you come for, Captain, there's your meat.

On Groyn.

Groyn come of age, his state sold out of hand,
 For his Whore Groyn doth still occupy the land.

For a pair of Gloves.

THou more than most sweet Glove,
 Unto my most sweet Love,
 Suffer me to store with kisses,
 This empty lodging that now misses
 The pure rosie-hand that ware thee,
 Whiter than the kid that bare thee.

Thou art soft, but that is softer ;
Cupids self hath kiss it softer
 Than ere he did his mothers *Doves*,
 Supposing her the Queen of Loves,
 That was thy Mistress
 Best of Gloves.

A Scotch Verse.

Rob, Will, and Davy
 Keep well thy *Pater Noster* and *Ave* ;
 And if thou wilt the better speed,
 Gang no further than thy Creed.
 Say well, and do no ill,
 And keep thy self in safety still.

Of finding a Hare.

A Gallant full of life, and void of care,
 Ask'd of his friend if he would find a Hare ;
 He that for sleep more than such sports did care,
 Said, Go your ways, and let me here alone,
 Let them find Hares that lost them ; He find none.

Of Books and Cheese.

AN Author writes and proves in some in degrees
 That one may well compare a Book with Cheese.
 At every Market some buy Cheese to feed on,
 At every Mart some men buy books to read on :
 All sorts eat Cheese, but how ? there is the question,
 The poor for food, the rich for good digestion.
 All sorts read books ; but why ? will you discern,
 The fool to laugh, the wiser sort to learn.
 The sight, sent, taste of Cheese to some is hateful.
 The sight, taste, sense of Books to some's ungrateful.
 No Cheese there was that ever pleas'd all feeders,
 No Book there is that ever pleas'd all Readers.

On a drunken Smith.

I Heard that Smug the Smith for Ale and Spice
Sold all his tools, and yet he kept his Vice.

On a Lady painted.

I Saw Dame Leda's Picture lately drawn
With hair about her ears, transparent lawn ;
Her Ivory paps, and every other part,
So limb'd unto the life by Painters art,
That I, that been had long with her acquainted,
Did think that both were quick, or both were painted.

On a Hot-House.

WHere lately harbour'd many a famous whore,
A purging bill now fixt upon the dore,
Tells you it is a Hot-house ; so it may,
And still be a whore-house, they're *Synonyma*.

On a Robbery.

Ridway robb'd *Duncose* of three hundred pound ;
Ridway was tane, arraign'd condemn'd to die ;
But for this mony was a Courtier found
Beg'd *Ridway's* pardon, *Duncose* now doth cry,
Robb'd both of mony and the Laws relief,
The Courtier is become the greater thief.

On something that walks somewhere.

AT Court I met in cloathes brave enough
To be a Courtier, and looks grave enough
To seem a Statesman, as I neer it came
It made me a great face, I ask'd the name ;
A Lord it cry'd, buried in flesh and blood,

And such from whom let women hope much good ;
 For I will do none, and as little ill ,
 For I will dare none : Good Lord, walk dead still :

On a Doctor.

WHen men a dangerous disease did 'scape,
 Of old they gave a Cock to *Æsculape* :
 Let me give two that doubly am got free
 From my disease's danger, and from thee.

On a Courtier.

All men are worms, but this no man in silk,
 'Twas brought to Court first raw, and white as milk ;
 Where afterwards it grew a Butterflye,
 Which was a Caterpillar, so will dye.

On Brain-hardy.

Hardy, thy brain is valiant, 'tis confest ;
 Thou more, that with it every dost jest
 Thy self into fresh brawles ; when call'd upon
 Scarce thy weeks swearing brings thee off of one ;
 So in short time th' art in arrearage grown,
 Some hundred quarrels, yet dost thou fight none,
 Nor needst thou ; for those few by oath releast,
 Make good what thou darst do in all the rest.
 Keep thy self there, and think thy valour right,
 He that dares damn himself, dares more than fight.

Of writing with a double meaning.

A Certain man was to a Judge complaining,
 How one had written with a double meaning ;
 Fool, said the Judge, no man deserveth trouble
 For double meaning, so he deal not double.

On Taylor.

A Taylor, a man of upright dealing,
 True but for lying, honest but for stealing,
 Did fall one day extreemly sick by chance,
 And on the sudden was in wondrous trance.
 The Fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
 Of sundry colour'd silks display'd a banner,
 Which he had stoln, and wisht, as they did tell,
 That one day he might find it all in hell.
 The man affrighted with this apparition,
 Upon recovery, grew a great precisian;
 He bought a Bible of the new translation,
 And in his life he shew'd great Reformation;
 He walked mannerly, and talked meekly,
 He heard three Lectures and two Sermons weekly;
 He vow'd to shun all companies unruly,
 And in his speech he us'd no oath but Truly.
 And zealously to keep the Sabbath-rest,
 His meat for that day on the Even was drest:
 And lest the custom that he had to steal,
 Should cause him sometimes to forget his zeal:
 He gives his journey-man a special charge,
 That if the stuff allow'd fell out too large,
 And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd
 He then should put the banner in his mind;
 This done, I scant can tell the rest for laughter,
 A Captain of a Ship came three days after,
 And brought three yards of Velvet, and three quarters,
 To make Venetians down below the Garters.
 He that precisely knew what was enough,
 Soon slipt away three quarters of the stuff:
 His man espying it said in derision,
 Remember Master how you saw the Vision.
 Peace knave, quoth he, I did not see one rag
 Of such a colour'd Silk in all the Flag.

A tale of a roasted Horse.

ONe Lord, two Knights, one Squire, two Dames at least,
 My kind friend *Marcus* bad unto his Feast;

Where

Where were both Fish, and Flesh, and all the Cates
 That men are wont to have that feast the States ;
 To pay for which next day he sold a Nag,
 Of whose pace, colour, rein he us'd to brag :
 Well, I'll not care for red or fallow Deer,
 If that a Horse thus cookt can make good cheer.

On a Womans Eloquence.

Mah, I do mark that when I mean to prove me,
 To buy a Velvet Gown, or some rich border,
 Thou call'st me good Sweet-heart, thou swear'st to love me ;
 Thy locks, thy lips, thy looks, speak all in order ;
 Thou think'st, and right thou think'st, that those do move me,
 That all these severally thy suit do farther ;
 But shall I tell thee what most thy suit advances,
 Thy fair smooth words? No, no, thy fair smooth hanches.

On two Welsh Gentlemen.

I Heard among some other pretty tales,
 How once there were two Gentlemen of *Wales*,
 Of noble blood, descended of his house
 That from a Lady's gown did take a louse :
 These two (thus goes the tale) upon a day,
 Did hap to travel upon *London* way ;
 And 'cause 'twas cumbersome to wear a hoot,
 For their more ease, they needs would walk a foot.
 Their fare was dainty, and of no small cost,
 For every meal they call'd for bak'd and rost :
 And lest they should their best apparel lack,
 Each of them bare his Wardrobe on his back.
 Their errand was, but sore against their wills,
 To *Westminster* to speak with Mr. *Mills* ;
 No marvail men of such a sumptuous diet,
 Were brought to the Star-chamber for a ryot.
 These Squires one night arriv'd at a Town,
 To look their lodgings when the Sun was down ;
 And for the Inne-keeper his Gates had lock'd,
 In haste like men of some account they knock'd :
 The drowsie Chamberlain doth ask, Who's there ?

They

They told that Gentlemen of *Wales* they were.
 How many quoth the man is there of you ?
 Quoth they, here's *John ap Rice ap Jones ap Hugh,*
 And *Nicholas ap Steven ap Giles ap Davy.*
 Then Gentlemen adieu, quoth he, God save ye,
 Your Worships might have had a bed or twain,
 But how can this suffice so great a train ?

On one in debt.

Don Pedro's out of debt : be bold to say it ;
 For they are said to owe that mean to pay it.

On a Cobler and a Curate.

A Cobler and a Curate once disputed
 Afore a Judge about the Queens injunctions ;
 And sith that still the Curate was confuted,
 One said 'twas fit that they two changed Functions :
 Nay, said the Judge, that motion much I loth,
 But if you will, we'l make them Coblers both.

On a Brother that sets his wife to sale.

I See thee sell swords, pistols, cloaks, and gowns,
 With doublets, slops ; and they that pay thee crowns,
 Do as 'tis reason, bear away thy ware,
 Which to supply is the continual care.
 But thy wives ware for better rate doth hold,
 Which unto sundry Chapmen's dayly sold :
 Her Fair lasts all the year, and doth not finish,
 Nor doth her ware ought lessen or diminish.

On a speecheless Woman.

A Curst wife of her husbands dealings doubting,
 At his home-coming silent was and mute,
 And when with kindnesse he did her salute,
 She held her peace, and lowting fate and powting ;

Which

Which humour 'cause he thought to check with flouting,
 He caus'd one secretly to raise a bruit
 That she lay speechless; strait the bell doth tole,
 And men devoutly-given pray'd for her soul.
 Then some kind goships made a suit
 To visit her, her hard case to condole;
 She wondred at the cause, but when she knew it,
 From that time forward so her tongue did role,
 That her Good man did wish he had been breechlesse,
 When first he gave it out that she was speechlesse.
 Well then, my *Mal*, lest that my case be such,
 Be never dumb, yet never speak too much.

On a Citizen.

A Citizen that dwelt neer Temple-Bar,
 By hap one day fell with his Son at jar,
 Whom for his evill life and lewd demerit,
 He oft affirm'd that he would disinherit,
 And vow'd his goods and lands all to the poor.
 His Son, what with his play, what with his whore,
 Was so consum'd at last, that he did lack
 Meat for his mouth, and clothing for his back.
 O crafty poverty! his Father now
 May give him all he hath, yet keep his vow.

On a Lady, and her tawny Fan.

WHen *Galla* and my self do talk together,
 Her Face she shrowds with Fan of tawny feather;
 And while my thought somewhat thereof deviseth,
 A double doubt within my mind ariseth.
 As first, her skin or fan, which looketh brighter;
 And second, whether those her looks be lighter
 Than that same plume wherewith her looks be hidden?
 But if I clear'd these doubts, I should be chidden.

On a Lieutenant.

Shift here in Town not meanest among Squires,
 That haunt *Pick-hatch*, *Marsh-Lambeth*, and *Whitefriars*,
 Keeps himself with half a man, and defrayer
 The charge of that state with this charm, God payes
 By that one Spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrayes
 Himself; his whole revenue is, God payes.
 The quarter day is come, the hostess sayes
 She must have mony; he returns, God payes.
 The Taylor brings home a suit home, he it sayes,
 Looks o're the bill, likes it, and cryes, God payes.
 He steals to Ordinaries there he plays
 At Dice with borrowed money, which God payes.
 Then takes up fresh Commodities for dayes,
 Signes to new bonds, forfeits, and cryes, God payes,
 That lost, he keeps his chamber, reads Essays,
 Takes Physick, tears the papers, still God payes.
 Or else by water goes, and so to Plays;
 Calls for his stool, adorns the stage, God pays.
 To every cause he meets, this clause he brayes,
 His only answer is to all, God payes,
 Not his poor Cockatrice, but he betrayes
 Thus, and for his lechery he cryes, God payes;
 But see th' old Bawd hath serv'd him in his trim,
 Lent him a pocky whore, she hath paid him.

On one perfum'd.

TH' expence of odours is a most vain sin,
 Unlessse thou couldst, Sir Cod, wear them within.

On a Gamester reform'd.

Lord! here's a Gamester chang'd, his hair close cut,
 His neck fenc'd round with rus, his eyes half shut!
 His cloaths two fashions of, and poor, his sword
 Forbid his side, and nothing but the word
 Quick in his lip; Who hath this wonder wrought?

The

The late tane *Bastinado*; so I thought?
 What several wayes men to this calling have?
 The body's stripes I see the soul may save.

Of a Voluptuous Knight.

WHile *Beast* instructs his fair and vertuous Wife
 In the past pleasures of a sensual life;
 Telling the motions of each petticoat,
 And how his Ganimed mov'd, and how his goat,
 And now he hourly her own Cucquean makes
 In varied shapes, which for his lust he takes;
 What doth he else but say, Leave to be chaste,
 Just wife, and to change me, make womans haste.

On a Usurer.

Banks feels no lameness of his knotty gout,
 His monyes travel for him in and out.
 'Twere madness in thee to betray thy fame
 And person to the world, e're I thy name.

On a Lawyer.

NO Cause nor Client fat will Chiverill keese,
 But as they come on both sides, take their fees,
 And please both, for while he melts his grease
 or this, that wins for whom he holds his peace,

On old Colt.

FOR all night-fins with other wives unknown,
 Colt now doth daily penance in his own.

On Gipsee.

Gipsee new bawd is turn'd Physitian,
 And gets more gold than all the Colledge can:

Such her quaint practice is, so it allures,
That what she gave a Whore, a Bawd she cures.

On Giles and Jone.

WHO says that *Giles* and *Jone* at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mome can see:
Indeed poor *Giles* repents he married ever,
But that his *Jone* doth too; and *Giles* would never
By his free will be in *Jones* Company,
No more thou'd *Jone* he would. *Giles* riseth early,
And having gotten out of dores is glad.
The like is *Jone*: but coming home is sad,
And so is *Jone*. Oft times when *Giles* doth find
Harsh sight at home, *Giles* wisheth he were blind;
All this doth *Jone*; or that his long yard life
Were quite out-pun: the like wish hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, *Giles* swears are none
Of his begetting, and so swears *Jone*.
In all affections she concurrerh still;
If now with man and wife to will and nill
The self-same thing a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree.

To Woo-all, a Knight.

IS this the Knight, who some vast Wife to win,
A Knight-hood bought to go a wooing in?
It's luckless, he that looks upon one band
To pay at's day of marriage by my hand;
The Knight right's cheated then he'll never pay,
Yes now he wears his Knight-hood every day.

Another.

SIr Lucklesse, troth-for luck-sake pass by one,
He that woos every widow; will get none.

On Bawds and Usurers.

LIke as their ends, their fruit were so the same,
Bawdry and Usury were one kind of game.

On Spies.

Spies, you are lights in Stat, but of base stuff;
Who when y'ave burnt your selves down to the snuff,
Sink, and are thrown away; end, fair enough.



*A new Song on the Turkish Artist,
which not long since came into England,
and danced on a Rope, eight and thirty foot
from the ground.*

A Wight there is come out of the East,
A mortal of great fame ;
He looks like a man, for he is no beast,
Yet he has never a Christen name :
Some say he's a Turk, some call him a Jew,
For ten that bely him, scarce one tells true,
Let him be what he will, 'tis all one to you ;
But yet he shall be a Turk.

This Turk, as I said in the Verse before,
Is a very fine tawny thing ;
If I tell you his gifts you can ask no more,
He can fly without any wing .
He towers like a Falcon over the people,
Before he comes down he's as high as *Pauls* steeple,
'Tis strange he makes not himself a Creeple,
But yet, &c.

Now to tell you how he gets up so high,
Why that's as strange as the other ;
When he's forty yards from you, he's not very nigh,
These wonders are like one another.
But up he goes, and how does he go ?
Even walk on his foot, and take hold on his toe,
He stands on his head o'th pinnacle of Boe ;
But yet, &c.

Pray

Pray how do you think he begins his work
So wonderful to behold ?
I cannot sufficiently praise this Turk,
For he's worth his weight in gold :
He goes, forsooth, with a pole in his hand,
Till he comes to sit down where another can't stand,
There he looks about, and surveys the Land,
But yet, &c.

Even as the bird on the steeple-fane
Looks like a little one ;
So I tell you over and over again,
Looks he the rope upon.
He's no fatter than us, but a mighty deal freer,
And though we think him no better than we are,
Upon the high rope he's each mans overseer,
But yet, &c.

When you see him appear in all his geers,
He seems to be under sail ;
If the Fiend don't hold him by the ears,
Me thinks his cunning should fail :
He makes no more to run on a rope,
Than a Puritan does of a Bishop or Pope.
And comes down with a vengeance at one single lope,
But yet, &c.

On a sloping cord he'l go you shall see
Even from the very ground,
Full sixty foot high, where I would not be,
Though you'd give me a thousand pound.
First he stands and makes faces, and looks down below,
Would I had twelve-pence for each could not do so,
By my troth I'de never make Ballad mo,
But yet, &c.

One may not venture high with him to dwell,
He has rapiers at his feet,
And a May-pole in his fist so cruel,
You'd blesse your self to see't.
Though his cap be green, his breeches be red,
He'l stand on a pole a top of his head,
To see him do all he'd bring you to bed,
But yet, &c.

There is a story yet untold,
 You'l hardly believ't when you hear't,
 And a wonderful one 'tis to behold,
 As shall appear ne're fear't ;
 He has a kind of a haberdehoy,
 T'yd to his feet, God give him joy,
 Which he swings as high as the walls of *Troy*.
 But yet, &c.

When he's above us, we are below him,
 Yet wish not our selves together ;
 We dare not hazard a leg or a limb,
 For cracking a parcel of either :
 But he the predominant Lord of the Cord,
 Domineers o're the Peasant, the Knight, and the Lord,
 And honestly shews fair play above board,
 But yet, &c.

His confidence commends him much,
 For he feareth the look of none ;
 He puts down *English, French and Dutch*,
 And in ten shall give them one :
 For what they deny to be, though it be good,
 He ventures to strengthen his faith with his blood,
 And they that saw him, him understood,
 But yet, &c.

They say he's a man that's very well bred,
 And carries a Babel of Tongues.
 His feet are so high from the top of your head,
 To make him hear would crack your Lungs.
 He cannot much boast of his goods or Lands,
 But he gets his living by his feet and his hands,
 You must know he's one of your heyderidans,
 But yet, &c.

He's a very religious man also,
 And is careful of his ways,
 As doth behove him much you know,
 Or else he should shorten his days.
 Though he venture his body on a very high pole,
 There are higher than he venture body and soul ;
 This is a truth, and defies controule,
 But yet, &c.

Then

Then a speech is made in a heathenish tongue,
Even of his own accord ;
To say what he sayes, I should do you wrong,
For I understand never a word.
He quits his pole and his thumbs,
He wipes his face, and he picks his gums,
He dons his doublet, and down he comes,
And there's an end of the Turk.

News, strange and wonderful.

OF a monstrous Monster, or a great huge mighty Giant that was a late-lye, taken in the bottom of a bottomless hop sack; or, as others say (for reports do much vary) upon a very great hill that lieth in the plain of No-name; in the Land of I-can't-tell where, or, as most do believe, in the Desert of *Bumfexo*, by some out-landish Land-Mariners, who intended to bring him to the Tower of London in *Norfolk* for a great prize, but that they could not find a Ship big enough to carry him; wherefore now they resolve to keep him there still; and having chain'd him upon the top of Mount *Atlas*, to one of *Hercules's* Pillars, stretch'd out at his full length, they think to get mony by shewing him with a prospective glasse, upon the top of *Pauls* Steeple: to which place the Trumpeter that clim'd to the top of *Salisbury* Spire, is desired to walk up upon the out-side of the wall, and sound his Trumpet to invite Customers, Prentises, Fools, and Citizens Wives. Pray walk up, Friends.

Dedicated to the Mirrar of Lyers, and to the true Patron, honourer, and lover of lying, Sir Simon Credulous.

*Then, Grubstreet, peace: and if we thee out-vye,
Think on't, that ours is a Gyant-lye.*

Most Horrible Sir,

I Have made bold to dedicate a poor harmless learned illiterate Lye to your horror in lame galloping rime, being fully confident, that, through the plenteous want of truths, it will be pleasing, acceptable, and no way distastful unto your horrible-ness, and that you will convey, through the conduit pipe of your eyes, into the cistern of your heart, the words which are here written; and, having well weighed them in the ballance of your light brains, will lock them up in the trunk of your memory, to produce now and then over a Cup of Canary, which you cannot chuse but very well love; And indeed, I know none so fit as your self to present this serious-lye to, but to your self, being the transplendent master thereof; but being not willing to trouble you over much at this time, knowing you to be so well stor'd already, I shall take leave to leave you and and the subject together, which if you will read and understand for a truth, you will do more for the Author, than ever he could or would, for himself.

*I will not be too tedious to lose time,
But briefly shew it unto you in rime.*

A Tale of a Tub, and a Gyant.

THe greatest wonder that ever was beard,
Is a Gyant that's all over beard;
Since I was born, and twenty years before,
I never heard of such a monstrous Moore,
That can devour a whole Ox at a bit,
Ten men with shovels threw mustard after it:
And when threescore such bits are out of sight,
His stomachs stay'd till supper time at night.
His club's of brass, and yet it is as big
As six mill-posts, and that he calls his twig.
And now before I tell you any more,
I will relate how they did take this Bore;
As these stout Mariners did sail that way,
By chance they saw this Gyant where he lay.
They streight cast anchor, and thereat lay to spy
How they might take him by policy;

*In the De-
sars of
Bumfezo.*

And

And so they all concluded out of hand,
 To carry a Butt of Sack upon the Land ;
 And by the Spring were he did use to tipple
 They set this liquor, that would make a Cripple
 To caper, swagger, vapour, stamp, and swear,
 And then they watched when he would come there ;
 He presently the Spring approaches nigh ,
 And sees the Butt that there was standing by,
 He took't in's hand like to a little cup ,
 And throws it down his throat all at a sup.
 He thought it would spring full again I think,
 As did the Spring where he was wont to drink ;
 For he for fear some Ruffian should him rob,
 Though he were naked, put it in his fob.
 The Sack it wrought so hard, it fox'd this Moore,
 Who in all his life, was ne're so fox'd before.
 It being thus ascended in his crown,
 He presently goes for to lye him down ;
 Then went a thousand to conquer him in fight,
 But he no sooner on them had set fight ,
 Take's Club in hand, and struck at them so sound,
 He drave his Club ten yards into the ground :
 Which while he laboured to pull out again,
 He was surprized by the thousand men ;
 Who with great Iron chains did bind the sloven ;
 Which made him quake and tremble like an oven.
 This being done, they then did dance and skip,
 And with great tackles draw'd * him to the Ship ;
 In which they said, to th' * Tower he should swim,
 But that they fear'd it would not carry him ;
 So massie was his weight, so vast his length :
 And now I'll tell you somewhat of his strength.
 He'll take Pauls Steeple up betwixt his hands,
 And throw't to Dover, thence to Calice Sands ;
 He'll take a Rock in's hand as big as any Mountain,
 And crush't so hard till't flow like any Fountain.
 We'll take the greatest Whale that swim'th in Seas,
 And on his finger crack them like to fleas ;
 Leviathan-like, he'll draw up half the Main
 Into his mouth, and spit it out again.
 It rains all Countries over when he beaks,
 And thunders all the world o're when he speaks ;
 When that his foreman somewhat big doth grow,

*A 1000
 men were
 carried in
 this Land-
 Ship.*

** Being
 drunk
 asleep.*

** Alas poor
 fellow, he
 had never
 seen the
 Lyons.*

*Is it to be
considered,
that so
great a
draught
will make
him leak.*

*That is his
Tired.*

A hundred women may ride on't all a row ;
The Towers great roaring meg must make a ring for's thumb,
It would too tedious be to tell you the whole sum
What he can do, yet something more beside,
He steps full forty nine yards at on stride ;
Two Ships well laden, when he strideth wide,
May saile betwixt his legs with wind and tide.
A hundred Lyons at one blow down he thwacks,
And straightway tears their skins from off their backs,
And sewes them with bell-ropes to make him a Mantle,
With which he covers his Pintle-de Pantle.

Now if I tell you, hold it not in scorn
Of things which he did before he was born ;
He likewise did before that he was born,
Let such a fart, that divers Oakes were torn
Up by the roots, and blown were from that place
Three miles at least, a pox upon his arse :
But when he heard this crack flie from behind,
He cry'd out, I prethee blow dry sweet wind,
And therewithall he gave a mighty start ;
For five hours time was heard this noise of th' fart ;
From six ith' morning it lasted until noon,
And ne're left roaring till't struck eleven by th' Moon.
Now if they can but keep this bug alive,
The Devil's in them if they do not thrive ;
But I must tell you somewhat more beside,
Ere he was born, surely this Gyant dy'd ;
For I ne're saw him, nor I think ne're shall,
In City nor in Town; but thus I fall
Off from the Story of this mighty Gyant,
Wishing him hang'd that rais'd the first lye on't ;
But for to end with what I have begun,
I with my lying truly now have done.

This botching work I must confesse it mine is,
Or else I should have ended it with *Finis* ;
But I must tell you, I do not intend
To write in *Latine*, and so there's an *End*.

*Bacchus his School, wherein he teaches the Art
of Drinking, by a most learned Method.*

THe eighth liberal Science is called the art of Drinking. The Professors thereof call a house where a green Garland, or painted hoop is hanged out, a *Colledge*; where there is lodging, horse-meat, and man-meat, it's called an *In's of Court*, hall, or an *hostle*; where nothing is sold but Ale and Tobacco, a *Grammar School*. A red Lettice, a *Free-School*.

The Degrees attain'd in this School are these: A fat corpulent fellow, a *Master of Arts*. A lean drunkard, a *Bachelour*. He that hath a purple face enchac'd with rubies, a *Bachelour of Law*. He that hath a red nose, he that goes to School by six of the clock in the morning, and gets his Lesson perfectly by eleven, him they call a *Pregnant*. Now

If he studies the *English* long, He drinks

If the *Dutch*,

If the *Spanish*,

If the *Italian*,

If the *German*,

If the *Irish*,

If *Welch*,

If *Latine*,

If *Greek*,

If *Hebrew*,

Beer.

Ale.

Sack.

Bassard.

Rhenish.

Uisquebagh.

Metheglin.

Allicant,

Muscadel.

Hypocras.

The books studied, are three of an old Translation.

The Tankard.

The black Jack.

The quart pot rib'd.

Those of the new Translation are,

The Jug

The Beaker.

The single Can, or black Pot.

The Professors of this Art are busied in these several sorts of studies.

He

He that weeps in his cups
 and is Maudlin drunk,
 He that laughs and talks
 much, (Studies)
 He that gives good Counsel,
 He that builds Castles
 in the air,
 He that sings in his drink,
 He that disgorges his Stomach,
 He that brags of his
 Travels,
 He that rimes extempore,
 or speaks play-speeches.
 He that cries Trill hill boyes, is a
 He that calls his fellow drunkard, a
 He that proves his Argument
 by a Pamphlet, or a Ballad, a
 He that rubs off his score with
 his elbow, hat, or cloak, an
 He that knocks his head against a post,
 then looks up to the sky, an
 He that reels from one side
 of the kennel to another, a
 He that going homeward, falls
 into a ditch, or kennel, a
 He that loseth himself in his
 discourse or talk, a
 He that brawles and wrangles
 in his cups, a
 He that loveth to drink in
 hugger-mugger, a
 He that drinks to all comers, a
 He that hath no mony in his purse,
 but drinks on trust, a
 He that in his wine is nothing
 but Complements, a
 He that drinks and forgets to whom,
 is said to study

Hydromancy.
 Natural Philosophy.

Morality.

Metaphysicks.
 Musick.
 Physick.

Cosmography.

Poetry.
 Rhetorician.
 Logician.

Grammarian.

Arithmetician.

Astronomer.

Geometrician.

Navigator.

Mooler.

Barriſter.

Benchet.
 Young Student.

Merchant-Venturer.

Civilian.

Art of Memory.

*The places of Dignity which they have
usurpt from other Courts.*

HE that plucks his friend or acquaintance into a Tavern by force, is called a	Sergeant.
He that quarrels with his hostess and calls her whore,	Puts in his declaration.
He that is silent in his cups is said to	Demur upon the plaintiff.
He that ingrosseth all the talk to himself, is call'd	Foreman of the Jury.
He that with his loud talk deafens all the company,	Cryer of the Court.
He that takes upon him to pay the reckoning,	Pronounceth Judgement.
He that wants money while another man pays, is	Quit by Proclamation.
He that gives his host a Bill of his hand, is	Sav'd by his Clergy.
He that is so free that he will pledge all comers,	Attorney General.
He that wears a night cap, having been sick of a Surfeit,	Serjeant of the coyf.
He that is observed to be drunk but once a week,	Ordinary Pursuivant.
He that takes his rouse freely but once a month,	Sub-Sheriff.
He that healths it but once a quarter,	Justice of the peace.
He that takes his rouse but twice a year,	Judge of the Court.

*They have also other Officers in respect and dignity,
Civill and Martial. The Civill are thus reckoned.*

HE that is unruly in his cups swaggers, flings pots and drawers down stairs breaks glasses, and beats the fiddlers about the room, is	Major Dome, or Grand Steward.
He that cuts down signs and bushes,	Mr. Controller.
	He

He that can win the farour of his hostesse's daughter to lie with her,	Principal Secretary.
He that stands upon his strength, and begins new healths,	Master of the Ceremonies.
He that is the first to begin new frolicks,	Master of the Novelties.
He that flings cushions, napkins, and trenchers about the room,	Master of Misrule.
He that wanting mony, pawns his cloak,	Master of the Wardrobe.
He that calls for rasbers, pickled oysters and anchovies,	Clerk of the Kitchin.
He that talks much, and speaks Nonsense,	a Proctor. Register.
He that tells tedious and long tales,	
He that takes the tale out of another mans mouth,	Publick Notary.

Their Martial preferments.

HE that drinks in his boots and jingling spurs,	a Col. of a Regiment.
He that drinks in his silk stockings, and silk garters.	a Capt. of a foot Company.
He that flings pottle and quart pot down stairs,	Marshal of the Field.
He that begins three healths together round the table,	Master of the Ordnance.
He that calls first in the Company for a Looking-glasse,	Camp-Master.
He that washes the faggots by pissing in the chimney,	Corporal of the Field.
He that thunders in the room, and beats the Drawer,	Drum-Major.
He that looks red, and colours in his drink,	Ensign bearer.
He that thrusts himself into company, and hangs upon others,	Gent. of a company.
He that keeps company, and hath but two-pence to spend,	Lanspresado.
He that pockets up gloves, knives, and hand-kerchiefs,	Sutler.

He that drinks three days
together without respite,
He that swears and lyes
in his drink,

An old Souldier.

An Intelligencer.

Their Sea-service.

HE that having overcome
himself utters his stomach
in his next fellows boots, is

Admiral of the
narrow Seas.

He that pisseth under the
table to offend their shooes
or stockings,

Vice-Admiral.

He that is flaw'd in the
company before the rest,

Master of a Ship.

He that is the second who
is drunk at the Table,

Masters Mate.

He that like a sloven spils
his liquor upon the Table

Swabber.

He that privately and closely
stealeth his liquor,

Pirate of the narrow Seas.

He that is suddenly taken
with the hickup,

Master-Gunner.

He that is still smoaking
with a pipe at his nose,

Cook?

He that belcheth either
backward or forward,

Trumpeter.

How they teach one another to write.

HE that is industrious to learn
the Secretary hand calls for
a bowle of

Six-shillings Beer.

He that desires to write a fair
Roman hand, calls for

Charnico.

He that for that time would
practise Court-hand,

Canary.

He that will write the Chancery
hand, calls for three horns of

Bragger.

He that would be perfect in

Chequer

Chequer hand begins with a
draught of the Wool-sack,
He that cannot see the way out
of the Library, must call for a
legible hand to read, and that is a

Ale, or Beer,

Cup of Sack.

Their Penal Statutes, Forfeitures, and Writ.

NO man ought to call a good fellow Drunkard. But if any
time he sees any defect in his neighbour, he may without a
forfeit say, he is fox'd, he is flaw'd, fluster'd, cupshot, cut in the
leg or back, he hath seen the French King, he hath swallowed
a Hare, or a Tavern token, he hath whipt the Cat, he makes
Indentures, he hath bit his Grannam, he is bit by a barn Weesel;
with many such like.

*Of the breach of which, issues out
divers Writs.*

THE first Writ or Cup, with which
he ought to be served, is
The second is an
The fourth, if he be peremptory,
The fifth, which cannot be avoided,
If the Liquor be any way distastful,
there goes out a Writ, call'd

a Sub-pœna.

Exigent.

a Capias.

a Fieri facias.

a better Inquiry.

Several other Writs.

IF any shall rudely presse into
the room without leave,
If he be admitted, he then pleads
by a Writ call'd
If he go out of the room,
and pay not for what he call'd a

a forcible entry.

*Libertate probanda.*Let him not depart
the Kingdom.

If he begins to stagger,
two cups is an

Attachment.

If he chance to fall
under the Table,

a binding Proccesse.

If

If he be drowfie, and offer
to sleep in the room,
If he be dead drunk
without motion,

If any cease to drink,
and fall to whisper,
If any offer to buy the stooping,
If any unruly drunkard chance
to be kickt down stairs,

But if he suffer'd to stay
with good leave,
If any one of them hides his head
for the reckoning,
If a Drunkard sit long in a
Tavern and shall be
fetcht home by his wife, a
If he drink from morning,
untill the Sun go down,

a *Habeas Corpus*.

a *Capias* of the
Out-law'd person,

a Writ of Conspiracy.
Champertie.

Take the Excom-
municate.

We have giv'n power.

a *Latitat*.

By what Right.

The Writ call'd,
Disem clausit extremum.

*Titles proper to the young Scholars of Bacchus,
and of certain Orders which he hath bequeathed
them for their better Government.*

HE that makes himself a
laughing-stock to the whole
company,

He that will be still kissing
and smouching his hostess
behind the door,

He that will be still kissing
all comers in,

He that is three parts foxt,
and will be kissing,

He that is permitted

Tenant in fee
Simple.

Tenant in taile
special.

Tenant in taile
general.

Tenant in taile
after possibility
of issue extinct.

to take a nap, or
to sleep,

If two or three women meet
twice or thrice a week to take a
gossips cup, They are
He that had the disposing of a
donative among his comrades

He whose head seems to be
heavier than his heels, holds in
He whose heels are heavier
than his head holds in
All Gentlemen drunkards,
Scholars, and Souldiers, hold in
He that drinks nothing but Sack
and Aquavita, holds by
He that drinks only Ale
and Beer, holds by
He that drinks uncover'd
with his head bare,
He that humbles himself to
drink on his knee.
He that hunteth the Taverns
or Tap-houses, when he comes
first to age,
He that hath sold and mortgag'd
all the Land he hath
He whose Wife goes with him
to the Ale-house, is a
He that articles with his hostess
about the reckoning, is a
He whose wife uses to
fetch him home, is
He that staggering, supports
himself by a wall or a post,
holds by the

Tenant by the cur-
tesie of England.

Tenants in dowre.

Tenant in
Frank Almaine.

Capite.

Socage.

Knights service.

Grand Searjeantie.

Petit-Serjeantie.

Tenders his homage.

Doth his Fealty.

Payes his relief.

Sues for his Legacy.

Free-holder.

Copy-holder.

Tenant at will.

Verge.

Customes

Customes to be observed.

NOT to drink to any man, if a woman be in presence.
 Nor to drink to the Tapster or Drawer, upon pain of drinking twice.
 To keep the first man, and to know to whom you drink.
 To have a care to see your self pledg'd.
 That you see the health go round.

*The Names of famous men among the Greeks,
 for great drinkers.*

1. **N**estor, whose drinking-cup is compared to *Achille* his shield.
2. *Alexander* the Great, who drunk a bowl of Wine, containing two gallons, and a quart.
3. *Proteus*, who pledg'd *Alexander*.
4. *Darius*, upon whose tomb was written,
Vinum multum bibere potui, idque perferre.
5. *Philip* of *Macedon*, Sir-named *Bibax* by *Theopompus*.
6. *Dionysius Junior* tyrant of *Sicily*, who drunk continually.
7. *Nisæus* tyrant of *Syracuse*.
8. *Apollocrates* brother to *Nisæus*.
9. *Timolaus* the *Theban*.
10. *Charidemus* the *Theban*.
11. *Arcadion*.
12. *Erexemus*.
13. *Alcaatus* called *Infundibulum*, the Tunnell.
14. *Chormenes* the *Lacedemonian*.
15. *Alcaus* the *Poet*.
16. *Baton Synopsus*.
17. *Xenarchus Rhodius*, for his bibacity called *Metastor*.
18. *Zenocrates* the *Philosopher*, who won the golden Crown proposed at a drinking-combat, for drinking up at a draught the cup called *Choa*, containing a gallon and a pint.
19. *Dionysius Heracleotes*.
20. *Anacharsis* the *Scythian*.
21. *Misernus* the *Egyptian*.

22. *Amasis*, King of Egypt.
23. *Nicolites*, the Corinthian.
24. *Scorta*, the son of Creon.
25. *Antigonus*.
26. *Aristeus*, and *Themiston*.
27. *Antiochus Epiphanes*, called also *Bibax*.
28. *Antiochus Magnus*, whose debauchery gave occasion to the Romans, to rout his whole Army.
29. *Agrones*, King of the *Illyrians*.
30. *Tuthiones*, his successor.
31. *Demetrius* King of *Syria*.
32. *Olofernes* King of *Cappadocia*.
33. *Cleo*, a Grecian woman, of whom *Phaleucus* saith in an Epigram of her, that no man durst contend with her for drinking.

Men famous among the Romans for bibbers.

1. **M**arcus Antonius, one of the three Triumvirate with *Octavius* and *Lepidus*.
2. *Augustus Caesar*.
3. *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, who instead thereof for his great drinking, was called *Caldus Biberius Nero*.
4. *Caius Caligula*.
5. The Tyrant *Nero*.
6. *Galba*.
7. *Vitellius*.
8. *Aelius Verus*.
9. *Plautianus*.
10. *Severus*.
11. *Antonius*.
12. *Heliogabalus*.
13. *Bonofus*.
14. *Maximinus Thrax*, who was also famous for a great Eater.
15. *Firminus*, and
16. *Gallienus*.

Cases in Common Law.

If there be two brothers, and the elder being seized of sixteen pence in credit, shall be made dead drunk in the Library, the younger may enter as the next heir upon the sixteen pence in demean, and presently convey it over in fee to his hostess; but, except she please, the sixteen pence in credit shall not descend, because the elder brother died, not seized.

If three Gentlemen jointly purchase three gallons of Sack to themselves, and the remainder over to their servants in fee; if the men fall drunk before their Masters without issue, the remainder reverts as escheat to the donour, and the surviving purchaser (his fellows being blown up) goes away with the whole; which he may alienate to the next comer in, *Non obstante*, the Statute of Alienation.

In case of linnen it hath been adjudged, that if four brothers have but one shirt amongst them, if by consent of all four, that single shirt be condemned to the Lombard, and the purchase spent in the Library, the naked truth in the Common Law in that case is, that they are compellable to wear no linnen, and to go wool-ward for pennance, till the next bountiful hedge commiserates their necessity.

If two empty Corporals, or Low country Souldiers lately come over happen into a strange Library, and after the turning over the Books of the old Translation, they be called to account for their learning; if they upon some feign'd case fall to quarrel, and the Clerk be well and thoroughly beaten for his labour, they may by the force of the Common Law, depart (whilst the disputation is hot) scot-free, and shot-free.

If a bottle of *Aqua Vita*, or strong-water, descend to three Gossips, they may as partners divide the liquor by a cup, or glass of partition; but yet the bottle, as a thing not dividable, they shall occupy in common, till two of them de cease, and be buried in the Library; then the surviving Gossip may carry away the bottle whole (if she break it not, by the way) and that by the way of survivorship.

If a Clerk bring to any approved Scholar, a book of a false Volumn, that is, when it should be in *Quarto*, to bring him one in *Octavo*, or instead of one in *Duo-decimo*, to bring him one in *Decimo-sexto*, although the Student turn it over for Instruction sake, yet if he mislike the Volumn, he may

lawfully break the Cover of the Book about the Clerks head ; and justifie it by a decree made at the first setting up of the Library.

If a female Covert offer her Peticoat or Smock to any of the School , and he takes one, or both up for the reckonings : If her husband come just in the nick , the Plaintiff shall abate , and the Clerk shall be forc'd , in despite of breeches, to withdraw his action , or to let it fall , and all because it was not before enter'd.

Of the first Inventors of things.

Numbers, as some say were invented by *Pythagoras* ; but (as others say) by *Mercury* ; as *Livy* thinketh, *Pallas*. The manner of counting years in *Greece* , was by Olympiads , which contained the same space of years , as the *Romans* also by *Lustrum* , which contained the same space of year : and these years they counted sometimes by Letters , and sometimes by Nails ; for every year the Consul, or chief Judge, fastned a nail in the wall of *Jupiter's* Temple, next adjoining to that of *Pallas*, to signify the space and distance of years.

Of Building.

BY ancient Authors it is delivered in their writing, that in the beginning of the world men lived in Caves and Wildernesses , feeding on the fruits and roots of the earth ; and perceiving how commodious it was to be sheltered from the vehemency of cold and storms , some began to make Cottages of boughs and trees ; others digged Caves in the Mountains ; afterwards , as their inventions increased , they began to frame buildings with walls , which they set up with long props , and so binding them about with rods , they clos'd them with mud and clay , covering them with reeds or boughs. At length they came to the Art of building, which by most of the Ethnick Writers is ascrib'd to *Pallas*. Though others are of opinion , that the finding out of this Craft more peculiarly ought to be attributed to *Cain*, or to *Fubal* the son of *Lamech*.

Houses

Houses of clay were first invented by *Doxius* the son of *Gellius*, who took his example from the Swallow's nest.

Brick building was invented by *Eurialus* and *Hyperbolus*, two bretheren at *Athens*. Though others attribute it to *Vesta* the daughter of *Saturn*.

Tile and Slate were the invention of *Synaras* of *Agriopa* in the Isle of *Cyprus*. Quarries were invented by *Cadmus* in *Thebes*. Yet now a days, the invention of such Arts is more fitly thought to be referred to *Cain*, or the Posteritie of *Seth*, who made two Pillars, one of Brick, the other of Stone, and wrote upon them the whole Art of Astronomy. Notwithstanding it is not denyed, but that the aforementioned persons began these Inventions in the Countreys where they lived.

Marble was us'd in building by the Nobility of *Rome*, to shew their costly Magnificence: So that *Scaurus* being a publick Officer in *Rome*, caused 360. Marble Pillars to be carried for the making of one Stage, whereon an Enterlude was to be play'd. *Lucius Crassus* was the first that had Pillars of Marble. *Lepidus* made the gates of his house of *Numidian* Marble:

In graving Marble, *Dipænus Scilus* was the first that flourish'd, before the Reign of King *Cyrus* in *Persia*.

Cities by whom first built, as also concerning the Invention of Temples, and Tents.

THe occasion of building Cities is thus reported. For when men, as is said before, had gathered themselves into several Cottages, they lived in distinct houses, which made them begin to think of gathering substance for the support of their families. But seeing themselves daily robb'd and spoil'd by those that were stronger, they were forc'd to joyn themselves together in a company, and to dwell within a certain compass of ground, which they either walled, or trench'd about. Afterwards it is said that *Cecrops* built *Athens*, and by his own name called it *Cecropia*. *Phoroneus* built *Argos*, though the *Egyptians* affirme that *Diospolis* was long before. *Trasus* first made Walls and Towers. But *Josephus* saith, that *Cain* was the first that built a City, and called it *Enochia*, after the name of his Son *Enoch*; and after the dayes of *Noah*, by the advice of *Nimrod*, there were certain men that

built a very high Tower, which was called *Babel*.

Tents were invented by *Jubal* the Son of *Lamech*. Among the *Phœnicians* they were found out by *Seculus*.

Concerning Temples, it is affirmed that *Pythius* a Carpenter was the first that made a Temple in honour of *Pallas* in *Priane*: though others say that the *Egyptians* were the first that instituted Temples. In *Rome*, *Romulus* was the first that erected one in honour of *Jupiter Feretrius*.

Of the Division of the Days.

There are in a year 365 days, and 12 hours; Those of each month are divided into Calends, Nones, and Ides: Calends were so named of Calling; for at the beginning of those days, the chief Ruler of the Sacrifices called an Assembly in the Capitol, and shewed them their Festival days, and what it was lawful to do in that month. The Nones were so called, because they were the ninth day from the Ides, which Ides, are the middle day of every month; so called from an old *Tuscan* word, signifying to divide in the midst: which fashion of counting the months, lasted 400 years after the City was built, and was kept secret among the Priests, of their Religion, till the time that *Flavius Sulpitius Averio*, and *Sempronius Suffolungus* being Consuls, against the will of the Senators, they disclosed their Solemn Feasts, and published them in a Table, that every man might peruse them.

Of Dyals.

Dyals were first found out by a *Milesian* among the *Lacedæmonians*, which declared the hours by the shadow of the hand. It was a good while ere they were us'd in *Rome*; for in the twelve Tables there was only rehearsed the rising and going down of the Sun; and a few years after, noon, or mid-day was found, and this was only on clear days, when they might perceive the course and altitude of the Sun. The first Dial was set up on a Pillar openly, which stood behind the common Pulpit, or Barre, called *Rostra*, at the charge of *Valerius Messala*, in the first battel against the *Carthaginian* War. The Water-Dial was used first in *Rome* by *Scipio Nasica*, to divide the hours

hours of the day and night. Who were the Inventors of Clocks and Sun-Dyals, is yet unknown.

Of Divination.

DIVINATIONS were reckoned to be of two sorts; the one natural, the other artificial. Natural, is that which is occasioned by a natural commotion or stirring of the mind, that happens sometimes to men when they are asleep; sometime by a kind of fury and rapture of the mind, as it was with the *Sy-bils*; of the same nature were the Oracles of *Apollo* and *Jupiter Hammon*. Artificial, those which come of conjectures, old considerations and observances of the entrailes of beasts, flying of birds, casting of lots, &c.

The inspection of the bowels of beasts was invented by the *Hetrurians*; which chanced thus. It happened that a man going to plow, chanced to raise up a deeper furrow than he was wont to do: upon a suddain there arose out of the earth one *Tayes*, that taught them all the mysteries of Sooth-saying.

Divination by looking on birds, by *Tiresias* the *Theban*.

Orpheus added Divination by other beasts. Casting of Lots: *Numerius Suffusus* was the first that invented.

Of Geometry.

THE *Egyptians* gloried to have been the first that invented Geometry. Geometry contains the description of lengths, breadths, shapes and quantities. In this, excell'd *Strabo* in the time of *Tiberius*, and *Ptolomie* in the time of *Trajan* and *Antonius*. Measures and weights were found by *Sidonius*, about the time that *Procas* reigned in *Alba*, *Axa* in *Israel*, and *Fero-boam* in *Jerusalem*.

Of Games.

THE Principal Games among the Greeks were the Olympiads, which were kept every fifth year in the Mount *Olympus*, and instituted by *Hercules* in honour of *Jupiter*. In this Game *Corylas* an *Arcadian* won the first prize;

though others say that *Hercules* was the first that won it: There was wrestling, running with horses; and, on foot, journeying, leaping, coursing with Chariots, contention of Poets, Rhetoricians, disputations of Philosophers. The manner was, then to proclaim Wars, and enter Leagues of Peace; the reward of the Victor was a Garland of Olives.

The second Shews, were those called *Pythia*, which were in honour of *Apollo*, in memorial of his vanquishing the great Dragon *Pytho*; that was sent by *Juno* to persecute his mother *Latona*.

The third Game were *Isthmii*, devised by *Theseus* in the worship of his father *Neptune*, environ'd with a dark wood of Pitch trees; They who won the Victory, had a Garland of Pine tree.

The fourth were the *Nemei*, nam'd of the Forrest of *Nemea*. This Feast those of *Argos* kept solemnly in reverence of *Hercules* that slew there the mighty Lyon, whose skin he wore for a coat of Armour.

Pyrrhus Dance was a Dance wherein the *Lacedemonians* practised their youth as soon as they came to be five years of age, as a preparation to greater affairs in War. It was first instituted in *Crete* by one of the *Sybill's* Priests; they danced in Armour, and with weapons on horse-back.

Naked Games were invented by *Lycan*. Funeral playes by *Acastus*. Wrestling by *Mercury*. Dice, Tables, Tennis, and Cards, were found of the *Lydians*, a people of *Asia*; and began neither for gain, nor pleasure, but for the good of the Common-wealth. For there being a very great dearth and want of provision in the Country, so that people having not enough to supply their necessities, were forced one day to take their meat moderately, and another day by course they applied themselves to such sports, to drive away the tediousness of the famine.

Cheffe was invented in the year of the world 3635. by a certain wise man named *Xerxes*, to shew to a Tyrant that Majesty and Authority without strength and assistance, without the help of men and subjects, was causal to many calamities.

There is a Game also that is played with the postern bone of the hinder-foot of a Sheep, Goat, Fallow, or red Deer; it hath four chances; the Ace point, and he that cast that, laid down a penny, or as much as was concluded by the Gamesters; the other side was called *Venus*, and he that threw

threw it won six, or as much as was laid down before ; the other two sides were called *Chius*, and *Senio* ; he that threw *Chius* won three, and he that threw *Senio* won four. Some ascribe the finding out of Cards and Chess to *Palamides*.

Hunting.

Hunting and Fishing were found out by the *Phanicians*.

Husbandry.

Husbandry was invented among the *Egyptians* by *Dionysius*. Among the *Greeks* by *Triptolemus*. In *Italy* by *Saturn*, though *Virgil* will have *Ceres* to be the first Inventer of it ; *Pilumnus* taught men to bake and grind ; *Triptolemus* and *Briges* the *Athenian*, were the inventors of the Plough ; and *Dionysius* was the first that yoked Oxen to draw it. Instruments of Husbandry were first invented by *Ceres*. Wine was found out by *Dionysius*, for he first perceived the nature of the Vine, and then taught men to set it, and then to presse the Wine out of the Grape. In *Athens*, they say that *Icarus* the Father of *Penelope* found it out first in *Athens*, who was afterwards slain by the Husbandmen when they were drunk. *Deucalion* first found out the Vine about Mount *Atna* in *Sicilie*. *Aruntes* a *Tyrrhene* being banished out of his Country by *Lucimon*, whom he had bred up of a child, carried first Wine into *France*. Wine-Taverns were first set up by the *Lydians*, a people of *Asia*. *Stophilus* was the first that taught men to mingle Wine with Water : Ale was also invented by *Bacchus*, who taught it to the Northern Nations, to supply the want of Wine. In *Greece*, *Pallas* found out the Olive, and the way of making Oyle. *Aristeus* gather'd the Curds of Milk, and made Cheese : he found out the way also of making Hony. Cherry-trees were brought out of *Pontus* by *Lucullus*.

Of the Invention of Looking-glasses, Rings, and
Precious Stones.

Looking-glasses of Silver were invented first by *Praxiteles*, in the time of *Pompey* the Great: There were also invented Looking-glasses of Steel, Lead, Cryſtal-glaſs, which one *Sydon* is reported to have been the first Invention of.

Rings with a ſtone in them were reported to be made by *Jupiter*, to keep in memory the puniſhment of *Prometheus*, who deluded the Gods of the Element of fire, and taught men the uſe of it.

In *Rome* at the first day they uſed Rings of Iron, every man ſaving the *Tribunes*; yet it was a good while before the Senators had any Rings of Gold; and as ſome write, they were uſed by them not not ſo much for trimming and decking of themſelves, as to ſeal Letters with them; neither was any man permitted to have more than one. Rings were alſo worn by the Knights of *Rome*, to diſtinguiſh them from the common ſort of people.

Glaſs was found out in *Phœnicia*, being engendered in the River which is called *Belus*: And it happened on this occaſion: A Merchant's Ship being freighted with Salt-peter, came to that place, and coming to prepare their meat on the Sands, they could not find ſtones to bear up their veſſels, ſo that they were feign to lay great pieces of Nitre under them, which being ſet on fire, and mingling with the Sand, there appeared great flakes of melted glaſs.

Amber, as ſome write, was found in the Iſle of *Baſilia*, which lies againſt *Scythia*, above *Galatia*, in the great Ocean, where it was firſt caſt up, and was never ſeen in any place before.

Vermilion, or red Lead, was found in *Ephesus* by one *Calkius* an *Athenian*, and it was in *Rome* eſteemed holy; for they painted the face of *Jupiter*'s Image with it, and the bodies of them that triumphed.

Myrrh comes out of the Eaſtern Countries, out of the Countrey called *Carmania*, and was firſt brought to *Rome* by *Pompey*, in his triumph over the Pirates.

Cryſtal is a ſtone congealed out of pure water, not with cold, but by the power of heat, whereby it receives a hardneſs that never melts or ſoſtens: But the Inventor of it is not known.

Marriage.

Antiquity reports that *Cecrops* King of *Athens* was the first that ordained Matrimony; and therefore the Poets feigned him to have two faces. Notwithstanding the customes of marriage were not alike in all Countreys, nor kept after the same fashion. For among the *Indians*, *Numidians*, *Egyptians*, *Hebrews*, *Persians*, *Parthians*, and almost all the Barbarians, every one married wives according to the substance or riches which they enjoyed. The *Scythians*, *Scots*, and *Athenians*, at first used their women in common, using them in publick like beasts: The *Massagers* married their wives, but used them in common. Among the *Arabians*, it was the manner that all the Kinsmen should have but one wife, and he that came to meddle with her, should set his staffe at the door.

The *Assyrians* and *Babylonians* bought their wives in the Market at a common price, which custome still remains among the *Arabians*, and *Saracens*. The *Amasones* when they are first married, use to suffer their wives to be lain withall the first night by all their guests, and after that, keep them entire to themselves. There was a certain people in *Africk*, who were wont to offer such maids that were to be married to the King of their Religion, to deflowre such as he pleased. It was also the custome among the *Scots*, that the Lord of the Mannor was to lye with the Bride the first night; which custome remained, till it was abolished by *Malcome* the third.

Marriage among the *Romans* was kept inviolable till Divorcement began, which was first begun by *Spurius Camillus*, who first divorced his wife, because she was barren.

The Rites of marriage were various in *Rome*; and the manner was, that two children should lead the Bride, and a third bear before her a Torch of White-thorn in honour of *Ceres*, which maner also was observed here in *England*, saving that in place of the Torch there was born before the Bride a Basen of Gold or Silver; a Garland also of Corn-ears was set upon her head, or else she bare it on her head; or, if that were omitted, Wheat was scattered over her head in token of fruitfulness. Also before she came to bed to her husband, fire and water were given her, which
having

having power to purifie and cleanse, signify'd that thereby she should be chaste and pure of her body. Neither was she to step over the threshold, but was to be born over, to signifie that she lost her Virginity unwillingly.

Money.

COyning was very ancient. *Herodotus* writeth that the *Lydians* were the first that invented the coyning of Gold and Silver to buy and sell withall: For, as *Homer* saith, before the Siege of *Troy*, as he witnesseth, men used to change commodity for commodity. Yet before that, it appears that money was currant: for *Abraham* bought the double Cave to bury his wife for 400. Sheckles of Silver, which was long before the Siege of *Troy*.

In *Rome*, the first mony was coyned 547. years after the City was built, which was named a Ducate.

Phedon began Silver coyn in the Isle of *Agina*, which was minted also in *Rome* 454. years after the City was built, the print of it being a Chariot with two horses.

Janus caused a Brass coyn to be made, with a face on the one side, and a ship on the other, that he might gratifie *Saturn*, who arriv'd there in a ship, by perpetuating his memory to posterity.

Servius Tullius coyned Brasse with the Image of a sheep and an oxe.

Musick.

Musick by the Testimony of the Ancients is very ancient; for *Orpheus* and *Linus* being both of the Linage of the Gods, were both of them incomparable Musicians.

The Invention of Musick some do ascribe to *Amphion*, the son of *Jupiter* by *Antiope*; Others do ascribe the finding it to *Dionysius*; Others say that it was first brought out of *Crete*, and being perceived by the ringing and shrill sound of Brasse, was brought at last to number and measure. Others ascribe it to the *Arcadians*; but they generally affirm that *Mercury* found out the Notes and Concords of Singing.

The Harp was first invented by *Mercury*, who, as he was walking

walking upon the banks of *Nilus*, after an Ebb found a Tortoise all withered, and nothing remaining but the sinews, which, as he fortun'd to strike on them, made a certain sound, and after the fashion of that, he put to it three strings, Treble, Mean, and Base.

This instrument he gave to *Apollo*, and *Apollo* gave it to *Orpheus*; afterwards seven strings were put to it to resemble the seven Daughters of *Atlas*, whereof *Maia Mercury's* Mother was the chief.

Shalms were at the beginning made of Cranes legs, afterwards of a great Reed. *Dardanus Texenius* used first to play on them.

Pan found out the Pipe of small reed, to delight and please his Mistress *Syrinx*.

Timarias was the first that played on the Harp and Lute with Ditties; and *Amphion* was the first that sang to the Lute.

The *Troglodites* a people of *Athiopia*, were the first that found out the *Dulcimer*.

Pifes, a *Tyrrhen*, or *Tuscan* found out the brazen Trumpet, and the *Tuscans* were the first that used it in the war.

Others say that it was *Dyrcaus* an *Athenian*, who taught it the *Lacedemonians*, who, having a long war against the *Messenians*, had this answer from the Oracle of *Apollo*, that if they would win the field, they must have a Captain of *Athens*. The *Athenians* in despite sent them one *Dyrcaus*, a lame fellow, with one eye, who notwithstanding did receive him, and use his counsel, who taught them to play on Trumpets, which were so dreadful to the *Messenians*, because of the strangeness of the noise, that they immediately fled, and so the *Lacedemonians* became victorious.

The *Arcadians* were the first that brought Musical Instruments into *Italy*; and some do write, that the *Lacedemonians* in War used Clarions, Shalms, and Rebeckes, to the intent, that when they were ready for fight, they might be better kept in array.

Halyattes King of the *Lydians*, had in the Battel against the *Milesians*, Pipers and Fiddlers playing together: The *Cretians* as they went to war, had Lutes going before them, to moderate their pace.

Physick.

SOME do refer the invention of Physick to *Apollo*, because the moderate heat of the Sun, seems to be the repeller of all sickness. Others attribute the finding of it, to the *Egyptians*; but the enlarging it to *Æsculapius*, who, besides other things, found the way of drawing teeth.

In *Rome*, *Archagathus* of *Peloponessus* was the first Physician; and was therefore made Freeman of the City.

In *Egypt* and *Babylon* they used no Physicians, but brought the sick persons into the streets and publick places, that so the passengers might tell them what manner of dyet or medicine was good for them; neither was it lawful for any man to passe by, till he had spoke with the Patient. Afterwards the *Egyptians* did so distribute the Art of Physick, that every disease had a distinct Physician to look after it; one for the Head, one for the Eyes, others for the Entrails.

Of Medicines made with Herbs, *Chiron* the son of *Saturn* was the finder; he invented salves for wounds, sores, and biles; he found out the herb called Centaury, wherewith he cured the wound which he had by *Hercules* arrowes falling on his feet as he was handling of his quiver.

Mercury found out the use of Moly, and *Achilles* found out the use of Yarrow.

Medicines made with hony, were found out by *Sol*, the son of *Oceanus*: Several herbs also very necessary for medicines were taught by Beasts.

Dittany by the Hare, who being stricken with an arrow, by eating of Dittany, driveth it forth of his body.

Celandine, which is an Herb much used for the cure of decayed sight, first was perceived by the Swallow, who is wont to heal the eyes of her young ones with it.

The Boar in his sickness cureth himself with Ivy. By the Water-horse in *Nilus* men first learned to let blood; for when he finds himself distemper'd and un lusty, he seeks out the sharpest reed that he can find by the river side, and with that strikes a vein in his leg; which having sufficiently bled, giveth him ease; and afterwards he cureth the wound with the mud.

The Stork first taught men the use of Clysters, who finding

ing her self very full, purgeth her sell with her crooked bill at the fundament. The Weefel in combate with the Serpent preserveth it self with Rue, and the Stork with Origany.

*Of the Stars, wherein is treated also
of Astrologers.*

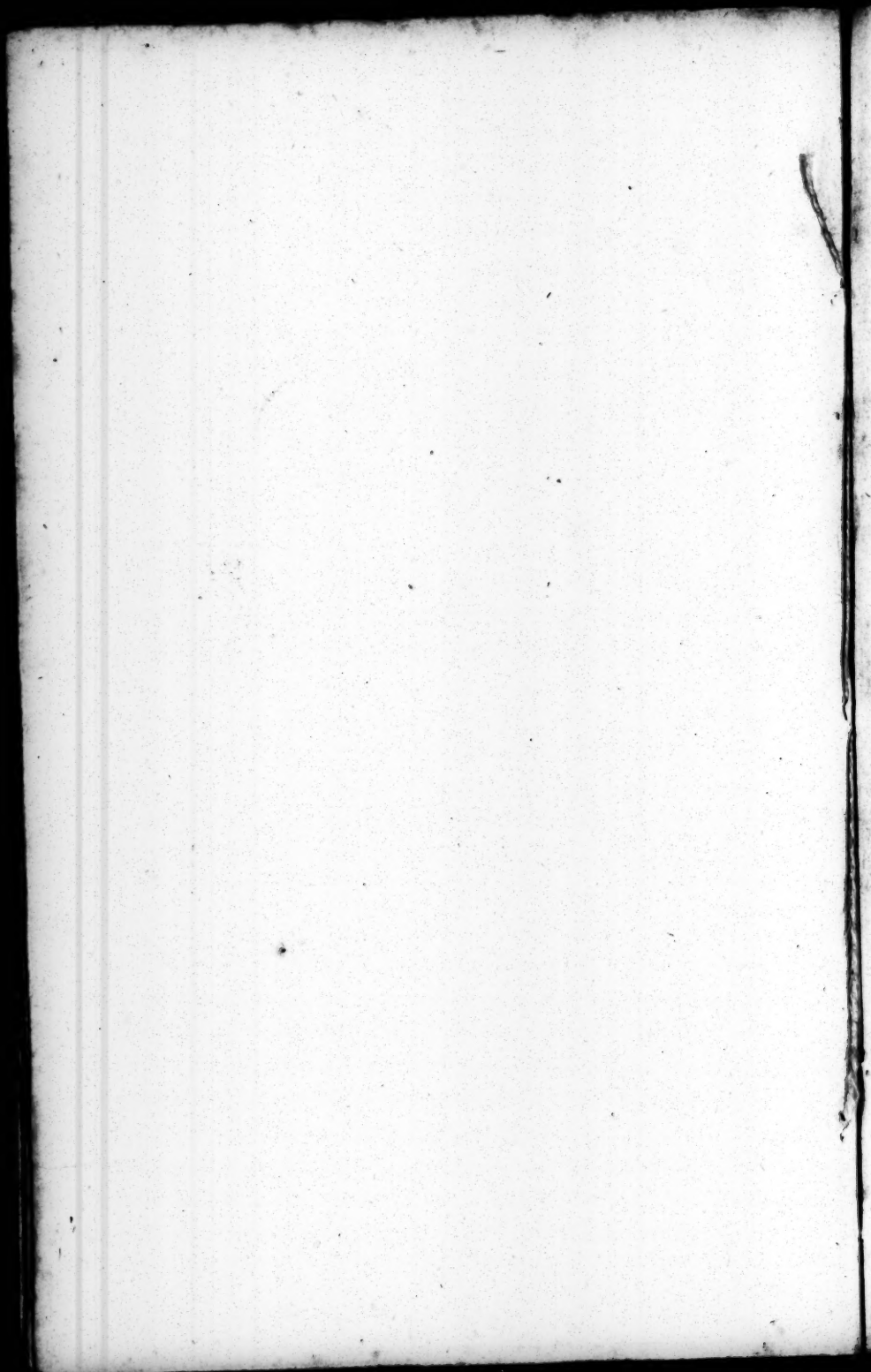
SOME Authors there are that affirm *Mercury* to have been the Author of Astrology; others ascribe it to *Aclinus* the son of *Phæbus*. But *Josephus* plainly expresseth, that *Abraham* was the first that instructed the *Caldees* and *Egyptians* in that Art, and that from thence it came into *Greece*. Others say that *Atlas* was the first Founder of it, and that therefore the Poets feigned him to bear heaven upon his shoulders. But it is supposed that these men were the contrivers of this Art only in their own Country; for it is approvedly deliver'd, that the sons of *Seth* invented first the science of the Stars, and because they fear'd that the Art should perish before it came to the knowledge of men (for they had heard that all things should be destroyed by a Floud) they therefore made two Pillars, one of Stone, the other of Brick, that though the Brick were washed away, yet that the Stone should remain; and on these Pillars they engraved all that concerned the Stars. *Endymion* was the first that found out the course of the Moon. *Thales Milesius* found out the reason of her being Eclipsed. *Pythagoras* observed the course of *Venus*. And *Archimedes* found out the invention of the Sphere.

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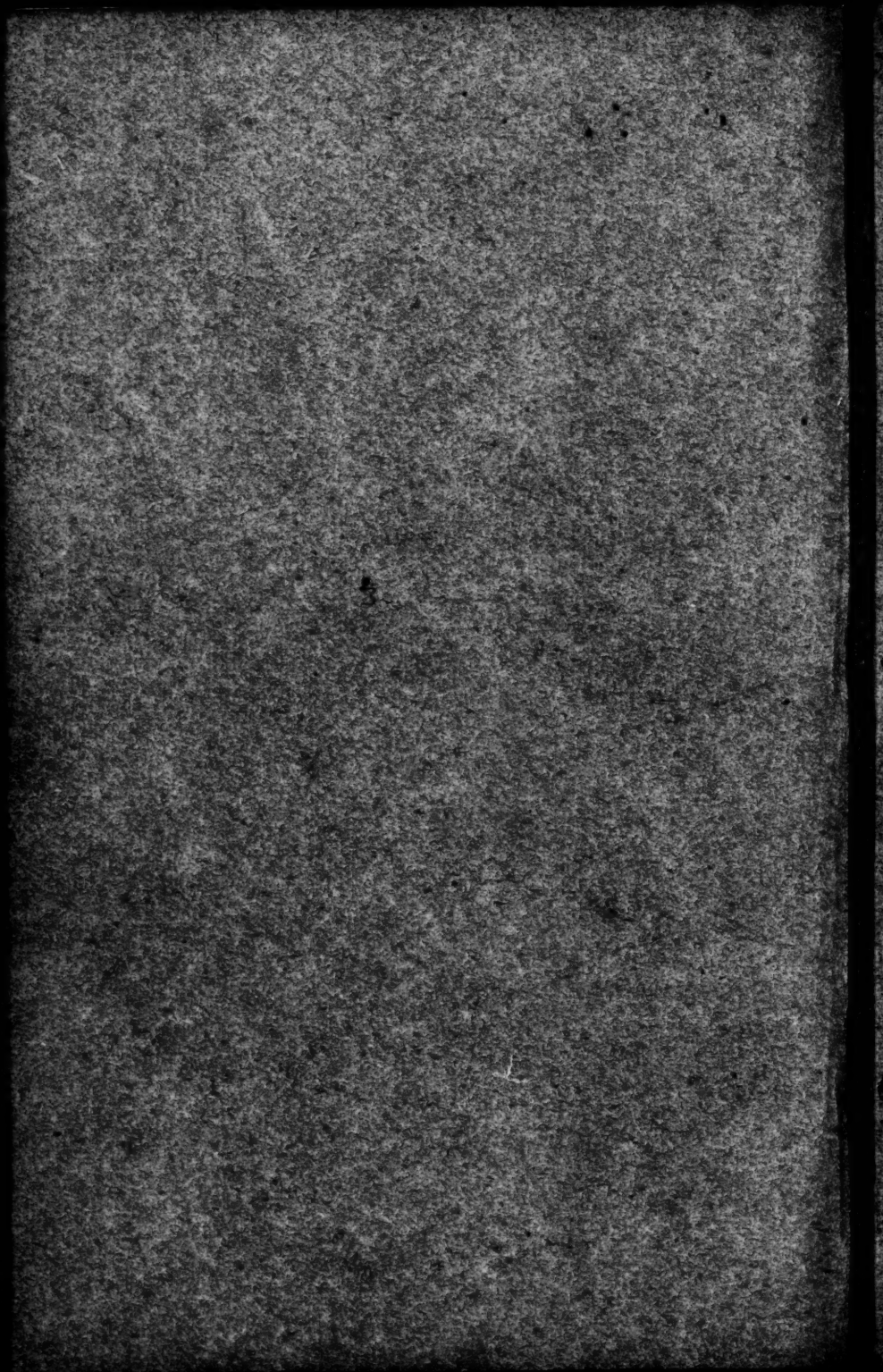
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