THE
TENTH MUSE
Lately sprung up in America.
OR
Severall Poems, compiled
with great variety of Wit
and Learning, full of delight.
Wherein especially is contained a compleat discourse and description of

The Four

Elements,
Constitutions,
Ages of Man,
Seasons of the Year.

Together with an Exact Epitomie of
the Four Monarchies, viz.

Assyrian,
Persian,
Grecian,
Roman.

Also a Dialogue between Old England and
New, concerning the late troubles.
With divers other pleasant and serious Poems.

By a Gentlewoman in those parts.

Printed at London for Stephen Bountell at the signe of the
Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.
Kind Reader:

Some of the Authors' wise, instructive, and edifying expressions as that
in the Preface might be fit to be inserted into this edition.

I trust the Reader will find the work of the same size and
arrangement as that of the former edition. I shall not only speak
of the female Sex, but also of the Male Sex, as far as
possible. The Reader will find a proper sense of the title
of this work, and the work of this edition, which will make him
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Sleaford, where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions; and more than so, these Poems are the fruit but of some few hours, curtained from her sleep, and other refreshments. I dare add, little, lest I keep thee too long, if thou wilt not believe the worth of these things (in their kind) when a man says it, yet believe it from a woman when thou seest it. This only I shall annex, I fear the displeasure of no person in the publishing of these Poems but the Authors, without whose knowledge, and contrary to her expectation, I have presumed to bring to public view what she resolved should never in such a manner see the Sun; but I found that divers had gotten some scattered papers, affixed them well, were likely to have sent forth broken pieces to the Authors prejudice, which I thought to prevent, as well as to please those that earnestly desired the view of the whole.

Mercury shew'd Apollo, Bertas Book, Minerva this, and wilt him well to look,
And tell uprightly, which did which excell;
He view'd, and view'd, and vow'd he could not tell.
They bid him Hemisphære his mouldy nose,
With's crackt leeeting-glasses, for it would pose.
The best brains he had in's old pudding-pan,
Sex weigh'd, which best, the Woman, or the Man?
He peer'd, and por'd, and glar'd, and said for wore,
I'me even as wife now, as I was before:
They both 'gan laugh, and said, it was no mar'l.
The Auth'resse was a right Du Bartas Girle.
Good foot quoth the old Don't tel ye me so,
I muse whither at length these Girls wil go;
It half revives my chill folt-bitten blood,
To see a woman once do, ought, that's good;
And chode buy Chaucers Boots, and Homer's Furs,
Let men look to't, loath women weare the Spurs.

N. Ward.

A 4.
To my deare Sister, the Author
of these Poems.

Though most that know me, dare (I think) affirm
I never was borne to doe a Poet harm,
Yet when I read your pleasant witty strains,
It wrought so strongly on my addle brains;
That though my verse be not to finely spun,
And so (like yours) cannot so neatly run,
Yet am I willing, with upright intent,
To shew my love without a complemen:
There needs no painting to that comely face,
That in its native beauty hath much grace;
Whet I (poore silly I) prefix therefore,
Can but doe this, make yours admitt the more;
And if but only this, I doe attaine
Content, that my disgrace may be your graine.

If women, I with women, may compare,
Your Works are solid, others weaker as aire;
Some books of Women I have heard of late,
Perused some, to widder, in nitrate,
So void of fence, and truth, as if to wise
Were only wilte (sitting above their shane.)

And all to get, what (silly foules) they lack,
Esteeme to be the wildest of the pack;
Though (for your sake) to some this be permitted,
To print, yet with I many better witted;
Their vanity make this to be inquired,
If women are with wit, and fence inspired;
Yet when your Works shall come to publique view,
'Twill be affirm'd, 'twill be confirm'd by you:
And I, when seriously I have revolved
What you had done, I presently resolved,
Their was the Persons, not the Sexes failing,
And therefore did bespeak a modest vailing.
You have acutely in Eliza's duty
Acquitted women, else I might with pitty,
Have with them all to women's Works to look,
And never more to meddle with their book,
What you have done, the Sun shall witnesse beare,
That for a woman's Work's 'tis very rare;
And if the Nine vouche safe the Tenth a place,
I think they rightly may yield you that grace.
But lest I should exceed, and too much love;
Should too too much endeav'd affection move,
To superadde in prais'd I shall ceaze,
Lest while I please my selfe I should displease
The longing Reader, who may chance complaine,
And so require my love with deep disdaine;
That I your silly Servant, stand'th' porch;
Lighting your Sun-light with my blinking torch;
Hindering his minds content, his sweet repose,
Which your delightfull Poems doe disclose,
When once the Caskets op'ned; yet to you
Let this be added, then I'le bid adieu.
If you shall think, it will be to your shame
To be in print, then I must bear the blame;
'Tis a fault, 'tis mine, 'tis shame that might
Deny so faire an infant of its right;
To looke abroad; I know your modest minde,
How you will blush, complaine, 'tis too unkinde;
To force a womans birth, provoke her paine,
Exposé her labours to the world's disdain;
I know you'll fly, you doe defie that mint,
That stamp you thus, to be a fool in print,
'Tis true, it doth not now so nearly stand,
As it 'twere pollisht with your owne sweet hand;
'Tis not so richly deckt, so trimly tied,
Yet it is such as jufily is admir'd,
If it be folly, 'tis of both, or neither,
Both you and I, we'll both be fools together;
And he that fayes, 'tis folly (if my word
May swaye) by my conten: shall make the third;
I dare out-face the worlds disdain for both,
If you alone profess you are not wroth;
Yet if you are, a womans wrath is little,
When thonlands else admire you in each title.

Upon the Author, by a knowne Friend.

Now I beleve tradition, which doth call
The Muses, Virtues, Graces, Females all;
Only they are nine, clearest, nor three,
Our Author proves them but one unity.
Mankind take up some blushe on the face,
Monopolize perfection no more;
In your owne Acts, confesse your selfes out-done,
The Moon hath totally eclips'd the Sun,
Not with her sable mantle musling him,
But her bright siluer makes his gold looke dim; so
Just as his beams force our pale Lamps to winkes,
And earthly Fires within their caske shrinke.

I cannot wondre at Apollo now,
That he with Female crownd his browe,
That made him witty: but I leave to chuse,
My Verse should be a Page unto your Muse.
A Rme, arme, Soldado's arme, Horse, Horse, speed to your Horses, Gentle-women, make head, they vent their plots in Verses;
They write of Monarchies, a most seditious word,
It signifies Oppression, Tyranny, and Sword:
March amain to London, they'll rise, for there they flock,
But stay a while, they seldom rise till ten a clock.

R. 2

In praise of the Author, Mistres Anne Bradstreet, Vertue's true and lively Patterne, Wife of the Worshipfull Simon Bradstreet Esquire.

At present residing in the Occidental parts of the World, in America, alias

N. O V- A N G L I A.

Whose golden splendid STAR is this, so bright,
One thousand miles thrice told, both day and night,

(From
From th' Orient first sprung) now from the West
That shines; swift-winged Phoebus, and the rest,
Of all Joves fiery flames surmounting far,
As doth each Planet, every falling Star;
By whose divine, and lucid light most clear,
Natures darkes secret Mysteries appeare;
Heaven's, Earths admired wonders, noble arts
Of Kings, and Princes most heroick acts,
And what e're else in darknes seem'd to dye,
Revises all things so obvious now to th' eye;
That he who these, its glittering Rayesviewes o're,
Shall see what's done in all the world before.

N. H.

Upon the Author.

T Were extremely folly should I dare attempt;
To praise this Authors worth with complements;
None but her self must dare commend her parts,
Whose sublime brain's the Synopsis of Arts
Nature and Skill, here both in one agree,
To frame this Master-piece of Poetry:
False Fame, bye their Sex, no more, it can,
Surpasse, or parallel, the best of man.

C. B.

Another to Mrs. Anne Bradstreet,
Author of this Poem.

I've read your Poem (Lady) and admire,
Your Sex, to such a pitch should e're aspire;
Goe on to write, continue to relate,
New Histories, of Monarchy and State:
And what the Romans to their Poets gave,
Be sure such honour, and esteem you'll have.

H. S.

At
An Anagram.

Anna Bradstrete.

Dear Neat An Bartas.

So Bartas like thy fine spun Poems been,
That Bartas name will prove an Epicene.

Another.

Anne Bradstrete.

Artes bred neath An.

To her most Honoured Father Thomas Dudley Esq;
these humbly presented.

Dear Sir, of late delighted with the sight of your four litters, deckt in black and white, four parts of the world (though made a pedestall for Adams Race) I fancy their worth so shines, in those rich lines you show.

Their parables to find I scarcely know,
To climb their Climes I have nor strength nor skill,
To mount so high, requires an Eagles quill:
Yet view thereof, did cause my thoughts to fear,
My lowly pen, might wait upon those four,
I bring my four; and four, now lately clad,
To do their homage unto yours most glad,
Who for their age, their worth, and quality,
Might seem of yours to claim precedence
But by my humble hand thus rudely pent
They are your bounden handmaids to attend.
These fame are they, of whom we being have,
These are of all the life, the nurse, the grave,
These are, the hot, the cold, the moist, the dry,
ThatRule, that swim, that fill, that upwards flye,
THE PROLOGUE.

1. Of sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings,
   Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun,
   For my mean Pen, are too superiour things,
   And how they all, or each, their dates have run;
   Let Poets, and Historians set these forth,
   My obscure Verte, shall not so dim their worth.

2. But when my wondering eyes, and envious heart,
   Great Barlas fugard lines doe but read o’re;
   Foole, I doe grudge, the Muses did not part
   Twixt him and me, that over-fluent more;
   A Barlas can, doe what a Barlas wil,
   But simple I, according to my skill.

3. From School-boyes tongue, no Rhetorick we expect,
   Nor yet a sweet Confort, from broken strings,
   Nor perfect beauty, where’s a maine defect,
   My fooles, broken, blemish’d Muse do sing;
   And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,
   Cautle Nature made it so irreparable.

4. Nor can I, like that fluent sweet tongu’d Greek
   Who lisp’d at first, spake afterwards more plain
   By Art, he gladly found what he did seek;
   A full requital of his thriving paine.
The Prologue.

Art can doe much, but this maxime's most sure,
A weake or wounded braine admits no cure.

5. Jam obnoxious to each carping tongue,
Who sayes, my hand a needle better fits,
A Poets Pen, all scorne, I should thus wrong;
For such despight they cast on female wits:
If what I doe prove well, it woul'd advance,
They'l say its holie, or else, it was by chance.

But sure the antick Greeks were far more milde,
Else of our Sex, why feigned they those nine,
And poesy made, Calliope's owne childe,
So monget the rest, they plac'd the Arts divine:
But this weake knot they will full soonc uneasy,
The Greeks did nought, but play the foole and lye.

7. Let Greeks be Greeks, and Women what they are,
Men have precedence, and still excell,
It is but vaine, unjustly to wage war,
Men can doe best, and Women know it well;
Pregeminence in each, and all is yours,
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

8. And oh, ye high flown quilts, that avenge the skies,
And ever with your prey, fl'll catch your praise,
If you daigne these lowly lines, your eyes
Give whifflome Parley wretch, I ask no Bayes:
This meanes and unrefined stuffe of mine,
Will make your glistering gold but more to shine.

The Foure Elements.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, did all contest,
Which was the strongest, noblest, & the best;
Who the most good could shew, & who most rage.
For to declare, themselves they all ingage;
And in due order each her turne should speake,
But enmity, this amity did breake;
All would be cheere, and all found to be under,
Whence if'd raines, and winds, lightning and thunder;
The quaking Earth did groan, the skie look't black,
The Fire, the forced Air, in funder crack;
The sea did threat the heavens, the heavens the earth,
All looked like a Chaos, or new birth;
Fire broyl'd Earth, and scorched Earth it choaked,
Both by their dangers; Water so provoked,
That roaring in it came, and with its force
Some made the combattants abate their force;
The rumbling, hisling, puffing was so great,
The worlds confusion it did seeme to threat;
But Air at length, contention so abated,
That beswist hot and cold, the arbitrater;
The others enmity; being left, did cease.
All forces now laid, and they in perfect peace,
That Fire should first begin, the rest content,
Being the most impatient Element.
Of the four Elements.

Fire.

What is my worth (both ye) and all things know, Where little is, I can but little show, But what I am, let learned Greens say, What I can doe, well skill'd Mechanicks may, The benefit all Beings, by me finde, Come first ye Artits, and declare your minde, What tooke was ever fram'd, but by my might, O Marsiall! what weapon for your fight? To try your valour by, but it must seele My force? your sword, your Pike, your flint and fleec, Your Cannon's boodlefe, and your powder too Without mine ayd, alas, what can they doe? The adverse wall's not thak'd, the Mine's not blowne, And in deu'ght the City keeps her owne, But I with one Granado, or Petard, Set ope those gates, that 'fore so strong was bar'd, Ye Husband-men, your counter's made by me, Your horses, your marrocks, and what e're you see, Subdue the earth, and fit it for your graine, That fo in time it might requite your paine; Though strong limb'd Vulcain forg'd it by his skill, I make it flexible unto his will.

Ye Cooks, your kitchen implements I fram'd, Your spits, pokers, jacks, what else I need nor name, You damny food, I wholesome make, I warme Your shrinking limbs, which winter cold doth harme: Ye Paracelstans too, in vaine's your skyl In chymistry, unlesse I help you still, And you Philosophers, if ere you made A transmutation, it was through mine aide. Ye Silver-smiths, your ore I do refine, What mingled lay with earth, I made to shine, But let me leave these things, my flame aspires To match on high with the Celestiall fires: The Sun an Orbe of Fire was held of old, Our Sages new, another tale have told: But be he what they lift, yet his aspect, A burning fiery heat we find reflect: And of the selfe same nature is with mine, Good fitter Earth, no witnesse needs but thine; How doth his warmth refresh thy frozen backs, And trim thee gay, in green, after thy blackes? Both man and beast, rejoice at his approach, And birds do sing, to see his glittering Coach. And though nought but Salmanders live in fire: The Flye Pyrausta cal'd, all selfe expire. Yet men and bealls, Astronomers can tell, Fixed in heavenly constellations dwell, My Planets, of both Sexes, whole degree, Poor Heathen judg'd worthy a Diety: With Orion arm'd, attended by his dog, The Thuban Round Alcides, with his club: The Valiant Perseus who Medusa's head, The Horse that kill'd Belerophon, then flew. My Crabbe, my Scorpion, flies, you may see, The maid with brilliance, wayn with horses three: The Ram, the Bull, the Lyonn, and the Beagle: The Bear, the Goate, the Raven, and the Eagle, The Crown, the Whale, the Archer, Bernice Hares The Hidra, Dolphin, Boyes, that waters bear.

And

Nay
Of the Four Elements.

Nay more then these, Rivers 'mongst stars are found,
Eridanus, where Phaeton was drown'd,
Their magnitude and height should I recount,
My story to a volume would amount.
Out of a multitude, these few I touch,
Your wisdom out of little gather's much.
He here let pass, my Choler cause of warres,
And influence of divers of those stars.
When in conjunction with the sun, yet more,
Augment his heat, which was too hot before:
The Summer ripening season I do claim;
And man from thirty unto fifty frame.
Of old, when Sacrifices were divine,
I of acceptance was the holy signe.
'Mong all my wonders which I might recount,
There's none more strange then Aesculapian mount.
The shocking flames, that from Vesta's flew
The over-curious second Pliny flew:
And with the ashes, that it sometimes shed,
Aculis' jacent parts were covered:
And though I be a servant to each man;
Yet by my force, matter my matter can.
What famous Townes to cinders have I turn'd?
What lastling Forts my kindled wrath hath burn'd?
The flaring flames of mighty Kings by me:
In confusion heaps of ashes may ye see,
Where's Ninus great wall'd Town, and Troy of old?
Carthage and hundred more, in stories told,
Which when they could not be o'er come by forces
The Army through my help victorious goe;
The old sacred Zion, I demolish'd there;
So great Diem's Temple was by me.

Of the Four Elements.

And more then brutish Sedene for her lust,
With neighbouring Townes I did consume to dust,
What shall I say of Lightning, and of Thunder,
Which King's and mighty ones amaz'd with wonder.
Which made a cæsar, (Rome) the world's proud head,
Foolish Caligula, creep under's bed.
Of Meturs, Invincus, and the rest,
But to leave those to th' wife, I judge is beest,
The rich I oft make poor, the strong I maine,
Not sparing life when I can take the same:
And in a word, the World I shal consume,
And all therein at that great day of doom.
Nor before then, shall cease my raging ire,
And then, because no matter more for fire:
Now Sifters, pray proceed, each in her course,
As I impart your useful office, and force.

Earth.

The next in place, Earth judg'd to be her due,
Sifters, in worth I come nor short of you:
In wealth and use I do surpaas ye all,
And Mo.her Earth, of old, men did me call,
Such was my fruitfulnesse; an Epitaphie
Which none ere gave, nor you could claim of right,
Among my praises this I count not least,
I am th' original of man and beast,
To tell what sundry fruits my far foyle yeilds,
In vine-yards, orchards, gardens, and corn fields,
Their kinds, their raths, their coloures, and their smells.
Would so past time, I could say nothing else;
Of the Four Elements.

No., though the fawning dog did urge me for;
In his behalf to speak a word the more;
Whose truth, and valour I might here commend;
But time is too short, and precious so to spend.
But hark, ye worthy merchants who for prize
Send forth your well man'd ships, where sun doth rise.
After three years, when men and meat is spent,
My rich commodities pays double rent.
Ye Galesie, my Drugs that come from thence
Do cure your patients, fill your purse with pence,
Besides the use you have, of Heats and Plants,
That with least cost, near home, supplies your want.
But Mariners, where got you ships and sails?
And Orestes row, when both my sisters fail?
Your Tackling, Anchor, Compass too, is mine;
Which guides, when Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars do shine.
Ye mighty Kings, who for your lasting fame
Built Cities, Monuments call'd by your names;
Was those compiled heapes of milky stones?
That your ambition laid, ought but my bones?
Ye greedy miser, who do dig for gold;
For gems, for silver, treasure which I hold;
Will not my goodly face, your rage suffice?
But you will see what in my bowels lies?
And ye Artificers, all trades and sorts;
My bounty calls you forth to make report,
If ought you have to use, to wear, to fame?
But what I freely yield upon your taste?
And choleric biter, thou (for all rhyme's sake)
Well known, my fuel must maintain thy fire,
As I ingenuously (with thanks) confess.
My cold, thy fruitful hear, doth crave no leeff.
But how my cold, dry temper, works upon
The melancholy constitution,
How the Autumnal season I do sway;
And how I force the grey head to obey.
I should here make a short, yet true narration,
But this thy method is my imitation.
Now might I show my adverse quality,
And how I oft work man's mortality.
He sometimes finds me, mangre his toiling paine,
Thistles and thorns, where he expected graine;
My sap, to plants and trees, I must not grant,
The Vine, the Olive, and the Figtree want;
The Corne, and Hay, both fall before thy mowne;
And buds from fruitfull trees, before they blowne.
Then death prevails, that Nature to suffice;
The tender mother on her Infant flies.
The Husband knows no Wife, nor father sons;
But to all outrages their hungerrome. 
Dreadfull examples, soon I might produce,
But to such auditors twere of no use.
Again, when Delvers dare in hope of gold,
To open these veins of mine, audacious bold;
While they thus in my intralls seem to dive;
Before they know, they are inter'd alive.
Ye affrighted wights, appall'd how do you make
If once you feel me, your foundations quake,
Because in the abyse of my darksome womb:
Your Cities and your selves I oft intomb.
O dreadfull sepuchers! that this is true,
Korab and all his Company well knew.
And since, sure I'th' full entirely knowes
What is the least by these my dreadfull woes.

And Rome, her Curtius, can't forget I think;
Who bravely rode into my yawning chinkle.
Again, what veins of poyson in me lye;
As Stibium and unfixt Mercury.
With divers moe, nay, into plants it creeps;
In hot, and cold, and some benums with sleepe,
Thus I occasion death to man and beast,
When they seek food, and harme mistrust the leaf.
Much might I say, of the Arabian lands;
Which rise like mighty billowes on the lands:
Wherein whole Armies I have overthrown;
But windy fitter, 'twas when you have blown.
Ile say no more, yet this thing adde I must,
Remember sannes, ye mould is of my dust,
And after death, whether inter'd, or burn'd;
As earth at first, so into earth return'd.

WATER.

Scarce Earth had done but th' angry waters mov'd,
Sifter (quoth the) it had full well behov'd
Among your boastings to have praised me,
Cause of your fruitfulnefe, as you shall see:
This your neglect, fluxes your ingratitude,
And how your subtility would men delude.
Not one of us, all knowes, that's like to thee,
Ever in craving, from the other three:
But thou art bound to me, above the rest;
Which am thy drink, thy blood, thy sap, and beef.
If I withhold, what art thou, dead, dry lump
Thou bearest no graft, nor plant, nor tree, nor lump.
Of the Four Elements.

Thy extrem thirst is moistened by my love,
With springs below, and showers from above;
Or else thy lun-burnt face, and gaping chaps;
Complains to the heaven, when I withhold my drops.
Thy Bear, thy Tyger, and thy Lyon roar,
When I am gone, their fierce and fiery none need doubt;
The Camel hath no strength, thy Bull no force;
Nor merrily found in the courageous Horse.
Hindes leave their Calves, the Elephant the Fens;
The Wolves and Savage Beasts, forsake their dens.
The lofty Eagle and the Storke fly low,
The Peacock, and the Ostrich, thrée in woe:
The Pine, the Cedars, yea and Dupinus tree;
Do cease to flourish in this misery.
Man wants his bread, and wine, and pleasant fruits;
He knows such sweet, hyes not in earths dry roes;
Then seek's me out, in River and in Well;
His deadly mallydye, I might expell.
If supply, his heart and veins rejoice;
If not, what ends his life, as did his youth.
That this is true, earth thou canst not deny;
I call thine Egypt, this to verify;
Which by my fatting Nile, doth yeeld such store;
That the can spare, when Nations round are poore.
When I run low, and not o'reflow her brinks;
To meet with want, each woeful man bethinks.
But such I am, in Rivers, showers, and springs;
But what's the wealth that my rich Ocean brings?
Fishes so numberleffe I there do hold;
Should but thou but buy, it would exhaust thy gold.
There lives the only Whale, whom all men know,
Such wealth, but not such like, Earth thou mayst shew.

The Dolphin (loving musique) Arians friend,
The crafty Babell, whose wit doth her commend;
With thousands moe, which now I lift not name,
Thy silence of thy beasts, doth cause the same.
My pearsles that dangle at thy darlings ears;
Not thou, but shell-fish yeelds, as Pliny clears.
Was ever gem so rich found in thy darlings ears?
As Aegypt wanton Cleopatra drunken.
Or hail thou any colour can come nigh;
The Roman Purple, double Tiran dye.
Which Goths, C Solus, Tyburnes all adorn;
For it, to search my waves, they thought no scorn.
Thy gallant rich perfuming Amber-greece;
I lightly cast a flor is as frothy fleece.
With rowling grains of purest mally gold;
Which Spanis Animous, do gladly hold.
Earth, thou hast not more Countrys, Vales and Mounds;
Then I have Fountaines, Rivers, Lakes and Ponds:
My sundry Seas, Black, White, and Adriatique
Ionian, Balatie, and the vast Antatlique;
The Pontique, Caucas, Golden Rivers fine.
Aspaltis Lake, where nought remains alive;
But I should go beyond thee in thy bosoms.
If I should shew, more Seas, then thou hast Coasts.
But note this maxime in Philosophy
Then Seas are deep, Mountains are never high.
To speake of kindes of VVaters I'le neglect,
My divers Fountaines and their strange effect;
My wholesome Bathes, together with their curces.
My water Syrens, with their guilefull lures.
Th' uncertain cause of certain ebbs and flows;
Which wondring Acrophobes wisely growes.
Of the Four Elements.

Nor will I speak of waters made by Art,
Which can to life, restore a fainting heart:
Nor fruitfull dewes, nor drops from weeping eyes;
Nor yet of Salt, and Sugar, sweet and faire,
Both when we lift, to water we convert.
Alas! ships and oares could do no good
Did they but want my Ocean, and my Flood.
The wary Merchant, on his weary beast
Transfers his goods, from North and South and East;
Unless I make his toyle, and doe transport.
The wealthy fraught, unto his wished Port.
These be my benefits which may suffice:
I now must shew what force there in me lies.
The fleg my constitution uphold
All humours, Tumours, that are bred of cold.
O're childhhood, and Winter, I bear the sway;
Yet Luna for my Regent I obey.
As I with showers oft time refresh the earth;
So oft in my excele, I caufe a earth.
And with abundant wet, so coole the ground,
By adding cold to cold, no fruit proves found;
The Farmer, and the Plowman both complain
Of rotten sheep, lean kine, and milde wind grain.
And with my wafting floods, and roaring torrent;
Their Cattle, Hay, and Corne, I sweep down current,
Nay many times, my Ocean breaks his bounds:
And with an inundation, the world confounds.
And swallowes Countries up, we're seen against,
And that an Island makes, which once was maine.
Thus Albion (this thought) was cut from France,
Cicely from Italy, by th' like chance.

Of the Four Elements.

And but one land was Affric and Spane,
Untill straight Gibraltar, did make them waie.
Some say I swallowed up (for 'tis a notion)
A mighty Country in' Atlanticke Ocean.
I need not say much of my Haile and Snow,
My Ice and extreme cold, which all men know.
Whereof the first, so ominous I rain'd,
That Israel's enemies, therewith was brain'd.
And of my chilling colds, such plenty be;
That Canaana high mounts, are seldom free.
Mine Ice doth glaze Europe's big't Rivers o're;
Till Sun release, their ships can faile no more.
All know, what inundarions I have made;
Wherein not men, but mountains seem'd to wade.
As when Abolit, all under water flood.
That in two hundred year, it ne'er prov'd good.
Duchations great deluge, with many mœ;
But these are trite to the Flood of Noe.
Then wholly petish'd, earths ignoble race;
And to this day, impairs her beautious face.
That after times, shall never feel like woe:
Her confirm'd bonnes, behold my colou'd bow.
Much mighty I fly of wracks, but that I'll spare.
And now give place unto our sister Aire.

Aire.

Content (quo'th Aire) to speake the last of you,
Though not through ignorance, first was my due,
I doe suppose, you'll yeeld without controle.
I am the breath of every living soule.

Moe.
Morals, what one of you, that loves not me,  
Aboundantly more then my sisters three?  
And though you love Fire, Earth, and VVater well;  
Yet Air, beyond all these ye know t'excel.  
I ask the man concren'd, that's near his death:  
How gladly should his gold purchase his breath,  
And all the wealth, that ever earth did give,  
How freely should it go, so he might live.  
No world, thy witching trash, were all but vain.  
If my pure Air, thy fayre did not sustain.  
The family, thirty man, that craves supply:  
His moving reason is, give leaf I dye.  
So loath he is to go, though nature's spent,  
To bid adieu, to his dear Element.  
Nay, what are words, which doe reveal the mind?  
Speak, who, or what they will, they are but wind.  
Your Drums, your Trumpets, and your Organs sound,  
VWhat is't but forced Air which must rebound,  
And such are Echoes, and report o'th gun  
VWhich tells afar, th' explore which he hath done.  
Your longest and pleasant tones, they are the same.  
And so the notes which Nightingales do frame.  
Ye forgers Smiths, if Bellowes once were gone;  
Your red hot work, more coldly would go on.  
Ye Mariners, tis I that fill your Stills,  
And speed you to your Port, with wiled gales.  
VWhen burning heat, doth cause you faint, I cool:  
And when I smile, your Ocean's like a Pool.  
I rip the corns, I turn the grinding mills;  
And with my selfe, I every vacuum fill.  
The muddly sweet, Lingue is like to Air,  
And youth, and spring, sages to me con pare.
Then of my tempests, felt at Sea and Land,
Which neither ships nor house could withstand.
What woeful wracks I've made, may well appear,
If 'twas but known, but that before Algire.
Where famous Charles the first, more lost full sail'd,
Then in his long hot wars, which Mills gain'd.
How many rich fraught vessells, have I split?
Some upon lands, some upon rocks have fird.
Some have I forc'd, to gaine an unknown shoare;
Some overwelm'd with waves, and seen no more.
Again, what tempests, and what heretencies
Knowes VVestern Isles, Christopher, Barbadoes;
VVwhich neither house, trees, nor plants, I spare;
But some fall down, and some flye up with aire.
Earth quaks so hurtful and so fear'd of all,
Imprisoned I, am the original.
Then what prodigious sights, sometimes I show:
As battells pitcht in Aire (as Countries know:)
Their joyning, fighting, forcing, and retreat;
That earth appeares in heauen, o' wonder great!
Sometimes strange flaming swords, and blazing flares,
Portentous signes, of Famine, Plagues and VVars.
VVWhich makes the mighty Monarchs fear their Fates,
By death, or great mutations of their Sitter.
I have said leste, then did my sitters three;
But what's their worth, or force, but more's in me.
To adde to all I've said, was my intent,
But dare not go, beyond my Element.

Of the foure Humours in Mans constitution.

He former foure, now ending their Discourse,
Cesing to vaunt, their good, or threat their force.
Let other foure step up, crave leave to shew
The native qualities, that from each flow,
But first they wisely shew'd their high delight,
Each eldest Daughter to each Element;
Choler was own'd by Fire, and Blood by Aire,
Earth knew her black swarth child, Water her faire;
All having made obeissance to each Mother,
Had lease to speake, succeeding one the other;
But 'mongst thyselves they were at variance,
Which of the foure should have predominance;
Choler hotly claim'd, right by her mother, Who had precedence of all the other.
But Sanguine did disdain, what she requird;
Pleading her selfe, was most of all desir'd;
Proud Melancholy, more envious then the rest,
The second, third, or last could not digest;
She was the silenciest of all the foure,
Her wisdome spake not much, but thought the more.

Of Cold

C...
Of the Four Humours

Cold flagme, did not content for highest place,
Only she crav'd, to have a vacant space.
Well, thus they part, and chide, but to be briefe,
Or will they nil they, Choler will be chief;
They seeing her imperious,
At present yielded, to necessity.

Choler.

To shew my great descent, and pedigree,
Your selves would judge, but vain proximity.
As it is acknowledged, from whence I came,
If that suffice, to tel you what I am:
My self, and Mother, one as you shall see,
But she in greater, I in lesser degree;
We both once Masculines, the world doth know,
Now Feminines (a while) for love we owe
Unto your Sister-hood, which makes us tender
Our noble selves, in a leffe noble Gender.
Though under fire, we comprehend all heat,
Yet man for Choler, is the proper fear.
In his heart erect my regal throne,
Where Monarch-like I play, and sway alone.
Yet many times, unto my great disgrace.
One of your selves are my competitors, in place;
Where if your rule once grow predominant,
The man grows boisterous, foolish, ignorant,
But if ye yeeld sub-servient unto me.
I make a man, a man in highest degree,
Behave Suchdler, I more fence his heart,
Then Iron Corlet, against a sword or dart;

What makes him face his foe, without appall?
To forme a Breach, or scale a City wall?
In dangers to account himself more sure,
Then timorous Hares, whom Castles doe immure?
Have ye not heard of Worthies, Demi-gods?
Twixt them and others, what ills makes the odds
But valour, whence comes that? from none of you;
Nay milk-fops, at such brunts you look butblew,
Here's Sister Ruddy, worth the other two,
That much will talk, but little dares she do.
Unless to court, and claw, and dice, and drink,
And there she will out-bid us all, I think;
She loves a Fiddle, better than a Drum,
A Chamber well, in field she dares not come;
She'll ride a Horse as bravely, as the best,
And break a staffe, provided he be in jest,
But flouts to look on wounds, and bloud that's spilt,
She loves her sword, only because it's gilt;
Then here's our fair black Sister, wise then you,
She'll neither say, the will, nor wil she do:
But pensive, Male-content, musing the fits,
And by misprisions, like to loose her wits;
If great persuasions, cause her meet her foe;
In her daub resolution, she's slow.
To march her pace, to some is greater pain,
Then by a quick encounter, to be flame;
But be the beater, she'll not run away,
She'll first advise, if it be not best to lay.
But let's give, cold, white; Sister Rège her right.
So loving unto all, she cometh to fight.
If any threaten her, she'll in a trice,
Convert from water, to congealed Ice;
Of the Four Humours

Her teeth wil chatter, dead and wan's her face,
And for she be affluat'd, quite the place,
She dare, not challenge if I speake amisse;
Nor hath she wit, or heat, to bluth at this.
Here's three of you, all sees now what you are,
Then yeeld to me, preheminence in War.
Again, who fits, for learning, science, Arts?
Who rarifies the intellectuall parts?
Whence flow fine spirits, and witty notions?
Not from our dull flow Sifless motions;
Nor filter Sanguine, from thy moderate heat,
Poor spirits the Liver breeds, which is thy fear,
What comes from thence, my heat refines the frame,
And through the arteries sends o're the frame,
The vital spirits they're calld, and wel they may,
For when they faile, man turns unto his clay:
The Animal I claime, as well as thefe,
The nerves should I not warm, soon would they freeze.
But Flegme her self, is now provok'd at this,
She thinks I never shot so faire amisse;
The Brain the challenges, the Head's her fear,
But know't is a foolish brain, that wanteth heat;
My absences proves, it plain, her wit then flies
Our at her nofe, or murther at her eyes;
Oh, who would miffle this influence of thine,
To be distill'd on every line!
No, no, thou haft no spirits, thy company
Who feed a Drople, or a Tippany,
The Palis, Gout, or Cramp, or some such dolor,
Thou wast not made for Souldier, or for Schollar;
Of greatesst punch, and palld checks, go vaunt,
But a good head from these are different;

But Melancholy, wouldn't have this glory thine?
Thou say'st, thy wits are staid, subtle and fine:
Tis true, when I am midwife to thy birth;
Thy felt's as dul, as is thy mother Earth.
Thou canst not claime, the Liver, Head nor Heart;
Yet hast thy fear affign'd, a goodly part.
The sinke of all us three, the heartfull sixteen;
Of that black region, Nature made thee Queen;
Where paine and fore obstructions, thou dost work;
Where envy, malice, thy companions lurke.
If once thou'ret great, what followes thereupon?
But bodies wasting, and destruction.
So base thou art, that baser cannot be;
The excrement, adution of me.
But I am weary to dilate thy blame;
Nor is't my pleasure, thus to blur thy name:
Onely to raise my honours to the Skyes,
As objects best appear, by contraries,
Thus arms, and arts I claim, and higher things;
The Princely quality, belitting King.
Whole Serene heads, 1 line with policies,
They're held for Oracles, they are to wise.
Their wrathfull looks are death, their words are laws;
Their courage, friend, and foe, and subject awes,
But one of you would make a worthy King:
Like our late Henry, that fame worthy thing.
That when a Varlet, struck him o're the side,
Forsooth you are to blame, he grave reply'd;
Take choler from a Prince, what is he more,
Then a dead Lyon? by beasts triumph ore.
Again ye know, how I act every part:
By th' influence I send still from the heart.
Of the Four Humours

It is not your muscles, nerves, nor this nor that: Without my lively heat, do's ought; that's flat. The spongy Lungs, I feed with frothy blood. They coole my heat, and so repay my good. Nay, th' Stomach, magazeen to all the rest. Without my boiling heat cannot digest. And yet to make, my greatness far more great: What differences the Sex, but only heat? And one thing more to clothe with my narration. Of all that lives, I cause the propagation. I have been (spring), what I might have said, I love no boating, that's but children's trade. To what you now shall, say, I will attend, And to your weakness, gently condescend.

Blood.

God gives me leave (as is my place) To vent my grief, and wipe off my disgrace. Your selves may plead, your wrongs are no whit left. Your patience more then mine, I must confess. Did ever sober tongue, such language speak? Or honest tongue, softens the iniquity? Do'st know thy fill'st a well, a to amiss? Is't ignorance, or folly causeth this? He only swears, thou'rt done to me! Then let my sisters, right their injury. To pay with railing, is not mine intent, But to evince the truth, by argument. I will amuse, thy proud relation; So ful of boasting, and prevarication. Thy childlike incongruities, Ile how: So wakke thee till thou'rt cold, then let thee go. There is no Saul, but thy selfe thou sayst, No value upon earth, but what thou hatt. Thy foolish provocations, I despise. And leave't to all, to judge where value lyeth. No pattern, nor no Patron will I bring. But David, Judah's most hearty KIng. Whole glorious deeds in arms, the world can tell, Asia cheeke'd musitian, thou know'st wel. He knew how, for to handle, Sword and Harpe, And how to strike full sweet, as well as harpe. Thou laught'st at me, for loving merriment; And scorn'st all Knightly sports, at tournameint. Thou sayst I love my sword, becaus'tis guilt. But know, I love the blade, more then the hilt. Yet do abhorre, such timorous deeds, As thy unbridled, barbarous Choler yeelds. Thy inconstancy, good manners vanity, And real complements, base flattery. For drink, which of us twain, like it the best, I'll go no further then thy note for rest. Thy other scoffes not worthy of reply: Shal vanieth as of no validity. Of thy black calumnies, this is but part: But now Ile shew, what Souldier thou art. And though thou'rt us'd me, with opprobrious spight, My ingenuity must give thee right. Thy Choler is but rage, when it is most pure. But useful, when a mixture can indure. At with thy mother Fire, fo's tis with thee, The best of all the four, when they agree.
Of the Four Humours

But let her leave the rest, and I presume,
Both them and all things else, she will consume.
Wilt thou, for thine own sake, take thy leave?
A Souldier most compleat in all points makest.
But when thou com'st to take the help we lend,
Thou art a furious, or infernal Friend.
Witness the execrable deeds thou'lt done:
Nor sparing Sex, nor age, nor fire, nor ton.
To satisfy thy pride, and cruelty
Thou hast haft broke bounds of humanity.
Nay should I tell, thou wouldst count me no blab,
How often for the lye, thou'lt giv'n the stab.
To take the wait's a sin, of such high rate,
That naught but blood, the same may expiate.
To crost thy will, a challenge doth deserve.
So spits that life, thou'lt bounden to preserve.
Wilt thou this valour, manhood, courage call:
Nay, know 'tis pride, most diabolical.
If murthers be thy glory, 'tis no leffe.
Hee not envy thy feats, nor happiness.
But in fitting time, and place, on foes;
For Countries good, thy life thou darst expose;
Be dangers near so high, and courage great,
He praieth that fury, valour, choler, heat.
But which thou never art, when 'l alone;
Yet such, when we al four are joy'd in one.
And when such thou'rt, even such are we.
The friendly coadjutors, fill to thee.
Nextly, the spirits thou'lt wholly claim;
Which natural, vital, animal we name.
To play Philosopher, I have noe lift;
Nor yet Philustin, nor Anatomist.
Of the Four Humours

But thou wilt say, I deal unequally,
There lives the drafible faculty:
Which without all dispute, is Choler's owne;
Besides the vehement heat, only there known
Can be implanted unto none, but Fire;
Which is thy self, thy Mother, and thy Sire;
That this is true, I easily can attest,
If still thou take along my Aliment,
And let me be thy Partner, which is due,
So will I give the dignity to you.
Again, stomacks concoction thou dost claim,
But by what right, nor doth, nor can'st thou name;
It is her own heat, nor thy faculty,
 Thou dost unjustly claim, her property.
The help the needs, the loving Liver lends,
Whoe th' benefit oth' whole ever intends:
To meddle further, I shall be but shent,
Th' rest to our Sisters, is more pertinent.
Your flanders thus refuted, takes no place,
Though cast upon my guiltless blushing face;
Now through your leaves, some little time I 'll spend;
My worth in humble manner, to commend.
This hot, moist, nutritive humour of mine,
When its unripen, pure, and mott genuine
Shall firstly take her place, as is her due.
Without the least indignity to you;
Of all your qualities I do partake,
And what you singly are, the whole I make.
Your hot, dry, moist, cold, nerves are feare,
I moderately am all, what need I more?
As thus, if hot, then dry; if moist, then cold.
If this can't be disprovd, then all I hold;

in mans Constitution.

My vertues hid, I' ve let you dimly see;
My sweet complexion, proves the verity.
This scarlet die's a badge of what's within,
One touch thereof to beautifies the skin;
Nay, could I be from all your ranges but pure,
Mans life to boundlesse time might still endure;
But here's one thrufts her heart, where's not requird
So suddenly, the body all is fit'd:
And of the sweet, calm temper, quite bereft,
Which makes the mansion by the soul soon left;
So Melancholy ceases on a man;
With her uncheerful visage, swearth and wan;
The body dryes, the minde sublite dorth smother,
And turns him to the wombbe of a earthly mother,
And Flegm: likewise can beth, her cruel art;
With cold diffempers, to pain every part;
The Lungs, the guts, the body weares away,
As if she'd leave no leath to turn to clay;
Her languishing diseases, though not quick,
At length demolishes the fabrick,
All to prevent, this curious care I take;
In' taft concoction, segregation mak't.
Of all the perverse humours from mine owne,
The bitter choler, most malignant knowne,
I turn into his cet, close by my side,
The Melancholly to the Spleen to abide;
Likewise the Phlegm, some use I in the veins,
The over plus I fend unto the reins;
But yet for all my eye, my ear, my stil,
It's doom'd by an irrevocable wil;
That my intents should meet with interruption,
That mortall man, might turn to his corruption.

My
Of the Four Humours

I might here shew, the noblenesse of minde,
Of such as to the Sanguine are inclin'd,
They're liberal, pleasant, kind, and courteous,
And like the Liver, all benignious;
For Arts, and Sciences, they are the finest,
And maugre (Choler) all they are the wettest,
An ingenious working phantastick,
A moost voluminous large memory,
And nothing wanting but solidity,
But why, alas, thus tedious should I be?
Thousand examples, you may daily see;
If time I have transfigured, and been too long,
Yet could not be more breif, without much wrong.
I've scarce spied off the spots, proud Choler cast;
Such venom lies in words, though but a slight,
No bragg's I've us'd, t' your selves I dare appear,
If modestly my worth do not conceal.
I've us'd no bitterness, nor tax your name,
As I to you, to me, do ye the same.

Melancholy.

He that wish two afflents hath to do,
Had need be armed well, and active too,
Especially when freindship is pretended:
That blow's most deadly, where it is intended;
Though Choler rage, and rage, I'll not do so,
The tongue's no weapon to affright a foe,
But such we fight with words, we might be kind,
To spare our selves, and beat the whistling wind.
What greater Clerke, or polititian lives?  
Then be whole brain a touch my humour gives.  
What is too hot, my coldneffe doth abate;  
What's difficult, I do consolidate.  
If I be partial judg'd, or thought to err,  
The melancholy snake shall it aver.  
Those cold dry heads, more stubbly doth yeild,  
Then all the huge beasts of the fertile field.  
Thirdly, thou dost confine me to the spleen,  
As of that only part I was the Queen;  
Let me as we make thy princely, the gaff  
To prison thee within that bladder faux,  
Reduce the man to's principles, then fee  
If I have not more part, then al ye three:  
What is without, within, of theirs, or thine,  
Yet time and age, shall soon declare it mine.  
When death doth seize the man, your stock is left,  
When you poor bankrupts prove, then have I most.  
Yet I lay, here none that ere disturb my right;  
You high born (from that lump) then take your flight  
Then who's mans friend, when life and all fordesakes?  
His mother (mine) him to her womb retakes,  
Thus he is ours, his portion is the grave.  
But whilst he lives, I'll show what part I have.  
And first, the firm dry bones, I justly claim:  
The strong foundation of the stately frame.  
Likewise the useful spleen, though not the best,  
Yet is a bowel call'd as the right.  
The Liver, Stomach, owes it thanks of right.  
The first it drains, oth'last quickens appetite,  
Laughter (though thou fast malice) followes from hence:  
Those two in one cannot have residence.

But thou most grozly do'st mistake, to thinke  
The Spleen for al you three, was made a finke,  
Of all the rest, thou'lt nothing there to do;  
But if thou hast, that malice comes from you.  
Again, you often touch my swarthy hue,  
That black is black, and I am black, tis true;  
But yet more comely har, I dare avow,  
Then is thy torrid nose, or bafien brow.  
But that which shewes how high thy spight is bent,  
In charging me, to be thy excrement.  
Thy loathsome impatience I detest;  
So plain a slander needeth no reply.  
When by thy hear, thou'lt bide thy selfe to crut,  
Thou do'st affume my name, we'll be it just;  
This transmutation is, but not excetration,  
Thou wants Philosophy, and yet discretion.  
Now by your leave, I'll let your greatneffe sees  
What officer thou art to all us three.  
The Kitchin Drudge, the cleaner of the sinkes,  
That calls out all that man or cares, or drinks.  
Thy bitering quality, stil irritates,  
Til sth and thee, nature exhonoreates.  
If any doubt this truth, whence this should come;  
Show them thys passage to th' Duodenum.  
If there thou're stops, to th' Liver thou turn'st in,  
And so with jaundice, Safferns all the skin.  
No further time I'll spend, in contusions,  
I trust I've clear'd your flandrous imputations.  
I now speake unto al, no more so one;  
Pray hear, admire, and learn instruction,  
My virtues yours surpasse, without compare:  
The first, my constancy, that jewel rare.
Of the four Humours

Choler's too rash, this golden gift to hold,
And Sanguine is more slye many fold.
Here, there, her reflexes thoughts do ever flye;
Constant in nothing, but inconstancy,
And what Flegme is, we know, like wise her mother,
Unstable is the case, so is the other.
With me is noble patience also found,
Impatience Choler loveth not the found.
What Sanguine is, she doth nor heed, nor care.
Now up, now down, transported like the Aire.
Flegme's patient, because her nature's tame;
But I by vertue, do acquire the same.
My temperance, chastity, is eminent,
But these with you, are seldome resident.
Now could I stain my ruddy visages face,
With purple dye, to shew but her disgrace.
But I rather with silence, veil her shame;
Then cause her blush, while I dilate the same.
Nor are ye free, from this inconstancy,
Although the beare the greatest obloquitie.
My prudence, judgement, now I might reveale,
But wildome 'tis, my wisdom to conceal.
Unto difcontent, nor inclin'd as ye:
Nor cold, nor hot, Agues, nor Plague's
Nor Coughner Quinte, nor the burning Fever.
I rarely feel to act his fierce endeavours,
My sicknesse chiefly in conceit doth lye,
What I imagine, that's my malady.
Strange Chymena's are in my phaunce,
And things that never were, nor Shall I see.
Take I love not, reason lyes not in length.
Nor multitude of words, argues our strength;

in mans Constitution.

I've done, pray Sifer Flegme proceed in course,
We shall expect much sound, but little force.

Flegme.

Patient I am, patient I'd need to be,
To bear the injurious taunts of three,
Though wit I want, and anger I have left,
Enough of both, my wrongs for to expresse;
I've not forgot how bitter Choler spake,
Nor how her Gaul on me the cauleffe bake;
Nor wonder 'twas, for hatred there's no small,
Where opposition is diametrical:
To what is truth, I freely wil assent,
(Although my name do suffer detriment)
What's flamorous, repels, doubeful discourse;
And when I've nothing left to lay, be more;
Valour I want, no Soldier am, 'tis true,
I'll leave that manly property to you;
I love no thundersing Drums, nor bloody Wares,
My polish'd skin was not ordain'd for skins,
And though the pitch'd field I've ever fled,
At home, the Conquerors, have conquer'd.
No, I could tell you (what's more true then meet)
That Kings have laid their Steppers at my feet,
When bitter Sanguine paints my ivory face,
The Monarchs bend, and say, but for my grace;
My Lilly white, when joined with her red,
Princes hitherto, and Captains captiv'd.
Country with Country, Greeks with Asia fights,
Sixty nine Princes, all about Hera Knights.

D 3
Of the Four Humours

Under Troy's wall, ten years will wait away,
Rather than loose, one beauteous Hellen's:
But 'twere as vain, to prove the truth of mine,
As at noon day to tell, the Sun doth shine.
Next difference betwixt us is rain doth lye,
Who doth possesse the Brain, or thou, or I;
Shame force thee say, the matter that was mine,
But the spirits, by which it acts are thine;
Thou speakest truth, and I can speak no lies,
Thy heart doth much, I candidly confess,
But yet thou art as much, I truly say,
Beholding unto me another way.
And though I grant, thou art my helper here,
No debtor I, because 'tis paid else where;
With all your drolleries, now Sisters three,
Who is't or dare, or can compare with me?
My excellencies are so great, so many,
I am confounded, for I speak of any.
The Brain's the noblest member all allow,
The humour, and form wilt avow,
Its ventricles, membranes, and wondrous ner,
Galen, Hippocrates, draws to a fer.
That divine Effence, the immortal Soul,
Though it in all, and every part be whole:
Within this fixley place of eminence,
Doth doublest keep its mighty residence;
And surely the Soul's infusive here lives,
Which life and motion to each Creature gives,
The conjunctions of the parts both brain
Doth shew, hence flows the power which they retain;
Within this high built Cistadel doth lye,
The Reason, Fancy, and the Memory.

in mans Constitution

The faculty of speech doth here abide,
The spirits animal from whence doth slide,
The five most noble Sences, here do dwell,
Of three, its hard to say, which doth excel.
This point for to discuss longs not to me,
I'll touch the Sight, great't wonder of the three,
The optic nerve, coats, humours, all are mine,
Both wary, glassy, and the chithaline.
O! mixture strange, oh colour, colourless,
Thy perfect temperament, who can expresse?
He was no fool, who thought the Soul lay here,
Whence her affections, passions, speak so clear;
O! good, O bad, O true, O traiters eyes!
What wunderments within your bals there lyes?
Of all the Sences, Sight shall be the Queen;
Yet force may with, oh, had mine eyes ne're seen.
Mine likewise is the marrow of the back,
Which runs through all the spindles of the rack,
Iris is the substruction o'th royal Brain,
All nerves (except seven paires) to it retain;
And the strong ligaments, from hence arise,
With joynts to joynts, the entire body eyes;
Some other parts there influe from the Brain,
Whole use and worth to tel, I must refrain;
Some worthy learned Crooke may these reveal,
But modestly hath charg'd me to conceal;
Here's my epitome of excellence,
For what's the Brains, is mine, by consequence.
A foolish Brain (such Choler) wanting heat,
But a mad one, say I, where 'tis too great,
Phrensic's worfse, then folly one would more glad,
With a same foole converse, then with a mad.

D 4  Then
Then, my head for learning is not the fittest,
Nor's did I heare that Choler was the witheft;
Thy judgement is unsafe, thy fancy little,
For memory, the fand is not more brittle.
Again, none's fit for Kingly place but thou,
If Tyrants be the best, I'll e't allow;
But if love be, as requisite as feare,
Then I, and thou, must make a mixture here:
Well, to be brief, Choler I hope now's laid,
And I passe by what fitter Sanguine said;
To Melancholy I'll make no reply,
The woof the fads, was, infaubly,
And too much tale; both which, I do confefs,
A warning good, hereafter I'll lay leffe.
Let's now be friends, 'tis time our fpight was spent,
Left we too late this rashneffe do repent,
Such premifes will force a fad conclusion,
Unleffe we 'gree, all fads into confusion.
Let Sanguine, Choler, with her hot hand hold,
To take her moyft, my moiftnelle will be bold;
My cold, cold Melancholy's hand shall clasp,
Her dry, dry Choler other hand shall grasp;
Two hot, two moifft, two cold, two dry here be,
A golden King, the Poefy, witty:
Not jars, not scoffs, let none hereafter fee,
But all admire our perfect amity;
Nor be differ'd, here's water, earth, aire, fire,
But here's a compact body, whole, entire:
This loving couſel pleas'd them all to wel,
That Flegme was juft', for kindneffe to excel.

The Four Ages of Man.

Now four other acts upon the stage,
Childhood, and Youth, the Mainly, and Old-age.
The first: son unto Flegme, grand-child to water,
Unfable, supple, moifft, and cold's his Naure.
The second, frolick, claims his pedigree,
From blood and aire, for hot, and moifft is he.
The third, of fire, and Choler is compos'd,
Vindicative, and quarelome dispos'd.
The laft, of earth, and heavy melancholy,
Solid, hating all flightneffe, and defpoyll.
Childhood was cloath'd in white, and given to show,
His sping was intermixed with some shew.
Upon his head a Girl and Naure set:
Of Daffy, Primrose, and the Violet.
Such cold mean flowers (as these) bloſſome betime,
Before the Sun hath throughly warm'd the eſtme.
His hobby ſpringing, did not ride, but run,
And in his hand an hour-gleffe new begun,
In dangers every moment of a fall,
And when'tis brake, then ends his life and all.
But if he hold, till it have run its laſt,
Then may he live, till threescore years and paſt.

Next
The four Ages of Man.

Next youth came up, in gorgeous attire;
(As that fond age, doth most of all desire.)
His Suit of Crimson, and his Scarfe of Green.
In's countenance, his pride quickly was seen.
Garland of Roses, Pinks, and Gilliflowers,
Seemed so grow on his head (bedew'd with flowers.)
His face as fresh, as is Aurora faire,
When blushing first, the gins to red the Aire.
No wooden horse, but one of metal try'd;
He seems to flye, or swim, and not to ride,
Then prancing on the Stage, about he wheels;
But as he went, death waited at his heels.
The next came up, in a more graver fort,
As one that cared for a good report.
His Sword by his side, and choler in his eyes;
But neither us'd (as yet) for he was wife.
Of Autumn fruits a basket on his arm;
His golden god in's posture, which was his charm;
And last of all, to act upon this Stage;
Leaning upon his staff, comes up old age.
Under his arms a Sheafe of wheat he bore,
A Harvest of the beet what needs he more.
His other hand a staff, even almost run,
This write about: This is, thus I am done.
His hasty faires, and grave aspect made ways,
And all gave ear, to what he had to say.
These being met, each in his equipage,
Intend to speak, according to their age:
But wise Old-age, did with all gravity,
To childish childhood, give precedence;
And to the rest, his reason mildly told;
That he was young, before he grew to old.

To do as he, the rest ful soon offens,
Their method was, that of the Elements,
That each should tell, what of himselfe he knew;
Both good and bad, but yet no more then's true:
With heed now flood, three ages of fraile man;
To hear the child, who crying, thus began.

Childhood.

A H me! conceiv'd in sin, and born in sorrow,
A nothing, here to day, but gone to morrow.
Whose mean beginning, blushing can not reveal,
But night and darkness, must with shame conceal.
My mothers breeding sicknes, I will spare;
Her nine months weary burden nor declare.
To shew her bearing pangs, I should do wrong,
To tell that paine, which can not be told by tongue;
With tears into this world I did arrive;
My mother stil did wattle, as I did thrive.
Who yet with love, and all alacrity,
Spending was willing, to be spent for me;
With wayward cries, I did disturb her rest;
Who sought stil to appease me, with her breast,
With weary armes, the dance and by, by, sang.
When wretched I (ungrate) had done the wrong.
When Infancy was past, my Childishness,
Did actal folly, that it could express.
My silliness did only take delight.
In that which riper age did scorn, and slight:
In Rattles, Bibles, and such toyish fluffe.
My then ambitious thoughts, were low enough.

My
Of the Four Ages of man.

My highborne soule, so straitly was confin'd: That its own worth, it did not know, nor mind. This little house of flesh, did spacious count: Through ignorance, all troubles did surmount. Yet this advantage, had mine ignorance, Freedome from Envy, and from Arrogance. How to be rich, or great, I did not care; A Baron or a Duke, ne'er made my mark. Nor audious was, Kings favours how to buy, With costly presents, or base flattery. No office covet, wherein I might Make strong my selfe, and turne aside weak right. No malice bare, to this, or that great Peer, Nor unto buzzing whisperers, gave ear. I gave no hand, nor voice, for death, or life: I'd nothing to do, 'twixt Prince, and peoples strife. No Stiff I: nor Murr'd lift i' th' field: Where e're I went, mine innocence was shield. My quarrels, not for Diadems did rise; But for an Apple, Plumbe, or some such prize. My hecks did cause no death, nor wounds, nor shame: My little wrath did cease soon as my wars. My duel was no challenge, nor did seek. My foe should wretcher, with his bowels reck. I had no Suits at law, neighbours to vex. Nor evidence for land, did me perplex. I fear'd no storms, nor at the winde that blows, I had no ships at Sea, no fraughts to loose. I fear'd no drought, nor wet, I had no crop. Nor yet on future things did place my hope. This was mine innocence, but oh the seeds, Lay raked up of all the curst weeds.

Which sprouted forth, in my infusing age. As he can tell, that next comes on the stage. But yet let me relat, before I go, The sins and dangers I am subject to. From birth stained, with Adam's sinfull fault; From whence I gan to sin, as soon as ake. A perverse will, a love to what's forbid; A serpents fang in pleasing face lay hid. A lying tongue as soon as it could speak, And his Commandement do daily break. Oft stubborn, peevish, full of poison, and cver. Then nought can please, and yet I know not why. As many was my sins, so dangers too: For sin brings sorrow, sickness, death, and woe. And though I misste, the tofflings of the mind: Yet griefs, in my frile flesh, I still do find. What grieses of wind, mine infancy did pain? What tortures in breeding teeth suffred? What cruelties my cold stomacher hath bred. Whence von its, worms, and flux have ensued? What breaches, knockes, and falls I daily have? And some perhaps, I carry to my grave. Sometimes in fire, sometimes in waters fall: Strangely present'd, yet mind it not at all. At home, abroad, my danger's manifold. That wonder tis, my gaffe till now doth hold. I've done, unto my elders I give way. For'tis but little, that a childe can say.

Youth.
The Four Ages of Man.

**Youth.**

My goodly cloathing, and my beauteous skin,
Declare some greater riches are within;
But what is best I'll first present to view,
And then the worst, in a more ugly hue;
For thus to do, we on this stage assemble,
Then let not him, which hath most craft discernible;
Mine education, and my learning's such,
As might my self, and others, profit much:
With nurture trained up in virtue Schools,
Of Science, Arts, and Tongues, I know the rules,
The manners of the Court, I likewise know;
Nor ignorant what they in Country do;
The brave attempts of valiant Knights I prize,
That dare climb Battlements, rear'd to the skies;
The snorting Horse, the Trumpet, Drum I like,
The glittering Sword, and well advanced Pike;
I cannot live in trench, before a Town,
Nor wait till good advice our hopes do crown;
I form the heavy Corset, Musket-proof,
I fly to catch the Bullet that's aloof;
Though thus in field, at home, to all most kind,
So affable that I do suit each mind;
I can infinunte into the brief,
And by my mirth can raise the heart deprest;
Sweet Music vext my harmonious Soul,
And elevates my thoughts above the Pole.
My wit, my bounty, and my courtesy,
Makes all to place their future hopes on me.
Of the Four Ages of Man.

Cards, Dice, and Oaths, concomitant, I love;
To Masques, to Plays, to Taverns still I move;
And in a word, if what I am you'd hear,
Seek out a Brit, a Brit, a Cavalier;
Such wretch, such monster am I; but yet more,
I want a heart all this for to deplore.
Thus, thus alas! I have mispent my time,
My youth, my best, my strength, my bud, and prime;
Remembering not the dreadful day of Doom,
Nor yet that heavy reckoning for to come;
Though dangers do attend me every hour,
And gaily death oft threatens me with her power,
Sometimes by wounds in idle combats taken,
Sometimes by Agues all my body shaken;
Sometimes by Fevers, all my moisture drinking,
My heart ayes frying, and my eyes are sinking;
Sometimes the Cough, Stitch, painful Plurites,
With sad affrights of death, doth menace me;
Sometimes the loathsome Pox, my face beares,
With ugly marks of his eternal scars;
Sometimes the Phrenite, strangely maddens my Brain,
That oft for it, in Bath I remain.
Too many's my Diseases to recite,
That wonder 'tis I yet behold the light,
That yet my bed in darkness is not made,
And in black oblivions lenge lengtised;
Of my bones, of my breasts,
Car'd by the grises of Sr. Eth's Arreels;
Thus I have lied, and what I've said you see,
Childhood and youth is vanity, yet vanity.

Middle Age.

Childhood and youth, forgot, sometimes I've seen,
And now am grown more illaded, that have been green,
What they have done, the same was done by me,
As was their praise, or blame, so mine must be.
Now age is more, more good ye do expect;
But more my age, the more is my defect.
But what's of worth, your eyes shall first behold,
And then a world of drosses among my gold.
When my Wilde Oates, were town, and ripe, and grown,
I then receiv'd a harvest of mine own.
My reason, then bad judge, how little hope,
Such empyrean seed should yeeld a better crop.
I then with both hands, grasp the world together,
Thus out of one extreme, into another.
But yet laid hold, on virtue seemingly,
Who climbs without hold, climbs dangerously.
Be my condition mean, I then take pains;
My family to keep, but not for gaines.
If rich, I'm urged then to gather more.
To bear me out in this world, and feed the poor,
If a father, then for children must provide;
But if none, then for kindred near ally'd.
If Noble, then mine honour to maintain,
If not, yet wealth, Nobility can gain.
For time, for place, likewise for each relation,
I wanted not my ready allegiation.
Yet all my powers, for self ends are not spent,
For hundreds bless me, for my bounty sent.

The four Ages of Man.

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When my Wilde Oates, were town, and ripe, and grown,
I then receiv'd a harvest of mine own.
My reason, then bad judge, how little hope,
Such empyrean seed should yeeld a better crop.
I then with both hands, grasp the world together,
Thus out of one extreme, into another.
But yet laid hold, on virtue seemingly,
Who climbs without hold, climbs dangerously.
Be my condition mean, I then take pains;
My family to keep, but not for gaines.
If rich, I'm urged then to gather more.
To bear me out in this world, and feed the poor,
Of the Four Ages of man.

Whose loynes I've cloth'd, and bellies I have fed;
With mine owne fleece, and with my household bread.
Yea justice I have done, was I in place;
To chear the good, and wicked to deface.
The proud I cutt'd, th' oppreßed I set free,
The lyars cub'd but nourish't verity.
Was I a pastor, my flock did feed:
And gently lead the lambs, as they had need,
A Captain I, with skill I train'd my band;
And shew'd them how, in face of foes to stand.
If a Souldier, with speed I did obey,
As readily as could my Leader say:
Was I a laborer, I wrought all day,
As cheerfully as ere I took my pay.
Thus hath mine age (in all) sometime's done well,
Sometimes mine age (in all) been worse then hell.
In meannes, greatness, riches, poverty;
Did toil, did broyle; oppreß'd, did steal and bye.
Was I as poor, as poverty could be,
Then but mine was companion unto me.
Such sum, as Hedges, and High-ways do yeeld,
As neither low, nor reap, nor plant, nor build.
If to Agricultur, I was ordain'd:
Great labours, forrows, crosse's I sustaine'd.
The early Cock, did summon but in vaine,
My wakefull thoughts, up to my painetful gaines.
For a little day and night, I am rob'd of sleep,
By ankered care, who centinel doth keep.
My weary head, rest from his toil can find;
But if I rest, the more doth my mind,
If happiness or fordoßesse hath found:
'Twas in the crop of my manured ground.

My fatted Ox, and my exuberant Cow,
My fleeced Ewe, and ever farrowing Sow.
To greater things, I never did alpse,
My dunghill thoughts, or hopes, could reach no higher.
If to be rich, or great, it was my fate.
How was I broy'd with envy, and with hate?
Greater, then was the great, was my desire,
And greater still, did set my heart on fire.
If honour was the point, to which I steer'd,
To run my hull upon disgrace I fear'd.
But by ambitious strakes, I was too carried:
That over flats, and fells, and rocks I hurried,
Oppress, and under thumb, all in my way;
That did oppose me, to my longed bay:
My thirst was higher, then Nobility.
And oft long'd for, to rise on Royalty.
Whence poesy, Pistols, and deadly instruments,
Have been curf furtherers of mine intents,
Nor Brothers, Nep'sewes, Sons, and Sires I've spar'd.
When to a Monarchy, my way they barr'd.
There fete, I rid my felle straight cut of hand.
Of such as might my Ion, or his wish and,
Then hearp up gold, and riches as the clay;
Which others scatter, like the dew in May.
Sometimes vain-glory is the only bait,
Whereby my empty scule, is lured and caught.
Be I of worth, of learning, or of parts;
Judge, I should have room, in all mens hearts.
And envy gnawes, if any do surmount.
I hate for to be had, in small account,
If that like, I'm stript unto my skin,
I glory in my wealth, I have within.

Thus
The four Ages of Man.

Thus good, and bad, and what I am, you see,
Now in a word, what my distresses be:
The vexing Stone, in bladder and in reins,
Torments me with intolerable pains;
The windy Cholick oft my bowels rend,
To break the darksome prison, where it's pent;
The knotty Gout doth daily torture me,
And the restraining lame Sciatica;
The Quinsie, and the Feavours, oft distress me,
And the Consumption, to the bones doth walk me;
Subject to all Diseases, that's the truth,
Though some more incident to age, or youth:
And to conclude, I may not tedious be,
Man at his best estate is vanity.

Old Age.

What you have been, ev'n such have I before,
And all you say, say I, and something more;
Babes innocence, Youth's wildness I have seen,
And in perplexed Middle-age have bin,
Sicknesse, dangers, and anxieties have past,
And on this Stage am come to act my part.
I have bin young, and strong, and wise as you,
But now, Bis pueri sens, is too true;
In every Age I've found much vanity,
An end of all perfection now I see.
It's not my valour, honour, nor my gold,
My mind's house, now falling can uphold;
It's not my Learning, Rhetorick, wit so large,
Now hath the power, Death's Warfare, to discharge;

I've seen a Kingdom flourish like a tree,
When it was rule't by that Celestial she;
And like a Cedar, others to surround,
That but for thorns they did themselves account;
Then saw I France, and Holland was d'ont,
Siena and Lucca, turn'd a stone;
I saw all peace at home, terror to foes,
But ah, I saw at last those eyes to close;
And then, I thought, the world at noon grew dark,
When it had lost that radiant Sun-like spark.
In midst of griefs, I saw some hopes revive,
(For twas our hopes then kept our hearts alive)
I saw hopes dale, our faradenee was then,
And silence, by Act of Parliament,
I've seen from Rome, an extra-le thing,
A plot to blow up Nobles, and their King;
I've seen desigues at Rec, and Cades croft,
And poor Palestine for ever lost;
Of the Four Ages of Man.

I've seen a Prince to live on others lands,
A Royall one, by almes from Subjects hands,
I've seen base men, advance'd to great degree,
And worthy ones, put to extremity:
But none their Prince's love, nor state so high;
could once reverse, their shamefull destiny.
I've seen one flab'd, another loose his head;
And others fly their Country, through their dread.
I've seen, and so have ye, for his but late,
The declension, of a goodly State.
Dotted and acted, so thin none can tell,
Who gave the counsell, but the Prince of hell.
I've seen a land unmoulded with great paine,
But yet may live, to see's made up again;
I've seen it shaken, rent, and soak'd in blood,
But out of troubles, ye may see much good;
These are no old wives tales, but this is truth;
We old men love to tell, what's done in youth.
But I returne, from whence I first away,
My memory is short, and braine dry.
My Almond-tree (gray hours) doth prosperous now,
And back, once straight, begins space to bow.
My skin is wrinkled, and my cheeks are pale.
No more my joy, as musicke pleasanoyaise,
But do awake, at the cockes clanging voice.
I cannot scent, favours of pleasant meat,
Nor fawne, in what I drink or eat.
My hands and armes, once strong have lost their might,
I cannot labour, nor I cannot fight.
My comely leggs, as nimble as the Doe,
Now stiffe and numb, can hardly creep or go.

Of the Four Ages of man.

My heart sometimes as fierce, as Lion bold,
Now trembling, and fearful, sad, and cold;
My golden Bowl, and silver Cord, e're long,
Shall both be broke, by wrecking deathlo' strong;
Then shall go, whence I shall come no more,
Sons, Nephews, leave, my death for to deplore;
In pleasures, and in labours, I have found,
That earth can give no consolation found.
To great, to rich, to poore, to young, or old,
To mean, to noble, fearful, or to bold:
From King to beggar, all degrees that finde
But vanity, vexation of the minde;
Yea knowing much, the pleasur'd life of all,
Hath yet amongst that sweet, some bitter gall.
Though reading others Works, doth much refresh,
Yet studying much, brings wearinesse to the flesh;
My studies, labours, readings, all are done,
And my last period now e'n almost run;
Corruption, my Father, I do call,
Mother, and sisters both; the worms, that crawl,
In my dark house, such kindred I have more,
There, I that rest, till heaven's that be no more;
And when this flesh that rot, and be consumed,
This body, by this foul, shall be abhorr'd;
And I shall see, with the same very eyes,
My strong Redeemer, comming in the skies;
Triumph I that, o're Sin, o're Death, o're Hell,
And in that hope, I bid you all farewell.
The four Seasons of the Yeare.

Spring.

Another Four I've yet for to bring on,
Of four times four, the last quaternion;
The Winter, Summer, Autumn, and the Spring,
In season all these Seasons I shall bring;
Sweet Spring, like man in his minority,
At present claim'd, and had priority,
With smiling Sun shine face, and grateful green,
She gently thus began, like some fair Queen;
Three months there are allotted to my thare,
March, April, May, of all the rest most faire;
The tenth of th' first Sol into Aries enters,
And bids defiance to all tedious Winters:
And now makes glad those blinded Northern lights,
Who for some months have been but stary lights,
Crosses the Line, and equals night and day,
Still adds to th' last, all after pleasant May;
Now goes the Blow-man to his merry toy,
For to unloose his Winter-bolted foil;
The Seed-man now doth walk out his Grain,
In hope, the more he casts, the more to gain;
The Gardener, now sapling branches laps,
And Poles erects, for his green chambering Hops;
Now digs, then sows, his herbs, his flowers, and roots,
And carefully mamers his trees of fruits.

The four Seasons of the Year.

The Pleiades, their influence now give,
And all that seem'd as dead, areth do live.
The croaking Frogs, whom nipping Winter kild,
Like Birds, now chirp, and hop about the field;
The Nightingale, the Black-bird, and the Thrush,
Now tune their lays, on sprays of every bush;
The wanton frisking Kids, and soft fleece'd Lambs,
Now jump, and play, before their feeding Dios.
The tender tops of budding Grasse they crop,
They joy in what they have, but more in hope;
For though the Frost hath loft his binding power,
Yet many a fleece of Snow, and flowery flower;
Dost darken Sol's bright face, makes us remember
The pinching Nor-west cold, of fierce December.
My second month is April, green, and fair,
Of longer days, and a more temperate air;
The Sun now keeps his setting residence
In Taurus Signe, yet halfeeth straight from thence;
For though in's running progress he doth take
Twelve houses of the oblique Zodiack,
Yet never minute fail was known to hand,
But only once at Jovina's strange command;
This is the month whose fruitful flowers produces
All Plants, and Flowers, for all delights, and uses;
The Pear, the Plum, and Apple-tree now flourish,
And Grasse grows longest, the tender Lambs to nourish;
The P. inrode pale, and azure Violet,
Among the verdous Grasse hath Nature set,
That when the Sun (on's love) the earth doth shine,
There might as Laces set out her Garments fine;
The fearful Bird, his little house now builds,
In trees, and walls, in cities, and in fields;
58 Of the four Seasons of the Year.

Of the four Seasons of the Year.

Summer.

When Spring had done, then Summer must begin,
With melted tawny face, and garments thinne.
Reembling choler, fire and middle-age;
As Spring did afe, blood, youth in's equipage,
Wiping her sweat from off her brow, that ran,
With hair all wer, the puffing thus began.

Bright June, July, and August, hot are mine,
In's first, Sol doth in craved Cancer shine.
His progress to the North; now's fully done,
And retrograde, now is my burning Sun.

Who to his Southward tropick hill is bent,
Yet doth his patching heat the more augment.
The reason why, because his flame so faire,
Hath formerly much heat, the earth and aire.

Like an oven, that long time hath been heat.
Whole vehemency, at length doth grow so great,
That if you do, remove her burning lore.
She's for a time as fervent as before.

Now go those strollick swaines, the shepheard lad,
To watt their thick cloth'd fleeces, with pipes ful glad.

In the coole streames they labour without delight,
Rumbling their dirty coats, till they look white.
Whole fleece when purely spun, and deeply dy'd,
With robes thereof, Kings have been dignified.

Mongst all ye theresheds, never but one man,
Wass like this noble, brave Archadmus.
Yet hath your life, made Kings the same envy,
Though you rep. fe on grasse under the skye.

Carelesse
The four Seasons of the Year.

Carelesse of worldly wealth, you sit and pipe,
Whilst they're imbroyl'd in Wars, and troubles ripe;
Which made great Bajazet cry out in's woes,
Oh! happy Shepheard, which had not to lose.

Orbitables, nor yet Seabestia great,
But whist'leth to thy Flock in cold, and hear,
Viewing the Sun by day, the Moon by night,
Enluminis, Diana's dear delight.

This Month the Roses are d'still'd in Glasses,
Whose fragrant scent, all made-perfume surpasses;
The Cherry, Goose-berrie, is now ith prime,
And for all sorts of Pease this is the time.

July my next, the ho'lt in all the year,
The Sun in Leo now hath his career,
Whose flaming breath doth melt us from afar,
Increased by the Star Caeniculum.

This month from Julia Caesar took the name,
By Roman's celebrated to his fame.
Now go the Mowers to their flashing toy,
The Medows of their burden to dispoyl,
With weary strokes, they take all in their way,
Bearing the burning heat of the long day;
The Foles, and Rikes do follow them amain,
Which makes the aged fields look young again.

The groaning Cares to bear away this pride.
To Barns, and Stacks, where it for Polder Iyes.
My next, and last, is August, very hot,
For yet the Southward Sun abateth not.

This month he keeps with Pigo for a space,
The dried earth is parched by his face.

August, of great Augustus took its name,
Roses second Emperor of peaceful time.

With Sickles now, the painful Reapers go,
The ruffling treffe of Corns for to mow,
And bundles up in sheaves the weighty Wheat,
Which after Manche's made, for Kings to eat.
The Barley, and the Rye, should first had place,
Although their Bread have not so white a face.
The Carter leads all home, with whistling voyce,
He plow'd with pain, but reaping doth rejoice.
His Iwear, his toyl, his careful, wakeful nights,
His fruitful crop, abundantly requires.

Now's ripe the Pear, Pear-plums, and Apricock,
The Prince of Plumbs, whose stone is hard as Rock.
The Summer's short, the beauteous Autumnn returns,
To shake his fruit, of most delicious tastes.
Like good Old Age, whose younger juycie roots,
Hee till ascended up in goodly Fruits,
Until his head be gray, and strength be gone,
Yet then appears the worthy deeds he hath done.
To feed his boughes, exhausted hath his sap,
Then drops his Fruits into the Eaters lap.

Autumnne.

Of Autumnne monthes, September is the prime,
Now day and night are equal in each clime.
The tenth of this, solstice in the Line,
And doth in positing Libra this month shine.
The Vintage now is ripe, the Grapes are proof,
Whose lively liquor oft is curst, and blest.
For ought's so good, but it may be abused,
But yet it's a precious juyce, when well it's used.
Of the four Seasons of the Year.

Almost at shortest is the shortened day,
The Northern Pole beholdeth not one ray.
Now Green-land, Green-land, Lap-land, Fin-land, fee
No Sun, to lighten their obscurity;
Poor wretches, that in total darkness lie,
With minds more dark, then is the darkned sky.
This month is timber for all ules fell'd,
When cold, the sap to th' roots hath low'd it fell'd
Beef, Brawn, and Pork, are now in gree'n't request,
And iced'd meats, our stomachs can dig it.
This time warm cloaths, ful dies, and good fires,
Our pinched flesh, and empty panch requires:
Old cold, dry age, and earth, Autumnne resembles,
And melancholy, which most of all dimembles.
I must be short; and short's the shortened day,
What Winter hath to tel, now let him say.

Winter.

Cold, moist, young, slegamy Winter now doth lye
In Swaddling clouts, like new-born infancy,
Bound up with Frosts, and sun'd with Hirts, and
And like an Infane, still he taller grows.
(Snows,

December is the first, and now the Sun
To th' Southward tropick his warre hath run;
This month he's hous'd in honned Capricorn,
From thence he gins to length the shortened moone,
Through Christenemne, with great felicity.
Now's the, a Guest, (but blest) Nativity.
Cold frozen January next comes in,
Chilling the blood, and shrinking up the skin.
The Four Seasons of the Year.

In Aquarius, now keeps the loved Sun,
And North-ward his unwearied race doth run;
The day much longer then it was before,
The cold not lessen'd, but augmented more.
Now toes, and ears, and fingers often freeze,
And Travellers sometimes their noses leese.
Moyst snowie February is my last,
I care not how the Winter time doth haste;
In Pisces now the golden Sun doth shine,
And North-ward still approaches to the Line;
The Rivers now do open; and Snows do melt,
And some warm glances from the Sun are felt,
Which is increased by the lengthened day,
Until by's heat he drives all cold away.

My Subjects bare, my Brains are bad,
Or better Lines you should have had;
The first fell so naturally,
I could not tell how to passe it by:
The last, though bad, I could not mend,
Accept therefore of what is sent'd,
And all the faults which you shall spy,
Shall at your feet for pardon cry.

Your dutifull Daughter.

A. E.

The Foure Monarchies;
The Assyrian being the first, beginning under Ninus, 131 yeares after the Flood.

Hen Time was young, and World in infancy,
Man did not strive for Soveraigny,
But each one thought his petty rule was high,
If of his house he held the Monarchy:
This was the Golden Age, but after came,
The boylerous Sons of Eufis, Grand-child to Ham,
That mighty Hunter, who in his strong toys,
Bush Reuks and Men subjected to his foys.
The strong foundation of proud Babel Laid,
Ludub, Ascud, and Cateub also made;
These were his first, all fleed in Sinait Land,
From thence he went Assyria to command;
And mighty Ninus, he there begin,
Now fastned, till he his race had run;
K eux, Cateub, and Rebakeb likewise,
By him, to Cities eminent did rise;
Of whom he was the original.
When the succeeding times a god did call.
Of the four Monarchies

When thus with rule he had been dignified,
One hundred fourteen years, he after dyed.

Bellus.

Great Nimrod dead, Bellus the next, his Son,
Confirms the rule his Father had begun,
Whose acts, and power, is not for certainty,
Left to the world, by any History;
But yet this blot for ever on him lies,
He taught the people first to Idolize;
Titles divine, he to himself did take,
Alive, and dead, a god they did him make;
This is that Bell, the Chaldees worshipped,
Whose Precepts, in Stories, oft are mentioned;
This is that Bell, to whom the Israelites
So oft profanely offered sacred rites;
This is Beltechub, god of Elyonites,
Likewise Baal-poor, of the Medebites:
His reign was short, for as I calculate,
At twenty five ended his regal date.

Ninus.

His father dead, Ninus begins his reign,
Transfers his Seat, to the Assyrian plain,
And mighty Ninus more mighty made,
Whose foundation was by his Grand-fire laid;
Four hundred forty Furlongs, wall’d about,
On which stood fifteen hundred towers Rost.

The walls one hundred sixty foot upright,
So broad, three Chariots run abreast there might,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tigris’ flood,
This hastily sent of warlike Ninus stood:
This Ninus for a god, his father canoniz’d,
To whom the foolish people sacrific’d;
This Tyrant did his neighbours all oppresse,
Where e’er he went he had no good successe,
Pergamus, the great Armenian King,
By force, his tributary, he did bring,
The Median country, he did also gain,
Tharsus, their King, he caus’d to be slain;
An army of three Millions he led out,
Against the Bactrians (but that I doubt)
Zoroaster, their King, he likewise slew,
And all the greater Asia did subdue;
Semiramis from Menoea he did take,
Then drown himself, did Menoea for her sake;
Fifty two years he reign’d (as we are told)
The world then was two thousand nineteen old.

Semiramis.

His great oppressing Ninus dead, and gone,
His wife, Semiramis, usurp’d the throne,
She like a brave Virago, plu’d the rex,
And was both flame, and glory of her sex;
Her birth-place was Phthius Aeg lon,
Her Mother Daciea, a Curiethian;
Others report, she was a vestal Nun,
Adjudged to be drown’d, for what she’d done;

F Z Trans-
Three hundred sixty feet, the walls in height:
Almost incredible, they were in breadth.
Most writers say, six chariots might a front,
With great facility, march safe upon’t.
About the wall, a ditch so deep and wide,
That like a river, long it did abide.
Three hundred thousand men, here day, by day,
Befell their labour, and receiv’d their pay,
But that which did, all cost, and are excell.
The wondrous Temple was, the rear’d to Bell;
Which in the midst, of this brave Town was plac’d,
(Continuing, till Xerxes it defac’d)
Whose flattery rap, beyond the clouds did rise;
From whence, Altologers, oft view’d the skies.
This to describe, in such particular,
A structure rare, I should but rudely marre,
Her gardens, bridges, arches, mounts, and spires,
All eyes that saw, or ears that heard, admires.
On Sinar plain, by the Euphrasian flood,
This wonder of the world, this Babell flood.
An expedition to the East the made,
Great King Stareboiter, for to invade.
Her Army of four Millions did consist,
(Each man believe it, to his fancy lift)
Her Camels, Carriages, Galleys in such number,
As puzzells both letterians to remember:
But this is marvelous, of all those men,
(They say) but twenty, ere came back again.
The River Indus swept them half away,
The rest Stareboiter in Eight did fly.
This was left progresse of this mighty Queen,
Who in her Country never more was seen.
Three hundred sixty foot, the walls in height:
Almost incredible, they were in breadth.
Most writers say, fix chariots might a front.
With great facility, march safe upon it.
About the wall, a ditch so deep and wide,
That like a river, long it did abide.
Three hundred thousand men, here day by day,
Befall'd their labour, and receiv'd their pay,
But that which did, all cost, and are exell'd.
The wondrous Temple was, the rear'd to Bell;
Which in the midst of this brave Town was plac'd,
(Containing, till Xerxes it deface'd)
Whose rarest rap, beyond the clouds did rise;
From whence, All the ages, oft view'd the skies.
This to describe, in each particular,
A structure rare, I should but rudely marre,
Her gardens, bridges, arches, mounts, and spires;
All eyes that low, or ears that hear, admires.
On Shinar plain, by the Euphrates flood,
This wonder of the world, this Isidell flood.
An expedition to the East the made,
Great King Sardanapals, for to invade.
Her Army of four millions did confront,
(Each man believe it, as his fancy list)
Her Camels of four millions did consort,
As puzzles both by their numbers to remember.
But this is marvelous, of all those men,
(They say) but twenty, ere came back again.
The River Indus steep them half away.
The rest Sardanapals in sight did stay.
This was left progresse of this mighty Queen.
Who in her Country never more was seen.
Of the four Monarchies

The Poets feign her turn’d into a Dove,
Leaving the world, to Venus, four’d above,
Which made the Assyrian many a day,
A Dove within their Ensigne to display;
Forty two years she reign’d, and then she dy’d,
But by what means, we are not certifi’d.

Ninias, or Zamias.

His Mother dead, Ninias obtains his right,
A Prince wedded to safety, and to delight,
Or else was his obedience very great;
To fit, thus long (obscure) wrong’d of his seat;
Some write, his Mother put his habite on,
Which made the people think they serv’d her Son;
But much it is, in more than forty years,
This fraud, in war, not peace, at all appears;
It is more like, being with pleasures fed,
He fought no rule, till she was gone, and dead;
What then he did, of worth, can no man tel,
But is lapn’d to be that Armaghel,
Who war’d with Salome, and Conwaeth King,
Gainst whom his trained Bands about did bring;
Some may object, his Parents ruling all,
How he thus suddenly should be thus small?
This answer may suffice, whom it will please,
He thus voluptuous, and given to care;
Each wronged Prince, or child, that did remain,
Would now advantage take, their own to gain;
So Province, after Province, rent away,
Until that potent Empire did decay.

Sardanapalus.

Again, the Country was left bare (there is no doubt)
Of men, and wealth, his Mother carried out;
Which to her neighbours, when it was made known,
Did then incite, them to regain their own.
What e’re he was, they did, or how it fell,
We may suggest our thoughts, but cannot tel;
For Ninias, and all his Race are left,
In deep oblivion, of acts bereft,
And cleav’n hundred of years in silence sit,
Save a few names anew, Berosus writ,
And such as care not, what befals their names,
May feign as many acts, as he did names:
It is enough, if all be true that’s past,
T’ Sardanapalus; next we wil make haste.

Sardanapalus. (Son t’ Orestes)

Who wallowed in all voluptuousnesse,
That palliarding lot, that out of doores
Ne re thew’d his face, but revel’d with his Whores,
Did wear their garb, their gestures imitate,
And their kind excelled did emulate,
Knowing his basenesse, and the peoples hate,
Kept ever close, fearing some dismal fate;
At last Arbaces brave, unwarily,
His master like a Strumpet chanc’d to spy,
His manly heart disdain’d, in the least,
Longer to serve this Metamorphos’d beast;
Unto Berosus, then he brake his minde,
Who sick of his distaste, he foone did finde.

Again, the World. 58
Of the Four Monarchies

These two, the Medias and Babylons,
Both, for their King, held their dominion.
Belus, promised Arbaces a side,
Arbaces him, fully to be repaid.
The left, the Medes and Persians doth invite,
Against their monstrous King to bring their might.
Belus the Chaldæans doth require,
And the Arabians, to further his desire.
These all agree, and forty thousand make,
The rule from their unworthy Prince to take.
By prophesy, Belus strength's their hands,
Arbaces must be master of their lands.
These Forces muttered, and in array,
Sardanapalus leaves his Avith play.
And though of wars, he did abate the sight;
Fears of his diadem, did force him fight.
And either by his valour or his fate,
Arbaces courage he did force abate.
That in despair, he left the field and fled.
But with fresh hope Belus succoured.
From Babylon an Army was at hand,
Prest for this service, by the King's command.
These with celebrity, Arbaces meets,
And with all terms of amity, he greets.
Makes promises, their necks for tenn year old,
And their Taxations fore, all to revoke.
At their power they, to grant them what they could crave,
To want no priviledge, Subjects should have,
Only their power, join their force with his
And win the Crown, which was the way to blo
Won by his loving looks, wise loving speech,
To accept of what they could, they him beseech.

Of the World.

Both sides their hearts, their hands, their bands unite,
And let upon their Princes Camp that night.
Who revelling in Cups, sung care away,
For victory obtain'd the other day.
But all surpris'd, by this unlookes for fright.
Benefits of wins, were slaughtered down right.
The King his Brother leaves, all to subsist,
And flees himself to Ninivie amain.
But Salomeus flaine, his Army falls;
The King's pursu'd unto the City walls;
But he once in, pursuers came too late.
The walls, and gates, their course did terminate;
There with all store he was so wel provided,
That what Arbaces did, was but derided.
Who there incamp'd two years, for little end,
But in the third, the River prov'd his friend,
Which through much rain, then swelling up so high,
Part of the wall at level caused to lie.
Arbaces marches in, the town did take,
For few, or none, did there resistance make.
And now they saw fulfill'd a prophesy;
That when the River prov'd their enemy,
Their strong wall'd town should suddenly be taken
By this accomplishment, their hearts were shaken.
Sardanapalus did not seek to fly,
This his inevitable destiny.
But all his wealth, and friends, together gets,
Then on himself, and them, a fire he sets.
This the last Monarch was, of Ninivis race,
Which for twelve hundred years had held that place.
Twenty he reign'd, same time, as Stories tel,
That Assurbanip was King of Ister.
Of the four Monarchies

His Father was then King (as we suppose),
When 

When Jonah for their sins denounced such woes;
He did repent, therefore it was not done,
But was accomplished now, in his Son.
Ahab's thus, of all becoming Lord,
Ingeniously with each did keep his word;
Of Babylon, Belshar he made King,
With overplus of all treasures therein,
To Bactrians, he gave their liberty,
Of Ninevites, he caufed none to dye,
But suffered, with goods to go elsewhere,
Yet would not let them to inhabit there;
For he demofhified that City great,
And then to Medes transfer'd his fear.
Thus was the promise bound, since first he craved,
Of Medes, and Persians, their affiling side;
A while he, and his race, aside must stand,
Not pertinent to what we have in hand;
But Belochus in's progeny pursues;
Who did this Monarchy begin anew.

Belus, or Belochus.

Belus settled, in his new, old feat,
Not so content, but aiming to be great,
Incroyed till upon the bordering Lands,
Till Mesopotamia he got in's hands,
And either by compound, or else by strength,
Assiria also gain'd at length;
Then did rebuild destroyed Ninevites,
A costly work, which none could doe but he,
Who

of the World.

Who own'd the treasures of proud Babylon,
And those which seem'd with Sardanapal's gone;
But though his Palace, did in ashes lye,
The fire, those Mergals could not damifie;
From rabbith thefe, with diligence he takes,
Ahab's suffer'd all, and all he takes.
He thus instru'd, by this new tryed Gold,
Rais'd a Phoenix new, from grave o' th' old;
And from this heap did after Ages fee,
As fair a Town, as the first Ninevies.
When this was built, and all matters in peace,
Molefs poor Israel, his wealth 'crurceate,
A thousand talents of Membries had,
Who ro be rid of such a guest, was glad;
In facred Wort, he's known by name of Pal,
Which makes the world of differences so true,
That he, and Belochus, one could not be;
But circumstance, doth prove the verity,
And times of both compar'd, so fall o'er,
The those two made but once, we need not doubt;
What else he did, his Empire to advance,
To rest content we must, in ignorance.
Forty eight years he reign'd, his race then ren,
He left his new gott Kingdoms to his Son.

Tiglath Palasfer.

Belas dead, Tiglath his was like Son
Ne'er tread's the steps, by which his Father won.
Dam-fuer, ancient feat of famous Kings,
Under subjection by his sword he brings;
Refin
Refus' their valiant King, he also flew,
And Syria's obedience did subdue;
Isaiah's bad King occasioned this War,
When Refus force his borders fore did mar.
And divers Cities, by strong hand did seize,
To Tiglath then doth Abas lend for sale.
The temple robes, to to fulfills his ends,
And to Affrana's King, a present lends.
I am thy Servant, and thy Son (quoth he)
From Rezin, and from Togoth let me free;
Gladly doth Tiglath this advantage take,
And succours Abas, yet for Tiglath's sake.
When Rezin's slain, his Army overthrown,
Syria he makes a Province of his own.
Unto Damasus then, comes Tiglath's King,
His humble thankfulness (with him) to bring.
Acknowledging the Affrana's high defeat,
To whom, he offered all loyalty of heart.
But Tiglath, having gain'd his wished end,
Proves unto Abas but a feigned friend.
All Israel's Land, beyond Jordan, he takes.
To Calitha, he woful havoc makes;
Through Syria now he marches, none hop his way,
And Abas open, at his mercy lay.
Who still implor'd his love, but was distress'd,
(This was, that Abas, which so much was agrest.)
Thus Tiglath reign'd, and war'd, twenty seven years
Then by his death, relents'd, was Israel's fears.

Salmonasser, or Nabonasser.

Tiglath deceas'd, Salmonasser is next,
He Israel's, more than his Father vex'd,
His seat, their last King, he did invade,
And him five years his tributary made;
But weary of his servitude, he sought,
To Egypt's King, which did avail him nought;
For Salmonasser, with a mighty Hoast,
Besegeth his regal town, and spoil'd his Coasts,
And did the people, nobles, and their King,
Into perpetual thrall to that time bring;
Those that from Tophet's time had been Estate,
Did Justice now, by him, eradicat:
This was that strange degenerated brood,
On whom, nor threats, nor mercies could do good;
Laden with honour, prisoners, and with spoil,
Returns triumphant Victor to his royal:
Plac'd Israel's Land, where he thought best,
Then sent his Colonies, thersis to invest;
Thus Jacob's Sons, in exile must remain,
And pleasant Canaan ne're see again:
Where now those ten Tribes are, can no man tell,
Or how they fare, rich, poor, or ill, or wel;
Whether the Indians of the East, or West,
Or wild Tartarians, as yet ne're blest?
O. else those China's rare, whose wealth, and Arts,
Hath bred more wonder, than belief in hearts;
But what, or where they are, yet know we this;
Thus that return, and Zion see, with bliss.

Senacherib.
Of the four Monarchies

Senacherib.

Senacherib Salmaneser succeeds,
Whose haughty heart is shewn in works and deeds;
His Wars none better then himself can boast,
On Heth, Arpad, and on Ithuth Iaamt;
On Ham, and on Sepharvaim's gods,
'Twixt them and Israels he knew no odds.
Until the thundering hand of heaven he felt,
Which made his Army into nothing melt;
With shame then turn'd to Ninivie again,
And by his Sons in's Idols house was slain.

Essarhaddon.

His Son, weak Essarhaddon reign'd in's place,
The fifth, and last, of great Belosurace ;
Brave Merodach, the Son of Balladur,
In Babylon, Lieutenant to this man,
Of opportunity advantage takes,
And on his Masters ruind, his house makes ;
And Belosur, first, his did unthrone,
So he's now still'd, the King of Babylon ;
After twelve years did Essarhaddon dye,
And Merodach assume the Monarchy.

of the World.

Merodach Baladan.

All yeelds to him, but Ninivie kept free,
Until his Grand-childe made her bow the knee,
Embaiffadours to Hergedeb sent,
His health congratulates with complements.

Ben, Merodach.

Ben, Merodach, Successor to this King,
Of whom is little said in any thing ;
But by conjecture this, and none but he,
Led King Manasshe, to captivity.

Nebuzaradar.

Brave Nebuzaradar to this King was Sonne,
The ancient Ninivie by him was won ;
For fifty years, or more, it had been free,
Now yeelds her neck unto captivity:
A Vice-roy from her foe, she's glad 't accepts,
By whom in firm obedience she's kept.

Nebuchadnezar, or Nebopolasivar.

The famous Wars, of this Heroick King,
Did neither Homer, Heptode, Virgil sing ;
Nor
Of the four Monarchies

Nor of his acts have we the certainty,
From some Thucydides grave History;
Nor's Metamorphosis from Ovid's Book,
Nor his restoring from old legends took;
But by the Prophets, Pen-men most Divine,
This Prince in's magnitude doth ever shine;
This was of Monarchies that head of gold,
The richest, and the dreadfull'nt to behold;
This was that tree, whose branches fill'd the earth,
Under whose shade, birds, and beasts, had birth;
This was that King of Kings, did what he pleas'd,
Kild, sav'd, pull'd down, set up, or pun't, or cast'd;
And this is he, whom when he fear'd the least,
Was turn'd from a King, unto a Beast;
This Prince, the last year of his Fathers reign,
Against Jehovah marcht with his train;
Judah's poor King beseech'd, who succour'd thee,
Yeilds to his mercy, and the present gift;
His Vassals, gives pledges for his truth,
Children of Royal blood, unblemish'd youth;
Wife Daniel, and his felow's amongst the rest;
By the victorious King to Babylon's prell;
The temple of rich ornaments did he
And in his Idols house the Vassals placed.
The next year he, with unchristian bani,
Quite vanquish'd Tyre and Neba, and his Band;
By great Esther did his Army fall,
Which was the last of Tyre withall;
Then into Egypt, Neba did retire;
Which in few years proves the Affirm's his might;
A mighty Army men, he with the spoils,
And left the wealthy Tyre with all their power.

Such was the situation of this place,
As might not him, but all the world out-face;
That in her pride, she knew not which to boast,
Whether her wealth, or yet her strength was most;
How in all Merchandise she did excel,
None but the true Ezekiel need to tell:
And for her strength, how hard she was to gain,
Can Babils tired Souldiers tell with pain;
Within an Island had this City seat,
Divided from the maine, by channel great;
Of costly Ships, and Galleys, she had store;
And Mariners, to handle sayle, and care;
But the Chaldæans had nor ships, nor skill,
Their shoulders must their Masters mind fulfill;
Fetched rubbish from the opposite old town,
And in the channel throw each burden down;
Where after many safes, they make at Jaff,
The Sea firm Land, whereon the Army stand,
And took the wealthy town, but all the gain
Required not the cost, the toyle, and pain.
Full thirteen years in this strange work he spent,
Before he could accomplish his intent;
And though a Victor home his Army leads,
With pleased shoulders, and with balded heads;
When in the Tyrann wars, the King was hot,
Scholekin his Oath had clean forgot;
Things this the fittest time to break his bands,
While Babils Kings thus deep ingaged stand:
But he (also) whole fortunes now ith ebe,
Had all his hopes like to a Spiders web;
For this great King, with draws part of his force,
To Judah marches with a speedy course.
And unexpected finds the feeble Prince,
Whom he chastised for his proud offence;
Fell bounds intends at Babel he shall stay,
But chang'd his mind, and flew him by the way;
Thus cast him out, like to a naked Asse,
For this was he, for whom none said, Alas!
His Son three months he suffer'd to reign,
Then from his throne, he pull'd him down again:
Whom with his Mother, he to Babel led,
And more than thirty years in prison fed;
His Unckle, he establish'd in his place,
Who was last King of holy David's race;
But he, as perjur'd, as Ichiakim,
Judah lost more (then e'er they lost) by him;
Seven years he keeps his faith, and safe he dwells,
But in the eighth, against his Prince rebels;
The ninth, came Nebuchadnezar with power,
Besieg'd his City, Temple, Zion's Tower;
And after eighteen months he took them all,
The walls so strong, that stood so long, now fall;
The cursed King, by flight could no wise free
His well deserv'd, and fore-told misery;
But being cast into Babel wrathful King,
With Children, Wives, and Nobles, all they bring,
Where to the sword, all but himself was put,
And with that woful sight his eyes o'ert put:
A hapless man, whose darksome contemplation
Was nothing, but his gaitly meditation;
In midst of Babel now, till death he lies,
Yet as was told, he is lawful with his eyes;
The Temple's burn'd, the Vessels had away,
The Towers, and Palaces, brought to decay;
Where
Of the Four Monarchies

Evilmerodich.

Abel's great Monarch, now laid in the dust,
His sons possess'd wealth, and rule'd as just,
And in the first year of his royalty,
Elisha Jobiah's capitivity.
Poor forlorn Prince, that had all state forgot,
In seven and thirty years, had seen no jot,
Among the Conquered Kings, that there did lye,
Is Judah's King, now lifted up on high.
But yet in Babyl, he must still remain,
And native Canaan, never see again,
Unlike his father, Edomrodub.
Prudence, and magnanimity, did lack
Fair Egypt, by his remissgence lost,
Arabia, and all the bordering coast.
Wars with the Medes, unhappily he wag'd,
(Within which brokes, such Cruel was engag'd.)
His Army routed, and himself there slain,
His Kingdom to Belshazzar did remain.

Belshazzar.

Unworthy Belshazzar, next weares the Crown,
Whose prophane acts, a sacred pen sets down.
His lust, and cruelty, in books we find,
A Royal State, told by a wise man's mind.
His life to save, and absolute invites
The Noble Persians, to invade his rights.

Who with his own, and Uncle's power anon,
Lays sledge to's regal fear, proud Babylon.
The coward King, whose strength lay in his walls,
To banquetting, and reveling now falls,
To shew his little dread, but greater store,
To cheer his friends, and scorn his foes the more.
The holy vessels, thither brought long since,
Carous'd they in; and sacrilegious Prince,
Did praise his gods of metal, wood, and stone,
Protectors of his Crown, and Babylon,
But he above, his defence did deride,
And with a hand, soon dashed all his pride.
The King, upon the wall casting his eye,
The fingers of his hand-writing did spy,
Which horrid sight, he fears, must needs portend,
 Destruction to his Crown, to's Person end.
With quaking knees, and heart appall'd, he cries,
For the Soothsayers, and Magicians wife;
'Tis language strange, to read, and to unfold;
With gifts of Sculer robe, and Chains of gold,
And highest dignity, next to the King,
To him that could interpret clear this thing:
But dumb the gazing Astrologers stand,
Amazed at the writing, and the hand.
None answers the affrighted Kings intent.
Who still expects some fearful bad event,
As thus amort he fits, as all undone.
In comes the Queen, to cheer her heartless son.
Of Daniel tells, who in his Grand-fires dayes,
Was held in more requite, then now he was,
Daniel in haft, is brought before the King,
Who doth not flatter, nor once cloake the thing.

Who
Of the four Monarchies

Re-minds him of his Grand-fires height, and fall,
And of his own notorious sins, withall;
His drunkenness, and his prophaniest high,
His pride, and forthwith gross Idolatry.
The guilty King, with colour pale, and dead,
There hears his Mourn, and his Feket read;
And did one thing worthy a King (though late)
Perform'd his word, to him, that told his fate;
That night victorious Cyrus took the town,
Who soone did terminate his Life, and Crown:
With him did end the race of Baladan,
And now the Persian Monarchy began.

The Second Monarchy, being the Persian, begun under Cyrus, Darius (being his Niecekle,
and his Father in Law) reigning with him about two years.

True Cambyses, Son of Persee's King,
Whom Lady Mandana did to him bring;
She Daughter unto great Ahasares,
And to elecvent the seventh from Ahabees.
Cambyses was of Achemon's race,
Who had in Persia the Lieutenants place,
When Sardanapalus was over-thrown,
And from that time, had held it as his own;
Cyrus, Darius Daughter took to wife,
And to unite two Kingdoms, without strife;
Darius was unto Mandana brother,
Adopts her Son for his, having no other:
This is of Cyrus the true pedigree,
Whole Ancestors, were royal in degree;
His Mothers Dream, and Grand-fires cruelty,
His preservation in his mility,
His Second ment afforded by a Bitch,
Are fit for such, whose cares for fables itch;
OF THE FOUR MONARCHIES

He in his younger days an Army led,
Against great Crethus, then of Lydia\;head\;#
Who over-curious of wars event,
For information to Apollo went\;#
And the ambiguous Oracle did tell\;#
So overthrown of Cyrus, as was just\;#
Who him pursues to Sardis, takes the town\;#
Where all that do refuse slaughter’d down\;#
Disguised Crethus, hop’d to escape th’throng,
Who had no might to save himself from wrong\;#
But as he girt, his Son, who was born dumb,
With pressing grief, and sorrow, overcame,
Amidst the tumult, blood-shed, and the strife,
Broke his long silence, cry’d, I spare Crethus life\;#
Crethus thus known, it was great Cyrus doome,\#
(A hard decree) to ashes he consign’d;
Then on a Pike being set, where all might eye,
He Salom, Salom, Salom, thrice did cry,
Upon demand, his minde to Cyrus broke,
And told, how Salom in his height had spoke.
With pity Cyrus mov’d, knowing Kings stand,
Now up, now down, as fortune turns her hand,
Weighing the age, and greatnesse of the Prince,\#
(His Mothers Vnaclle, stories doe evince:\)
Gave him at once, his life, and Kingdom too,\#
And with the Linians had no more to do.
Next war, the terrible and Cyrus thought upon,
Was conquest of the lately\;\textit{\&c.}\;\#
Now treble wall’d, and moated so about,
That all the world they neither feare, nor doubt;
To drain this ditch, he many flusses cut,
But till convenient time their heads kept flat;\#

That night Belshazzar feasted all his rout,
He cuts those banks, and let the river out;
And to the walls securely marches on,
Not finding a defendant thereupon:\#
Enter the town, the fortifith King he slays,
Upon earths richest spoyle his Souldiers prey:
Here twenty years provision he found,
Forty five mile this City fearce could round:
This head of Kingdoms, Caldes excellence,
For Owles, and Satyres makes a residence;
Yet wondrous Monuments this stately Queen,
Hid after thousand yeares faire to be seen,
Cyrus doth now the Jewish captives free,
An Edict makes, the Temple builded be,
He with his Vnaclle Daniel sets on high,
And caus’d his foes in Lions den to dye.
Long after this, he gainst the Sythians goes,
And Tramis Son, an Army over-throws;
Which to revenge, he hires a mighty power,
And sets on Cyrus, in a fatal hour:
There routs his Hoast, himself the prisoner takes,
And at one blow, worlds head, the head of Ie makes;
The which the bak’d within aBut of blood,
Using such routling words as she thought good.
But Zenephen reports, he dy’d in’s bed,
In honour, peace, and wealth, with a grey head,
And in his Town of Palsardalyes,
Where Alexander fought, in hope of prize,
But in this Tome was only to be found:
Two Sythis bowes, a sword, and target round;
Where that proud Conquerour could doe no leffe,
Then at his Horse great honours to expresse;\#

Three
90  Of the four Monarchies

Three Daughters, and two Sons, he left behind,
Innobled more by birth, than by their mind;
Some thirty years this potent Prince did reign,
Unto Cambyses then all did remain.

Cambyses.

Cambyses, no ways like his noble Sire,
But to enlarge his state, had some desire;
His reign with Boldness, and Incest, first begins;
Then lends to find a Law for these his sons;
That Kings with Sifiers match, no Law they finde,
But that the Persian King, may set his minde;
Which Law includes all Lawes, though lawlesse it,
And makes it lawful Law, if he but wil;
He wages warre, the fifth year of his reign,
Gainst Egypt's King, who there by him was slain,
And all of Royal blood that came to hand;
He seized first of life, and then of Land;
(But little more, scap'd that cruel fate,
Who grown a man, restor'd again his state.)
He next to Cyprus lends his bloody hand,
Who landed soon upon that fruitful coast,
Made Ecbatana their King, with bend'd knee,
To hold his own, of his free courts:
The Temples he destroys not, for his zeal,
But he would be proft of god their Wals;
Yea, in his pride, he ventured to farre,
To spoyle the Temple of great Jupiter;
But as they marched o'er those defile funds,
The Rom'd slip'd o'er which'd his daring bands.

But fearing thus by force to be out-brav'd,
A second Army there had almost grave'd;
But vain he found, to fight with Elements,
So left his sacrilegious bold intents;
The Egyptian Apis then he likewise flew,
Laughing to scorn that ev'ry, fourth crew.
If all his State, had been for a good end,
Cambyses to the clouds, we might commend;
But he that bore the gods, himself profess,
Is more profane, then groffe Idolaters;
And though no gods, if he esteem them some,
And confound them, woful is his doome.
He after this, law in a vision,
His brother Smerdis is upon his throne;
He strait to rid himself of cauliellse fears,
Complots the Princes death, in his green years;
Who for no wrong, poor innocent must dye,
Trav's now must act this tragedy;
Who into Persia with Commination sent,
Accomplisht this wicked Kings intent;
His sister, whom incontinently he wed,
Hearing her hailest brother thus was dead,
His woful fate with tears did so bemoan;
That by her Husband's charge, she caught: her owne;
She with her fruit was both at once undone,
Who would have born a Nephew, and a Son.
O hellish Husband, Brother, Vnkle, Sire,
Thy cruelty will Ages still admire.
This strange severity, one time he us'd,
Upon a Judge, for breach of Law accus'd;
Floyd him alive, hung up his stuffed skin
Over his Seat, then plac'd his Son therein.
Of the Four Monarchies

To whom he gave this in rememberance,
Like faults must look, for the like requite,
Princes, to Cambyses favourite,
Having one son, in whom he did delight,
His cruel Mæster, for all service done,
Shot through the heart of his beloved son;
And only for his father faithfulness,
Who did but what, the King had him execute.
'T would be no pleasure, but a tedious thing,
To tell the faults of this most bloody King.
Fear'd of all, but lov'd of few, or none,
All thought his short reign long, till it was done.
At last, two of his Officers he hear,
Had set a Smerdis up, of the same years;
And like in feature, to the Smerdis dead,
Ruling as they thought good, under his head.
Touched with this news, to Peria he makes,
But in the way, his sword just vengeance takes.
Unfeather'd, as he his horse mounted on high,
And with a Mards' thrust, wounds him in his thigh,
Which ends before begun, the Persian War,
Yielding to death, that dreadfull Conqueror.
Grief for his brothers death, he did express,
And more, because he dyed illeterus.
The Male line, of great Cyrus now did end.
The Female many ages did extend,
A Nabylon in Egypt did he make,
And built for Nimrod, for his father sake.
Eight years he reign'd, a shorter, yet too long time,
Cut off in his wickedness, his strength, and prime.

The inter Regnum between Cambyses
and Darius Hyllaspes.

Cambyses, on the sudden dead,
The Princes meet to chuse one in his stead,
Of which the chiefe were seven, call'd Smerdies,
(Who like to Kings, rule th Kingdomes as they please.)
Descended all, of Achamen's blood,
And kinsmen in account, to th' King they stood,
And first these noble Magi aye upon,
To thrust th' Impotter Smerdis out of throne,
Their Forces instantly they raise, and rout,
This King, with conspirators to flour,
Who little pleasure had, in his short reign,
And now with his accomlypes ye shall find.
But yet, yore this was done, much blood was shed,
And two of these great Peers, in place by dead:
Some write that sorely hurt, they 'scap'd away;
But so or no, sure tis, they won the day.
All things in peace, and the Rebels thoroughly quail'd,
A Conventation by the States was held.
What forme of Government now to creft,
The old, or new, which best, in what respect,
The greater part, declin'd a Monarchy,
So late cruelty by their Princes Tyrannys,
And thought the people, would more happy be,
It governed by an Aristocrasy.
But others thought (none of the duttlest braine),
But better one, then many Tyrants reign.
What arguments they us'd, I know not well,
Too pollicke (is like) for me to tell.
Of the four Monarchies

But in conclusion they all agree,
That of the seven a Monarch chosen be;
All envy to avoid, this was thought on,
Upon a Green to meet, by rising Sun;
And he whose Horse before the rest should neigh,
Of all the Peers should have precedence.
They all attend on the appointed hour,
Praying to Fortune, for a Kingly power;
Then mounting on their shining couriers proud,
Darius lofty Ballion neighed full loud;
The Nobles all alight, their King to greet,
And after Perseus manner, kisse his feet.
His happy wilkes now doth no man spare,
But acclamations echoes in the air;
A thousand times, God save the King they cry,
Let tyranny now with Cambyres dye.
They then attend him to his royall roomes,
Thanks for all this to their crafty Stable-groome.

Darius Hylasips.

Darius by election made a King,
His title to make strong omits no thing;
He two of Cyrus Daughters now dowth wed,
Two of his Neices takes to suppell all bed;
By which he cuts their hopes (for future times)
That by such steps to Kingdoms often climbs.
And now a King, by marriage, choyce, and bloud,
Three strings to’s bow, the least of which is good;
Yet more the peoples hearts firmly to bind,
Made wholesome gentle Laws, which pleas’d each mind.

of the world.

His affability, and milde aspect,
Did win him loyalty, and all respect;
Yet notwithstanding he did all so well,
The Babylonians gainst their Prince rebell;
An Hoist he rais’d, the City to reduce,
But strength against those walls was of no use;
For twice ten months before the town he lay,
And fear’d, he now with scorn must march away;
Then brave Zopyrus, for his Masters good,
His manly face dil-figures, spares no bloud,
With his own hands cuts off his eares, and nose,
And with a faithfull fraud to th’ town he goes,
Tells them, how hardly the proud King had dealt,
That for their lakes, his cruelty he felt;
Dehiring of the Prince to raise the siefe,
This violence was done by his Leige;
This told, for entrance he stood not long,
For they beleev’d his nose, more then his tongue;
With all the Cities strength they him betruft,
If he command, obey the greatest must;
When opportunity he saw was fitt,
Delivers up the town, and all in it.
To loose a note, to win a Towns no shame,
But who dare venture such a stake for th’ game;
Then thy disgrace, thine honour’s manifold,
Who doth deserve a Statue made of gold;
Nor can Darius in his Monarchy,
Scarce finde enough to thank thy loyalty;
But yet thou hast sufficient recompence,
In that thy fame shall found whilst men have sense;
Yet o’re thy glory we must call this vaile.
Thy falshood, not thy valour did prevaile;
Thy
Thy wit was more then was thine honestly,  
Thou lov'dst thy Master more then verity.  
Darius in the second of his reign,  
An Edict for the Jews publish'd again,  
The temple to re-build, for that did rest  
Since Cyrus time, Cambyses did molest;  
He like a King, now grants a Charter large,  
Out of his owne revenues beves the charge;  
Gives sacrifices, wheat, wine, oyle, and salt,  
Threats punishment to him, that through default  
Shall let the work, or keep back any thing,  
Of what is freely granted by the King;  
And on all Kings he poures out execrations,  
That shall, but dare raise those firm foundations;  
They thus back'd the King, in spight of foes,  
Built on, and prosper'd, till their walls did close;  
And in the sixt yeare of his friendly reign  
Set up a Temple (though, a leffe) again,  
Darius on the Sythians made a war,  
Entering that large and barren country far;  
A bridge he made, which fery'd for boat, and barge;  
Over fair Isles, at a mighty charge;  
But in the Desart, amongst his barbarous foes,  
Sharp wands, not swords, his valour did oppose;  
His Army fought with Hunger, and with Cold,  
Which two then to assault, his Camp was bold;  
By these alone his Heart was pinch'd so sore,  
He war'd defensive, not offensive, more;  
The Sythians did laugh at his defeat,  
Their minds by Hieroglyphcs they expresst;  
A Frog, a Mouse, a Bud, an Arrow sent,  
The King will needs interpret their intent;  
Poffesstion of water, earth, and aire,  
But wife Gobrias reads not half so farre;  
Quoth he, like Frogs, in water we must dive,  
Or like to Mice, under the earth mult live;  
Or fly like birds, in unknown ways full quicks;  
Or Sythian arrows in our sides mult stick.  
The King, seeing his men, and virtuall spent,  
His fruitiele war, began late to repent;  
Return'd with little honour, and leffe gaine,  
His enemies scarce seen, then much leffe, slaine;  
He after this, intends Greece to invade;  
But troubles in leffe Asia him Ray'd;  
Which huths, he straight for orders his affaires,  
For Attica an Army he prepares;  
But as before, to now with ill success;  
Return'd with wondrous losse, and honourless;  
Ather perceiving now their desperate state,  
Am'd all they could, which elev'n thousand make;  
By brave Miltiades (their chief) being led,  
Darius multitude before them fled;  
At Marathon this bloody field was fought,  
Where Grecians prov'd themselves right Souldiers,  
The Persians to their Gallicies post with speed,  
(Stout,)  
Where an Alexander shew'd a valiant deed,  
Pursues his flying-foes, and on the strand,  
He playes a landing Gally with his hand;  
Which soon cut off, he with the left  
Renews his hold; but when of that beree,  
His whiter'd teeth he shicks in the firm wood,  
Off flyes his head, down showres his frolick blood.  
So Persians, carry home that angry piece,  
As the beest trophie that ye won in Greece.
Darius light, he heavy, home returns,  
And for revenge his heart still restless burns;  
His Queen Astarte, caus'd all this stir,  
For Cretan Maids ( 'tis said ) to wait on her;  
She left her aims; her Husband, he left more;  
His men, his coyn, his honour, and his store;  
And the ensuing year enure d his life,  
( 'Tis thought ) through grief of his succisful strife,  
Thirty six years this regale Prince did reign,  
Unto his eldest Son, all did remain.

Xerxes.

Xerxes, Darius, and Astarte's Son,  
Grand-child to Cyrrus, now his on the throne;  
The Father not so full of Ienity,  
As is the Son, of pride, and cruelty;  
He with his Crown, receives a double warre,  
Th' Egyptians to reduce, and Greece to make;  
The first began, and finis'd in such haft,  
None write by whom, nor how, 'twas over past;  
But for the last he made such preparation,  
As if to duft he meant to grind that Nation;  
Yet all his men, and instrumens of slaughter,  
Procured by deceit, and laughter;  
Sage Artaxerxes counsel, he taken,  
And's counsels, young Mardonius follow'd,  
His Soldiers, credit, wealth, at home had flay'd,  
And Greece such wonds we triumphs ne'er had made.  
The first deports, and lays before his eyes,  
His Father's ill success in's enterprise,  
Against the Sybiens, and Grecians too,  
What infamy to's honour did accrue,  
Flattering Mardonius on th' other side,  
With certainty of Europe feeds his pride;  
Vaine Xerxes thinks his counsell hath most witt,  
That his ambitious humour best can fit;  
And by this choyce, unwarily posts on,  
To prevent loss, future subversion;  
Although he hafted, yet four yeares was spent;  
In great provisions, for this great intent;  
His Army of all Nations, was compound'd,  
That the large Parthian government surround'd;  
His Foot was seventeen hundred thousand strong;  
Eight hundred thousand Horse to them belong;  
His Camels, beasts, for carriage numberless,  
For truth's aham'd how many to express;  
The charge of all he severally commended,  
To Princes of the Parthian blood defend'd;  
But the command of these Commanders all,  
To Mardonius, Captain General;  
He was the Son of the fore-nam'd Gobrias,  
Who married the sister of Darius;  
These his Land Forces were, then next, a Fleet  
Of two and twenty thousand Gallyes more;  
Mann'd by Phenicians, and Pamphilians,  
Cypriots, Dorians, and Cilicians,  
Ioniens, Carions, and Ionians,  
Etolians, and the Hellaphonians;  
Besides, the Vessels for his transportation,  
Three thousand ( or more ) by belte relation,  
Antenor, Hallicom's Queene,  
In person there, now for his help was seen;  
Whose
Whole Gallies all the rest in neatnesse passe,
Save the Zelotians, where Xerxes was.
Hers she kept still, separate from the rest,
For to command alone, the thought was best.
O noble Queen, thy valour I commend,
But pitty twas, thine aye that here did it lend;
At Sardes, in Lydia, these all doe meet,
Whither rich Phrygur comes, Xerxes to greet;
Feats all this multitude, of his own charge,
Then gives the King, a King-like gift, molt large;
Three thousand Ballants of the purest gold;
Which mighty sum, all wondred to behold.
Humbly to the King then makes request,
One of his own Sons there, might be releas'd;
To be to's age a comfort, and & stay,
The other four he freely gave away;
The King calls for the Youth, who being brought,
Cuts him in twain, for whom hisSire behoght.
O most inhumain incivilty!
Nay, more then monstrous barbarous cruelty!
For his great love, is this thy recompence?
Is this to doe like Xerxes, or a Prince?
Thou flame of Kings, of men the decification,
I Rhetorick want, to pour out execution:
First thing, Xerxes did worthy recount,
A Sea passage cuts, behind Orthos Mount,
Next, o're the Hellespont a bridge he made,
Of Boats, togethers coupled, and there laid;
But winds, and wares, these couples from different;
Yet Xerxes in his enterprise persever'd;
Seven thousand Gallies chain'd, by Tyrianc skill,
Firmly at length, accomplished his will.
O noble Grecy, how now, degenerate?
Where is the valour, of your ancient State?
When as one thousand, could some Millions daunt;
Alas, it is Leonidas you want!
This shamefull Victory cost Xerxes deare,
Amongst the rest, two brothers he left there;
And as at Land, so he at Sea was crost,
Four hundred fately Ships by Stormes was loft,
Of Vessels small almost innumerable,
Then to receive the Harbour was not able;
Yet thinking to out-march his foes at Sea,
Includ'd their Fleet 'twixt the streights of Euboea,
But they as valiant by Sea, as Land,
In this Streight, as the other, firmly stand.
And Xerxes mighty Gallics batter'd so,
That their split sides, witness'd his overthrow;
Yet in the Streights of Salamis he try'd,
If that small number his great force could bide;
But he, in dairing of his forward foe,
Received there, a shameful overthrow.
Twice beaten Thus by Sea, he war'd no more;
But Phocis Land, he then waffed for:
They no way able to withstand his force,
That brave Themistocles makes this wise course,
In secret manner word to Xerxes tend'd,
That Grecy to break his bridge shortly intends;
And as a friend, warns him, what'c'th he doe,
For his retreat, to have an eye thereto:
He hearing this, his thoughts, and course home lends,
Much, that which never was intended!
Yet 'fore he went, to help out his expense,
Part of his heart to Delphos sent: from thence,
To rob the weathy Temple of Apollo,
But mischief, Sacrifice doth ever follow;
Two mighty Rocks, brake from Paravilla Hill,
And many thousands of these men did kil;
Which accident, the rest affrighted so,
With empty hands they to their Master go;
He seeing all thus tend unto decay,
Thought it his best, no longer for to stay;
Three hundred thousand yet he left behind,
With his Mardonius, judex of his minde;
Who for his sake, he knew, would venture far,
(Chief instigator of this hepelefe War.)
He instantly to Athens lends for peace,
That all Hostility might thence-forth cease;
And that with Xerxes they would be at one,
So should all favour to their State be shown.
The Speratus, fearing Athens would agree,
As had Macedon, Thebes, and Thyssale,
And leave them out, the check for to fulfifie,
By their Ambassador they thus complain:
That Xerxes quarrel was against Athens State,
And they had help'd them, as confederates;
If now in need, they should thus fail their friends,
Their infamy would last till all things ends:
But the Athenians, this peace detest,
And thus reply'd unto Mardonius' request;
That whilst he Sun did shine his endlese course,
Against the Persians they would use their force.
Nor could the brave Ambassador be sent,
With Rhetoric, 't gain better complement;
Though of this Nation borne a great Commander,
No life then Grand-fire to great Alexander.