Mardonius proud, hearing this answer now,
To add unto his numbers, lay about,
And of those Greeks, which by his skill he'd won,
He fifty thousand joines unto his own;
The other Greeks, which were confederate,
One hundred thousand, and ten thousand make,
The Bocotian Fields, of war, the feasts,
Where both sides exercis'd their maine beats;
But all their controversies to decide,
For one maine Battell shortly, both provide;
The Arbcntins could but forty thousand armes,
For other Weapons, they had none would harme;
But that which help'd defects, and made them bold
Was Victory, by Oracle foretold;
Ten dayes these Armies did each other face,
Mardonius finding victualls want space,
No longer dar'd, but fiercely on the gave,
The other not a hand, nor sword will save;
Till in the entrails of their Sacrifice,
The signall of their victory doth rise;
Which found, like Greeks they fight, the Perseans fly;
And troublesome Mardonius now must die:
All's lost, and of three hundred thousand men,
Three thousand escape, for to run home again;
For pitty, let those few to Xerxes go,
To c. rufe this small overthrow.
Same day, the small remainder of his Fleet,
The Grecians at Mycale in Astyr meet,
And there so utterly they crack'd the fame,
Sence one was left, to carry home the same;
Thus did the Greeks destroy, continue, overpeer,
That Army, which did fight the Universe;

Scorn'd Xerxes, hated for his cruelty,
Yet ceases not to act his villany;
His brothers wife, solicites to his will;
The chaste, and beauteous Diane, refutes still,
Some years by him in this vain suit was spent,
Yet words, nor gifts, could win him least content;
Nor matching of her daughter, to his son;
But she was still, as when it first begun.
When jealous Queen Ameidis, of this knew,
She Happy-like, upon the Lady flew;
Cut off her lilly breasts, her nose, and ears;
And leaves her thus, besmear'd with blood, and tears;
Straight comes her Lord, and finds his wife thus lie,
The sorrow of his heart, did close his eye:
He dying to behold, that wounding sight;
Where he had sometime gaz'd with great delight.
To see that face, where Roie and Lilly stood,
Or flow'd with tear's, of her ruby blond;
To see those breasts, where charger's did dwe;
Thus cut, and mangled by a hag of ill;
With loathen heart unto the King he goes,
Tels as he could, his unexpressed woes;
But for his deep complaints; and showers of tears,
His brothers remembrance was nott but jeers.
The grieved Prince finding nor right, nor love,
To Eschila his household did remove.
His wicked brother, after sent a crew,
Which him, and his, most barbarously there slew,
Unso such height did grow his cruelty;
Of life, no man had least security.
At last his Uncle, did his death conspire,
And for that end, his Eunuch he did hire.

Which
Of the four Monarchies

Which wretch, him privately smother'd in's bed,
But yet by search, he was found murther'd,
The Artaxerxes' hirer of this deed,
That from supposition he might be freed,
Accus'd Darius, Xerxes eldest son,
To be the Author of the deed was done,
And by his craft, order'd the matter so,
That the poor innocent, to death must go.
But in short time, this wickedneffe was knownne,
For which he dyed, and not he alone,
But all his family was likewise slain,
Such justice then, in Persia did remain,
The eldest son, thus immaturely dead,
The second was in throne'd, in's father's stead.

Artaxerxes Longimanus.

Amongst the Monarchies next, this Prince had place,
The best that ever sprang of Cyrus race.
He first, war with revolting Egyptians made.
To whom the perjur'd Grecians lent their aide,
Although to Xerxes, they not long before,
A league of amity, had sworn before.
Which had they kept, Grecians had not so nobly done,
Then when the world, they after over-run,
Grecians and Egyptians both, he overthrowes,
And pays them now, according as he owes.
Which done, a lumpnous feast; makes like a King.
Where ninefalse days, are spent in banquetting,
His Princes, Nobles, and his Counsellors calls,
To be partakers in these festivities.

Of the World.

His hangings, white, and green, and purple dye;
With gold and silver beds, most gorgiously.
The royall wine, in golden cups doth passe,
To drink more then he lift, none bidden was;
Queen Vesty also feasts, but 'fore us ended,
Alas, she from her Royalty's suspended.
And all the worthy, placed in her roomes,
By Memnon's advice, this was the doom.
What Hefter was, and did, her story read,
And how her Country-men from spoile the freed.
Of Haman's fall, and Mordeca's great rise;
The might of the Prince, the tribute on the Isles.
Unto this King Thymistocles did try.
When under Ofra two, he did lyce.
For such ingratitude, did Athuri show
This valiant Knight, whom they so much did owe,
Such entertainement with this Prince he found,
That in all Loyalty his heart was bound.
The King not little joyfull of this chance,
Thinking his Grecian wars now to a vance.
And for that end; great preparacion made,
Fair Athens, a third time to invade.
His Grand-prizes old disgrace, did vex him sore,
His father Xerxes lost, and share, much more.
For punishment, their breach of oath did call,
The noble Grecians now fit for general.
Who for his wrong, he could not chuse but deem,
His Country, nor his Kindred would stifle,
Provisions, and seamen now being fit,
Thymistocles, he doth his war commit;
But he all injury, had soon forgate,
And to his Country-men could bear no hate.

No.
Nor yet disloyall to his Prince would prove,
To whom oblig'd, by favour, and by love;
Either to wrong, did wound his heart so sore,
To wrong him, life by death, he chose before:
In this sad conflict, marching on his ways,
Strong paylson took, and put an end to six days. The King this noble Captaine having left,
Again dispers'd, his new levy'd host.
Rest of his time in peace he did remain;
And dy'd the two and fortieth of his reign.

Daxyn Notthus.

Three sons great Astaxerxes left behind;
The eldest to succeed, that was his mind.
But he, with his next brother fell at thrife;
That nought appear'd him, but his brothers life.
Then the surviver is by Nabis slaine;
Who now sole Monarch, each of all remaine,
These two lost sons, are by hystorins thought,
To be by Heles, to her husband brought.
If they were hers, the greater was her own;
That for such grecelesse wretches the did groan,
Disquiet Egypt, is and this King rebells,
Drives out his garnison that therein dwells.
Joynes with the Greeks, and to maintain their rights.
For sixty years manage the Persians might.
A second trouble, after this surce's.
Which from remissnesse, in Asia proceedes.
Ansgers, whom their Viceroy he ordain'd;
Revolts, having treasure, and people gain'd;

Invades the Country, and much trouble wrought,
Before to quiescense things could be brought.
The King was glad, with Sparta to make peace,
So that he might, these tumults soon appeale.
But they in Asia, must first restore
All Townes, held by his Ancestors before.
The King much profit reapeth, by these leagues,
Re-gaines his own, and then the Rebell breaks;
Whose forces by their helpe were overthrown,
And so each man again possess his own.
The King, his sister, like Cambyses wed;
More by his pride, then lust, thereunto led.
(For Persian Kings, did deeme themselves so good,
No match was high enough, but their own blood.)
Two sons the bore, the youngest Cyrus nam'd,
A hopefull Prince, whose worth is ever fam'd.
His father would no notice of that take;
Pereyrs his brother, for his birth-rights sake.
But Cyrus learnes, his brothers feeble wit;
And takes more on him, than was judged fit.
The King provok'd, sends for him to the Court,
Meaning to chastise him, in sharpest sort,
But in his owne approach, ere he came there;
His fathers death, did put an end to his fear.
Naxus reign'd nineteen years, which run,
His large Dominions left, to 's eldest son.

Astaxerxes Mnemon.

Mnemon now sies upon his fathers Throne,
Yet doubts, all he enjoyes, is not his own.
Still on his brother, casts a jealous eye,
Judging all's actions, tends to's injury.
Cyres o'th' other side, weight in his mind,
What helps, in's enterprize he's like to find,
His interest, in the Kingdome, now next heir,
More deare to's mother, then his brother far.
His brothers little love, like to be gone,
Held by his mothers interception.
These and like motives, hurty him again,
To win by force, what right could not obtain.
And thought't best, now in his mothers time,
By lesser steps, towards the top to clime;
If in his enterprize he should fall short,
She to the King, would make a faire report.
He hop'd, if fraud, nor force the Crown could gain;
Her prevalance, a pardon might obtain.
From the Lieutenant first, he takes away,
Some Townes commodious in leffe Augst,
 Pretending still, the profit of the King,
Where rents and customs, dely he sent in.
The King finding, revenues now amended.
For what was done, seeming no whit offend'd.
Then next, the Lieutenants he takes to pay,
(One Graff could make ten Peasants run away.)
Great care was his present, those Soulers rec't,
The Rovers in Pisidia, should drive out.
But kept some worser newes should fly to Court,
He meant himself: to carry the report.
And for that end, five hundred Horse he chose,
With polling speed towards the King he goes;
But came more quick, arrives ere he came there,
And fills the Court with tumult, and with fear.

The young Queen, and old, at bitter jars:
The one accuss'd the other, for these wars:
The wife, against the mother, still doth cry
To be the Author of conspiracy.
The King dismay'd, a mighty host doth raise;
Which Cyres heares, and so fore flowes his pace:
But as he goes, his Forces still augment:
Seven hundred Cohorts new further his intents:
And others to be warm'd by his new Sun
In numbers, from his brother daily run.
The fearfull King, at last, musters his Forces;
And counts nine hundred thousand foot and horse:
And yet with these, had neither heart, nor grace;
To lock his mean brother in the face.
Three hundred thousand yet to Syria sent;
To keep those libertys, to hinder his intents.
Their Captains hearing, but of Cyres name;
Run back, and quite abandoned the same.
Ariaces, was this base cowards name,
Not worthy to be known, but for his name:
This place was made, by nature, and by art;
Few might have kept it, had they but a heart.
Cyres dispair'd, a passage there to gain;
So his'd a fleet, to wait him on the Main;
The mazed King, was now about to fly:
To the utmost parts of Bithia's, and there lye.
 Had not a Captains force against his will;
By reason, and by force, detain'd him still.
Up then with speed, a mighty trench he throwes,
For his security, against his foes.
Six yards the depth, and forty miles the length,
Some fifty, or else sixy fote in breadth.

Yet
Yet for his brothers coming, durst not stay,
He first it was, when farthest out o'th' way.
Cyrus finding his camp, and no man there;
Rejoyced not a little at his faire.
On this, he and his Soldiers cut them grow,
And here, and there, in cots their Arms they throw,
When suddenly their Scourts come in and cry,
Armes, armes! the King is now approaching night;
In this confusion, each man as he might,
Gets on his armes, plays himselfe for fight;
And ranged stood, by great Euphrates side,
The brunt of that huge multitud to hide.
Of whose great numbers, their intelligence,
Was gather'd by the dust that rose from thence:
Which like a mighty cloud darkned the skye,
And black and blaker grew, as they drew nigh.
But when their order, and silence they law;
That, more then multitudes, their hearts did awe;
For tumult and confusion they expected,
And all good discipline to be neglected.
But long under their fears, they did not stay,
For at first charge the Persians ran away,
Which did much courage to the Greeks bring,
They straight adored Cyrus for their King,
So had he been, and got the victory,
Had not his too much valour put him by.
He with five hundred, on a squadron set,
Of six thousand, wherein the King was yet;
And brought his Souldiers on so gallantly,
They were about to leave their King and fly,
Whom Cyrus sp'ld, cries out, I see the man,
And with a full career, at him he ran.

But in his speed a Dart hit him i'th' eye,
Down Cyrus falls, and yields to destiny;
His Hoist in chase, knows no of his disaster,
But treads down all, for to advance their Master;
At last, his head they lye upon a Launcle.
Who knows the sudden change by this chance;
Sencelesse and mute they stand, yet breath out groans.
Nor Gorgons like to this, transform'd to stones.
After this truce, revenge, all spirits blew,
And now more eagerly their foes pursue,
And heaps on heaps, such multitudes they laid;
Their armes grew weake, through slaughters that they
The King unto a country Village flies,
Made.
And for a while unknding there he lyes;
At last, displays his Ensigne on a Hill,
Hoping with that to make the Greeks stand still.
But was deceiv'd; to it they make again,
The King upon the spur, runs back again;
But they too faint, still to pursue their game,
Being Victors off, now to their Camp they came;
Nor lackt they any of their number small,
Nor wound receiv'd, but one among them all:
The King with his dispers'd also incamp'd.
With infamy upon each fore-head stamp'd.
After a while his thoughts he re-collets,
Of his dyes cowardize, he feares the effects;
If Greeks unto their Country men declare,
What distress in the field the Persians are;
They loone may come, and place one in his Throne,
And rob him of his Scepter, and of Crown;
That their return be flours, he judg'd was best.
That to Europeans might no more molest;

But
Of the Four Monarchies

Forthwith he sends to a Tent, they straight address,
And there all wait his mercy, weaponless;
The Greeks with scorn reject his proud commands;
Asking no favour, where they fear'd no bands.
The troubled King, his Heralds sends again,
And sue for peace, that they his friends remain;
The failing Grecian reply, they first meat bait;
They were too hungry to capitulate;
The King great store of all provision sends,
And courtesey to th' utmost he pretends;
Such terror on the Persians then did fall,
They quak'd to see them, to each other call.
The King's perplex'd, there darest not let them fly,
And fears as much to let them march away;
But Kings we're want such as can serve their will,
Yet instruments t' accomplish what is ill:
As Typhon, knowing his Masters minds,
Invites their chief Commander, as most kinde;
And with all Oathes, and deep flattery,
Gets them to treat with him in privacy,
But violates his honour, and his word,
And Villaine-like, there puts them to the sword.
The Greeks, having their valiant Captaines slaine,
Choose Xeraphon, to lead them home again:
But Typhon did what he could devise,
To stop the way in this their enterprise;
But when through difficulties still they brake,
He sought all succors from them to take;
Before them burnt the country as they went,
So to deprive them of all nourishment;
But on they march, through hunger, and through cold
O'er mountains, rocks, and hills, as Lycus bold.

of the world.

Nor rivers course, nor Persian force could stay,
But on to Trachy they kept their way;
There was of Greeks, settled a Colony,
These after all, receiv'd them joyfully;
There for some time they were, but whilst they fai'd,
Into Bithynia often in rodes made;
The King afraid what further they might doe,
Into the Spartan Adm'rall did sue,
Straight to transport them to the other side,
For these incursions he durst not abide;
So after all their travel, danger, pain,
In peace they saw their Native soil again.
The Greeks now (as the Persian King suspeets)
The Asiatiques, cowardize detects;
The many victories themselves did gain,
The many thousand Persians they had slaine;
And now their Nation with facility,
Might win the universal Monarchy:
They then Decilledas, send with an Host,
Who with his Spartans on the Asian coast;
Town after town, with small resistance take,
Which rumor makes great Asia mariner quake;
The Greeks by this success, encourag'd go,
Ageus himself doth over goe;
By the Kings Lieutenants is encouarged,
But Typhon with his Army fled:
Which over-throw incens'd the King to sore,
That Typhon must be Vice-roye no more:
Typhon now is placed in his stead,
And hath command, to take the others head;
Of that false perjur'd wretch, this was the last,
Who of his cruelty made many taft.
Of the four Monarchies

Tybusus trusts more to his wit then Arms,
And hopes by craft to quit his Masters harms;
He knows that many towns in Greece envies,
The Spartans height, which now space doth rise;
To these he thirty thousand Tallens sent,
With fair, their force, against his foes be bent;
They to their discontent, receiving hire,
With broys, and quarrels, sets all Greece on fire.
Agestias is called home with speed,
To defend, more then offend, he had need.
They now lost all, and were a peace to make;
The Kings conditions they are forc't to take;
Diffension in Greece continued long,
Till many a Captain fell, both wise, and strong,
Whose courage nought but death could ever tame,
Mongst these Euphemidas wants no fame:
Who had (as noble Raleigh doth evince)
All the peculiar virtues of a Prince:
But let us leave these Greeks, to discord bent,
And turn to Persia, as is pertinent:
The King from foreign foes, and all at ease,
His home-bred troubles seeketh to appease;
The two Queens, by his means, 'gin to abate
Their former envy, and invertebrate;
Then in voluptuousness he leads his life,
And wed's his Daughter for a second wife;
His Mothers wicked counsell was the caufe,
Who founds him up, his owne deserts are Lawes;
But yet for all his greatnesse, and long reign,
He must leave all, and in the pit remain;
Forty three years he rules, then turns to dust,
As all the mighty ones, have done, and must.

But this of him is worth the memory,
He was the Master of good Nehemie.

Darius Ochus.

Great Astyages dead, Ochus succeeds,
Of whom no Record's extant of his deeds;
Was it because the Grecians now at war,
Made Writers work at home, they fought not far?
Or dealing with the Persians now no more
Their Acts recorded not, as heretofore?
Or else, perhaps the deeds of Persian Kings
In after wars were burnt, 'mongst other things?
That three and twenty years he reign'd, I finde,
The rest is but conjecture of my minde.

Arsames, or Arsies.

Why Arsames his brother should succeed,
I can no reason give, cause none I read;
It may be thought sure, he had no Son,
Sotell to him, which else it had not done:
What Acts he did, time hath not now left
But as 'tis thought, in him had Cyrus end;
Whole race long time had worn the Diadem,
But now's divell'd, to another Stem.
Three years he reign'd, as Chronicles express,
Then Nature's debt he paid, quite illustre.

Darius
Of the Four Monarchies

Darius Codomanus.

How this Darius did attain the Crown,
By favour, force, or fraud, is not set down:
It not (as is before) of Cyrus race,
By one of these, he must obtain the place.
Some writers say, that he was Arsies son,
And that great Cyrus line, yet was not run,
That Ochus unto Arsames was father,
Which by some probabilities seems rather;
That son, and father, both were murdered
By one Bagases, an Eunuch (as is said.)
Thus learned Pembe, whom we may not slight,
But as before doth (well read) Raleigh write,
And he that story reads, shall often find;
That scarce all men, will have their severall mind;
Yet in these differences, we may behold:
With our judicious learned Knight to hold.
And this amongst all's no controverted thing,
That this Darius was last Perisan King,
Whose wars and losses we may better tell:
In Alexander's reign who did him quell,
How from the top of worlds felicity;
He fell to depth of greatest misery,
Whose honours, treasures, pleasures, had short stay;
One deluge came, and swept them all away,
And in the first year of his hapless reign,
Of all, did farse his winding their return,
And last a sad catastrophe to end,
Him, to the grave, did Tyrever Befall he send.

The end of the Perisan Monarchy.

The third Monarchy was the Grecian, beginning under Alexander the Great, in the 112 Olimpiad.

Rene Alexander, was wife Phillips son,
Jane Amintas, Kings of Macedon;
The cruel, proud, Olimpias, was his mother,
She to the rich Molossian King, was daughter.
This Prince (his father by Faustus slain)
The twenty first of his age, began to reign.
Great were the gifts of nature, which he had;
His Education, much to these did add.
By Art, and Nature both, he was made fit,
T'accomplish that, which long before was writ.
The very day of his nativity,
Toth' ground was burn'd, Darius' Temple high,
An Omen, to their near approaching war;
While glory to the Earth, this Prince did throw,
His rule to Greece, he seem'd should be confin'd;
The universe, scarce bounds his large vast minde;
This is the hee-goat, which from Greece came,
Who ran in fury, on the Persian Ram,
That broke his horses, that threw him on the ground,
To save him from his might, no man was found.

Phillip, on this great conquest had an eye;
But death did terminate, those thoughts so high.
The Greeks had chose him Captain General,
Which honour to his son, now did befall.

(For as worlds Monarch, now we speak not on,
But as the King of little Macedonia)
Reflethes both day and night, his heart now was,
His high resolves which way to bring to passe:
Yet for a while, in Greece is forc'd to stay,
Which makes each moment seem, more then a day:
Thebes, and old Athens, both gainst him rebell,
But he their mutinies, full soon doth quell.

This done, against all right, and nature's laws,
His kinmen purs to death without least cause;
That no combustion in his absence be,
In seeking after Sovereignty:
And many more, whom he suspects will climb,
Now taste of death, (least they deliv're in time)
Nor wonder is't, if he in blood begin,
For cruelty, was his parentall sin.

Thus called now, of troubles, and of fears;
His course to Asia, next Spring he flees.

Leaves fage Antipater at home to stay,
And through the hellenists, his ships make way.
Comming to land, his dore on shore he throses,
Then with alacry he after goes:
Thirty two thousand made up his foot force,
'To that were joyd, five thousand goodly horse.
Of the Four Monarchies

Next Alexander march't, 'wards the black sea;  
And easily takes old Gordium in his way;  
(Of Atriceus) Midas, once the regal feat,  
Whose touch turn'd all to gold, yea even his meat;  
There the Prophetic knot, he cuts in twain;  
Which who so did, must Lord of all remain.  
Now newes, of Memnon death (the Kings Vice-roy),  
To Alexand'r heart's no little joy.  
For in that Peer, more valour did abide;  
Then in Davus multitudes besiege;  
There Asemer was plac'd, yet durst not stay;  
But seis one in his rooms, and ran away.  
His substitute, as fearfull as his matter,  
Goes after too, and leaves all to disluster.  
Now Alexander all Cletia takes;  
No stroke for it he strakes, their hearts so quakes.  
To Greece he thirty thousand talents sends;  
To raise more force, for what he yet intends.  
And on he goes Davus for to meet;  
Who came with thousand thousandds at his feet,  
Though some there be, and that more likely, write;  
He but four thousand thousand had to fight,  
The rest attendants, which made up no leffe;  
(Both sexes there) was almost numberless.  
For this wise King, had brought to see the sport;  
Along with him, the Ladies of the Court.  
His mother old, beattous wife, and daughters,  
It seems to see the Macedonians slaughter.  
Sure it's beyond my time, and little Art;  
To shew how great Davus paid his part;  
The splendid, and the pompous, he march'd in;  
For since the world was no such pageant seen.

Of the World.

Oh! was a goodly fight, there to behold;  
The Persians clad in silk, and glittering gold;  
The late thy Horus trap, the launcest guilt;  
As if they were, now all to run at tilt;  
The Holy fire, was borne before the Host;  
(For Sun and Fire the Persians worship most)  
The Priests in their strange habit row'll follow after,  
An object not so much of fear, as laughter.  
The King sat in a chariot made of gold,  
With robes and crowne, most glorious to behold.  
And o're his head, his golden gods on high.  
Support a party coloured canopy,  
A number of spate horses next were led,  
Left he should need them, in his chariots head.  
But they that saw him in this state to eye;  
Would think he neither thought to fight nor fly.  
He fifteen hundred had like women creft.  
For so to fight the Greeks he judg'd was best;  
Their golden Ornaments so to set torch,  
Would ask more time, then were their bodys worth.  
Great Stilheimis, she brought up the rear;  
Then such a world of Wagons did appear,  
Like severall houles moving upon wheeles;  
As it she'd drawne, whole Sathan at her heele.  
This brave Virago, to the King was mother;  
And as much good she did, as any other.  
Now left this Gold, and all this goodly hauze,  
Had not been spoile, and bosses rich enough,  
A thousand stiles, and Camels ready wait.  
Loaden with gold, with Jewelland with Plate,  
For lure Davus thought, at the first fight;  
The Greeks would all adore, and woul'd none fight.  

But
But when both Armies met, he might behold,
That valour was more worth then Pearls, or gold,
And how his wealth lent but for buts t' allure,
Which made his overthrow more fierce, and sure.
The Greeks come on, and with a gallant grace,
Let fly their Arrows, in the Persians face;
The coward feeling this sharp sting'ning charge,
Most hastily run, and left their King at large,
Who from his golden Coach is glad at sight,
And cast away his Crown, for swifter flight;
Of lane like some immovable he lay,
Now finds both legs, and Horse, to run away;
Two hundred thousand men that day were slain,
And four thousand Prisoners also came;
Besides, the Queens, and Ladies of the Court,
If true be true, in his report.
The Regall ornaments now lost, the treasure
Divided at the Macedonians pleasure.
Yet all this grief, this loss, this overthrow,
Was but beginning of his future woe;
The Royall Captives, brought to Alexander,
Toward them, demean'd him self like a Commander;
For though their beauties were unparallel
Conqu'rd him self (now he had conquered)
Preserv'd their honour, us'd them courteously,
Command'd, no man should doe them injury,
And this to Alexander is more a fame,
Then that the Persan King he over-came;
Two hundred eighty Greeks he lost in fight,
By too much hurry, and wounds (as Authors write)
No sooner had this Captaine won the field,
But all yielded to his pleasures yeld;
In seven months space he takes this lofty town,
Whose glory, now a second time's brought down;
Two thousand f. the chief he crucifi'd,
Eight thousand by the sword now also dy'd,
And thirteen thousand Gally-flies he made;
And thus the Tyrians for mischief were paid.
The rule of this he to Philaras gave,
Who was the Son of that Parmenio brave.
Cilicia he to Scarrax doth give,
For now's the time, Captains like Kings may live.
For that which evil comes, as freely goes.
Zidu he to Ephesus becometh.
He seems to have one worse than had the other,
And therefore gives this Lord-ship to another.
Ephesus now, hath the command o' th' Fleet,
And must at Gaza, Alexander meet.
Darius finding troubles still increase,
By his Embassadors now sues for peace.
And lays before great Alexander eyes,
The dangers, difficulties, like to rise.
First, at Euphrates, what he's like to abide,
And then at Tigryx, and Arcsis side.
The he may lean, or if he do desire,
A league of friendship with, and entire.
His eldest Daughter, (him) in marriage offers,
And a most Princely Dowry with her portion.
And all those rich Kingdoms late, which doe abide
Betwixt the Hellespunt, and Helles side.
But he with cunning, his courage and respect,
And the dilligence King no way respects.
Tells him, these profers great (in truth were none).
For all he offered now was but his owne.

But, quoth Parmenio, (that brave Commander.)
Was I as great, as is great Alexander.
Darius offers I would not reject,
But th' Kingdoms, and the Ladies, soone accept?
To which, brave Alexander did reply,
And so if 'tis Parmenio were, would I.
He now to Gaza goes, and there doth meet
His favourite Ephesian, with his fleet.
Where valiant Batis, doth defend the town.
(Alas, a Subject to Darius Crown.)
For more repulse, the Icarian here abide,
Then in the Persian Monarchy beside.
And by these walls, so many men were slain,
That Greece must yield a fresh supply again.
But yea, this well defended town is taken.
(For 'twas decreed, that Empire should be slain.)
The Captaine came, had holes bor'd through his feet
And by command was drawn through every street,
To imitate Achilles (in his name.)
Who did the like to Hector (of more fame.)
What, haft thou lost thy late magnanimity?
Can Alexander dare thus cruelly?
Sith v. hour, with Heroick is renown'd,
Though in an enemy it should be found.
If thy future fame thou hast regard,
Why didst not heap up honour, and reward?
From Gaza, to Sardica he goes,
But in no hostile way (as I suppose.)
Him in his Priestly Robes, high Faddus meets.
Whom with great reverence Alexander greets.
The Priest flies him good Daniels Prophethe,
How he should over-thaw this Monarchy.

By
By which he was so much encouraged,
No future dangers he did ever dread.
From thence, to fruitful Egypt march'd with speed,
Where happily in's wars he did succeed;
To see how vast he gain'd, is no small wonder,
For in few days he brought that Kingdom under.
Then to the Phaene of Jupiter, he went,
For to call'd a god, was his intent;
The Pagan Priest through hire, or else mistake,
The Son of Jupiter did straight him make;
He Diabolical must needs remaine,
That his humanity will not retaine;
Now back to Egypt goes, and in few days,
Faire Alexandria from the ground doth raise;
Then setting all things in lisse Asia,
In Syria, Egypt, and Phœnicia;
Unto Euphrates march'd, and over goes,
For no man to refuseth his valour shows;
Had been now been there, but with his Band,
Great Alexander had been kept from Land;
But as the King is, so's the multitude,
And now of value both were deficient;
Yet he (poore Prince) another Host doth mutter,
Of Persians, Scythians, Indians, in a cluster;
Men but in shape, and name, of valour none,
Fit for to blunt the swords of Macedon;
Two hundred fifty thousand by account,
Of Horse, and Foot, this Army did amount;
For in his multitude his trust still lay,
But on their feetitude he had small stay;
Yet had some hope, that on that seven plain,
His numbers might the victory obtain.

About this time, Darius beauteous Queen,
Who had long travaile, and much sorrow seen,
Now bids the world adieu, her time being spent,
And leaves her wofull Lord for to lament.
Great Alexander mourns, as well as he,
For this lovd Queen (though in captivity)
When this sad newes (at first) Darius heares,
Some injury was offered, he fears;
But when inform'd, how royally the King
Had us'd her, and hers, in every thing,
He prays the immortal gods, for to reward
Great Alexander, for this good regard,
And if they down, his Monarchy will throw,
Let them on him, that dignity be万平方米;
And now for peace he flies, as once before,
And offers all he did, and Kingdoms more;
His eldest Daughter, for his Prince's Bride,
(Nor was such march, in all the world beside.)
And all those Countries, which (betwixt) did lye,
Phœnian Sea, and great Euphrates high,
With fertile Egypt, and rich Syria;
And all those Kingdoms in lisse Asia;
With thirty thousand Talents, to be paid,
For his Queen-Mother, and the royall Maid;
And till this be well perform'd, and done,
Cebes his Son a hostage shall endure.
To this, our Alexander, gives no care,
No, though Pammeno plead, he will not heare;
Which had he done (perhaps) his fame had kept,
Nor infamy had wak'd, when he had flept;
For his unlimited prosperity,
Him boundlesse made, in vice, and cruelty;
Of the four Monarchies

Thus to Darius he writes back again,
The Firmament two Suns cannot contain;
Two Monarchies on Earth cannot abide,
Nor yet two Monarchs in one World reside;
The affliction King, finding him set to jar,
Preparations against to morrow for the war;
Parmenio, Alexander with's that night,
To force his Camp, fo put them all to flight;
For tumult in the dark both cause most dread,
And weakness of a foe is covered;
But he disdain'd to steal a victories' and
The Sun should witness of his valour be:
Both Armies met, Greek fights, the Persians run;
So make an end, before they well begun;
Fifty thousand Alexander had,
But 'tis not known what slaughters here they made;
Some write, th' other had a million, some more,
But Quintus Curtius, as was said before.
At Arbela, this victory was gain'd,
And now with it, the town also obtain'd.
Darius strips of all, to Media came,
Accompany'd with sorrow, fear, and flame;
At Arbela left, his ornaments, and treasure,
Which Alexander deals, as suits his pleasure.
This Conqueror now goes to Babylon,
Is enter'd with joy, and pompous train,
With floweres of flowers, the streets along are flown.
And Incense burns, the silver Altars on;
The glory of the Cattle he admires,
The firm foundations, and the lofty spires;
In this a masse of gold, and treasure lay,
Which in few hours was carried all away.

With greedy eyes, he views this City round,
Whose fame throughout the world, was so renown'd;
And to posseffe, he counts no little blifie,
The Towers, and Bowers, of proud Semiramis;
Though worn by time, and raz'd by foes full sore,
Yet old foundations shew'd, and somewhat more;
With all the pleasures that on earth was found,
This City did abundantly abound:
Where four and thirty days he now doth stay,
And gives himself to banqueting, and play:
He, and his Souldiers, wax extinguish'd,
And former Discipline begins to hate;
Whilest revelling at Babylon, he lies,
Antipater, from Greece, finds great supplies;
He then to Sufhan goes, with his fresh bands,
But needs no force, 'tis rendred to his hands;
He likewise here a world of treasure found,
For 'twas the rest of Persian Kings renown'd:
Here stood the Royal houses of delight,
Where Kings have shewn their glory, wealth, and might:
The sumptuous Palace of Queen Hefter here,
And of good Morecius, her Kinman dear;
Those purple hangings, mixt with green, and white,
Those beds of gold, and couches of delight;
And furniture, the richest of all Lands,
Now falls into the Macedonian hands.
From Sufhan, to Perpapolis he goes,
Which newes doth still augment Darius woes;
In his approach, the Governor tends word;
For his receit with joy, they all accord;
With open Gates, the wealthy town did stand,
And all in it was at his high command.
Of all the Cities, that on Earth was found;
None like to this in riches did abound.
Though Babylon was rich, and Susiana too;
Yet to compare with this, they might not do.
Here lay thebulk, of all those precious things;
Which did pertain unto the Persian Kings.
For when the Soldiery, had rifled their pleasure;
And taken many, plate, and golden treasure;
Statues of gold, and silver numberless;
Yet after all, as stories do expresse,
The flaire of Alexander did amount,
To a hundred thousand Talent by account.
Here of his own, he sets a Garrison,
(As first at Susiana, and at Babylon)
On their old Governours, titles he laid;
But on their faithfulneffe, he never laied.
Their charge, gave to his Captains (as most just
For such revolters false, what Prince will trust:
The pleasures and the riches of this town,
Now makes this King, his enemies all to swoon.
He walloeth now, in all Licenciousneffe,
In pride, and cruelty, to the highest excelle.
Being inflamed with wine upon a feast,
(Filled with madneffe, and quite void of reason)
Heat a bold, base Stumps, lewd desire;
Commands to set this godly town on fire.
Persevering, wife, intercepts him to delibe,
And lays before his eyes, if he perfite
His names dishonour, lost to his State.
And just procuring of the Perians hate.
But death to reason, (hence to have his will)
Those flatly streetes with raging flames doth fill.

Now to Darius, he directeth his way,
Who was retir'd, and gone to Sidon.
(And there with arrowes, fears, and cares surrounded)
Had now his fourth, and last Army compounded,
Which forty thousand made; but his intent,
Was straight in Bactria these to augment,
But hearing, Alexander was so near;
Thought now this once, to try his fortunes here,
Crueting rather an honorable death:
Then full with infamy, to draw his breath.
But Darius false, who was his chiefie Commander;
Perwades him not to fight, with Alexander.
With false advice, he lays before his eyes,
The little hope, of profit like to rise.
If when h. d multitudes, the day he lost,
Then with so few, how likely to be croft.
This counsell, for his safety, he pretended,
But to deliver him to's foes, intended.
Next day this selection, to Damascus known,
Transported forre, with grieve and passion;
Grinding his teeth, and plucking off his hair,
Sate down o'ermel'd with sorrow, and despair,
Bidding his servant Artabaser true;
Looke to himselfe, and leave him to that crew;
Who was of hope, and comfort quite bereft,
And of his Guard, and Servitors now left.
Straight Darius comes, and with his traiterous hands,
Lays hold on'th Lord, and binding him with bands.
Into a cart him throwes, covered with hides;
Who wanting means to refit, these wrongs abides.
Then draws the Cart along, with chains of gold;
In more dispit, the throwed Prince to hold.

K.
Of the four Monarchies

And thus to Alexander, on he goes,
Great remembrance, in's thoughts, he did propose;
But some detecting, this his wicked feat,
To Alexander fly, and tell this act;
Who doubting of his march, posts on amain,
Drives from those Traitors han's to gain;
Begins gets knowledge, his disloyalty,
And Alexander's wrath incensed high;
Whose Army now was almost within sight,
His hopes being daft, prepares himself for flight:
Unto Darius, first he brings a Horrific,
And bids him, live himself, by speedy course;
This wefull King, his court, he relieves,
Whom thus the execrable wretch abuses;
By throwing Darius, gives him his mortal wound,
Then fly all his servants, that were faithfull found;
Yea, wounds the beafts (that drew him) unto death,
And leaves him thus, to gasp, our his last breath.
(Thom, his Partner in the Tragedy,
Was the false Governor of Cilicia.)
This done, they with their Horses, soon speed away,
To hide themselves, remote, in Babiria.
Darius th' in blood, sends out his groomes,
Involes the heavens, and earth, to heare his moaners;
His soul, eft soe fast did grieve him sore,
But this a theater of injury much more;
Yet, above all, that neither care, nor eye,
Should heare, nor fee, this his groans, and misery:
As thus he says, Polarian a Greek,
Wearied with his long march, did water seek,
So chand these bloody Horses to espy,
Whose wounds had made their skins of purple dye;

of the World.

To them he goes, and looking in the Cart,
Finds poor Darius, pierced to the heart;
Who not a little cheat'd, to have some eye,
The wittness of his dying misery:
Prays him, to Alexander to commend,
The just revenge of this his wouful end:
And not to pardon such disloyalty,
Of treason, murder, and base cruelty.
If not, because Darius this did pray,
Yet that succeeding Kings in safety may
Their lives enjoy, their crowns, and dignity,
And not by Traitors hands untimely dye.
He also sends his humble thankfulsence,
For all that Kingly Grace he did express,
To his Mother, Children deare, and Wife now gone,
Which made their long restraint, seeme to be none;
Praying the immortall gods, that sea, and Land,
Might be subject to his royall hand;
And that his rule as farre extended be,
As men, the rising, setting Sun shall see.
This said, the Greek for water doth intreat,
To quench his thirst, and to allay his heat;
Of all good things (quot he) once in my power,
I've nothing left, at this my dying houre;
Thy pity, and compassion to reward,
Wherefore the gods require thy kinde regard.
This said, his fainting breath did fleet away,
And though a Monarch once, now lies like clay:
Yes, thus must every Son of Adam lye,
Though gods on earth, like Sons of men shall dye:
Now to the East great Alexander goes,
To see if any dare his might oppose;

(K 4)
Of the Four Monarchies

(For scarce the world, or any bounds thereon, Could bound his boundless, fond ambition.) Such as submits, he doth againe restore, And makes their riches, and their honours more; On Antimothes more than all bestowed, For his fidelity to 's Matter show'd; Thalestris Queen of th' Amazons, now brought Her name to Alexander (as'tis thought,) Though some of noting best, and found it minde, Such country there, nor yet such people finde, Then fell her errand, we had better spare To th' ignorant, her skill may declare. As Alexander in his greatness groves, So dazyl of his venemens doth he love; He baseness counts his former clemency, And not befeeming such a dignity; His past sobriety doth also hate, As moff incompatible to his stare; His temperance, is but a foolish thing, No wares becoming such a mighty King; His greatness now he Taken, to reprefent, His fancied gods, above the Monument, And such as shew'd but reverence before, Are strictly now commanded to adore; With Perian Robes, himsefe doth dignifie, Charging the fame on his Nobility; His manners, habity, gothehers, now doth fashion, After that conquer'd, and luxurious Nation; His Capitains, that were virtuously enclard, Grie'd at this change of manners, and of minde; The ruler now, did openly decide His fainted Dairy, and foolish pride;
Of the four Monarchies

But he that was resolved in his minde,
Would by some means a transportation finde;
So from his carriages the hides he takes,
And stuffing them with straw, he bundles makes;
On these, together ty'd, in six dayes space,
They all passe over, to the other place;
Had Bessus hid but valour to his wil,
He easly might have made them stay there stil;
But coward, dust not fight, nor could he fly,
Hated of all, for his former treachery,
Ts by his owne, now bound in Iron chains,
( A coller of the fame his neck contains )
And in this fort, they rather drag, then bring,
This Mules for wild, before the King,
Who to Darus Brother gives the wretch,
With wacks, and tortures, every limb to stretch,
Here was of Grecia, a town in Bactria,
Whom Xerxes from their country led away;
The dastardly, or little joy'd, this day to see,
Whose own the sovereign,
And now reviv'd with hopes, held up their head,
From bondage, long to be unfanchised;
But Alexander puts them to the sword,
Without cause, given by them, in deed, or word;
Nor fay, nor age, nor one, nor other fear'd,
But in his cruelty alike they star'd;
Nor could he reason give, for this great wrong,
But that they had forgot their Mother-tongue.
Whilst thus he spent some time in Bactria,
And in his Camp strong, and securely lay,
Down from the mountains twenty thousand came,
And there most fiercely set upon the same;

Repelling these two marks of honour got,
Imprinted deep in's legs, by Arrows shot;
And now the Bactrians against him rebel,
But he them stubbornly full soon doth quell;
From hence he to Phraetis river goes,
Where Satibus rude, his valor doth oppose,
And with their cours, in a hideous fort,
Besets his Camp, or Military Court;
Of Darius, and Arrows, made so little spare,
They flew so thick they seem'd to dare the air;
But soon the Greeks for'd them to a flight,
Whose resolution could not endure their might;
Upon this River bank in seventeen dayes,
A goodly City doth compleatly raise;
Which Alexandria he doth all his name,
And for longs sixty could not round the fame.
His third supply, Antipater now sent,
Which did his former Army much augment,
And being an hundred twenty thousand strong,
He enters now the India King among.
Those that submin he doth restore again;
Those that doe not, both they, and theirs, are slaine;
To age, nor sex, no pity doth expire,
But all fall by his sword, most mercilessly.
He t' Indus goes, by Bacchus built long since,
Whose feasts are celebrat'd by this Prince;
Nor had that drunken god, one that would take
His liquors more decently in; for's sake,
When thus, ten days, his brain with wine he'd soak'd,
And with delicious meats, his Pallet chock'd,
To th' River Indus next, his course he bends,
Boats to prepare, Ephesius first he sends;
Who comming thither, long before his Lord;
Had to his mind, made all things now accord:
The Vellsels ready were, at his command;
And Omphit, King of that part of the land;
Through his persuasion Alexander meets;
And as his Sovereign Lord, him humbly greets.
Fifty six Elephants he brings to his hinds;
And tenders him the strength of all his lands,
 Presents himselfe, there with a golden Crowne,
And eighty Tallents to his Captaines down.
But Alexander, caus'd him to behold;
He glory sought, no silver, nor yet gold;
His Presents all, with thanks he doth restore;
And of his own, a thousand Tallents more.
Thus all the India Kings, to him submit;
But Poox flour, who will not yeeld as yet;
To him doth Alexander thus declare,
His pleasure is, that forthwith he repaire
Unto his Kingdoms borders, and as due,
His Homage unto him as Sovereigne doe.
But Kingly Poox this brave ansuer sent,
That to attend him there, was his intent;
And come as well provided as he could;
But for the rest, his word advise him should.
Great Alexander next at this reply
Did more his valour then his Crown envie;
Is now resolved to passe His latter floud,
And there his Sovereignty far to make good;
But on the banks doth Poox ready stand,
For to receive him, when he comes to land;
A potent Army with him, like a King,
And ninety Elephants for war did bring;
Had Alexander such resistance seen,
On Tigris side, here now he had not been;
Within this spacious river, deep, and wide,
Did here, and there, Isles full of trees abide;
His Army Alexander doth divide,
With Ptolomy, sends part o’ th’ other side.
Poox encounters them, thinking all’s there,
Then covertly, the rest gets o’re else-where;
But whilst the first he valiantly asay’d,
The last set on his back, and so prevail’d;
Yet work enough, here Alexander found,
For to the last, stout Poox kept his ground.
Nor was’t dishonour, at the length to yeeld;
When Alexander strives to win the field,
His fortitude his Kingly foe commends;
Restores him, and his bounds further extends;
East-ward, now Alexander would goe still,
But so to doe, his Souldiers had no will;
Long with excessive travailes wearied,
Could by no means be further drawn, or led;
Yet that his fame might to posterity,
Be had in everlasting memory,
Doth for his Camp a greater circuit take,
And for his Souldiers larger Cabins make;
His Ministers, he creeted up to high,
As never Horse his Pravender could eye;
Huge Bridles made, which here, and there, he left;
Which might be found, and so for wonders keep’d:
Twelve Alars, he for Monuments then rears,
Whereon his acts, and travels, long appears;
But doubting, wearing Time would these decay,
And so his memory might fade away.

He
He on the faire Hylefor pleasant side,
Two Cities built, his fame migh there abide;
The first Necla, the next his Ephialon,
Where he one mile'd his stately journey.
His fourth, and last supply, was hither sent,
Then down' He labs'd with his Fleet he went;
Some time he after pent upon that shore,
Where one hundred Embassadors, or more,
Came with Intimation, from the Indian Kings
Bringing their Presents, rare, and precious things:
Their, all he feasted in scars, on beds of gold,
His furniture most sumpuous to behold;
The meat, and drink, attendant, every thing,
To th' unmoleful they'red, the glory of a King;
With rich rewards, he sent them home again,
Acknowledged'ld for their Masters Sovereigne;
Then eying South, and coming to the shore,
Thee obscure Nations yeelded as before;
A City here he built, call'd by his name,
Which could not found too off, with too much fame;
Hence sayling down by th' mouth of Indian flout,
His Gillies stuck upon the wind, and mud;
Which the flout of Aradzibus mix'd forere
D'priv'd at once, the life of Sali, and Oare;
But w. I observing the nature of the tide,
Upon whose stairs they did not long abide;
Pulling fine Indian mouth, his coule he rest'd,
To th' coast which by Ephribaer mouth appear'd;
Whole inlets near unto, he winter spent,
Unto his starved Souldiers insensible;
By hunger, and by cold, too many thime,
That of them all, the fourth did scarce remaine.

Thus Winter, Soulliers, and provision spent,
From hence he to Gehorfa went,
And thence he marcht into Carmnia,
So he at length drew neare to Persia;
Now through these goodly countries as he pass'd;
Much time in feasts, and rioting doth wait;
Then visits Cyprus Sepulcher in's way,
Who now obseare at Adagardi lay;
Upon his Monument his Robes he spred;
And set his Crown on his suppos'd head;
From hence to Babylon, some time there spent;
He at the last to royall Susian went;
A Wedding Feast to's Nobles then he makes,
And Statrath, Darine daughter takes,
Her Sister gives to his Ephialon daire;
That by this march he might be yet more neare;
The ladies four, then Lysters also gave;
At the same time, unto his Captains brave;
Six thousand Guests he to this feast invites,
Whole Senses all, were glusted with delights;
It far exceeds my meanes abilities,
To shadow forth these short felicities:
Spectators here, could scarce relate the story,
They were to wrapt with this external glory.
Itan Ideal Paradise, a ran the ute frame,
He might this scraft imagine by the fame.
To every Guest, a cup of gold he sends,
So after many dayes this Banquet ends.
Now, Alexander conquests, all are done,
And his long travels pass, and over-gone;
His vertues dead, buried, and all forgot,
But vice remains, to his eternall blot.
Of the four Monarchies

Mongst those, that of his cruelty did taste,
Philistus was not left, nor yet the last;
Accus’d, because he did not certifie
The King of treason, and conspiracy;
Upon suspicion being apprehended,
Nothing was found, wherein he had offended;
His silence, guilt was, of such consequence,
He death deserv’d, for this so high offence;
But for his Father great defers, the King,
His Royall pardon gave, for this same thing;
Yet is Philistus unto Judgement brought,
Must suffer, not for what he did, but thought:
His Master is Accus’d, Judge, and King,
Who to the height doth aggravate each thing;
Enveighs against his Father, now abente;
And’s Brethren, whom for him their lives had spent;
But Philistus, his unpardonable crime,
Which no merit could obliterate, or time:
He did the Oracle of Jupiter deride,
By which his Majesty was deified.
Philistus thus o’er charg’d, with wrong, and greif,
Sunk in despair, without hope of releif;
Faine would have spoke, and made his owne offence,
The King would give no care, but went from hence;
To his malicious foes delivers him,
To wreak their fright, and hate, on every limbe.
Philistus after him fends out this cry,
Oh, Alexander, thy free clemency,
My foes exceeds in malice, and their hate,
Thy Kingly word can catly terminate;
Such torments great, as wit could first invent,
Or flesh, or life could bear, till both were spent.

Are now inflicted on Parmenio’s Son,
For to accuse himself, as they had done;
At last he did: So they were justified,
And told the world, that for defect he dyed.
But how these Captains shoul’d, or yet their Master,
Look on Parmenio, after this disaster,
They knew not, wherefore, but now to be done,
Was to dispatch the Father, as the Son.
This found advice, at heart, pleas’d Alexander,
Who was so much engag’d, to this Commander,
As he would ne’er confesse, nor could reward,
Nor could his Captains bear so great regard;
Wherefore at once all these to satisfaction.
It was decreed Parmenio should dye:
Pothinus, who seem’d Parmenio’s friend,
To doe this deed, they into Medes send;
He walking in his Garden, too and fro,
Thinking no harme, because he none did owe,
Most widdely was slaine, without least crime.
(For the most renowned Captaine of his time)
This is Parmenio, which so much had done,
For Philip dead, and his surviving Son,
Who from a petty King of Macedon,
By him was set upon the Perilian Throne:
This that Parmenio, who still over-came,
Yet gave his Master the immortal fame:
Who for his prudence, valour, care, and truith,
Had this reward most cruel, and unjust.
The next that in untimely death had past,
Was one of more esteem, but lesse defair;
Christ, below’d next to Ephesion,
And in his cups, his chief Companion.
Of the four Monarchies

When both were drunk, Clitus was wont to jeer;
Alexander, to rage, to kill, and swear,
Nothing more pleasing to mad Clitus tongue;
Then's Masts god-head, to deafe, and wrong;
Nothing coucht Alexander to the quick
Like this, against his duty he kick'd;
Upon a time, when both had drunken well,
Upon this dangerous them fond, Clitus fell;
From jeal, to enjeal, and at last to bold,
That of Parmenio's death him plainly told.
Alexander now no longer could containe,
But instantly comman'd him to be slaine;
Next day, he tore his face, for what he'd done,
And would have slaine himself, for Clitus gone;
This pot companion he did more bemoan,
Then all the wrong to have Parmenio done,
The next of worth, that suffer'd after these,
Was venemous, learned, wife Calibus,
Who lov'd his Master more then did the rest,
As did appear, in flatterning him the least:
In his opinion, a God he could not be,
Nor would adore him for a Deity:
For this alone, and for no other cause,
Against his Sovereigne, or against his Lawes,
He on the wreck, his limbs in pieces rent,
Thus was he torn'd, till all he was spent.
Of this unkinling deed, both Sates:
This ceniture pitiful, and not unsightly stay,
Of Alexander, this he eternal crime,
Which shall not be obliterate by time,
Which venomes fame can ne're redeem by farre,
Nor all felicity, of his in war;

When e'er 'tis said, he thousand thousands flew,
Yes, and Calibus to death he drew,
The mighty Persian King he over-came,
Yes, and he kild Calibus by name;
All Kingdoms, Countries, Provinces, he won,
From Hellas, to th' furthest Ocean;
All this he did, who knows not to be true,
But yet withall, Calibus he flew;
From Macedon his Empire did extend,
Unto the furthest bounds of th' orient;
All this he did, yes, and much more, 'tis true,
But yet withall, Calibus he flew.
Now Alexander goes to Media,
Finds there the want of wife Parmenio,
Here his chief favourite Ephesion dyes,
He celebrates his mournfull obsequies;
For him erects a stately Monument,
Twelve thousand Tallents on it frankly spent;
Hangs his Phaestian, the reason why,
Because he let Ephesion to dye.
This act (me thinks) his god-head should ashamed,
To punish, where himself deserved blame:
Or of necessity, he must in part,
The other was the greatest Deity.
From Media to Babylons he went,
To meet him there, 'er Antipater had enter'd,
That he might next now act upon the stage,
And in a Tragedy there end his age.
The Queen Olympias, beare him deadly hate,
(Not sufferer her to meddle in the State)
And by her Letters did her Son incite,
This great indignity for to requite.
His doing so, no whit displeas'd the King,
Though to his Mother he diprov'd the thing;
But now, Antipater had liv'd thus long,
He might well dye, though he had done no wrong;
His service greater now's suddenly forgot,
Or if remembred, yet regarded not;
The King doth intimate 'twas his intent,
His honours, and his riches, to augment
Of larger Provinces, the rule to give,
And for his Counsell, ne're the King to live.
So to be caught, Antipater's too wise,
Perseus's death's too fresh before his eyes;
He was too subtle for his crafty foe,
Nor by his arts could be enframed so:
But his excuse with humble thanks heennis,
His age, and journey long, he now pretends;
And pardon craves, for his unwilling stay,
He swears his grief, he's forc'd to disobey:
Before his answer came to Babylon,
The thread of Alexander life was spun;
Ptolemon had put an end to's days 'twas thought,
By Philip, and Cassander, to him brought;
Sons to Antipater, bearers of his Cup,
Left of such like, their Father chance to fup:
By others thought, and that more generally,
That through excessive drinking he did dye,
The thirty third of his age doe all agree,
This Conqueror did yield to destiny;
Whereof famous Acts must last, whilst world shall run
And Conquests he talks of, whilst there is Land;
His Princely qualities, had he remand
Unparallel'd, for ever had remained;

But with the world his virtues overcame,
And so with black, be-clouded all his fame.
Wife Aristode, tour'd to his youth,
Had so instructed him in moral truth.
The principles of what he then had learn'd
Might to the last (when sober) be discern'd.
Learning, and learned men, he much regarded,
And curious Artificers more rewarded.
The Illiad of Homer he still kept,
And under's pillow laid them when he slept.
Achilles's happiness he did envy,
'Cause Homer kept his Acts to memory;
Profusely bountiful, without defect,
For those that pleased him; had both wealth and heart;
Cruel by nature, and by cruelty too,
As oft his Acts throughout his reign did shew;
More bounds in ambition then the skie,
Vain thirsting after immortality;
Sue fearing that his Name might hap to die,
And fame not last unto Eternity;
This conqueror did oft lament ('tis sod)
There was no worlds, more, to be conquered:
This folly great Augustus did deride,
For had he had but wisdom to his pride
He would have found enough for to be done.
To govern that he had already won;
His thoughts are perish'd, he dares no more,
Nor can he kill, or save as heretofore,
A God alive him all must idolize.
Now like a mortal helpless man he lies;
Of all those kingdoms large which he had got,
To his posterity remain'd no jot;
For by that hand, which still revenged blood,
None of his Kindred, or his Race, long stood;
And as he took delight, much blood to spill,
So the same cup to his, did others fill.
Four of his Captains, all doe now divide,
As Daniel, before had Prophesied;
The Leopard down, his four wings gan to rise,
The great Horn broke, the leaffe did tyrannize;
What troubles, and contentions did ensue,
We may hereafter shew, in season due.

Aridens.

Great Alexander dead, his Army's left,
Like to that Giant, of his eye bereft;
When of his monstrous bulk it was the guide,
His matchless force no Creature could abide;
But by Hisjes, having loft his sight,
Each man began for to contemne his might;
For ayming still amisse, his dreadful blows
Did harm himselfe, but never reached his foes;
New Count, and Camp, all in confusion be,
A King they have, but who, none can agree:
Each Captain with his prize to bear away,
Yet none so hardly found as doo dull fay.
Great Alexander had left alive none,
Except by Ariab. his daughter one;
And Roxan faire, whom late he married,
Was never her time to be delivered;
By Nature right, these had enowghte to claim,
But meanenesse of their Mothers bird the same.

Alladg'd by those, which by their subtilst plea
Had hope themselves, to beare the Crown away;
A Sibyl Alexander had, but the
Claim'd not, perhaps her Sex might hindresse be.
After much tumult, they at last proclaim'd
His base born Brother, Aridens nam'd,
That to under his feeble wit, and reign,
Their ends they might the better still attaine:
This choyse Pericles, vehemently disclaim'd,
And the unborn babe of Rexas he proclaim'd:
Some with him, to take the title of King,
Because his Master gave to him his Ring,
And had to him, still since Ephecion dyed,
More then to the rest, his favour teltified:
But he refus'd, with fained modesty,
Hoping to be elect more generally;
He hold of this occasion should have laid,
For second offers there were never made:
Amongst these contentions, tumultes, jealousies,
Seven dayes the Corps of their great Master lyes,
Umtouch'd, uncovered, slighed, and neglected,
So much these Princes their owne ends respected.
A contemplation to astonish Kings,
That he, who late, possesse all earthly things,
And yee not to content, unless that he
Might be esteemed for a Deity,
Now lay a speciale, to entitle
The wretchednesse of mans mortality:
After this time, when stirs begun to calme,
The Egyptians, his body did enbalme;
On which, no line of poifon could be found,
But all his bowels, coloured well, and found.

L.4

Pericles
Of the Four Monarchies

Pandare, seeing Aridus must be King,
Under his name begins to rule each thing,
His chief opponents who kept off the Crown,
Was stuffe of legs, whom he would take down,
Him by a wyle he got within his power,
And took his life unworthily that house;
Using the name, and the command o'th King
To authorize his Acts in every thing,
The Princes seeing Pericta's power and Pride,
Thought timely for themselves, now to provide.
Antigonus, for his shame Asia takes,
And Perus, next sure of Egypt makes.
Seleucus afterward held Babylon;
Antipater, had long rul'd Macedon,
These now to govern for the King pretend,
But nothing else: each one himselfe intends.
Perdiccas took no Province, like the rest,
But held command o'th Armies which was best;
And had a higher project in his head,
Which was his Masters sister for to wed:
So, to the Lady secretly he sent,
That none might know, to frustrate his intent
But Cleopatra, his f早上 did deny,
For Leonatus, more lovely in her eye,
To whom she sent a message of her mind,
That if he came, good welcome he should find:
In these tumultuous days, the thrall'd Greeks
Their ancient liberty, all now seek;
Shakes off the yoke, sometimes before laid on
By warlike Philip, and his conquering son.
The Athenians, twice Antipater to fly
To Lamia, where he still up doth ly;

Of the World.

To brave Creatus, then, he sends with speed,
To come and to release him in his need,
The like of Leonatus, he requires,
(Which at this time well suited his desires)
For to Antipater he now might go,
His Lady take i'th' way, and no man know.
Antipater the Athenius General,
With speed his forces doth together call,
Striving to stop Leonatus, that to
He joun not with Antipater, this foe.
The Athenius Army was the greater far,
(Which did his march with Cleopatra mar)
For fighting still, whilst there did hope remain,
The valiant Chief, amidst his foes was slain,
Mongst all the Captains of great Alexender,
For perfonage, none was like this Commander:
Now to Antipater, Creatus goes,
Block up in Lamia, still by his foes;
Long marches through Cilicia he makes,
And the remains of Leonatus takes;
With them and his, he into Greece went,
Antipater tenn'd from's prisonment,
After this time, the Greeks did never more
Act anything of worth, as heretofore,
But under servitude, their necks remain'd,
Nor former liberty, or glory gain'd.
Now by'd (about the end of the Lamian warre)
Dreadfuls, that sweet tongue'd ordain'd.
Creatus, and Antipater now joun
In love, and in affinity combine
Creatus doth his daughter Philip wed,
Their friendship may the more be strengthened;
Whilfe
Whileft they in Macedonia doe thus agree,
In Asia they all sunder be.
Perdicas griev'd, to see the Princes bold,
So many Kingdoms in their power to hold,
Yet to regain them, how he did not know,
For his Soldiers' gainst those Captains would not go;
To suffer them go on, as they began,
Was to give way, himself might be undone;
With Antipater's joy, sometimes he thought,
That by his help, the rest might low be brought;
But this again dislikes, and would remain,
If not in word, in deed a Sovereigne.
Defies the King, to goe to Macedonia,
Which of his Ancestors was once the throne,
And by his presence there, to nullifie
The Act of his Vice-royes, now grown so high:
Antigonus of Treasurer first attains,
And summons him, to answer these complaints;
This he avoyds, and ships himself, and 's Son,
Goes to Antipater, and tells what's done;
He, and Creusus, both with him now joy,
And gainst Perdicas, all their strength combine.
Brave Ptolomy, to make a fourth new tent,
To save himself from dangers eminent;
In midst of these, Galleys, with wondrous state,
His Matters Funerals did chiefecelebrate;
At Alexandria, in Egypt Lind,
His famous monument long time did stand;
Two years and more since, Nature's debt he paid,
And yet till now, at quire was not laid;
Great love did Ptolomy by this act gain,
And made the Soldiers on his side remain;

Perdicas hears, his foes are now combin'd,
('Gainst which to goe, is troubled in his minde);
With Ptolomy for to begin was bell,
Near't unto him, and farthest from the rest.
Leaves Eumenes, the Asia coast to free,
From the invasions of the other three;
And with his Army into Egypt goes,
Brave Ptolomy to th'untoff to oppose.
Perdicas finely carriage, and his pride,
Did alienate the Soldiers from his side;
But Ptolomy by ability,
His sweet demeanour, and his courtez,
Did make his owne firme to his cause remaine,
And from the other, daily some did gaine.
Pithon, next Perdicas, a Captaine high,
Being entertained by him fearfully,
Some of the Soldiers enters Perdicas's tent,
Knocks out his braines, to Ptolomy then went,
And offers him his Honours, and his place,
With file of the Protector, would him grace;
Next day into the Camp comes Ptolomy,
And is of all received joyfully;
Their proffers he refus'd, with meekly
Confess them Pithon on, for's courtez;
With what he held, he now was well content,
Then by more trouble to grow eminent.
Now comes there newes of a great victory,
That Eumenes got of the other three,
Had it not: in Perdicas life arriv'd,
With greater joy, would have been receiv'd;
Thus Ptolomy rich Egypt did retaine,
And Pithon turn'd to Asia againe.

Whilft
Of the Four Monarchies

Whilst Pedias thus laid in Africa,
Antigonus did enter Asia,
And fain would draw Eumenes to their side,
But he alone now faithfull did abide;
The other all, had kingdoms in their eye,
But he was true to'ts masters family,
Nor could Craterus (whom he much did love)
From his fidelity make him once move.
Two barrells now he fought, and had the belt,
And brave Craterus flew, amongst the rest,
For this great strife, he pours out his complaints,
And his beloved foe, full sore laments.
I should but slip a story into rehearse
The difficulties Eumenes befall,
His strongest, wherein he did excel,
His policies, how he did extricate
Himself from one of labyrinths intricate,
For all that should be said, let this suffice;
He was both valiant, faithfull, patient, wise.
Dytons now chose protector of the State,
His rule Queen Eumedice begins to fire,
Persecutes Arides must not king it long,
If once young Alexander grow more strong.
But that her Husband serve for supplement,
To warm the fayre, was never her intent.
She knew her birthright give her Macedon,
Grandchild to him, who once sat on that throne,
Who was Perdicas, Philip's elder brother,
She daughter to his son, who had no other;
Her mother Cyana sister to Alexander,
Who had an Army, like a great Commander.
Of the four Monarchies

Now great Antipater, the world doth leave
To Polisferbon, then his place he gave,
Fearing his Son Cassander was unfaith'd,
Too young to bear that charge, if on him lay'd;
Antigonus hearing of his decease,
On most part of Asia doth seize,
And Ptolomy, now to encroach begins;
All Syria, and, Phocida he wins;
Now Polisferbon's Sons to act in's place,
Recalls Olimpia, the Court to grace;
Antipater had banish'd her from thence,
Into Epire, for her great turbulence;
This new Protector's of another mind,
Thinks by her Majesty much help to finde;
Cassander could not (like his father) see
This Polisferbon's great ability,
Slight's his commands, his actions he disclaimes,
And to be great himself now bends his aymes;
Such as his father had advance to place,
Or by his favour any way did grace,
Are now at the devotion of the Son,
Prent to accomplish what he would have done;
Besides, he was the young Queen's favourite,
On whom (twas thought) the fet her chief delight; strains these he plac'd in Greece, he seeks out more,
Thinks to enthrone the Prince when riper grown;
Enriles this injury disclaimes,
And to Cassander of this wrong complains;
He shall betide the fates, and House of Alexander,
Was to this proud, vindicative Cassander,
He shall keep them within his memory,
His Father's danger, with his Family;
Nor counts he that indignity but small,
When Alexander knockt his head to the wall:

Of the World.

Straight furnish him with a sufficient aide,
Cassander for return all speed now made:
Polisferbon, knowing he did relye
Upon those friends, his father rais'd on high:
Those absent, banish'd, or else he slew
All such as he suspected to him true.
Cassander with his Host to Greece goes,
Whom Polisferbon labours to oppole,
But had the worst at Sea, as well as Land,
And his opponent still got upper hand.
Athens, with many Towns in Greece besides,
Firm to Cassander at this time abides;
Whilst hot in wars these two in Greece remaine,
Antigonus doth all in Asia gaine;
Still labours Eumenes might with him fite,
But to the last he faithfull did abide;
Nor could Mother, nor Sons of Alexander,
Put trust in any, but in this Commander;
The great ones now began to shew their minde,
And act, as opportunity they finde:
Arideus the iorn'd, and simple King,
More than he bidden was, could set no thing;
Polisferbon hoping for's office longs,
Thanks to enthrone the Prince when riper grown;
Enriles this injury disclaimes,
And to Cassander of this wrong complains;
He shall betide the fates, and House of Alexander,
Was to this proud, vindicative Cassander,
He shall keep them within his memory,
His Father's danger, with his Family;
Nor counts he that indignity but small,
When Alexander knockt his head to the wall:

These
Of the four Monarchies

There, with his love, unto the amorous Queen
Did make him vow her servant to be seen.
Olimpias, Anteum deadly hates,
As all her Husbands children by his Mares;
She gave him Payton formerly (tis thought),
Which damage both to mind and body brought:
She now with Polirperdon doth combine,
To make the King by force his seat resigne;
And her young Nephew in his stead t'enthrone,
That under him the might rule all alone.
For aye, goes to Epire, among her friends,
The better to accomplishe thee her ends;
Euridice hearing what the intend,
In haste unto her deare Cassander sends,
To leave his Seige at Tayt, and with speed
To come and succour her, in this great need;
Then by invocations, promises, and coven,
Some Forces did procure, with her to joyne.

Olimpias now enters Macedonia,
The Queen to meet her, bravely marched on;
But when her Souldiers saw their ancient Queen,
Remembering what sometime she had been,
The Wife, and Mother, of their famous Kings,
Not Dutts, nor Arrows now, none shoots, nor flings;
Then King, and Queen, to Amphipolis doe fly,
But soone are brought into captivity;
The King by extreme torments had his end,
And to the Queen, these presents the doth send;
A Halter, cup of Dryson, and a Sword,
Bids chuse her death, such kinds effe th'afford:
The Queen with many a curse, and bitter check,
At length yeeles to the Halter, her faire neck;

Praying, that that day might quickly haste,
On which Olimpias of the like might taste.
This done, the cruel Queen rests not content;
Till all the lev'd Cassander was nigh spent;
His Brethren, Kinsfolk, and his chietest friends,
That were within her reach, came to their ends;
Died up his brother dead, 'gainst natures right,
And throws his bones about, to shew her sight.
The Courtiers wondring at her furious mind,
With in Epire she still had been confin'd;
In Peltopousas then Cassander lay,
Where hearing of this newes he speeds away,
With rage, and wish revenge, he's hurrie on,
So goes to finde this Queen in Macedonia;
But being from, at Straight Thermopoli,
Sea passage gets, and lands in Thessaly;
His Army he divides, sends part away,
Polliperson to hold a while in play,
And with the rest Olimpias pursuues,
To give her for all cruelties her dues;
She with the flow'r o' th' Court to Pitius flies,
Well furnished, and on the Sea it lies;
There by Cassander she's block'd up, so long,
'Untill the Enemy grows exceeding strong.
Her Conspir of Epire did what he might,
To raise the Seige, and put her foes to flight;
Cassander is releas'd, there to remaine,
So success, and endeavours proves but vain;
Faine would she come now to capitate,
Cassander will not share, such is his hate.
The Souldiers pinched with this licency,
In Feast unto Cassander daily fly.
Of the four Monarchies

Olimpia wills to keep it, to the last,
Expecting nothing, but of death to taste;
But he unwilling longer there to stay,
Gives promise for her life, and wins the day:
No sooner had he got her in his hands,
But made in Judgement her Accusers stand,
And plead the blood of their deare Kindred spilt,
Desiring Justice might be done for guilt:
And so was he acquitted of his word,
For Justice fake she being put to th' sword.
This was the end of this most cruel Queen,
Whose fury yet unparallel'd hath been:
The Daughter, Sister, Mother, Wife to Kings,
But Royalty no good conditions brings;
So boundless was her pride, and cruelty,
She oft forgot bounds of Humanity.
To Husband's death (twas thought she gave content,
The Authors death she did yet much lament,
With Garlands crown'd his head, bemoaned his Fates,
His sword unto Apollo consecrates:
Her out-rages too tedious to relate,
How for no cause, but her inordinate hate;
Her Husband's Wife, and Children, after's death,
Some flew, some fiy'd, of others, hop't the breath;
Now in her age she's forc'd to taste that Cup,
Which she had often made others to sip;
Now many Townes in Scæcum upprett,
And Pelias fame to yew'd amongst the rift;
The Funerals Cassandra celebrates,
Of Arideus, and his Queen, with state;
Among their Ancestors by him there stood,
And the was of lamentation for them made.

Old Thebes he then re-built (so much of fame),
And rais'd Cassandra after his name,
But leave him building, others in their turn,
And for a while, let's into Asia turn,
True Eumenes endeavours by all skill,
To keep Antigonus from Susa still,
Having Command of the treasure he can hire,
Such as nor threats, nor favours could acquire;
In divers bastards, he had good success,
Antigonus came off still honour'd still,
When victor oft had been, and so might still,
Penelope did betray him by a wife,
Antigone, then raises his life unjust,
Because he never would let go his trust:
Thus left he all for his felicity,
Striving to uphold his Matter's family,
But as that to a period did fail,
So Eumenes of destiny must take.
Antigonus, all Perseus now gains,
And Matter of the treasure he remains;
Then with Seleucus straight at o'ds doth fall,
But he for aid to Ptolomy doth call.
The Princes all begin now to envie
Antigonus, his growing up so high,
Facing their state, and what might hap ere long,
Enter into a combination strong:
Seleucus, Ptolomy, Cassander joines,
Lymanet to make a fourth combines:
Antigonus, desirous of the Greeks,
To make Cassander odious to them, seeks,
Sends forth his declaration from a farre,
And shews what cause they had to take up warre.
The Mother of their King to death he'd put,
His Wife, and Son, in prison close had that;
And how he ayres to make himselfe a King,
And that some title he might seeme to bring,
Thessalons he had newly wed,
Daughter to Philip, their renowned head;
Had built, and call'd a City by his name,
Which none e'er did but those of royall fame;
And in deligh of their two famous Kings,
Th'hastefull Athenians to Greece re-brings;
Rebellious Thebes he had re-edified,
Which their late King in dust had damnified;
Requires them therefore to take up their Armes,
And to requite this Taryor for those harms;
Now Brutus would gain the Greeks like wise,
For he declares against his injuries;
First, how he held the Empire in his hands,
Seleucus drove from government, and lands;
Had valiant Eurus unjustly slaine,
And Lord of the City Siphis did remain,
So therefore crave their help to take him down,
Before he were the universal Crown;
Antigonus at Sea lone had a fight,
Where Brutus, and the rest put him to flight,
His Son at Gaza like wise left the field,
So Syria to Brutus did yield;
And Seleucus recovers Babylon,
Still gaining Countries Eastward goes he on,
Remaining againe with Brutus in flight,
And comming unwares put him to flight;
But bravely sends the Priests back againe,
And all the fiery and bony they had taken;

Curtius, as noble Brutus, or more,
Who at Gaza did the like to him before.
Antigonus did much rejoice his son,
His lost repute with victorie had won;
At last theye Princes tired out with wares,
Sought for a peace, and laid aside their jarres;
The terms of their agreement thus expresse,
That each shall hold what he doth now possess,
Till Alexander unto age was grown,
Who then shall be installd in the throne:
This touch'd Cassander force, for what he'd done,
Imprisoning both the mother, and her son,
He sees the Greeks now favour their young Prince,
Whom he in censure held, now and long since,
This in few years he must be forc'd or glad
To render up such kingdoms as he had,
Resolves to quit his fears by one deed done,
And put to death, the mother and her son,
This Rhexus for her beautee all commend,
But for one act she did, just was her end,
No sooner was great Alexander dead,
But the Davis daughters murdered,
Both thrown into a well to hide her blot,
Pedias was her partner in this plot:
The Heavens seem'd to flow in paying her the same,
But yet at last the hand of vengeance came,
And for that double fact which she had done,
The life of her must go, and of her son
Perdicas had before, for his amisse,
But from their hands, who thought not once of this,
Cassander's death, the Princes all depct,
But 'twas in shew, in heart it pleased them best.
That he was odious to the world, they're glad,  
And now they are, free Lords, of what they had,  
When this foul tragedy was past, and done,  
Polisperchon brings up the other son,  
Call'd Hercul; and elder then his brother,  
(But, Olympus, thought to prefer the other.)  
The Greeks trouble'd with the matter done so late,  
This Prince began for to compassionnte,  
Begin to murmur much 'gainst proud Cassander,  
And place their hopes o' th' helpe of Alexander,  
Cassander fear'd what might of this ensue,  
So Polisperchon to his Counsell drew,  
Gives Pelagonias unto him for hire,  
Who flew the prince according to design;  
Thus was the race, and house of Alexander  
Extinct, by this inhumane wretch Cassander;  
Antigonus for all this doth not mourn,  
He knows not's profit, all I'th end will turn,  
But that some time he might now pretend,  
For marriage to Cleopatra, doth send  
Lycurgus and Ptolemy, the fame,  
And vile Cassander too, brags not for blame,  
She now in Lydia at Sardis lay,  
Whereby Emballage, all the Princes pray,  
Choise above all, of Ptolemy she makes  
With his Emballage, her journey takes,  
Antigonus his Lieutenant stays her still,  
Until he further know his Masters will;  
To let her pass or hold her still, he fears,  
Antigonus thus hath a wolf by the ears,  
Resolves at last the Principesse then'd be flain,  
So hinders him of her, he could not gain.

Her women are appointed to this deed,  
They for their great reward no better speed,  
For straightway by command they're put to death,  
As vile conspirotours that rock her breath,  
And now he thinks, he's ordered all so well,  
The world must needs believe what he doth tell:  
Thus Philips house was quite extinguisht;  
Except Cassander's wife, who yet not dead,  
And by their means, who thought of nothing else  
Then vengeance just, against the same it express'd:  
Now blood was paid with blood, for what was done  
By cruel father, mother, cruel son,  
Who did creft their cruelty in guilt,  
And wronging innocents whose blood they spilt;  
Philip and Olympus both were slain,  
Antinates and his Queen by slaughters ta'nce;  
Two other children by Olympus kill'd,  
And Cleopatra's blood, now likewise spill'd,  
If Alexander was not poiFoned,  
Yet in the flower of's age, he must lie dead,  
His wife and sons then flain by this Cassander,  
And's kingdoms rent away by each Commander:  
Thus may we hear, and fear, and ever say,  
That land is righteous still which doth repay:  
The Captains now, the title of Kings do take,  
For their Crowns, there's none can title make.  
Demetrius is first, that to allume,  
To do as he, the rest full four proumsies,  
To Athens then he goes, is entertain'd,  
Not like a King, but like some God they fain'd;  
Most aversely base, was this great adulation,  
Who incense burn'd, and offered oblation.
Of the Four Monarchies

These Kings fall now afeast to warfare again,
Demetrius of Ptolemy doth gain;
T'would be an endless story to relate
Their several barrels, and their several fate,
Antigonus and Seleucus, now fight
Near Ephesus, each bringing all their might,
And he that conquers shall now remain,
Of Asia the Lordship shall remain.
This day twice these two foes ends all the strife,
For here Antigonus lost rule, and life,
Nor to his son did there one foot remain,
Of those dominions he did sometimes gain,
Demetrius with his troops to Athens flies,
Hoping to find success in miseries.
But they adoring in prosperity,
Now shut their gates in his adversity,
He sorely grieved at this his desperate fate,
Tries foes, since friends will not compassionate.
His peace he then with old Seleucus makes,
Who his fair daughter Stratonice takes,
Antiochus, Seleucus dear lov'd son,
Is for this fifth young Lady half undone,
Falls so extremly sick, all fear his life,
Yet dares not die, he loves his fathers wife.
When his disease the skillfull Physician found,
He wittily his fathers mind did found,
Who did no sooner understand the same,
But willingly resign'd the baser as his name.
Caesander now must die, his race is run,
And leaves the ill got kingdom he had won,
Two sons he left, born of King Philip's daughter,
Who had an end put to their lives by Caesander.
Which

Of the World

Which should succeed, at variance they fell,
The mother would the youngest should excel,
The eldest enrag'd did play the vipers part,
And with his sword did pierce his mothers heart,
(Rather then Philip's child must longer live)
He, whom the gave his life, her death must give
This by Lysimachus soon after slain,
(Whose daughter unto wife, he'd newly ta'n)
The youngest by Demetrius kill'd in fight,
Who took away his now pretended right.
Thus Philip, and Caesander's race is gone,
And so falls out to be extinct in one,
Yea though Caesander died in his bed,
His seed to be extirpate, was destined,
For blood which was decreed, that he should spill,
Yet must his children pay for fathers ill.
John in killing Abbas house did well,
Yet be aveng'd, must 't bloody of the sects.
Demetrius, Caesander's kingdoms gains,
And now as King, in Macedon he reigns;
Seleucus, Asia holds, that grieves him sore.
Those that enteres large, his father got before,
These to recover, mutters all his might,
And with his son in law, will needs go fight.
There was he taken, and imprisoned
Within an ile that was with pleasures fed,
Injoy'd what so he seem'd his Royalty,
One's reformed, of his liberty.
After three years he dyed, left what he'd won
In Greece, unto Antigonus, his son,
For his posterity unto this day,
Did not regain one foot in Asia.
Now
of the World.

Now dyed the brave and noble Ptolomy, Renown’d for bountie, valour, clemency, Rich Egypt left, and what else he had won To Philadelphus, his more worthy Son. Of the old Heroes, now but two remaine, Seleucus, and Lyconus; those twaine Must needs goe try their fortune, and their might, And so Lyconus was slaine in fight. ’Twas no small joy, unto Seleucus breast, That now he had out-lived all the rest: Possession he of Europe thinks to take, And so himselfe the only Monarch make; Whilst with these hopes, in Greece he did remaine, He was by Ptolomy Ceses's slaine. The second Son of the first Ptolomy, Who for rebellion into him did fly, Seleucus was as Father, and a friend, Yet by him had this most unworthy end. Thus with these Kings Captains have we done, A little now, how the Succession run: Antigonus, Seleucus, and Cæsander, With Ptolomy, reign’d after Alexander; Cæsander Senes, toone after’s death were slaine; So three Successors only did remaine; Antigonus his Kingdoms lost, and his life, Unto Seleucus, author of that strife. His Son Demetrius, all Cæsanders gains, And his paterity, all the fame returns, Demetrius Son was call’d Antigonus, And his againe, also Demetrius. I must let passe those many battles fought, Between those Kings, and noble Egypt’s crowns.

And

Of the four Monarchies

And his Son Alexander of Egypt, Whereby immortal honour they acquire. Demetrius had Philip to his son, He Perseus, from him the Kingdom’s won, Equiliter the Roman General, Did take his rule, his son, himself, and all, This of Antigonus, his seed’s the fate, Whole kingdome’s were subdued by the Roman state. Longer Seleucus held the Royalty In Syria by his posterity, Antiochus Seleucus’s son was nam’d, To whom Antiochus Epiphanes (so much fam’d) His book of Asur Monarchies dedicates, Tells of their warres, their names, their riches, fates; But this is permitted with many more, Which we oft with were extent as before. Antiochus Theos was Seleucus son, Who a long warre with Egypt’s King begun, The affinities and warres Daniel sets forth, And calls them there, the Kings of South, and Norths. This Seleucus he was murthered by his wife, Seleucus reign’d, when he had lost his life, A third Seleucus next fire on the fear, And then Antiochus furnam’d the great, Seleucus next Antiochus succeeds, And then Epiphanes, whose wicked deeds, Horrid sacrileges, murders, cruelties, Against the jewes, we read in Maccabees, By him was set up the abomination I’th’ holy place, which caus’d desolation; Antiochus Epiphanes was the next, By Rebels and imposters daily vex'd,
Of the four Monarchies

So many Princes still were murthered,
The Royall blood was quite extinguished,
That Tigranes the great Armenian King,
To take the government was call'd in,
Him Lucullus, the Romane General
Vanquish'd in fight, and took those kingdomes all,
Of Greece, and Syria thus the rule did end,
In Egypt now a little time we'll spend.
First Ptolomy being dead, his famous son,
Call'd Philadelphia, next sat on the throne,
The Library at Alexandria built,
With seven hundred thousand volumes fill'd,
The seventy two interpreters did seek,
They might translate the Bible into Greek;
His son was Euergetes the last Prince,
That valour shew'd, venture or excellence.
Phileader was Euergete's son,
After Epiphanes, sat on the Throne
Philometor; then Euergete again,
And next to him, did rule Lasaurus reign'd,
Alexander, then Lasaurus in's stead,
Next Attoe, who cut off Pompys head;
To all these names we Ptolomy must addle,
For since the first, that tide still they had.
Fair Cleopatra next, last of that race,
Whom Julius Caesar set in Royall place,
Her brother by him, lost his traygerous head
For Pompeys life, then plac'd her in his stead,
She with her Paramour Mark Anthony,
Held for a time the Egyptian Monarchy:
Till great Augustus had with him a fight,
At Aulium flam, his Navy put to flight:

Then poysonous Aspes she sets unto her Armes,
To take her life, and quit her from all harmes;
For twas not death, nor danger she did dread,
But fame disgrace, in triumph to be led.
Here ends at last the Grecian Monarchy,
Which by the Romans had its destiny.
Thus Kings, and Kingdomes, have their times, and dates,
Their standings, over-turnings, bounds, and fates.
Now up, now down, now chief, and then brought under,
The Heavens thus rule, to fill the earth with wonder.
The Assyrian Monarchy long time did stand,
But yet the Persian got the upper hand;
The Grecian, them did utterly subdue,
And Millions were subject unto few.
The Cretan longer then the Persian stood,
Then came the Roman, like a raging flood,
And with the torrent of his rapid course,
Their Crownes, their Titles, riches, states by force.
The first, was likened to a head of gold,
Next, armes and breast, of silver to behold;
The third, belly and thighs of brass in fight,
And last was Iron, which breaketh all with might.
The Scene out of the Mountains then did rise,
And some those feet, those legs, those arms and thighs;
Then gold, silver, brass, iron, and all that store,
Became like chaff upon the threshing floor;
The first a Lion, second was a Bear,
The third a Leopard, which four wings did rear;
The last more strong, and dreadful, then the rest,
Whole Iron teeth devour'd every beast.
And when he had no appetite to eat,
The residue he flapped under his feet:
Of the four Monarchies

But yet this Lion, Beaw this Leopard, Ram,
All trembling stand, before that powerfull Lambe.
With these three Monarchies, now have I done,
But how the fourth, their Kingdoms from them won;
And how from small beginnings it did grow,
To fill the world with terror, and with woe:
Mystect braine, leaves to a better pen,
This taske befitts not women, like to men:
For what is pitt a blushing, excuse to make,
But humbly stand, some grave reproofe to take.
Pardon to crave, for errors, is but vaine,
The Subj. & was too high, beyond my braine;
To frame Apologie for some offence,
Converit our boldnesse, into impudence,
This my presumption (some now) to require,
Ne fuerit ultra repellendum, may write.

A

After some daies of rest, my restless heart,
To finish what begun, new thoughts impart,
And many a reproach, my fancy wrought:
This fourth to the other three, now might be brought.
Shortens of time, and inabilitie,
Will force me to a confusd brevity;
Yet in this Chaff, one shall easily fly,
The vast limbs of a mighty Monarchy.
What ere it seeme amisse, take in both parts,
As faults proceeding from my head, not heart.

The Roman Monarchy, being the Fourth, and last, beginning, Anno Mundi;

3 2 1 3.

Tout Romulus, Romes Founder, and first King,
Whom we fall Rubid, into the world did bring.
His Father was not Mars, as some devis'd,
But Emulus, in Arrmors all disguis'd,
Thus he deceiv'd his Necess, she might not know
The double injury, he then did doe:
Where she heard, once had Coats, and Sheep their Folds,
Where swains, and rightick Peasants made their holds.

A City faire did Romulus erect:
The M'tris of the World, in each respect.
His Brother Romes there, by him was staine,
For leaping are the Walls with some disdain;
The Stones at first was cemented with blood,
And beauty hath it prov'd, since first it flowed.
Of the Four Monarchies

This City built, and Sacrifices done,
A forme of Government he next begun;
A hundred Senators he likewise chose,
And with the title of Patres honour’d those;
His City to replenish, men he wants,
Great privilegegeth, to all he grants,
That wil within these strong built walls reside,
And this new gentle Government abide;
Of Wives there was so great a scarcity,
They to their neighbours sue for a supply;
But all disdain’d alliance then to make,
So Romulis was forc’d this course to take.
Great sheaves he makes of Tile, and Turnament,
To see these sports, the Sabins all are bent;
Their Daughters by the Romulis then were caught,
For to recover them, a Field was fought;
But in the end, to small place they came,
And Sabines, as one people, dwelt in Rome.
The Romulis now more potent ’gan to grow,
And Fedinates they wholly over-throw:
But Romulis then comes unto his end,
Some failing say, to hear he did alsend;
Others, the tenth and thirteent of his reign,
Affirmed, that by the Senate he was flaine.

Nama Pomphilus.

Tullus Hostilius, was third Roman King,
Who Murther’d Discipline in use did bring;
War with the ancient Albans he doth wage,
The Frist to end, six Brothers doe ingage;
Three call’d Horatii, on Romans side,
And Curstii, three Albans provide;
The Romans Conquereh, others yeeld the day,
Yet for their compact, after faile they play:
The Romans forc incend’d, their Generall frye,
And from old Alba fetch the wealth away;
Of Lucine Kings this was long since the Seat,
But now demolish’d, to make Rome great.
Thirty two years doth Tullus reign’d, then dy’d,
Leaves Rome, in wealth and power, still growing high.

Ancus Martius.

Next, Ancus Martius sits upon the Throne,
Nephew unto Pomphilus dead, and gone;

Rome
Of the four Monarchies

Rome he enlarg'd, new built againe the wall,
Much stronger, and more beautifull withall;
A stately Bridge he over Tyber made,
Of Boats, and Oares, no more they need the aide;
Faire Office he built, this Town, it flood,
Close by the mouth of famous Tyber flood;
Twenty four yeares, the time of his roayl race,
Then unto death unwillingly gives place.

Tarquinius Priscus.

Tarquin, a Greek, at Corinth borne, and bred,
Who for sedition from his Country fled;
Is entertain'd at Rome, and in short time,
By wealth, and favour, doth to honour clime;
He after Marcius death the Kingdome had,
A hundred Senators he more did add;
Wars with the Latins he againe renewes,
And Nations twelve, of Tusculi subdues:
To such rude triumphs, as young Rome then had,
Much flate, and glory, did this Priscus add:
Thirty eight yeares (this Stranger borne) did reign,
And after all, by Ancus Sons was slaine.

Servius Tullius.

Next, Servius Tullius sits upon the Throne,
Ascends not up, by merits of his owne,
But by the favour, and the speciall grace
Of Tarquin, late Queen, obtains the place;

He ranks the people, into each degree,
As wealth had made them of ability;
A generall Mutter takes, which by account,
To eighty thousand foules then did amount;
Forty four yeares did Servius Tullius reign,
And then by Tarquin, Priscus Son, was slaine.

Tarquinus Superbus, the last Roman King.

Tarquin the proud, from manners called so,
Sate on the Throne, when he had slaine his foe;
Servius his Son, doth (most unworthy)
Lucullus force, mirror of chaitety;
She fowched to the fact, she lost her life,
And shed her guiltlesse blood, with guilty knife;
Her Husband fore incens'd, to qui this wrong,
With Janus bruntus rose, and being strong,
The Tarquin they from Rome with speed expell,
Inbanishment perpetuall, to dwell;
The Government they change, a new one bring,
And people swear, we're to accept of King.

The end of the Roman Monarchy,
Being the fourth and last.
A Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning their present troubles.

Anno 1642.

New England.

Alas, dear Mother, fairest Queen, and best,
With honour, wealth, and peace, happy and blest,
What ays thee hang thy head, and cross thine arms?
And stir not, to fight these sad alarms?

What deluge of new woes thus over-whelme
The glories of thy ever famous Realm?
What means this wailing tone, this mourning sigh?
Ah, tell thy Daughter, she may sympathize.

Old England.

Art ignorant indeed, of these my woes?
Or maist my love, dote on these griefs d. feist?

A Dialogue between

And maist my selfe disiect my tatter'd state,
Which 'mazed Christendom stands wandering at?
And thou a child, a Limbe, and doest not feel
My weakned fainting body now to recede?
This Phisick-purging-potion I have taken,
Will bringConsumption, or an Ague quaking,
Unless some Cordial thou fetch from high,
Which present help may ease this malady.
If I decays, dost thinkest thou shalt survive?
Or by my waiting state, dost thinkest to thrive?
Then weigh our case, if 't be not justly sad,
Let me lament alone, while thou art glad.

New England.

And thus, alas, your state you much deplore,
In generall terms, but will not say wherefore:
What Medicine shall I seek to cure this woe,
If th' wound's so dangerous I may not know?
But you perhaps would have me guessse it our,
What, hath some *Hengist*, like that *Saxon* flour,
By fraud, and force, usurp'd thy flowing crown,
And by tempestuous Wars thy fields trod down?
Or hath *Canute*, that brave valiant Dane,
The regall, peacefull Scepter from the Dane?
Or is't a *Norman*, whose victorious hand
With English blood bedews thy conquered Land?
Or is't intestine Wars that thus offend?
Do *Mand*, and *Stefhen* for the Crown contend?
Do *Barons* rise, and side against their King?
And call in *Foreign* ayde, to help the thing?

N 3

Must
Old England and New.

No Crook-backed Tyrant now usurps the Seat,
Whole tearing tusks did wound, and kill, and threat:
No Duke of York, nor Earl of March, to soyle;
Their hands in Kindred's blood, whom they did soyle:
No need of Ticer, Roses to unite,
None knowes which is the Red, or which the White:
Staines braving Fleet, a second time is junke,
France knowes, how of my fury the bath drunk;
By Edward third, and Henry fifth of fame,
Her Lillies in mine Armes avouch the fame.
My Siree Scotland hurtes me now no more,
Though the hath bin injurious herebefore.
What Holland is, I am in some suspence,
But truft not much unto his Excellence;
For wants, lurce some I feele, but more I fear,
And for the Pestilence who knowes how neare.
Eamine, and Plague, two filters of the Sword,
Destruction to a Land doth some afford:
They're for my punishments ordain'd on high,
Unless thy teares prevent it speedily.
But yet, I answer not what you demand,
To flue the grievance of my troubled Land;
Before I tell the effect, he flue the cause,
Which are my Sins, the breach of sacred Lawes;
Idolatrie, supplanter of a Nation,
With foolish superstition adoration;
And lik'd, and countenance'd by men of might,
The Gospel is trod down, and hath no right;
Church Oflices are sold, and bought, for gaine,
That Pope had hope, to finde Rome here again;
For Othere, and Blasphemies did ever care
From Beelzebul himself; such language here?

Old England.

Must Edward be depos'd, or is't the hour
That second Richard must be clapt 'th' Tower?
Or is the fatall jarre againe begin,
That from the red, white pricking Roses sprung?
Must Richmond ayde, the Nobles now implore,
To come, and break the tulips of the Bear?
If none of these, deare Mother, what's your woe?
Pray, doe not feare Staines bragging Armaudo?
Doh your Allee, faire France, conspire your wretch?
Or, doth the Scots play false behind your back?
Doh Holland quitt you ill, for all your love?
Whence is this storme, from Earth, or Heaven above?
Is't Drought, is't Famine, or is't Pestilence?
Doh feel the fain, or feare the consequence?
Your humble Childre intertreats you, thow your grief.
Though Armes, nor Purfe the bath, for your reliefe:
Such is her poverty, yet shall be found
A supplyant for your help, as she is bound.

I must confesse, some of those Sorts you name,
My bounteous Body at this present time;
But foraigne Eoe, nor famed friend I feare,
For they have work enough (thou knowest) elsewhere;
Nor is it Alice's Son, and Henrietta Daugther,
Whole proud contention cause this slaughter;
Nor Nobles filling, to make John no King
French Lewis unjustly to the Crown to bring;
No Edward, Richard, to life rule, and life,
Nor no Lancastrians, to renew old strife.
Old England, and New.

What scorn of the Saints of the most high,
What injuries did daily on them lye;
What false reports, what nick-names did they take,
Not for their owne, but for their Matters sake;
And thou, poor soul, wast jeered among the rest,
Thy flying for the Truth I made a jest;
For Sabbath-breaking, and for Drunkenness,
Did ever Land prophaneness more express?
From crying bloods, yet cleansed am not I,
Martyrs, and others, dying caulelessly;
How many Princeely heads on blocks laid down,
For notth, but title to a fading Crown?
'Mongst all the cruelties which I have done,
Oh, Edward! Babes, and Clarence hapless son,
Oh, John, why didst thou dye in flowering prime;
Because of Royall Stem, that was thy crime;
For Bishops, Adultery, for Theises, and Lyes,
Where is the Nation, I cannot paralyze;
With Usury, Extortion, and Oppression,
These be the Hydra's of my foul transfiguration;
These be the bitter fountains, heads, and roots,
Whence flow'd the source, the springs, the boughs, and
Of more then thou canst heare, or I relate;
Sweat, that with high hand I still did perpetrate;
For these, were threaten'd the wofull day:
I mock'd the Preachers, put it faire away:
The Sermons yet upon record doe stand,
Thru' thy cry'd, destru'd on to my wicked Land:
These Prophets mouths (all the while) was stop'd,
Unworthy, some bluck wip, and cuss cyp:
Their reverent checks, did bare the glorious marks
Of flinking, flippinrag, Roman Clerkes;

A Dialogue between

Some lost their livings, some in prison pent,
Some grossly fin'd, from friends to exile went:
Their silent tongues to heaven did vengeance cry,
Who heard their case, and wrongs justly'd righteously,
And will repay it sevenfold in my lap:
This is fore-runner of my after claps,
Not took I warning by my neighbours falls,
I saw sad German's dismantled walls,
I saw her people famish'd, Not her plain,
Her fruitful land, a barren heath remain.
I saw (unmen'd) her Armies foil'd and fled,
Wives for'd, babes sol'd, her houses calcined,
I saw strong heath yielding to her foe,
Thousands of slav'd Christ's there also,
I saw poor Ireland bleeding out her last,
Such cruelty as all reports have past,
My heart obdurate, bound not yet gait:
Now slip I of that cup, and just it may be,
The bottom dregs reserved are for me.

New England.

To all you've said, sad mother, I stert
Your sorrowful eyes, great cause there's to lament.
My guilty hands (in part) hold up with you,
A threwe in yore punishment's my due,
But all you say, amounts to this effect,
Nor what you feel, but what you do expect.
Pray in plain terms what is ye present grief,
Then let's join heads, and hands for your relief.

Old
Old England.

Well, to the matter then, there's grown of late,
'Twixt King and Peers a question of state,
Which is the chief, the law, or else the King,
One faith is his, the other no such thing.
My better part in Court of Parliament,
To save my groaning land shew their intent,
To curb the proud, and right to each man deal.
To help the Church, and stay the Common-Weal,
So many obstructions comes in their way,
As puts me to a stand what I should say,
Old customes, new Prerogatives flood on,
Had they not held law fast, all had been gone,
Which by their prudence hold them in such stead,
They took high Strafford lower by the head,
And to their Land he spoke, they held th' Tower,
All England's Metropolitane that hour,
This done, an Act they would have pass'd lain,
No prelate should his Bisoprick retain;
Here stood they hard indeed, for all men saw,
This must be done by Gospel, not by law.
Next the Militia they urg'd sore,
This was deny'd, I need not say wherefore.
The King displeas'd, at York himself abounds,
They humbly beg return, hew their intimes,
The writing, printing, poll'ting to and fro,
Shows all was done, I'll therefore let it go.
But how I come to speak of my disfater,
Contention's grown 'twixt Subjects and their Master:
They worded it so long, they fell to blows,
That thousands lay on heaps, here bleeds my wots.
I that no warres, so many yeares have known,
Am now delbroy'd, and slaughter'd by mine own,
But could the field alone this caufe decide,
One bastell, two or three I might abide,
But there may be beginnings of more woe,
Who knows, the worst, the best may overthrow;
Religion, Gospel, here lies at the stake,
Pray now dear child, for Sacred Zion's sake,
Oh pity me, in this sad perturbation,
My plundered Townes, my houses devastation,
My ravish'd virgins, and my young men slain,
My wealthy trading folk, my death of grain,
The candle time's come, but Ploughman hath no hope,
Because he knows not, who shall inn his crop:
The poor they want their pay, their children bread,
Their woeful mother's tears unspried.
If any pity in thy heart remain,
Or any child-like love thou doft retain,
For my relief now use thy utmost skill,
And recompease me good, for all my ill.

New England.

Dear mother cease complaints, and wipe your eyes,
Shake off your dust, clear up, and new arise,
You are my mother, nurse, I once your fields,
Your sucken bowels gladly would refresh:
Your griefs I pity much, but should do wrong,
To weep for that we both have pray'd for long.
To see these latter days of hope’d for good,
That Right may have its right, though’t be with blood;
After dark Popery the day did clear,
But now the Sun in’s brightness shall appear,
Blest be the Nobles of the Noble Land,
With (venture’d lives) for truth’s defence that stand,
Blest be the Commons, who for Common good,
And thine infringing Laws have boldly stood.
Blest be thy Counties which do aid thee still
With hopes and states, to reimburse their will.
Blest be thy Preachers, who do cheer thee on,
O cry: the sword of God, and Gilead:
And shall I not on these with Merit’s curse,
That help thee not with prayers, arms, and purse,
And for my self, let miseries abound,
If mindless of thy stake I’d be found.
These are the days, the Churches foes to craft,
To root out Prelates, head, tail, branch, and root.
Let’s bring Bad’s vestments out, to make a fire,
Their Myers, Surplices, and all their tire,
Copes, Rochers, Crossers, and such trull,
And let their names confound, but let the fight
Light Christendom, and all the world to see,
We hear Rome’s Whore, with all her trumpetie;
Go on brave Effex, flower whole for that art,
Not false to King, nor Country in thy heart,
But those that hurt his people and his Crown,
By force expel? destroy, and rend them down:
Let Goales be fell’d with th’ remainder of that pack,
And sturdy Tyburn loaded all it crack,
And yeé brave Nobles, chase away all fear,
And to this blessed Cause closely adhere.

O mother, can you weep, and have such Peeres;
When they are gone, then drown your felt in tears.
If now you weep so much, that then no more,
The briny Ocean will overflow your shore,
These, these, are they (I truth) with Charles our King,
Out of all mills, such glorious days will bring,
That dazzled eyes beholding much shall wonder
At that thy settled Peace, thy wealth and splendour,
Thy Church and Weal, established in such manner,
That all shall joy that thou display’d thy banner,
And discipline erected, so I trust,
That nurture Kings, shall come and lick thy dust:
Then Justice shall in all thy Courts take place,
Without respect of persons, or of case,
Then bribes shall cease, and suits shall not stick long,
Patience, and purse of Clients for to wrong:
Then High Commissions shall fall to decay,
And pursuavts and Catchpores want their pay,
So shall thy happy Nation ever flourish,
When truth and righteousness they thus shall nourish.
When thus in Peace, the old Armes brave send out,
To fack proud Rome, and all her vassals shout:
There let thy name, thy fame, thy valour shine,
As did thine Ancestors in Palestine,
And let her spoils full pay, with interest be,
Of what unjustly once the poll’d from thee,
Of all the woes thou canst let her be sped,
Execute teeth full the vengeance threatned.
Bring forth the beast that out’d the world with his beak,
And tear his filthy, and let your feet on’s neck,
And make his filthy den so desolate,
To th’ punishment of all that knew his state.

This
This done, with brandish'd swords, to Turky go,
(For then what is', but English blades dare do)
And lay her wait, for so's the sacred doom,
And do to Gog, as thou hast done to Rome.
Oh Abraham, fee'd lift up your heads on high,
For sure the day of your redemption's nigh;
The states shall fall from your long blinded eyes,
And him you shall adore, who now despise,
Then fulness of the Nations in shall flow,
And Jew and Gentile, to one worship go,
Then follows days of happiness and rest,
Whose lot doth fall to live therein is blest:
No Canaanite shall then be found in' th' land,
And holiness, on horses shall stand,
If this make way thereto, then sigh no more,
But if it all thou didst not see before.
Farewell dear mother, Parliament, prevail,
And in a while you'll tell another tale.
Elegies.

Are not his Tragick Comedies so great,
As if your nine-fold wit had been compassed;
To shew the world, they never saw before,
That this one Volume should exhaust your store.
I praise thee not for this, it is unfit,
This was thy frame, O miracle of wit;
Yet doth thy frame (wish all) purchase renown,
What doe thy virtues then? Oh, honours crown!
In all records, thy Name I ever see,
But with an Epitaph of dignity;
Which newes, thy worth was great, shine honour such,
The love thy Country ought thee, was as much.
Let then, none disallow of thee my strains,
Which have the self-same blood yet in my veins;
Who honours thee for what was honourable,
But leaves the rest, as most unprofitable;
Thy wiser days, commend thy witty works,
Who knows the Spots that in thy Rhetorical lurks?
But some infinites foolest soone catch therein,
Found Captio Dam, had never such a Gun;
Which makes severer eyes but scorn thy Story,
And made all maidens, and Wives, blush at thy glory.
Yet, he's a becled head, that can't drifery
A world of treasure, in that rubish yc.
And doth thy selfe, thy words, and honour wrong,
( O brave R. fitter of us: Bachi Tongue; )
That fees not learnng, valour, and morality,
Justice, friendship, and kind hospitality;
Yet, and Divinity within thy Book,
Such were prejudicate, and did not look:
But to thy truth, thy worth I shall but frame,
Thy fame, and praise is farre beyond my straine.

Yet great Augustus was content (we know)
To be saluted by a silly Crow;
Then let such Crowes to I., they praises sing,
A Crow's a Crow, and Caesar is a King.
Oh brave Achilles, I with some Homer would,
Engrave on Marble, in characters of Gold,
What famous feats thou didst, on Flancland coast,
Of which, this day, faire Belgea doth boast.
Oh Zephyr, Zephyr, that most fatal City,
Made famous by thy fall, much more's the pity:
Ah, in his blooming prime, death pluckt this Rose,
Ere he was ripe; his thred cur Aries;
Thus man is borne to dye, and dead is he;
Brave Hector by the walls of Troy, we see;
Oh, who was neare thee, but did fore repine;
He rescued not with life, that life of thine,
But yet impartially Death this Boone did give,
Though Sidney dy'd, his valiant name should live;
And live it doth, in spight of death, through fame,
Thus being over-come, he over-came.
Where is that envious tongue, but can afford
Of this our noble Scipio some good word?
Noble Barcis, this thy praise adds more,
In fade, sweet verle, thou didst his death deplore;
Illustrious Stella, thou didst think fair well,
If thine aspect was mild to Asterohell;
More thou were a Commet, didst ponder
Such prince as he, his race should shortly end;
If such starts as thine, and pringles be,
I with no more such Blazens we may see;
But thou art gone, such Meteors neuer left,
And as thy beauty, so thy name would waft.
Elegies, and Epitaphs.

But that it is record'd by Philip's hand,
That such an omen once was in our land,
O Princely Philip, rather Alexander,
Who were of honours band, the chief Commander.
How could that Stella, to confine thy will?
To wait till she, her influence distill,
I rather judge'd thee of his mind that wept,
To be within the bounds of one world kept,
But Omphale, let Hercules to spin,
And Mars himself was ta'en by Venus' gin;
Then wonder less, if warlike Philip yield,
When such a Heros shoots him out o' th' field,
Yet this preeminence thou haft above,
That thine was true, but theirs adult' rare love.
Fain would I shew, how thou fame's path didst tread,
But now into such Lib'rin his am I led
With endless tunes, the way I find not out,
For to perfekt, my muse is more in doubt:
Casts me amorous too, th' dust aspire,
Enough for me to look, and to admire.
And makes me now with Sylvestr confess,
But Sydney's Muse can sing his worthineisse.
Too late my errour see, that dust preframe
To fix my faltering lines upon his tomb:
Which are in worth, as far short of his due,
As Phæbus is, of Venus native hue.
Goodwill did make my head-long pen to run,
Like unwise Phæcon his ill guided sonne,
Till taught to's cull, for his too haste hand,
He left that charge by Phæcon to be man'd:
So proudly foliof In, with Phæcon strive,
Fame's flaming chariot for to drive.
Elegies, and Epitaphs.

Here to the Muses, the Son of Mars in truth,
Learning, valour, beauty, all in wondrous youths;
His praise is much, this shall suffice my pen,
That Sidney dy'd the graceoffence of men.

In honour of Du Bartas.

1641.

A. B.

Among the happy wits this Age hath shone,
Great, dear, sweet Bartas, thou art matchless knowne;
My ravishe eyes, and heart, with softer tongue,
In humble wise have vow'd their service long;
But knowing the task so great, and strength but small,
Gave o're the work, before begun withal;
My dazzled sight of late, review'd thy lines,
Where Art, and more then Art in Nature shines;
Reflection from their beaming altitude,
Did thaw my frozen heart ingratitude;
Which Ryes, darting upon some richer ground,
Had culeth flowers, and limis, foome to abound;
But barren I, my Dyfley here doe bring,
A homely flower in this my latter spring;
If Summer, or my Autumn age, doe yeld
Flowers, frutes, in garden, orchard, or in field;

They shall be confecrated in my Verse,
And prostrate off'red at great Bartas Herse.
My Mute unto a Child, I fitly may compare,
Who sets the riches of some famous Fayre;
He feeds his eyes, but understanding lacks,
To comprehend the worth of all those knacks;
The glittering Plate, and Jewels, he admires,
The Huts, and Fans, the Plumes, and Ladies tires,
And thousand times his mazed minde doth with
Some part, at last, of his new worth is his;
But seeing empty wishes neeht doth obtaine,
At night turns to his Mothers cor again,
And tells her tales; (his full heart over-glad)
Of all the glorious sights his eyes have had;
But findes too soon his want of Eloquence,
The silly Prater speakes no word of fence;
And seeing utterance fayle his great desires,
Sits down in silence, deeply he admireth;
Thus weake brain'd I, reading thy lofty site,
Thy profound Learning; viewing other while
Thy Art, in Natural Philosophy,
Thy Saint-like minde in grave Divinity,
Thy peireing skill in high Alstronomy,
And curious in-fight in Anatomy;
Thy Philick, Mufick, and State policy,
Valour in War, in Peace good Husbandry.
Sure liberall Nature, did with Art not small,
In all the Arts make thee most liberall;
A thousand thousand times my fenestle Sences,
Movelesse, blind charm'd by thy sweet influences,
More fenestlesse: then the Sones to Amphionis Lute,
Mine eyes are sightlesse, and my tongue is mute;
Elegies, and Epitaphs

My full aloning'd heart doth pant to break,
Through grief it wants a faculty to speak,
Volleys of praises could I echo then,
Had I an Anges voice, or Barra's pen,
But wishes can't accomplish my desire,
Pardon, if I adore, when I admire.

O France, in him thou didst more glory gain,
Then in thy Pippin, Murell, charlemain,
Then in Saint Lewis, or thy laft Henry great,
Who rul'd his foes, in blood, in stars and sweat,
Thy fume is spread as farre, I dare be bold,
In all the Zones, the tempiate, hot and cold,
Their trophies were but heaps of wounded slain,
Thine the quintessence of an Heroick brain.

The Oaken gratand ought to deck their brows,
Immortal bayes, all men to thee allow.
Who in thy triumphs (never won by wrongs)
Leadst millions chand in eyes, by eares, by tonguees,
Or have I wonder'd at the hand of heaven,
In giving one, what would have saved seven.
If e're this golden gift was show'd on any,
Thy double portion would have saved many.

Unto each man his riches are assign'd,
Of names, of state, of body, or of mind,
Thou haft thy part of all, but of the left,
Oh pregnant brain, Oh comprehens in vift:
Thy haughty childe, and rapted wit sublime,
All age's wondering art, shall never clime.
Thy Sacred words are not for imitation,
But monuments for future admiration:
Thus Barra's fame shall last while flares do fland,
And whilst there's aire, or fire, or sea or land.

His Epitaph.

Here lies the pearl of France, Parnassus glory,
The world rejoiced at's birth, at's death was sorry;
Art and Nature joy'd, by heaven's high decreet,
Now shou'd what once they ought, Humanity,
And Nature's Law: had it been revocable,
To restore him from death, Art had been able:
But Nature unquish'd Art, fo Barra dy'd,
But Fame, outliving both, he is receiv'd.

In honour of that High and Mighty Prince, Queen E L I Z A B E T H, of
most happy memory.

The Proem.

A lthough great Queen, thou now in silence lye,
Yet thy loud Herold Fame, dott to the sky,
Thy wondrous worth proclame, in every clime,
And so hast vow'd, whilst there is world, or time;
So great's thy glory, and thine excellence,
The found of raps every humane fence;
That men account it no impiety,
To say, thou wert a fleshly Deity:
Thousand bring off'tings, (though out of date)
Thy world of honours to accumulate,
Mongst hundred Heatombs of roaring Verse,
' Mine bleating flocks before thy royall Herse:
Thou never didst, nor e'er thou now disstaine,
'T accept the tribute of a loyal Braine;
Thy clemency did yest esteem as much
The acclamations of the poore, as rich;
Which makes me deeme, my rude base is no wrong,
Though I confound thy greatness mongst the throng.

The Poem.

NO Phenaix Pen, nor Spencers Poetry,
No Speeds, nor Chamles learned History;
Elis's works, were, praise, can e're compaire,
The World's the Theater where she did act;
No memories, nor volumes can containe,
The nine Olimpides of her happy reigne;
Who was so good, so just, so learned, so wife,
From all the Kings on earth she won the prize;
Nor say I more then duly is her due,
Millions will testify they know straight;
She hath wip'd off the aspersion of her Sex,
That women wisdome lack to play the R x;
Spaines Monarch fa's not fo; nor yet his Heart,
She taught them better manners to their coast.

The Sallique Law had not in force now been,
If France had ever hop'd for such a Queen;
But can you Doctors now this point dispute,
She's argument enough to make you mute;
Since first the Sun did run, his ne'tune'd race;
And earth had twice a age, a new old face:
Sin's time was time, and man unmanly man,
Come shew me such a Phenis if you can;
Was ever people better rule'd then hers?
Was ever Land more happy, freed from fries?
Did ever wealth in England do abound?
Her Victories in foraign Coasts refound;
Ships more invincible then Spaines, her foe
She rais't, the fact, she sunk his Armadoe;
Her stately Troops advanced to Lisbon wall,
Don Anthony in's right for to infrall;
She frankly helped Franks (brave) distracted King,
The States united now her time doe sing;
She their Prerestrix was, they well doe know;
Unto our dread Virago, what they owe;
Her Nobles sacrify'd their noble blood,
Nor men, nor coyne the sp'ld, to doe them good;
The rude untamed Irish she did quell,
And Turkey bound, before her picture fell.
Hid ever Prince such Counsellors as she?
Her selfe obinosa, caus'd them so to be;
Such Souldiers, and such Captaines never seen.
As were the Majes of our (Pallas) Queen;
Her Sea-men through all Strights the world did round,
Terra incognita might know her sound;
Her Drake came laden home with Spains gold,
Her Effex took Cades, their Hovvians hold:

But
Elegies, and Epitaphs.

But time would fail me, so my wit would do,
To tell of half she did, or she could do;
Semiramis to her is but obscure,
More infamous then fame she did procure;
She plac’d her glory but on Eabel walls,
Wonders wonder for a time, but yet it falls;
Feirce Tommi (Circe Head-man, Sibyllis Queen)
Had put her Harnesse off, had she but seen
Our Amazon’s Camp at Tilbury:
(Judging all valour, and all Majesty)
Within that Princeesse to have residence,
And prostrate yielded to her Excellence;
Didst first foundress of proud Cambridge walls,
(Who living consummat her Funerals)
A great Eire, but compair’d with ours,
How vanisheth her glory, wealth, and powers;
Proud profuse Cleopatra, whose wrong name,
Instead of glory prov’d her Countries shame:
Of her what worth in Scoury’s to be seen,
But that she was a rich Egyptian Queen;
Zamia, potent Empresse of the East,
And of all these without compair the best;
(Whom none but great Aurelius could quell)
Yet for our Queen is no fit parallel:
She was a Phoenix Queen, to shall be,
Her ashes nor reviv’d more Phoenix she;
Her personal perfection, who would tell,
Mult dip his Pen ’tis Heliconian Well;
Which I may not, my pride doth but aspire,
To read what others write, and then admire.
Now stay, have women worth, or have they none?
Or had they some, but with our Queen ill gone?

Nay Malcunies, you have thus tax’d us long,
But she though dead, will vindicate our wrong,
Let such, as lay our lex is void of reason,
Know, ’tis a slander now, but once was treason.
But happy England, which had such a Queen,
O happy, happy, had those days still been,
But happiness, lies in a higher sphere,
Then wonder not, Eire moves not here.
Full fraught with honour, riches, and with days:
She set, she set, like Titan in his rays,
No more shall rise or set such glorious Sun,
Until the heavens great revolution.
If then new things, their old form must retain,
Eire shall rule Aetian once again.

Her Epitaph.

Here sleeps THE Queen, this is the royal bed
Oth’ Daniel! Rofe, string from the white and red,
Whose sweet perfume fills all filling aire,
This Rofe is mithered, once so lovely faire,
On neither tree did grow such Rofe before,
The greater was our gain, our loffe the more.

Another.

Here lies the pride of Queenes, pattern of Kings,
So blaze it faire, here’s feabon for thy wings,
Here lies the ever-l, yet unparalleled Prince,
Whose living vertue speak (though dead long time)
If many worlds, as that fantastick found,
In every one, be her great glory famed.

1645.

David's
Dauid's Lamentation for Saul, and Jonathan, 2 Sam. 1. 19.

A las, flaine is the head of Israel, Illustrious Saul, whose beauty did excell
Upon thy places, mountainous and high,
How did the mighty fall, and falling dye?
In Gab, let not this thing be spoken on,
Nor publish in streets of Ashebon,
Left Daughters of the Philistins rejoice,
Left the uncircumci'd lift up their voyce:
O! Gibb Mounts, let never pearl'd dew,
Nor fruitfull flowers your barren tops belowe,
Nor fields of offerings e're on you grow,
Nor any pleasant thing e're may you show;
For the mighty ones did soone decay,
The Shield of Saul was vilely cast away;
There had his dignity to fare a foyle,
As if his head ne're felt the sacred Oyle:
Sometimes from crimson blood of gory flaine,
The bow of Jonathan ne're turn'd in vain;
Nor from the far, and spoyles, of mighty men,
Did Saul with bloodlesse Sword turne backe agen;
Pleasant

Of
of the vanity of all worldly creatures.

As he saith vanity, so vain say I,
O vanity, O vain all under skies,
Where is the man can say, lo, I have found
On brittle earth, a consolation found?
What is't in honour, to be set on high?
No, they like beautes, and fames of men shall die,
And whilst they live, how oft doth turn their state?
He's now a slave, that was a Prince of late.

What is't in wealth, great treasures for to gain?
No, that's but labour anxious, care and pain.
He heeps up riches, and he heeps up sorrows,
Its his to day, but who's his to morrow?
What then? content in pleasures canst thou find?
More vain than all, that's but to grasp the wind.
The fenfull fentes for a time they please,
Mean while the conscience rage, who shall appease?
What is't in beauty? no, that's but a shade,
They're foul enough to dye, that once was fair;
What, is't in loving youth, or manly age?
The seat is prone to vice, the lift to rage.
Where is it then? in wildome, learning, arts?
Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts;
Yet these, the vilest man of men did find,
But vanity vexation of the mind,
And he that knows the most doth still bemoan,
He knows nor all, that here is to be known,
What is it then? so as Stoicks tell,
Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well.

Such