

141  
423  
THE  
TENTH MUSE

Lately sprung up in AMERICA.

OR

Severall Poems, compiled  
with great variety of VVit  
and Learning, full of delight.

Wherein especially is contained a com-  
pleat discourse and description of

The Four { Elements,  
Constitutions,  
Ages of Man,  
Seasons of the Year.

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

The { Assyrian,  
Persian,  
Grecian,  
Roman.

Also a Dialogue between Old England and  
New, concerning the late troubles.

With divers other pleasant and serious Poems.

By a Gentlewoman in those parts.

Printed at London for Stephen Bowtell at the signe of the  
only Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.

Kind Reader :

**H** Ad I opportunity but to borrow  
some of the Authors wit, 'tis pos-  
sible I might so trim this curious  
work with such quaint expressions, as that  
the Preface might bespeake thy further perus-  
sall; but I feare 'twil be a shame for a man  
that can speak so little, to be seene in the title  
page of this womans Book, lest by comparing  
the one with the other, the Reader should  
passe his sentence, that it is the gift of wo-  
men, not only to speak most, but to speake best;  
I shall leave therefore to commend that,  
which with any ingenious Reader will too  
much commend the Author, unlesse men  
turne more peevish then women, to envie  
the excellency of the inferiour Sex. I doubt  
not but the Reader will quickly finde more  
then I can say, and the worst effect of his rea-  
ding will be unbeleif, which will make him  
question whether it be a womans Work, and  
aske, Is it possible? If any doe, take this as  
an answer from him that dares avow it; It  
is the VVork of a VVoman, honoured, and e-  
steemed

steemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet manning of her family occasions; and more then so, these Poems are the fruit but of some few houres, curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments. I dare adde little, lest I keepe thee too long, if thou wilt not beleve the worth of these things (in their kind) when a man sayes it, yet beleve it from a woman when thou seest it. This only I shall annex, I feare the displeasure of no person in the publishing of these Poems but the Authors, without whose knowledge, and contrary to her expectation, I have presumed to bring to publick view what she resolved should never in such a manner see the Sun; but I found that divers had gotten some scattered papers, affected them wel, were likely to have sent forth broken peices to the Authors prejudice, which I thought to prevent, as well as to pleasure those that earnestly desired the view of the whole.

Mercur.

**M**ercury shew'd Apollo, *Bartas* Book,  
Minerva this, and wisht him well to  
look,

And tell uprightly, which did which excell;  
He view'd, and view'd, and vow'd he could  
not tell.

They bid him Hemisphear his mouldy nose,  
With's crackt leering-glasses, for it would  
pose

The best brains he had in's old pudding-pan,  
Sex weigh'd, which best, the Woman, or the  
Man?

He peer'd, and por'd, and glar'd, and said for  
wore,

I'me even as wise now, as I was before :

They both 'gan laugh, and said, it was no  
mar'l

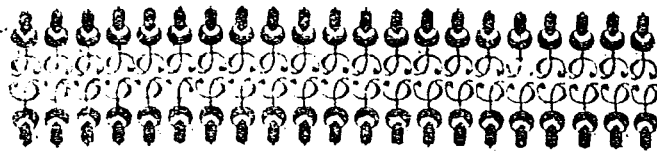
The Auth'resse was a right *Du Barlas* Girl.  
Good sooth quoth the old *Don*, tel, ye me so,  
I muse whither at length these Girls wil go;  
It half revives my chil frost-bitten blood,  
To see a woman once do, ought, that's good;  
And chode buy *Chaucers* Boots, and *Homers*  
Furrs,

Ler men look tot, leaſt women weare the  
Spurs.

N. Ward.

A 4

To



To my deare Sister, the Author  
of these Poems.

**T**Hough most that know me, dare (I think) affirm  
I ne're was borne to doe a Poet harm,  
Yet when I read your pleasant witty strains,  
It wrought so strongly on my addle braines;  
That though my verse be not so finely spun,  
And so (like yours) cannot so nearly run,  
Yet am I willing, with upright intent,  
To shew my love without complements.  
There needs no painting to that comely face,  
That in its native beauty hath such grace;  
What I (poore silly I) prefix therefore,  
Can but doe this, make yours admir'd the more;  
And if but only this, I doe attaine  
Content, that my disgrace may be your gaine.

If women, I with women, may compare,  
Your Works are solid, others weake as aire;  
Some books of Women I have heard of late,  
Perused some, so witlesse, inarticulate,  
So void of sence, and truth, as if to erre  
Were only wisht (as being above their speare)

And

And all to get, what (silly soules) they lack,  
Esteeme to be the wisest of the pack;  
Though (for your sake) to some this be permitted,  
To print, yet wish I many better witted;  
Their vanity make this to be inquired,  
If women are with wit, and sence inspired.  
Yet when your Works shall come to publick view,  
'Twill be affirm'd, 'twill be confirm'd by you:  
And I, when seriously I had revolved  
What you had done, I presently resolved,  
Theirs was the Persons, not the Sexes failing,  
And therefore did best speak a modest vailing.  
You have acutely in *Eliza's* ditty  
Acquitted women, else I might with pitty,  
Have wisht them all to womens Works to look,  
And never more to meddle with their book.  
What you have done, the Sun shall witnesse beare,  
That for a womans Worke 'tis very rare;  
And if the Nine vouchsafe the Tenth a place,  
I think they rightly may yeeld you that grace.  
But least I should exceed, and too much love;  
Should too too much endear'd affection move,  
To super-adde in praises I shall cease,  
Least while I please my selfe I should displease  
The longing Reader, who may chance complaine,  
And so requite my love with deep disdain;  
That I your silly Servant, stand i' th' porch,  
Lighting your Sun-light with my blinking torch;  
Hindring his minds content, his sweet repose,  
Which your delightfull Poems doe disclose,  
When once the Caskets op'ned; yet to you  
Let this be added, then I'll bid adieu.



If you shall think, it will be to your shame  
 To be in print, then I must beare the blame :  
 It be a fault, 'tis mine, 'tis shame that might  
 Deny so faire an infant of its right,  
 To looke abroad ; I know your modest minde,  
 How you will blush, complaine, 'tis too unkinde,  
 To force a womans birth, provoke her paine,  
 Expose her Labours to the world's disdain :  
 I know you'l say, you doe desie that mint,  
 That stampt you thus, to be a foole in print,  
 'Tis true, it doth not now so neatly stand,  
 As itt 'twere polliht with your owne sweet hand ;  
 'Tis not so richly deckt, so trimly tir'd,  
 Yet it is such as justly is admir'd.  
 If it be folly, 'tis of both, or neither,  
 Both you and I, we'l both be fools together ;  
 And he that sayes, 'tis foolish ( if my word  
 May sway ) by my consent shall make the third.  
 I dare out-face the worlds disdain for both,  
 If you alone professe you are not wroth ;  
 Yet if you are, a womans wrath is little,  
 When thousands else admire you in each tittle.

H. W.

Upon



## Upon the Author, by a knowne Friend.

Now I beleue Tradition, which doth call  
 The Muses, Vertues, Graces, Females all ;  
 Only they are not nine, eleaven, nor three,  
 Our Authresse proves them but one unity.  
 Mankind take up some blushes on the score,  
 Menopolize perfection no more :  
 In your owne Arts, confesse your selves out-done,  
 The Moone hath totally eclips'd the Sun,  
 Not with her sable mantle muffing him,  
 But her bright silver makes his gold looke dim :  
 Just as his beams force our pale Lamps to winke,  
 And earthly Fires within their ashes shrink.

I cannot wonder at Apollo now,  
 That he with Female Lawrell crown'd his brow,  
 That made him witty : had I leave to chuse,  
 My Verse should be a Page unto your Muse.

C. B.

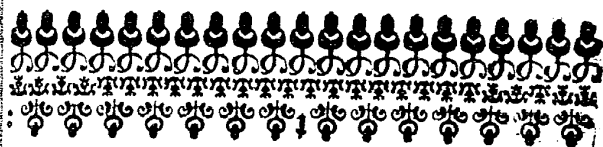
Arme



**A** Rme, arme, Soldado's arme, Horfe,  
Horfe, speed to your Horfes,  
Gentle-women, make head, they vent  
their plots in Verses;  
They write of Monarchies, a most se-  
ditionous word,  
It signifies Oppression, Tyranny, and  
Sword:  
March amain to *London*, they'l rise, for  
there they flock,  
But stay a while, they feldome rise till  
ten a clock.

R. 2.

In



In praise of the Author,  
Mistris *Anne Bradstreet*, Vertue's  
true and lively Patterne, Wife of  
the Worshipfull *Simon Brad-*  
*street* Esquire.

At present residing in the Occi-  
dentall parts of the World, in  
*America*, alias

N O V-A N G L I A.

**VV** Hat Golden splendent *STAR* is  
this, so bright,  
One thousand miles thrice told, both day  
and night,

(From

( From th' Orient first sprung ) now from  
the West

That shines ; swift-winged Phoebus, and  
the rest,

Of all Joves fiery flames surmounting far,  
As doth each Planet, every falling Star ;  
By whose divine, and lucid light most clear,  
Natures darke secret Mysteries appeare ;  
Heaven's, Earths admired wonders, noll  
adits

Of Kings, and Princes most heroick facts,  
And what e're else in darknes seem'd to dye,  
Revives all things so obvious now to th' eye,  
That he who these, its glittering Rayes  
viemes o're,  
Shall see what's done in all the world before.

N. H.

Upon

## Upon the Author.

I Were extreame folly should I dare attempt,  
To praise this Authors worth with complement;  
None but her self must dare commend her parts,  
Whose sublime brain's the Synopsis of Arts :  
Nature and Skil, here both in one agree,  
To frame this Master-peice of Poetry :  
False Fame, belye their Sex, no more, it can,  
Surpasse, or parallel, the best of man.

G. B.]

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

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

H. S.

An



## An Anagram.

*Anna Bradstreet.*

Deer Neat *An Bartas*.

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

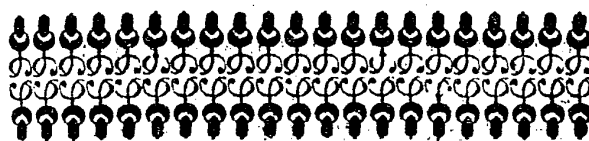
Another.

*Anne Bradstreet.*

Artes bred neat *An*.

To

I



To her most Honoured Fa-  
ther *Thomas Dudley Esq;*  
*these humbly presented.*

DEARE Sir, of late delighted with the sight, / T D. on the  
Of your \*four sisters, deckt in black & white / four parts  
Of fairer Dames, the sun near saw the face, / of the  
(though made a pedestall for *Adams Race*) / world  
Their worth so shines, in those rich lines you show. •  
Their parallels to find I scarcely know,  
To climbe their Climes, I have nor strength, nor skill,  
To mount so high, requires an Eagles quill:  
Yet view thereof, did cause my thoughts to soare,  
My lowly pen, might wait upon those four,  
I bring my four; and four, now meanly clad,  
To do their homage unto yours most glad,  
Who for their age, their worth, and quality,  
Might seem of yours to claime precedency;  
But by my humble hand thus rudely pen'd  
They are your bounden handmaids to attend.  
These same are they, of whom we being have,  
These are of all, the life, the nurse, the grave,  
These are, the hot, the cold, the moist, the dry,  
That sink, that swim, that fill, that upwards flye,

B

Of

Of these consists, our bodies, clothes, and food,  
 The world, the usefull, hurtfull, and the good:  
 Sweet harmony they keep, yet jar oft times,  
 Their discord may appear, by these harsh rimes.  
 Yours did contest, for Wealth, for Arts, for Age,  
 My first do shew, their good, and then their rage,  
 My other four, do intermixed tell  
 Each others faults, and where themselves excell:  
 How hot, and dry, contend with moist, and cold,  
 How Aire, and Earth, no correspondence hold,  
 And yet in equall tempers, how they gree,  
 How divers natures, make one unity.  
 Some thing of all (though mean) I did intend,  
 But fear'd you'd judge, one *Bartas* was my friend,  
 I honour him, but dare not wear his wealth,  
 My goods are true (though poor) I love no stealth,  
 But if I did, I durst not send them you;  
 Who must reward a theife, but with his due.  
 I shall not need my innocence to clear,  
 These ragged lines, will do't, when they appear.  
 On what they are, your mild aspect I crave,  
 Accept my best, my worst vouchsafe a grave.

From her, that to your selfe more duty owes,  
 Then waters, in the boundlesse Ocean flows.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

The

## THE PROLOGUE.

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

2.  
 But when my wondring eyes, and envious heart,  
 Great *Bartas* sugar'd lines doe but read o're;  
 Foole, I doe grudge, the Muses did not part  
 'Twixt him and me, that over-fluent store;  
 A *Bartas* can, doe what a *Bartas* wil,  
 But simple I, according to my skill.

3.  
 From School-boyes tongue, no Rhetorick we expect,  
 Nor yet a sweet Consort, from broken strings,  
 Nor perfect beauty, where's a maine defect,  
 My foolish, broken, blemish'd Muse so sings;  
 And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,  
 'Cause Nature made it so irreparable.

4.  
 Nor can I, like that fluent sweet tongu'd *Greek*  
 Who lisp'd at first, speake afterwards more plaine  
 By Art, he gladly found what he did seeke,  
 A full requitall of his striving paine:

B: 2

Art

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

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

6.  
But sure the antick *Greeks* were far more milde,  
Else of our Sex, why feigned they those nine,  
And poesy made, *Calliope's* owne childe,  
So 'mongst the rest, they plac'd the Arts divine:  
But this weake knot they will full soone untye,  
The *Greeks* did nought, but play the foole and lye.

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

8.  
And oh, ye high flown quils, thar soare the skies,  
And ever with your prey, still catch your praise,  
If're you daigne these lowly lines, your eyes  
Give wholsome Parsley wreath, I aske no Bayes:  
This meane and unrefined stufte of mine,  
Will make your glistering gold but more to shine.

A. B.  
The

~~~~~  
The  
*Foure Elements.*



Ire, Aire, Earth, and Water, did all contest  
which was the strongest, noblest, & the best,  
Who the most good could shew, & who most  
rage

For to declare, themselves they all ingage;  
And in due order each her turne should speake,  
But enmity, this amity did breake:  
All would be cheife, and all scorn'd to be under,  
Whence issu'd raines, and winds, lightning and thunder;  
The quaking Earth did groan, the skie look't black,  
The Fire, the forced Aire, in sunder crack;  
The sea did threat the heavens, the heavens the earth,  
All looked like a Chaos, or new birth; -  
Fire broyled Earth, and scorched Earth it choaked,  
Both by their darings; Water so provoked,  
That roaring in it came, and with its force  
Soone made the combatants abate their force;  
The rumbling, hissing, puffing was so great,  
The worlds confusion it did seeme to threat;  
But Aire at length, contention so abated,  
That betwixt hot and cold, she arbitrated  
The others enmity: being lesse, did cease  
All stormes now laid, and they in perfect peace,  
That Fire should first begin, the rest consent,  
Being the most impatient Element.

B 3

Fire.

## Fire.

**W**Hat is my worth (both ye) and all things know,  
 Where little is, I can but little show,  
 But what I am, let learned *Grecians* say;  
 What I can doe, well skill'd *Mechanicks* may,  
 The benefit all Beings, by me finde;  
 Come first ye *Artists*, and declare your minde.  
 What toole was ever fram'd, but by my might;  
 O *Martialist*! what weapon for your fight?  
 To try your valour by, but it must feele  
 My force? your sword, your Pike, your flint and Steele,  
 Your Cannon's bootlesse, and your powder too  
 Without mine ayd, alas, what can they doe?  
 The aduerser wall's not shak'd, the Mine's not blowne,  
 And in despight the City keeps her owne,  
 But I with one *Granado*, or *Petard*,  
 Set ope those gates, that 'fore so strong was barr'd.  
 Ye Husband-men, your coulter's made by me,  
 Your shares, your mattocks, and what e're you see,  
 Subdue the earth, and fit it for your graine,  
 That so in time it might requite your paine;  
 Though strong limb'd *Vulcan* forg'd it by his skill,  
 I make it flexible unto his will.  
 Ye Cooks, your kitchin implements I fram'd,  
 Your spits, pors, jacks, what else I need not name,  
 Your dainty food, I wholesome make, I warme  
 Your shrinking limbs, which winters cold doth harme;  
 Ye *Paracelsians* too, in vaine's your skill  
 In chymestry, unlesse I help you still,

And

And you *Philosophers*, if ere you made  
 A transmutation, it was through mine aide.  
 Ye *Silver-smiths*, your ure I do refine,  
 What mingled lay with earth, I cause to shine.  
 But let me leave these things, my flame aspires  
 To match on high with the *Celestiall* fires.  
 The Sun, an Orbe of Fire was held of old,  
 Our Sages new, another tale have told:  
 But be he what they list, yet his aspect,  
 A burning fiery heat we find reflect;  
 And of the selfe same nature is with mine,  
 Good sister Earth, no witnesse needs but thine;  
 How doth his warmth refresh thy frozen backs,  
 And trim thee gay, in green, after thy blacks?  
 Both man and beast, rejoyce at his approach,  
 And birds do sing, to see his glittering Coach.  
 And though nought but *Sal'manders* live in fire;  
 The Flye *Pyrausta* cal'd, all selfe expire.  
 Yet men and beasts, *Astronomers* can tell,  
 Fixed in heavenly constellations dwell,  
 My Planets, of both Sexes, whose degree,  
 Poor Heathen judg'd worthy a Diety:  
 With *Orion* arm'd, attended by his dog,  
 The *Theban* stout *Alcides*, with his club:  
 The Valiant *Perseus* who *Medusa* slew,  
 The Horse that kill'd *Bellerophon*, then flew.  
 My Crabbe, my Scorpion, fishes, you may see,  
 The maid with ballance, wayn with horses three;  
 The Ram, the Bull, the Lyon, and the Beagle;  
 The Bear, the Goate, the Raven, and the Eagle,  
 The Crown, the Whale, the Archer, *Bernice* Hure,  
 The Hydra, Dolphin, Boys, that waters bear.

B 4

Nay

Nay more then these, Rivers 'mongst stars are found,  
*Eridanus*, where *Phaeton* was drown'd,  
 Their magnitude and height should I recount,  
 My story to a Volume would amount:  
 Out of a multitude, these few I touch,  
 Your wisdom out of little gathers much,  
 He here let passe, my Choler cause of warres,  
 And influence of divers of those starres,  
 When in conjunction with the sun, yet more,  
 Augment his heat, which was too hot before:  
 The Summer ripening season I do claime;  
 And man from thirty unto fifty frame.  
 Of old, when Sacrifices were divine,  
 I of acceptance was the holy signe.  
 'Mong all my wonders which I might recount;  
 There's none more strange then *Aetna's* sulphery mount  
 The choaking flames, that from *Vesuvius* flew  
 The over-curious second *Pliny* flew:  
 And with the ashes, that it sometimes shed  
*Apulia's* jacent parts were covered;  
 And though I be a servant to each man;  
 Yet by my force, master my master can.  
 What famous Townes to cinders have I turn'd?  
 What lasting Forts my kindled wrath hath burn'd?  
 The stately seats of mighty Kings by me:  
 In confus'd heaps of ashes may ye see.  
 Where's *Ninus* great wal'd Town, and *Troy* of old?  
*Carthage*, and hundred moe, in stories told,  
 Which when they could not be o're come by foes  
 The Army through my helpe victorious rose;  
 Old sacred *Zion*, I demolish'd thee;  
 So great *Diana's* Temple was by me.

And

And more then brutish *Sodome* for her lust,  
 With neighbouring Townes I did consume to dust,  
 What shal I say of Lighning, and of Thunder,  
 Which Kings, and mighty ones; amaz'd with wonder,  
 Which made a *Cæsar*, (*Romes*) the worlds proud head,  
 Foolish *Caligula*, creep under's bed  
 Of Metors, *Ignis Fatuus*, and the rest,  
 But to leave those to th' wife, I judge is best,  
 The rich I oft make poore, the strong I maime,  
 Not sparing life when I can take the same;  
 And in a word, the World I shal consume,  
 And all therein at that great day of doome;  
 Not before then, shal cease my raging ire,  
 And then, because no matter more for fire:  
 Now Sisters, pray proceed, each in her course,  
 As I: impart your usefulness, and force.

## Earth.

THE next in place, Earth judg'd to be her due,  
 Sister, in worth I come not short of you;  
 In wealth and use I doe surpass you all,  
 And Mother Earth, of old, men did me call,  
 Such was my fruitfulness; an Epithite  
 Which none ere gave, nor you could claime of right,  
 Among my praises this I count not least,  
 I am th' originall of man and beast,  
 To tell what sundry fruits my fat soyle yeelds,  
 In vine-yards, orchards, gardens, and corne fields,  
 Their kinds, their tastes, their colours, and their smells,  
 Would so passe time, I could say nothing else;

The



The rich and poore, wise, foole, and every sort,  
 Of these so common things, can make report:  
 To tell you of my Countries, and my regions  
 Soone would they passe, not hundreds, but legions,  
 My cities famous, rich, and populous,  
 Whose numbers now are growne innumeros;  
 I have not time to thinke of every part,  
 Yet let me name my *Grecia*, 'tis my heart  
 For Learning, Armes, and Arts, I love it well;  
 But chiefly, 'cause the Muses there did dwell;  
 I'll here skip o're my mountaines, reaching skies,  
 Whether Pyrenian, or the Alpes; both lyes  
 On either side the country of the *Gaules*,  
 Strong forts from *Spanish* and *Italian* braules,  
 And huge great *Taurus*, longer then the rest,  
 Dividing great *Armenia* from the least,  
 And *Hemus*, whose steep sides, none foote upon,  
 But farewell all, for deare mount *Helicon*,  
 And wonderous high *Olimpus*, of such fame,  
 That heaven it selfe was oft call'd by that name;  
 Sweet *Parnassus*, I dote too much on thee;  
 Unlesse thou prove a better friend to me;  
 But ile skip o're these Hills, not touch a Dale,  
 Nor yet expatiate, in Temple vale;  
 Ile here let goe, my Lions of *Numidia*,  
 My Panthers, and my Leopards of *Libia*,  
 The Behemoth, and rare found Unicorne,  
 Poysons sure antidote lyes in his horne.  
 And my *Hyæna* (imitates mans voyce)  
 Out of huge numbers, I might pick my choyce,  
 Thousands in woods, and planes, both wild, and tame,  
 But here, or there, I list now none to name;

No,

No, though the fawning dog did urge me fore  
 In his behalfe to speak a word the more;  
 Whose trust, and valour I might here commend;  
 But time's too short, and precious so to spend.  
 But hark, ye worthy Merchants who for prize  
 Send forth your well man'd ships, where sun doth rise.  
 After three years, when men and meat is spent,  
 My rich commodities payes doubtfle rent.  
 Ye *Galenists*, my Drugs that come from thence  
 Doe cure your patients, fill your purse with pence;  
 Besides the use you have, of Herbs and Plants,  
 That with lesse cost, neare home, supplyes your wants.  
 But Marriners, where got you ships and sailes?  
 And Oares to row, when both my sisters failes?  
 Your Tackling, Anchor, Compasse too, is mine;  
 Which guides, when Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars do shine.  
 Ye mighty Kings, who for your lasting fame  
 Built Cities, Monuments call'd by your names;  
 Was those compiled heapes of misty stones?  
 That your ambition laid, ought but my bones?  
 Ye greedy misers who do dig for gold;  
 For gemmes, for silver, treasures which I hold:  
 Will not my goodly face, your rage suffice?  
 But you will see what in my bowels lyes?  
 And ye Artificers, all trades and sorts;  
 My bounty calls you forth to make reports,  
 If ought you have to use, to wear, to eate?  
 But what I freely yeeld upon your sweat?  
 And cholerick lister, thou (for all thine ire)  
 Well knowest, my fuell must maintain thy fire.  
 As I ingenuously (with thanks) confesse  
 My cold, thy (fruitfull) heat, doth crave no lesse:

But

But how my cold, dry temper, works upon  
 The melancholy constitution.  
 How the Autumnal season I do sway;  
 And how I force the grey head to obey.  
 I should here make a short, yet true narration,  
 But that thy method is my imitation.  
 Now might I shew my aduers quality,  
 And how I oft work mans mortality.  
 He sometimes findes, maugre his toyling paine,  
 Thistles and thornes, where he expected graine;  
 My sap, to plants and trees, I must not grant,  
 The Vine, the Olive, and the Figtree want:  
 The Corne, and Hay, both fall before thy mowne;  
 And buds from fruitfull trees, before they'r blowne.  
 Then dearth preuailes, that Nature to suffice,  
 The tender mother on her Infant flies:  
 The Husband knowes no Wife, nor father sons;  
 But to all outrages their hunger runnes.  
 Dreadfull examples, soon I might produce,  
 But to such auditours 'twere of no use.  
 Again, when Delvers dare in hope of gold,  
 To ope those veines of Mine, audacious bold:  
 While they thus in my intralls seem to dive;  
 Before they know, they are inter'd alive.  
 Ye affrighted wights, appall'd how do you shake  
 If once you feele me, your foundation, quike,  
 Because in the abyss of my darke wombe:  
 Your Cities and your selves I oft intombe.  
 O dreadfull Sepulcher! that this is true,  
 Korah and all his Company well knew.  
 And since, faine Italy full sadly knowes  
 What she hath lost by these my dreadfull woes.

And

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

## Water.

SCarce Earth had done, but th' angry waters mov'd;  
 Sister (quoth she) it had full well behov'd  
 Among your boastings to have praised me;  
 Cause of your fruitfulnessse, as you shall see:  
 This your neglect, shewes your ingratitude;  
 And how your subtilty would men delude.  
 Nor one of us, all knowes, that's like to thee,  
 Ever in craving, from the other three:  
 But thou art bound to me, above the rest;  
 Which am thy drink, thy blood, thy sap, and best.  
 If I withhold, what art thou, dead, dry lump  
 Thou bear'st no grasse, nor plant, nor tree, nor stump.

Thy

Thy extreame thirst is moistened by my love,  
 With Springs below, and showers from above;  
 Or else thy sun-burnt face, and gaping chappes;  
 Complaines to th'heaven, when I withhold my drops:  
 Thy Bear, thy Tyger, and thy Lyon stout,  
 When I am gone, their fiercenesse none need doubt;  
 The Camell hath no strength, thy Bull no force;  
 Nor mett's found in the courageous Horse;  
 Hindes leave their Calves, the Elephant the Fens;  
 The Woolves and savage Beasts, forsake their Dens.  
 The lofty Eagle and the Storke flye low,  
 The Peacock, and the Ostrich, share in woe:  
 The Pine, the Cedars, yea and *Daph'nes* tree;  
 Do cease to flourish in this misery.  
 Man wants his bread, and wine, and pleasant fruits;  
 He knowes such sweets, lyes not in earths dry roo's;  
 Then seeks me out, in River and in Well;  
 His deadly mallady, I might expell.  
 If I supply, his heart and veines rejoyce;  
 If not, soon ends his life, as did his voyce.  
 That this is true, earth thou canst not deny;  
 I call thine *Egypt*, this to verifie;  
 Which by my fatting Nile, doth yeeld such store;  
 That she can spare, when Nations round are poore.  
 When I run low, and not o'reflow her brinks;  
 To meet with want, each woefull man bethinks.  
 But such I am, in Rivers, showers and springs;  
 But what's the wealth that my rich Ocean brings?  
 Fishes so numberlesse I there do hold;  
 Shouldst thou but buy, it wou'd exhaust thy gold.  
 There lives the oyley Whale, whom all men know,  
 Such wealth, but not such like, Earth thou mayst show.

The

The Dolphin (loving musique) *Arions* friend.  
 The crafty Barbell, whose wit doth her commend;  
 With thousands more, which now I list not name,  
 Thy silence of thy beasts, doth cause the same.  
 My pearles that dangle at thy darlings ears;  
 Not thou, but shell-fish yeelds, as *Pliny* clears.  
 Was ever gem so rich found in thy trunk?   
 As *Aegypt* wanton *Cleopatra* drunke.  
 Or hast thou any colour can come nigh;  
 The Roman Purple, double *Tirian* dye.  
 Which *Cæsars*, *Consuls*, *Tribunes* all adorne;  
 For it, to search my waves, they thought no scorne.  
 Thy gallant rich perfuming Amber-greece:  
 I lightly cast a shoare as frothy fleece.  
 With rowling graines of purest massy gold:  
 Which *Spaines Americans*, do gladly hold.  
 Earth, thou hast not more Countrys, Vales and Mounds;  
 Then I have Fountaines, Rivers, Lakes and Ponds:  
 My sundry Seas, Black, VVhite, and Adriatique  
*Ionian*, *Balticke*, and the vast *Atlantique*;  
 The *Ponticke*, *Caspian*, Golden Rivers fine.  
*Asphaltis* Lake, where nought remains alive.  
 But I should go beyond thee in thy boasts,  
 If I should shew, more Seas, then thou hast Coasts.  
 But note this maxime in Philosophy:  
 Then Seas are deep, Mountains are never high.  
 To speake of kinds of VVaters I'll neglect,  
 My divers Fountaines and their strange effect;  
 My wholesome Bathes, together with their cures.  
 My water *Syrrens*, with their guilefull lures:  
 Th'uncertain cause, of certain ebbs and flowes;  
 VVhich wondrous *Aristotles* wit, ne'r knowes.

Nor

Nor will I speake of waters made by Art,  
 Which can to life, restore a fainting heart :  
 Nor fruitfull dewes, nor drops from weeping eyes ;  
 VVhich pittie moves, and oft deceives the wise.  
 Nor yet of Salt, and Sugar, sweet and smart,  
 Both when we list, to water we convert.  
 Alas; thy ships and oares could do no good  
 Did they but want my Ocean, and my Flood.  
 The wary Merchant, on his weary beast  
 Transfers his goods, from North and South and East;  
 Unlesse I ease his toyle, and doe transport,  
 The wealthy freight, unto his wished Port.  
 These be my benefits which may suffice:  
 I now must shew what force there in me lyes.  
 The flegmy constitution I uphold ;  
 All humours, Tumours, that are bred of cold.  
 O're childehood, and Winter, I bear the sway ;  
 Yet *Luna* for my Regent I obey.  
 As I with showers oft time refresh the earth ;  
 So oft in my excesse, I cause a dearth :  
 And with abundant wet, so coole the ground ;  
 By adding cold to cold, no fruit proves found ;  
 The Farmer, and the Plowman both complain  
 Of rotten sheep, lean kine, and mildew'd grain.  
 And with my wasting floods, and roaring torrent ;  
 Their Cattle, Hay, and Corne, I sweep down current,  
 Nay many times, my Ocean breaks his bounds:  
 And with a'tonishment, the world confounds.  
 And swallowes Countreyes up, ne're seen againe:  
 And that an Island makes, which once was maine.  
 Thus *Albion* (tis thought) was cut from *France*,  
*Cicely* from *Italy*, by th'like chance.

And

And but one land was *Affrica* and *Spayne*,  
 Untill straight *Gibraltar*, did make them twaine:  
 Some say I swallowed up (sure 'tis a notion)  
 A mighty Country ith' *Atlanticke Ocean*.  
 Ineed not say much of my Haile and Snow,  
 My Ice and extreame cold, which all men know.  
 VVhereof the first, so ominous I rain'd,  
 That *Israels* enemies, therewith was brain'd.  
 And of my chilling colds, such plenty be;  
 That *Caucasus* high mounts, are seldom free:  
 Mine Ice doth glaze *Europes* big'st Rivers o're,  
 Till Sun release, their ships can saile no more.  
 All know, what innundations I have made;  
 VVherein not men, but mountaines seem'd to wade  
 As when *Achaia*, all under water stood,  
 That in two hundred year, it ne'r prov'd good.  
*Ducalions* great deluge, with many moe ;  
 But these are trifles to the Flood of *Noe*.  
 Then wholly perish'd, earths ignoble race;  
 And to this day, impaires her beaution's face.  
 That after times, shall never feel like woe :  
 Her confirm'd sonnes, behold my colour'd bow.  
 Much might I say of wracks, but that Ile spare,  
 And now give place unto our sister *Aire*.

Aire.

Content (quoth *Aire*) to speake the last of you,  
 Though not through ignorance, first was my due,  
 I doe suppose, you'l yeeld without controley;  
 I am the breath of every living soul.

C

Moz.

Mortalls, what one of you, that loves not me,  
 Aboundantly more then my sisters three?  
 And though you love Fire, Earth, and Water wel;  
 Yet Aire, beyond all these ye know excell.  
 I aske the man condemn'd, that's near his death:  
 How gladly should his gold purchase his breath,  
 And all the wealth, that ever earth did give,  
 How freely should it go, so he might live.  
 No world, thy witching trash, were all but vain.  
 If my pure Aire, thy sonnes did not sustain.  
 The famisht, thirsty man, that craves supply:  
 His moving reason is, give least I dye.  
 So loath he is to go, though nature's spent,  
 To bid adue, to his dear Element.  
 Nay, what are words, which doe reveale the mind?  
 Speak, who, or what they will, they are but wind.  
 Your Drums, your Trumpets, and your Organs sound,  
 VVhat is't? but forced Aire which must rebound,  
 And such are Echoes, and report o'th gun  
 VVhich tells afar, th'exploit which he hath done.  
 Your songs and pleasant tunes, they are the same,  
 And so's the notes which Nightingales do frame.  
 Ye forging Smiths, if Bellows once were gone;  
 Your red hot work, more coldly would go on.  
 Ye Mariners, tis I that fill your Sailes,  
 And speed you to your Port, with wished gales.  
 VVhen burning heat, doth cause you faint, I coole,  
 And when I smile, your Ocean's like a Poole.  
 I ripe the corne, I turne the grinding mill;  
 And with my selfe, I every vacuum fill.  
 The ruddy sweet sanguine, is like to Aire,  
 And youth, and spring, sages to me compare.

My

My moist hot nature, is so purely thinne,  
 No place so subtilly made, but I get in.  
 I grow more pure and pure, as I mount higher,  
 And when I'm thoroughly rarif'd, turn fire.  
 So when I am condens'd, I turne to water;  
 VVhich may be done, by holding down my vapour.  
 Thus I another body can assume,  
 And in a trice, my own nature resume.  
 Some for this cause (of late) have been so bold,  
 Me for no Element, longer to hold.  
 Let such suspend their thoughts, and silent be;  
 For all Philosophers make one of me.  
 And what those Sages, did, or spake, or writ,  
 Is more authentick then their moderne wit.  
 Next, of my Fowles such multitudes there are;  
 Earths Beasts, and VVaters Fish, scarce can compare.  
 The Ostrich with her plumes, th'Eagle with her cyne;  
 The Phoenix too (if any be) are mine;  
 The Stork, the Crane, the Partrich, and the Pheasant;  
 The Pye, the Jay, the Larke, a prey to th' Peasant.  
 VVith thousands more, which now I may omit;  
 VVithout impeachment, to my tale or wit.  
 As my fresh Aire preserves, all things in life;  
 So when'ts corrupt, mortality is rife.  
 Then Feavour, Purples, Pox, and Pestilence;  
 VVith divers more, worke deadly consequence.  
 VVhereof such multitudes have dy'd and fled,  
 The living, scarce had power, to bury dead.  
 Yea so contagious, Countries have we known;  
 That birds have not escap'd death, as they have flown,  
 Of murrain, Cattle numberlesse did fall,  
 Men fear'd destruction epidemicall.

C 2

Then

Then of my tempests, felt at Sea and Land,  
 Which neither ships nor houses could withstand.  
 What woeful wracks I've made, may wel appear,  
 If nought was known, but that before *Algire*.  
 Where famous *Charles* the fift, more losse sustain'd,  
 Then in his long hot wars, which *Millain* gain'd.  
 How many rich fraught vessels, have I split?  
 Some upon sands, some upon rocks have hir.  
 Some have I forc'd, to gaine an unknown shoare;  
 Some overwhelm'd with waves, and seen no more.  
 Again, what tempests, and what hericanoes  
 Knowes VVestern Isles, *Christophers*, *Barbadoes*;  
 VVhere neither houses, trees, nor plants, I spare;  
 But some fall down, and some flye up with aire.  
 Earth-quaks so hurtful and so fear'd of all,  
 Imprisoned I, am the original.  
 Then what prodigious fights, sometimes I show:  
 As battells pitcht ith' Aire (as Countries know;) )  
 Their joyning, fighting, forcing, and retreat;  
 That earth appeares in heaven, oh wonder great!  
 Sometimes strange flaming swords, and blazing stars,  
 Portentious signes, of Famines, Plagues and VVars.  
 VVhich makes the mighty Monarchs fear their Fates,  
 By death, or great mutations of their Stater.  
 I have said lesse, then did my sisters three;  
 But what's their worth, or force, but more's in me.  
 To adde to all I've said, was my intent,  
 But dare not go, beyond my Element.

Of

## Of the foure Humours in Mans constitution.



He former foure, now ending their Dis-  
 course,  
 Ceasing to vaunt, their good, or threat their  
 force.  
 Loe! other foure step up, crave leave to shew  
 The native qualities, that from each flow,  
 But first they wisely shew'd their high descent,  
 Each eldest Daughter to each Element;  
 Choler was own'd by Fire, and Blood by Aire,  
 Earth knew her black swarth childe, Water her faire;  
 All having made obeysance to each Mother,  
 Had leave to speake, succeeding one the other;  
 But 'mongst themselves they were at variance,  
 Which of the foure should have predonainance;  
 Choler hotly claim'd, right by her mother,  
 Who had precedency of all the other.  
 But Sanguine did dildaine, what she requir'd,  
 Pleading her selfe, was most of all desir'd;  
 Proud Melancholy, more envious then the rest,  
 The second, third, or last could not digest;  
 She was the silencest of all the foure,  
 Her wisdom spake not much, but thought the more.

C 3

Cold

Cold flegme, did not contest for highest place,  
 Only she crav'd, to have a vacant space.  
 Wel, thus they parle, and chide, but to be brieft,  
 Or wil they nil they, Choler wil be cheife;  
 They seeing her imperiosity,  
 At present yeelled, to necessity.

*Choler.*

**T**O shew my great descent, and pedigree,  
 Your selves would judge, but vain prolixity.  
 It is acknowledged, from whence I came,  
 It shal suffice, to tel you what I am:  
 My self, and Mother, one as you shal see,  
 But she in greater, I in lesse degree;  
 We both once Masculines, the world doth know,  
 Now Feminines (a while) for love we owe  
 Unto your Sister-hood, which makes us tender  
 Our noble selves, in a lesse noble Gender.  
 Though under fire, we comprehend all heat,  
 Yet man for Choler, is the proper fear.  
 I in his heart erect my regal throne,  
 Where Monarch-like I play, and sway alone,  
 Yet many times, unto my great disgrace,  
 One of your selves are my compters, in place:  
 Where if your rule once grow predominant,  
 The man proves boyish, sottish, ignorant,  
 But if ye yeeld sub-servient unto me,  
 I make a man, a man i'th highest degree,  
 Be he a Souldier, I more fence his heart  
 Then Iron Corislet, gainst a sword or dart;

Wh

What makes him face his foe, without appal?  
 To storme a Breach, or scale a City wal?  
 In dangers to account himself more sure,  
 Then timorous Hares, whom Castles doe immure?  
 Have ye not heard of Worthies, Demi-gods?  
 Twixt them and others, what ist makes the odds  
 But valour, whence comes that? from none of you;  
 Nay milk-sops, at such brunts you look but blew,  
 Here's Sister Ruddy, worth the other two,  
 That much wil talk, but little dares she do,  
 Unlesse to court, and claw, and dice, and drink,  
 And there she wil out-bid us all, I think;  
 She loves a Fiddle, better then a Drum,  
 A Chamber wel, in field she dares not come;  
 She'l ride a Horse as bravely, as the best,  
 And break a staffe, provided't be in jest,  
 But shuns to look on wounds, and bloud that's spilt,  
 She loves her sword, only because its gilt;  
 Then here's our sad black Sister, worse then you,  
 She'l neither say, she wil, nor wil she doe:  
 But peevish, Male-content, musing she sits,  
 And by misprisions, like to loose her wits;  
 If great perswasions, cause her meet her foe;  
 In her dul resolution, she's slow.  
 To march her pace, to some is greater pain,  
 Then by a quick encounter, to be slaine;  
 But be she beaten, she'l not run away,  
 She'l first advise, if't be not best to stay.  
 But let's give, cold, white; Sister Flegme her right,  
 So loving unto all, she scornes to fight.  
 If any threaten her, she'l in a trice,  
 Convert from water, to congealed Ice;

C 4

Her

Her teeth wil chatter, dead and wan's her face,  
 And 'fore she be assaulted, quits the place,  
 She dare, not challenge if I speake amisse;  
 Nor hath she wit, or heat, to blush at this.  
 Here's three of you, all sees now what you are,  
 Then yeeld to me, preheminence in War.  
 Again, who fits, for learning, science, Arts?  
 Who rarifies the intellectuall parts?  
 Whence flow fine spirits, and witty notions?  
 Not from our dul slow Sisters motions:  
 Nor sister Sanguine, from thy moderate heat,  
 Poor spirits the Liver breeds, which is thy fear,  
 What comes from thence, my heat refines the same,  
 And through the arteries sends o're the frame,  
 The vitall spirits they're call'd, and wel they may,  
 For when they faile, man turnes unto his clay:  
 The Animal I claime, as wel as these,  
 The nerves should I not warm, soon would they freeze.  
 But Elegme her self, is now provok'd at this,  
 She thinks I never shot so farre amisse;  
 The Brain she challenges, the Head's her fear,  
 But know'ts a foolish brain, that wanteth heat;  
 My absence proves, it plain, her wit then flies  
 Out at her nose, or melteth at her eyes;  
 Oh, who would misse this influence of thine,  
 To be distill'd a drop on every line!  
 No, no, thou hast no spirits, thy company  
 Wil feed a Dropsie, or a Timpany,  
 The Palsie, Gout, or Cramp, or some such dolor,  
 Thou wast not made for Souldier, or for Schollar;  
 Of greasie paunch, and palled cheeks, go vaunt,  
 But a good head from these are disonant;

But

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

Its



Its not your muscles, nerves, nor this nor that :  
 Without my lively heat, do's ought thats flat.  
 The spongy Lungs, I feed with frothy blood.  
 They coole my heat, and so repay my good.  
 Nay, th' stomach, magazine to all the rest,  
 Without my boiling heat cannot digest,  
 And yet to make, my greatnesse far more great:  
 What differences the Sex, but only heat ?  
 And one thing more to close with my narration.  
 Of all that lives, I cause the propagation.  
 I have been sparing, what I might have said,  
 I love no boasting, that's but childrens trade:  
 To what you now shal say, I wil attend,  
 And to your weaknesse, gently condescend .

*Blood.*

Good sisters give me leave ( as is my place )  
 To vent my griefe, and wipe off my disgrace.  
 Your selves may plead, your wrongs are no whit lesse,  
 Your patience more then mine, I must confesse.  
 Did ever sober tongue, such language speak?  
 Or honestie such ties, unfriendly break?  
 Do'st know thy selfe so well, us so amisse?  
 Is't ignorance, or folly causeth this ?  
 Ile only shew the wrongs, thou'st done to me:  
 Then let my sisters, right their injury.  
 To pay with railings, is not mine intent,  
 But to evince the truth, by argument.  
 I will annaife, thy so proud relation;  
 So full of boasting, and prevarication.

Thy

Thy childish incongruities, Ile show :  
 So walke thee til thou'rt cold, then let thee go.  
 There is no Souldier, but thy selfe thou say'st,  
 No valour upon earth, but what thou halt.  
 Thy foolish provocations, I despise.  
 And leave't to all, to judge where valour lyes.  
 No pattern, nor no Patron will I bring,  
 But *David*, *Judah's* most heroyick King:  
 Whose glorious deeds in armes, the world can tel,  
 A rosie cheek'd musitian, thou know'st wel.  
 He knew how, for to handle, Sword and Harpe,  
 And how to strike full sweet, as wel as sharpe.  
 Thou laugh'st at me, for loving merriment:  
 And scorn'st all Knightly sports, at turnament.  
 Thou say'st I love my sword, because tis guilt:  
 But know, I love the blade, more then the hilt.  
 Yet do abhorre, such timerarious deeds,  
 As thy unbridled, barb'rous Choler yeelds.  
 Thy rudenesse counts, good manners vanity,  
 And real complements, base flattery.  
 For drink, which of us twain, like it the best,  
 Ile go no further then thy nose for test.  
 Thy other scoffes not worthy of reply:  
 Shal vanish as of no validity.  
 Of thy black calunnies, this is but part:  
 But now Ile shew, what Souldier thou art.  
 And though thou'st us'd me, with opprobrious spight,  
 My ingenuity must give thee right.  
 Thy Choler is but rage, when tis most pure.  
 But useful, when a mixture can indure.  
 As with thy mother Fire, so 'tis with thee,  
 The best of all the four, when they agree.

But

But let her leave the rest, and I presume,  
 Both them and all things else, she will consume.  
 Whil' it us, for thine associates thou takest,  
 A Souldier most compleat in al points makest.  
 But when thou scorn'st to take the helpe we lend,  
 Thou art a fury, or infernal Fiend.  
 Witnesse the execrable deeds thou'st done:  
 Nor sparing Sex, nor age, nor fire, nor son.  
 To satisfie thy pride, and cruelty  
 Thou oft hast broke bounds of humanity.  
 Nay should I tel, thou wouldst count me no blab,  
 How often for the lye, thou'st giv'n the Rab.  
 To take the wal's a sin, of such high rate,  
 That naught but blood, the same may expiate.  
 To crosse thy wil, a challenge doth deserve.  
 So spils that life, thou'rt bounden to preserve.  
 Wilt thou this valour, manhood, courage cal:  
 Nay, know 'tis pride, most diabolical.  
 If murthers be thy glory, tis no lesse.  
 Ile not envy thy feats, nor happinesse.  
 But if in fitting time, and place, on foes;  
 For Countries good, thy life thou darst expose:  
 Be dangers neer so high, and courage great,  
 Ile praise that fury, valour, choler, heat.  
 But such thou never art, when al alone;  
 Yet such, when we al four are joynd in one.  
 And when such thou art, even such are we.  
 The friendly coadjutors, stil to thee.  
 Nextly, the spirits thou do'st wholly claime,  
 Which natural, vital, animal we name.  
 To play Philosopher, I have no list;  
 Nor yet Phisitian, nor Anatomist.

For

For acting these, I have nor wil, nor art,  
 Yet thal with equity give thee thy part,  
 For th' natural, thou dost not much contest,  
 For there are none, thou say'st, if some, not best.  
 That there are some, and best, I dare averre;  
 More useful then the rest, don't reason erre;  
 What is there living, which cannot derive  
 His life now animal, from vegative?  
 If thou giv'st life, I give thee nourishment,  
 Thine without mine, is nor, 'tis evident:  
 But I, without thy help can give a growth,  
 As plants, trees, and small Embryon know'th;  
 And if vital spirits do flow from thee,  
 I am as sure, the natural from me;  
 But thine the nobler, which I grant, yet mine  
 Shal justly claime priority of thine;  
 I am the Fountaine which thy Cisterns fils,  
 Through th' warme, blew conduits of my veinal rils;  
 What huth the heart, but what's sent from the liver?  
 If thou'rt the taker, I must be the giver:  
 Then never boast of what thou do'st receive,  
 For of such glory I shal thee bereave;  
 But why the heart, should be usurpt by thee,  
 I must confesse, is somewhat strange to me,  
 The spirits through thy heat, are made perfect there,  
 But the materials none of thine, that's cleare,  
 Their wondrous mixture, is of blood, and ayre,  
 The first my self, second my sister faire,  
 But i'le not force retorts, nor do thee wrong,  
 Thy fiery yellow froth, is mixt among.  
 Challenge not all, 'cause part we do allow,  
 Thou know'st I've there to do, as well as thou;

But

But thou wilt say, I deale unequally,  
 There lives the irascible faculty:  
 Which without all dispute, is Cholers owne ;  
 Besides the vehement heat, only there known,  
 Can be imputed unto none, but Fire ;  
 Which is thy self, thy Mother, and thy Sire ;  
 That this is true, I easily can assent,  
 If stil thou take along my Aliment,  
 And let me be thy Partner, which is due,  
 So wil I give the dignity to you.  
 Again, stomachs concoction thou dost claime,  
 But by what right, nor do'st, nor canst thou name ;  
 It is her own heat, not thy faculty,  
 Thou do'st unjustly claime, her property,  
 The help she needs, the loving Liver lends,  
 Who th' benefit o' th' whole ever intends :  
 To meddle further, I shal be but shent,  
 Th' rest to our Sisters, is more pertinent.  
 Your slanders thus refuted, takes no place,  
 Though cast upon my guiltlesse blushing face ;  
 Now through your leaves, some little time i'll spend ;  
 My worth in humble manner, to commend.  
 This hot, moist, nutritive humour of mine,  
 When 'tis untaint, pure, and most genuine  
 Shal firstly take her place, as is her due,  
 Without the least indignity to you ;  
 Of all your qualities I do partake,  
 And what you singly are, the whole I make.  
 Your hot, dry, moist, cold, natures are foure,  
 I moderately am all, what need I more :  
 As thus, if hot, then dry ; if moist, then cold ;  
 If this can't be disprov'd, then all I hold :

My

My vertues hid, i've let you dimly see ;  
 My sweet complexion, proves the verity,  
 This scarlet die's a badge of what's within,  
 One touch thereof so beautifies the skin ;  
 Nay, could I be from all your tangs but pure,  
 Mans life to boundlesse time might stil endure ;  
 But here's one thrusts her heat, where'ts not requir'd  
 So suddenly, the body all is fir'd:  
 And of the sweet, calme temper, quite bereft,  
 Which makes the mansion, by the soul soon left ;  
 So Melancholly ceases on a man ;  
 With her uncheerful visage, swarth and wan ;  
 The body dries, the minde sublime doth smother,  
 And turns him to the wombe of 's earthy mother,  
 And Flegm- likewise can shew, her cruel art,  
 With cold distempers, to pain every part ;  
 The Lungs, she rots, the body weares away,  
 As if she'd leave no flesh to turn to clay,  
 Her languishing diseases, though not quick,  
 At length demolishes the fabrick,  
 All to prevent, this curious care I take ;  
 In last concoction, segregation make.  
 Of all the perverse humours from mine owne,  
 The bitter choler, most malignant knowne  
 I turn into his cel, close by my side,  
 The Melancholly to the Spleen to 'bide ;  
 Likewise the Whey, some use I in the veines,  
 The over plus I send unto the reines ;  
 But yet for all my toyl, my care, my skil,  
 It's doom'd by an irrevocable wil :  
 That my intents should meet with interruption,  
 That mortal man, might turn to his corruption.

E

I might here shew, the noblenesse of minde,  
 Of such as to the Sanguine are inclin'd,  
 They're liberal, pleasant, kinde, and courteous,  
 And like the Liver, all benigne;  
 For Arts, and Sciences, they are the fittest,  
 And maugre (Choler) still they are the wittiest,  
 An ingenious working phantasie,  
 A most voluminous large memory,  
 And nothing wanting but solidity. }  
 But why, alas, thus tedious should I be?  
 Thousand examples, you may daily see  
 If time I have transgressed, and been too long,  
 Yet could not be more breif, without much wrong.  
 I've scarce wip'd off the spots, proud Choler cast;  
 Such venome lyes in words, though but a blast,  
 No brags I've us'd; t' your selves I dare appeale,  
 If modesty my worth do not conceale.  
 I've us'd no bitterness, nor taxt your name,  
 As I to you, to me, do ye the same.

*Melancholy.*

**H**E that with two assylents hath to do,  
 Had need be armed wel, and active too,  
 Especially when freindship is pretended:  
 That blow's most deadly, where it is intended;  
 Though Choler rage, and raile, it le not do so,  
 The tongue's no weapon to assault a foe,  
 But sith we fight with words, we might be kind,  
 To spare our selves, and beat the whistling winde.

Faire

Faire rosie Sister, so might'st thou scape free,  
 I'll flatter for a time, as thou did'st me,  
 But when the first offenders I have laid,  
 Thy soothing girds shal fully be repaid;  
 But Choler, be thou cool'd, or chat'd, it le venter,  
 And in contentions lists, now justly enter.  
 Thy boasted valour stoutly's been repell'd,  
 If not as yet, by me, thou shalt be quell'd:  
 What mov'd thee thus to villifie my name?  
 Not past all reason, but in truth all shame:  
 Thy fiery spirit shal bear away this prize,  
 To play such furious pranks I am too wise;  
 If in a Souldier rashnesse be so precious,  
 Know, in a General its most pernicious.  
 Nature doth reach, to sheild the head from harm,  
 The blow that's aim'd thereat is satch'd by th'arm,  
 When in Battalia my foes I face,  
 I then command, proud Choler stand thy place,  
 To use thy sword, thy courage, and thy Art,  
 For to defend my self, thy better part;  
 This warinesse count not for cowardise,  
 He is not truly valiant that's not wise;  
 It's no lesse glory to defend a town,  
 Then by assault to gain one, not our own.  
 And if *Marcellus* bold, be call'd *Rome's* sword,  
 Wife *Fabius* is her buckler: all accord.  
 And if thy haste, my slownesse should not temper,  
 'Twere but a mad, irregular distemper;  
 Enough of that, by our Sister heretofore,  
 I've come to that which wounds me somewhat more:  
 Of Learning, and of Policie, thou would'st bereave me,  
 But's not thy ignorance shal thus deceive me.

D

What

What greater Clerke, or politician lives?  
 Then he whose brain a touch my humour gives.  
 What is too hot, my coldnesse doth abate;  
 What's diffluent, I do consolidate.  
 If I be partial judg'd, or thought to erre,  
 The melancholy Snake shal it aver.  
 Those cold dry heads, more subrilly doth yeild,  
 Then all the huge beasts of the fertile field.  
 Thirdly, thou dost confine me to the spleen,  
 As if that only part I was the Queen:  
 Let me as wel make thy precincts, the gals  
 To prison thee within that bladder smal.  
 Reduce the man to's principles, then see  
 If I have not more part, then al ye three:  
 What is without, within, of theirs, or thine.  
 Yet time and age, shal soon declare it mine.  
 When death doth seize the man, your stock is lost,  
 When you poor bankrupts prove, then have I most.  
 You'll say, here none shal ere disturbe my right;  
 You high born (from that lump) then take your flight  
 Then who's mans friend, when life and all fortales?  
 His mother (mine) him to her wombe retakes,  
 Thus he is ours, his portion is the grave.  
 But whilst he lives, He shew what part I have.  
 And first, the firme dry bones, I justly claim:  
 The strong foundation of the stately frame.  
 Likewise the useful spleen, though nor the best,  
 Yet is a bowel cal'd wel as the rest.  
 The Liver, Stomach, owes it thanks of right:  
 The first it drains, o'th' last quicks appetite,  
 Laughter (though thou sayst malice) flowes from hence,  
 These two in one cannot have residence.

But

But thou most grossly do'st mistake, to thinke  
 The Spleen for al you three, was made a sinke.  
 Of al the rest, thou'lt nothing there to do;  
 But if thou hast, that malice comes from you.  
 Again, you often touch my swarthy hew,  
 That black is black, and I am black, tis true;  
 But yet more comely far, I dare avow,  
 Then is thy torrid nose, or brazen brow.  
 But that which shewes how high thy spight is bent,  
 In charging me, to be thy excrement.  
 Thy loathsome imputation I dese;  
 So plain a slander needeth no reply.  
 When by thy heat, thou'lt bak'd thy selfe to crust,  
 Thou do'st assume my name, wel be it just;  
 This transmutation is, but not excretion,  
 Thou wants Philosophy, and yet discretion.  
 Now by your leave, Ile let your greatnesse see;  
 What officer thou art to al us three.  
 The Kitchen Drudge, the cleanser of the sinks,  
 That casts out all that man or eates, or drinks.  
 Thy bittering quality, stil irretates,  
 Til filth and thee, nature exhonorates.  
 If any doubt this truth, whence this should come;  
 Show them thy passage to th' *Duodenum*.  
 If there thou'rt stopt, to th' Liver thou turn'lt in,  
 And so with jaundise, Safferns al the skin.  
 No further time ile spend, in confutations,  
 I must I've clear'd your slanderous imputations.  
 I now speake unto al, no more to one;  
 Pray hear, admire, and learn instruction.  
 My vertues yours surpass, without compare:  
 The first, my constancy, that jewel rare.

D z

Choler's

Choler's too rash, this golden gift to hold.  
 And Sanguine is more fickle many fold.  
 Here, there, her restless thoughts do ever flye;  
 Constant in nothing, but inconstancy,  
 And what Flegme is, we know, likewise her mother,  
 Unstable is the one, so is the other.  
 With me is noble patience also found,  
 Impatient Choler loveth not the sound.  
 VVhat Sanguine is, she doth not heed, nor care.  
 Now up, now down, transported like the Aire.  
 Flegm's patient, because her nature's tame:  
 But I by vertue, do acquire the same.  
 My temperance, chastity, is eminent,  
 But these with you, are feldome resident.  
 Now could I stain my ruddy sisters face,  
 With purple dye, to shew but her disgrace.  
 But I rather with silence, vaile her shame;  
 Then cause her blush, while I dilate the same.  
 Nor are ye free, from this inormity,  
 Although she beare the greatest obloquie.  
 My prudence, judgement, now I might reveale,  
 But wisdom 'tis, my wisdom to conceale.  
 Unto diseases not inclin'd as ye:  
 Nor cold, nor hot, Ague, nor Plurisie;  
 Nor Cough, nor Quinsie, nor the burning Feavor.  
 I rarely feel to act his fierce endeavour.  
 My sicknesse cheisly in conceit doth lye,  
 What I imagine, that's my malady.  
 Strange Chymera's are in my phantasie,  
 And things that never were, nor shal I see.  
 Talke I love not, reason lyes not in length.  
 Nor multitude of words, argues our strength;

I've

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

### Flegme.

Patient I am, patient i'd need to be,  
 To bear the injurious taunts of three;  
 Though wit I want, and anger I have lesse,  
 Enough of both, my wrongs for to expresse;  
 I've not forgot how bitter Choler spake,  
 Nor how her Gaul on me the causlesse brake;  
 Nor wonder 'twas, for hatred there's not smal,  
 Where opposition is diametrical:  
 To what is truth, I freely wil assent,  
 (Although my name do suffer detriment)  
 What's slanderous, repel; doubtful, dispute;  
 And when i've nothing left to say, be mute;  
 Valour I want, no Souldier am, 'tis true,  
 I'll leave that manly property to you;  
 I love no thundering Drums, nor bloody Wars,  
 My polish'd skin was not ordain'd for skars,  
 And though the pitched field i've ever fled,  
 At home, the Conquerours, have conquered:  
 Nay, I could tel you (what's more true then meet)  
 That Kings have laid their Scepters at my feet,  
 When sister Sanguine paints my Ivory face,  
 The Monarchs bend, and sue, but for my grace;  
 My Lilly white, when joyned with her red,  
 Princes huth slay'd, and Captains captived:  
 Country with Country, Greece with Asia fights,  
 Sixty nine Princes, all about Hero Knights.

D 3

Under

Under *Troy's* walls, ten years wil wast away,  
 Rather then loose, one beauteous *Hellena* ;  
 But 'twere as vain, to prove the truth of mine,  
 As at noon day to tel, the Sun doth shine.  
 Next difference berwixt us twain doth lye,  
 Who doth possesse the Brain, or thou, or I ;  
 Shame forc'd thee say, the matter that was mine,  
 But the spirits, by which it acts are thine ;  
 Thou speakest truth, and I can speak no lesse,  
 Thy heart doth much, I candidly confesse,  
 But yet thou art as much, I truly say,  
 Beholding unto me another way.  
 And though I grant, thou art my helper here,  
 No debtor I, because 'tis paid else where ;  
 With all your flourishes, now Sisters three,  
 Who is't or dare, or can compare with me ;  
 My excellencies are so great, so many,  
 I am confounded, 'fore I speak of any.  
 The Brain's the noblest member all allow,  
 The scituation, and form wil it avow,  
 Its ventricles, membrances, and wond'rous net,  
*Galen, Hippocrates*, drives to a set.  
 That divine Essence, the immortal Soul,  
 Though it in all, and every part be whole :  
 Within this stately place of eminence,  
 Doth doubtlesse keep its naighty residence ;  
 And surely the Souls sensative here lives,  
 Which life and motion to each Creature gives,  
 The conjugations of the parts toth' brain  
 Doth shew, hence flowes the power which they retain ;  
 Within this high built Cittadel doth lye,  
 The Reason, Fancy, and the Memory ;

Th:

The faculty of speech doth here abide,  
 The spirits animal, from whence doth slide,  
 The five most noble Sences, here do dwel,  
 Of three, its hard to say, which doth excel ;  
 This point for to discusse longs not to me,  
 Ile touch the Sight, great't wonder of the three ;  
 The optick nerve, coats, humours, all are mine,  
 Both watry, glassie, and the christaline.  
 O ! mixture strange, oh colour, colourlesse,  
 Thy perfect temperament, who can expresse ?  
 He was no foole, who thought the Soul lay here,  
 Whence her affections, passions, speak so clear ;  
 O ! good, O bad, O true, O traiterous eyes !  
 What wonderments, within your bals there lyes ?  
 Of all the Sences, Sight shal be the Queen ;  
 Yet some may wish, oh, had mine eyes ne're seene.  
 Mine likewise is the marrow of the back,  
 Which runs through all the spondles of the rack,  
 It is the substitute o'th royal Brain,  
 All nerves ( except seven paire ) to it retain ;  
 And the strong ligaments, from hence arise,  
 With joynt to joynt, the entire body iyes ;  
 Some other parts there issue from the Brain,  
 Whose use and worth to tel, I must refrain ;  
 Some worthy learned *Crooke* may these reveal,  
 But modesty hath charg'd me to conceal ;  
 Here's my epitome of excellence,  
 For what's the Brains, is mine, by consequence ;  
 A foolish Brain ( saith *Choler* ) wanting hear,  
 But a mad one, say I, where 'tis too great,  
 Phrensie's worse, then folly, one would more glad,  
 With a tame foole converse, then with a mad,

D 4

Then

Then, my head for learning is not the fittest,  
 Ne're did I heare that Choler was the witt'est ;  
 Thy judgement is unsafe, thy fancy little,  
 For memory, the sand is not more brittle.  
 Again, none's fit for Kingly place but thou,  
 If Tyrants be the best, i'lle it allow ;  
 But if love be, as requisite as feare,  
 Then I, and thou, must make a mixture here :  
 Wel, to be breif, Choler I hope now's laid,  
 And I passe by what sister Sanguine said ;  
 To Melancholly i'lle make no reply,  
 The worst she said, was, instabillity,  
 And too much talk, both which, I do confesse,  
 A warning good, hereafter i'lle say lesse.  
 Let's now be friends, 'tis time our spight was spent,  
 Lest we too late, this rashnesse do repent,  
 Such premises wil force a sad conclusion,  
 Unlesse we 'gree, all falls into confusion.  
 Let Sanguine, Choler, with her hot hand hold,  
 To take her moyst, my moistnesse wil be bold ;  
 My cold, cold Melanchollies hand shal clasp,  
 Her dry, dry Cholers other hand shal grasp ;  
 Two hot, two moist, two cold, two dry here be,  
 A golden Ring, the Posy, *Unity* :  
 Nor jars, nor scoffs, let none hereafter see,  
 But all admire our perfect amity ;  
 Nor be discern'd, here's water, earth, aire, fire,  
 But here's a compact body, whole, entire :  
 This loving counsel pleas'd them all so wel,  
 That Flegme was judg'd, for kindnesse to excel.

The



## The Four Ages of Man.



Oe now! four other acts upon the stage,  
 Childhood, and Youth, the Manly, and  
 Old-age.  
 The first : son unto Flegme, grand-child to  
 water,  
 Unstable, supple, moist, and cold's his Naure.  
 The second, frolick, claimes his pedigree,  
 From blood and aire, for hot, and moist is he.  
 The third, of fire, and choler is compos'd,  
 Vindicative, and quarelsome dispos'd.  
 The last, of earth, and heavy melancholly,  
 Solid, hating all lightnesse, and all folly.  
 Childhood was cloath'd in white, and given to snow,  
 His spring was intermix'd with some snow.  
 Upon his head a Garland Nature set :  
 Of Dazy, Primrose, and the Violet.  
 Such cold mean flowers (as these) blossome betime,  
 Before the Sun hath throughly warm'd the clime.  
 His hobby striding, did not ride, but run,  
 And in his hand an hour-glasse new begun,  
 In dangers every moment of a fall,  
 And when tis broke, then ends his life and all.  
 But if he hold, til it have run his last,  
 Then may he live, til threescore years or past.

Next



Next, youth came up, in gorgeous attire;  
 (As that fond age, doth moil of al desire.)  
 His Suit of Crimson, and his Scarfe of Green:  
 In's countenance, his pride quickly was seen.  
 Garland of Roses, Pinks, and Gilliflowers,  
 Seemed to grow on's head (bedaw'd with showers):  
 His face as fresh, as is *Aurora* faire,  
 When blushing first, she 'gins to red the Aire.  
 No wooden horse, but one of mettall try'd:  
 He seems to flye, or swim, and not to ride.  
 Then praunceing on the Stage, about he wheels;  
 But as he went, death waited at his heeles.  
 The next came up, in a more graver sort,  
 As one that cared, for a good report.  
 His Sword by's side, and choler in his eyes;  
 But neither us'd (as yet) for he was wise.  
 Of Autumne fruits a basket on his arme.  
 His golden god in's purse, which was his charm;  
 And last of al, to act upon this Stage;  
 Leaning upon his staffe, comes up old age.  
 Under his arme a Sheafe of wheat he bore,  
 A Harvest of the best, what needs he more.  
 In's other hand a glasse, ev'n almost run,  
 This writ about: *This out, then I am done.*  
 His hoary haire, and grave aspect made way,  
 And al gave eare, to what he had to say.  
 These being met, each in his equipage,  
 Intend to speak, according to their age:  
 But wise Old-age, did with all gravity,  
 To childith chiloohood, give precedence.  
 And to the rest, his reason mildly told;  
 That he was young, before he grew so old.

To

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

*Childhood.*

AH me! conceiv'd in sin, and born in sorrow,  
 A nothing, here to day, but gone to morrow.  
 Whose mean beginning, blushing can't reveale,  
 But night and darkenesse, must with shame conceal.  
 My mothers breeding sicknes, I will spare;  
 Her nine months weary burden not declare.  
 To shew her bearing pangs, I should do wrong,  
 To tel that paine, which can't be told by tongue;  
 With tears into this world I did arrive;  
 My mother stil did waste, as I did thrive:  
 Who yet with love, and all alacrity,  
 Spending was willing, to be spent for me;  
 With wayward cries, I did disturbe her rest;  
 Who sought stil to appease me, with her breast,  
 With weary armes, she danc'd, and *By, By*, sung,  
 When wretched I (ungrate) had done the wrong!  
 When Infancy was past, my Childishnesse,  
 Did act al folly, that it could expresse.  
 My sillinesse did only take delight,  
 In that which riper age did scorn, and flight:  
 In Rattles, Bables, and such toyish stuffe.  
 My then ambitious thoughts, were low enough.

My

My high-borne soule, so straitly was confin'd :  
 That its own worth, it did not know, nor mind.  
 This little house of flesh, did spacious count:  
 Through ignorance, all troubles did surmount.  
 Yet this advantage, had mine ignorance,  
 Freedome from Envy, and from Arrogance.  
 How to be rich, or great, I did not carke;  
 A Baron or a Duke, ne'r made my mark.  
 Nor studious was, Kings favours how to buy,  
 With costly presents, or base flattery.  
 No office coveted, wherein I might  
 Make strong my selfe, and turne aside weak right.  
 No malice bare, to this, or that great Peer,  
 Nor unto buzzing whisperers, gave ear.  
 I gave no hand, nor vote, for death, or life:  
 I'd nought to do, 'twixt Prince, and peoples strife.  
 No Statist I: nor Murrilist i'th' field;  
 Where e're I went, mine innocence was shield.  
 My quarrells, not for Diadems did rise;  
 But for an Apple, Plumbe, or some such prize,  
 My stroks did cause no death, nor wounds, nor skars.  
 My little wrath did cease soon as my wars.  
 My duel was no challenge, nor did seek.  
 My foe should weltering, with his bowels reek.  
 I had no Suits at law, neighbours to vex.  
 Nor evidence for land, did me perplex.  
 I fear'd no stormes, nor at the windes that blows,  
 I had no ships at Sea, no fraughts to loose.  
 I fear'd no drought, nor wet, I had no crop,  
 Nor yet on future things did place my hope.  
 This was mine innocence, but oh the seeds,  
 Lay raked up; of all the cursed weeds,

Which

Which sprouted forth, in my insuing age,  
 As he can tell, that next comes on the stage.  
 But yet let me relate, before I go,  
 The sins, and dangers I am subject to.  
 From birth stayned, with *Adams* sinfull fact;  
 From thence I 'gan to sin, as soon as act.  
 A perverse will, a love to what's forbid:  
 A serpents sting in pleasing face lay hid.  
 A lying tongue as soon as it could speak,  
 And fift Commandement do daily break.  
 Oft stubborn, peevish, fullen, pout, and cry:  
 Then nought can please, and yet I know not why.  
 As many was my sins, so dangers too:  
 For sin brings sorrow, sicknesse, death, and woe.  
 And though I misse, the tossings of the mind:  
 Yet griets, in my fraile flesh, I still do find.  
 What gripes of wind, mine infancy did pain?  
 What tortures I, in breeding teeth sustain?  
 What crudities my cold stomach hath bred?  
 Whence vom its, wormes, and flux have issued?  
 What breaches, knocks, and falls I daily have?  
 And some perhaps, I carry to my grave.  
 Some times in fire, sometimes in waters fall:  
 Strangely preserv'd, yet mind it not at all.  
 At home, abroad, my danger's manifold.  
 That wonder tis, my glasse till now doth hold.  
 I've done, unto my elders I give way.  
 For 'tis but little, that a childe can say.

Youth.

*Youth.*

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

THE

This is my best, but youth (is known) alas,  
 To be as wilde as is the snuffing Ass,  
 As vain as frogh, as vanity can be,  
 That who would see vain man, may look on me:  
 My gifts abus'd, my education lost,  
 My woful Parents longing hopes all crost,  
 My wit, evaporates in meriment:  
 My valour, in some beastly quarrel's spent;  
 Martial deeds I love not, 'cause they're vertuous;  
 But doing so, might seem magnanimous.  
 My Lust dorth hurry me, to all that's ill,  
 I know no Law, nor reason, but my wil;  
 Sometimes lay wait to take a wealthy purse,  
 Or stab the man, in's own defence, that's worse.  
 Sometimes I cheat (unkind) a female Heir,  
 Of all at once, who not so wise, as fair,  
 Trusteth my loving looks, and glozing tongue,  
 Until her freinds, treasure, and honour's gone.  
 Sometimes I sit carousing others health,  
 Until mine own be gone, my wit, and wealth;  
 From pipe to pot, from pot to words, and blows,  
 For he that loveth Wine, wanteth no woes;  
 Dayes, nights, with Ruffins, Roarers, Fiddlers spend;  
 To all obscenity, my eares I bend.  
 All counsel hate, which tends to make me wise,  
 And dearest freinds count for mine enemies;  
 If any care I take, 'tis to be fine,  
 For sure my suit more then my vertues shine;  
 If any time from company I spare,  
 'Tis spent in curling, trissling up my hair;  
 Some young Adonis I do strive to be,  
 Sardanapallus, now survives in me:

Cards,

Cards, Dice, and Oaths, concomitant, I love;  
 To Masques, to Playes, to Taverns stil I move;  
 And in a word, if what I am you'd heare,  
 Seek out a Brittainish, bruitish Cavaleer;  
 Such wretch, such monster am I; but yet more,  
 I want a heart all this for to deplore.  
 Thus, thus alas! I have mispent my time,  
 My youth, my best, my strength, my bud, and prime:  
 Remembring not the dreadful day of Doom,  
 Nor yet that heavy reckoning for to come;  
 Though dangers do attend me every houre,  
 And gasty death oft threatens me with her power,  
 Sometimes by wounds in idle combates taken,  
 Sometimes by Agues all my body shaken;  
 Sometimes by Feavers, all my moisture drinking,  
 My heart lyes frying, and my eyes are sinking;  
 Somerimes the Cough, Stritch, painful Pluritie,  
 With sad affrights of death, doth menace me;  
 Sometimes the loathsome Pox, my face be-mars,  
 With ugly marks of his eternal scars;  
 Sometimes the Phrensie, strangely madds my Brain,  
 That oft for it, in *Bedlam* I remain.  
 Too many's my Diseases to recite,  
 That wonder 'tis I yet behold the light,  
 That yet my bed in darknesse is not made,  
 And I in black oblivions den long laid;  
 Of Morrow full my bones, of Milk my breasts,  
 Ceas'd by the gripes of Serjeant Death's Arrests:  
 Thus I have said, and what I've said you see,  
 Child-hood and youth is vaine, yea vanity.

Middle

## Middle Age.

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

E

Whose

Whose loynes I've cloth'd, and bellies I have fed;  
 With mine owne fleece, and with my household bread.  
 Yea justice I have done, was I in place;  
 To cheare the good, and wicked to deface.  
 The proud I crush'd, th' oppressed I set free,  
 The lyars curb'd but nourish't verity.  
 Was I a pastor, I my flock did feed:  
 And gently lead the lambs, as they had need,  
 A Captain I, with skil I train'd my band;  
 And shew'd them how, in face of foes to stand.  
 If a Souldier, with speed I did obey,  
 As readily as could my Leader say:  
 Was I a laborer, I wrought all day,  
 As chearfully as ere I took my pay.  
 Thus hath mine age (in all) sometimes done wel.  
 Sometimes mine age (in all) been worse then hell.  
 In meannesse, greatnesse, riches, poverty;  
 Did toile, did broile; oppress'd, did steal and lye.  
 Was I as poor, as poverty could be,  
 Then basenesse was companion unto me.  
 Such (cum, as Hedges, and High-ways do yeeld,  
 As neither sow, nor reape, nor plant, nor build.  
 If to Agriculture, I was ordain'd:  
 Great labours, sorrows, crosses I sustain'd.  
 The early Cock, did summon but in vaine,  
 My wakefull thoughts, up to my painetull gaine.  
 For restless day and night, I'm rob'd of sleep,  
 By cankered care, who centinel doth keep.  
 My weary beast, rest from his toile can find;  
 But if I rest, the more distress my mind.  
 If happinesse my fordidnesse hath found,  
 'Twas in the crop of my manured ground:

My

My fatted Oxe, and my exuberous Cow,  
 My fleeced Ewe, and ever farr owing Sow.  
 To greater things, I never did aspire,  
 My dunghil thoughts, or hopes, could reach no higher.  
 If to be rich, or great, it was my fate;  
 How was I broyl'd with envy, and with hate?  
 Greater, then was the great'st, was my desire,  
 And greater stil, did set my heart on fire.  
 If honour was the point, to which I steer'd;  
 To run my hull upon disgrace I fear'd.  
 But by ambitious failes, I was so carry'd;  
 That over flats, and sands, and rocks I hurried,  
 Opprest, and sunke, and sackt, all in my way;  
 That did oppose me, to my longed bay:  
 My thirst was higher, then Nobility.  
 And oft long'd fore, to rasse on Royalty.  
 Whence poyson, Pistols, and dread instruments,  
 Have been curst furtherers of mine intents,  
 Nor Brothers, Nephewes, Sons, nor Sires I've spar'd.  
 When to a Monarchy, my way they barr'd.  
 There set, I rid my selfe straight cut of hand.  
 Of such as might my son, or his with'and.  
 Then heapt up gold, and riches as the clay;  
 Which others scatter, like the dew in May.  
 Sometimes vaine-glory is the only bait,  
 Whereby my empty scule, is lur'd and caught.  
 Be I of worth, of learning, or of parts;  
 I judge, I should have room, in all mens hearts.  
 And envy gnawes, if any do surmount.  
 I hate for to be had, in small account.  
 If *Bias* like, I'm stript unto my skin,  
 I glory in my wealth, I have within.

E 2

Thus

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

*old Age.*

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

It's

It's not my goodly house, nor bed of down,  
 That can refresh, or ease, if Conscience frown ;  
 Nor from alliance now can I have hope,  
 But what I have done wel, that is my prop ;  
 He that in youth is godly, wife, and sage,  
 Provides a staffe for to support his age.  
 Great mutations, some joyful, and some sad,  
 In this short Pilgrimage I oft have had ;  
 Sometimes the Heavens with plenty smil'd on me,  
 Sometimes again, rain'd all adversity ;  
 Sometimes in honour, sometimes in disgrace,  
 Sometime an abject, then again in place,  
 Such private changes oft mine eyes have seen,  
 In various times of state i've also been.  
 I've seen a Kingdom flourish like a tree,  
 When it was rul'd by that Celestial she ;  
 And like a Cedar, others so surmount,  
 That but for shrubs they did themselves account ;  
 Then saw I *France*, and *Holland* sav'd, *Cales* won,  
 And *Philip*, and *Albertus*, half undone ;  
 I saw all peace at home, terror to foes,  
 But ah, I saw at last those eyes to close :  
 And then, me thought, the world at noon grew dark,  
 When it had lost that radiant Sun-like spark,  
 In midst of greifs, I saw some hopes revive,  
 ( For 'twas our hopes then kept our hearts alive )  
 I saw hopes dash'd, our forwardnesse was shent,  
 And silenc'd we, by Act of Parliament.  
 I've seen from *Rome*, an execrable thing,  
 A plot to blow up Nobles, and their King ;  
 I've seen *designes* at *Rec*, and *Cades* crost,  
 And poor *Palatinate* for ever lost ;

E 3

I've

I've seen a Prince, to live on others lands,  
 A Royall one, by almes from Subjects hands,  
 I've seen base men, advanc'd to great degree,  
 And worthy ones, put to extremity:  
 But not their Princes love, nor state so high;  
 could once reverse, their shamefull destiny.  
 I've seen one stab'd, another loose his head;  
 And others fly their Country, through their dread.  
 I've seen, and so have ye, for 'tis but late,  
 The desolation, of a goodly State.  
 Plotted and acted, so that none can tell,  
 Who gave the counsel, but the Prince of hell.  
 I've seen a land unmoild with great paine.  
 But yet may live, to see't made up again:  
 I've seen it shaken, rent, and soak'd in blood,  
 But out of troubles, ye may see much good,  
 These are no old wives tales, but this is truth;  
 We o'd men love to tell, what's done in youth.  
 But I returne, from whence I stept awry,  
 My memory is short, and braine is dry.  
 My Almond-tree (gray haire) doth flourish now,  
 And back, once straight, begins apace to bow.  
 My grinders now are few, my sight doth faile  
 My skin is wrinkled, and my cheeks are pale.  
 No more rejoyce, at musickes pleasant noyse,  
 But do awake, at the cocks clanging voyce.  
 I cannot scent, savours of pleasant meat,  
 Nor sapers find, in what I drink or eat.  
 My hands and armes, once strong have lost their might,  
 I cannot labour, nor I cannot fight:  
 My comely legs, as nimble as the Roe,  
 Now stiff and numb, can hardly creep or go.

My

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

E 4

The

~~~~~

## The four Seasons of the Yeare.

### Spring.

**N**other Four i've yet for to bring on,  
Of four times four, the last quaternian ;  
The Winter, Summer, Autumne, and the  
Spring,  
In season all these Seasons I shal bring ;  
Sweet Spring, like man in his minority,  
At present claim'd, and had priority,  
With smiling Sun-shine face, and garment: green,  
She gently thus began, like some fair Queen ;  
Three months there are allotted to my thare,  
*March, April, May*, of all the rest most faire,  
The tenth o' th' first *Sol* into *Aries* enters,  
And bids defiance to all tedious Winters:  
And now makes glad those blinded Northern wights,  
Who for some months have seen but starry lights,  
Crosses the Line, and equals night and day,  
Still adds to th' last, til after pleasant *May* ;  
Now goes the Plow-man to his merry toyl,  
For to unloose his Winter-locked soyl ;  
The Seedf-man now doth lavish out his Grain,  
In hope, the more he casts, the more to gain ;  
The Girdner, now superfluous branches lops,  
And Poles erects, for his green clambering Hops ;  
Now digs, then sows, his herbs, his flowers, and roots,  
And carefully manures his trees of fruits.

The

The Pleiades, their influence now give,  
And all that seem'd as dead, afresh do live.  
The croaking Frogs, whom nipping Winter kild,  
Like Birds, now chirp, and hop about the field ;  
The Nitingale, the Black-bird, and the Thrush,  
Now tune their layes, on sprays of every bush ;  
The wanton frisking Kids, and soft fleec'd Lambs,  
Now jump, and play, before their feeding Dams,  
The tender tops of budding Grasse they crop,  
They joy in what they have, but more in hope,  
For though the Frost hath lost his binding power,  
Yet many a fleece of Snow, and stormy showre,  
Doth darken *Sols* bright face, makes us remember  
The pinching Nor-west cold, of fierce *December*.  
My second month is *April*, green, and fair,  
Of longer dayes, and a more temperate air ;  
The Sun now keeps his posting residence  
In *Taurus* Signe, yet hasteth straight from thence ;  
For though in's running progresse he doth take  
Twelve houses of the oblique Zodiack,  
Yet never minute still was known to stand,  
But only once at *Joshua's* strange command ;  
This is the month whose fruitfull showers produces  
All Plants, and Flowers, for all delights, and uses ;  
The Pear, the Plumb, and Apple-tree now flourish,  
And Grasse growes long, the tender Lambs to nourish ;  
The Primrose pale, and azure Violet,  
Among the verduous Grasse hath Nature set,  
That when the Sun (en's love) the earth doth shine,  
These might as Lace, set out her Garments fine ;  
The fearful Bird, his little house now builds,  
In trees, and wals, in cities, and in fields ;

The



The outside strong, the inside warme and neat.  
 A natural Artificer compleate.  
 The clocking hen, her chipping brood now leads,  
 With wings, and beak, defends them from the gleads.  
 My next, and last, is pleasant fruitfull *May*,  
 Wherein the earth, is clad in rich aray :  
 The sun now enters, loving *Geminie*,  
 And heats us with, the glances of his eye,  
 Our Winter rayment, makes us lay aside,  
 Least by his fervor, we be terrifi'd,  
 All flowers before the sun-beames now discloses,  
 Except the double Pinks, and matchlesse Roses.  
 Now swarmes the busie buzzing hony Bee.  
 Whose praise deserves a page, from more then me.  
 The cleanly huswives Dyr, now's ith' prime,  
 Her shelves, and Firkins fill'd for winter time.  
 The Meads with Cowslip, Hony-suckl's dight,  
 One hangs his head, the other stands upright :  
 But both rejoyce, at th' heavens clear smiling face,  
 More at her showers, which water them a space.  
 For fruits, my season yeelds, the early Cherry,  
 The hasty Pease, and wholesome red Strawberry,  
 More solid fruits, require a longer time.  
 Each season, hath his fruit, so hath each clime.  
 Each man his owne peculiar excellence,  
 But none in all that hath preheminance.  
 Some subject, shallow braines, much matter yeelds,  
 Sometime a theame that's large, proves barren fields.  
 Melodious Spring, with thy short pittance flye,  
 In this harsh strain, I find no melody,  
 Yet above all, this priviledge is thine,  
 Thy dayes stil lengthen, without least decline.

*Summer**Summer.*

When Spring had done, then Summer must begin,  
 With melted tauny face, and garments thinne.  
 Resembling choler, fire and middle-age;  
 As Spring did afe, blood, youth in's equipage.  
 Wiping her sweat from off her brow, that ran,  
 VVith haire all wet, she puffing thus began.  
 Bright *June*, *July*, and *August*, hot are mine,  
 Ith' first, *Sol* doth in crabed *Cancer* shine.  
 His progresse to the North; now's fully done,  
 And retrograde, now is my burning Sun.  
 VVho to his Southward tropick still is bent,  
 Yet doth his parching heat the more augment,  
 The reason why, because his flames so faire,  
 Hith formerly much heat, the earth' and aire.  
 Like as an oven, that long time hath been heat.  
 Whose vehemency, at length doth grow so great,  
 That if you do, remove her burning store,  
 She's for a time as fervent as before.  
 Now go those frolick swaines, the shepherd lad,  
 To wash their thick cloath'd flocks, with pipes ful glad.  
 In the coole streames they labour with delight,  
 Rubbing their dirty coates, till they look white.  
 Whose fleece when purely spun, and deeply dy'd,  
 With robes thereof, Kings have been dignifi'd.  
 'Mongst all ye shepheards, never but one man,  
 Was like th' noble, brave *Archadian*.  
 Yet hath your life, made Kings the same envy,  
 Though you repose on grasse under the skye.

*Carelesse*

Carelesse of worldly wealth, you sit and pipe,  
 Whilst they're imbroyl'd in Wars, and troubles ripe;  
 Which made great *Bajazet* cry out in's woes,  
 Oh! happy Shepherd, which had not to lose.  
*Orionobulus*, nor yet *Sebastia* great,  
 But whist'leth to thy Flock in cold, and heat,  
 Viewing the Sun by day, the Moon by night,  
*Endimion*, *Diana's* dear delight;  
 This Month the Roles are distill'd in Glasses,  
 Whose fragrant scent, all made-perfume surpasses;  
 The Cherry, Goose-berry, is now i'th prime,  
 And for all sorts of Pease this is the time.  
 July my next, the hot't in all the year,  
 The Sun in *Leo* now hath his carrear,  
 Whose flaming breath doth melt us from afar,  
 Increased by the Star *Canicular*;  
 This month from *Julius Caesar* took the name,  
 By *Romans* celebrated to his fame.  
 Now go the Mowers to their flashing toyl,  
 The Meadows of their burden to dispoyl;  
 With weary stroaks, they rake all in their way,  
 Bearing the burning heat of the long day;  
 The Forks, and Rakes do follow them amain,  
 Which makes the aged fields look young again,  
 The groaning Carts to bear away this prise.  
 To Barns, and Stacks, where it for Fodder lyes.  
 My next, and last, is *August*, fiery hot,  
 For yet the South-ward Sun abateth not;  
 This month he keeps with *Virgo* for a space,  
 The dried earth is parched by his face.  
*August*, of great *Augustus* took its name,  
*Rome's* second Emperour of peaceful time;

With

With Sickles now, the painful Reapers go,  
 The ruffling tresse of *terra* for to mow,  
 And bundles up in sheaves the weighty Wheat,  
 Which after *Mancher's* made, for Kings to eat;  
 The Barley, and the Rye, should first had place,  
 Although their Bread have not so white a face.  
 The Carter leads all home, with whistling voyce,  
 He plow'd with pain, but reaping doth rejoyce;  
 His sweat, his toyl, his careful, wakeful nights,  
 His fruitful crop, abundantly requites.  
 Now's ripe the Pear, Pear-plumbe, and Apricock,  
 The Prince of Plumbs, whose stone is hard as Rock.  
 The Summer's short, the beauteous Autumne hastes,  
 To shake his fruit, of most delicious tastes;  
 Like good Old Age, whose younger juycie roots,  
 Hath stil ascended up in goodly Fruits,  
 Until his head be gray, and streng:h be gone,  
 Yet then appears the worthy deeds he 'ath done:  
 To seed his boughes, exhausted hath his sap,  
 Then drops his Fruits into the Eaters lap.

*Autumne.*

OF Autumne months, *September* is the prime,  
 Now day and night are equal in each clime;  
 The tenth of this, *Sol* riseth in the Line,  
 And doth in poyzing *Libra* this month shine.  
 The Vintage now is ripe, the Grapes are prest,  
 Whose lively liquor oft is curst, and blest;  
 For nought's so good, but it may be abused,  
 But its a precious juyce, when wel it's used.

The

The Raisins now in clusters dried be,  
 The Orange, Lemon, Dangle on the tree ;  
 The Figge is ripe, the Pomgranet also,  
 And Apples now their yellow sides do show ;  
 Of Medlar, Quince, of Warden, and of Peach,  
 The season's now at hand, of all, and each ;  
 Sure at this time, Time first of all began,  
 And in this month was made apostate man ;  
 For then in *Eden* was not only seen  
 Boughs full of leaves, or fruit's, but raw, and green,  
 Or withered stocks, all dry, and dead,  
 But trees with goodly fruits replenished ;  
 Which shewes, nor Summer, Winter, nor the Spring,  
 Great *Adam* was of Paradise made King.  
*October* is my next, we heare in this,  
 The Northern Winter blasts begin to hiss ;  
 In *Scorpio* resideth now the Sun,  
 And his declining heat is almost done.  
 The fruitful trees, all withered now do stand,  
 Whose yellow saplesse leaves by winds are fann'd :  
 Which notes, when youth, and strength, have past their  
 Decrepit age must also have its time ; (prime,  
 The sap doth sily creep towards the earth,  
 There rests, untill the Sun give it a birth :  
 So doth Old Age stil tend unto his Grave,  
 Where also he, his Winter time must have ;  
 But when the Son of Righteousnesse drawes nigh,  
 His dead old stock, again shall mount on high.  
*November* is my last, for time doth haste,  
 We now of Winters sharpnesse 'gin to taste ;  
 This month's the Sun in *Sagittarius*,  
 So farre remote, his glances warm not us ;

Almost

Almost at shortest is the shortned day,  
 The Northern Pole beholdeth not one ray.  
 Now *Green-land*, *Groen-land*, *Lap-land*, *Fin-land*, see  
 No Sun, to lighten their obscurity ;  
 Poor wretches, that in total darknesse lye,  
 With minds more dark, then is the darkned sky ;  
 This month is timber for all uses fell'd,  
 When cold, the sap to th' roots hath low'ly repell'd ;  
 Beef, Brawn, and Pork, are now in great'st request,  
 And solid'st meats, our stomachs can digest ;  
 This time warm cloaths, ful diet, and good fires,  
 Our pinched flesh, and empty panch requires :  
 Old cold, dry age, and earth, Autumne resembles,  
 And melancholy, which most of all dissembles.  
 I must be short, and short's, the shortned day,  
 What Winter hath to tel, now let him say.

*Winter.*

Cold, moist, young, slegmy Winter now doth lye  
 In Swadling clouts, like new-born infancy,  
 Bound up with Frosts, and fur'd with Hais, and  
 And like an Infant, stil he taller growes. (Snows,  
*December* is the first, and now the Sun  
 To th' Southward tropick his swift race hath run ;  
 This month he's hous'd in horned *Capricorn*,  
 From thence he 'gins to length the shortned morn,  
 Through Christendome, with great festivity  
 Now's held, a Guest, (but blest) *Nativity*.  
 Cold frozen *January* next comes in,  
 Chilling the blood, and shrinking up the skin.

In

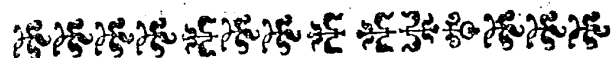
In *Aquarius*, now keeps the loved Sun,  
 And North-ward his unwearied race doth run;  
 The day much longer then it was before,  
 The cold not lessened, but augmented more.  
 Now toes, and eares, and fingers often freeze,  
 And Travellers sometimes their noses leeze.  
 Moyst snowie *February* is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

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

Your dutifull Daughter.

A. B.

The



## The Foure Monarchies; the *Assyrian* being the first, begin- ning under *Nimrod*, 131. yeares after the Flood.



When Time was young, and World in in-  
 fancy,

Man did not strive for Sovereignty,  
 But each one thought his petty rule was  
 high,

If of his house he held the Monarchy:  
 This was the Golden Age, but after came,  
 The boysterous Sons of *Cush*, Grand-child to *Ham*.  
 That mighty Hunter, who in his strong toyls,  
 Both Beasts and Men subjected to his spoils,  
 The strong foundation of proud *Babel* laid,  
*Erech*, *Accad*, and *Calneh* also made;  
 These were his first, all good in *Shinar* land,  
 From thence he went *Assyria* to command;  
 And mighty *Nimrod*, he there began,  
 Nor finished, til he his race had run;  
*Resen*, *Carch*, and *Rehoboth* likewise,  
 By him, to Cities eminent did rise;  
 Of *Saurn*, he was the original,  
 Whom the first ending times a god did call.

When

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

*Bellus.*

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

*Ninus.*

**H**IS father dead, *Ninus* begins his reign,  
Transfers his Seat, to the *Assyrian* plain,  
And mighty *Ninive* more mighty made,  
Whose foundation was by his Grand-fire laid;  
Four hundred forty Furlongs, wall'd about,  
On which stood fifteen hundred towers stout:

The

The walls one hundred sixty foot upright,  
So broad, three Chariots run abreast there might,  
Upon the pleasant banks of *Tigris* flood,  
This stately seat of warlike *Ninus* stood.  
This *Ninus* for a god, his father canoniz'd,  
To whom the sottish people sacrific'd;  
This Tyrant did his neighbours all oppress,  
Where e're he warr'd he had too good successe,  
*Parzanes*, the great *Armenian* King,  
By force, his tributary, he did bring.  
The *Median* country, he did also gain,  
*Pharmus*, their King, he caused to be slain;  
An army of three Millions he led out,  
Against the *Babryans* (but that I doubt)  
*Zoroaster*, their King, he likewise slew,  
And all the greater *Asia* did subdue;  
*Semiramis* from *Atenon* he did take,  
Then drown himself, did *Menon*, for her sake;  
Fifty two years he reign'd (as we are told)  
The world then was two thousand nineteen old.

*Semiramis.*

**T**HIS great oppressing *Ninus* dead, and gone,  
His wife, *Semiramis*, usurp'd the throne,  
She like a brave *Virago*, play'd the rex,  
And was both shame, and glory of her sex;  
Her birth-place was *Philistinus Ascalon*,  
Her Mother *Dogreta*, a *Curtezan*;  
Others report, she was a vestal Nun,  
Adjudged to be drown'd, for what she'd done;

F 2

Transf-

Transform'd into a fish, by *Venus* will,  
 Her beaucious face (they feign) retaining still.  
 Sure from this fiction, *Dagon* first began,  
 Changing his womans face, into a man.  
 But all agree, that from no lawfull bed;  
 This great renowned *Empresse*, issued.  
 For which, she was obscurely nourished.  
 Whence rose that fable, she by birds was fed.  
 This gallant dame, unto the *Bactrian* war;  
 Accompanying her husband *Menon* far,  
 Taking a towne, such valour she did show,  
 That *Ninus* of her, amorous soon did grow;  
 And thought her fit, to make a Monarch's wife,  
 Which was the cause, poor *Menon* lost his life,  
 She flourishing with *Ninus*, long did reigne;  
 Till her ambition, caus'd him to be staine:  
 That having no compeer, she might rule all,  
 Or else she sought, revenge for *Menon's* fall:  
 Some think the *Greekes*, this slander on her cast,  
 As of her life, licentious, and unchast.  
 And that her worth, deserved no such blame,  
 As their aspersions, cast upon the same.  
 But were her vertues, more, or lesse, or none;  
 she for her porenry, must go alone.  
 Her wealth she shew'd, in building *Babylon*;  
 Admir'd of all, but equaliz'd of none.  
 The walls so strong, and curiously were wrought;  
 That after ages, skill, by them were taught.  
 With Towers, and Bulwarks made of colly stone  
 Quadrangle was the forme, it stood upon:  
 Each Square, was fifteen thousand paces long,  
 An hundred paces, it had, of metall strong.

Three

Three hundred sixty foot, the walls in height:  
 Almost incredible, they were in breadth.  
 Most writers say, six chariots, might a front,  
 With great facility, march safe upon't.  
 About the wall, a ditch so deep and wide,  
 That like a river, long it did abide.  
 Three hundred thousand men, here day, by day;  
 Bestow'd their labour, and receiv'd their pay,  
 But that which did, all cost, and art excell,  
 The wondrous Temple was, she rear'd to *Bell*;  
 Which in the midst, of this brave Town was plac'd,  
 (Continuing, till *Xerxes* it defac'd)  
 Whose stately top, beyond the clouds did rise;  
 From whence, Astrologers, oft view'd the skies.  
 This to describe, in each particular,  
 A structure rare, I should but rudely marre,  
 Her gardens, bridges, arches, mounts, and spires;  
 All eyes that saw, or ears that hears, admires.  
 On *Shinar* plain, by the *Euphratan* flood,  
 This wonder of the world, this *Babell* stood.  
 An expedition to the East she made,  
 Great King *Staurobates*, for to invade.  
 Her Army of four Millions did consist,  
 (Each man beleive it, as his fancy list)  
 Her Camells, Chariots, Gallies in such number,  
 As puzzells best hystorians to remember:  
 But this is marvelous, of all those men,  
 (They say) but twenty, ere came back agen.  
 The River *Indus* swept them half away,  
 The rest *Staurobates* in fight did slay.  
 This was last progresse of this mighty Queen,  
 Who in her Country never more was seen.

F 3

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F 3

The

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

*Ninias, or Zamies.*

**H**Is Mother dead, *Ninias* obtains his right,  
A Prince wedded to ease, and to delight,  
Or else was his obedience very great,  
To sit, thus long (obscure) wrong'd of his seat;  
Some write, his Mother put his habite on,  
Which made the people think they serv'd her Son;  
But much it is, in more then forty years,  
This fraud, in war, nor peace, at all appears;  
It is more like, being with pleasures fed,  
He fought no rufe, til she was gone, and dead;  
What then he did, of worth, can no man tel,  
But is suppos'd to be that *Amraphel*,  
Who warr'd with *Sodom*, and *Gomorahs* King,  
'Gainst whom his trained Bands *Abram* did bring.  
Some may object, his Parents ruling all,  
How he thus suddenly should be thus small?  
This answer may suffice, whom it wil please,  
He thus voluptuous, and given to ease;  
Each wronged Prince, or childe that did remain,  
Would now advantage take, their own to gain;  
So Province, after Province, rent away,  
Until that potent Empire did decay.

Again,

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

*Sardanapalus.*

**S***ardanapalus*, (Son t' *Ocraxapes*)  
Who wallowed in all voluptuousnesse,  
That palliardizing sot, that out of doores  
Ne're shew'd his face, but revell'd with his Whores,  
Did wear their garb, their gestures imitate,  
And their kind r' excel did emulate.  
Knowing his basenesse, and the peoples hate,  
Kept ever close, fearing some dismal fate;  
At last *Arbaces* brave, unwarily,  
His master like a Scrumptet chanc'd to spy,  
His manly heart disdain'd, in the least,  
Longer to serve this Metamorphos'd beast;  
Unto *Belosus*, then he brake his minde,  
Who sick of his disease, he soone did finde.

F 4

Thes



These two rul'd *Média* and *Babylon*,  
 Both, for their King, held their dominion,  
*Belofus*, promised *Arbaces* aide,  
*Arbaces* him, fully to be repaid.  
 The last, the *Medes* and *Perfians* doth invite.  
 Against their monstrous King to bring their might,  
*Belofus* the *Chaldeans* doth require,  
 And the *Arabians*, to further his desire.  
 These all agree, and forty thousand make,  
 The rule from their unworthy Prince to take.  
 By prophesie, *Belofus* strength's their hands,  
*Arbaces* must be master of their lands.  
 These Forces mustered, and in array,  
*Sardanapalus* leaves his Apish play.  
 And though of wars, he did abhor the fight;  
 Fear of his diadem, did force him fight:  
 And either by his valour, or his fate;  
*Arbaces* courage he did sore abate:  
 That in dispaire, he left the field and fled:  
 But with fresh hopes *Belofus* succoured.  
 From *Bactaria* an Army was at hand,  
 Prest for this service, by the Kings command;  
 These with celerity, *Arbaces* meets,  
 And with all termes of amity, he greets,  
 Makes promises, their necks for to un-yoak,  
 And their Taxations sore, all to revoke,  
 T' infranchise them, to grant what they could crave,  
 To want no priviledge, Subjects should have,  
 Only intreats them, joyn their force with his,  
 And win the Crown, which was the way to bliss,  
 Won by his loving looks, more loving speech,  
 T' accept of what they could, they him beseech.

Both

Both sides their hearts, their hands, their bands unite,  
 And set upon their Princes Camp that night;  
 Who revelling in Cups, sung care away,  
 For victory obtain'd the other day;  
 But all surpris'd, by this unlookt for fright,  
 Bereft of wits, were slaughtered down right.  
 The King his Brother leaves, all to sustaine,  
 And speeds himself to *Ninivie* amain;  
 But *Salmeneus* slaine, his Army fals,  
 The King's pursu'd unto the City wals;  
 But he once in, pursuers, came too late,  
 The wals, and gates, their course did terminate;  
 There with all store he was so wel provided,  
 That what *Arbaces* did, was but derided;  
 Who there incamp'd two years, for little end,  
 But in the third, the River prov'd his friend,  
 Which through much rain, then swelling up so high,  
 Part of the wal it level caus'd to lye;  
*Arbaces* marches in, the town did take,  
 For few, or none, did there resistance make;  
 And now they saw fulfill'd a Prophesie;  
 That when the River prov'd their enemy,  
 Their strong wall'd town should suddenly be taken;  
 By this accomplishment, their hearts were shaken:  
*Sardanapalus* did not seek to fly,  
 This his inevitable destiny;  
 But all his wealth, and friends, together gets,  
 Then on himself, and them, a fire he sets;  
 This the last Monarch was, of *Ninus* race,  
 Which for twelve hundred years had held that place;  
 Twenty he reign'd, same time, as Stories tel,  
 That *Amazit* was King of *Israel*;

His

His Father was then King (as we suppose)  
 When *Jonah* for their sins denounc'd such woes;  
 He did repent, therefore it was not done,  
 But was accomplished now, in his Son.  
*Arbaces* thus, of all becoming Lord,  
 Ingeniously with each did keep his word;  
 Of *Babylon*, *Belofus* he made King,  
 With over-plus of all treasures therein,  
 To *Bactrians*, he gave their liberty,  
 Of *Ninivites*, he caus'd none to dye,  
 But suffer'd, with goods to go elsewhere,  
 Yet would not let them to inhabite there;  
 For he demolish'd that City great,  
 And then to *Media* transfer'd his seat.  
 Thus was the promise bound, since first he crav'd,  
 Of *Medes*, and *Persians*, their assisting aide;  
 A while he, and his race, aside must stand,  
 Not pertinent to what we have in hand;  
 But *Belochus* in's progeny pursue,  
 Who did this Monarchy begin anew.

*Belofus, or Belochus.*

**B***elofus* settled, in his new, old seat,  
 Not so content, but aiming to be great,  
 Incroached stil upon the bord'ring Lands,  
 Til *Mesopotamia* he got in's hands,  
 And either by compound, or else by strength,  
*Affyria* he also gain'd at length;  
 Then did rebuild destroyed *Ninive*,  
 A costly work, which none could doe but he,

Who

Who own'd the treasures of proud *Babylon*,  
 And those which seem'd with *Sardanapal's* gone;  
 But though his Palace, did in ashes lye,  
 The fire, those Metals could not damne;  
 From rubbish these, with diligence he rakes,  
*Arbaces* suffers all, and all he takes.  
 He thus enricht, by this new tryed gold,  
 Raifes a Phoenix new, from grave o'th old;  
 And from this heap did after Ages see,  
 As fair a Town, as the first *Ninive*.  
 When this was built, and all matters in peace,  
 Molests poor *Israel*, his wealth t' encrease.  
 A thousand talents of *Mienahem* had,  
 Who to be rid of such a guest, was glad;  
 In sacred Writ, he's known by name of *Pul*,  
 Which makes the world of differences so full,  
 That he, and *Belochus*, one could not be,  
 But circumstance, doth prove the verity;  
 And times of both computed, so fall out,  
 That those two made but one, we need not doubt:  
 What else he did, his Empire to advance,  
 To rest content we must, in ignorance.  
 Forty eight years he reign'd, his race then run,  
 He left his new got Kingdoms to his Son.

*Tiglath Palasser.*

**B***elofus* dead, *Tiglath* his waile Son  
 Next treads the steps, by which his Father won.  
*Damascus*, ancient seat of famous Kings,  
 Under subjection by his sword he brings;

Reign

*Resin* their valiant King, he also slew,  
 And *Syria* to obedience did subdue;  
*Juda*'s bad King occasioned this War,  
 When *Resin* force his borders sore did mar.  
 And divers Cities, by strong hand did seize,  
 To *Tiglath* then doth *Aha* send for ease.  
 The temple robes, so to fulfill his ends,  
 And to *Assyria*'s King a Present sends.  
 I am thy Servant, and thy Son (quoth he)  
 From *Rezin*, and from *Pekah* set me free:  
 Gladly doth *Tiglath* this advantage take,  
 And succours *Aha*, yet for *Tiglath*'s sake,  
 When *Rezin*'s slain, his Army over-thrown,  
*Syria* he makes a Province of his own.  
 Unto *Damascus* then, comes *Israh*'s King,  
 His humble thankfulnesse (with hast) to bring,  
 Acknowledging th' *Assyrian* high descent,  
 To whom, he ought all loyalty of heart.  
 But *Tiglath*, having gain'd his wished end,  
 Proves unto *Aha* but a feigned friend;  
 All *Israels* Land, beyond *Jordan*, he takes.  
 In *Galilee*, he woful havock makes;  
 Through *Syria* now he marcht, none stopp'd his way,  
 And *Aha* open, at his mercy lay,  
 Who stil implor'd his love, but was distress'd,  
 (This was that *Aha*, which so much transgress'd.)  
 Thus *Tiglath* reign'd, and war'd, twenty seven years,  
 Then by his death, releas'd, was *Israels* fears.

*Salman*

*Salmanasser, or Nabonasser.*

*Tiglath* deceas'd, *Salmanasser* is next,  
 He *Israelines*, more then his Father vext;  
*Hoshea*, their last King, he did invade,  
 And him six years his tributary made;  
 But weary of his servitude, he sought,  
 To *Egypt* King, which did avail him nought;  
 For *Salmanasser*, with a mighty Host,  
 Besieg'd his regal town, and spoyl'd his Coast,  
 And did the people, nobles, and their King,  
 Into perpetual thraldome that time bring;  
 Those that from *Ioshua*'s time had been Estate,  
 Did Justice now, by him, eradicate: [ 10 years.  
 This was that strange degenerated brood,  
 On whom, nor threats, nor mercies could do good;  
 Laden with honour, prisoners, and with spoyl,  
 Returns triumphant Victor to his soyl;  
 Plac'd *Israel* in's Land, where he thought best,  
 Then sent his Colonies, theirs to invest;  
 Thus *Jacobs* Sons, in exile must remain,  
 And pleasant *Canaan* ne're see again:  
 Where now those ten Tribes are, can no man tel,  
 Or how they fare, rich, poor, or ill, or wel;  
 Whether the *Indians* of the East, or West,  
 Or wild *Tartarians*, as yet ne're blest,  
 Or else those *Chinoes* rare, whose wealth, and Arts,  
 Hath bred more wonder, then beleefe in hearts;  
 But what, or where they are, yet know we this;  
 They that return, and *Zion* see, with blisse.

*Senacherib.*

*Senacherib.*

**S**ENACHERIB *Salmaneser* succeeds,  
 Whose haughty heart is shewn in works, and deeds ;  
 His Wars none better then himself can boast,  
 On *Hennah*, *Arpad*, and on *Ivath* least ;  
 On *Hennah's*, and on *Sepharuzaim's* gods,  
 Twixt them and *Israel's* he knew no odds. [7 years.  
 Until the thundring hand of heaven he felt,  
 Which made his Army into nothing melt ;  
 With shame then turn'd to *Ninivie* again,  
 And by his Sons in's Idols house was slain.

*Essarhadon.*

**H**IS Son, weak *Essarhadon* reign'd in's place,  
 The fifth, and last, of great *Belosus* race ;  
 Brave *Merodach*, the Son of *Balladar*,  
 In *Babylon*, Lieutenant to this man,  
 Of opportunity advantage takes,  
 And on his Masters ruins, his house makes ;  
 And *Belosus*, first, his did unthrone,  
 So he's now stild, the King of *Babylon* ;  
 After twelve years did *Essarhadon* dye,  
 And *Merodach* assume the Monarchy.

*Merodach**Merodach Baladan.*

**A**Ll yeelds to him, but *Ninivie* kept free,  
 Until his Grand-childe made her bow the knee ;  
 Embassadors to *Hezekiah* sent, [21 years.  
 His health congratulates with complement.

*Ben. Merodach.*

**B**EN. *Merodach*, Successor to this King,  
 Of whom is little said in any thing ; [22 years.  
 But by conjecture this, and none but he,  
 Led King *Manasseh*, to captivity.

*Nebulassar.*

**B**RAVE *Nebulassar* to this King was Sonne,  
 The ancient *Ninivie* by him was won ;  
 For fifty years, or more, it had been free,  
 Now yeelds her neck unto captivity : [12 years.  
 A Vice-roy from her foe, she's glad t' accept,  
 By whom in firm obedience she's kept.

*Nebuchadnezzar, or Nebopolassar.*

**T**He famous Wars, of this Heroyick King,  
 Did neither *Homer*, *Hesode*, *Virgil* sing ;

Nor

Nor of his acts have we the certainty,  
 From some *Thucydides* grave History;  
 Nor's *Metamorphosis* from *Ovids* Book,  
 Nor his restoring from old legends took;  
 But by the Prophets, Pen-men most Divine,  
 This Prince in's magnitude doth ever shine;  
 This was of Monarchies that head of gold,  
 The richest, and the dreadful't to behold;  
 This was that tree, whose branches fill'd the earth,  
 Under whose shadow, birds, and beasts, had birth;  
 This was that King of Kings, did what he pleas'd,  
 Kild, sav'd, pull'd down, set up, or pain'd, or eas'd;  
 And this is he, who when he fear'd the least,  
 Was turned from a King, unto a Beast;  
 This Prince, the last year of his Fathers reign,  
 Against *Iehoiakim* marcht with his train;  
*Judah's* poor King besieg'd, who succourlesse,  
 Yields to his mercy, and the present stresse;  
 His Vassal is, gives pledges for his truth,  
 Children of Royal blood, unblemish'd youth;  
 Wife *Daniel*, and his fellows 'mongst the rest,  
 By the victorious King to *Babel's* prest;  
 The temple of rich ornaments defac'd,  
 And in his Idols house the Vassal's plac'd.  
 The next year he, with unresist'd hand,  
 Quite vanquish'd *Pharaoh* *Necho*, and his Band;  
 By great *Euphrates* did his Army fall,  
 Which was the losse of *Syria* withall;  
 Then into *Egypt*, *Necho* did retire,  
 Which in few years proves the *Assyrians* hire;  
 A mighty Army next, he doth prepare,  
 And unto wealthy *Tyre* with hast repair.

Such

Such was the situation of this place,  
 As might not him, but all the world out-face;  
 That in her pride, she knew not which to boast,  
 Whether her wealth, or yet her strength was most;  
 How in all Merchandise she did excell,  
 None but the true *Ezekiel* need to tell:  
 And for her strength, how hard she was to gain;  
 Can *Babel's* tired Souldiers tell with pain;  
 Within an Island had this City seat,  
 Divided from the maine, by channel great;  
 Of costly Ships, and Gallies, she had store;  
 And Mariners, to handle sayle, and oare;  
 But the *Chaldeans* had nor ships, nor skill,  
 Their shoulders must their Masters minde fulfill;  
 Fetch rubbish from the opposite old town,  
 And in the channell throw each burden down;  
 Where after many assayes, they make at last,  
 The Sea firm Land, whereon the Army pass,  
 And took the wealthy town, but all the gain  
 Requited not the cost, the toyle, and pain.  
 Full thirteen yeares in this strange work he spent;  
 Before he could accomplish his intent;  
 And though a Victor home his Army leads,  
 With peeld shoulders, and with balded heads;  
 When in the *Tyrian* wars, the King was hot,  
*Iehoiakim* his Oath had clean forgot;  
 Thinks this the fittest time to break his bands,  
 While *Babel's* King thus deep ingaged stands;  
 But he (alas) whose fortunes now i'th ebbe,  
 Had all his hopes like to a Spiders web;  
 For this great King, with-drawes part of his force,  
 To *Judah* marches with a speedy course,

G

And

And unexpected findes the feeble Prince,  
Whom he chastised for his proud offence ;  
Fast bound, intends at *Babel* he shal stay,  
But chang'd his minde, and slew him by the way ;  
Thus cast him out, like to a naked Ass,  
For this was he, for whom none said, Alas !  
His Son three months he suffered to reign,  
Then from his throne, he pull'd him down again :  
Whom with his Mother, he to *Babel* led,  
And more then thirty years in prison fed ;  
His Uncle, he established in's place,  
Who was last King of holy *Dauids* race ;  
But he, as perjur'd as *Ichoiakim*,  
*Judah* lost more ( then e're they lost ) by him ;  
Seven years he keeps his faith, and safe he dwells,  
But in the eighth, against his Prince rebels ;  
The ninth, came *Nebuchadnezzar* with power,  
Besieg'd his City, Temple, *Zions* Tower ;  
And after eighteen months he took them all,  
The wals so strong, that stood so long, now fall ;  
The cursed King, by flight could no wise free  
His wel deserv'd, and fore-told misery ;  
But being caught, to *Babels* wrathful King,  
With Children, Wives, and Nobles, all they bring,  
Where to the sword, all but himself was put,  
And with that woful sight his eyes close shut.  
A haplesse man, whose darksome contemplation,  
Was nothing, but such gastly meditation ;  
In midst of *Babel* now, til death he lyes,  
Yet as was told, ne'e saw it with his eyes ;  
The Temple's burnt, the Vessels had away,  
The Towers, and Palaces, brought to decay ;

Where

Where late, of Harp, and Lute, was heard the noyse,  
Now *Zim*, and *Sim*, lift up their shrieking voyce ;  
All now of worth, are captive led with tears,  
There sit bewailing *Zion* seventy years,  
With all these Conquests, *Babels* King rests not,  
No, nor when *Moab*, *Edom* he had got.  
*Kedar*, *Hazer*, the *Arabians* too,  
All Vassals, at his hands, for grace must sue ;  
A totall Conquest of rich *Egypt* makes,  
All rule, he from the ancient *Pharoos* takes ;  
Who had for sixteen hundred years born sway,  
To *Babylons* proud King, now yeelds the day.  
Then *Put*, and *Lud*, doe at his mercy stand,  
Where e're he goes, he Conquers every Land ;  
His sumptuous buildings passes all conceit,  
Which wealth, and strong ambition made so great ;  
His Image, *Judabs* Captives worship not,  
Although the Furnace be seven times more hot ;  
His Dreams, wife *Daniel* doth expound ful wel,  
And his unhappy change with grief fore-tel ;  
Strange melancholly humours on him lay,  
Which for seven years his reason took away ;  
Which from no natural causes did proceed,  
For by the Heavens above it was decreed :  
The time expir'd, remains a Beast no more,  
Resumes his Government, as heretofore,  
In splendor, and in Majesty, he sits,  
Contemplating those times he lost his wits ;  
And if by words, we may guesse at the heart,  
This King among the righteous had a part ;  
Forty four years he reign'd, which being run,  
He left his Wealth, and Conquest, to his Son.

G 2

Evilme.

*Evilmerodach.*

**B**abels great Monarch, now laid in the dust,  
 His son possesses wealth, and rule, as just;  
 And in the first year of his royalty,  
 Enseth *Jehoiakims* captivity.  
 Poor forlorn Prince, that had all state forgot,  
 In seven and thirty years, had seen no jot,  
 Among the Conquered Kings, that there did lye,  
 Is *Judah's* King, now lifted up on high.  
 But yet in *Babell*, he must still remain:  
 And native *Canaan*, never see again,  
 Unlike his father, *Evilmerodach*,  
 Prudence, and magnanimity, did lack  
 Faire *Ægypt* is, by his remissness lost;  
*Arabia*, and all the bordering coast,  
 Wars with the *Medes*, unhappily he wag'd,  
 (Within which broiles, rich *Crusus* was engag'd,)  
 His Army routed, and himselfe there slain,  
 His Kingdome to *Belshazzar* did remain,

*Belshazzar.*

**U**nworthy *Belshazzar* next weares the Crown,  
 Whose prophane acts, a sacred pen sets down.  
 His lust, and cruelty, in books we find,  
 A Royall State, rul'd by a brutish mind.  
 His life so base, and d'solute, invites  
 The Noble *Persians*, to invade his rights.

Who

Who with his own, and Uncles power anon;  
 Layes sledge to's regall seat, proud *Babylon*,  
 The coward King, whose strength lay in his walls,  
 To banquetting, and revelling now falls,  
 To shew his little dread, but greater store,  
 To chear his friends, and scorn his foes the more,  
 The holy vessells, thither brought long since,  
 Carous'd they in; and sacrilegious Prince,  
 Did praise his gods of mettall, wood, and stone,  
 Protectors of his Crown, and *Babylon*,  
 But he above, his doings did deride,  
 And with a hand, soon dashed all his pride.  
 The King, upon the wall casting his eye,  
 The fingers of his hand-writing did spy.  
 Which horrid sight, he fears, must needs portend,  
 Destruction to his Crown, to's Person end.  
 With quaking knees, and heart appall'd, he crys,  
 For the Soothsayers, and Magicians wise;  
 'Tis language strange, to read, and to unfold;  
 With guifts of Scarlet robe, and Chaines of gold,  
 And highest dignity, next to the King,  
 To him that could interpret clear this thing:  
 But dumb the gazing Astrologers stand,  
 Amazed at the writing, and the hand.  
 None answers the affrighted Kings intent.  
 Who still expects some fearfull sad event,  
 As thus amont he sits, as all undone:  
 In comes the Queen, to chear her heartlesse son.  
 Of *Daniel* tells, who in his Grand-fires dayes,  
 Was held in more request, then now he was,  
*Daniel* in haste, is brought before the King,  
 Who doth not flatter, nor once cloake the thing.

G 3

Re-

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

The end of the Assyrian Monarchy.

The



The Second Monarchy,  
 being the *Persian*, begun under  
*Cyrus*, *Darius* (being his Vnckle,  
 and his Father in Law ) reign-  
 ing with him about two years.



*Cyrus* *Cambyfes*, Son of *Persia's* King,  
 Whom Lady *Mandana* did to him bring ;  
 She Daughter unto great *Astages*,  
 He in descent the seventh from *Arbaces*.  
*Cambyfes* was of *Achemenes* race,

Who had in *Persia* the Lieutenants place.  
 When *Sardanapalus* was over-thrown,  
 And from that time, had held it as his own ;  
*Cyrus*, *Darius* Daughter took to wife,  
 And so unites two Kingdoms, without strife ;  
*Darius* was unto *Mandana* brother,  
 Adopts her Son for his, having no other :  
 This is of *Cyrus* the true pedigree,  
 Whose Ancestors, were royal in degree ;  
 His Mothers Dream, and Grand-fires cruelty,  
 His preservation in his misery ;  
 His nourishment afforded by a Birch,  
 Are fit for such, whose cares for fables itch ;

G 4.

H



He in his younger dayes an Army led,  
 Against great *Cressus*, then of *Lidia* head ;  
 Who over-curious of wars event,  
 For information to *Apollo* went :  
 And the ambiguous Oracle did trust,  
 So over-thrown of *Cyrus*, as was just ;  
 Who him pursues to *Sardis*, takes the town,  
 Where all that doe resist, are slaughter'd down ;  
 Disguised *Cressus*, hop'd to scape i'th throng,  
 Who had no might to save himself from wrong ;  
 But as he pift, his Son, who was born dumbe,  
 With pressing grief, and sorrow, over-come,  
 Amidst the tumult, bloud-shed, and the strife,  
 Brake his long silence, cry'd, spare *Cressus* life :  
*Cressus* thus known, it was great *Cyrus* doome,  
 ( A hard decree ) to ashes he consume ;  
 Then on a Pike being set, where all might eye,  
 He *Solon*, *Solon*, *Solon*, thrice did cry.  
 Upon demand, his minde to *Cyrus* broke,  
 And told, how *Solon* in his hight had spoke.  
 With pittie *Cyrus* mov'd, knowing Kings stand,  
 Now up, now down, as fortune turnes her hand,  
 Weighing the age, and greatnesse of the Prince,  
 ( His Mothers Vnckle, stories doe evince : )  
 Gave him at once, his life, and Kingdom too,  
 And with the *Lilians*, had no more to doe.  
 Next war, the restlesse *Cyrus* thought upon,  
 Was conquest of the stately *Babylon*,  
 Now treble wall'd, and moated so about,  
 That all the world they neither feare, nor doubt ;  
 To drain this ditch, he many sluices cut,  
 But till conveyant time their heads kept shut ;

That

That night *Belsazzar* feasted all his rout,  
 He cuts those banks, and let the river out ;  
 And to the walls securely marches on,  
 Not finding a defendant thereupon ;  
 Enters the town, the sottish King he slayes,  
 Upon earths richest spoyle his Souldiers preys ;  
 Here twenty yeares provision he found,  
 Forty five mile this City scarce could round ;  
 This head of Kingdoms, *Caldes* excellence,  
 For Owles, and Satyres, makes a residence ;  
 Yet wondrous Monuments this stately Queen,  
 Had after thousand yeares faire to be seen.  
*Cyrus* doth now the *Jewish* captives free,  
 An Edict makes, the Temple builded be,  
 He with his Vnckle *Daniel* sets on high,  
 And caus'd his foes in Lions den to dye.  
 Long after this, he 'gainst the *Sythians* goes,  
 And *Tomiris* Son, an Army over-throwes ;  
 Which to revenge, she hires a mighty power,  
 And sets on *Cyrus*, in a fatall houre ;  
 There routs his Hoast, himself the prisoner takes,  
 And at one blow, worlds head, she headlesse makes ;  
 The which she bak'd within a But of bloud.  
 Using such raunting words as she thought good.  
 But *Zenophon* reports, he dy'd in's bed,  
 In honour, peace, and wealth, with a grey head,  
 And in his Town of *Pasargada* lyes,  
 Where *Alexander* fought, in hope of prize,  
 But in this Tombe was only to be found  
 Two *Sythian* bowes, a sword, and target round ;  
 Where that prond Conquerour could doe no lesse,  
 Then at his Herse great honours to expresse ;

Three

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

*Cambyfes.*

**C** *Ambyfes*, no wayes like, his noble Sire,  
But to enlarge his state, had some desire ;  
His reign with Bloud, and Incest, first begins;  
Then sends to finde a Law for these his sins ;  
That Kings with Sisters match, no Law they finde,  
But that the *Persian* King, may act his minde ;  
Which Law includes all Lawes, though lawlesse itil,  
And makes it lawful Law, if he but wil ;  
He wages warre, the fifth year of his reign,  
Gainst *Ægypt's* King, who there by him was slain,  
And all of Royal bloud that came to hand,  
He seized first of life, and then of Land ;  
(But little *Marius*, scap'd that cruel fate,  
Who grown a man, resum'd again his state )  
He next to *Cypus* sends his bloody Hoard,  
Who landed soon upon that fruitful coast,  
Made *Evelthon* their King, with bended knee,  
To hold his own, of his free courtesie ;  
The Temples he destroyes not, for his zeal,  
But he would be profest god of their Weal ;  
Yea, in his pride, he ventured so farre,  
To spoyl the Temple of great *Jupiter* ;  
But as they marched o're those desert sands,  
The storm'd dust o'rwhelm'd his daring bands ;

But

But scorning thus by *Jove* to be out-bray'd,  
A second Army there had almost grav'd ;  
But vain he found, to fight with Elements,  
So left his sacrilegious bold intents :  
The *Ægyptian Apis* then he likewise slew,  
Laughing to scorn that calvish, sottish crew.  
If all his heat, had been for a good end,  
*Cambyfes* to the clouds, we might commend ;  
But he that fore the gods, himself prefers,  
Is more prophane, then grosse Idolaters ;  
And though no gods, if he esteem them some,  
And contemn them, woful is his doome.  
He after this, saw in a Vision,  
His brother *Smerdis* sit upon his throne ;  
He strait to rid himself of causlesse fears,  
Complots the Princes death, in his green years,  
Who for no wrong, poore innocent must dye,  
*Traspes* now must act this tragedy ;  
Who into *Persia* with Commission sent,  
Accomplished this wicked Kings intent ;  
His sister, whom incestuously he wed,  
Hearing her harmlesse brother thus was dead,  
His woful fate with tears did so bemoane,  
That by her Husbands charge, she caught her owne ;  
She with her fruit was both at once undone,  
Who would have born a Nephew, and a Son.  
O hellish Husband, Brother, Vnckle, Sire,  
Thy cruelty will Ages still admire .  
This strange severity, one time he us'd,  
Upon a Judge, for breach of Law accus'd ;  
Flayd him alive, hung up his stuffed skin  
Over his Seat, then plac'd his Son therein ;

To

To whom he gave this in remembrance,  
 Like fault must look, for the like recompence.  
*Praxaspes*, to *Cambyfes* favourite,  
 Having one son, in whom he did delight,  
 His cruell Master, for all service done,  
 Shot through the heart of his beloved son:  
 And only for his fathers faithfullnesse,  
 Who said but what, the King bad him expresse.  
 'T would be no pleasant, but a tedious thing,  
 To tell the facts, of this most bloody King.  
 Fear'd of all, but lov'd of few, or none,  
 All thought his short rign long, till it was done.  
 At last, two of his Officers he heare,  
 Had set a *Smerdis* up, of the same years;  
 And like in feature, to the *Smerdis* dead,  
 Ruling as they thought good, under his head.  
 Toucht with this newes, to *Persia* he makes,  
 But in the way, his sword just vengeance takes.  
 Unsheathes, as he his horse mounted on high,  
 And with a *Marshall* thrust, wounds him ith' thigh,  
 Which ends before begun, the *Persian* Wre,  
 Yeelding to death, that dreadfull Conquerer.  
 Griefe for his brothers death, he did expresse,  
 And more, because he dyed illuseffe.  
 The Male line, of great *Cyrus* now did end.  
 The Female many ages did extend,  
 A *Babylon* in *Egypt* did he make.  
 And built fair *Meroe*, for his sisters sake.  
 Eight years he reign'd, a short, yet too long time,  
 Cut off in's wickednesse, in's strength, and prime.

The

*The inter Regnum between Cambyles,  
 and Darius Hyllaspes.*

**C**Hildesse *Cambyles*, on the sudden dead,  
 The Princes meet to chuse one in his stead,  
 Of which the cheife were seven, call'd *Satrapes*,  
 (Who like to Kings, rul'd Kingdomes as they please,)  
 Descended all, of *Achomenes* blood,  
 And kinsmen in account, to th' King they stood,  
 And first these noble *Magi* 'gree upon,  
 To thrust th' Imposter *Smerdis* out of throne,  
 Their Forces instantly they raise, and rout,  
 This King, with conspirators so stout,  
 Who little pleasure had, in his short reigne,  
 And now with his accomplices lye slaine.  
 But yet, 'fore this was done, much blood was shed,  
 And two of these great Peers, in place lay dead:  
 Some write that sorely hurt, they 'scap'd away;  
 But so or no, sure tis, they won the day.  
 All things in peace, and Rebels thoroughly quod,  
 A Consultation by the States was held.  
 What forme of Government now to erect,  
 The old, or new, which best, in what respect,  
 The greater part, declin'd a Monarchy.  
 So late cruelt by their Princes Tyranny;  
 And thought the people, would more happy be,  
 If governed by an Aristocracy.  
 But others thought (none of the dullest braine,)  
 But better one, then many Tyrants reigne.  
 What arguments they us'd, I know not well,  
 Too politicke (tis like) for me to tell,

But

But in conclusion they all agree,  
 That of the seven a Monarch chosen be ;  
 All envie to avoyd, this was thought on,  
 Upon a Green to meet, by rising Sun ;  
 And he whose Horse before the rest should neigh,  
 Of all the Peers should have precedency.  
 They all attend on the appointed houre,  
 Praying to Fortune, for a Kingly power ;  
 Then mounting on their snorting courfers proud,  
*Darius* lusty stallion neighed full loud ;  
 The Nobles all alight, their King to greet,  
 And after *Persian* manner, kisse his feet.  
 His happy wishes now doth no man spare,  
 But acclamations echoes in the aire ;  
 A thousand times, God save the King, they cry,  
 Let tyranny now with *Cambyse* dye.  
 They then attend him, to his royall roome,  
 Thanks for all this to's crafty Stable-groome.

*Darius Hystaspes.*

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

His

His affability, and milde aspect,  
 Did win him loyalty, and all respect ;  
 Yet notwithstanding he did all so well,  
 The *Babylonians* 'gainst their Prince rebell ;  
 An Host he rais'd, the City to reduce,  
 But strength against those walls was of no use ;  
 For twice ten months before the town he lay,  
 And fear'd, he now with scorn must march away :  
 Then brave *Zopirus*, for his Masters good,  
 His manly face dis-figures, spares no bloud,  
 With his own hands cuts off his eares, and nose,  
 And with a faithfull fraud to' th' town he goes,  
 Tels them, how harshly the proud King had dealt,  
 That for their sakes, his cruelty he felt ;  
 Desiring of the Prince to raise the siege,  
 This violence was done him by his Leige ;  
 This told, for enterance he stood not long,  
 For they beleev'd his nose, more then his tongue ;  
 With all the Cities strength they him betrust,  
 If he command, obey the greatest must :  
 When opportunity he saw was fit,  
 Delivers up the town, and all in it.  
 To loose a nose, to win a Town's no shame,  
 But who dare venture such a stake for th' game ;  
 Then thy disgrace, thine honour's manifold,  
 Who doth deserve a Statue made of gold ;  
 Nor can *Darius* in his Monarchy,  
 Scarce finde enough to thank thy loyalty ;  
 But yet thou hast sufficient recompence,  
 In that thy fame shall sound whilst men have sence ;  
 Yet o're thy glory we must cast this vaile,  
 Thy falsehood, not thy valour did prevaile ;

Thy

Thy wit was more then was thine honesty,  
 Thou lov'dst thy Master more then verity.  
*Darius* in the second of his reign,  
 An Edict for the *Jews* publish'd again,  
 The temple to re-build, for that did rest  
 Since *Cyrus* time, *Cambyses* did molest ;  
 He like a King, now grants a Charter large,  
 Out of his owne revenues beares the charge ;  
 Gives sacrifices, wheat, wine, oyle, and salt,  
 Threats punishment to him, that through default  
 Shall let the work, or keep back any thing,  
 Of what is freely granted by the King ;  
 And on all Kings he poures out execrations,  
 That shall, but dare raze those firme foundations ;  
 They thus backt of the King, in spite of foes,  
 Built on, and prosper'd, till their walls did close ;  
 And in the sixth yeare of his friendly reign  
 Set up a Temple ( though, a lesse ) again.  
*Darius* on the *Sythians* made a war,  
 Enttring that large and barren country far ;  
 A bridge he made, which serv'd for boat, and barge ;  
 Over fair *Ister*, at a mighty charge ;  
 But in that Desart, 'mongst his barbarous foes,  
 Sharp wants, not swords, his valour did oppose ;  
 His Army fought with Hunger, and with Cold,  
 Which two then to assaile, his Camp was bold :  
 By these alone his Host was pinch'd so sore,  
 He warr'd defensive, not offensive, more ;  
 The Salvages did laugh at his distresse,  
 Their minds by Hieroglyphicks they expresse ;  
 A Frog, a Mouse, a Bird, an Arrow sent,  
 The King will needs interpret their intent ;

Posses-

Possession of water, earth, and aire,  
 But wise *Gobrias* reads not half so farre :  
 Quoth he, like Frogs, in water we must dive,  
 Or like to Mice, under the earth must live ;  
 Or fly like birds, in unknown wayes full quick ;  
 Or *Sythian* arrows in our sides must stick.  
 The King, seeing his men, and victuall spent,  
 His fruitlesse war, began late to repent ;  
 Return'd with little honour, and lesse gaine,  
 His enemies scarce seen, then much lesse, slaine ;  
 He after this, intends *Greece* to invade,  
 But troubles in lesse *Asia* him stay'd ;  
 Which hush't, he straight so orders his affaires,  
 For *Attica* an Army he prepares ;  
 But as before, so now with ill successe,  
 Return'd with wondrous losse, and honour lesse :  
*Athens* perceiving now their desperate state,  
 Arm'd all they could, which elev'n thousand make ;  
 By brave *Miltiades* ( their chief ) being led,  
*Darius* multitude before them fled ;  
 At *Marathon* this bloody field was fought,  
 Where *Grecians* prov'd themselves right Souldiers,  
 The *Persians* to their Gallies post with speed, ( stout ;  
 Where an *Athenian* shew'd a valiant deed,  
 Pursues his flying-foes, and on the strand,  
 He staves a landing Gally with his hand ;  
 Which soon cut off, he with the left  
 Renews his hold ; but when of that bereft,  
 His whetted teeth he sticks in the firm wood,  
 Off flies his head, down showres his frolick blood.  
 Go *Persians*, carry home that angry peece,  
 As the best trophie that ye won in *Greece*.

H

*Darius*

*Darius* light, he heavie, home returnes,  
 And for revenge his heart still restlesse burnes ;  
 His Queen *Atossa*, caused all this stir,  
 For *Grecian* Maids ( 'tis said ) to wait on her ;  
 She lost her aime; her Husband, he lost more,  
 His men, his coyn, his honour, and his store ;  
 And the ensuing yeare ended his life,  
 ( 'Tis thought ) through grief of his successeless strife.  
 Thirty six years this royall Prince did reign,  
 Unto his eldest Sen, all did remain.

*Xerxes.*

**X** *erxes*, *Darius*, and *Atossa's* Son,  
 Grand-childe to *Cyrus*, now sits on the throne ;  
 The Father not so full of lenity,  
 As is the Son, of pride, and cruelty ;  
 He with his Crown, receives a double warre,  
 Th' *Aegyptians* to reduce, and *Greece* to marre ;  
 The first begun, and finish'd in such hast,  
 None write by whom, nor how, 'twas over-past ;  
 But for the last he made such preparation,  
 As if to dust he meant to grinde that Nation ;  
 Yet all his men, and instruments of slaughter,  
 Produced but derision, and laughter ;  
 Sage *Ariabaus* counsell, had he taken,  
 And's cousen, young *Mardonius* forsaken,  
 His Souldiers, credit, wealth, at home had stay'd,  
 And *Greece* such wondrous triumphs ne're had made.  
 The first depots, and layes before his eyes,  
 His Fathers ill successe in's enterprise,

Against

Against the *Sythians*, and *Grecians* too,  
 What infamy to's honour did accrue.  
 Flattering *Mardonius* on th' other side,  
 With certainty of *Europe* feeds his pride ;  
 Vaine *Xerxes* thinks his counsell hath most wit,  
 That his ambitious humour best can fit ;  
 And by this choyce, unwarily posts on,  
 To present losse, future subversion ;  
 Although he hasted, yet foure yeares was spent.  
 In great provisions, for this great intent ;  
 His Army of all Nations, was compounded,  
 That the large *Persian* government surrounded ;  
 His Foot was seventeen hundred thousand strong,  
 Eight hundred thousand Horse to them belong ;  
 His Camels, beasts, for carriage numberlesse,  
 For truth's asham'd how many to expresse ;  
 The charge of all he severally commended,  
 To Princes of the *Persian* bloud descended,  
 But the command of these Commanders all,  
 To *Mardonius*, Captain Generall ;  
 He was the Son of the fore-nam'd *Gobrias*,  
 Who married the sister of *Darius* :  
 These his Land Forces were, then next, a Fleet  
 Of two and twenty thousand Gallies meet,  
 Mann'd by *Phenicians*, and *Pamphilians*,  
*Cypriots*, *Darians*, and *Cilicians*,  
*Lycians*, *Carians*, and *Ionians*,  
*Eolians*, and the *Helisfontines* ;  
 Besides, the Vessels for his transportation,  
 Three thousand ( or more ) by best relation,  
*Artemesia*, *Halicarnassus* Queene,  
 In person there, now for his help was seen ;

H 2

Whose

Whose Gallies all the rest in neatnesse passe,  
 Save the *Zidonians*, where *Xerxes* was.  
 Hers she kept stil, seporate from the rest,  
 For to command alone, she thought was best.  
 O noble Queen, thy valour I commend,  
 But pitty 'twas, thine ayde that here did 't lend;  
 At *Sardis*, in *Lidia*, these all doe meet,  
 Whither rich *Pisyrus* comes, *Xerxes* to greet;  
 Feasts all this multitude, of his own charge,  
 Then gives the King, a King-like gift, most large;  
 Three thousand Talents of the purest gold;  
 Which mighty sam, all wondred to behold.  
 He humbly to the King then makes request,  
 One of his five Sons there, might be releast;  
 To be to's age a comfort, and a stay,  
 The other four he freely gave away:  
 The King calls for the Youth, who being brought,  
 Cuts him in twain, for whom his Sire besought.  
 O most inhumain incivility!  
 Nay, more then monstrous barb'rous cruelty!  
 For his great love, is this thy recompence?  
 Is this to doe like *Xerxes*, or a Prince?  
 Thou shame of Kings, of men the detestation,  
 I Rhetorick want, to poure out execration:  
 First thing, *Xerxes* did worthy recount,  
 A Sea passage cuts, behind *Orizos* Mount.  
 Next, o're the *Hellispont* a bridge he made,  
 Of Boats, tog: ther coupled, and there laid;  
 But winds, and waves, these couples soon dislever'd,  
 Yet *Xerxes* in his enterprize persever'd;  
 Seven thousand Gallies chain'd, by *Tyrians* skil,  
 Firmly at length, accomplished his wil;

Sav

Seven dayes and nights, his Hoast without least stay,  
 Was marching o're this interrupting Bay;  
 And in *Abidus* Plaines, mustring his Forces,  
 He glories in his Squadrons, and his Horses;  
 Long viewing them, thought it great happinesse,  
 One King, so many Subjects should possesse;  
 But yet this goodly sight produced teares,  
 That none of these should live a hundred yeares:  
 What after did ensue, had he fore-seen.  
 Of so long time, his thoughts had never been.  
 Of *Artabanus* he again demands,  
 How of this enterprize his thoughts now stands;  
 His answer was, both Land and Sea he feared,  
 Which was not vaine, as it soon appeared:  
 But *Xerxes* resolute, to *Thrace* goes first,  
 His Hoast, who *Lissus* drinks to quench their thirst,  
 And for his Cartell, all *Pisyrus* Lake  
 Was scarce enough, for each a draught to take.  
 Then marching to the streight *Thermopyle*,  
 The *Spartan* meets him, brave *Leonade*,  
 This 'twixt the Mountains lyes (half Acre wide)  
 That pleasur: *Thessaly*, from *Greece* divide;  
 Two dayes and nights a fight they there maintain,  
 Till twenty thousand *Persians* falls down slain;  
 And all that Army, then dismay'd, had fled,  
 But that a Fugative discovered,  
 How part, might o're the Mountains goe about,  
 And wound the backs of those bold Warriours stout.  
 They thus behem'd with multitude of foes,  
 Laid on more fiercely, their deep mortall blowes;  
 None cries for quarter, nor yet seeks to run,  
 But on their ground they dye, each Mothers Son.

H 3

O

O noble *Greeks*, how now, degenerate ?  
 Where is the valour, of your antient State ?  
 When as one thousand, could some Millions daunt ;  
 Alas, it is *Leonades* you want !  
 This shamefull Victory cost *Xerxes* deare,  
 Amongst the rest, two brothers he lost there ;  
 And as at Land, so he at Sea was crost,  
 Four hundred stately Ships by stormes was lost,  
 Of Vessels small almost innumerable,  
 Them to receive, the Harbour was not able ;  
 Yet thinking to out-match his foes at Sea,  
 Inclos'd their Fleet i'th' streights of *Eubœa* ;  
 But they as valiant by Sea, as Land,  
 In this Streight, as the other, firmly stand.  
 And *Xerxes* mighty Gallies batter'd so,  
 That their split sides, witness'd his overthrow ;  
 Yet in the streights of *Salamis* he try'd,  
 If that smal number his great force could bide ;  
 But he, in daring of his forward foe,  
 Received there, a shameful over-throw.  
 Twice beaten thus by Sea, he warr'd no more ;  
 But *Phocians* Land, he then wast'd sore :  
 They no way able to withstand his force,  
 That brave *Thymistocles* takes this wise course,  
 In secret manner word to *Xerxes* sends,  
 That *Greeks* to break his bridge shortly intends ;  
 And as a friend, warns him, what e're he doe,  
 For his retreat, to have an eye thereto :  
 He hearing this, his thoughts, and course home bended,  
 Much, that which never was intended !  
 Yet 'fore he went, to help out his expence,  
 Part of his Host to *Delphos* sent from thence,

To

To rob the wealthy Temple of *Apollo*,  
 But mischief, Sacrilege doth ever follow ;  
 Two mighty Rocks, brake from *Parnassus* Hil,  
 And many thousands of these men did kil ;  
 Which accident, the rest affrighted so,  
 With empty hands they to their Master go ;  
 He seeing all thus tend unto decay,  
 Thought it his best, no longer for to stay ;  
 Three hundred thousand yet he left behind,  
 With his *Mardonius*, judex of his minde ;  
 Who for his sake, he knew, would venture far,  
 ( Chief instigator of this hopelesse War ; )  
 He instantly to *Athens* sends for peace,  
 That all Hostility might thence-forth cease ;  
 And that with *Xerxes* they would be at one,  
 So should all favour to their State be shown.  
 The *Spartans*, fearing *Athens* would agree,  
 As had *Macedon*, *Thebes*, and *Thessalie*,  
 And leave them out, the shock for to sustaine,  
 By their Ambassador they thus complain ;  
 That *Xerxes* quarrel was 'gainst *Athens* State,  
 And they had helpt them, as confederate ;  
 If now in need, they should thus fail their friends,  
 Their infamy would last till all things ends :  
 But the *Athenians*, this peace detest,  
 And thus reply'd unto *Mardonius* request ;  
 That whilst the Sun did run his endlessse course,  
 Against the *Persians* they would use their force.  
 Nor could the brave Ambassador be sent,  
 With Rhetorick, to gain better complement :  
 Though of this Nation borne a great Commander,  
 No lesse then Grand-fire to great *Alexander*.

H 4

*Mardonius*