

*Mardonius* proud, hearing this answer stout,  
 To adde unto his numbers, layes about,  
 And of those *Greeks*, which by his skill he'd won,  
 He fifty thousand joynes unto his own;  
 The other *Greeks*, which were confederate,  
 One hundred thousand, and ten thousand make.  
 The *Beotian* Fields, of war, the seats,  
 Where both sides exercis'd their manly feats;  
 But all their controversies to decide,  
 For one maine Battell shortly, both provide;  
 The *Athenians* could but forty thousand arme,  
 For other Weapons, they had none would harme;  
 But that which helpt defects, and made them bold,  
 Was Victory, by Oracle fore-told:  
 Ten dayes these Armies did each other face,  
*Mardonius* finding victuals wast apace,  
 No longer dar'd, but fiercely on-set gave,  
 The other not a hand, nor sword will wave,  
 Till in the entrails of their Sacrifice,  
 The signall of their victory doth rise;  
 Which found, like *Greeks* they fight, the *Persians* fly,  
 And troublesome *Mardonius* now must dye:  
 All's lost, and of three hundred thousand men,  
 Three thousand scapes, for to run home again;  
 For pitty, let those few to *Xerxes* go,  
 To certifie this finall over-throw.  
 Same day, the small remainder of his Fleet,  
 The *Grecians* at *Mysale* in *Asia* meet,  
 And there so utterly they wrack'd the same,  
 Scarce one was left, to carry home the same;  
 Thus did the *Greeks* destroy, consume, disperse,  
 That Army, which did fight the Universe;

Scorn'd

Scorn'd *Xerxes*, hated for his cruelty.  
 Yet ceases not to act his villany:  
 His brothers wife, solicites to his will;  
 The chaste, and beaurious Dame, refuses still.  
 Some years by him in this vain suit was spent,  
 Yet words, nor guifts, could win him least content:  
 Nor matching of her daughter, to his son:  
 But she was still, as when it first begun.  
 When jealous Queen *Amestris*, of this knew,  
 She *Harpy*-like, upon the Lady flew:  
 Cut off her lilly breasts, her nose, and ears;  
 And leaves her thus, besmear'd with blood, and tears:  
 Straight comes her Lord, and finds his wife thus lie,  
 The sorrow of his heart, did close his eye:  
 He dying to behold, that wounding sight,  
 Where he had sometime gaz'd with great delight.  
 To see that face, where *Rose* and *Lilly* stood,  
 O're-flown with torrent of her ruby blood.  
 To see those breasts, where chastity did dwell,  
 Thus cut, and mangled by a hag of hell.  
 With loaden heart unto the King he goes,  
 Tels as he could, his unexpressed woes,  
 But for his deep complaints; and showres of tears,  
 His brothers recompence was naught but tears:  
 The grieved Prince finding nor right, nor leave,  
 To *Babylonia* his household did remove.  
 His wicked brother, after sent a crew,  
 Which him, and his, most barbarously there slew,  
 Unto such height did grow his cruelty,  
 Of life, no man had least security.  
 At last his Uncle, did his death conspire,  
 And for that end, his Eunuch he did hire.

Which

Which wretch, him privately smother'd in's bed,  
 But yet by search, he was found murdered,  
 The *Ariacanus* hirer of this deed,  
 That from suspicion he might be freed,  
 Accus'd *Darius*, *Xerxes* eldest son,  
 To be the Authour of the deed was done,  
 And by his craft, ordered the matter so,  
 That the poor innocent, to death must go.  
 But in short time, this wickednesse was knowne,  
 For which he dyed, and not he alone.  
 But all his family was likewise slain,  
 Such Justice then, in *Persia* did remain,  
 The eldest son, thus immaturely dead,  
 The second was inthron'd, in's fathers stead.

*Artaxerxes Longimanus.*

**A**mongst the Monarchs next, this Prince had place  
 The best that ever sprang of *Cyrus* race.  
 He first, war with revolting *Aegypt* made.  
 To whom the perjur'd *Grecians* lent their aide,  
 Although to *Xerxes*, they not long before,  
 A league of amity, had sworn before.  
 Which had they kept, *Greece* had more nobly done,  
 Then when the world, they after over-run;  
*Greeks* and *Egyptians* both, he overthrows,  
 And payes them now, according as he owes,  
 Which done, a sumptuous feast, makes like a King  
 Where ninetycore days, are spent in banquetting,  
 His Princes, Nobles, and his Captaines calls,  
 To be partakers in these festivalls.

His

His hangings, white, and green, and purple dyes;  
 With gold and silver beds, most gorgeously.  
 The royall wine, in golden cups doth passe,  
 To drink more then he list, none bidden was;  
 Queen *Vashty* also feasts, but 'fore tis ended,  
 Alas, she from her Royalty's suspended.  
 And a more worthy, placed in her roome,  
 By *Memucan's* advice, this was the doome.  
 What *Hester* was, and did, her story reed,  
 And how her Country-men from spoile she freed.  
 Of *Hamans* fall, and *Mordicæ's* great rise;  
 The might o'th' Prince, the tribute on the Isles.  
 Unto this King *Thymistocles* did flye.  
 When under *Ostracisme* he did lye.  
 For such ingratitude, did *Athens* show  
 This valiant Knight, whom they so much did owe;  
 Such entertainment with this Prince he found,  
 That in all Loyalty his heart was bound;  
 The King not little joyfull of this chance,  
 Thinking his *Grecian* wars now to advance.  
 And for that end, great preparation made,  
 Fair *Attica*, a third time to invade.  
 His Grand-fires old disgrace, did vex him sore,  
 His father *Xerxes* losse, and shure, much more,  
 For punishment, their breach of oath did call,  
 The noble *Greek*, now fit for generall.  
 Who for his wrong, he could not chuse but deem,  
 His Country, nor his Kindred would esteem,  
 Provisions, and season now being fit,  
 T'*Thymistocles* he doth his war commit,  
 But he all injury, had soon forgate,  
 And to his Country-men could bear no hate.

No;

Nor yet disloyall to his Prince would prove,  
 To whom oblig'd, by favour, and by love;  
 Either to wrong, did wound his heart so sore,  
 To wrong himseife by death, he chose before:  
 In this sad conflict, marching on his ways,  
 Strong poyson took, and put an end to's dayes.  
 The King this noble Captaine having lost,  
 Again disperfed, his new levyed hoast.  
 Rest of his time in peace he did remain;  
 And dy'd the two and fortieth of his reign.

*Daryus Nothus.*

**T**hree sons great *Artaxerxes* left behind;  
 The eldest to succeed, that was his mind.  
 But he, with his next brother fell at strife,  
 That nought appeas'd him, but his brothers life.  
 Then the survivor is by *Nothus* slaine;  
 Who now sole Monarch, doth of all remaine,  
 These two lewd sons, are by hystorians thought,  
 To be by *Hesker*, to her husband brought.  
 If they were hers, the greater was her moan;  
 That for such gracelesse wretches she did groan,  
 Disquiet *Egypt*, 'gainst this King rebells,  
 Drives out his garison that therein dwells.  
 Joynes with the *Greeks*, and so maintains their right,  
 For sixty years maugre the *Persians* might.  
 A second trouble, after this succede's.  
 Which from remissnesse, in *Asia* proceeds  
*Amirges*, whom their Vice-roy he ordain'd  
 Revolts, having treasure, and people gain'd:

In-

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

*Artaxerxes Mnemon.*

**M***Nemon* now sits upon his fathers Throne,  
 Yet doubts, all he enjoys, is not his own.

Still

Still on his brother, casts a jealous eye,  
 Judging all's actions, tends to's injury.  
*Cyrus* o'th' other side, weighs in his mind,  
 What helps, in's enterprize he's like to find,  
 His interst, in the Kingdome, now next heir,  
 More deare to's mother, then his brother far.  
 His brothers litle love, like to be gone,  
 Held by his mothers intercession.  
 These and like motives, hurry him amain,  
 To win by force, what right could not obtain.  
 And thought it best, now in his mothers time,  
 By lesser steps, towards the top to climbe;  
 If in his enterprize he should fall short,  
 She to the King, would make a fair report:  
 He hop'd, if fraud, nor force the Crown could gaine;  
 Her prevailence, a pardon might obtain.  
 From the Lieutenant first, he takes away,  
 Some Townes commodious in lesse *Asia*,  
 Pretending still, the profit of the King,  
 Whose rents and customes, duly he sent in.  
 The King finding, revenues now amended;  
 For what was done, seemed no whit offended.  
 Then next, the *Lacedemons* he takes to pay;  
 (One *Greece* could make ten *Persians* run away)  
 Great care was his pretence, those Souldiers stout,  
 The Rovers in *Pisidia*, should drive out.  
 But least some worser newes should fly to Court;  
 He meant himselfe to carry the report.  
 And for that end, five hundred Horse he chose,  
 With posting speed towards the King he goes;  
 But fame more quick, arrives ere he came there,  
 And fills the Court with tumult, and with fear.

The

The young Queen, and old, at bitter jars:  
 The one accus'd the other, for these wars:  
 The wife, against the mother, still doth cry  
 To be the Author of conspiracy.  
 The King dismay'd, a mighty Host doth raise;  
 Which *Cyrus* heares, and so fore-flowes his pace:  
 But as he goes, his Forces still augment,  
 Seven hundred *Greeks* now further his intents:  
 And others to be warm'd by this new sun,  
 In numbers from his brother daily run.  
 The fearfull King, at last, musters his Forces;  
 And counts nine hundred thousand foot and horses:  
 And yet with these, had neither heart, nor grace;  
 To lock his manly brother in the face.  
 Three hundred thousand, yet to *Syria* sent;  
 To keep those streights, to hinder his intent.  
 Their Captain hearing, but of *Cyrus* name,  
 Ran back, and quite abandoned the same,  
*Abrecomes*, was this base cowards name,  
 Not worthy to be known, but for his shame:  
 This place was made, by nature, and by art;  
 Few might have kept it, had they but a heart.  
*Cyrus* despair'd, a passage there to gain;  
 So hir'd a fleet, to wait him ore the Maine,  
 The mazed King, was now about to fly;  
 To th' utmost parts of *Bactria*, and there lye.  
 Had not a Captain; sore against his will;  
 By reason, and by force, detain'd him still.  
 Up then with speed, a mighty trench he throwes,  
 For his security, against his foes.  
 Six yards the depth, and forty miles the length,  
 Some fifty, or else sixty fcore in breadth.

Yet



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

But

But in his speed a Dart hit him i'th' eye,  
 Down *Cyrus* falls, and yeelds to destiny;  
 His Host in chase, knowes not of his disaster,  
 But treads down all, for to advance their Master;  
 At last his head they spy upon a Laurence,  
 Who knowes the sudden change made by this chance;  
 Sencelesse and mute they stand, yet breath out groans,  
 Nor *Gorgons* like to this, transform'd to stones.  
 After this trance, revenge, new spirits blew,  
 And now more eagerly their foes pursue,  
 And heaps on heaps, such multitudes they laid,  
 Their armes grew weake, through slaughters that they  
 The King unto a country Village flies, (made.  
 And for a while unkingly there he lyes;  
 At last, displayes his Ensigne on a Hill,  
 Hoping with that to make the *Greeks* stand stil,  
 But was deceiv'd; to it they make amain,  
 The King upon the spur, runs back again;  
 But they too faint, still to pursue their game,  
 Being Victors oft, now to their Camp they came;  
 Nor lackt they any of their number small,  
 Nor wound receiv'd, but one among them all:  
 The King with his dispers'd also incamp't.  
 With infamy upon each fore-head stamp't;  
 After a while his thoughts he re-collects,  
 Of this dayes cowardize, he feares the effects;  
 If *Greeks* unto their Country-men declare,  
 What dastards in the field the *Persians* are;  
 They soone may come, and place one in his Throne,  
 And rob him both of Scepter, and of Crown;  
 That their return be stop't, he judg'd was best,  
 That to *Europeans* might no more molest;

I

Forth-

Forthwith he sends to's Tent, they straight addresse,  
 And there all wait his mercy, weaponlesse ;  
 The *Greeks* with scorn reject his proud commands ;  
 Asking no favour, where they fear'd no bands.  
 The troubled King, his Herauld sends again,  
 And sues for peace, that they his friends remain ;  
 The smiling *Greeks* reply, they first must bait,  
 They were too hungry to capitulate ;  
 The King great store of all provision sends,  
 And courtesie to th' utmost he pretends ;  
 Such terror on the *Persians* then did fall,  
 They quak'd, to heare them, to each other call.  
 The King's perplext, there dares not let them stay,  
 And feares as much to let them march away ;  
 But Kings ne're want such as can serve their will,  
 Fit instruments to accomplish what is ill ;  
 As *Tyssaphern*, knowing his Mistrers minde,  
 Invites their chief Commander, as most kinde ;  
 And with all Oathes, and deepest flattery,  
 Gets them to treat with him in privacy,  
 But violates his honour, and his word,  
 And Villaine-like, there puts them to the sword.  
 The *Greeks*, having their valiant Captaines slaine,  
 Chose *Xenophon*, to lead them home again ;  
 But *Tyssaphern* did what he could devise,  
 To stop the way in this their enterprize ;  
 But when through difficulties still they brake,  
 He sought all sustinance from them to take,  
 Before them burnt the country as they went,  
 So to deprive them of all nourishment ;  
 But on they march, through hunger, and through cold,  
 O're mountains, rocks, and hills, as Lions bold ;

N

Nor rivers course, nor *Persians* force could stay,  
 But on to *Trabezond* they kept their way ;  
 There was of *Greeks*, settled a Colony,  
 These after all, receiv'd them joyfully ;  
 There for some time they were, but whilst they staid,  
 Into *Bithynia* often in roads made ;  
 The King afraid what further they might doe,  
 Unto the *Spartan* Admirall did sue,  
 Straight to transport them to the other side,  
 For these incursions he durst not abide ;  
 So after all their travell, danger, pain,  
 In peace they saw their Native soyl again.  
 The *Greeks* now ( as the *Persian* King suspects )  
 The *Asiatiques*, cowardize detects ;  
 The many victories themselves did gain,  
 The many thousand *Persians* they had slain ;  
 And now their Nation with facility,  
 Might win the universall Monarchy ;  
 They then *Dercilladas*, send with an Hoast,  
 Who with his *Spartans* on the *Asian* coast ;  
 Town after town, with small resistance take,  
 Which rumor makes great *Artaxerxes* quake ;  
 The *Greeks* by this successe, encourag'd so,  
*Agésilas* himself doth over-goe ;  
 By th' Kings Lieurenant is encountered,  
 But *Tyssaphernes* with his Army fled ;  
 Which over-throw incens'd the King so fore,  
 That *Tyssapherne* must be Vice-roy no more ;  
*Tybraustes* now is placed in his stead,  
 And hath command, to take the others head,  
 Of that false perjur'd wretch, this was the last,  
 Who of his cruelty made many tast,

I 2

Tybraustes

*Tythrastus* trusts more to his wit then Arms,  
 And hopes by craft to quit his Masters harmes ;  
 He knows that many towns in *Greece* envies  
 The *Spartans* height, which now apace doth rise ;  
 To these he thirty thousand Tallents sent,  
 With suit, their force, against his foes be bent ;  
 They to their discontent, receiving hire,  
 With broyls, and quarrels, sets all *Greece* on fire.  
*Agestilus* is called home with speed,  
 To defend, more then offend, he had need.  
 They now lost all, and were a peace to make,  
 The Kings conditions they are forc't to take ;  
 Dissention in *Greece* continued long,  
 Til many a Captain fel, both wise, and strong,  
 Whose courage nought but death could ever tame,  
 'Mongst these *Epimondas* wants no fame ;  
 Who had ( as noble *Kaleigh* doth evince )  
 All the peculiar vertues of a Prince ;  
 But let us leave these *Greeks*, to discord bent,  
 And turne to *Persia*, as is pertinent ;  
 The King from forraign foes, and all at ease,  
 His home-bred troubles seeketh to appease ;  
 The two Queens, by his means, 'gin to abate  
 Their former envie, and inveterate hate ;  
 Then in voluptuousnesse he leads his life,  
 And weds his Daughter for a second wife ;  
 His Mothers wicked counsell was the cause,  
 Who sooths him up, his owne desires are Lawes ;  
 But yet for all his greatnesse, and long reign,  
 He must leave all, and in the pit remain ;  
 Forty three years he rules, then turns to dust,  
 As all the mighty ones, have done, and must :

But

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

*Darius Ochus.*

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

*Arfames, or Arses.*

Why *Arfames* his brother should succeed,  
 I can no reason give, cause none I read ;  
 It may be thought, surely he had no Son,  
 So fell to him, which else it had not done ;  
 What Acts he did, time hath not now left pend,  
 But as 'tis thought, in him had *Cyrus* end :  
 Whose race long time had worn the Diadem,  
 But now's divolved, to another Stem.  
 Three years he reign'd, as *Chronicles* expresse,  
 Then Natures debt he paid, quite Issue-lesse.

*Darius Codomanus.*

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

*The end of the Persian Monarchy.*

The



The third Monarchy was  
 the *Grecian*, beginning un-  
 der *Alexander* the Great, in  
 the 112 *Olimpiad*.



Great *Alexander*, was wife *Phillips* son,  
 He, to *Amintas*, Kings of *Macedon*;  
 The cruell, proud, *Olimpias*, was his mo-  
 ther,  
 Shee to the rich *Molossians* King, was  
 daughter.

This Prince (his father by *Pausanias* slain)  
 The twenty first of 's age, began to reign.  
 Great were the gifts of nature, which he had;  
 His Education, much to these did adde.  
 By Art, and Nature both, he was made fit,  
 T'accomplish that, which long before was writ.  
 The very day of his nativity,  
 Toth' ground was burnt, *Diana's* Temple high,  
 An Omen, to their near approaching woe;  
 Whose glory to the Earth, this Prince did throw,  
 His rule to *Greece*, he scorn'd should be confin'd:  
 The universe, scarce bounds his large vast mainde;

I 4

This

This is the hee-goat, which from *Grecia* came,  
 Who ran in fury, on the *Persian* Ram,  
 That broke his hornes, that threw him on the ground,  
 To save him from his might, no man was found.  
*Phillip*, on this great conquest had an eye;  
 But death did terminate, those thoughts so high.  
 The *Greeks* had chose him Captain General,  
 Which honour to his son, now did befall.  
 (For as worlds Monarch, now we speak not on,  
 But as the King of little *Macedon* )  
 Restlesse both day and night, his heart now was,  
 His high resolves which way to bring to passe:  
 Yet for a while, in *Greece* is forc'd to stay,  
 Which makes each moment seem, more then a day:  
*Thebes*, and old *Athens*, both 'gainst him rebell,  
 But he their mutinies, full soon doth quell.  
 This done, against all right, and natures laws,  
 His kinsmen puts to death without least cause;  
 That no combustion in his absence be,  
 In seeking after Sovereignty:  
 And many more, whom he suspects will climbe,  
 Now taste of death, (least they deserv't in time)  
 Nor wonder is't, if he in blood begin,  
 For cruelty, was his parentall sin.  
 Thus eas'd now, of troubles, and of fears;  
 His course to *Asi*, next Spring he steers.  
 Leaves sage *Antipater* at home to sway,  
 And through the *Hellispon*, his ships make way.  
 Comming to land, his dart on shear he throwes,  
 Then with alacrity he after goes:  
 Thirty two thousand made up his foot force,  
 To these were joyn'd, five thousand goodly horse.

Then

Then on he march'd, in's way he view'd old *Troy*;  
 And on *Achillis* Tombe, with wondrous joy,  
 He offer'd, and for good successe did pray  
 To him, his mothers Ancestor (men say.)  
 When newes of *Alexander*, came to th' Court,  
 To scorn at him, *Darius* had good sport:  
 Sends him a frothy, and contemptuous letter,  
 Stiles him disloyall servant, and no better;  
 Reproves him, for his proud audacity;  
 To lift his hand, 'gainst such a Monarchy.  
 Then to his Lieutenant, in *Asia* sends,  
 That he be tane alive, (for he intends)  
 To whip him well with rods; and then to bring,  
 That boy so mallepart, before the King.  
 Ah! fond vaine man, whose pen was taught ere while,  
 In lower termes to write a higher stile,  
 To th' river *Granicke*, *Alexander* hies,  
 Which twixt *Phrigia*, and *Propontis* lyes.  
 The *Persians* for encounter ready stand,  
 And think to keep his men from off the land,  
 Those banks so steep, the *Greeks*, now scramble up  
 And beat the coward *Persians* from the top,  
 And twenty thousand, of their lives bereave,  
 Who in their backs did all their wounds receive  
 This Victory did *Alexander* gain;  
 With losse of thirty four, of his there slaine:  
*Sardis*, then he, and *Ephesus*, did gaine,  
 Where stood of late *Diana's*, wondrous *Phane*,  
 And by *Parmenio* (of renowned fame)  
*Atiletus*, and *Pamphiliu* overcame,  
*Halicarnassus* and *Pisidia*  
 He for his master takes, with *Lycia*,

Next

Next *Alexander* marcht, t'wards the black sea;  
 And easily takes old *Gordium* in his way;  
 (Of Asse-eard) *Midus*, once the regall seat,  
 Whose touch turn'd all to gold, yea even his meat:  
 There the Prophetick knot, he cuts in twain;  
 Which who so did, must Lord of all remain.  
 Now newes, of *Mermion*'s death (the Kings Vice-roy)  
 To *Alexander*'s heart's no little joy.  
 For in that Peer, more valour did abide;  
 Then in *Darius* multitudes beside:  
 There *Asfemes* was plac'd, yet durst not stay;  
 But sets one in his roome, and ran away.  
 His substitute, as fearfull as his master,  
 Goes after too, and leaves all to disaster.  
 Now *Alexander* all *Cilicia* takes:  
 No stroke for it he struck, their hearts so quakes:  
 To *Greece* he thirty thousand talents sends;  
 To raise more force, for what he yet intends.  
 And on he goes *Darius* for to meet;  
 Who came with thousand thousands at his feet,  
 Though some there be, and that more likely, write;  
 He but four hundred thousand had to fight,  
 The rest attendants, which made up no lesse;  
 (Both sexes there) was almost numberlesse.  
 For this wise King, had brought to see the sport;  
 Along with him, the Ladyes of the Court.  
 His mother old, beautilous wife, and daughters,  
 It seemes to see the *Macedonians* slaughters.  
 Sure its beyond my time, and little Art;  
 To shew, how great *Darius* plaid his part:  
 The splendor, and the pompe, he march'd in,  
 For since the world, was no such Pageant seen.

Oh

Oh 'twas a goodly sight, there to behold;  
 The *Persians* clad in silk, and glitt'ring gold;  
 The stately Horses trapt, the launces guilt;  
 As if they were, now all to run at tilt:  
 The Holy fire, was borne before the Host:  
 (For Sun and Fire the *Persians* worship most)  
 The Priests in their strange habit follow after;  
 An object not so much of fear, as laughter.  
 The King sat in a chariot made of gold,  
 With Robes and Crowne, most glorious to behold.  
 And o're his head, his golden gods on high;  
 Support a party coloured canopy.  
 A number of spare horses next were led,  
 Least he should need them, in his chariots stead.  
 But they that saw him in this state to lye;  
 Would think he neither thought to fight nor fly,  
 He fifteen hundred had like women prest,  
 For so to fright, the *Greekes* he judg'd was best,  
 Their golden Ornaments so to set forth,  
 Would aske more time, then were their bodys worth.  
 Great *Sisigambis*, she brought up the Reare;  
 Then such a world of Wagons did appear,  
 Like severall houses moving upon wheelles:  
 As if she'd drawne, whole *Sushan* at her heeles.  
 This brave Virago, to the King was mother;  
 And as much good she did, as any other.  
 Now least this Gold, and all this goodly stufte,  
 Had not been spoile, and booty rich enough,  
 A thousand Mules, and Camells ready wait.  
 Loaden with gold, with Jewels and with Plate,  
 For sure *Darius* thought, at the first sight,  
 The *Greekes* would all adore, and would none fight.

But

But when both Armies met, he might behold,  
 That valour was more worth then Pearls, or gold,  
 And how his wealth serv'd but for baits t' allure,  
 Which made his over-throw more fierce, and sure.  
 The *Greeks* come on, and with a gallant grace,  
 Let fly their Arrows, in the *Persians* face;  
 The cowards feeling this sharp stinging charge,  
 Most basely run, and left their King at large,  
 Who from his golden Coach is glad t' alight,  
 And cast away his Crown, for swifter flight;  
 Of late, like some immovable he lay,  
 Now finds both leggs, and Horse, to run away;  
 Two hundred thousand men that day were slaine,  
 And forty thousand Prisoners also rane;  
 Besides, the Queens, and Ladies of the Court,  
 If *Curius* be true, in his report.  
 The Regall ornaments now lost, the treasure  
 Divided at the *Macedonians* pleasure.  
 Yet all this grief, this losse, this over-throw,  
 Was but beginning of his future woe;  
 The Royall Captives, brought to *Alexander*,  
 T'ward them, demean'd himself like a Commander;  
 For though their beauties were unparalled  
 Conquer'd himself (now he had conquered)  
 Preserv'd their honour, us'd them courteously,  
 Commands, no man should doe them injury,  
 And this to *Alexander* is more a fame,  
 Then that the *Persian* King he over-came;  
 Two hundred eighty *Greeks* he lost in fight,  
 By too much heat, not wounds (as Authors write)  
 No sooner had this Capitaine won the field,  
 But all *Thentis* to his pleasures yeeld;

C:

Of which, the Government he doth commit  
 Unto *Paymenio*, of all, most fit;  
*Darius* now, more humble then before,  
 Writes unto *Alexander*, to restore  
 Those mournfull Ladies, from captivity,  
 For whom he offers him a ranome high;  
 But down his haughty stomach could not bring,  
 To give this Conquerour, the stile of King;  
 His Letter *Alexander* doth disdain,  
 And in short termes, sends this reply againe;  
 A King he was, and that not only so,  
 But of *Darius* King, as he should know.  
 Now *Alexander* unto *Tyre* doth goe,  
 (His valour, and his victories they know)  
 To gain his love, the *Tyrins* do intend,  
 Therefore a Crown, and great provisions send;  
 Their present he receives with thankfulness,  
 Desires to offer unto *Hercules*,  
 Protector of their Town; by whom defended,  
 And from whom also, lineally descended:  
 But they accept not this, in any wise,  
 Least he intend more fraud, then sacrifice;  
 Sent word, that *Hercules* his Temple stood,  
 In the old town (which now lay like a wood)  
 With this reply, he was so sore enrag'd,  
 To win their town, his honour he engag'd;  
 And now, as *Babels* King did once before,  
 He leaves not, till he makes the sea firme shore;  
 But far lesse cost, and time, he doth expend,  
 The former ruines, help to him now lend;  
 Besides, he had a Navie at command,  
 The other by his men fetcht all by Land;

In

In seven months space he takes this lofty town,  
 Whose glory, now a second time's brought down;  
 Two thousand of the cheif he crucifi'd,  
 Eight thousand by the sword now also dy'd,  
 And thirteen thousand Gilly-slaves he made,  
 And thus the *Tyrinus* for mistrust were paid,  
 The rule of this he to *Philotas* gave,  
 Who was, the Son of that *Parmenio* brave;  
*Cilicia* he to *Socrates* doth give,  
 For now's the time, Captains like Kings may live;  
 For that which easily comes, as freely goes;  
*Zidon* he on *Ephesion* bestowes:  
 He scorns to have one worse then had the other,  
 And therefore gives this Lord-ship to another.  
*Ephesion* now, hath the command o' th' Fleet,  
 And must at *Gaza*, *Alexander* meet;  
*Darius* finding troubles still increase,  
 By his Embassadors now sues for peace:  
 And layes before great *Alexanders* eyes,  
 The dangers, difficulties, like to rise;  
 First, at *Euphrates*, what he's like to abide,  
 And then at *Tigris*, and *Araxis* side:  
 These he may scape, and if he so desire,  
 A league of friendship make, firm, and entire;  
 His eldest Daughter, (him) in marriage offers,  
 And a most Princely Dowry with her proffers;  
 All those rich Kingdoms large, which doe abide  
 Betwixt the *Hellefont*, and *Hallis* side;  
 But he with scorn, his courtesie rejects,  
 And the distressed King no way respects;  
 Tels him, these proffers great (in truth were none)  
 For all he offered now, was but his owne;

But

But, quoth *Parmenio*, (that brave Commander)  
 Was I as great, as is great *Alexander*,  
*Darius* offers I would not reject,  
 But th' Kingdoms, and the Ladies, soone accept;  
 To which, brave *Alexander* did reply,  
 And so if I *Parmenio* were, would I.  
 He now to *Gaza* goes, and there doth meet  
 His favourite *Ephesion*, with his fleet;  
 Where valiant *Betis*, doth defend the town,  
 (A loyall Subject to *Darius* Crown)  
 For more repulse, the *Grecians* here abide,  
 Then in the *Persian* Monarchy beside;  
 And by these walls, so many men were slaine,  
 That *Greece* must yeeld a fresh supply againe;  
 But yet, this well defended town is taken,  
 (For 'twas decreed, that Empire should be shaken)  
 The Captaine tane, had holes bor'd through his feet,  
 And by command was drawn through every street,  
 To imitate *Achilles* (in his shame)  
 Who did the like to *Hector* (of more fame)  
 What, hast thou lost thy late magnanimity?  
 Can *Alexander* deale thus cruelly?  
 Sith valour, with Heroyicks is renown'd,  
 Though in an enemy it should be found;  
 If of thy future fame thou hadst regard,  
 Why didst not heap up honour, and reward?  
 From *Gaza*, to *Jerusalem* he goes,  
 But in no hostile way (as I suppose)  
 Him in his Priestly Robes, high *Jaddus* meets,  
 Whom with great reverence *Alexander* greets;  
 The Priest shews him good *Daniels* Prophecie,  
 How he should over-throw this Monarchy;

By



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

About

About this time, *Darius* beauteous Queen,  
 Who had long travaile, and much sorrow seen,  
 Now bids the world adieu, her time being spent,  
 And leaves her wofull Lord for to lament.  
 Great *Alexander* mourns, as well as he,  
 For this lost Queen ( though in captivity )  
 When this sad newes ( at first ) *Darius* heares,  
 Some injury was offered, he feares ;  
 But when inform'd, how royally the King  
 Had used her, and hers, in every thing,  
 He prayes the immortall gods, for to reward  
 Great *Alexander*, for this good regard ;  
 And if they down, his Monarchy wil throw,  
 Let them on him, that dignity bestow ;  
 And now for peace he sues, as once before,  
 And offers all he did, and Kingdoms more ;  
 His eldest Daughter, for his Princely Bride,  
 ( Nor was such match, in all the world beside )  
 And all those Countries, which ( betwixt ) did lye,  
*Phœnisan* Sea, and great *Euphrates* high,  
 With fertile *Ægypt*, and rich *Syria*,  
 And all those Kingdoms in lesse *Asia* ;  
 With thirty thousand Tallents, to be paid  
 For his Queen-Mother, and the royall Maid ;  
 And till all this be wel perform'd, and sure,  
*Cebus* his Son a hostage shall endure.  
 To this, stout *Alexander*, gives no care,  
 No, though *Pamēnio* plead, he will nor heare ;  
 Which had he done ( perhaps ) his fame had kept,  
 Nor infamy had wak'd, when he had slept ;  
 For his unlimited prosperity,  
 Him boundlesse made, in vice, and cruelty ;

K

Thuz

Thus to *Darius* he writes back again,  
 The Firmament two Suns cannot contain;  
 Two Monarchies on Earth cannot abide,  
 Nor yet two Monarchs in one World reside;  
 The afflicted King, finding him set to jar,  
 Prepares against to morrow for the war;  
*Parmenio*, *Alexander* wish, that night,  
 To force his Camp, so put them all to flight;  
 For tumult in the dark doth cause most dread,  
 And weaknesse of a foe is covered;  
 But he disdain'd to steale a victorie,  
 The Sun should witnesse of his valour be:  
 Both Armies meet, *Greeks* fight, the *Persians* run,  
 So make an end, before they well begun;  
 Forty five thousand *Alexander* had,  
 But 'tis not known what slaughters here they made.  
 Some write, th' other had a million, some more,  
 But *Quintus Curtius*, as was said before.  
 At *Arbela*, this victory was gain'd,  
 And now with it, the town also obtain'd.  
*Darius* stript of all, to *Media* came,  
 Accompani'd with sorrow, fear, and shame;  
 At *Arbela* left, his ornaments, and treasure,  
 Which *Alexander* deals, as suits his pleasure.  
 This Conquerour now goes to *Babylon*,  
 Is entertain'd with joy, and pompous train,  
 With showres of Flowers, the streets along are strown,  
 And Incense burnt, the silver Altars on;  
 The glory of the Castle he admires,  
 The firme foundations, and the lofty spires;  
 In this a masse of gold, and treasure lay,  
 Which in few hours was carried all away;

With

With greedy eyes, he views this City round,  
 Whose fame throughout the world, was so renown'd;  
 And to possesse, he counts no little blisse,  
 The Towers, and Bowers, of proud *Semiramis*:  
 Though worn by time, and raz'd by foes full sore,  
 Yet old foundations shew'd, and somewhat more;  
 With all the pleasures that on earth was found,  
 This City did abundantly abound;  
 Where four and thirty dayes he now doth stay,  
 And gives himself to banqueting, and play:  
 He, and his Souldiers, wax effeminate,  
 And former Discipline begins to hate;  
 Whilst revelling at *Babylon*, he lyes,  
*Antipater*, from *Greece*, sends great supplies;  
 He then to *Sushan* goes, with his fresh bands,  
 But needs no force, 'tis rendred to his hands;  
 He likewise here a world of treasure found,  
 For 'twas the seat of *Persian* Kings renown'd;  
 Here stood the Royall houses of delight,  
 Where Kings have shewn their glory, wealth, and might;  
 The sumptuous Palace of Queen *Hester* here,  
 And of good *Mordecai*, her Kinsman dear;  
 Those purple hangings, mixt with green, and white,  
 Those beds of gold, and couches of delight,  
 And furniture, the richest of all Lands,  
 Now falls into the *Macedonians* hands.  
 From *Sushan*, to *Persapolis* he goes,  
 Which newes doth still augment *Darius* woes;  
 In his approach, the Governour sends word,  
 For his receipt with joy, they all accord;  
 With open Gates, the wealthy town did stand,  
 And all in it was at his high command;

K. 2.

OF

Of all the Cities, that on Earth was found;  
 None like to this in riches did abound.  
 Though *Babylon* was rich, and *Susban* too;  
 Yet to compare with this, they might not do.  
 Here lay the bulk, of all those precious things;  
 Which did pertain unto the *Persian* Kings.  
 For when the Souldiers, had rifled their pleasure,  
 And taken mony, plate, and golden treasure;  
 Statues of gold, and silver numberlesse,  
 Yet after all, as stories do expresse.  
 The share of *Alexander* did amount,  
 To a hundred thousand Tallents by account.  
 Here of his own, he sets a Garrison,  
 (As first at *Susban*, and at *Babylon*)  
 On their old Governours, titles he laid;  
 But on their faithfullnesse, he never staid:  
 Their charge, gave to his Captains (as most just)  
 For such revolvers false, what Prince will trust:  
 The pleasures and the riches of this town,  
 Now makes this King, his vertues all to drown.  
 He walloweth now, in all licentiousnesse,  
 In pride, and cruelty, to th' highest excesse.  
 Being inflam'd with wine upon a season,  
 (Filled with madnesse, and quite void of reason)  
 He at a bold, base Strumpets, lewd desire;  
 Commands to set this goodly town on fire.  
*Parmenio* wise, intreats him to desist,  
 And layes before his eyes, if he persist  
 His names dishonour, losse unto his State.  
 And just procuring of the *Persians* hate.  
 But deafe to reason, (bent to have his will;) No  
 Those stately streets with raging flames doth fill.

Now to *Darius*, he directs his way,  
 Who was retir'd, and gone to *Media*.  
 (And there with sorrows, fears, and cares surrounded)  
 Had now his fourth, and last Army compounded,  
 Which forty thousand made; but his intent,  
 Was straight in *Bactria* these to augment,  
 But hearing, *Alexander* was so near;  
 Thought now this once, to try his fortunes here,  
 Chusing rather an honorable death:  
 Then still with infamy, to draw his breath.  
 But *Bessus* false, who was his cheife Commander;  
 Perswades him not to fight, with *Alexander*.  
 With sage advice, he layes before his eyes,  
 The little hope, of profit like to rise.  
 If when he'd multitudes, the day he lost;  
 Then with so few, how likely to be crost.  
 This counsell, for his safety, he pretended,  
 But to deliver him to's foes, intended.  
 Next day this treason, to *Darius* known,  
 Transported sore, with grieve and passion;  
 Grinding his teeth, and plucking off his haire,  
 Sate down o'rewhelm'd, with sorrow, and despair,  
 Bidding his servant *Artabassus* true;  
 Look to himselfe, and leave him to that crew;  
 Who was of hopes, and comfort quite bereft;  
 And of his Guard, and Servitors now left.  
 Straight *Bessus* comes, and with his traiterous hands,  
 Lays hold on's Lord, and binding him with bands.  
 Into a cart him throwes, covered with hides;  
 Who wanting means to resist, these wrongs abides.  
 Then draws the Cart along, with chaines of gold;  
 In more dispirit, the thrawled Prince to hold.

K 3

And

And thus to *Alexander*, on he goes,  
Great recompence, in's thoughts, he did propose ;  
But some detesting, this his wicked fact,  
To *Alexander* fly, and told this act ;  
Who doubling of his march, posts on amain,  
*Darius* from those Traitors hands to gain ;  
*Bessus* gets knowledge, his disloyalty,  
And *Alexanders* wrath incensed high ;  
Whose Army now, was almost within sight,  
His hopes being dashed, prepares himself for flight :  
Unto *Darius*, first he brings a Horse,  
And bids him, save himself, by speedy course :  
This wofull King, his courtesie refuses,  
Whom thus the execrable wretch abuses :  
By throwing Darts, gives him his mortall wound,  
Then slew his servants, that were faithfull found ;  
Yea, wounds the beasts ( that drew him ) unto death,  
And leaves him thus, to gaspe out his last breath.  
( *Bessus*, his Partner in this Tragedy,  
Was the false Governour of *Media* )  
This done, they with their Host, soon speed away,  
To hide themselves, remote, in *Bactria* ;  
*Darius* beth'd in blood, sends out his groanes,  
Invokes the heavens, and earth, to heare his moanes ;  
His lost felicity did greive him sore,  
But this unheard of injury much more ;  
Yea, above all, that neither eare, nor eye,  
Should heare, nor see, his groans, and misery :  
As thus he lyes, *Polistratus* a Greeke,  
Wearied with his long march, did water seek,  
So chunc'd these bloudy Horses to espy,  
Whose wounds had made their skins of purple dye ;

To

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

K 4

( For

( For scarce the world, or any bounds thereon,  
 Could bound his boundlesse, fond ambition )  
 Such as submits, he doth againe restore,  
 And makes their riches, and their honours more ;  
 On *Artabazus* more then all bestow'd,  
 For his fidelity to 's Master show'd ;  
*Thalestris*, Queen of th' *Amazons*, now brought  
 Her traine to *Alexander* ( as 'tis thought )  
 Though some of reading best, and sound. st minde,  
 Such countie there, nor yet such people finde.  
 Then tell her errand, we had better spare  
 To th' ignorant, her title may declare.  
 As *Alexander* in his greatnesse growes,  
 So da'ly of his vertues doth he lose ;  
 He basenesse counts his former clemency,  
 And not beseeming such a dignity ;  
 His past sobriety doth also hate,  
 As most incompatible to his state ;  
 His temperance, is but a sordid thing,  
 No wayes becomming such a mighty King ;  
 His greatnesse now he takes, to represent,  
 His fancied gods, above the firmament ;  
 And such as shew'd but reverence before,  
 Are strictly now commanded to adore ;  
 With *Perſian* Robes, himse fe doth dignifie,  
 Charging the same on his Nobility ;  
 His manners, habit, gestures, now doth fashion,  
 After that conquer'd, and luxurious Nation ;  
 His Captains, that were vertuously inclin'd,  
 Griev'd at this change of manners, and of minde ;  
 The ruder sort, did openly deride  
 His fained Deity, and foolish pride :

The

The certainty of both comes to his eares,  
 But yet no notice takes, of what he hears ;  
 With thole of worth, he still desires esteem,  
 So heaps up gifts, his credit to redeem ;  
 And for the rest new wars, and travels findes,  
 That other matters may take up their minds.  
 Then hearing, *Bessus* makes himsefe a King,  
 Intends with speed, that Traitor down to bring ;  
 Now that his Hoast from luggage might be free,  
 And no man with his burden, burdened be,  
 Commands forth-with, each man his fardle bring.  
 Into the Market-place, before the King ;  
 Which done, sets fire upon those costly spoils  
 The recompence of travels, wars, and toyls ;  
 And thus unwisely, in one raging fume,  
 The wealth of many Cities doth consume :  
 But marvell 'tis, that without muteny,  
 The Souldiers should let passe this injury ;  
 Nor wonder lesse, to Readers may it bring,  
 For to observe the rashnesse of the King.  
 Now with his Anny, doth he hast away,  
 False *Bessus* to finde out, in *Bactria* ;  
 But sore distrest for water, in their march,  
 The drought, and heat, their bodies much doth parch ;  
 At length, they came to th' River *Oxus* brink,  
 Where most immoderately these thirsty drink ;  
 This more mortality to them did bring,  
 Then did their wars, against the *Perſian* King.  
 Here *Alexander*'s almost at a stand,  
 How to passe over, and gaine the other Land ;  
 For Boats here's none, nor neare it any wood,  
 To make them rafts, to waft them o're the floud ;

But

But he that was resolved in his minde,  
 Would by some means a transportation finde;  
 So from his carriages the Hides he takes,  
 And stuffing them with straw, he bundles makes;  
 On these, together ty'd, in six dayes space,  
 They all passe over, to the other place;  
 Had *Bessus* had but valour to his wil,  
 He easily might have made them stay there stil;  
 But coward, durst not fight, nor could he fly,  
 Hated of all, for's former treachery,  
 Is by his owne, now bound in Iron chaines,  
 (A collar of the same his neck contains)  
 And in this sort, they rather drag, then bring,  
 This Malefactor vild, before the King,  
 Who to *Darius* Brother gives the wretch,  
 With wracks, and tortures, every limbe to stretch.  
 Here was of *Greeks*, a town in *Bactria*,  
 Whom *Xerxes* from their country led away;  
 These not a little joy'd, this day to see,  
 Wherein their own had sovereignty.  
 And now reviv'd with hopes, held up their head,  
 From bondage, long to be enfranchised;  
 But *Alexander* puts them to the sword,  
 Without cause, given by them, in deed, or word:  
 Nor sex, nor age, nor one, nor other spar'd,  
 But in his cruelty alike they shar'd;  
 Nor could he reason give, for this great wrong,  
 But that they had forgot their Mother-tongue.  
 Whilst thus he spent some time in *Bactria*,  
 And in his Camp strong, and securely lay,  
 Down from the mountains twenty thousand came,  
 And there most fiercely set upon the same;

Repelling

Repelling these two marks of honour got,  
 Imprinted deep in's leggs, by Arrowes shot;  
 And now the *Bactrians* 'gainst him rebel,  
 But he their stubbornness full soone doth quell;  
 From hence he to *Haratis* river goes,  
 Where *Scythians* rude, his valour doth oppose,  
 And with their our-cries, in a hideous sort,  
 Besets his Camp, or Military Court;  
 Of Darts, and Arrowes, made so little spare,  
 They flew so thick they seem'd to dark the aire;  
 But soone the *Grecians* forc'd them to a flight,  
 Whose nakedness could not endure their might;  
 Upon this Rivers bank in-seventeen dayes,  
 A goodly City doth compleatly raise;  
 Which *Alexandria* he doth alio name,  
 And furlongs sixty could not round the same.  
 His third supply, *Antipater* now sent,  
 Which did his former Army much augment,  
 And being an hundred twenty thousand strong,  
 He enters now the *India*: Kings among;  
 Those that submit, he doth restore again.  
 Those that doe not, both they, and theirs, are slain;  
 To age, nor sex, no pitty doth expresse,  
 But all fall by his sword, most mercilesse.  
 He to *Nisa* goes, by *Bacchus* built long since,  
 Whose feasts are celebrated by this Prince;  
 Nor had that drunken god, one that wuld take  
 His liquors more devoutly in, for's sake.  
 When thus, ten dayes, his brain with wine he'd soak'd,  
 And with delicious meats, his Pallat choak'd,  
 To th' river *Indus* next, his course he bends,  
 Boats to prepare, *Ephesians* first he sends,

Who

Who comming thither, long before his Lord;  
 Had to his mind, made all things now accord :  
 The Vessells ready were, at his command ;  
 And *Omphis*, King of that part of the land:  
 Through his perswasion *Alexander* meets;  
 And as his Sovereign Lord, him humbly greets.  
 Fifty six Elephants he brings to's hands:  
 And tenders him the strength of all his lands,  
 Presents himselfe, there with a golden Crowne,  
 And eighty Tallents to his Captaines down.  
 But *Alexander*, caus'd him to behold;  
 He glory sought, no silver, nor yet gold ;  
 His Presents all, with thanks he doth restore;  
 And of his own, a thousand Tallents more.  
 Thus all the *Indian* Kings, to him submit ;  
 But *Porus* stout, who will not yeeld as yet ;  
 To him doth *Alexander* thus declare,  
 His pleasure is, that forthwith he repaire  
 Unto his Kingdoms borders, and as due,  
 His Homage unto him as Sovereigne doe.  
 But Kingly *Porus* this brave answer sent,  
 That to attend him there, was his intent ;  
 And come as well provided as he could,  
 But for the rest, his sword advise him should.  
 Great *Alexander* vext at this reply,  
 Did more his valour then his Crown envie ;  
 Is now resolv'd to passe *His* *Aspes* flood,  
 And there his Sovereignty for to make good ;  
 But on the banks doth *Porus* ready stand,  
 For to receive him, when he comes to land ;  
 A potent Army with him, like a King,  
 And ninety Elephants for war did bring ;

Had

Had *Alexander* such resistance seen,  
 On *Tygris* side, here now he had not been ;  
 Within this spacious river, deep, and wide,  
 Did here, and there, Isles full of trees abide ;  
 His Army *Alexander* doth divide,  
 With *Ptolomy*, sends part o' th' tother side.  
*Porus* encounters them, thinking all's there,  
 Then covertly, the rest gets o're else-where ;  
 But whilst the first he valiantly assayl'd,  
 The last set on his back, and so prevail'd : )  
 Yet work enough, here *Alexander* found,  
 For to the last, stout *Porus* kept his ground.  
 Nor was't dishonour, at the length to yeeld;  
 When *Alexander* strives to win the field,  
 His fortitude his Kingly foe commends ;  
 Restores him, and his bounds further extends ;  
 East-ward, now *Alexander* would goe still,  
 But so to doe, his Souldiers had no will ;  
 Long with excessive travailes wearied,  
 Could by no means be further drawn, or led :  
 Yet that his fame might to posterity,  
 Be had in everlasting memory,  
 Doth for his Camp a greater circuit take,  
 And for his Souldiers larger Cabins make ;  
 His Maungers he erected up so high,  
 As never Horse his Proverder could eye ;  
 Huge Bridles made, which here, and there, he left,  
 Which might be found, and so for wonders kept :  
 Twelve Altars, he for Monuments then rears,  
 Whereon his acts, and travels, long appears ;  
 But doubting, wearing Time would these decay,  
 And so his memory might fade away,

He

He on the faire *Hilaspis* pleasant side,  
 Two Cities built, his fame in ght there abide ;  
 The first *Nizez*, the next *Bu.ephalon*,  
 Where he entomb'd his stately Stallion.  
 His fourth, and last supply, was higher sent,  
 Then down t' *Hilaspis* with his Fleet he went ;  
 Some time he after pent upon that shore,  
 Where one hundred Embassadors, or more,  
 Came with submission, from the *Indian* Kings  
 Bringing their Presents, rare, and precious things :  
 These, all he feasts in state, on beds of gold,  
 His furniture most sumptuous to behold ;  
 The meat, and drink, attendants, every thing,  
 To th' utmost shew'd, the glory of a King ;  
 With rich rewards, he sent them home again,  
 Acknowledg'd for their Masters Sovereigne ;  
 Then sayling South, and comming to the shore,  
 These obscure Nations yielded as before ;  
 A City here he built, call'd by his name,  
 Which could not sound too oft, with too much fame ;  
 Hence sayling down by th' mouth of *Indus* flood,  
 His Gallies stuck upon the sand, and mud ;  
 Which the stout *Macedonians* mazed sore  
 Depriv'd at once, the use of Saile, and Oare ;  
 But well observing th' nature of the tide,  
 Upon those Flats they did not long abide ;  
 Passing faire *Indus* mouth, his course he steer'd,  
 To th' coast which by *Eubrazes* mouth appear'd ;  
 Whose inlets neare unto, he winter spent,  
 Unto his starved Souldiers small content ;  
 By hunger, and by cold, so manie shined,  
 That of them all, the fourth did scarce remaine.

Thus

Thus Winter, Souldiers, and provision spent,  
 From hence he to *Gedrosia* went,  
 And thence he marcht into *Carmania*,  
 So he at length drew neare to *Persia* ;  
 Now through these goodly countries as he past,  
 Much time in feasts, and ryoting doth wast ;  
 Then visits *Cyrus* Sepulcher in's way,  
 Who now obscure at *Passagardis* lay ;  
 Upon his Monument his Robes he spread,  
 And set his Crown on his supposed head ;  
 From hence to *Babylou*, some time there spent,  
 He at the last to royall *Sushan* went ;  
 A Wedding Feast to's Nobles then he makes,  
 And *Statirah*, *Darius* daughter takes,  
 Her Sister gives to his *Ephestion* deare,  
 That by this match he might be yet more neare.  
 He fourscore *Persian* Ladies also gave,  
 At the same time, unto his Captains brave ;  
 Six thousand Guests he to this feast invites,  
 Whose Sences all, were glutt with delights :  
 It far exceeds my meane abilities,  
 To shadow forth these short felicities :  
 Spectators here, could scarce relate the story,  
 They were so wrapt with this externall glory.  
 If an Ideall Paradise, a man should frame,  
 He might this feast imagine by the same.  
 To every Guest, a cup of gold he sends,  
 So after many dayes this Banquet ends.  
 Now, *Alexanders* conquests, all are done,  
 And his long travells past, and over-gone ;  
 His vertues dead, buried, and all forgot,  
 But vice remaines, to his eternall blot.

Mongst



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

Arc

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

L

When

When both were drunk, *Clitus* was wont to jeere ;  
*Alexander*, to rage, to kill, and swear,  
 Nothing more pleasing to mad *Clitus* tongue ;  
 Then's Masters god-head, to defie, and wrong ;  
 Nothing toucht *Alexander* to the quick  
 Like this, against his deity to kick :  
 Upon a time, when both had drunken well,  
 Upon this dangerous theme fond *Clitus* fell ;  
 From jeast, to earnest, and at last so bold,  
 That of *Parmenio's* death him plainly told.  
*Alexander* now no longer could containe,  
 But instantly commaunds him to be slaine ;  
 Next day, he tore his face, for what he'd done,  
 And would have slaine himself, for *Clitus* gone,  
 This pot companion he did more bemoan,  
 Then all the wrong to brave *Parmenio* done.  
 The next of worth, that suffered after these,  
 Was vertuous, learned, wise *Calisthines*,  
 Who lov'd his Master more then did the rest,  
 As did appeare, in flattering him the least :  
 In his esteem, a God he could not be,  
 Nor would adore him for a Deity :  
 For this alone, and for no other cause,  
 Against his Sovereigne, or against his Lawes,  
 He on the wrack, his limbs in peeces rent,  
 Thus was he tortur'd, till his life was spent.  
 Of this unkingly deed, doth *Strabo*  
 This censure passe, and not unwisely say,  
 Of *Alexander*, this th' eternall crime,  
 Which shall not be obliterate by time,  
 Which vertues fame can ne're redeem by farre,  
 Nor all felicity, of his in war ;

When

When e're 'tis said, he thousand thousands slew,  
 Yea, and *Calisthines* to death he drew,  
 The mighty *Persian King* he over-came,  
 Yea, and he kild *Calisthines* by name ;  
 All Kingdoms, Countries, Provinces, he won,  
 From *Hellispont*, to th' furthest Ocean ;  
 All this he did, who knows not to be true,  
 But yet withall, *Calisthines* he slew ;  
 From *Macedon* his Empire did extend,  
 Unto the furthest bounds of th' orient ;  
 All this he did, yea, and much more, 'tis true,  
 But yet withall, *Calisthines* he slew.  
 Now *Alexander* goes to *Media*,  
 Findes there the want of wife *Parmenio*,  
 Here his cheif favourite *Ephestion* dyes,  
 He celebrates his mournfull obsequies ;  
 For him erects a stately Monument,  
 Twelve thousand Tallents on it frankly spent ;  
 Hangs his Phisitian, the reason why,  
 Because he let *Ephestion* to dye.  
 This act ( me thinks ) his god-head should ashame ;  
 To punish, where himself deserved blame :  
 Or of necessity, he must imply,  
 The other was the greatest Deity.  
 From *Media* to *Babylon* he went,  
 To meet him there, t' *Antipater* had sent,  
 That he might next now act upon the Stage,  
 And in a Tragedy there end his age.  
 The Queen *Olimpias*, bears him deadly hate,  
 ( Not suffering her to meddle in the State )  
 And by her Letters did her Son incite ;  
 This great indignity for to requite.

L 2

His

His doing so, no whit displeas'd the King,  
 Though to his Mother he disprov'd the thing;  
 But now, *Antipater* had liv'd thus long,  
 He might well dye, though he had done no wrong;  
 His service great now's suddenly forgot,  
 Or if remembered, yet regarded not;  
 The King doth intimate 'twas his intent,  
 His honours, and his riches, to augment  
 Of larger Provinces, the rule to give,  
 And for his Counsell, ne're the King to live.  
 So to be caught, *Antipater's* too wife,  
*Parmenio's* death's too fresh before his eyes;  
 He was too subtle for his crafty foe,  
 Nor by his baits could be ensnared so:  
 But his excuse with humb'e thanks he sends,  
 His age, and journey long, he now pretends;  
 And pardon craves, for his unwilling stay,  
 He shewes his grief, he's forc'd to disobey:  
 Before his answer came to *Babylon*,  
 The thread of *Alexanders* life was spun;  
 Poyson had put an end to's dayes 'twas thought,  
 By *Philip*, and *Cassander*, to him brought,  
 Sons to *Antipater*, bearers of his Cup,  
 Least of such like, their Father chance to sup:  
 By others thought, and that more generally,  
 That through excessive drinking he did dye.  
 The thirty third of's age doe all agree,  
 This Conquerour did yeeld to destiny;  
 Whose famous Acts must last, whilst world shall stand;  
 And Conquests be talkt of, whilst there is Land;  
 His Princely qualities, had he retain'd  
 Unparallel'd, for ever had remain'd;

But with the world his vertues overcame,  
 And so with black, be-clouded all his fame.  
 Wise *Aristotle*, tutour to his youth,  
 Had so instructed him in morall truth,  
 The principles of what he then had learn'd  
 Might to the last (when sober) be discern'd.  
 Learning, and learned men, he much regarded,  
 And curious Artists evermore rewarded.  
 The *Illiads* of *Homer* he still kept,  
 And under's pillow laid them when he slept.  
*Achille's* happinesse he did envy,  
 Cause *Homer* kept his Acts to memory;  
 Profusely bountifull, without desert,  
 For those that pleas'd him, had both wealth and heart:  
 Cruell by nature, and by custome too,  
 As oft his Acts throughout his reigne did shew:  
 More boundles in ambition then the skie,  
 Vain thirsting after inamortality:  
 Still fearing that his Name might hap to die,  
 And fame not last unto Eternity:  
 This conquerour did oft lament ('tis sed)  
 There was no worlds, more, to be conquered:  
 This folly great *Augustus* did deride,  
 For had he had but wisdom to his pride,  
 He would have found enough for to be done,  
 To govern that he had already won:  
 His thoughts are perish'd he aspires no more,  
 Nor can he kill, or save as heretofore,  
 A God alive him all must Idolize;  
 Now like a mortall helpleffe man he lies;  
 Of all those kingdomes large which he had got,  
 To his posterity remain'd no jot,

For by that hand, which still revengeth blood,  
None of his Kindred, or his Race, long stood;  
And as he took delight, much blood to spill,  
So the same cup to his, did others fill.  
Four of his Captains, all doe now divide,  
As *Daniel*, before had Prophesied;  
The Leopard down, his four wings 'gan to rise,  
The great Horn broke, the lesse did tyrannize;  
What troubles, and contentions did ensue,  
We may hereafter shew, in season due.

*Aridens.*

Great *Alexander* dead, his Army's left,  
Like to that Giant, of his eye bereft;  
When of his monstrous bulk it was the guide,  
His matchlesse force no Creature could abide;  
But by *Ulysses*, having lost his sight,  
Each man began for to contemn his might;  
For ayming still amisse, his dreadfull blowes  
Did harm himself, but never reacht his foes:  
Now Court, and Camp, all in confusion be,  
A King they'l have, but who, none can agree:  
Each Captain wisht this prize to beare away,  
Yet none so hardy found as so durst say.  
Great *Alexander* had left issue none,  
Except by *Artabasis* daughter one;  
And *Roxan* faire, whom late he married,  
Was neere her time to be delivered;  
By Natures right, these had enough to claime,  
But meannesse of their Mothers bard the same:

Allleadg'd

Allleadg'd by those, which by their subtil plea  
Had hope themselves, to beare the Crown away;  
A Sister *Alexander* had, but she  
Claim'd not, perhaps her Sex might hindrance be.  
After much tumult, they at last proclaim'd  
His base born Brother, *Aridens* nam'd,  
That so under his feeble wit, and reign,  
Their ends they might the better still attain:  
Th' choise *Perdiccas*, vehemently disclaim'd,  
And th' unborn babe of *Roxan* he proclaim'd;  
Some wisht him, to take the stile of King,  
Because his Master gave to him his Ring,  
And had to him, still since *Ephesion* dyed,  
More then to th' rest, his favour testified:  
But he refus'd, with fained modesty,  
Hoping to be elect more generally;  
He hold of this occasion should have laid,  
For second offers there were never made;  
Mongst these contentions, tumules, jealousies,  
Seven dayes the Corps of their great Master lyes  
Untoucht, uncovered, slighted, and neglected,  
So much these Princes their owne ends respected.  
A contemplation to astonish Kings,  
That he, who late, possesst all earthly things,  
And yet not so content, unlesse that he  
Might be esteemed for a Deity;  
Now lay a spectacle, to testifie  
The wretchednesse of mans mortality.  
After this time, when stirs began to calme,  
The *Egyptians*, his body did enbalme;  
On which, no signe of poyson could be found,  
But all his bowels, coloured well, and found.

L 4

*Perdiccas*

*Perdiccas*, seeing *Aridæus* must be King,  
 Under his name begins to rule each thing.  
 His chief opponents who kept off the Crown,  
 Was stiffe *Meleager*, whom he would take down,  
 Him by a wile he got within his power,  
 And took his life unworthily that houre :  
 Using the name, and the command o'th' King  
 To authorize his Acts in every thing.  
 The Princes seeing *Perdiccas*'s power and Pride,  
 Thought timely for themselves, now to provide.  
*Antigonus*, for his share *Asia* takes,  
 And *Ptolomy*, next sure of *Egypt* makes.  
*Seleuchus* afterward held *Babylon*;  
*Antipater*, had long rul'd *Macedon*,  
 These now to govern for the King pretends,  
 But nothing lesse : each one himself intends.  
*Perdiccas* took no Province; like the rest,  
 But held command o'th' Armies which was best ;  
 And had a higher project in his head,  
 Which was his Masters sister for to wed :  
 So, to the Lady secretly he sent,  
 That none might know, to frustrate his intent ;  
 But *Cleopatra*, this suitour did deny,  
 For *Leonatus*, more lovely in her eye,  
 To whom she sent a message of her mind,  
 That if he came, good welcome he should find :  
 In these tumultuous dayes, the thrall'd *Greeks*  
 Their ancient liberty, afresh now seeks,  
 Shakes off the yoke, sometimes before laid on  
 By warlike *Philip*, and his conquering son.  
 The *Athenians*, force *Antipater* to fly  
 To *Lamia*, where he shut up doth ly ;

To

To brave *Craterus*, then, he sends with speed,  
 To come and to release him in his need,  
 The like of *Leonatus*, he requires,  
 (Which at this time well suited his desires)  
 For to *Antipater* he now might go,  
 His Lady take i'th' way, and no man know.  
*Antiphilus* the *Athenian* Generall,  
 With speed his forces doth together call,  
 Striving to stop *Leonatus*, that to  
 He joyn not with *Antipater*, that foe.  
 The *Athenian* Army was the greater far,  
 (Which did his march with *Cleopatra* mar)  
 For fighting still, whilst there did hope remain,  
 The valiant Chief, amidst his foes was slain,  
 'Mongst all the Captains of great *Alexander*,  
 For personage, none was like this Commander :  
 Now to *Antipater*, *Craterus* goes,  
 Blockt up in *Lamia*, still by his foes ;  
 Long marches through *Cilicia* he makes,  
 And the remains of *Leonatus* takes ;  
 With them and his, he into *Grecia* went,  
*Antipater* releas'd from's prisonment,  
 After this time, the *Greeks* did never more  
 Act any thing of worth, as heretofore,  
 But under servitude, their necks remain'd,  
 Nor former liberty, or glory gain'd ;  
 Now dy'd (about the end of th' *Lamian* warre)  
*Demosthenes*, that sweet tongu'd oratour.  
*Craterus*, and *Antipater* now joyn  
 In love, and in affi vity combine :  
*Craterus* doth his daughter *Phisæ* wed,  
 Their friendship may the more be strengthened :

Whilst

Whilst they in *Macedon* doe thus agree,  
 In *Asia* they all asunder be.  
*Perdicus* griev'd, to see the Princes bold,  
 So many Kingdoms in their power to hold,  
 Yet to regain them, how he did not know,  
 For's Souldiers 'gainst those Captains would not goe;  
 To suffer them goe on, as they begun,  
 Was to give way, himself might be undone;  
 With *Antipater* t' joyn, sometimes he thought,  
 That by his help, the rest might low be brought:  
 But this again dislikes, and would remain,  
 If not in word, in deed a Sovereigne.  
 Desires the King, to goe to *Macedon*,  
 Which of his Ancestors was once the throne,  
 And by his presence there, to nullifie  
 The Acts of his Vice-royes, now grown so high:  
*Antigonus* of Treason first attaints,  
 And summons him, to answer these complaints;  
 This he avoyds, and ships himself, and's Son,  
 Goes to *Antipater*, and tels what's done;  
 He, and *Craterus*, both with him now joyn,  
 And 'gainst *Perdicus*, all their strength combine.  
 Brave *Ptolomy*, to make a fourth now sent,  
 To save himself from dangers eminent;  
 In midst of these, *Gabryles*, with wondrous state,  
 His Masters Funerals doth celebrate;  
 At *Alexandria*, in *Aegypt* Land,  
 His sumptuous monument long time did stand;  
 Two years and more since, Nature's debt he paid,  
 And yet till now, at quiet was not laid.  
 Great love did *Ptolomy* by this act gain.  
 And made the Souldiers on his side remain;

*Perdicus*

*Perdicus* hears, his foes are now combin'd,  
 ('Gainst which to goe, is troubled in his minde;)  
 With *Ptolomy* for to begin was best,  
 Near'st unto him, and farthest from the rest.  
 Leaves *Eumenes*, the *Asian* coast to free,  
 From the invasions of the other three;  
 And with his Army into *Aegypt* goes,  
 Brave *Ptolomy* to th' utmost to oppose.  
*Perdicus* furlly carriage, and his pride,  
 Did alienate the Souldiers from his side;  
 But *Ptolomy* by affability,  
 His sweet demeanour, and his courtesie,  
 Did make his owne firme to his cause remaine,  
 And from the other, daily some did gaine.  
*Pithon*, next *Perdicus*, a Captaine high,  
 Being entreated by him scornfully,  
 Some of the Souldiers enters *Perdicus's* tent,  
 Knocks out his braines, to *Ptolomy* then went,  
 And offers him his Honours, and his place,  
 With stile of the Protector, would him grace;  
 Next day into the Camp comes *Ptolomy*,  
 And is of all received joyfully;  
 Their proffers he refus'd, with modesty  
 Confers them *Pithon* on, for's courtesie;  
 With what he held, he now was well content,  
 Then by more trouble to grow eminent.  
 Now comes there newes of a great victory,  
 That *Eumenes* got of the other three,  
 Had it but in *Perdicus* life arriv'd,  
 With greater joy it would have been receiv'd;  
 Thus *Ptolomy* rich *Aegypt* did retaine,  
 And *Pithon* turn'd to *Asia* againe.

Whilst

Whilst *Perdicus* thus staid in *Africa*,  
*Antigonus* did enter *Asia*,  
 And fain would draw *Eumenes* to their side,  
 But he alone now faithfull did abide ;  
 The other all, had kingdomes in their eye,  
 But he was true to's matters family,  
 Nor could *Craterus* (whom he much did love)  
 From his fidelity make him once move.  
 Two battells now he fought, and had the best,  
 And brave *Craterus* slew, amongst the rest,  
 For this great strife, he pours out his complaints,  
 And his beloved foe, full fore laments.  
 I should but snip a story into verse,  
 And much eclipse his glory to rehearse  
 The difficulties *Eumenes* befell,  
 His stratagems, wherein he did excel,  
 His policies, how he did extricate  
 Himself from out of *Labyrinths* intricate.  
 For all that should be said, let this suffice,  
 He was both valiant, faithfull, patient, wise.  
*Python* now chose protector of the State,  
 His rule Queen *Enridice* begins to hate,  
 Perceives *Arideus* must not king it long,  
 If once young *Alexander* grow more strong,  
 But that her Husband serve for supplement,  
 To warm the seat, was never her intent,  
 She knew her birthright gave her *Macedon*,  
 Grandchild to him, who once sat on that throne,  
 Who was *Perdicus*, *Philip's* elder brother,  
 She daughter to his son, who had no other ;  
 Her mother *Cyna* sister to *Alexander*,  
 Who had an Army, like a great Commander.

Cain

*Ceria* the *Phrigian* Queen for to withstand,  
 And in a Battell slew her hand to hand ;  
 Her Daughter she instructed in that Art,  
 Which made her now begin to play her part ;  
*Pythons* commands, She ever countermands  
 What he appoints, She purposely withstands.  
 He wearied out, at last, would needs be gone,  
 Resign'd his place, and so let all alone ;  
 In's stead, the Souldiers chose *Antipater*,  
 Who vext the Queen more then the other farre ;  
 He plac'd, displac'd, controld, rul'd, as he list,  
 And this no man durst question, or resist ;  
 For all the Princes of great *Alexander*  
 Acknowledged for chief, this old Commander :  
 After a while, to *Macedon* he makes ;  
 The King, and Queen, along with him he takes.  
 Two Sons of *Alexander*, and the rest,  
 All to be order'd there as he thought best :  
 The Army with *Antigonus* did leave,  
 And government of *Asia* to him gave ;  
 And thus *Antipater* the ground-work layes,  
 On which *Antigonus* his height doth raise :  
 Who in few years the rest so over-tops,  
 For universall Monarchy he hopes ;  
 With *Eumenes* he divers Battels fought,  
 And by his sleights to circumvent him sought ;  
 But vaine it was to use his policy,  
 'Gainst him, that all deceits could scan, and try :  
 In this Epitomy, too long to tell  
 How neatly *Eumenes* did here excell,  
 That by the selfe-same traps the other laid,  
 He to his cost was righteously repaid.

Now

Now great *Antipater*, the world doth leave  
 To *Polisperchon*, then his place he gave,  
 Fearing his Son *Cassander* was unstay'd,  
 Too young to beare that charge, if on him lay'd ;  
*Antigonus* hearing of his decease,  
 On most part of *Assyria* doth seize,  
 And *Ptolomy*, now to encroach begins,  
 All *Syria*, and, *Phenicia* he wins ;  
 Now *Polisperchon* 'gins to act in's place,  
 Recals *Olympias*, the Court to grace ;  
*Antipater* had banisht her from thence,  
 Into *Epire*, for her great turbulence ;  
 This new Protector's of another minde,  
 Thinks by her Majesty much help to finde ;  
*Cassander* could not (like his father) see  
 Th's *Polisperchons* great ability,  
 Slights his commands, his actions he disclaimes,  
 And to be great himselfe now bends his aymes ;  
 Such as his father had advanc'd to place,  
 Or by his favour any way did grace,  
 Are now at the devotion of the Son,  
 Prest to accomplish what he would have done ;  
 Besides, he was the young Queens favourite,  
 On whom ( 'twas thought ) the set her chief delight ;  
 Unto these helps, in *Greece*, he seeks out more,  
 Goes to *Antigonus*, and doth implore,  
 By all the Bonds 'twixt him and's father past,  
 And for that great gift, which he gave him last ;  
 By these, and all, to grant him some suppy,  
 To take down *Polisperchon* grown so high ;  
 For this *Antigonus* needed no spurs,  
 Hoping still more to gaine by these new str's ;

Straight

Straight furnisht him with a sufficient aide,  
*Cassander* for return all speed now made :  
*Polisperchon*, knowing he did relye  
 Upon those friends, his father rais'd on high,  
 Those absent, banished, or else he slew  
 All such as he suspected to him true.  
*Cassander* with his Hoast to *Greece* goes,  
 Whom *Polisperchon* labours to oppose,  
 But had the worst at Sea, as well as Land,  
 And his opponent still got upper hand,  
*Athens*, with many Townes in *Greece* besides,  
 Firme to *Cassander* at this time abides ;  
 Whilst hot in wars these two in *Greece* remaine,  
*Antigonus* doth all in *Asia* gaine ;  
 Still labours *Eumenes* might with him side,  
 But to the last he faithfull did abide ;  
 Nor could Mother, nor Sons of *Alexander*,  
 Put trust in any, but in this Commander ;  
 The great ones now began to shew their minde,  
 And act, as opportunity they finde :  
*Arideus* the scorn'd, and simple King,  
 More then he bidden was, could act no thing ;  
*Polisperchon* hoping for's office long,  
 Thinks to enthrone the Prince when riper grown ;  
*Eurilice* this injury disdaines,  
 And to *Cassander* of this wrong complains ;  
 Hateful the Name, and House of *Alexander*,  
 Was to this proud, vindicative *Cassander*,  
 He still kept fresh within his memory,  
 His Fathers danger, with his Family ;  
 Nor counts he that indignity but small,  
 When *Alexander* knockt his head to th' wall :

These



These, with his love, unto the amorous Queen  
 Did make him vow her servant to be seen.  
*Olimpias*, *Arideus* deadly hates,  
 As all her Husbands children by his Mates;  
 She gave him poyson formerly ( 'tis thought )  
 Which damage both to minde and body brought:  
 She now with *Polisperchon* doth combine,  
 To make the King by force his seat resign;  
 And her young Nephew in his stead t' inthrone,  
 That under him she might rule all alone.  
 For ayde goes to *Epire*, among her friends,  
 The better to accomplish these her ends;  
*Euridice* hearing what she intends,  
 In hast unto her deare *Cassander* sends,  
 To leave his Seige at *Tazet*, and with speed  
 To come and succour her, in this great need;  
 Then by intreaties, promises, and coyne,  
 Some Forces did procure, with her to joyne.  
*Olimpias* now enters *Macedon*,  
 The Queen to meet her, bravely marched on;  
 But when her Souldiers saw their ancient Queen,  
 Remembring what sometime she had been,  
 The Wife, and Mother, of their famous Kings,  
 Nor Darts, nor Arrowes now, none shoots, nor flings;  
 Then King, and Queen, to *Amphipolis* doe fly,  
 But soone are brought into captivity;  
 The King by extreame torments had his end,  
 And to the Queen, these presents she doth send;  
 A Halter, cup of Poyson, and a Sword,  
 Bids chuse her death, such kinde as she'll afford:  
 The Queen with many a curse, and bitter check,  
 At length yeelds to the Halter, her faire neck;

Praying,

Praying, that farall day might quickly haste,  
 On which *Olimpias* of the like might taste.  
 This done, the cruell Queen rests not content;  
 Till all that lov'd *Cassander* was nigh spent;  
 His Brethren, Kinsfolk, and his chiefeft friends,  
 That were within her reach, came to their ends;  
 Digg'd up his brother dead, 'gainst natures right,  
 And throwes his bones about, to shew her spight.  
 The Courtiers wondring at her furious minde,  
 Wisht in *Epire* she still had been confin'd;  
 In *Peloponnesus* then *Cassander* lay,  
 Where hearing of this newes he speeds away,  
 With rage, and with revenge, he's hurried on,  
 So goes to finde this Queen in *Macedon*;  
 But being stopt, at Straight *Tharmisopley*  
 Sea passage gets, and lands in *Thessaly*;  
 His Army he divides, sends part away,  
*Polisperchon* to hold a while in play,  
 And with the rest *Olimpias* pursues,  
 To give her for all cruelties her dues:  
 She with the flow'r o'th Court to *Pidna* flies,  
 Well fortified, and on the Sea it lies;  
 There by *Cassander* she's block'd up, so long,  
 Untill the Famine growes exceeding strong.  
 Her Cousen of *Epire* did what he might,  
 To raise the Seige, and put her foes to flight;  
*Cassander* is resolv'd, there to remaine,  
 So succours, and endeavours proves but vaine:  
 Faine would she come now to capitulate,  
*Cassander* will not heare, such is his hate.  
 The Souldiers pinched with this scarcity,  
 Fly Reelish unto *Cassander* daily fly;

M

*Olimpius*

*Olimpius* wills to keep it, to the last,  
 Expecting nothing, but of death to taste ;  
 But he unwilling longer there to stay,  
 Gives promise for her life, and wins the day :  
 No sooner had he got her in his hands,  
 But made in Judgement her Accusers stand,  
 And plead the blood of their deare Kindred spilt,  
 Desiring Justice might be done for guilt ;  
 And so was he acquitted of his word,  
 For Justice sake she being put to th' sword.  
 This was the end of this most cruell Queen,  
 Whose fury yet unparallel'd hath been ;  
 The Daughter, Sister, Mother, Wife to Kings,  
 But Royalty no good conditions brings ;  
 So boundlesse was her pride, and cruelty,  
 She oft forgot bounds of Humanity.  
 To Husbands death ( 'twas thought ) she gave consent,  
 The Authours death she did so much lament,  
 With Garlands crown'd his head, bemoan'd his Fates,  
 His sword unto *Apollo* consecrates :  
 Her out-rages too tedious to relate,  
 How for no cause, but her inveterate hate ;  
 Her Husbands Wife, and Children, after's death  
 Some slew, some fry'd, of others, stopt the breath ;  
 Now in her age she's forc't to taste that Cup,  
 Which she had often made others to sup :  
 Now many Townes in *Macedon* suppress'd,  
 And *Pellas* faine to yce'd amongst the rest ;  
 The Funeralls *Cassandra* celebrates,  
 Of *Arietus*, and his Queen, with stare ;  
 Among their Ancestors by him there laid,  
 And shewes of lamentation for them made.

Old

Old *Thebes* he then re-built (so much of fame)  
 And rais'd *Cassandra* after his name,  
 But leave him building, others in their urn,  
 And for a while, let's into *Asia* turn,  
 True *Eumenes* endeavours by all skill,  
 To keep *Antigonus* from *Sus* still,  
 Having Command o'th treasure he can hire,  
 Such as nor threats, nor favour could acquire ;  
 In divers battels, he had good successe,  
*Antigonus* came off still honourlesse,  
 When victor oft had been, and so might still,  
*Pencestas* did betray him by a wile,  
*Antigonus*, then takes his life unjust,  
 Because he never would let go his trust :  
 Thus lost he all for his fidelity,  
 Striving t' uphold h's Masters family,  
 But as that to a period did haste,  
 So *Eumenes* of destiny must taste.  
*Antigonus*, all *Persia* now gains,  
 And Master of the treasure he remains ;  
 Then with *Seleucus* straight at ods doth fall,  
 But he for aid to *Ptolemy* doth call.  
 The Princes all begin now to envie  
*Antigonus*, his growing up so hye,  
 Fearing their state, and what might hap ere long,  
 Enter into a combination strong :  
*Seleucus*, *Ptolemy*, *Cassander* joynes,  
*Lymac* us to make a fourth combines :  
*Antigonus*, desirous of the *Greeks*,  
 To make *Cassander* odious to them, seeks,  
 Sends forth his declaration from a farre,  
 And shews what cause they had to take up warre.

M 2

The

The Mother of their King to death he'd put,  
 His Wife, and Son, in prison close had shut ;  
 And how he aymes to make himselfe a King,  
 And that some title he might seeme to bring,  
*Theſſalonica* he had newly wed,  
 Daughter to *Phillip*, their renowned head ;  
 Had built, and call'd a City by his name,  
 Which none e're did but those of royall fame ;  
 And in despite of their two famous Kings,  
 Th' hatefull *Olinthians* to *Greece* re-brings ;  
*Rebellious Thebs* he had re-edified,  
 Which their late King in dust had damnified ;  
 Requires them therefore to take up their Armes,  
 And to requite this Traytor for those harmes :  
 Now *Ptolomy* would gaine the *Greeks* likewise,  
 For he declares against his injuries ;  
 First, how he held the Empire in his hands,  
*Seleuchus* drove from government, and lands ;  
 Had valiant *Eumenes* unjustly slaine,  
 And Lord o' th' City *Susba* did remain.  
 So therefore craves their help to take him down,  
 Before he weare the universall Crown ;  
*Antigonus* at Sea soone had a fight,  
 Where *Ptolomy*, and the rest put him to flight ;  
 His Son at *Gaza* likewise lost the field,  
 So *Syria* to *Ptolomy* did yeeld ;  
 And *Seleuchus* recovers *Babylon*,  
 Still gaining Countries East-ward goes he on.  
*Demeirius* againe with *Ptolomy* did fight,  
 And comming unawares put him to flight ;  
 But bravely sends the Prisoners back againe,  
 And all the spoyle and booty they had tane ;

Curtius

*Curtius*, as noble *Ptolomy*, or more,  
 Who at *Gaza* did th' like to him before.  
*Antigonus* did much rejoyce his son,  
 His lost repete with victorie had won ;  
 At last these Princes tired out with warres,  
 Sought for a peace, and laid aside their jarres :  
 The terms of their agreement thus expresse,  
 That each shall hold what he doth now possesse,  
 Till *Alexander* unto age was grown,  
 Who then shall be installed in the throne :  
 This touch'd *Cassander* sore, for what he'd done,  
 Imprisoning both the mother, and her son,  
 He sees the *Greeks* now favour their young Prince,  
 Whom he in durance held, now and long since,  
 That in few years he must be forc'd or glad  
 To render up such kingdoms as he had  
 Resolves to quit his fears by one deed done,  
 And put to death, the mother and her son,  
 This *Roxane* for her beaurie all commend,  
 But for one act she did, just was her end,  
 No sooner was great *Alexander* dead,  
 But she *Darius's* daughters murdered,  
 Both thrown into a well to hide her blot,  
*Perdicus* was her partner in this plot :  
 The Heavens seem'd flow in paying her the same,  
 But yet at last the hand of vengeance came,  
 And for that double fact which she had done,  
 The life of her must go, and of her son  
*Perdicus* had before, for his amisse,  
 But from their hands, who thought not once of this.  
*Cassander's* dead, the Princes all detest,  
 But 'twas in shew, in heart it pleas'd them best.

M 3

Tha:

That he was odious to the world, they'r glad,  
 And now they are, free Lords, of what they had,  
 When this foul tragedy was past, and done,  
*Polisperchon* brings up the other son,  
 Call'd *Hercules*, and elder then his brother,  
 (But, *Olympias*, thought to preferre th' other :)  
 The Greeks touch'd with the murder done so late,  
 This Prince began for to compassionate.  
 Begin to mutter much 'gainst proud *Cassander*,  
 And place their hopes o'th heire of *Alexander*,  
*Cassander* fear'd what might of this insue,  
 So *Polisperchon* to his Counsell drew,  
 Gives *Peloponessus* unto him for hire,  
 Who slew the prince according to desire :  
 Thus was the race, and house of *Alexander*  
 Extinct, by this inhumane wretch *Cassander* ;  
*Antigonus* for all this doth not mourn,  
 He knows to's profit, all i'th end will turn,  
 But that some title he might now pretend,  
 For marriage to *Cleopatra*, doth send  
*Lyfimachus* and *Ptolomy*, the same,  
 And vile *Cassander* too, sticks not for shame ;  
 She now in *Lydia* at *Sardis* lay,  
 Where, by Embassage, all these Princes pray,  
 Choise above all, of *Ptolomy* she makes  
 With his Embassadour, her journey takes,  
*Antigonus*'s Lieutenant staves her still,  
 Untill he further know his Masters will ;  
 To let her go, or hold her still, he fears,  
*Antigonus* thus had a wolf by th' ears,  
 Resolves at last the Princeesse then'd be slain,  
 So hinders him of her, he could not gain.

Her

Her women are appointed to this deed,  
 They for their great reward no better speed,  
 For straight way by command they'r put to death,  
 As vile conspiratours that took her breath,  
 And now he thinks, he's ordered all so well,  
 The world must needs believe what he doth tell :  
 Thus *Philips* house was quite extinguish'd,  
 Except *Cassanders* wife, who yet not dead,  
 And by their means, who thought of nothing lesse  
 Then vengeance just, against the same t' expresse ;  
 Now blood was paid with blood, for what was done  
 By ~~the~~ father, mother, cruell son,  
 Who did erect their cruelty in guilt,  
 And wronging innocents whose blood they spilt,  
*Philip* and *Olympius* both were slain,  
*Aridus* and his Queen by slaughters ta'ne ;  
 Two other children by *Olympias* kill'd,  
 And *Cleopatra*'s blood, now likewise spill'd,  
 If *Alexander* was not poysoned,  
 Yet in the flower of's age, he must lie dead,  
 His wife and sons then slain by this *Cassander*,  
 And's kingdomes rent away by each Commander :  
 Thus may we hear, and fear, and ever say,  
 That hand is righteous it self which doth repay :  
 These Captains now, the stile of Kings do take,  
 For to their Crowns, there's none can title make.  
*Demetrius* is first, that so assumes,  
 To do as he, the rest full soon presumes,  
 To *Athens* then he goes, is entertain'd,  
 Not like a King, but like some God they fain'd ;  
 Most grossely base, was this great adulation,  
 Who incense burnt, and offered oblation.

M 4

These

These Kings fall now afresh to warres again,  
*Demetrius* of *Ptolomy* doth gain;  
 'Twould be an endlesse story to relate  
 Their severall battells, and their severall fate,  
*Antigonus* and *Seleuchus*, now fight  
 Near *Ephesus*, each bringing all their might,  
 And he that conquerour shall now remain,  
 Of *Asia* the Lordship shall retain.  
 This day twixt these two foes ends all the strife,  
 For here *Antigonus* lost rule, and life,  
 Nor to his ion did there one foot remain,  
 Of those dominions he did sometimes gain,  
*Demetrius* with his troops to *Athens* flies,  
 Hoping to find succour in miseries.  
 But they adoring in prosperity,  
 Now shut their gates in his adversity,  
 He sorely griev'd at this his desperate state,  
 Tries foes, since friends will not compassionate,  
 His peace he then with old *Seleuchus* makes,  
 Who his fair daughter *Stratonica* takes,  
*Antiochus*, *Seleuchus* dear lov'd son,  
 Is for this fresh young Lady half undone,  
 Falls so extreemly sick, all fear his life,  
 Yet dares not say, he loves his fathers wife;  
 When his disease the skilfull Physician tound,  
 He wittily his fathers mind did found,  
 Who did no sooner understand the same,  
 But willingly resign'd the beauteous dame:  
*Cassander* now must die, his race is run,  
 And leaves the ill got kingdoms he had won,  
 Two sons he left, born of King *Philips* daughter,  
 Who had an end put to their dayes by slaughter.

Which

Which should succeed, at variance they fell,  
 The mother would the youngest should excell,  
 The eld'st enrag'd did play the vipers part,  
 And with his Sword did pierce his mothers heart,  
 (Rather then *Philips* child must longer live)  
 He, whom she gave his life, her death must give)  
 This by *Lysimachus* soon after slain,  
 (Whose daughter unto wife, he'd newly ta'n)  
 The youngest by *Demetrius* kill'd in fight,  
 Who took away his now pretended right:  
 Thus *Philips*, and *Cassander's* race is gone,  
 And so falls out to be extinct in one,  
 Yea though *Cassander* died in his bed,  
 His seed to be extirpt, was destined,  
 For blood which was decreed, that he should spill,  
 Yet must his children pay for fathers ill.  
*Jehu* in killing *Ababs* house did well,  
 Yet be aveng'd, must th' blood of *Jesreel*.  
*Demetrius*, *Cassander's* kingdoms gains,  
 And now as King, in *Macedon* he reigns;  
*Seleuchus*, *Asia* holds, that grieves him sore,  
 Those countries large, his father got before,  
 These to recover, musters all his might,  
 And with his son in law, will needs go fight:  
 There was he taken and imprisoned  
 Within an Isle that was with pleasures fed,  
 Injoy'd what so becom'd his Royalty,  
 Only restrained of his liberty;  
 After three years he dyed, left what he'd won  
 In *Greece*, unto *Antigonus*, his son,  
 For his posterity unto this day,  
 Did not regain one foot in *Asia*.

Now

Now dyed the brave and noble *Ptolomy*,  
 Renown'd for bounty, valour, clemency,  
 Rich *Egypt* left, and what else he had won  
 To *Philadelphus*, his more worthy Son.  
 Of the old Heroes, now but two remaine,  
*Seleuchus*, and *Lyfimachus*; those twaine  
 Must needs goe try their fortune, and their might,  
 And so *Lyfimachus* was slaine in fight.  
 'Twas no small joy, unto *Seleuchus* breast,  
 That now he had out-lived all the rest:  
 Possession he of *Europe* thinks to take,  
 And so himselfe the only Monarch make;  
 Whilst with these hopes, in *Greece* he did remaine,  
 He was by *Ptolomy Cernanus* slaine.  
 The second Son of the first *Ptolomy*,  
 Who for rebellion unto him did fly,  
*Seleuchus* was as Father, and a friend,  
 Yet by him had this most unworthy end.  
 Thus with these Kingly Captaines have we done,  
 A little now, how the Succession run:  
*Antigonus*, *Seleuchus*, and *Cassander*,  
 With *Ptolomy*, reign'd after *Alexander*;  
*Cassanders* Sons, soone after's death were slaine;  
 So three Successors only did remaine:  
*Antigonus* his Kingdoms lost, and's life,  
 Unto *Seleuchus*, author of that strife.  
 His Son *Demetrius*, all *Cassanders* gaines,  
 And his posterity, the same retines,  
*Demetrius* Son was call'd *Antigonus*,  
 And his againe, also *Demetrius*.  
 I must let passe those many battels fought,  
 Between those Kings, and noble *Ejrrus* stout,

And

And his son *Alexander* of *Epire*,  
 Whereby immortall honour they acquire.  
*Demetrius* had *Philip* to his son,  
 He *Perses*, from him the kingdom's won,  
*Emillius* the *Roman* Generall,  
 Did take his rule, his sons, himself and all.  
 This of *Antigonus*, his seed's the fate,  
 Whose kingdoms were subdu'd by th' *Roman* state.  
 Longer *Seleuchus* held the Royalty  
 In *Syria* by his posterity,  
*Antiochus Soter* his son was nam'd,  
 To whom Ancient *Berosus* (so much fam'd)  
 His book of *Assirs* Monarchs dedicates,  
 Tells of their warres, their names, their riches, fates;  
 But this is perilled with many more,  
 Which we oft wish were extant as before.  
*Antiochus Theos* was *Soters* son,  
 Who a long warre with *Egypt's* King began.  
 The affinities and warres *Daniel* set forth,  
 And calls them there, the Kings of South, and North;  
 This *Theos* he was murdered by his wife,  
*Seleuchus* reign'd, when he had lost his life,  
 A third *Seleuchus* next sits on the seat,  
 And then *Antiochus* surnam'd the great,  
*Seleuchus* next *Antiochus* succeeds,  
 And then *Epiphanes*, whole wicked deeds,  
 Horrid massacres, murders, cruelties,  
 Against the Jewes, we read in *Macchabees*,  
 By him was set up the abomination  
 In th' holy place, which caused desolation;  
*Antiochus Eupator* was the next,  
 By Rebels and impostors daily vext;

So

So many Princes still were murdered,  
 The Royall blood was quite extinguished.  
 That *Tygranes* the great *Armenian* King,  
 To take the government was called in,  
 Him *Lucullus*, the *Romane* Generall  
 Vanquish'd in fight, and took those kingdoms all,  
 Of *Greece*, and *Syria* thus the rule did end,  
 In *Egypt* now a little time we'll spend.  
 First *Ptolemy* being dead, his famous son,  
 Cal'd *Philadelphus*, next sat on the throne,  
 The Library at *Alexandria* built,  
 With seven hundred thousand volumes fill'd,  
 The seventy two interpreters did seek,  
 They might translate the Bible into *Greek*,  
 His son was *Evergetes* the last Prince  
 That valour shew'd, virtue or excellence.  
*Philopater* was *Evergetes*'s son,  
 After *Epiphanes*, sat on the Throne  
*Philometer* : then *Evergetes* again.  
 And next to him, did false *Lathurus* reigne,  
*Alexander*, then *Lathurus* in's stead,  
 Next *Auletes*, who cut off *Pompey*'s head :  
 To all these names we *Ptolemy* must adde,  
 For since the first, that title still they had,  
 Fair *Cleopatra* next, last of that race,  
 Whom *Julius Caesar* set in Royall place,  
 Her brother by him, lost his trayterous head  
 For *Pompey*'s life, then plac'd her in his stead,  
 She with her Paramour *Mark Antony*,  
 Held for a time the *Egyptian* Monarchy :  
 Till great *Augustus* had with him a fight,  
 At *Actium* slain, his Navy put to flight :

Then

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

But

But yet this Lion, Bear, this Leopard, Ram,  
 All trembling stand, before that powerfull Lambe.  
 With these three Monarchies, now have I done,  
 But how the fourth, their Kingdoms from them won;  
 And how from small beginnings it did grow,  
 To fill the world with terrour, and with woe:  
 My tired braine, leaves to a better pen,  
 This taske befits not women, like to men:  
 For what is pitt I blush, excuse to make,  
 But humbly stand, some grave reproof to take:  
 Pardon to crave, for errours, is but vaine,  
 The Subject was too high, beyond my straine;  
 To frame Apologie for some offence,  
 Converts our boldnesse, into impudence.  
 This my presumption (some now) to requite,  
*Ne fater ultra crepidum*, may write.

**A**fter some dayes of rest, my restless heart,  
 To finish what begun, new thoughts impart  
 And mingle all resolves, my fancy wrought  
 This fourth to th' other three, now might be brought.  
 Shortnesse of time, and inability,  
 Will force me to a confus'd brevity;  
 Yet in this Chaos, one shall easily spy,  
 The vast limbs of a mighty Monarchy.  
 What e're is found amisse, take in best part,  
 As faults proceeding from my head, not heart.

The



**The Roman Monarchy,**  
 being the Fourth, and last,  
 beginning, *Anno Mundi*,  
 3 2 1 3.



Tout *Romulus*, *Romes* Founder, and first  
 King,  
 Whom vestall *Rhea*, into th' world did  
 bring  
 His Father was not *Mars*, as some devis'd,  
 But *Amulus*, in Armour all disguis'd.  
 Thus he deceiv'd his Neece, she might not know  
 The double injury, he then did doe:  
 Where Shepheard's once had Coats, and Sheep their  
 Folds,  
 Where Swaines, and rustick Peasants made their  
 Holds.  
 A Citty faire did *Romulus* erect:  
 The Mistress of the World, in each respect.  
 His Brother *Remus* there, by him was slaine,  
 For leaping o're the Walls with some disdain;  
 The Stones at first was cimented with blood,  
 And bloudy hath it prov'd, since first it stood:



This City built, and Sacrifices done,  
 A forme of Government he next begun ;  
 A hundred Senators he likewise chose,  
 And with the stile of *Patres* honour'd those ;  
 His City to replenish, men he wants,  
 Great priviledges then, to all he grants,  
 That wil within these strong built walls reside,  
 And this new gentle Government abide :  
 Of Wives there was so great a scarfity,  
 They to their neighbours sue, for a supply ;  
 But all disdain alliance then to make,  
 So *Romulus* was forc'd this course to take.  
 Great shewes he makes at Tilt, and Turnament,  
 To see these sports, the *Sabins* all are bent ;  
 Their Daughters by the *Romans* then were caught,  
 For to recover them, a Feild was fought ;  
 But in the end, to finall peace they come,  
 And *Sabins*, as one people, dwelt in *Rome*.  
 The *Romans* now more potent 'gin to grow,  
 And *Fedates* they wholly over-throw :  
 But *Romulus* then comes unto his end,  
 Some faining say, to heav'n he did ascend ;  
 Others, the seven and thirtyeth of his reigne,  
 Affirme, that by the Senate he was slaine.

*Numa Pompilius.*

**N**ext *Pompilius*, is next chosen King,  
 Held for his Piety, some sacred thing ;  
 To *Janus*, he that famous Temple built,  
 Kept shut in peace, but ope when blood was spilt,  
 Religious

Religious Rites, and Customs instituted,  
 And Priests, and *Flamines* likewise he deputed ;  
 Their Augurs strange, their habit, and attire,  
 And vestall Maids to keep the holy fire.  
 Goddesse *Ægeria* this to him told,  
 So to delude the people he was bold :  
 Forty three yeares he rul'd with generall praise,  
 Accounted for some god in after dayes.

*Tullus Hostilius.*

**T**ullus *Hostilius*, was third Roman King,  
 Who Mutiall Discipline in use did bring ;  
 War with the ancient *Albans* he dorth wage,  
 The strife to end, six Brothers doe ingage ;  
 Three call'd *Horatii*, on *Romans* side,  
 And *Curiatii*, three *Albans* provide ;  
 The *Romans* Conquereth, others yeeld the day,  
 Yet for their compact, after false they play :  
 The *Romans* fore incens'd, their Generall slay.  
 And from old *Alba* fetch the wealth away ;  
 Of *Latine* Kings this was long since the Seat,  
 But now demolished, to make *Rome* great.  
 Thirty two years dorth *Tullus* reigne, then dye,  
 Leaves *Rome*, in wealth and power, still growing high.

*Ancus Martius.*

**N**ext, *Ancus Martius* sits upon the Throne,  
 Nephew unto *Pompilius* dead, and gone ;

N

Rome

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

*Tarquinus Priscus.*

**T**Arquin, a Greek, at Corinth borne, and bred,  
 Who for sedition from his Country fled;  
 Is entertain'd at Rome, and in short time,  
 By wealth, and favour, doth to honour climbe;  
 He after *Marius* death the Kingdome had,  
 A hundred Senatours he more did adde;  
 Warres with the *Latins* he againe renewes,  
 And Nations twelve, of *Tuscany* subdues:  
 To such rude triumphs, as young *Rome* then had,  
 Much state, and glory, did this *Priscus* adde:  
 Thirty eight yeares (this Stranger borne) did reigne,  
 And after all, by *Ancus* Sons was slaine.

*Servius Tullius.*

**N**Ext, *Servius Tullius* sits upon the Throne,  
 Ascends not up, by merits of his owne,  
 But by the favour, and the speciall grace  
 Of *Tanquil*, late Queen, obtaines the place;

He

He ranks the people, into each degree,  
 As wealth had made them of abilitie;  
 A generall Muster takes, which by account,  
 To eighty thousand soules then did amount:  
 Forty foure yeares did *Servius Tullius* reigne,  
 And then by *Tarquin*, *Priscus* Son, was slaine.

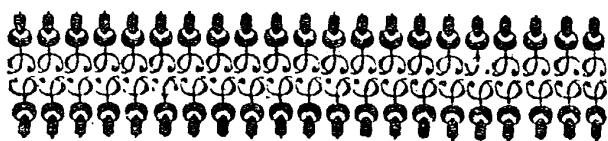
*Tarquinus Superbus*, the last  
 Roman King.

**T**Arquin the proud, from manners called so,  
 Sate on the Throne, when he had slaine his foe;  
*Sexus* his Son, doth (most unworthily)  
*Lucretia* force, mirrour of chastity;  
 She loathed so the fact, she loath'd her life,  
 And shed her guiltlesse blood; with guilty knife.  
 Her Husband sore incens'd, to quit this wrong,  
 With *Julius Brutus* rose, and being strong,  
 The *Tarquins* they from Rome with speed expell;  
 In banishment perpetuall, to dwell;  
 The Government they change, a new one bring,  
 And people sweare, ne're to accept of King.

The end of the Roman Monarchy;  
 being the fourth and last.

N 2

A



## A Dialogue between Old England and New, concern- ing their present troubles.

Anno 1642.

*New England.*

**A** Las, deare Mother, fairest Queen, and best,  
With honour, wealth, and peace, happy and  
blest,  
What ayles thee hang thy head, and crosse  
thine armes?

And sit i'th dust, to sigh these sad alarms?  
What deluge of new woes thus over-whelme  
The glories of thy ever famous Realme?  
What meanes this wailing tone, this mourning guise?  
Ah, tell thy Daughter, she may sympathize.

*Old England.*

Art ignorant indeed, of these my woes?  
Or must my forced tongue these griefs disclose?

And

And must my selfe dissect my tatter'd state,  
Which 'mazed Christendome stands wondring at?  
And thou a childe, a Limbe, and dost not feele  
My weakned fainting body now to reele?  
This Phisick-purging-potion I have taken,  
Will bring Consumption, or an Ague quaking,  
Unlesse some Cordial thou fetch from high,  
Which present help may ease this malady.  
If I decease, dost think thou shalt survive?  
Or by my wasting state, dost think to thrive?  
Then weigh our case, if't be not justly sad,  
Let me lament alone, while thou art glad.

*New England.*

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

N 3

Must

Must *Edward* be depos'd, or is't the houre  
 That second *Richard* must be clapt i'th' Tower?  
 Or is the fatall jarre againe begun,  
 That from the red, white pricking *Roses* sprung?  
 Must *Richmonds* ayd, the Nobles now implore,  
 To come, and break the tushes of the Boar?  
 If none of these, deare Mother, what's your woe?  
 Pray, doe not feare *Spaines* bragging Armado?  
 Doth your Allye, faire *France*, conspire your wrack?  
 Or, doth the *Scots* play false behind your back?  
 Doth *Holland* quit you ill, for all your love?  
 Whence is this storme, from Earth, or Heaven above?  
 Is't Drought, is't Famine, or is't Pestilence?  
 Doth feele the smart, or feare the consequence?  
 Your humble Childe intreats you, shew your grief,  
 Though Armes, nor Purse she hath, for your releif:  
 Such is her poverty, yet shall be found  
 A supplyant for your help, as she is bound.

### Old England.

I must confesse, some of those Sores you name,  
 My beaucous Body at this present mtime;  
 But forraigne Foe, nor fained friend I feare,  
 For they have work enough (thou knowst) elsewhere;  
 Nor is it *Alciers* Son, and *Henries* Daughter,  
 Whose proud contention cause this slaughter;  
 Nor Nobles siliing, to make *John* no King  
 French *Lewis* unjustly to the Crown to bring;  
 No *Edward*, *Richard*, to lose rule, and life,  
 Nor no *Laucastrians*, to renew old strife;

No

No Crook-backt Tyrant, now usurps the Seat,  
 Whose tearing tusks did wound, and kill, and threat:  
 No Duke of *York*, nor Earle of *March*, to soyle  
 Their hands in Kindreds blood, whom they did soyle:  
 No need of *Feder*, *Roses* to unite,  
 None knowes which is the Red, or which the White:  
*Spaines* braving Fleet a second time is sunke,  
*France* knowes, how of my fury she hath drunk;  
 By *Edward* third, and *Henry* fifth of fame,  
 Her Lillies in mine Armes avouch the same.  
 My Sister *Scotland* hurts me now no more,  
 Though she hath bin injurious heretofore.  
 What *Holland* is, I am in some suspence,  
 But trust not much unto his Excellence;  
 For wants, sure some I feele, but more I feare,  
 And for the Pestilence, who knowes how neare:  
 Famine, and Plague, two sisters of the Sword,  
 Destruction to a Land doth soone afford;  
 They're for my punishments ordain'd on high,  
 Unless thy teares prevent it speedily.  
 But yet, I answer not what you demand,  
 To shew the grievance of my troubled Land;  
 Before I tell the effect, ile shew the cause,  
 Which are my Sins, the breach of sacred Lawes;  
 Idolatry, supplanter of a Nation,  
 With foolish superstitious adoration;  
 And lik'd, and countenanc'd by men of might,  
 The Gospel is trod down, and hath no right;  
 Church Offices are sold, and bought, for gaine,  
 That Pope, had hope, to finde *Rome* here againe;  
 For Oathes, and Blasphemies did ever care  
 From *Beelzebub* himself, such language heare?

N 4

What

What scorning of the Saints of the most high,  
 What injuries did daily on them lye;  
 What false reports, what nick-names did they take,  
 Not for their owne, but for their Masters sake;  
 And thou, poore soule, wast jeer'd among the rest,  
 Thy flying for the Truth I made a jeast;  
 For Sabbath-breaking, and for Drunkenesse,  
 Did ever Land prophannesse more expresse?  
 From crying bloods, yet cleansed am not I,  
 Martyrs, and others, dying causelessly;  
 How many Princely heads on blocks laid down,  
 For nought, but title to a fading Crown?  
 'Mongst all the cruelties which I have done,  
 Oh, Edwards Babes, and Claverce haplesse son,  
 O Jane, why didst thou dye in flowering prime,  
 Because of Royall Stem, that was thy crime;  
 For Bribery, Adultery, for Thefts, and Lyes,  
 Where is the Nation, I cann't paralize;  
 With Usury, Extortion, and Oppression,  
 These be the Hydra's of my stout transgression;  
 These be the bitter fountains, heads, and roots,  
 Whence flow'd the source, the springs, the boughs, and  
 Of more then thou canst heare, or I relate, (fruits;  
 That with high hand I still did perpetrate;  
 For these, were threatned the wofull day,  
 I mock'd the Preachers, put it faire away;  
 The Sermons yet upon record doe stand,  
 That cry'd, destruction on to my wicked Land:  
 These Prophets mouthes (as is the while) was stoppt,  
 Unworthily, some backs whipt, and ears croppt;  
 Their reverent checks, did beare the glorious marks  
 Of sinking, stigmatizing, Romish Clerkes;

Some

Some lost their livings, some in prison pent,  
 Some grossely fin'd, from friends to exile went:  
 Their silent tongues to heaven did vengeance cry,  
 Who heard their cause, and wrongs judg'd rightecusly,  
 And will repay it sevenfold in my lap,  
 This is fore-runner of my after clap,  
 Nor took I warning by my neighbours falls,  
 I saw sad Germanie's dismantled walls.  
 I saw her people famish'd, Nobles slain,  
 Her fruitfull land, a barren heath remain.  
 I saw (unmov'd) her Armies foil'd and fled,  
 Wives forc'd, babes told, her houses calcined,  
 I saw strong Rochel yeelding to her foe,  
 Thonlands of starved Christi ns there also.  
 I saw poore Ireland bleeding out her last,  
 Such cruelty as all reports have past,  
 My heart obdurate, stood not yet agast.  
 Now sip I of that cup, and just 't may be,  
 The bottome dregs reserv'd are for me.

## New England.

To all you've said, sad mother, I assent  
 Your fearfull sinnes, great cause there's to lament.  
 My guilty hands (in part) hold up with you,  
 A sharer in your punishment 's my due,  
 But all you say, amounts to this effect,  
 Not what you feel, but what you do expect.  
 Pray in plain termes, what is your present grief,  
 Then let's join heads, and hands for your relief.

Old

## Old England.

Well, to the matter then, there's grown of late,  
 'Twixt King and Peeres a question of state,  
 Which is the chief, the law, or else the King,  
 One saith its he, the other no such thing.  
 My better part in Court of Parliament,  
 To ease my groaning land shew their intent,  
 To crush the proud, and right to each man deal.  
 To help the Church, and stay the Common-Weal,  
 So many obstacles comes in their way,  
 As puts me to a stand what I should say,  
 Old customes, new Prerogatives stood on,  
 Had they not held law fast, all had been gone,  
 Which by their prudence stood them in such stead,  
 They took high *Strafford* lower by the head,  
 And to their *Laud* be't spoke, they held it th' Tower,  
 All *Englands* Metropolitane that houre,  
 This done, an Act they would have passed faine,  
 No prelate should his Bishoprick retain;  
 Here tugg'd they hard indeed, for all men saw,  
 This must be done by Gospel, not by law.  
 Next the *Militia* they urged fore,  
 This was deny'd, I need not say wherefore.  
 The King displeas'd, at *York* himself absents,  
 They humbly beg return, shew their intents,  
 The writing, printing, posting to and fro,  
 Shews all was done, I'll therefore let it go.  
 But now I come to speak of my disaster,  
 Contentions grown 'twixt Subjects and their Master:  
 They

They worded it so long, they fell to blows,  
 That thousands lay on heaps, here bleeds my woes.  
 I that no warres, so many yeares have known,  
 Am now destroy'd, and slaughter'd by mine own,  
 But could the field alone this cause decide,  
 One battell, two or three I might abide,  
 But these may be beginnings of more woe,  
 Who knows, the worst, the best may overthrow;  
 Religion, Gospell, here lies at the stake,  
 Pray now dear child, for sacred *Zions* sake,  
 Oh pity me, in this sad perturbation,  
 My plundered Townes, my houses devastation,  
 My ravish't virgins, and my young men slain,  
 My wealthy trading shaln, my dearth of grain,  
 The seed time's come, but Ploughman hath no hope,  
 Because he knows not, who shall inn his crop:  
 The poore they want their pay, their children bread,  
 Their wofull mother's tears unpitied.  
 If any pity in thy heart remain,  
 Or any child-like love thou dost retain,  
 For my relief now use thy utmost skill,  
 And recompence me good, for all my ill.

## New England.

Dear mother cease complaints, and wipe your eyes,  
 Shake off your dust, cheer up, and now arise,  
 You are my mother, nurse, I once your flesh,  
 Your sunken bowels gladly would refresh:  
 Your griefs I pity much, but should do wrong,  
 To weep for that we both have pray'd for long,

To

To see these latter dayes of hop'd for good,  
 That Right may have its right, though 't be with blood;  
 After dark Popery the day did clear,  
 But now the Sun in's brightnesse shall appear,  
 Blest be the Nobles of thy Noble Land,  
 With (ventur'd lives) for truths defence that stand,  
 Blest be thy Commons, who for Common good,  
 And thine infringed Lawes have boldly stood.  
 Blest be thy Counties which do aid thee still  
 With hearts and states, to testifie their will.  
 Blest be thy Preachers, who do chear thee on,  
 O cry: the sword of God, and *Gilead*:  
 And shall I not on those with *Mero's* curse,  
 That help thee not with prayers, arms, and purse,  
 And for my self, let miseries abound,  
 If mindlesse of thy state I e'r be found.  
 These are the dayes, the Churches foes to crash,  
 To root out Prelates, head, tail, branch, and rush:  
 Let's bring *Baal's* vestments out, to make a fire,  
 Their Myters, Surplices, and all their tife,  
 Copes, Rochets, Crossiers, and such trash,  
 And let their names consume, but let the flish  
 Light Christendome, and all the world to see,  
 We hate *Romes* Whore, with all her trumperie.  
 Go on brave *Essex*, shew whose son thou art,  
 Not false to King, nor Countrey in thy heart,  
 But those that hurt his people and his Crown,  
 By force expell, destroy, and tread them down:  
 Let Gaoles be fill'd with th' remnant of that pack,  
 And sturdy *Tyburn* loaded till it crack,  
 And yee brave Nobles, chase away all fear,  
 And to this blessed Cause closely adhere

O

O mother, can you weep, and have such Peeres.  
 When they are gone, then drown your self in teares.  
 If now you weep so much, that then no more,  
 The briny Ocean will o'flow your shore,  
 These, these, are they (I trust) with *Charles* our King,  
 Out of all mists, such glorious dayes will bring,  
 That dazzled eyes beholding much shall wonder  
 At that thy settled Peace, thy wealth and splendour,  
 Thy Church and Weal, establish'd in such manner,  
 That all shall joy that thou display'dst thy banner,  
 And discipline erected, so I trust,  
 That nursing Kings, shall come and lick thy dust:  
 Then Justice shall in all thy Courts take place,  
 Without respect of persons, or of case,  
 Then bribes shall ceate, and suits shall not stick long,  
 Patience, and purse of Clients for to wrong:  
 Then High Commissions shall fall to decay,  
 And Pursevants and Catchpoles want their pay,  
 So shall thy happy Nation ever flourish,  
 When truth and righteousness they thus shall nourish.  
 When thus in Peace, thine Armies brave send out,  
 To sack proud *Rome*, and all her vassalls rout:  
 There let thy name, thy fame, thy valour shine,  
 As d'd thine Ancestours in *Palestine*,  
 And let her spoils, full pay, with int'rest be,  
 Of what unjustly once she poll'd from thee,  
 Of all the woes thou canst let her be sped,  
 Execute toth' full the vengeance threatned.  
 Bring forth the beast that rul'd the world with's beek,  
 And tear his flesh, and set your feet on's neck,  
 And make his filthy den so desolate,  
 To th' 'stonishment of all that knew his state,

This

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



An Elegie upon that Honourable and renowned Knight,  
*Sir Philip Sidney*, who was untimely  
 slain at the Seige of *Zutphon*,

Anno 1586.

By *A. B.* in the yeare, 1638.



When *England* did enjoy her Halcyon  
 dayes,  
 Her noble *Sidney* wore the Crown of  
 Bayes;

No lesse an Honour to our *British* Land,  
 Then she that sway'd the Scepter with her hand:  
*Mars* and *Minerva* did in one agree,  
 Of Armes, and Arts, thou should'st a patterne be.  
*Calliope* with *Terpsichor* did sing,  
 Of Poesie, and of Musick thou wert King;  
 Thy Rhetorick it struck *Polinnia* dead,  
 Thine Eloquence made *Mercury* wax red;  
 Thy Logick from *Euterpe* won the Crown,  
 More worth was thine, then *Cizo* could set down.  
*Thalia*, and *Melpomene*, say th' truth,  
 (Witness *Arcadia*, penn'd in his youth)

Are



Are not his Tragick Comedies so acted,  
 As if your nine-fold wit had been compacted ;  
 To shew the world, they never saw before,  
 That this one Volume should exhaust your store.  
 I praise thee not for this, it is unfit,  
 This was thy shame, O miracle of wit:  
 Yet doth thy shame ( with all ) purchase renown,  
 What doe thy vertues then ? Oh, honours crown !  
 In all records, thy Name I ever see,  
 Put with an Epithet of dignity ;  
 Which shewes, thy worth was great, thine honour such,  
 The love thy Country ought thee, was as much .  
 Let then, none disallow of these my strains,  
 Which have the self-same blood yet in my veins ;  
 Who honours thee for what was honourable,  
 But leaves the rest, as most unprofitable :  
 Thy wiser dayes, condemn'd thy witty works,  
 Who knowes the Spels that in thy Rethorick lurks ?  
 But some insatiate fooles loone caught therein,  
 Found *Cupid's* Dam, had never such a Gin ;  
 Which makes severer eyes but scorn thy Story,  
 And modest Maids, and Wives, blush at thy glory ;  
 Yet, he's a beetle head, that can't discry  
 A world of treasure, in that rubbish lye ;  
 And doth thy selfe, thy worke, and honour wrong,  
 ( O brave Refiner of our *British* Tongue ; )  
 That sees not learning, valour, and morality,  
 Justice, friendship, and kind hospitality ;  
 Yea, and Divinity within thy Book,  
 Such were preiudicate, and did not look :  
 But to say truth, thy worth I shall but staine,  
 Thy fame, and praise, is farr beyond my straine ;

Yet

Yet great *Augustus* was content ( we know )  
 To be saluted by a silly Crow ;  
 Then let such Crows as I, thy praises sing,  
 A Crow's a Crow, and *Cæsar* is a King.  
 O brave *Achilles*, I wish some *Homer* would  
 Engrave on Marble, in characters of Gold,  
 What famous feats thou didst, on *Flanders* coast,  
 Of which, this day, faire *Belgia* doth boast.  
 O *Zutphon*, *Zutphon*, that most fatall City,  
 Made famous by thy fall, much more's the pitty ;  
 Ah, in his blooming prime, death pluckt this Rose,  
 Ere he was ripe ; his thred cut *Atropos*.  
 Thus man is borne to dye, and dead is he,  
 Brave *Hector* by the walls of *Troy*, we see :  
 Oh, who was neare thee, but did sore repine ;  
 He rescued not with life, that life of thine,  
 But yet impartiall Death this Boone did give,  
 Though *Sidney* dy'd, his valiant name should live ;  
 And live it doth, in spight of death, through fame,  
 Thus being over-come, he over-came.  
 Where is that envious tongue, but can afford,  
 Of this our noble *Scipio* some good word ?  
 Noble *Bartas*, this to thy praise adds more,  
 In sad, sweet verse, thou didst his death deplore ;  
 Illustrious *Stella*, thou didst thine full well,  
 If thine aspect was milde to *Astrophell* ;  
 I feare thou wert a Commet, did portend  
 Such prince as he, his race should shortly end ;  
 If such Stars as these, sad preiages be,  
 I wish no more such Blazers we may see ;  
 But thou art gone, such Meteors never last.  
 And as thy beauty, so thy name would wast,

O

But

But that it is record by *Philips* hand,  
 That such an omen once was in our land;  
 O Princely *Philip*, rather *Alexander*,  
 Who wert of honours band, the chief Commander.  
 How could that *Stella*, so confine thy will?  
 To wait till she, her influence distill,  
 I rather judg'd thee of his mind that wept,  
 To be within the bounds of one world kept,  
 But *Omphala*, set *Hercules* to spin,  
 And *Mars* himself was ta'n by *Venus* gin;  
 Then wonder-lesse, if warlike *Philip* yield,  
 When such a *Hero* shoots him out o'th' field,  
 Yet this preheminnence thou hast above,  
 That thine was true, but theirs adul't rate love.  
 Fain would I shew, how thou fame's path didst tread,  
 But now into such Lab'rins am I led  
 With endlesse turnes, the way I find not out,  
 For to persist, my muse is more in doubt:  
 Calls me ambitious tool, that durst aspire,  
 Enough for me to look, and so admire.  
 And makes me now with *Sylvester* confesse,  
 But *Sydney's* Muse, can sing his worthinesse.  
 Too late my errour see, that durst presume  
 To fix my faltering lines upon his tomb:  
 Which are in worth, as far short of his due,  
 As *Vulcan* is, of *Venus* native hue.  
 Goodwill, did make my head-long pen to run,  
 Like unwise *Phaeton* his ill guided sonne,  
 Till taught to's cost, for his too hasty hand,  
 He left that charge by *Phœbus* to be man'd:  
 So proudly foolish I, with *Phaeton* strive,  
 Fame's flaming Chariot for to drive.

Til

Till terrour-struck for my too weighry charge:  
 I leave't in brief, *Apollo* do't at large.  
*Apollo* laugh't to patch up what's begun;  
 He bad me drive, and he would hold the Sun;  
 Better my hap, then was his darlings fate,  
 For dear regard he had of *Sydney's* state,  
 Who in his Deity, had so deep share,  
 That those that name his fame, he needs must spare,  
 He promis'd much, but th' muses had no will,  
 To give to their detractor any quill.  
 With high disdain, they said they gave no more,  
 Since *Sydney* had exhausted all their store,  
 That th's contempt it did the more perplex,  
 In being done by one of their own sex;  
 They took from me, the scribbling pen I had,  
 I to be eas'd of such a task was glad.  
 For to revenge his wrong, themselves ingage,  
 And drave me from *Farnassus* in a rage,  
 Not because, sweet *Sydney's* fame was not dear,  
 But I had blemish'd theirs, to make't appear:  
 I pensive for my fault, sat down, and then,  
*Errata*, through their leave threw me my pen,  
 For to conclude my poem two lines they daigne,  
 Which writ, she bad return't to them again.  
 So *Sydney's* fame, I leave to *England's* Rolls,  
 His bones do lie interr'd in stately *Pauls*.

*His Epitaph.*

Here lies intomb'd in fame, under this stone,  
 Philip and Alexander both in one.

O 2

Hic

*Heire to the Muses, the Son of Mars in truth,  
Learning, valour, beauty, all in various youth:  
His praise is much, this shall suffice my pen,  
That Sidney dy'd the quintessence of men.*



### In honour of Du Bartas.

I 6 4 I.

A. R.

**A**mongst the happy wits this Age hath showne,  
Great, deare, sweet *Bartas*, thou art matchlesse  
knowne;  
My ravish't eyes, and heart, with faltering tongue,  
In humble wise have vow'd their service long;  
But knowing th' taske so great, and strength but small,  
Gave o're the work, before begun withall:  
My dazled sight of late, review'd thy lines,  
Where Art, and more then Art in Nature shines;  
Reflection from their beaming altitude,  
Did thaw my frozen hearts ingratitude;  
Which Rayes, darting upon some richer ground,  
Had caused flowers, and fruits, soone to abound;  
But barren I, my Dytley here doe bring,  
A homely flower in this my latter spring:  
If Summer, or my Au-umne age, doe yeeld  
Flowers, fruits, in garden, orchard, or in field;

They

They shall be consecrated in my Verse,  
And prostrate off'rd at great *Bartas* Herse.  
My Muse unto a Childe, I fidly may compare,  
Who sees the riches of some famous Fayre;  
He feeds his eyes, but understanding lacks,  
To comprehend the worth of all those knacks;  
The glittering Plate, and Jewels, he admires,  
The Huts, and Fans, the Plumes, and Ladies tires,  
And thousand times his mazed minde doth with  
Some part, at least, of that brave wealth was his;  
But seeing empty withes nought obtaine,  
At night turnes to his Mothers cor againe,  
And tells her tales; (his full heart over-glad)  
Of all the glorious fights his eyes have had:  
But findes too soone his want of Eloquence,  
The silly Pratler speakes no word of sence;  
And seeing utterance fayle his great desires,  
Sits down in silence, deeply he admires:  
Thus weake brain'd I, reading thy lofty stile,  
Thy profound Learning; viewing other while  
Thy Art, in Naturall Philosophy:  
Thy Saint-like minde in grave Divinity,  
Thy peircing skill in high Astronomy,  
And curious in-sight in Anatomy;  
Thy Philick, Musick, and State policy,  
Valour in War, in Peace good Husbandry.  
Sure liberall Nature, did with Art nor small,  
In all the Arts make thee most liberall;  
A thousand thousand times my senselesse Sences,  
Movelesse, stand charm'd by thy sweet influences,  
More sencelesse then the Stones to *Amphions* Lute,  
Mine eyes are sightlesse, and my tongue is mute;

Q 3

My

My full astonish'd heart doth pant to break,  
 Through grief it wants a faculty to speak,  
 Vollies of praises could I eccho then,  
 Had I an Angels voice, or *Bartas*'s pen,  
 But wishes can't accomplish my desire,  
 Pardon, if I adore, when I admire.  
*O France*, in him thou didst more glory gain,  
 Then in thy *Pippin*, *Mutell*, *Charlemain*.  
 Then in *Saint Lewis*, or thy last *Henry* great,  
 Who tam'd his foes, in bloud, in skarres and sweat,  
 Thy fame is spread as farre, I dore be bold,  
 In all the Zones, the temp'rate, hot and cold,  
 Their trophies were but heaps of wounded slain,  
 Thine the quintessence of an Heroick brain.  
 The Oaken garland ought to deck their browes,  
 Immortall bayes, all men to thee allows.  
 Who in thy triumphs (never won by wrongs)  
 Leadst millions chain'd by eyes, by eares, by tongues,  
 Oft have I wondred at the hand of heaven,  
 In giving one, what would have served seven.  
 If e'r this golden gift was shov'd on any,  
 Thy double portion would have served many.  
 Unto each man his riches are assign'd,  
 Of names, of state, of body, or of mind,  
 Thou hast thy part of all, but of the last,  
 Oh pregnant brain, Oh comprehension vast;  
 Thy haughty stile, and rapted wit sublime,  
 All ages wondring at, shall never clime.  
 Thy sacred works are not for imitation,  
 But monuments for future admiration:  
 Thus *Bartas* fame shall last while starres do stand,  
 And whilst there's aire, or fire, or sea or land.

But

But lest my ignorance should doe thee wrong,  
 To celebrate thy merits in my Song,  
 Ile leave thy praise, to those shall doe thee right,  
 Good will, not skill, did cause me bring my mite.

### His Epitaph.

Here lyes the pearle of France, Parnassus glory,  
 The world rejoyc'd at's birth, at's death was sorry;  
 Art and Nature joy'd, by heavens high decree,  
 Now shew'd what once they ought, Humanity,  
 And Natures Law; had it been revocable,  
 To rescue him from death, Art had been able:  
 But Nature vanquish'd Art, so *Bartas* dy'd,  
 But Fame, out-living both, he is reviv'd:



In honour of that High and Mighty  
 Princess, Queen ELIZABETH, of  
 most happy memory.

### The Proem.

Altho' great Queen, thou now in silence lye,  
 Yet thy loud Herald Fame, doth to the sky  
 Thy wondrous worth proclaime, in every clime,  
 And so has vow'd, whilst there is world, or time;

O 4

So

So great's thy glory, and thine excellence,  
 The sound thereof raps every humane sence;  
 That men account it no impiety,  
 To say, thou wert a fleshly Deity:  
 Thousands bring off rings, (though out of date)  
 Thy world of honours to accumulate,  
 Mongst hundred Hecatombs of roaring Verse,  
 Mine bleating stands before thy royall Herse:  
 Thou never didst, nor canst thou now disdain,  
 To accept the tribute of a loyall Braine;  
 Thy clemency did yerst esteeme as much  
 The acclamations of the poore, as rich;  
 Which makes me deeme, my rudenesse is no wrong,  
 Though I resound thy greatnesse 'mongst the throng.

*The Poem.*

**N**O *Phoenix* Pen; nor *Spencers* Poetry,  
 No *Speeds*, nor *Chamblens* learned History;  
*Eliz's* works, wars, praise, can e're compact,  
 The World's the Theater where she did act;  
 No memories, nor volumes can containe,  
 The nine *Olimpades* of her happy reigne;  
 Who was so good, so just, so learn'd, so wise,  
 From all the Kings on earth she won the prize;  
 Nor say I more then duly is her due,  
 Millions will testifie that this is true;  
 She hath wip'd off th' aspersion of her Sex,  
 That women wisdom lack to play the Rex;  
*Spaines* Monarch sa's not so; nor yet his Host,  
 She taught them better manners to their cost.

The

The *Salique* Law had not in force now been,  
 If *France* had ever hop'd for such a Queen;  
 But can you Doctors now this point dispute,  
 She's argument enough to make you mute;  
 Since first the Sun did run, his ne'r runn'd race,  
 And earth had twice a yeare, a new old face:  
 Since time was time, and man unmanly man,  
 Come shew me such a *Phoenix* if you can;  
 Was ever people better rul'd then hers?  
 Was ever Land more happy, freed from stirs?  
 Did ever wealth in *England* so abound?  
 Her Victories in forraigne Coasts resound?  
 Ships more invincible then *Spaines*, her foe  
 She ract, she sackt, she sunk his Armadoe;  
 Her stately Troops advanc'd to *Lisbons* wall,  
*Don Anthony* in's right for to install;  
 She frankly help'd *Franks* (brave) distressed King,  
 The States united now her fame doe sing;  
 She their Protectrix was, they well doe know,  
 Unto our dread *Virago*, what they owe:  
 Her Nobles sacrific'd their noble blood,  
 Nor men, nor coyne she spar'd, to doe them good;  
 The rude untamed *Irish* she did quell,  
 And *Tiron* bound, before her picture fell.  
 Had ever Prince such Counsellors as she?  
 Her selfe *Minerva*, caus'd them so to be;  
 Such Souldiers, and such Captaines never seen,  
 As were the subjects of our (*Pallas*) Queen:  
 Her Sea-men through all Straights the world did round,  
*Terra incognita* might know her sound;  
 Her *Drake* came laded home with *Spanish* gold,  
 Her *Essex* took *Cades*, their *Herculean* hold;

But

But time would faile me, so my wit would to,  
 To tell of halfe she did, or she could doe;  
*Semiramis* to her is but obscure,  
 More infamie then fame she did procure;  
 She plac'd her glory but on *Babels* walls,  
 Worlds wonder for a time, but yet it falls;  
 Feirce *Tomris* (*Cirus* Headd-man, *Sythians* Queen)  
 Had put her Harnesse off, had she but seen  
 Our *Amazon* i' th' Camp at *Tilberry*:  
 (Judging all valour, and all Majetty)  
 Within that Princeesse to have residence,  
 And prostrate yeelded to her Excellence:  
*Dido* first Foundresse of proud *Carthage* walls,  
 (Who living consummates her Funerals)  
 A great *Eliza*, but compar'd with ours,  
 How vanisheth her glory, wealth, and powers;  
 Proud profuse *Cleopatra*, whose wrong name,  
 Instead of glory prov'd her Countries shame:  
 Of her what worth in Story's to be seen,  
 But that she was a rich *Egyptian* Queen;  
*Zenobia*, potent Empresse of the East,  
 And of all these without compare the best;  
 (Whom none but great *Aurélius* could quell)  
 Yet for our Queen is no fit parallel:  
 She was a *Phoenix* Queen, so shall she be,  
 Her ashes not reviv'd more *Phoenix* she;  
 Her personall perfections, who would tell,  
 Must dip his Pen i' th' *Heliconian* Well;  
 Which I may not, my pride doth but aspire,  
 To read what others write, and then admire.  
 Now say, have women worth, or have they none?  
 Or had they some, but with our Queen ist gone?

May

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

## Her Epitaph.

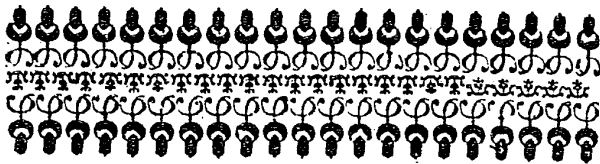
Here sleeps THE Queen, this is the royall bed  
 O' th' *Damask* Rose, sprung from the white and red,  
 Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling aire,  
 This Rose is withered, once so lovely faire,  
 On neither tree did grow such Rose before,  
 The greater was our gain, our losse the more.

## Another.

Here lies the pride of Queens, pattern of Kings,  
 So blaze it faine, here's feathers for thy wings,  
 Here lies the envy'd, yet unparalell'd Prince,  
 Whose living vertues speak (though dead long since)  
 If many worlds, as that fantasick framed,  
 In every one, be her great glory 'amed.

1643.

Davids



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

**A** Las, slaine is the head of *Israel*,  
 Illustrious *Saul*, whose beauty did excell  
 Upon thy places, mountain'ous and high,  
 How did the mighty fall, and falling dye?  
 In *Gath*, let not this thing be spoken on,  
 Nor published in streets of *Askelon*,  
 Lest Daughters of the *Philistins* rejoyce,  
 Lest the uncircumcis'd lift up their voyce:  
 O! *Gilbo* Mounts, let never pearled dew,  
 Nor fruitfull showres your barren tops bestrew;  
 Nor fields of offerings e're on you grow,  
 Nor any pleasant thing e're may you show;  
 For the mighty ones did soone decay,  
 The Shield of *Saul* was vilely cast away;  
 There had his dignity so fore a foyle,  
 As if his head ne're felt the sacred Oyle:  
 Sometimes from crimson blood of gashly slaine,  
 The bow of *Jonathan* ne're turn'd in vaine,  
 Nor from the fat, and spoyles, of mighty men,  
 Did *Saul* with bloodlesse Sword turne back agen:  
 Pleasant

Pleasant and lovely were they both in life,  
 And in their deaths was found no parting strife;  
 Swifter then swiftest Eagles, so were they,  
 Stronger then Lions, ramping for their prey.  
 O *Israel's* Dames, o're-flow your beauteous eyes,  
 For valiant *Saul*, who on Mount *Gilbo* lyes;  
 Who cloathed you in cloath of richest dye,  
 And choyse delights, full of variety.  
 On your array put ornaments of gold,  
 Which made you yet more beauteous to behold.  
 O! how in battell did the mighty fall,  
 In mid't of strength not succoured at all:  
 O! love'y *Jonathan*, how wert thou slaine,  
 In places high, full low thou dost remaine;  
 Distrest I am, for thee, deare *Jonathan*,  
 Thy love was wonderfull, passing a man;  
 Exceeding all the Love that's Feminine,  
 So pleasant hast thou been, deare brother mine:  
 How are the mighty falne into decay,  
 And war-like weapons perished away.

OF

*of the vanity of all worldly creatures.*

As he said vanity, so vain say I,  
**A**O vanity, O vain all under skie,  
 Where is the man can say, lo, I have found  
 On brittle earth, a consolation found?  
 What is't in honour, to be set on high?  
 No, they like beasts, and sonnes of men shall die,  
 And whilst they live, how oft doth turn their State?  
 He's now a slave, that was a Prince of late.  
 What is't in wealth, great treasures for to gain?  
 No, that's but labour anxious, care and pain.  
 He heaps up riches, and he heaps up sorrow,  
 Is his to day, but who's his heire to morrow?  
 What then? content in pleasures canst thou find?  
 More vain then all, that's but to grasp the wind.  
 The sensuall senses for a time they please,  
 Mean while the conscience rage, who shall appease?  
 What is't in beauty? no, that's but a snare,  
 They'r foul enough to die, that once was fair,  
 What, is't in flowring youth, or manly age?  
 The first is prone to vice, the last to rage.  
 Where is it then? in wisdom, learning, arts?  
 Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts;  
 Yet these, the wisest man of men did find,  
 But vanity, vexation of the mind,  
 And he that knows the most doth still bemoan,  
 He knows not all, that here is to be known,  
 What is it then? to do as Stoicks tell,  
 Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well.

Such

Such stoicks are but stocks, such teaching vain:  
 While man is man, he shall have ease or pain.  
 If not in honour, beauty, age, nor treasure,  
 Nor yet in learning, wisdom, youth nor pleasure;  
 Where shall I climbe, sound, seek, search or find,  
 That *summum Bonum* which may stay my mind?  
 There is a path, no vultures eye hath seen.  
 Where lions fierce, nor lions whelps hath been,  
 Which leads unto that living Christall fount,  
 Who drinks thereof, the world doth naught account.  
 The depth, and sea, hath said its not in me,  
 With pearl and gold it shall not valued be:  
 For *Saphyre, Onix, Topas*, who will change,  
 Its hid from eyes of men, they count it strange,  
 Death and destruction, the same hath heard,  
 But where, and what it is, from heaven's declar'd,  
 It brings to honour, which shall not decay,  
 It steeres with wealth, which time can't wear away.  
 It yeeldeth pleasures, faire beyond conceit,  
 And truly beautifies without deceit.  
 Nor strength nor wisdom, nor fresh youth shall fade,  
 Nor death shall see, but are immortall made,  
 This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring,  
 Who is possessed of, shall reign a King.  
 Nor change of state, nor cares shall ever see,  
 But wear his Crown unto eternitie,  
 This satiates the soul, this stayes the mind,  
 The rest's but vanity, and vain we find.

FINIS.