

*To the Louers of the Muses, vpon these
Quodlibets.*

VHy doe so many fondly dote vpon
Parnassus Tempe, and that *Helicon*
 Renowned by the *Greeks*? why praise they so
 The *Muses* haunting *Tiber*, *Thame*, and *Po*;
 As if no other *Hill*, or *Groue*, or *Spring*,
 Should yeeld such *Raptures*, as these forth did bring?
 Behold, e'en from these vncouth shores, among
 Vnpeopled woods, and hills, these straines were sung:
 And most of theirs they seeme to paralell,
 Who boast to drinke of *Aganippe's* well.
 Despaire not therefore, you that loue the *Muses*,
 If any Tyrant, you, or yours abuses:
 For these will follow you, and make you mirth,
 Eu'n at the furthest Angles of the Earth,
 And those contentments which at home yee leese,
 They shall restore you among Beasts and Trees.
 Yours, *George Wither.*

*An Acrostick-Sonnet. To his learned and
welbeloued friend, Mr.*

*R*ecreated with sweet sauiours
*O*f thy various curious Labours,
*B*eautilied with Arts trim Treasures,
*E*x'lent for Poeticke-Measures;
*R*apt (I say) with so rare view,
*T*hanks (me thinks) at least, was due.

*H*ere, I found such fragrant flowers,
*A*s, best drest *Uranias* Bowers;
*T*elding Sents and Sights admired,
*M*et, the *Muses* Browes t'haue tyred:
*A*s, They (then) are, thus grac'd by Thee,
*N*euer, may They, Grace, deny Thee.

Ad eundem: Per eundem.

IF *Newsona*. Land yeeld such commodities,
 I'd thither trade, for so rare Marchandize.

Yours, *John Vlears.*