

**Part 2. Of the Mindes infirmities. 135**

Then they will know Saint *Michaels* Armes,  
Wherwith he saues Gods Church from harms.  
For though the Watch-men smote the Spouse,  
As shee sought Christ, yet still she growes,  
Untill her Seede, as heretofore,  
In spirit playes the arrant Whore.  
Let croaking Frogs, and chattring Pyes,  
Let *Daniel's* Horne with Mysticke eyes :  
Let curious Schoole-men, errors spawne,  
Grace and Faith for *Freemill* pawne :  
Let such, as broach those Franticke Tales,  
Whom Old Saint *David* chaf'd from *Wales*,  
*Pelagian* wife, depart from hence ;  
In spite of all wee haue defence.  
On *Phisicke* knowne our Cures relye,  
Let Mountebankes *Elixirs* trye :  
Men, who were call'd, but neuer Cull'd,  
Theeues of the *House*, by crochets gall'd  
Wee feare strong flames ; shrubs safer lye  
From Lightnings blast, then Cedars high.  
The low-built Cottage of a Clowne,  
Stands surer then the *Triple Crowne*.  
Aspiring doubts the Church our Mother,  
As *Fancies* Braine-wormes, bids vs smother.  
When *Seraphins* were faine to Vaile,  
How could *Arminius* fight but faile ?  
Let sober Learnings Oracles  
Sure for our eyes plaine Spectacles.