

*To my deare Friend and Fellow-Planter, Master
Robert Hayman, who with Pen and Person prepares
more roome for Christians in the Newfound-World.*

VHilst worldlings most build Castles in the Aire,
Nibbling on baytes, like *Orpheus* and *Sems* heire:
You spend your time both with your Muse and hand,
To edifie our hopefull *Newfound-Land*.
To tame the rude, doth argue a braue spirit:
But to saue soules, are workes of greatest merit.
To plant and fish, from sloth you those perswade:
From errors these, to a more heavenly trade.
Thus whil' it but dorisse some raking slaues ingroise,
You digge new grounds, and roote vp *Trees* and *Mosse*.
You shew the meanes to cut off suites and strife,
Meanes for good men, to leade a pleasant life.
You search the Seas, and anchour with strong cables:
Which deeds you build on faith, as those on *Babels*.
Thus he who borrowed twice sweet *Orpheus* name,
Poore *Cambriols* Lord, addes to your rising fame.

Your true friend
William Vaughan.

*To the Facetious Epigrammatist, my louing Kinsman, Mr. Robert
Hayman, who composed these quaint Quodlibets at
Harbor-grace, in Newfound-Land.*

Your modest lines begot in *Harbor-Grace*,
Doe grace that Harbor in old *Newfound-Land*,
Your witty lines the Muses doe embrace.
Pernassus Nymphes admiring, murely stand,
Seeing such sweet flowers from that barren soyle;
As your neat *Quodlibets* which there did spring,
To *Orens* Genius you haue given the style.
By your sweet Epigrams, you there did sing.
I would you had the grace with our great King.
To doe there your desires: A greater thing.

Your louing Kinsman,
Richard Spicer.