

the most prudent *Queen* likened him to that hare-braind Traueller, which in the scorching Moneth of Iune being troubled with the croaking noise of Frogs, would needs light downe from his horse to be reuenged on them for offending of his tender eares.

*The waies to
get wealth.*

All this, sayd the *noble Queene*, did our Reuerend *Patriarch* know, when hee went forwards with his *Sonnet* notwithstanding the crosse-oppositions of these *Buffones*, scorning out of a brauc *Britaine* courage to reuenge himself on such contemtable creatures. Neuertheles, because their floutes and taunts tended to the breach of Ciuill Orders, her *Maiestie* banished all *scoffing companions*, and base ballet Rimers quite out of the Iurisdiction of *Parnassus* and *Colchos*, and for euer after to become incapable of the mystery of the *golden fleece*.

The conclusion of Orpheus Iunior to his Soveraigne the King of Great Britaine.

IF with kind words *your Maiestie* approue
 This *Golden Fleece* sprung from a subiects loue:
 Ile sweare *you* hold *your Fathers* worth by right,
 That from your lippes there shootes a quickning
 (light.

But if your mind more waighthy cares withdraw,
 One fingers touch sufficeth me for Law.

Ile dreame that you haue read, what I present,
 Or deem'd it meet for wisedomes Parliament,

Or