

## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

An *Emperour*, one of Your Name *the fife*  
*Commines* Bookes held as a peerelesse Gift.  
So did *King Phillips valiant Sonne* account  
Poore *Homers* Workes rich Jewels to surmount.  
This no *Eutopia* is, nor Common-wealth (health  
Which *Plato* faign'd. Vvee bring Your *Kingdomes*  
By true Receits; which *You* will rellish well,  
If *Humours* ranke by *Phyficke* *You* expell:  
In pithy fresh Conceits *Your mind* may ioy,  
When sundry Troupes of weightie Cares annoy.

*Mu.*