



THE MUSES AND
THE GRACES, BY THE
hands of *Orpheus Junior*, doe here
present this *Treatise of the Golden
Fleece* at the Feet of the most Noble,
Mightie, and hopefull King
of Great Britaine.

Great Monarch, though You with *Apollo's* lore,
And with your *Fathers* rules are polisht more:
Though You of riper Judgements doe not want
Proiectours rare, and full as elegant;
Disdaine not yet to marke what we entend,
And to Your Grace by *Orpheus* recommend.
Though we no Gold, nor Precious Stones present,
The value notwithstanding here is sent;
King *Gyges* Ring to see the Cause of harmes,
A *New-found Fleece* to rayse both Arts and Armes.
Christ was wel pleas'd with the poore *widowes* mite;
No lesse a *Larke* excels the greatest *Kite*.
A little Part a wise King will preferre
Of *Practick Art* before all *Dreames*, that erre.