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QVOD LIBETS, C:28

LATELY COME OVER
FROM NEW BRITANIOLA,
OLD NEWFOVND-LAND.

Epigrams and other small parcels, both
Morall and Diuine.

The first foure Bookes being the Authors ownè: the
rest translated out of that Excellent Epigrammatist,
M^r. Iohn Owen, and other rare Authors.

With two Epistles of that excellently wittie Doctor
Francis Rablais: Translated out of his French at large.

All of them

Composed and done at *Harbor-Grace*
Britaniola, anciently called *Newfound-Land.*

By *R. H. of man:*

Sometimes Gouvernour of the Plantation there.

L O N D O N,
Printed by *Elizabeth All-de,* for *Rog:
Michell,* dwelling in *Pauls Church-yard,*
at the signe of the Bulls-head. 1628.

1870

1870

1870



To the Kings most Excellent Maiestie, CHARLES,
by Gods especiall mercy, King of Great-Britaine,
France, and Ireland. &c. Emperour of South, and North Vir-
ginia, King of Britania, or Newfound-land, and the Iles ad-
jacent, Father, Fauourer, and Furtherer of all his loyall Subjects
right Honourable and worthie Plantations.

MAY it please your most Excellent Maiestie, this last
right worthy attribute of yours (no way insinuated, but
instly affixed to your more ancient stile) perswades
these unworthy papers to presume (with your gracious
leave and permission) to take the hardines to kisse
your sacred hands; hoping of the like successe, that
some vnrripe eares of corne, brought by me from the cold Country of
Newfound-land, receiued from some honest, well-minded louers of
that action when they saw them: who with much-afflicted eyes be-
holding them, tooke much comfort in what they saw: but more, when
they suppos'd it might be better'd, by industry, care, and honesties
These few bad vnrripe Rimes of mine (comming from thence) are in all
humility presented with the like intendiment to your Maiestie, to testi-
fie that the Aire there is not so dull, or maleuolent, but that if bet-
ter wits were transplanted thither, neither the Summers heat would
dilate them, nor the Winters cold benumme them, but that they might
in full vigour flourish to good purpose. For if I now growne dull and
aged, could doe somewhat, what will not sharper, younger, freer in-
uentions performe there? They would not walke as I here doe, with
short turnes, leaning sometimes on others inuentions, skipping weakly
from bough to bough; but with large walkes, with long, and strong
flights. I suppose it not fit at this time (but attending the successe of
this presumption) in some other larger manner to make knowne vnto
your Maiestie, the inestimable riches of the Seas circuling that Iland:
The hopefull improuements of the same Land thereof: The more then
probable, vnumuabls hidden treasures therein: The infinite abun-
dance of combustible fierie materials: fit for such an employment. It is

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

only the Aire at this time I desire to dignifie, and that which is within that Horizon: Yet is my prooffe rather in hope of others, then in any attuated performance of mine owne. If your Maiestie will be pleased to giue credit to your meanest subiect, I may ingage my selfe on this asseration, That not only in this unprofitable (though not vnpleasant) Art, better wits would thrine there: but all other sollid learning would walke uprightly without conuulsions. I cannot but know, how almost all your Royall houres are taken up in most Reall, serious, sollid imploiments: did I therefore imagine, that either your Maiestie could, or graciously would vouchsafe the reading of these; they would be found some mine owne, the rest, Translations. Meane and unworthy though they are, yet because some of them were borne, and the rest did first speake English, in that Land whereof your gracious Maiestie is the right, and lawfull Soueraigne, and King, by ancient descent and primary possession, and being the first fruits of this kind, that euer visited this Land, out of that Dominion of yours; I thought it my duty, to present and to prostrate these with my selfe at your Royall feete: For what I haue mistakingly offended herein, or shall hereafter, I humbly beseech your Maiesties gracious, mercifull, generall, induldgence and pardon, vnfainedly beseeching God to blesse your Maiesty with aboundance of all Earthly and Heauenly blessings. And that you may see an happy successe of all your Forraigne Plantations, especially of that of Newfound-land, I remaine

Your Maiesties well meaning
and loyall Subiect,

ROBERT HAYMAN.



*My humble Muse, desires
likewise to kisse your sacred hands.*

FAire, Bright, Illustrious Day-starre of our times!
Cast a faire aspect on my short breath'd Rymes:
If these to kisse your hands, are found vnmeet,
I throw my selfe downe at your Royall feete.

*Humbly kisseth your
sacred hands, the
short-breath'd Muse of*

ROBERT HAYMAN.

A 3

To

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

WHilst 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 ingrose,
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,
Secing such sweet flowers from that barren soyle;
As your neat *Quodlibets* which there did spring,
To *Omens* 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.

To the Louers of the Muses, vpon these
Quodlibets.

VVhy doe so many fondly dote vpon
Parnassus Tempe, and that Helicon
Renowned by the Greeks? why praise they so
The Muses haunting Tiber, Thame, and Po;
As if no other Hill, or Grove, or Spring,
Should yeeld such Raptures, as these forth did bring?
Behold, e'en from these vncouth shores, among
Vnpeopled woods, and hills, these straines were sung:
And most of theirs they seeme to paralell,
Who boast to drinke of Agamippe's well.
Despaire not therefore, you that loue the Muses,
If any Tyrant, you, or yours abuses:
For these will follow you, and make you mirth,
Eu'n at the furthest Angles of the Earth,
And those contentments which at home yee leese,
They shall restore you among Beasts and Trees.
Yours, George Wisber.

An Acrostick-Sonnet. To his learned and
welbeloued friend, Mr.

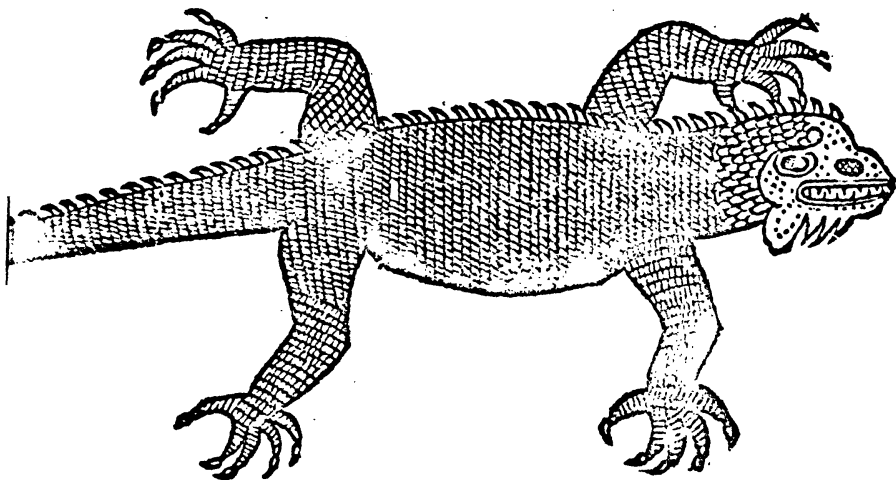
R ecreated with sweet fauours
O f thy various curious Labours,
B eautified with Arts trim Treasures,
E x'lent for Poeticke-Measures;
R apt (I say) with so rare view,
T hanks (me thinks) at least, was due.

H ere, I found such fragrant flowers,
A s, best drest Uranias Bowers;
T elding Sents and Sights admired,
M eet, the Muses Browes t'haue tyred:
A s, They (then) are, thus grac'd by Thee,
N euer, may They, Grace, deny Thee.

Ad eundem: Per eundem.

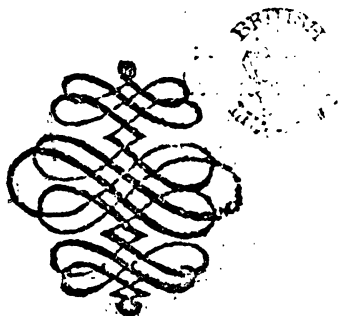
IF Newfound-Land yeeld such commodities,
I'd thither trade, for so rare Marchandize.

Yours, John Vlears.



*Vpon this Anagram of my name, and the
deuice of the West-Indian Guane.*

If some should meete this Beast vpon the way,
Would not their hearts-blood thrill for great affray?
Yet the West-Indian that best knowes his nature,
Says, there is not any more harmeleffe Creature.
So though my lines haue much deformity,
Their end mine Anagram shall verifie.





THE FIRST BOOKE
OF *QVODLIBETS*, DONE
AND COMPOSED BY
THE AVTHOR.
himselſe.

1. *Of mine owne Quodlibets.*

THough my *best lines* no dainty things affords,
My *worſt* haue in them ſome thing elſe then words.

2. *To my Readers.*

I kept theſe cloſely by me ſome few yeeres,
Reſtrained by my *knowledge*, and my *feares* :
I *fear* they are too ſhallow for the Schooles,
I *know* they are too deepe for ſhallo w fooles,
Yet there are many of a middle breeding
May thinke them good : nay richly worth the reading.

3. *To the perpetuall renowne of our learned King IAMES,*
King of Great Britaine, &c. of famous memorie.

Wales, England, Scotland long did diſagree,
Yet like a threefold cord accord in Thee,
Such a cord hardly breakes, being wiſely twiſt :
Theſe three combin'd, may the whole world reſiſt.

4. *Old Lelius to his wiſe friend Scipio.*

Let vs ſit downe and by the ſiers light,
Let our diſcourſe be without ſaucy ſpight,
Wee'll tell old tooth-leſſe tales, which cannot bite,
Whilſt yong Fooles to talke *Treaſon* take delight.

5. *Why God giues ſome Fooles riches, and ſome wiſe men none.*
To a diſcreet friend.

Why frett thou ſo, and art ſo ſullen growne ?

Thy neighbour Foole gets wealth, and thou getst none.

Wise, mercifull, and iust is God in it :

For he hath giuen him riches, and thee wit.

Alas poore Foole, if that he had no wealth,

He hath not wit to comfort his sad selfe.

6. *An old Apothecary made a new Doctor.*

Hee kill'd by others warrant formerly,

Hee kills now by his owne authority.

7. *God doth all in all.*

It's held, The Stars gouerne the works of Men :

It's likewise held, Wisemen may gouerne them :

I hold, God ouer-rules *Wise*, *Wayes*, and *Stars* :

It's *He* that humbleth, and its *He* preferres.

8. *A worldly Man will haue it by hooke or by crooke.*

If *wealth* I cannot catch with *Vertues hooke*,

I'll haule it to me, by my crafty *Crooke*.

9. *Thriftie Charity, to a namelesse Friend.*

On this Text thou dost seaze, with griping hold,

Who giues the Poore, he shall receiue fourefold.

This Text thou dost some pretty roome afford,

Who giues the Poore, doth lend unto the Lord:

But this hard Text doth goe against thy graine,

Giue cheerefully, looking for naught againe.

10. *Borrowing on Time, is worse then Bird-lime.*

As *Fowlers* vse to take their *Fowle* with *Lime* :

So *Usurers* take borrowing *Fooles* with *Time*.

Great danger'tis, for *Birds*, *Bird-lime* to touch,

Not to keepe *Touch* with *Usurers* it's as much.

11. *To a kinde Foole.*

Oft into *Bonds* for others thou hast runne,

But by those *Bonds*, thy selfe thou hast *undone*.

No juggler euer show'd vs such a cast,

To be *undone* by being bound so *fast*.

So *Drunkards* doe with a like Iugling tricke,

By gulping others healths, themselues make sicke.

12. *Trauelling in England.*

The trauelling fashion of our Nation,

To pay without examination :

What our hard-rented Oasts may get thereby,
Is Noble, Loose, Braue, Prodigality.

13. *A persuasion to Humilitie.*

As when the *Moone* after the *Sunne* doth goe,
She daily doth, fairer, and fuller growe;
But when that *She* doth goe before the *Sunne*,
Her light growes lesse, and lesse, till she haue none:
So whilst wee follow *God* in humble feare,
His *Grace* in vs, will beauteously appeare:
But if we goe before *God* in presumption,
His *Grace* in vs will soone haue a consumption.

14. *Why there are so few Hospitals built.*

Itus hath *Will*, but wants good *Meanes* to doe it.
Croesus hath *Meanes*, but wants a *Will* vnto it.

15. *Lawyers profitable pastime.*

Lawyers doe call *Plaintifes* Defence, their *Plea*:
It rather might be called *Lawyers* Play.

16. *The Polycie of the Whore of Babylon.*

As common *Queanes* haue seuerall quaint deuices,
To hooke all kind of men, by their intices:
So the spirituall *Whore* of *Babylon*
Hath seuerall ginnes to intrap euery one:
For *Villaines*, *Wantons*, easie Indulgences:
For *Zealous*, *Wise*, Angelicall pretences;
For *High-mindes*, *Spenders*, honor she dispences;
For *Women*, *Fooles*, fine shewes to please their senses.

17. *To Bald-pate.*

Though I want yeeres, yet hoare I am through cares:
But *Whores* haue made thy head white, without haire.

18. *Worse then naught.*

Thou art not worthy of a *Satyres* quill:
An *Epigram's* too short to shew thine ill.

19. *Two filthy fashions.*

Of all fond fashions, that were worne by *Men*,
These two (I hope) will ne'r be worne againe:
Great *Codpist* Doublets, and great *Codpist* britch,
At seuerall times worne both by meane and rich:
These two had beene, had they beene worne together,

4 *The first Booke*

Like two *Fooles*, pointing, mocking each the other.

20. *Fooles are more masters of their wines then wise men.*

Scarce a Paradoxe.

Wise men for shame mildly away will goe,

Fooles will stand stiffly to't and haue it so :

Wise men for quietnesse will sometimes yeeld.

Though *Fooles* be beaten, they'll not quit the field.

22. *To a Pardon-Buyer.*

The *Pope* giues thee a sweeping Indulgence,

But thou must giue him good store of thy pence :

Euery Lord So my *Lord Mayor* giues spoones all gilded o're,

Maioir of Receiues for each foure or fiue pounds therefore.

London doth 22.

Worse then a Whore.

yeerly giue a Our common *Whores* turne *Roman Catholicks*,

gilded spoon By that meanes they get Pardons for tricks :

to most of his These wandring Stars of common occupation,

Company, & Are rightly sphear'd in this large Constellation :

at a solemne Feast, each I enuy not that Church, that vs so spites,

quest giues For fingring such notorious Procelites.

him 4. or 5. l. 23. *Why Kings speake in the Plurall.*

or more to- *Princes* speake in the plurall *Us*, and *Wee* :

wards his It is their charge, from wrongs to keepe *Us* free,

charge. And *We* are wronged when *They* wronged bee :

Thus *Plurals* with their *Plur.all* charge agree.

24. *The effects of Gods Word.*

Gods Word, to Sheepe is grasse; to Swine, hard stones;

Vnto *Beleeuers*, *Flesh*; to others, *Bones*.

25. *A Scottish Honest Man.*

A Londoners Good Man.

An Honest man, as *Scot'smen* vnderstand,

Is one, that mickle gudes hath, at command.

A *Good man*, in the *Londoners* account,

Is one, whose wealth to some Summe doth amount.

Lord, make me *Honest*, *Good* by thy instruction :

Then *Good* and *Honest* after their construction.

26. *How and whereof to iest.*

Iest fairely, freely : but exempt from it,

Mens misery, State businesse, Holy writ.

27. *The worlds Whirlegigge.*
 Plenty breeds *Pride*; *Pride*, *Envy*, *Envy*, *Warre*,
Warre, *Posserty*, *Powerty* humble *Care*.
Humility breeds *Peace*, and *Peace* breeds *Plenty*;
 Thus round this World doth rowle alternaty.

28. *On a Good fellow Papist, who makes no bones to eat*
Flesh on Fasting dayes.

Thou holdst, thou saist, *the old Religion*,
 Yet I know, the new *Dyet* best likes thee.
 That which thou call'st *the new opinion*,
 I hold, yet the old *Dyet* best likes mee.

29. *Poperies Pedigree.*

Papistry is an old *Religion*,
 Some part more old then *Circumcision*,
 And some as ancient as are *Moses Lawes*,
 From whose Lees she some *Ceremonies* drawes,
 Which she will hold, by old *tradition*.

It is indeed a new *hodge-podge*,
 Of *Jewish* rites, elder *Idolatri*:
 Of these old simples a new composition.

30. *The Married, to the Chaste.*

It would this World quickly depopulate,
 If euery one should dye in your estate.

31. *The Chaste, to the Married.*

Therein you haue the odds, herein wee'r euen:
 You fill the world, but we doe people heauen:

32. *A Description of a Puritane, out of this part of the Le-*
tany, From Blindnesse of Heart, Pride, Vaine glory, &c.

Though *Puritanes* the *Letany* deride,
 Yet out of it they best may be descride:
 They are *blind-hearted*, *Proud*, *Vaine-glorious*,
Deepe Hypocrites, *Hatefull* and *Enuious*,
Multitious, in a full high *excesse*,
 And full of all *Unch.ritableness*.

A Prayer hereupon.

Since all tart *Puritanes* are furnisht thus,
 From such false *Knaues* (*Good Lord deliuer vs.*)

33. *Love is betwixt Equals.*

Rich friends for rich friends, will ride, runne and row,
Through dirt and dangers, cheerefully they'll goe :
If poore friends come home to them, for a pleasure,
They cannot find the Gentleman at leisure.

34. *The difference betwixt good men and bad, is best
seene after death.*

Good men like waxe-lights blow'n out, saour well :

Bad men like tallow, leaue a stinking smell.

Bad mens Fame may flame more while they haue breath,

But *Good mens Name*, smell sweeter after death.

35. *To Sir Peirce Penny-lesse.*

Hewalks, out
his dinner in
Pauls, and
his supper in
the Exchange.

Though little coyne thy purse-lesse pocket lyne,
Yet with great company thou art ta'en vp,
For often with Duke *Humsfrey* thou dost dyne,
And often with Sir *Thomas Gresham* sup.

The reward of Charity.

36 *To a rich Friend.*

Would'st thou be pittied after thou art dead?

Be pittifull whil't thou thy life dost lead :

If whil't thou liu'st, the poore thou dost relecue,

Fearing the like supply for thee they'll greue:

If now thou giu'st them nought, when thou art gone,

They will be glad, hoping for a new gcwne.

What haue Foolsish men to doe with Princes Secrets?

37. *Thought upon, on the preparation of a great Fleet,
and may serue for all such actions hereafter.*

Fond men doe wonder where this Fleet shall goe :

I should more wonder, if that I should know.

38. *A Secret of State.*

Though *Peace* be loue lyer, honourabler then Warre,

Yet warlike Kings most lou'd, and honor'd are.

39. *Kings Paramount Subiection.*

What wayes Kings walke, Subjects the same will goe.

And many Kings, expect they should doe soe :

Therefore should Kings follow the *King Almightye*:

Rem. 6. ver. 16. *Kings are Gods * Subiects, if they gouerne rightly.*

Of *Quodlibets*.

7

40. *Why Women are longer attyring of themselves
then Men.*

Women tyring themselves haue many lets,
Their *Fillets*, *Frontlets*, *Partlets*, and *Bracelets* :
Whilst downe-right-neatlesse-plaine men haue but one,
A Duoblet double-let in putting on.

41 *Christ and Antichrist.*

Christ in the Temple shopboords ouerthrew,
Whipt thence the *buying* and the *selling* crue.
The *Pope* * in his *Church*, sets vp his free *Faire*,
And whips all those, that will not buy his *Ware*.

In the yeere
of Iubile.

42. *Wise men may be mistaken.*

Puritanes ragged Reason of the rag of *Popery*, and *Papists*
rotten Reason of *shread-bare* *Antiquitie*.

Some too precize, will not some customes vse,
Because that *Papists* did them once abuse :
As good a reason in sinceritie,
As *Papists* oldnesse without veritie.
Though these deserue to be hift off the *Schooles*,
Yet they are held by those that are no *Fooles*.

42 *Vnrighteous Mammon.*

Poets faind *Pluto*, God of wealth, and *Hell* :
For they perceiu'd few got their riches well.

44. *A Dialogue betwixt a Wise King and a good Christian.*

The Wise King.

My neighbours secrets I desire to know,
That I their priuate plots may ouerthrow.

The good Christian.

I doe neglect my Neighbours words, and deedes,
I carefully suruey mine owne proceeds.

The Wise King.

If that my friends offer to doe me harme,
I smite them first, and seeke them to disarme.

The good Christian.

Though that my Foes doe wrong me euery houre,
I doe them all the good lyes in my power.

The Wise King.

By these and Iustice, I shall wisely raigne.

The

The first Booke
The Good Christian.

By this and faith, Heavens Kingdome I shall gaine.

45. *Sad-Mens lives are longer then Merry-Mens
A Paradox.*

To him, whose heauy grieffe hath no allay
Of lightning comfort, three houres is a day:
But vnto him, that hath his hearts content,
Friday is come, ere he thinks Tuesday spent.

46. *Poperies principall Absurdities.*

In Papisticall Churches, they both read the Scripture and sing and pray to Images, and all in Latraine.

Of all the hud-winkt trickes in Popery,
This is the lamentablest soppery:
When God is made to speake, and to command
Men, in a tongue they doe not vnderstand,
And Men commanded are to *Sing* and *Pray*
To such fond things that know not what they say,
And these men hauing madly, sadly pray'd,
Themselues doe not know, what themselues haue said.

47. *Of those who are too Kinde, too Courteous, &c.
Who ouerdoe good things.*

Exuberant goodnesse, good mens names haue stain'd,
Their too ranke *Vertue* is by some disdain'd.
Yet 'tis not *Vice*, but *Vertue* ouer strain'd.

48. *Some Mens Testament is not their Will.*

He that will nothing spare whilst he doth liue,
And when he dyes, vnwillingly doth giue,
Bequeathing what he gladly would keepe still,
Makes a good Testament; but an ill Will.

49. *Why Wives can make no Wills.*

Men, dying make their *Will*: why cannot *Wives*?
Because, *Wives* haue their wills, during their liues.

50. *Just Retaliation.*

Dead Men bite not: great reason is there then,
That we which now doe liue, should not bite them.

51. *A Prayer.*

Lord, send me *Patience* and *Humility*,
And then send *Plenty*, or *Aduersity*:
So if I be obseru'd, or disrespected,
I shall not be puffed vp, nor yet dejected.

52. *Reuerent Graue Preachers.*

On holy dayes, I would heare such a Man,
Graue, holy, full of good instruction.

53. *Neat, quaint, nimble Pulpit Wits.*

These nimble Lads are fit for working dayes,
Their witty Sermons may keepe some from playes.

54. *Diuers complections, and diuers Conditions.*

A quiet, chaste mind, in flesh faire, and neat,
Is like to dainty sawce, and dainty meate.

A handsome body, with a mind debaucht,
Is like to dainty meate sluttishly fault.

A good wise mind, in flesh ill-fauoured,
Is course meate, sweetly fault, well-fauoured.

A froward, lewde mind in an ill shap't seate,
Is scuruy-scuruy sawce, and scuruy meate.

55. *Our Births, and Deaths, Reioycing, and Mourning.*

When we are borne, our friends reioyce, we cry :
But we reioyce, our friends mourne when we dye.

56. *The Vanity of a Papisticall Shift.*

You say you worship not the wood, nor stone,
For that's but the representation.

Wise Heathen vs'd this *Fine Distinction.*

Millions that know not this subtilty,
Commit plaine, palpable *Idolatry.*

Which you in them, doe take some paines to breed,
That on their offerings you may fatly feed :

Why cause you else your *Saints* to weepe, sweate, bleed?

57. *Curious barly Brethren.*

Those that will haue all Names out of *Gods* booke,
And hold all other Names in detest'ion :

Poore begging *Lazarus* Name, these neuer tooke,
They more feare pouerty, then *Profanation.*

58. *A Scriuener on a Trotter.*

Scriueners get most by riding trotting horses,
Copper-Ars, and Gall, for Inke towards their losses.

59. *Womens wise Teares.*

Disburthening teares breeds sad hearts some reliefe,
And that's one cause, few Women dye of grieffe.

If breuity my Reader doe displeafe,
I vse it more for his, then for my ease.

62. *Youths conceit, and Ages knowledge.*

I thought my selfe wise when I was at Schoole,
But now I know, I was, and am a Foole.

63. *Hearbe-grace commonly called Rewe.*

Chast men with name of Hearbe of Grace this grac't,
Because thereby, they thought they were kept chaste.
Some women hereupon did name it Rew,
Because thereby they thought they lost their Due.

64. *To Writers of Hereticall, and Keepers of
false Booke.*

When yee before Gods Iudgement Seat shall come,
Out of your owne booke, yee shall read your doome:
God need not to produce his owne True Booke,
For He doth daily on your False booke looke.

65. *To a Periwiggian, who hopes to gains by some
friends death.*

Thou maist well hope to be some dead-mans heire,
For thou already wear'st some dead-mens haire.

66. *Gossips and Good-wines.*

Whither goe these Good wines so neat and trimme?
They goe a sipping, or a gossiping.
Come hither, Boy, wipe cleane my Spectacles,
I shall see none of these Good-women else.

67. *A young Saint, an old Devil, to a Contented old Man.*

Thou changed art of late (as I am told)
Lesse charitable growne, as thou grow'st old;
Thy former good was heate of youth in thee,
For grace once rooted, will grow like a Tree,
Which neuer can eradicated bee.

68. *Amad Wenches Iustice.*

Since not to be thy wiues head thou do'st scorne,
Thinke this as just, The head must weare the Horne.

69. *Wee are Gods Husbandry, or Gods crop out of a fertile
Christian Soule.*

A good Soule drest with Zeale, plow'd vp with feare,

Water'd

Water'd with Gods grace, a large crop will beare,
The roote firme *Faith*, *Hope*, the blade spreading faire,
From these springs *Loue*, into a large full eare:
The roote is sure, the blade endures the storme,
With sheaues of *Loue* we must fill full Gods Barne.

70. *To a faire whore.*

When we doe see a woman sweetly faire,
We say that God hath done his part in her,
Thou passing faire, but passing wicked art,
In thee therefore Satan hath play'd his part.

71. *Riches is now a dayes the Horse upon Mens heads.*

In elder times good *Manners* made a *Man*:
In our wise age, good *Mannors* maketh one.

72. *Monyes Etymologie.*

Many thats *Mone* I: for when I haue none,
I peniue am, and sad, and sigh, and mone.

73. *The Treasure of the Church, or the Popes Exchequer.*

Wert not for the huge, large, imagin'd chest,
The *Key* whereof hangs at the *Popes* owne breast;
Where ouer-doers works, are rang'd for buyers,
For prophane *Traytors*, *Grippers*, *Leachers*, *Lyers*,
The *Popes* strong-bard-chest would be lin'd but thime,
A bagge would serue to keepe his treasure in.

74. *A wicked, contentious mans Epitaph.*

None liuing lou'd him, for his death none grieu'd,
Saue some say, Griefe it was he so long liu'd.

75. *An Epitaph.*

On enery well meaning man undone by his kindnesse.
My rich heart made me Poore, comforting Sad,
My helping, Impotent, my Goodnes Bad.

76. *To one of Fortunes white Sonney.*

Thou hast liu'd many yeeres in perfect health,
Great friends thou hast, for thou hast got much wealth,
All things fall pat with thee, which thou would'st haue,
Were it not pitty thou should'st be a Knaue?

77. *Death, and VVarre.*

Warre begets *Famine*, famine, *Plagne*, plague *Death*,
War breathes forth woes, but *Death* stops all woes breath,

Warre is great *and* of ills, and Death is *Z*.
In warres red Letters, Deaths feast-dayes are read.

78.

*The Popsb Legend.**The Iewish Talmoud.**Mahomets Alcheron.*

The *Legend, Talmoud,* and the *Alcheron,*
Are differing lyes, for one intention,
They worke for differing works fram'd on one frame,
Like, lewd, large lyes, fit for the whet-stone game :
One way they tend, though seuerall wayes proceed,
Hee well beleecues, who makes them not his Creed.

79.

To an Armenian Canary Bird.

Thou that think'st good works in Gods nose so sauory,
What saouour think'st thou smells he in thy knauery ?

80.

Faith without Works, Works without Faith.

To beleecue and lye ill, is but to thinke,
Without *Faiths* salt, *Good-works* will quickly stinke.

81.

Vngirt, Vnblest.

Vngirt, vnblest : a Prouerbe old, and good,
A true one too, if rightly vnderstood :
Vnblest he shall be euerlastingly,

*Ephes 6. 14.

Who is not girt with *Christi.in** verity.

82.

True Chastity.

Not, who doh not, yet gladly would goe to it,
Is *Chast*, but he that may, and will not doe it.

83.

From hardnesse of heart, good Lord deliuer vs.

Its God alone that makes a tender heart.
To make hearts hard, ours and the Devils part:

84.

A perswasion to Heauen.

Where *Heauen* is, all our *Diuities* agree,
They cannot well tell, where *Hells* seate should bee.
Why should we not, to knowne *Heauen* bend our race?
Rather then by sinne seeke an vnknowne place ?

85.

To a namelesse Religious Friend.

Why dost thou euery *Sermon* Gods Word call,
Since Preachers broach damn'd errors, flatter, brawle?
Indeed thou maist *Sermons* this praise afford,
It is, or should be, Gods owne holy Word.

86. To King JAMES, King of Great Brittain, &c. of
blessed memory.

Our Ministers in their Euangeling,
Praying for thee; stile thee *Great Brittaines King*:
Our Lawyers pleading in *Westminster Hall*,
Of *England*, and of *Scotland King* thee call.
For what great mystery, I cannot see,
Why Law, and Gospell should thus disagree-
Only I judge, that *Preachers* gine thee thine,
By their Law its as lawfull as Diuine.

87. *The most Catholike King of Spaine.*

The *Spanish King* is stil'd *Most Catholike*:
In it is hid a quaint mysterious tricke,
His meaning is not in *Religion*,
But he intends it in *Dominion*.

88. *What use old Moones are put to.*

What doth become of old *Moones* thou dost aske,
And where her borrowed influence she shades?
For me to tell thee, twere too hard a taske,
A witty Wagge sayes, They fill *Womens* heads.

89. *Little Legges, and lesse wit.*

At first methought a wise man thou should'st be,
For *Calse* about thee I could no where see:
Tis thought thy *Calfes* are walkt into thy braine,
For all thy talke is in a *Caluish* vaine.

90. *Problematically prouing, that the City of Rome is not the
seat of CHRISTS Vicar Generall.*

Since *Christ* his old choice *Citie* ruined,
'Cause it despis'd *Him*, and his *Saints* blood shed,
Why should *He* *Rome*, with supreme *Grace* inable?
Who kil'd *him*, and of his innumerable?

91. *I proue it thus.*

Our Lord was Crucifi'd by *Pilats* doome,
His death was Roman, and his *Iudge* of *Rome*,
And of his death the chiefe pretended cause,
Was for the breach of *Romes* *Imperiall Lawes*:
And the ten bloody persecutions,
Was by th'authority of *Romes* great ones.

*John 19. 15.

92.

Two Proverbs coupled.

As those that get goods ill, doe them ill spend,
So an ill life makes an vngodly end.

93.

Good Counsell, ill Example.

Those that perswade others to Godlinesse,
And liue themselues vngodly nerethesse:
Are like a ships Cooke, that calls all to prayer,
And yet the greazie Carle will net come there.

94.

To an Vpstart.

Thine old friends thou forgett'st, hauing got wealth:
No maruaile, for thou hatt forgot thy selfe.

95.

Christ in the midst.

He that on earth with low humility,
Betwixt two Theeues vpon Mount Caluary,
Acted his Passiue-actiue Passion,
In highest heauen in supreme dignity,
Seating himselfe betwixt the Deity,
Acts his Actiue-passiue compassion.

O let me beare what thou dost act in me,
And act what may be suffered by Thee!

96.

Gods Word is a two-edged Sword.

Gods Word wounds both wayes like a two-edg'd Sword,
The Preachers, and the Hearers of the Word:
The fore edge wounds the Hearers on the pate,
The backe-edge on the Preachers doth rebate.

97. *To the admirably witty, and excellently learned Sir
Nicholas Smith, Knight, of Lorkbeare neere Exeter,
my ancient friend.*

*Taking occasion of an Anigram of his.**N. S. Tulau mihi cos es.*

Praises on duller wits a sharp edge breeds,
Your Wit's all edge, he no such whet-stone needs.
Yet your steeld Iudgement, sharpe inuention,
Temperd with learning, and discretion,
Millions of praises merits as their due:
Who knowes you well, knowes well that I speake true.

98. To the right worshipfull William Noy, Esquire, one of the Benchers of Lincolnes Inne, long since of my acquaintance both in Oxford and London.

Noah the second father of all soules,
Had in his Arke all beasts, and feathered fowles,
You in your Arke, as in a plenteous hoord,
Haue str'd what Wit, or Learning can afford:
For all Lawes, Common, Ciuill, or Diuine,
For Histories of old, or of our time,
For Morall Learning, or Philosophy,
You are an exact, liuing Library.
But your rich mind mixt with no base assay,
Is ancient Opher of the old assay.
I may feare drowing, lanch I further forth,
In the large, full, deepe Deluge of your worth.

99. To the right worshipfull Nicholas Ducke, Esquire, one of the Benchers of Lincolnes Inne, and Recorder of the City of Exeter, my Cousin German.

Although those Creatures, called by your name,
For their delight in dirt, deserue much blame;
And though that some of your profession,
Are glad when they haue got possession.
Of the foule end, or will dirt a cleere ease:
You in your Circuit tread a cleaner pafe.
I know it, you abhorre those sordid things,
And where 'twas foule before, you cleere the springs:
For which, wise honest men you high esteemes,
May your yong Duckling paddle in like streames.

100. To the right worshipfull Arthur Ducke, Doctor of the Ciuill Law, and Chancellor of London, Bath and Wells, my Cousin German.

To correct Sinne and Folly to disgrace,
To find out Truth, and Cunning steps to trace,
To doe this mildly, with an vpright pace,
Are vertues in you fitted for your place.

On the Marriage of Doctor Arthur Ducke, with one of the
Daughters and Coheires of Henry Southworth Esquire.

Amongst your best friends I am not ingrate
To God, who hath you giuen so good a mate;
Faire, Vertuous, Louing, with a great estate.
Would I had such another at the rate.

102. To the right worshipfull William Hackwell Esquire,
one of the Benchers of Lincolnes Inne, my ancient
kind friend.

Your large, compleat, sollid, sufficiency,
Hid in the vaile of your wise modesty,
Your quaint, neat learning, your acute quicke wit,
And sincere heart, for great employments fit:
Beside your *Law*, wherein you doe excell,
Because you little shew of your great deal,
None can know well, except they know you well.

103. To the Renerend George Hackwell, Doctor in Divi-
nity, Archdeacon of Surry, my ancient & kind friend.

Should I dilate all your great gifts at large,
Which for my weake *Muse* were too hard a charge,
An *Epigram* would to a volume grow,
If I their large particulars should show.
You haue your brothers whole sufficiency:
Saue for his *Law*, you haue *Divinity*:
This may I adde, and with great ioy relate:
For which to you oblig'd is our whole State,
In our blest bett plot, you haue sow'd good seeds;
Which doe out-grow *Natures* quick-growing weeds.

104. To the right worshipfull John Barker Esquire, late
Maioꝛ of the City of Bristol, my louing and
kind brother in *Law*.

Bristol your Birth-place (where you haue augmented
Much, your miſh left you) is well recompenced.
In *Counsell Office*, and in *Parliament*,
For her good, you haue shew'd your good intent:
As you doe grace the place, that did you breed,
I pray, your *Sonnes* tomes may thire to succeed.

105 *To the wise and learned S. B. K. Knight.*

A Poet rich, a Iudge, and a Iust man,
In few but you, are all these found in one.

106 *To the right worshipfull Iohn Doughty, Alderman of
Bristol, of his right worthy wife, my especial
good friends.*

I haue heard many say they'd not remarry,
If before them their kind wiues should miscarry,
I feare, some of them from their words would vary.
Should your wife dye, sad sole you would remaine.
I haue sufficient reason for my aime,
You cannot find so good a wife againe.

107. *To the worshipfull, Richard Long of Bristol, Mer-
chant, and his good wife, my kind and
louing friends.*

Vnthankesfulnes, is the great Sinne of Sinnes,
But *Thankesfulnes* to Kindnes, kindnes winnes.
For your deare loue accept my thanks therefore.
An honest heart is grieu'd he can no more.

108 *To the Reuerend Doctor, Thomas Winnife, Deane of
Glocester, Prebend of Pauls, and Chaplaine to King
CHARLES, anciently of my acquaintance
in Exeter Colledge in Oxford.*

Your sollid learning, and sincere behauiour,
Haue worthily brought you into great fauour,
And you are Deane of *Gloria Casaris*,
Such *Chaplaines* our great *Casars* glory is.

109 *To the right worshipfull Richard Spicer, Doctor of
Physicke, my louing and kind Kinsman.*

Apoles, first Inuentor of your Arte,
His hidden secrets doth to you impart,
Old *Galen*, *Anicen*, and all the rest,
Haue with their knowledge your graue iudgement blest,
You are both wise and happy in your skill,
Doing continuall good, and no man ill.

110. *To the right worshipfull Robert Vilvain, Doctor of
Physicke, my ancient friend, in Exeter Colledge in Oxford.*
Let me change your *Paternal* name *Vilvaine*,

Some deriue
Gloster from
Gloria Casari,
others from
Claudius Casar.

Somewhat more aptly, and call you *Feele-vaine*,
 In *Physicke* still you are as good as any,
 And with your *Recipe's* you haue holp't many,
 Wherefore in troopes the to sicke you repaire,
 Who hath your helpe, need not of health despaire.

111. *To the Reuerend, learned, acute, and witty, Master
 Charles Fitz-Geoffery, Bachelor in Diuinity, my
 especiall kind friend, most excellent Poet.*

Blind *Poet Homer* you doe equalize,
 Though he saw more with none, then most with eyes.
 Our *Geoffery Chaucer*, who wrote quaintly, neat,
 In verse you match equall, him in conceit,
 Featur'd you are like *Homer* in one eye,
 Rightly surnam'd the Sonne of *Geoffery*.

112. *To a right worshipfull, discreet, sober Gentleman, a Iu-
 stice of Peace, who of a wild demaund yong Gentlman, is
 now become a Reuerend Minister, a painefull Prea-
 cher, and a worthy Example.*

You know, I know, what kind of man you were;¹
 Not like to make the man that now you are :
 Your buds of *Grace*, were ouer-growne with folly,
 These weeds pluckt vp, you are growne wholly holy,
 From a strange, loose, wild, waggish Libertine,
 A *Doctor* learned, *Preacher* sweet, *Diuine*.
 Many take Orders, Liuinges to obtaine.
 Plenty you had, *Christs* glory was your aime,
 Your *Friends* ioy'd much, when they saw you so giuen.
 Ineffable's the ioy that was in heauen.

113. *To the same Reuerend Doctor.*

You are tur'd old Saint, leauing your yong euils,
 Whilst many yong Saints, doe become old Deuils.

114. *To my honest Bed-fellow the priuaty Charitable, dis-
 creetly Beneficiall, Master Edward Payne,
 Merchant of Bristol.*

Piein is *Greeke*, to drinke : *Pain*, *French*, for bread :
 With *Paine* (God sayes) with thete we shall be fed,
 Yet without *Payne*, many these needfuls gaine,
 Only by thanking God, and *Master Payne*.

115. *To squint-eyed, envious Momus.*
 For praising *These*, doe not thou dispraise me;
 If thou wilt be as these are, Ile praise thee.

116. *A little of my unmerthy Selfe.*
 Many of these were my familiars,
 Much good, and goods hath fal'n vnto their shares,
 They haue gone fairely on in their affaires :
 Good God, why haue I not so much good lent!
 It is thy will, I am obedient :
 What thou hast, what thou wilt, I am content,
 Only this breeds in me much heauines,
 My loue to this Land I cannot expresse,
 Lord grant me power vnto my willingnesse.

117. *A Skeltonicall continued ryme, in praise of my
 New-found-Land.*
 Although in cloaths, company, buildings faire,
 With *England, New-found-land* cannot compare; :
 Did some know what contentment I found there,
 Alwayes enough, most times somewhat to spare,
 With little paines, lesse toyle, and lesser care,
 Exempt from taxings, ill newes, Lawing, feare,
 If cleane, and warme, no matter what you weare,
 Healthy, and wealthy, if men carefull are,
 With much-much more, then I will now declare,
 (I say) if some wise men knew what this were,
 (I doe belecue) they'd liue no other where.

118. *A Napkin to wipe his mouth that waters at these
 deserved Commendations.*
 Thus for this hopefull *Countrie* at this *Time*,
 As it growes better, Ile haue better *Ryme*.

The end of the first Booke.

1. To the Reader of my reprehending
generall Epigrams.

I Doe not, nor I dare not *squib* the State :
Such *oultrequidant* sawcines I hate :
Nor doe I meane any one *Man* herein ;
In priuate tearmes, I lash a publique sin ;
If any guilty thinke I him doe meane,
He iudgeth right : for I at him doe ayme.

2. Of the like Epigrams.

To the right worshipfull and learned, Simon Baskeruille,
Doct^r of Physicke.

Epigrams are much like to *Oxymell*,
Hony and *Vineger* compounded well :
Hony, and sweet in their inuention,
Vineger in their reprehension.

As sowre, sweet *Oxymell*, doth purge though fleagme :
These are to purge *Vice*, take them as they meane.

3. A Probleme of Children.

Since God complaines of too few Children,
And Satan hath for Gods One, more then ten,
Yet still would haue more. Why should *Man* alone
Repine at some, nay ? wish that they had none ?

4. To a close Sinner, more fearefull of shame, then Sinne.

David saith, Stand in awe, and doe not sinne
Thou standst in awe, but tis, lest thou be scene.:

5. To Curious Criticke Wit, Head-Constable.

Search close, thou maist some *Felony* find here :
From all Feole. hardy *Treason* these are cleare.

6. On Erra Pater and his Almanacke.

The often Printed *Gull-foole Erra Pater*,
Is in conclusion but an *erring prater*.

7

To *Baldpate*.

Surely, *Paldpate*, thou some times hadst a brow
Before thou lost thy haire ; No man knowes how
Thy brow doth now reach home vnto thy crowne,

But

But vncrown'd thou art, he comes further downe;
How farre he comes, now cannot be descride:
For he comes downe, downe, downe to thy *backefide*.

8. *To a Pawltry Acquaintance.*

Thou dost accuse me, and condemne my Rymes,
Because to thee I dedicate no lines.

Thou dost as well deserue an *Epigram*,
As *Baldpate*, who is trim'd with many a one.

9. *To a certaine Periwiggian.*

Thy smooth, sleeke head-haire, daily settled on,
Though some say not, I say it is thine owne,
Thou paid'st for't: yet the haire thou hast lost,
When thou did'st lose it, did thee much more cost.

10. *Of the Antiquity of the true Church, to a Iesuite.*

Thou doost demand, and acclamations raise,
Where our beliefe was, before *Luthers* dayes?

As *Christ* did answer to a question,

By such a like expostulation:

So doe I aske, answer me when thou please,

Where was your *Faith*, long since the *Apostles* dayes?

11. *To the same Iesuite.*

Art thou a *Iesuite*, yet dost vs reproach

Wich want of *Faith*, ere *Luther* his did broach?

Your race was raiz'd, since he preach'd: your new errors

Are odious to your owne, to others terrors.

A hated race, spew'd in these latter dayes,

Though Fathers cal'd, y'are the *Popes Roring boyes*.

12. *To a sober, sly, Penurious, Usurious Companion.*

Godlines is great gaine, God sayes no lesse,

But thou saist, thou canst make gaine godlines:

What thou hast got by *craft*, and *Usury*,

Thou wilt bequeath in *deeds of Charity*.

Such distribution I doe emulate;

The way vnto it, I abominate.

13. *The Indefatigability of a Shrews Tongue.*

What long wants naturall rest, cannot indure:

In all things, but a *Shrewes Tongue*, this is sure.

14.

The goe-out and the Goutte.

Thou grieu'd art with *the goe-out*, and *the Goutte*;
 For if thy wife doth chide thee out of doore,
 Which of these ills is worst, some make a doubt:

I thinke *the goe-out*, is the greater sore,
 The *Goutte* doth oftneft but the great *Tae paine*.

The *goe-out* doth afflict both *heare*, and *braine*.

15. *To Father Taylor Iesuite, sometimes my familiar friend in Oxford.*

You say that Images are *Lay-mens Bookes*.

He learnes most error, that most on them lookes.

As the Egyptians Hieroglyphicks.

And to say truth, what-euer you doe say,
 They're fit Bookes for the Learned, not the Lay,

16. *To an Idoll worshipper, or an obstinate Recusant.*

Psal. 135. ver. 15, 16, 17, 18.

Idols are sencelesse, speake them foule or faire;

And those that trust in them, as sencelesse are.

Trusting in them, thou art obdurate made,

That *Law* nor *Gospell* can thee not perswade.

17. *A Meditation for such simple innocent people as I am.*

Since thou *All-wise* hast made me not so *wise*,

With subtile *Serpents* for to *subtilize*;

Accept my *plainnesse*, and my *good intent*,

That with thy *Done* I may be *innocent*;

From *subtle trickes* guard my *simplicitie*.

And make me simple in subtilty.

18.

The force of Repentance.

Our sinne enforceth God to raise his hand:

But our *Repentance* doth the stroke withstand.

19.

Most men want somewhat.

Some honest well-bent mindes their *strength* is slacke;

Strong men haue *strength*, some of them *wisdomme* lacke;

Wisemen haue *wit*; But some want *honestie*;

Some men are neither *honest*, *strong*, nor *wittie*.

20.

Too much, too little, hurts.

Light Come beares ground thats not with dressing dight;

Without some learning, wit growes vaine and light;

As too much dressing cause weeds, ranck, and bad:

So too much *Learning* makes a quicke wit mad.

21. *Greatnes and Lowe none not in one Sphære.*
Greatnes soares vpward; Lowe is downeward mou'd;
 Hence 'tis that *Greatnes Lowes* not, nor is *Lou'd*.
22. *To an enuied Favorite, right worthy of his preferment.*
Enuious, and bad, 'gainst vertue, goodnesse fight;
 Would *Good*, and *wise*, did vnderstand *you right*.
23. *To a casheard Favorite, who hath deseru'd his disgrace.*
 I grieue at thy disgrace, blush at thy shame,
 But this drawes teares; Thou hast deseru'd the same.
24. *How Little, how Great.*
 The least of all the fixed *Stars*, they say,
 Is some times bigger then the earth and *Sea*.
 Poore little I that from earth haue my birth,
 Am but a clod, compared to the *Earth*.
 How little now, how great shall I be then,
 When I in *Heauen*, like to a *Starre* shall shine?
25. *On Young weekly Newes-writers & old Chroniclers.*
 Currantiers lye by *Vbiquity*;
 But *Chroniclers* lye by *Authority*.
Newes-writers, Travellers are, *Historians* old:
Travellers and *old men* to lye may be bold.
 Not then, Not there, cannot their lyes *unfold*.
26. *Conscience.*
 Whilst *conscious men* of smallest *sinnes* haue ruth,
 Bold *sinners* count great *Sinnes*, but tricks of youth.
27. *To a weake braind Good-fellow.*
 Thy braine is weake, *strong drinke* thou canst not beare:
 Follow my Rule, *Strong drinke* doe thou *forbeare*.
28. *The only Foundation Rocke of Christs Church,*
To the Diuines of Rome.
 Out of the *Creed*, wherein we both consent,
Peter, I proue is not the *Rocke* *Christ* ment.
 Doe we belieue in *God* of all the maker?
 In that, the *Jew* with vs is a partaker.
 Doe we belieue, that *Christ* was borne and *dya'd*,
 And that he was vnjustly *Crucifi'd*?
 The *Turke* beleues so, and sayes he did stand,
 Till theirs came mediating at *Gods* right hand.

That he shall *Iudge* all that belecue in him,
 Both *Iew* and *Turke*, *Forgiuenes* of all sinne
 Belieue; the *fleshes Resurrection*,
 The blessed *Saints holy Communion*,
 And *life eternall* almost as we doe,
 And that their *Church* is *Catholicke*, and true.
 They doe belecue *the Spirits influence*,
 Though not like vs, but in a larger sense.
 But all within our *Creed*, which doth conduce,
 To proue *Christ Iesus* is the only *source*
 Of our *Saluation*, and *Gods only Sonne*;
 In that, we *Christians* doe belecue alone.
 This is the *Rocke* whereon *Christ's Church* is built.
 Take away this, all our *Faiths* frame will tylt.
 And this was *Peters* wise confession:
 Whence I deduce this firme conclusion;
 Not *Peter* his *confession* the *Rock* is,
 And *Christ* said not, *On Thee*, but, *Upon This*.

29. *An honest wrong'd Mans Meditations.*

Since for my *Loue*, *Friends* me vnkindly serue,
God will not vse me, as I doe deserue.

30. *The good effects of Corrections.*

Sea-water, though't be salt, salt meates makes fresh;
 So doth correction our ill liues redresse.

31. *Preachers Fame, and Ayme.*

Young *Preachers*, to doe well, doe take much paine,
 That all may doe well, is old *Preachers ayme*.

32. *To the Reader.*

This one fault (*Reader*) pardon, and endure,
 If striving to be brieft, I grow obscure.

33. *A Christian Meditation.*

I hope, and I doe faithfully beleue,
 That *God* in *loue* will me *Saluation* giue:
 I hope, and my assured firme faith is,
God will accept my *Loue* to him and his.
 I hope, by faith his *Loue* will me afford
 All this only, through *Iesus Christ* our Lord.

34.

A Messe of Mistakers.

Lewd, loose, large lust, is loue with *Familists*.
 Papists chiefe *Hope* in their owne workes consists.
 Some *Protestants* on barren *Faith* relye.
 Atheists haue no *Faith*, *Hope*, nor *Charity*.

35.

An Appendix to this Epigram.

Love is the fruite; *Hope* the leaues; *Faith* the tree.
 Who hath a perfect *Faith*, hath all these three.
 Only by such a *Faith* men saued be.

36

A Guilty Conscience.

When God did call to *Adam*, Where art thou?
 He meant not thereby, where, or in what place?
 God knew in which bush he was well enough:
 But, Where art, *Adam*? that is, In what case?

37.

To giue the Church of Rome her due. To a Separatist.

Though thou art loth to put it in thy *Creed*,
 The Church of *Rome* is a true Church indeed:
 So is a Thiefe a true, truely a man,
 Although he be not truely a true one.

How is it else that Children there baptizde,
 By other Christians Christians are agnizde?

38.

To Quick siluer headed Innovators.

Because of the vncertainty of *Wits*,
 Our Law commands a certainty in *Writs*:
 For as good cause is our Church *Lythurgie*
 Willy reduced to a certainty.
 If that were yeilded to that some men seeke,
 We should haue new *Church-Service* eucry weeke.

39.

Faire Good Wiues.

Cleare-skind, true colour'd Wiues, with exact features,
 With wise, mild, chaste *Soules*, are the best of Creatures.

40.

Faire Shrewes.

Cleare-skind, faire colour'd Wiues, with exact features,
 With shrewd, lew'd, wild minds, are the worst of creatures.

41.

A Probleme hereupon.

If sine flesh be so ill with an ill mind,
 What is a foule outside thus inward lin'd?

The second Booke

*A Restick to these three,
Disticks by way of Answer.*

42. *To all constant Batchelers, especially to my Good
Friend Mr. Roger Michell.*

Caribdis one, the other *Sylla* is;
And though the first an harbour be of blisse,
You steare the safest course, these *Rockes* to misse.

43. *To an honest old dotting Man, such as I may be,
if I live a little longer.*

A *Lyer* should haue a good memory;
For want of it thou vtterest many a *Lye*,
Thou dost remember many things in great:
But the particulars thou dost forget.
Thou tell'st thy *Lyes* without ill-thought or paine;
Th'are no malicious *Lyes*, nor *Lyes* for gaine.

44. *A Crue of Cursing Companions. To the Bishop of Rome.
With Bell, Booke, Candle, each Ascension day,*

*Wide, the col- Thou cursest vs * who for thee ycerely pray.
lect on good- But on good Fryday the Greeke * Patriark,
Fryday. Doth banne thee, branding thee, with this lewd marke,
Nicholas de Ni- He stiles thee, Father of Corruption,
cho'a. lib. 4. Of Ancient Fathers the corrupting One:
cap. 36. They saw long since thy knauish forgery,
As we now see thy Purging Knauery.*

45. *To the same man.*

He that doth dead *Saints Reliques* Idolize,
Their liuing writings lewdly falsifies

46. *Ennies Dyer.*

Old wits haue seuerall wayes drest *Ennies* food;
Each hath his sawce (if rightly vnderstood)
Her owne heart, her owne flesh, A Toade, A Bone,
Which she deuoureth sitting all alone:
Though these are faire, This dish doth me best please,
When I find her gnawing a wreathe of Bayes:
For her chiefe food, *Is well deserued* praise.

47. *To a banesome Whore.*

One told me, what a pretty face thou hast;
And it's great pittie that thou art not chaste.

But I did tell him, that did tell it me,
That if thou wert not *Faire*, thou *chaste* wouldst be.

48. *The mad life of a mad Sea-man of Warre.*
He liues, and thrives by death, and by decay,
He drinks, sweares, curseth, sometimes he doth pray,
That he may meet somewhat to be his prey,
And spends the rest in sleepe, at meat, at play.

49. *Of the Gunpowder Holly-day, the 5. of November.*
The *Powder-Traytors*, *Guy Vaux*, and his mates,
Who by a Hellish plot sought Saints estates,
Haue in our Kalender vnto their shame,
A ioyfull *Holy-day* cald by their Name.

50. *On these blacke Saints.*
The first day of Nouember is alway,
All-Saints feast: and the fift, all-Deuils day.

51. *To a great Gamester.*
Saint *Paul* doth bid vs *Pray continually*,
But thou would'lt rather *Play continually*.

52. *Most men are mistaken. To Mr. Robert Grimes.*
Good, bad, rich, poore, the foolish, and the sage,
Doe all cry out against the present age,
Ignorance made vs thinke our young *Times* good;
Our elder dayes are better vnderstood;
Besides, griefes past we easily forget;
Present displeasures make vs sad, or fret.

53. *The Tree of Sanctification.*
First growes the Tree, and then the *Leaves* doe grow;
These two must spring before the *fruite* can shew:
Faith is a firme Tree, *Hope*, like shaking *Leaves*,
From these two, *Charity* her *Fruits* receiues.
Faith without *Hope*, and *Loue*, is a dead Tree,
Hope without *Loue*, and *Faith*, greene cannot be.
Loue without *Hope* and firme *Faith* is no more
Then handsome Fruit without, rotten at core.

54. *Real presence* } } *Each contradict*
Praying to Saints. } } *the other.*
If Christ be recall, corporall in the bread,
After the *Consecrating* words are said:

What need you goe to Saints, since you may take him
And vse him as you please like them that bake him?

55. *An Antidote for Drunkards.*

If that your heads would ake before you drinke
As afterwards, you'd ne'r be drunke, I thinke.

56. *Womens Tyers.*

Womens head-laces and high trowing wyres,
Significantly, rightly are cald tyres;
They tyre them and their Maides in putting on,
Tyre Tyremakers, with variation.
I thinke to pay for them, doth tyre some men;
I hope they'll tyre the Deuill that inuents them.

57. *The Gyant.*

I'm but a man, though I in length exceed.

The Dwarfse.

Though I want length, a *Man* I am indeed.

The Gyant to the Dwarfse.

My *Syre* out-shot the marke, begetting me.
Thy Father shot too short, when he made thee.

The Dwarfse to the Gyant.

Although short shooting often lose the game,
To ouer-shoot the marke, is as much shame.

58. *To a namelesse Friend, whose head is said to be full
of Proclamations.*

To fill the head with *Proclamations*,
Is no disgrace, so they be well penn'd ones.

59. *The good of punishment.*

Plagues make proud, big, swolne hearts, fall low againe:
As *Caustickes* bate proud flesh, though with much paine.

60. *A Chyrurgions good qualities.*

To my good friend Mr. P. S. Chyrurgion.

A Surgion should haue, well to vse his art,
Ladies hands, Eagles eyes, A Lyons heart.
Not one of these good properties you lacke,
But when you hide them in the white streng Sacke.

61. *A Pill to purge Bribery.*

Those that doe liue heere by *Corruption*,
Shall dye in the next generation.

62. *Papisticall faith.*
 What a strange doubtfull blind no-Faith you hold,
 Which cannot be *imagind, held, or told?*
 What *Lay-men* know not, *Clarks* doe thinke they know,
 Says the Pope otherwise, It is not so.
 The *weather-Cocke* of your *Religion*
 Is in the Popes shifting Opinion.

63. *Some poore comfort for these Multifidians.*
 If this *Pope*, Millions drawes with him to Hell,
 The next wise *Pope* may reset all things well.

Boniface Arch-
 Bi. of Mentz.
 apud Gratian.
 Dig. 40.

64. *Spirituall weapons to encounter with Satan.*
 To my loving and good *Aunt*, *Mistris Elizabeth Spicer* of
Exceter, mother to *Doctour Richard Spicer* *Physitian*.

These are strong Armes to buckle with the Deuill,
Fasting, Faith, Prayer, bearing, forbearing euill:
 If with these weapons God doe vs assilt,
 Satan will ne'r stand to it, nor resist.

65. *Confidence ill used, and Confidence abused.*

Curst is he that puts his confidence
 In Man: *Onely in man* is the right sense.
 And that *Man* shall like punishment receiue,
 Who doth an honest *Confidence* deceiue.

Ierem. 17. 5.

66. *A Caueat for buyers and sellers.*

In this world *silly buyers* must beware:
 In the next world, *deare sellers* of *bad ware*.

67. *To Politike Bankrupt.*

Thou hast broke five times; thou wilt breake once more:
 What a braue *Tilter* thou wouldst make therefore!

68. *A mad answer of a Mad man.*

One askt a *Mad-man*, if a wife he had?
 A wife (quoth he) I neuer was so mad.

69. *A lusty Widdow, to one of her Sutors.*

To haue me, thou tel'st me, on me thou'lt dote.
 I tell thee, Who hath me, on me must doot.
 I may be coozen'd; but sure if I can,
 Ile haue no *doting*, but a *dooing* man.

*The second Booke**To Mammonists,**who put their trust in uncertaine Riches.*

Some haue too many goods : some would haue none :
 You haue too many, though you haue but one ;
 For yellow *Mammon* is your God alone.

71.

*God and Mammon.**Seruice to God, and Mammon none can doe :*Yet we may serue God, and haue *Mammon* too :

72.

*There is no fooling with Edge-tooles.**To a Friend.*

Thou halt sped well in many a former plot,
 Thou vndertook't a great one, fail't in that,
Men must haue Mitons on, to shoo a Cat.

73.

*My Iudgement on Men of Iudgement.**To a kind Friend.*

Thou talk't of men of Iudgement. Who are they ?
 Those, whose conceits successe doth st:ll obey.
 Wise mens, wise counsell, is but their conceits ;
 If they speed ill, they are sad wise deceits.

74.

*To all the shrewd Wines that are, or shall be planted
 in New-found-land.*

If mad-men, Drunkards, Children, or a Foole,
 Wrong sober, discreet men with tongue or toole,
 We say, Such things are to be borne withall.
 We say so too, if Women fight, or brawle.

75.

Some prevention for some of these misdoers.

Mad men are bound ; Drunkards are laid to sleepe :
 Fooles beaten are ; Toyes Children quiet keepe :
 I wish vnruely *Shrewes* were turnd to *Sheepe*.

76.

Masters Behaxiour.

*To my good Friend Master Thomas Mil-ware, of Harbor-
 Grace in Newfound-land.*

Sterne, cruell vsage may bad seruants fetter :
 Wise gentle vsage, keepes good seruants better.

77.

Too much Familiarity breeds contempt.

Though some wise men this *Proverbe* doe apply,
 For a defence of their austerity ;
 I thinke this way this *Proverbe* might be meant,

Chiding too oft, brings Chiding in contempt.

79. *The foure Elements in Newfound-land.*

*To the Worshipfull Captaine Iohn Mason, who did wisely and
worthily governe there diuers yeeres.*

The Aire, in *Newfound-Land* is wholesome, good;

The Fire, as sweet as any made of wood;

The Waters, very rich, both salt and fresh;

The Earth more rich, you know it is no lesse.

Where all are good, *Fire, Water, Earth, and Aire,*

What man made of these foure would not liue there?

80. *To all those worthy Women, who haue any desire to liue in
Newfound-Land, specially to the modest & discreet Gentle-
woman Mistris Mason, wife to Captaine
Mason, who liued there diuers yeeres.*

Sweet Creatures, did you truely vnderstand

The pleasant life you'd liue in *Newfound-land;*

You would with *teares* desire to be brought thither:

I wish you, when you goe, faire wind, faire weather:

For if you with the passage can dispence,

When you are there, I know you'll ne'r come thence.

81. *To a worthy Friend, who often objects the coldnesse of the
Winter in Newfound-Land, and may serue for all those
that haue the like conceit.*

You say that you would liue in *Newfound-land,*

Did not this one thing your conceit withstand;

You feare the *Winters* cold, sharp, piercing ayre.

They loue it best, that haue once winterd there.

Winter is there, short, wholesome, constant, cleare,

Not thicke, vnwholesome, shuffling, as 'tis here.

82. *To the right worshipfull Iohn Slany, Treasurer to the
Newfound-land Company, and to all the rest of
that Honorable Corporation.*

I know, that wise you are, and wise you were:

So was *hee* who this Action did preferre:

Yet some wise men doe argue otherwise,

And say *you* were not, or *you* are not wise:

They say, *you* were not wise to vndertake it:

Or that *you* are not wise thus to forsake it.

Diuers well-minded men, wise, rich, and able,
 Did vndertake a plot inestimable,
 The hopefull'st, easiest, healthi'st, iust plantation,
 That ere was vndertaken by our *Nation*.
 When they had wisely, worthily begunne,
 For a few errors that athwart did runne,
 (As euery action first is full of errors)
 They fell off flat, retir'd at the first terrors.
 As it is lamentably *strange* to me:
 In the next age *incredible* 't will be.

84. *To the right Honourable Sir George Calvert, Knight,
 late Principall Secretary to King IAMES, Baron of
 Baltimore, and Lord of Analen in
 Newfound-land.*

Your worrh hath got you Honour in your dayes.
 It is my honour, you my verses praise.
 O let your Honour cheerefully goe on;
 End well your well begunne *Plantation*.
 This holy hopefull worke you haue halfe done,
 For best of any, you haue well begunne.
 If you giue ouer what hath so well sped,
 Your sollid wisedome will be questioned.

86. *To the same Nobleman.*

Yours is a holy iust *Plantation*,
 And not a iustling *supplantation*.

86. *To the right worthy, learned and wise, Master William
 Vaughan, chiefe Vnderaker for the Plantation in Cam-
 brioll, the Southermost part of Newfound-Land, who
 with penne, purse, and Person hath, and will proue the
 worthines of that enterprife.*

It ioy'd my heart, when I did vnderstand
 That your selfe would your *Colonie* command;
 It greu'd me much, when as I heard it told,
 Sicknes had layd on you an vnkind hold.
 Beleeue me, Sir, your *Colchos Cambrioll*
 Is a sweet, pleasant, wholesome, gainefull soyle.

You shall find there what you doe want; Sweet health:
And what you doe not want, as sweet; Sweet wealth.

87. *To the same industrious Gentleman, who in his golden
golden-fleece stiles himselfe Orpheus Iunior.*

Your noble humor indefatigable,
More vertuous, constant yet, then profitable,
Striuing to doe good, you haue lost your part,
Whil't lesser losse hath broke some *Tradesmens* heart:
Yet you proceed with person, purse and penne,
Fitly attended with laborious men.

Goe on, wise Sir, with your old, bold, braue *Nation*
To your new *Cambrialls* rich *Plantation*,
Let *Dolphins* dance before you in the floods,
And play you, *Orpheus Iunior*, in her woods.

88. *Some Diseases were neuer in Newfound-land.*

*To the right worthy Mistres, Anne Vaughan, wife to Doctor
Vaughan, who hath an honourable desire to liue
in that Land.*

Those that liue here, how young, or old soeuer,
Were neuer vext with Cough, nor *Aguish Feauer*,
Nor euer was the Plague, nor small Pox heere;
The *Aire* is so salubrious, constant, cleere:
Yet *scurvy Death* stalks heere with theeuish pace,
Knocks one downe here, two in another place.

89. *To Sir Richard Whitborne, Knight, my deare friend,
Sometime Lieutenant to Doctor Vaughan for his
Plantation in Newfound-Land, who hath
since published a worthy booke of that
most hopeful Conuntry.*

Who preaching well, doth doe, and liue as well,
His doing makes his preaching to excell:
For your wise, well-pend Booke this Land's your debter;
Doe as you write, you'll be belceu'd the better.

90. *To my good Friend Mr. Thomas Rowley, who from the
first Plantation hath in'd in Newfound-Land little
to his profit.*

When some demaund, Why rich you doe not grow?
I tell them, Your *kind nature* makes it so.

They say, that heere you might haue gotten wealth:
Adam in Paradise vndid himselfe.

91 *There is more gaine in an honest Enemy, then in a
 flattering Friend.*

A flattering Friend in's Commendations halts :
 An honest Foe will tell me all my faults.

92. *To the right Honourable, Sir Henry Cary, Knight,
 Viscount Faulkland, Lord Deputy of Ireland.*

I ioy'd when you tooke part of *Newfound-Land*;

I grieu'd, to see it lye dead in your hand :

I ioy'd when you sent people to that Coast ;

I grieu'd, when I sawe all that great charge lost.

Yet let your *Honor* try it once againe,

With wise, stayd, carefull honest-harted men,

I am to blame, you boldly to aduise :

For all that know you, know you wondrous wise :

Yet neere-hand, Dull bleare-ey'd may better see,

Then quicker cleare-ey'd, that a farre off bee.

93. *To the Honourable Knight, Sir Perciuall Willoughbie,
 who, to his great cost, and losse, aduentur'd in this
 action of Newfound-Land.*

Wise men, wise Sir, doe not the fire abhorre,

For once being siudg'd, more wary grow therefore.

Shall one dilaster breed in you a terror ?

With honest, meet, wise men mend your first error.

If with such men you would begin againe,

Honor and profit you would quickly gaine.

Belceue him, who with grieffe hath scene your share,

'T would doe you good, were such men planted there.

94. *To my very good Friend, Mr. John Poyntz, Esquire,
 one of the Planters of Newfound-Land in Doctor
 Vaughans Plantation.*

'Tis said, wise *Socrates* look't like an Ass ;

Yet he with wondrous sapience filled was ;

So though our *Newfound-Land* look wild, saluage,

She hath much wealth penn'd in her rustie Cage.

So haue I scene a leane-cheekes, bare, and ragged,

Who of his priuate thousands could haue bragged.

Indeed

Indeed she now lookes rude, vntowardly;
She must be decked with neat husbandry.

So haue I seene a plaine swarth, stuttish *Ione*,
Looke pretty pert, and neat with good cloathes on.

95. *To the right Honorable Knight, Sir William Alexander,
Principall, and prime Planter in New-Scotland: To
whom the King hath giuen a Royall gift to defray
his great charges in that worthy busines.*

Great *Alexander* wept, and made sad mone,
Because there was but one *world* to be wonne.
It ioyes my heart, when such wise men as you,
Conquer new Worlds which that *Youth* neuer knew.
The King of Kings assist, blesse you from Heauen;
For our King hath you wise assistance giuen.
Wisely our King did aide on you bestow:
Wise are all Kings who all their gifts giue so.
'Tis well giuen, that is giuen to such a One,
For seruice done, or seruice to be done.
By all that know you, 'tis well vnderstood,
You will dispend it for your Countries good:
Old *Scotland* you made happy by your birth,
New-Scotland you will make a happy earth.

96. *To the same Wise, Learned, Religious Patriot,
most Excellent Poet.*

You are a *Poet*, better ther's not any,
You haue one super-vertue 'mongst your many;
I wish I were your equall in the one,
And in the other your Companion.
With one I'd giue you your deserued due,
And with the other, serue and follow you.

97. *To the right Honourable, Sir George Caluert, Knight,
Baron of Baltamore, and Lord of Aualon in Britaniola,
who came over to see his Land there, 1627.*

Great *Shebae's* wife Queene traueled farre to see,
Whether the truth did with report agree:
You by report perswaded, laid out much,
Then wisely came to see, if it were such:
You came, and saw, admir'd what you had seene,

With like successe as the wise *Sheba* Queene.

If euery *Sharer* heere would take like paine,
This Land would soone be peopled to their gaine.

98. *To the same right wise, and right worthy Noble-man.*

This shall be said whil'st that the world doth stand,
Your *Honor* 'twas first honoured this Land.

99. *To the right worshipfull Planters of Bristol-Hope in the
new Kingdome of Britaniola.*

When I to you your *Bristol-Hope* commend,
Reck'ning your gaine, if you would thither send,
What you can spare : You little credit me :
The mischief is, you'le not come here and see.

Here you would quickly see more then my selfe :
Then would you style it, *Bristols-Hope* of wealth.

100. *To the right worshipfull William Robinson of Timwell,
in Rutland shire Esquire, come over to see Newfound-*

Land with my Lord of Baltamore. 1627.

Strange, not to see stones here about the ground,
Large vntrencht bottomes vnder water drown'd.
Hills, and Plaines full of trees, both small, and great,
And dryer bottomes deepe of Turfe, and Peate.

When *England* was vs'd for a Fishing place,

By *Coasters* only, 'twas in the same case,

And so vnlovely 't had continued still :

Had not our *Ancesters* vs'd paines, and skill :

How much bad ground with mattock and with spade,

Since we were borne, hath there beene good ground made?

You, and I rooted haue Trees, Brakes, and stone :

Both for succeeding good, and for our owne.

101. *To the first Planters of Newfound-land.*

What ayme you at in your *Plantation* ?

Sought you the *Honour* of our *Nation* ?

Or did you hope to raise your owne *renowne* ?

Or else to adde a Kingdome to a *Crowne* ?

Or *Christ's* true *Doctrine* for to propagate ?

Or drawe *Saluages* to a blessed state ?

Or our o're peopled *Kingdome* to relieue ?

Or shew *poore men* where they may richly live ?

Or poore mens children godly to maintaine ?
 Or amy'd you at your owne sweete private gaine ?
 All these you had *atchis'd* before this day,
 And all these you haue balk't by your delay.

102. To my Reuerend kind friend, Master Erasmus Sturton,
 Preacher of the word of God, and Parson of Ferry Land
 in the Prouince of Avalon in Newfound-Land.

No man should be more welcome to this place,
 Then such as you, Angels of Peace, and Grace ;
 As you were sent here by the Lords command,
 Be you the blest *Apostle* of this Land ;
 To Infidals doe you Euangelize,
 Making those that are *rude, sober and wise*.
 I pray that Lord that did you hither send,
 You may our *curfins, swearing, * iouring mend.*

103. To my very louing and discreet Friend, Master
 Peter Miller of Bristol.

You askt me once, What here was our chiefe dish ?
 In Winter, Fowle, in Summer choyce of Fish.
 But wee should need good Stomackes, you may thinke,
 To eat such kind of things which with you stinke,
 As *Rauens, Crows, Kytes, Otters, Foxes, Beares,*
Dogs, Cats, and Soyles, Eaglets, Hawks, Hounds, & Hares:
 Yet we haue *Partidges*, and store of *Deare*,
 And that (I thinke) with you is pretty cheere.
 Yet let me tell you, Sir, what I loue best,
 Its a *Poore-Iohn** thats cleane, and neatly drest:
 There's not a meat found in the Land, or Seas,
 Can Stomackes better please, or lesse displease,
 It is a fish of profit, and of pleasure,
 Ile write more of it, when I haue more leisure:
 There and much more are here the ancient store:
 Since we came hither, we haue added more.

104. To some discreet people, who thinke any body good
 enough for a Plantation.

When you doe see an idle, lewd, young man,
 You say hee's fit for our Plantation.
 Knowing your selfe to be rich, sober, wise,

* A word frequently vsed by the West-Countrymen, and signifies muttering or murmuring

Dogs and Cats are fishes so call'd, and Hounds a kind of Fowle
 * Cald in French *Poure Gens*, in English corruptly *Poore John*, being the principall Fish brought out of this Countrie.

You set your owne worth at an higher price.

I say, such men as you are, were more fit,

And most conuenient for first peopling it :

Such men as you would quickly profit here :

Lewd, lazy Lubbers, want wit, grace, and care.

105. *To the famous, wise and learned Sisters, the two Universities of England, Oxford and Cambridge.*

The ancient *Jewes* did take a world of paine,

And traueild farre some *Profelites* to gaine :

The busie pated *Iesuites* in our dayes,

To make some theirs, doe compasse Land and Seas :

The *Mahumetan*, *Heathen*, moderne *Jew*,

Doe daily striue to make some of their crue :

Yet to our shame we idly doe stand still,

And suffer God, his number vp to fill.

Yee worthy *Sisters*, raze this imputation,

Send forth your Sonnes vnto our *New Plantation* ;

Yet send such as are *Holy*, *wise*, and *able*,

That may build *Christs Church*, as these doe build *Babel*.

*Mat. 7. 20.

If you exceed not these in * *Righteousnes*,

I need not tell your *Wisedomes* the successe.

106. *To answer a Friend, who asked me, Why I did not compose some Encomiasticks, in praise of Noble men and Great Courtiers,*

As my friend Iohn Owen hath done.

I knew the Court well in the old *Queenes* dayes;

I then knew *Worthies* worthy of great praise:

But now I am there such a stranger growne,

That none doe know me there, there I know none.

Those few I here obserue with commendation,

Are *Famous Starres* in our *New Constellation*.

The end of the second Booke.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF QVODLIBETS.

Justice Epigram.

Kings doe correct those that *Rebellious* are,
And their good *Subiects* worthily preferre:
Iust Epigrams reprove those that *offend*,
And those that *vertuous* are, *she* doth commend.

2. *To my delicate Readers.*

When I doe read others neate, dainty lines,
I almost doe despaire of my rude rimes:
Yet I haue fetch't them farre, they cost me deare,
Deare and farre fetcht (they say) is *Ladies cheere*.

3. *To my zealous, and honest friend, Master
W. B. of Bristoll.*

If thou canst not to thy preferment come,
To be *Christ's red Rose* in best martyrdome;
With *Patience, Faith, Hope, Lowe, and Constancie*,
A pure blest, white *Rose* in *Christ's Garden dye*.

4. *Gods Lowe: The Devils Malice.*

He that *made* man, only desires mans heart:
He that *mard* man, tempts man in euey part.

5. *God rewards thankfull men.*

What part of the *Moon's* body doth reflect
Her borrowed beames, yeeldeth a faire prospect;
But that part of her, that doth not doe so,
Spotty, or darke, or not at all doth show:
So what wee doe reflect on *God the giuer*,
With thankfulness: those *Graces* shine for euer:
But if his *gifts* thou challeng'st to be thine,
They'll neuer doe thee *Grace*, nor make thee shine.

6. *To a dissembling, sober, slye Protestor.*

'Tis so, or so, as I'me an honest man,
Is thy assuring *Protestation*,
When it's as true as thou art *such a one*.

7. *Dissemblers coozen themselves.*

Whilst in this life *Dissemblers* coozen some,
Themselues they coozen of the life to come.

8. *On a wide-mouthed prating companion.*

He prates, and talkes, and railes, and no man heares.
Yet he hath *mouth*, to make a skore of Eares.

9. *Latin Prayers by number.*

Christ spake no *Latin*, though he could doe so,
Nor any of his *Twelve*, for ought I know.
Why should you in that tongue pray by the skore?
It is the *Language* of the *Mounted whore*.
Somewhat more merrily; here lies the iest:
Most of *hers* speake the *Language* of her *Beast*.
In such *Hobgoblin* words they sing, and pray,
Scaliger full-tongu'd knowes not what they say.

10. *To the Bishop of Rome.*

Of Bishops I dare stile you *Principall*,
'Tis *Antichristian* to be *Generall*.

11. *A wife more deare then sweet. To a complementing kinde Husband.*

Come hither, *deare wife*, prethee *sweet wife* goe,
Sweet wife, doe this, or *deare wife*, pray' doe so.
She's *deare* indeed, but not so *sweet*, I trow.

12. *Plasters for a Gall-heart.*

On euey married man that hath a *Shrome*,
(As many a married man hath one, I trow;)
These foure, poore, pittious *plasters* I bestow,
Except their wiues death, the best helpe I know.

1 Or to thy friend reueale thy wofull plight;

2 Or let her hot words thee inflame to fight;

3 Or else withdraw thy selfe from her by flight;

4 Or with thy patience all her wrongings flight.

13. *A husbands desire to his Wife.*

Laugh with me, make me *laugh*, whilst I doe liue:
When I dye, choose where thou'lt *laugh* or grieue.

14. *To a weeping Wiadow.*

Thy *Husband's* dead, and thou dost *weepe* therefore.
No: 'tis, cause thou canst make him *weepe* no more.

Greg. lib. 4
Epi. 32. and
36-

15. *Ill-faououred Huswifery. To one shrewdly married.*
 Though you fall out, yet you agree herein,
 When as thy wife doth wash, then doo'st thou wring.

16. *To all Chollericke People.*

Shrewdnes is like vnto a *Gr. mefend toast*,
 Abhorred by those that doe vse it most.

In vs we doe contentedly it beare,

We cry, Fought at it, finding it else-where.

If *Shrewes* say they cannot their Choller smother,

I say, For healths sake we must vent that other.

'Tis hugg'd at home, abroad, at home it is abhor'd,

Thence I conclude *Shrewdnes* is like a T.

17. *To those who I feare will find fault with this Comparison.*

If you will say that this is odious,

Comparisons are so; this should be thus.

18. *Reasons for the taking of Tobacco.*

Since most *Physicians* drinke *Tobacco* still,

And they of nature haue th'exactest skill,

Why should I thinke it for my body ill?

And since most *Preachers* of our Nation,

Tobacco drinke with moderation,

Why should I feare of prophanation?

Yet if that I take it intemperately,

My soule and body may be hurt thereby.

19. *The fine Properties of good Tobacco.*

Tobacco to be good, it must be strong,

Cleare smoak't, white ashes, hard and lasting long.

20. *A Citty Sheriffe.*

Before, and after, sparing he doth liue,

Brauely he spends, when he is *Master Shriene*.

21. *Si Sennior : Spaniard.*

Signore Si : Italian.

Of *Spaniards* and *Italians* thus I find,

As *Arsee-versee* they auerre their mind.

So one before, the other sins behind.

22. *Why Astrea left the Earth.*

On earth *Astrea* held the Ballance euen :

But she long since with them is fled to heauen.

Why hath *Astrea* bid this world Adieu?

Her Lease was out, She would not buy a new.

23. On a *Private, Rich, close-living Churle*, alluding
to him in *Terence*, who of himselfe sayes,

Populus me sibilat, &c.

Walking abroad like a great *Turkie-Cocke*,
Some feere, some geere, eu'ry one doth me mocke:

At home amongst my *puddings* and my *eggs*,

I hugge my selfe, looking on my full bags,

Finding my selfe *Fortunes* white sonne to be,

I laugh at them, that euen now laugh't at me.

24. To the same fellow.

Thou art deceiu'd, selfe-flattering-golden *Asse*,

Whil'st thou behold'st thy selfe in a false *Glasse*.

25. To the Pope.

Christ said vnto the people, *Reade and see*

The Scriptures: for they testifie of me.

Wherefore didst thou thine reading them deny?

That thou art *Antichrist*, they testifie;

26. *Papisticall cruelty.*

Were there no other argument but this,

It proues our faith, then yours the better is.

We are not cruell, bloody, enuious,

(Though your late-lying *Legends* slander vs)

We meekely seeke but your *Conuersion*,

Weepe at your sought for *Execution*:

You bloody, slanderous, and inexorable

At all times, euery where, where you are able;

Witness *Maries* short Raigne, *French Massacre*,

Which in red letters, your lewd minds declare.

Our *God*, though *Iust*, his mercy's ouer all,

A blood-sucker, *Satan* was from his fall.

27. A Prayer hereupon, to the God of Justice.

When thou for blood mak'st inquisition,

Thinke on the bloody *Inquisition*.

28. To our wise Roman *Diuines*.

Why enforce yee a blind obedience?

All else would see your *Glosses* enforce't sence.

29. *Why the fine-footed Iambicke fits best in our
English verse.*

Iambicks in our language haue best grace :
They with graue *Spondies* dance a Cinquepace :
If wanton *Dactils* doe skip in by chance,
They well-neere marre the meature of the *Dance* :
To end a verse, she may a foot be lending,
Like to a round trick at a *Galliards* ending.

30. *To the Diuine soule of that excellent Epigrammatist,
Master Iohn Owen.*

Let thy *Celestiall Manes* pardon me,
If like thy shadow I haue followed thee.

32. *Why Preachers stand, and Auditors sit.
To his louing Friend, Master Robert Burton.*

Would't know why *Preachers stand*, and we doe *sit*?
Because what they speake with, or without wit,
Not we, but they themselues must *stand* to it.

33. *What Prosperity cannot perswade, Aduersity
will enforce.*

He that in *Zeale* is calme, in calmes at Sea,
In stormes if he haue *Zeale*, in *Zeale*, he'le pray ;
So though our *Zeale* be cold whil't *Fortune* shines,
'Twill be more feruent in tempestuous times.

34. *To a Friend.*

Shew such as mine to young-briske *Butterflies*,
(Who haue as many hearts as they haue eyes,)
They'll sweare to you, *The best that e're they saw* :
Behinde your backe, *They are not worth a straw*.
This shuffling shewes, that in their Puffe-paste wit,
Momus and *Gnato* doe at random sit.

35. *Talking Beasts.*

When *Aesop* said Beasts spake ; *Aesop* said true.
I heard *Beasts* speake wit hin this day or two.

36. *The Gowte.*

'Tis said, that rich men only haue the *Gowt*,
Of that old-rusty-sad saw, I make doubt.

Indeed the *Gowt*, the child is of rich men;
This froward *Elfe*, poore men *nurse* now and then.

37. *When I was of Lincolns Inne, the fashion was, (and I thinke is still) after dinner upon grand and festivall dayes, some young Gentlemen of the house would take the best Guest by the hand, and be the next, and so hand in hand they did solemnly passe about the fire, the whole Company, each after other in order; to every staffe a song, (which I could neuer sing) the whole Company did with a ioynd voyce sing this burthen:*

*Some mirth and solace new let vs make,
To cheare our hearts, and sorrowes slake.
Upon this kind of Commencement of these Remels,
I conceited this:*

When wise, rich *Lawyers* dance about the fire,
Making graue needlesse mirth sorrowes to flacke.
If *Clyents* (who doe them too dearely hire,
Who want their money, and their comfort lacke)
Should for their solace, dance about the Hall:
I iudge their dance were more methodicall.

38. *An old Prouerb, though a strange one, truly exemplified.*
A Prouerb 'tis, how true I cannot tell,
Happy are those, whose fathers goe to hell,
Sure, some would thinke, their happinesse it were,
If their close-fisted fathers in hell were,
That they may of his wealth haue out their share.
For whil' it they liue, but little they will spare.

39. *To a namelesse one.*
Thou marri'st one, whom thou before didst know:
It is the fashion now to marry so.

40. *The first Arithmeticke.*

Numration. *Adam* at first in *number* was but one;
Addition. Vntill *God* added *Eue*, he was alone:
Diuision. They were *denied*, till the *Lord* them ioynes,
Multiplicati- And bade them *multiply* out of *their Loynes*:
Substraction. And so from them *substracted* are all *Nations*,
Vnto these present *Generations*.

41. *The seeming good workes of unbelievers.*

The glorious deeds of *unbelieving* ones,
Are glittering cleare *abominations*;
So said St. *Hurom*: and thus saith St. *Paul*,
They're shining brasse, and a tinkling Cymball.
For *good workes* without *faith* and *loving feare*,
Doe neither please Gods eye, nor yet his care.

42. *Heavenly, and Earthly hearts.*

The *Earth* is firme, the *Heavens* mutable,
Yet *Heavenly* mindes are firme, *Earthly* vnsstable.

43. *To a superstitious Papist, fearefull of Purgatory, who to his cost desires to have a quick dispatch from that fearefull place.*

With *faith* pray strenuously, *religious* line;
Thou need'st no money, for an *Obit leaze*,
Thy soule in *Purgatory* to relieue.

44. *To rich Papists.*

If the *Popes* *Saves* by his *authority*,
Were truer then *Christs* written *Verity*;
Those rich man, *Asses* were, that went to *Hell*,
If they within *Romes Churches* limits dwell:
For though you ne'r to lewdly spend your breath,
Your *Coyne* will buy you *Pardons* after death.

Contrary to
Christs say-
ing, Mat. 19.
23, 24.

45. *An humble, contrite, and a double-divided heart.*

Gods fauour breaks forth on a *broken heart*:
But in a *parted one* God hath no part.

46. *A skort Dialogue betwixt two ancient Philosophers, laughing Democritus, and weeping Heraclitus.*

Heraclitus.

Vaine, foolish man, why dost thou alwaies laugh?

Democritus.

Mans vanity, and foolish pride I scoffe,
Wherefore dost thou such a strange puling keepe?

Heraclitus.

For mans bad finnes, sad miseries I weepe.

47. *Counsell to my young Cousins,*
 John and William Barker, } } *Sonnes to my Brother*
 Abel and Mathew Rogers, } } *Barker, and his now wife.*
 Ill Company is like Infection,
 It soone taints a good disposition.
 Take heed into what Company yee fall:
 Vice is a sicknes *Epidemicall.*

48. *To one, who on his Gossips prattlings in a dangerous disease,*
thinks and hopes so much of his Recouery, that hee
neglects the consideration of his Mortality.

*Cause some haue scap'd that haue beene almost dead,
 Thou think'st that thou may'st be recouered:
 But because many healthy men doe dye,
 I thinke on that, knowing that so may I.

49. *To my Reuerend sicke friend, W. G. of Bristol.*

Not quiet, an vsuall phrase for sicknesse in Devonshire. When folke are sicke, we say, *They are not well.*
 My Country phrase is, *That they are not quiet.*
 Both of these phrases fit all those that mell
 With *Physicke Doses*, and *prescribed dyet.*

The first of these two phrases fit *sicke men*:
 The last fits best *Women and Children.*

50. *Papisticall Miracles.*

Primitive miracles were strange and true,
 And did confirme the *Doctrines* then held new.
 Yours falsely, faign'd, ridiculous, and bold,
 Bolster new *Doctrines*, contradict the old.
 Your apparitions, new-faign'd miracles,
 Doe ouerthrowe the *ancient Articles.*

51. *An Aduertisement to all Tradesmen, and may serue*
for Souldiers, or any others subiect to Casualtie.

Who doth refuse a reasonable proffer,
 Had need to haue good *Fortune* in his Coffer.

52. *To a Card-Cheater.*

To *Cut*, and *shuffle*, in a *Horie* is ill:
 To *shuffle*, and to *Cut*, is thy prime skill.

53. *To one that hath lost both his eares,*
 Some that haue *two eares*, heare not what we say:
 Thou that hast *not an eare*, hear't more then they.

54. *Whome Discretion doth not, Correction will keepe under.*
 It head-strong Iades will not Gods Bit obey,
 His Rod will whippe their restines away.

N. quid nimis.

55. *A meditation of too much and too little Winde at Sea,
 wracking Stormes, and Staruing Calmes.*

Mans state on shore, is like mans state at Sea;
 Too much, too little, causeth sad decay;
 Hence Poets fained *Fortune* heretofore
 Sayling, one foote on Sea, and one on shore.

56. *Fearesfull Hell-Fire.*

At sight of *fire*, bold Lyons runne away
 Bold sinners, who men fearing sinne, vpbray:
 The sight of *Hell-fire* will these Lads dismay.

57. *To Sir Senix Fornicator.*

Winter hath seiz'd vpon thy beard, and head,
 Yet for all this, thy wilde Oates are not shed.
 Me thinkes when Hills are ouerspred with Snow,
 It should not wantonly be hot below.
 But thou most like vnto a *Lecke* dost seeme:
 For though thy head be *white*, thy tayle is *green*.

58. *Some standers by see more } then Gamesters.
 Some standers by leese more }*

Some wise by-standers more then Gamesters sees;
 Some standers by more then wise Gamesters leese.

59. *To nobly descended Recusants.*

'Tis said, you came from noble *Ancestors*,
 Who did itrange wonders in the old French warres,
 You say you are of their Religion,
 And that it is the *true and ancient one*:
 It was your *Ancestors*, for ought I know:
 But *new, vnttrue*, Gods *old true* Word sayes so.

60. *Traditions and Gods Word. To Papissts.*

'Twixt your *beliese*, and our *Religion*,
 There hath beene long, and strong contention:
 You proue yours by *mens word*: but we abhorre it:
 Our prooffe is better, we haue *Gods word* for it.

61. To one that askt me why I doe write so briefly.
 What I doe write of, I but only touch,
 Who writes of many things cannot write much,
 Or thus,
 Who writes of many things, muſt needs write much.

62. To my kindes loving brother, Mr. Edward Payne, on
 the Gift of a Ring, wherein there was a Poefie of Patience.

In your laſt gift you wiſh me Patience.
 I know you meane it in the better ſence;
 Not a ſad, bad, ſtout patience, Stoicall.
 But one that knowes, that God ſends, and mends all.

63. *Wiſe mens ill ſucceſſe, and Fooles Fortune.*
A Paradox.

As many *Wiſe men* hurt themſelues through wit,
 As there are *fools* grow rich, for want of it.

64. *To the Pope.*
 Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou blinde Ignorance in hance?
 (On which all Wiſer times did looke aſcance?)
 Saying it doth deuotion much aduance?
 All thy myſterious ſkill, is Ignorance.

65. *One of the Popes titles is, Seruant of Seruants.*
 Seruant of Seruants, *Peper* themſelues haue nam'd,

*Gen. 9. 25. By that ſtile curſed * *Canaan* was defam'd.

66. *All things are vendible at Rome.*

In *Romes* full ſhop are ſold all kindes of ware,
 * Reuel. 8. 12. * Mens ſoules purg'd, fyre-new, you may buy there.

67. *To fault-finding more fauſty Zolus.*
 When others faults thou doſt with ſpite reueale,
 The Kettle twiſts the pot with his burnt taile.

68. *To a hard-fauour'd rich Widdow, who, becauſe ſhe hath
 many Siſitors, thinkes well of her ſelfe.*

We know thee rich, and thou think'ſt thy ſelfe fine:
 Thou think'ſt we loue thee, we know we loue thine.

69. *Why Phyſicians thrive not in Briſtoll.*
 In *Briſtoll* Water-tumblers get ſmall wealth:
 There *Doctor good-wine* keepes them all in health.

70.

*To my Readers.**An Arsee-uersee Request, to my Friend John Owen.*Owen, Lib. 1.
Epiq. 172.

Doe not with my leaues make thy backside bright:
Rather with them doe thou *Tobacco* light,
I'd rather haue them vp in flames to flye,
Then to be stuffed basely priuily.

71.

Health and Wealth.

Health is a Jewell, yet though shining *wealth*,
Can buy rich *lemels*, it cannot buy *health*.

72.

To Innocators of Saints.

To *Saints* you offer supplication,
And say, *Gods* face beholding, they them know.
This is a strange bold *speculation*.
Whence came the *Doctor* that first told you so?
In *Gods* Word wee doe read, that *God* sees all:
Of such a glasse no mention made at all.

73.

*To those Papists, who shew their ignorant Denotion
in their Aue Marias.*

How long shall Ignorance lead you astray?
Whil'st to our Lady you'd a prayer say,
You her salute, and needlesse for her pray.

74.

*To one of the Elders of the sanctified Parlor
of Amsterdam.*

Though thou maist call my inerriments, my folly,
They are my Pills to purge my melancholly,
They would purge thine too, wert not thou *Foole-holy*.

75.

Great mens entertainement.

Though rich mens troubles, *kindnes* are esteem'd,
Yet poore mens *kindnes*, troubles are still deem'd.

77.

To a Bad-narded, Cholericke, ungratefull man.

Thou soone forget'st those wrongs thou dost to Men:
All small wrongs done to thee thou dost remember;
Euery good turne thou dost, thou count'st it ten:
For good done to thee, thy record is slender.
Kindnes from thee, like vomits make thee sweate;
Thou swallow'st others *kindnes* as thy meate.

78. To Master Fabian Sanford, Master of our Shippe
and voyage in Newfound-Land, and may serue for all
Masters trading there.

Men wearied are with labour other-where :
But you are weary, when you want it here.
And what in England would quite tire a horse,
Here the want of it, tyres you ten times worse.
Labour was first a curle to curbe mans pride;
The want of it, makes you to curse, chafe, chide.
To see you worke thus, better would me please,
Did you not worke thus vpon Sabbath Dayes.

79. Goodnes and Greatnes.
To my good and loving Cousin, Mistris Thomasin Spicer,
wife to Doctor Richard Spicer, Physicion.

Goodnes and Greatnes falling at debate,
Which should be highest in mens estimate;
After much strife, they vpon this did rest,
Great-goodnes and Good-greatnes is the best.

80. Mary Magdalens Teares.
To my pretty Neece, Marie Barker.

To wash Christs feet, Maries Bath was her teares,
To wipe them drie, her Towell was her haire :
What her teares could not cleanse, nor haire makes dry,
Her Corral lips did wipe, and mundifie.
She did anoynt him with a sweet, rich oyle,
And spared for no cost, nor for no toyle :
This Storie merits to be Registred,
And to be practised as well as read.

81. To my Neece and God-daughter, Grace Barker.

I promist, you should doe good, and fly ill,
Before that you had power, or will, or skill.
Lame Nature I knew could not walke that pace,
Without Gods Grace : therefore I nam'd you Grace.
Let mild Grace so sway Nature in you then,
That you may obtaine Grace with God and Men.

82. To a namelesse, wise, modest, faire Gentlewoman, my
 loving and kind Friend, whom reciprocally
 I love as hartily.

Iuno is wealth, *Pallas* is vertue, wit,
Venus Loue, beautie is in *Poets* writ:
Pallas, and *Venus* haue in you their treasure,
 Why should hard *Iuno* offer vs such measure?

83. To our most Royall *Queene* MARY, Wife, Daughter,
 and Sister to three Famous Kings.

Venus, and *Pallas*, at your birch conspir'd,
 To make a worke, of all to be admir'd:
Venus with admir'd feature did you grace,
 Diuine complection, an Angellike face.
Pallas inspir'd a quicke, sweet, nimble spirit,
 Vertue, and wit, of admirable merit,
 But I *admiro* them most, how they could place
 So much; so *admirable* in so small spaces:
 And they themselues *admir'd* when they had ended,
 A Piece which they knew could not be amended.

84. To the same most Royall *Queene*.

When wise *Columbus* offerd his *New-land*,
 To wise men, they him held, vaine, foolish, fond,
 Yet a wise Woman, of an happy wit,
 With god successe aduentur'd vpon it:
 Then the wise-men their *wisdomes* did repent,
 And their *heires* since their follies doe lament.
 My *New-land* (*Madam*) is already knowne,
 The way the ayre, the earth, all therein growne,
 It only wants a Woman of your spirit,
 To make a Land fit for your *Heires* t'inherit.
 Sweet, dreaded *Queene*, your helpe here will doe well:
 Be here a Famous second *Isabell*.

85. A *Newfound-land* Poeticall Picture, of the admirable
 exactly featur'd young Gentlewoman, *Mistris* Anne
 Lowe, eldest Daughter to Sir Gabriel Lowe, Knight,
 my delicate *Mistris*.

The Preface to her Picture.

At sight, Loue drew your picture on my heart,

In *Newfound-Land* I limm'd it by my Art.

86,

The Pourtraite.

If *Paris* vpon *Ida* hill had scene

You 'mongst the *Three*, the *Apple* yours had beene.

Zeuxis draw-
ing this pic-
ture had all
the choice
beauties of
Grece naked
before him

* Had curious *Zeuxis* scene your- all-excelling,

Whilst *Lucoes* Picture he was pencelling;

You had him eas'd in his *various* collection :

For *Beattie* hath in you a full *Connection*.

87. To the faire and vertuous Gentlewoman, *Mistris*

Mary Winter, the younger, worthy of all loue.

Your budding beauty, wit, grace, modesty,

I did admire, euen in your infancy,

These blessed buds, each growne to a faire flowre,

Much haue I lou'd, since my first lawfull hour.

Whome few *crosse-Winters* haue made old and sad,

One such fayre *Winter* would make young and glad.

88. To the same beauteous modest Virgin, an *Ænigma*.

Had not false shuffling *Fortune* paltered,

Hymen had *Hyems* long since altered.

88. To a faire modest Creature, who deserves a worthy

name, though she desires here to be namelesse.

Niggardly *Venus* beauty doth impart

To diuers diuersly, and but in part.

To one a dainty Eye, a cherry Cheeke :

To some, a tempting Lip, Breasts white and sleeke :

To diuers ill-shap'd bodies, a sweet face :

Cleane made Legs, or a white hand, doth some grace,

On *Thee* more free her gifts *She* doth bestow ;

For *Shee* hath set *Thee* out in *Folio*.

90. To my outwardly faire, and inwardly vertuous kind friend,

Mistris Marie Rogers, widow, since married to

Master Iohn Barker of *Bristol*, Merchant,

my kind and louing Brother in Law.

Lillies, and *Roses* on your face are spread,

Yet trust not too much to your white and red :

Lillies will fade, *Roses* their leaues will shed:

These flowres may dye, long before you are dead.

Your inward *beautie* (which all doe not see)

Then white and red, and you, more lasting be.

91. To the faire, vertuous, wittie widow, *Mistress*;
Sara Smeyths.

If it be true, (as some doe know too well;)
To *Lovers Heauen*, we passe through *Lovers Hell*:
Be confident, you shall enioy *Earths glorie*,
For you on *Earth* are past your *Purgatorie*.

92. To my kind and worthy Friend, *Mistress E. B. wife*
to *Captaine H. B.* By my *Captaines leaue*.

Your onward, and your inward graces moue
My tongue to praise you, and my heart to loue.
I hope, it will not *God*, nor *man* offend,
If that in *Loue* your *vertues* I commend:
And by his *Leaue* who is yours in possession,
Ile loue, and praise your goodnes in reuerfion.

93. To my perpetuall *Valentine*, worthy *Mistress Mary*
Taylor, wife to Master Iohn Taylor
Merchant of Bristol.

My sweet discreet perpetuall *Valentine*,
In your faire brest *vertue* hath built a *Shrine*,
Bedecking it with flowres, amongst the rest,
Mild bearing your *not-bearing* is not least.
You know the worthy *husband* that you haue,
Is worth more *children* then some *fondlings* craue;
Besides the blessed *babes* begot by good,
More comforts bring then some of flesh and blood.
Kind *Valentine*, still let our comfort be,
Children there are ynow for you and me.

94. To my best Cousin, *Mistress Elizabeth Flea, wife to*
Master Thomas Flea, of Exeter Merchant.

If ene were safely lodg'd at his long rest,
I could wish you a *Flea* in my warme nest.
Who writes this, loues *Yee* both so well, he prays,
Long may yee skip from *Death*, like nimble *Fleas*.

95. To the faire modest *Mayd*, pretty *Mrs. Martha Morris*,
and of her handsome sister, *Mistress Marie*
Philips, both of Bristol.

Though *Martha* were with *Mary* angrie for't,
Yet *Christ* told her, *She chose the better part.

*Luke 10:42

Faire, chaste mayd *Martha*, you haue chose the best:

1. Cor. 7.34. Your sifler *Mary*, a life * of lesse rest.

96. *Another to the same, being since married.*
But since I heare that you haue chang'd your state,
I wish your choice may proue kind, fortunate,
And that he may deserue you euery deale;
He well deserues, that doth deserue you well.

97. *To the pretty, pert, forward Greene, Mistris L. B.*
Nature tooke time your pretty parts to forme,
She hastes her worke in you, since you were borne,
Your *buds* are forward, though your *leaves* are Greene:
I thinke you will be ripe at Eicenteene.

98. *To the modest, and vertuous Widdow, Mistris Elizabeth Gye of Bristol, whose dead Husband Master Philip Gye, was sometimes Governour of the Plantation in Newfound-Land, where he, and she liued many yeeres happily and contentedly.*

Though Fortune presse you with too hard a hand,
I heare, your heart is here, in *Newfound-Land*.

99. *To a debaush'd Uniuersty:*

A Complaint against Drunkenesse.

Thy Sonnes (*most famous Mother*) in old time,
To quench their thirst, *Pernassus* hill did clime.
Some of thy Sonnes, now thinke that hill too steepe,
Their *Holliconian* Springs doe lye more deepe.
Their study now is, where there is good drinke,
The *Spigot* is their *Pens*, strong beere their *Inke*.
I could with *Democrit'* laugh at this sinne,
If it in any other place had bin:
But in a place where all should be decent,
A sinne so nastie, incoauenient,
So beastly, so absurd, worthy disdain,
It straines me quite out of my merry straine.
I could with *Heraclit'* lament, and cry,
Or write complaints with wofull *Jeremy*:
Nay, much-much more, if that would expiate
What's past, or following follies extirpate.
Many *rare wits* hath it infatued,
Their climbing merits quite precipited,

And

And hopes of ancient houses ruined.
 Fooles and base *foes* this sinne hath made of them,
 That by sobriety had beene braue men :
 Yea I doe know, many wise men there be,
 Which for this dare not trust their Sonnes with thee,
 Fearing this *Cerberus*, this *Dogge of Hell*,
 Within whose Ward all other follies dwell.
 I hope, thy Sister better lookes to hers,
 Indulgent *Elies* are thy Officers,
 If they will not assist my motion,
 To apply *Caustricks*, and no *Lotium*;
 Deare Mother, on my knees I beg this boone,
 Afford this inconuenient Vice no roome,
 But whip it in thy *Conuocation*,
 Or strip it of *Matriculation*.

100. *A short liggē after this long Lachryma Pain.*

As drunke as an old Begger, once 'twas said.

As drunke as a young Scholler, now we reade.

101. *To the Reuerend, Learned, Sober, and wise Governours
 in this Famous Uniuersity.*

I heare, this sinne you will shut out of doore :

It ioyes me so, that I can write no more.

102. *That euery one may take his.*

To my warthy Readers.

Faire, modest, learned, sober, wise, and wittie,

Praising I praise you, if those praises fit yee.

103. *To my unworthy Reader.*

Fond, wicked, misse-led, if thou guilty be,

Although I name thee not, yet I inuene thee.

The end of the third Booke.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF QVODLIBETS.

An vnfinisht Booke.

1. *To the Reader.*

Sermons and Epigrams haue a like end,
To improue, to reprove, and to amend:
Some passe without this vse, 'cause they are witty;
And so doe many Sermons, more's the pittie.

2. *To the Reader.*

Of my small course, poore wares I cannot boast:
Owen and others haue the choyce ingroft:
And if that I on trust haue ta'ne vp any;
Owen hath done so too, and so haue many.

3. *Redargution or payd with his owne money.*

When *Pontius* call'd his neighbour, Cuckold Ass,
Being mad to see him blinded, as he was,
His Wife him standing by, repli'd anon:
Fie, *Husband*, fie, y'are such another man.
Nay, I doe know (quoth *Pontius*) that there be
Nine more in Towne, in as bad case as he.
Then you know ten, if you (quoth she) say true.
Fye, *Husband*, fie, what an odde man are you?

4. *Catholique, Apostolique Roman faith. To Papists.*

If the word *Catholique* yea truly straine,
To neither of vs doth it appertaine.
Apostolique we dare our selues afford,
And proue it by their practice, and their word.
The now new Roman Faith yee stiffly hold,
And brag of it, as if it were the old.

5. *To elder Pelagians, more sine later Papists and
our refined Arminians.*

Though seu'ral wayes you one opinion twine,
'Twixt your conceits there's but a little line:
For all of you with *free-grace* are too bold,
With good workes laying on presumptuous hold.

With your weake works, binding your boundlesse Maker,
Without whome, none can be an vndertaker.

Whilst *God* tyes vs by Faith to doe good *deeds*,

You will *tye God* to you by your fond *Creeds*.

Satan, that lowres at *faithfull*, *fearefull* workes,

Likes your *good deed*, because he knowes your *querks*.

At weake, faith-propt, due workes Satan doth grieue:

At tip-toe good workes, he *laughs* in his sleue.

It's *God* that giues vs grace, and makes vs able,

Hauiug all done, we are vnprofitable.

Worke, and worke on with fond credulity,

Mercy with *faith* is our security.

6. A Chronagram of the yeere wherein *Queene Elizabeth*
died, and *King Iames* came to the *Crowne* of England:

both of blessed memory.

Wee MaDe a Happle Change tIs Yeere.

M D C III.

This yeere of *Grace*, by Gods especiall grace,

When all our toes expected our disgrace,

God crusht their malice, and allai'd our feare:

We made a happy Change this Present yeere:

A Change we made, but yet no Alteration;

Of former happines a transmigation:

Two froward Sisters long at enmity,

Became the birth-twinnes of *Virginity*,

From a chaste, vertuous, blessed barren wombe,

From the *ill-boding North*, our *Spring* did come;

Whilst many wise foreseeing men did feare,

Who should with quietties be the next *Heire*,

Our feares, so sodainly to-ioyes did passe,

We cannot well tell in what yeere it was.

This yeere our iust victorious *Warre* did cease,

And we enioy'd a sought-for proff'ed *Peace*.

Assoone as our wise *Debora* was gont,

God sent this Land a *Peacefull Salomon*.

Our warlike *Pallas* hauing rul'd her *dayes*,

Apollo came, adorn'd with learned Bayes.

Lastly herein our *Chronogram* doth hold,

This yeere we chang'd our Siluer into Gold.

Siluer a female is, Gold masculine:

Good God lengthen, strengthen this golden Lyne.

If any wise man iudge it otherwise,

I may well iudge that Wiseman *ouerwise*.

7. *Of the Great and Famous, euer to bee honoured Knight,*

Sir Francis Drake, and of my little little selfe.

The *Dragon*, that our Seas did raise his Crest,

And brought back heapes of gold vnto his nest,

Vnto his Foes more terrible then *Thunder*,

Gl'ry of his age, After-ages *wonder*,

Excelling all those that excell'd before;

It's fear'd we shall haue none such any more;

Effecting all, he sole did vndertake,

Valiant, iust, wise, milde, honest, godly *Drake*.

This man when I was little, I did meete,

As he was walking vp *Tetnes* long Street,

He ask'd me whose I was? I answer'd him.

He ask'd me if his good friend were within?

A faire red *Orange* in his hand he had,

He gaue it me, whereof I was right glad,

Takes and kist me, and prayes, *God blesse my boy*:

Which I record *with comfort* to this day.

Could he on me haue breathed with his breath,

His gifts *Elias*-like, after his death,

Then had I beene enabled for to doe

Many braue things I haue a heart vnto.

I haue as great desire, as e're had *hee*

To ioy; annoy: friends; foes: but it will not be.

8. *To the right Reuerend Father in God, Ioseph Hall, by*

Gods especiall providence, Lord Bishop of Exceter.

Borne in a Christian. new Plantation,

These kneele to you for Confirmation;

To you they come, that you might them adorne:

Their Father in your *Diocesse* was borne.

9. *To the Reuerend and diuinely witty, Iohn Dun, Doctor*

in Trinitie, Deane of Saint Pauls, London.

As my *Iohn Owen* * *Seneca* did praise,

So might I for you a like pillar raise,

His Epigrams did nothing want but verse ;
 You can yours (if you list) that way rehearse :
 His were neat, fine, diuine morality ;
 But yours, pure, faithfull, true Diuinity.

10. Aristotles ten Predicaments, to be reduced into questions, is an excellent rule for examining any busines
 for matter of iustice.

To the hopefull and right worthy young Gentleman, Thomas
 Smith of Long-Ashton in the County of Sommerlet, Esq.

¹ The thing, ² how much, ³ conditions of the men,
⁴ For what cause, ⁵ what was done, ⁶ who suffer'd then,
⁷ Where, ⁸ when; ⁹ their postures, ¹⁰ how clad, foule, or cleane.

11. *Their use.*

Who hath power of examinations,
 If he desire to finde out guilty ones,
 Let him reduce these into questions.
 So if to finde out truth, be his intent,
 Before that all these questions be spent,
 The guilty's brought in a Predicament.

12. *The cause of Dedication.*

Strange not, that I these Lines to you haue sent ;
 I know, your worth will make you eminent.
 Grace, Wisedome, Learning, Vertue, you haue store ;
 Were you not modest, I could say much more.

13. To the Reuerend, Learned, and Indicuous, Thomas
 Worall, Doctor in Diuinity, and Chapaine to the right
 Reue.Father in God, George, L. Bishop of London.

Of my reprehending Epigrams.

It is for one of your gifts, and your place,
 To looke bold-staring-black sinne in the face,
 To wound, and launce with the two-edged blade,
 To cense, and heale those wounds that you haue made :
 Yet suffer me, with my sharp-merry pinne,
 To prick the blisters of some itching sinne.
 And though Diuines, iustly loose Rymes condemne,
 My tart, smart, chiding Lines doe not contemne.

14. *To the Reuerend, my worthy ingenious friend, Mr. Abel Louering, one of the Preachers of the Word of God at Bristol. Of my commending Epigrams.*

Those I commend, you would commend them too,
If you did know them truly, as I doe.

Preachers like you, may praise men at their ends,
Laymen like me, may praise wise-living friends.

15. *To a Reuerend and witty friend.*

Since few yeeres studying hath improu'd your wit,
That for the place you hold, you are held fit,
When you preach, you preach sweetly and compleat,
And other things you doe, smooth, witty, neate.
What place in Church would you not fitly hallow;
If you your study soberly would follow?

16. *Of Epigrams.*

Short Epigrams relish both sweet. and sowre,
Like *Fritters* of sowre Apples, and sweet flowre.

17. *To the wise and Learned Sir Iohn Stradling, Knight Baronet, the Author of diuers Diuine Heroicall printed Poems.*

Robert Fitz-Heman drew your Ancestor
To *Wales*, to be his fellow Conqueror.
And *Robert Hayman* would draw all your worth,
If he true knowledge had, to lymme it forth.
Wise Sir, I know you not, but by relation,
Sauing in this, which spreads your reputation:
Your high diuine sweet straines *Poeticall*.
Which crownes, adorne your noble vertues all.
Therein to dight a full Feast, you are able,
Whilst I fit *Fritters* for *Apollo's* Table.

18. *To Master Benjamin Iohnson, Witty Epigrammatist, and most excellent Poet.*

My Epigrams come after yours in time;
So doe they in conceipt, in forme, in Ryme;
My *wit's* in fault, the fault is none of mine:
For if my *will* could haue inspir'd my *wit*,
There neuer had beene better Verses writ,
As good as *yours*, could I haue ruled it.

19.

To one of my neate Readers.

Thou say'st, my Verses are rude, ragged, rough,
Not like some others Rymes, smooth, dainty stufte.
Epigrams are like Satyres, rough without,
Like Chestnuts, sweet, take thou the kernell out.

Satyres.

20. To the acute Satyrift, Master George Wither.

The efficient cause of Satyres, are things bad,
Their matter, sharpe reproofes, instructions sad,
Their forme lowre, short, seuer, sharp, roughly clad:
Their end is that amendment may be had.

21. To the same Mr. George Wither, of his owne Satyres.

What cause you had, this veine too high to straine,
I know not, but I know, it caus'd your paine;
Which causeth others wisely to refraine:
Yet let some good cause draw you on againe.
You strip and whip th'ill manners of the times
So handsomely, that all delight your Rymes.

22. To my right worthy friend, Mr. Michael Drayton, whose
unwearied old Muse still produceth new dainties.

When I was young, I did delight your lines,
I haue admir'd them since my iudging times:
Your younger muse plai'd many a dainty fit,
And your old muse doth hold out stoutly yet.
Though my old muse durst passe through frost and snow,
In warres your* old muse dares her Colours shew.

23. To my worthy and learned good friend, Mr. Iohn Vicars, who hath translated part of Mr. Owens Epigrams.

Who hath good words, and a warme brooding pate,
Shall easier hatch neate new things, then translate:
He that translates, must walke as others please:
Writing our owne, we wander may at ease.

*He wrote the
barrell of A-
gincourt, when
he was about
60. years old.

24. To my good friend, Mr. T. B. Vintner, at the signe
of the Sunne in Milke-street.

Bacchus desiring an auspicious signe,
Vnder which he might sell his choysest wine,
Desiring much to choose one of the seuen
Celestiall Planets, reel'd one night to heauen,

He found old Bent-brow'd *Saturne* melancholly,
Ioue stern, *Mars* stout, *Venus* repleat with folly,
 Sly *Mercury* full of Loquacity,
 And *Luna* troubled with vnconstancy:
 Disliking these, he *middle Sol* espy'd,
 Who vnto *sober drinkers* is a guide:

* Milk-street

He liking this, in * *via Lactea* plaste it,
 And with his *best wines*, he hath e're since graste it,
 And finding you no *Brewer*, as your due,
 He doth commit the charge thereof to *You*.

27. To a Friend, who asked me why I doe not compose some
 particular Epigrams to our most gracious King, as my
 Friend Iohn Owen did to his famous Father, King
 IAMES of blessed memorie.

Thou ask'st, Why I doe not spinne out my wit,
 In silken threds, and fine, smooth, neat lines fit,
 In speciall Epigrams to our wise King?
 All these my telfe I dedicate to him.
 Its all too coorse, what my wit can weaue forth,
 To wrap the little finger of his worth.

28. *Sinnes short Grammar.*

To my loniog Cousin Master Iohn Gunning the younger,
 of Bristol Merchant.

The Grammar.

Sinnes easie Grammar, our Grandmother *Eue*
 To her sinfull posteritie did leaue.

Sinnes Tart.

In *Speech* are eight parts, in sinne there are seuen,
 We may put *Satan* in, to make them euen.

Satan a Nounne.

Satan, *Sins* grandfather, stands as a *Nounne*,
 To all ill things giuing an ill renowne,
 Incising mildly; Roaring if withstood,
 Being thereby felt, heard, and understood.

Sloth, a Pronounne.

Sloth is a *Pronounne*: Idle men in name
 Are! men, but otherwise a sencelesse shame.
Sloth is the *Devils* best sonne *Primitive*,

And from him most finnes doe themselues deriue.

Anger, a Verbe.

Anger a Verbe is, for at euery word,
His *Actiue* and his *Passiue* spleen is stir'd,
In *Mood* and *Tense* declined is this sinne,
Moody it is, at all times full of spleene.

Conetousnesse, a Participle.

Conetousnes may be finnes *participle*,
To helpe himselte, from each one takes a little,
With euery *Siue* he will *Participate*,
So he thereby may better his estate.

Pride, an Aduerbe.

Pride is an *Aduerbe*, if you'll take his word,
Nor Heauen, nor Earth the like thing doth afford.
In his conceit he is the thing alone,
He holds himselte beyond *Comparison*.

Lust, a Coniunction.

Lust is a lawlesse, lewde *Coniunction*,
For *Lust* desires not to act sinne alone:
So *ioyning* finnes his sinfull dayes dost waste,
Vntill they joyne him with the *Deuill* at latt.

Ennie, a Preposition.

Ennie may be *Sinnes Preposition*,
'Gainst things well compos'd shewing opposition.
Ab'atiues, and *Accusatiues* hee'll chuse
For he loues to *Detract*, and to *Accuse*.

Gluttony, an Interiection.

Gluttony is an *Interiection*,
Into his paunch all his delights are throwne.
As nothing but *good bits*, can make him glad,
So only want of them, can make him sad.

Sinnes Declension.

O God! in what bad *Case* are we declin'd?
Since thou in euery *Case* our finnes maist find,
In *Nominatiue*, by iurious Appellations,
In *Genitiue*, by spurious generations.
In *Datiue*, by corrupting briberie.
In the *Accusatiue*, by calumnie.

In *Vocative*, by grudging, and excla^yming. }

In *Ablative*, by cooz[']ning, rape, and stealing.

Number, and Gender.

Singular sinnes, and *Plurall* we commit,
And we in euery *Gender* varie it.

Number.

Our *Single* sinnes are wicked cogitations,
Our *Plurall*, Ryots, Combinations
Against thee, *Lord*, and thy *Anointed* ones.

Gender.

Our *Masculine*, first sin's vxoriousnes,
Our *Feminine*, to sin's sleights yeeldingnes,
Our *Neuter* sinne, is cold neutralitie,
Common of two, too common *Venerie*.
Thrice Common we commit sinnes against *Three*;
Against our selues, our Neighbours, against *Thee*.
Doubtfull is our *Disimulation*.
In all sinnes, *Hees* and *Shees* take delectation.

The Conclusion.

Thus we in Sinne vse regularitie,
Whil't *Wee* with *Grace* haue no *Congruitie*.

29. *To lashing, fault-finding Zozies.*

I know, thou wilt end, as thou hast begunne:
Put vp thy Rod (great whipper) I haue done.

30. *To the ineffable, indiuiduall, ever blessed*

Trinity in Unity.

To one in *three*, *three* in one be all praise,
For planting in me, this small bud of *Bayes*.

The end of the Authors *Quodlibets*.

At this time.

To the Reader, in stead of an Epistle.

If these faile in worth, blame me, but consider from whence they came; from a place of no helps. If in Printing, blame the Printer, and mend it. I haue omitted many of mine owne and of the Translations. As thou likest these, thou maist haue the rest.

FAREWELL.

CERTAINE
EPIGRAMS OVT
OF THE FIRST FOVRE
BOOKES OF THE EX-
cellent Epigrammatist, Master
IOHN OVVEN:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH
AT HARBOR-GRAVE IN
Bristols-Hope in Britaniola, anciently
called *New-found-land*:
By R. H.



AT LONDON
Imprinted for Roger Michell, and are to be sold at
the signe of the Bulls head in Pauls Church-
yard. 1628.

cares, *She* hath taken paines to let you know what enuious mē haue too long kept from your knowledge. If *She* speake any thing against your sexe, it is but what malicious men sometimes mutter in an vnknowne language against your inferior frailties, and hath answered somewhat in your behalfe: you shall finde *Her* no importunate Companion, for you may begin with her when you please, and leaue her when you list: euery small parcell is an entire treatise, and depends vpon it selfe; they may serue you for pastime, if you please, for vse, for embelliishing in your discourse, as spangles in your attire: The translations were the better, if they are not made worse in the change. For our owne, they are the best we can at this time. The grace and loue I receiued sometime from one of your sexe, makes me confident of your gracious goodnesse: but my *Muse* hath a little recouered her spirits, and requests me *She* may speake a little vnto you.

*Your beguties, wonder and amazement bred
In me, that still I am astonished:
Yet this request I pray doe not deny,
Giue me good words, for you haue more then I.
In recompence one day Ile sing a song
Of your rich worth with my laste buskins on.*

The admirer of your excellencies,
the short-breath'd Muse of
Robert Hayman.



A P R Æ M O N I T I O N
T O A L L K I N D E O F R E A D E R S
of these Translations of *Iohn Owens*
E P I G R A M S.

A *S*one into a spacious Garden led, (Shed,
Which is with rare, faire flowers well garni-
Where Argus may all his eyes satisfie ;
Centimanus all his hands occupy,
He will chuse some fine flowers of the best,
To make himselfe a Poësie at the least:
Or he will, if such fauour may be found,
Intreate some Slips, to set in his owne ground :
So fares it with me, when in Owens booke,
At leasure times, with willing eyes I looke:
I cannot chuse, but choose some of his flowers,
And to translate them at my leisure howres.
But as 'tis not for this admitted Man,
Manners at once to gather euery one,
But mildly to cull a few at a time,
I pray thee doe so too, kinde Reader mine :
For as a Man may surfet on sweet meates :
So thou maist ouer-read these quaint conceits.
Some at one time, some at another chuse ;
As Maidens doe their kissing Confects vse.
Ieade therefore these, His ; by translation, Mine :
As some eat Cheese, a penny-waight at a time.



AN ENCOMI-
ASTICK DISTICK ON MY
RIGHT WORTHY AVTHOR,
IOHN OVVEN.

T*He best conceits Owens conceits have found,
Short, sharp, sweet, witty, unforc'd, neat, profound.*



PART OF MA-
STER IOHN OWENS EPI-
GRAMS TRANSLATED
into ENGLISH.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

Epig. 2. *To the Reader.*

THou that read'st these, if thou commend them all,
Thou'lt too much milk; if none, thou'lt too much gall.

3 *To Master Iohn Hoskins, of
his Booke.*

My Booke the World is, Verses are the Men,
You'll finde as few good here, as amongst them.

8 *Know thy selfe.*

Nothing worth knowledge is in thee, I trow,
Secke some-where else, some worthier thing to know.

14 *Gilberts Opinion, that the Earth goes
round, and that the Heavens
stand still.*

Thou sai'st, the Earth doth moue: that's a strange tale,
When thou didst write this, thou wert vnder sayle.

15 *Physicians, and Lawyers.*

Our sicknesses breeds our Physicians health,
Our folly makes wise Lawyers with our wealth.

16 *O Times, O Manners!*

Scaliger did Times computation mend:
Who, to correct ill manners doth intend?

Or thus to Scaliger.

Thou mended hast the bad score of old yeares:
Who dares take old bad manners by the cares?

21 *To a poore, bare, beggerly, sic on such
a Physicion.*

Thou wert a poore, bare, sic on such a one,
But now thou art growne a Physicion :
Thou giuest vs physicke, we with gold thee please:
Thou cur'st not ours ; but we cure thy disease.

26 *Cold fire.*

If that Loue be a fire (as it is said)
How cold is thy Loues fire, my pretty Maide ?

27 *An impious Atheists pastime.*

I ioy in present things, and present time :
A time will come that will be none of mine :
Grammarians talke of times past and hereafter :
I spend time present in pastime and laughter.

28 *An Atheist's Epitaph.*

Helius, as if he should not feele Deaths paine,
And died, as if he would not liue againe.

30 *Married Alanaes complaint.*

All day *Alana* rayleth at Wedlocke,
And says, 'tis an vntolerable yoake :
At night being pleas'd, shee altereth her rage,
And sayes that marriage is the merriest age.

31 *A Prophet and Poet.*

Of things to come these make true predication,
These of things present make a false relation.

35 *Free-will.*

Free-will for which Christs Church is so diuided,
Though men it lose, Wiues will not be deny'd it.

39 *New Rhetoricke.*

Good arguments without Coyne will not stick
To pay, and not say is best Rhetorick.

52 *To an Atheist.*

Each house, thou seest here, some one doth possesse,
Yet thou dost thinke the great house masterlesse.

53 *A trade betwixt Physicions and Patients.*

Physicions receiue gold, but giue none backe,
Physicke they'll giue, but none of it they'll take:

Their hands write our health bills, ours greaze their fist :
Thus one mans hand, another doth assist.

54 *Juris-prudentes, Wise men of Law.*

Lawyers are rightly cald wise men of Law,
Since to themselves, they wisely wealth doe draw.

*To the same purpose more largely
thus.*

Wise men of Law, the Latines Lawyers stile,
And so they are, fooles Clyents are the while :
Lawyers are wise, we see, by their affaires,
Leauing so much land to their happy heires.

55 *To Courtiers.*

If good thou be at Court, thou may'st grow better,
But I doe feare thou hardly wilt grow greater :
If great thou be, greater thou may'st be made :
But to grow better is no Courtier trade.

57 *A Mortall Conceit.*

To eternize thy fame, thou buildst a Tombe,
As if death could not eat vp such a Roome.

58 *A Comfort for Baldnes.*

So young and bald, take comfort then in this,
Thy head will ne'r bee whiter then it is.

61 *On old Alan.*

Old *Alan* ioynes his couch to his wiues bed,
And thinkes himselfe thereby most sweetly laid.

62 *New-yeeres-gifts.*

Some mens pride, some mens basenesse.

*O*lus giues not to rich, to receiue more ;
To poore he cannot giue, 'cause he is poore :
Quintus for gaine giues gift with long low legs,
And what he would haue giuen, by giuing begs.

63 *A Carerat for Cuckolds.*

When *Pontius* wish'd all Cuckolds in the Sea,
His wife replide: First learne to swimme, I pray.

71 *Physicians and Lawyers.*

Physicians, Lawyers, by one meanes doe thriue,
For others hannes doe both of them relieue :

By sicknesse one, the other by contention;
Both promise helpe, both thriue by this pretention.

73

The Bald-pate.

Trees haue new leaues, in fields there growes new graine,
But thy shed haire will neuer grow againe.

76

Gyants and Dwarfes.

Gyants and Dwarfes are men of differing growth,
Dwarfes are shrunke men; Gyants are men stretcht forth.

80

*A Sergeants case.**To Lawyers.*

If a man with a wench should make a match,
And in stead of her should his owne wife catch:
Tell me if a childe borne by this deceit,
Be a base bastard, or Legitimate?

84

A begging Poet.

I heare, thou in thy verses prayest me:
It is because in mine I should praise thee.

89

An old Churle.

What-euer of this friend I begge or borrow,
He puts me off, and sayes, You shall to morrow:
For this thy promise shall I fit thanks fit?
To morrow then, thee will I thanke for it.

93

Double dealing.

Wherefore loues *Venus, Mars*, vnlawfully?
Vulcan is lame in lawfull venery.

94

Much haire, little Wit.

Thy beard growes faire and large; thy head grow's thinne;
Thou hast a light head, and a heauy chinne.

Addition.

Hence 'tis those light conceits thy head doth breed,
From thy dull heauy mouth so slow proceed.

101

A dead Reckoning.

What death is, thou dost often aske of me:
Come to me when I am dead, I'll tell it thee.

103

To selfe applying, and fault-finding Zoilus.

When I finde fault at faults, thou carp'st at me:
It may be, therein thou think'st I meane thee:

Why should'st thou thinke I reprove thee alone?
Finding fault with faults, I doe fault mine owne.

105

To Bald-pate.

Surely thy brow had some dimation,
Before thy haïres were with a hoare-frost gone:
Thy haïres are all like leaues fallen from a tree,
That thy whole head a fore-head now may be:
None know the length, bredth, depth of thy brow now,
Therefore there is no trust now to thy brow.

106

Plaine downe-right
bald-pate.

I cannot count my haïres, they are so thicke growne,
Nor canst thou number thine, for thou hast none.

107

Fortunes Apologie.

To all, iust Fortune deales an equall Share,
To poore men she giues hope, to rich men Feare.

113

The Chyrurgion.

Whether for warre or peace should I desire?
I gaine by *Mars* his sword, and *Venus* fire.

115

Complainers and
Flatterers.

Old *Anaxagoras* said, Snow was black:
Our Age such kinde of people doth not lack:
The Foxe said, that the Rooke was white as Snow:
Many such flattering Foxes I doe know.

119

A reasonable Request.

Sweet, let thy soule be smooth as is thy skin:
As thou art faire without, be so within.

120

Not seene, No sinne.

Thou think'st all sure, when none doe see thine ill,
Though with a witnesse, thou goest to it still.

127

To a scalded Leacher.

Though thou hast scap'd conmuting, and the sheet,
Thy head-lesse thing hath had correction meete.

130

To a misising Madam.

Thou art displeas'd, and angerly dost looke,
'Cause a mans thing thou find'st nam'd in my booke:

For writing it, why dost thou chafe at me?
A man without it would more anger thee.

131

Saturnes three sonnnes.

Doubtfull Diuines, Lawyers that wrangle most,
Nasty Physicians, these three rule the roast.

132

*To his married friend.**Single and married lines.*

Woe to th'alone. saith married *Salomon*:
Yet *Paul* sayes, There's no life like such a one:
The married cry, Woe vs: Single, Woo mee.
Woo mee, I'll take: Take thou, Woe vs, to thee.

*Addition out of his owne Welsh**Annotation.*

And single woes better then double be.

139

Wine and Women.

Since Venery is vendible as Wine,
Why hath not *Venus* an inticing signe?

Addition.

They need no signe to hang ouer the doore,
Whil't in it stands the foule bawd or fine whoore.

143

Rare Sarah.

A Wife to yeeld her bed-right to her maid,
Of none but *Sarah* could it e're be said.

144

To D. T.

Thy Masters master, Pupils slaue the while,
I doe both enuy, and lament thy Stile.

147

A Wagg's Bolt.

Happy is he (good Sir) that hath a care
Of others harmes, and hornes for to beware:
A sonne so whisper'd in his fathers care.

149

An uxorious Ass.

Quintus obserues his wiucs words, nods, and hands,
Her words are lawes, and her requests commands:
She drawes, she driues, she swayes her husband so,
You cannot tell where she haue one or no:
Against all Grammar rules, they lead their life,
That you may say, his husband, and her wife.

151

*A wary wench that stood upon her
tearmes.*

Vnfaithfull to her first mate, and her last,
In the vacation shee liued wondrous chaste.
Shame, and not sinne, made her forbear the deed,
She knew she had good ground, had shee good seed:
Though shee were hard beset both first and last,
Still out of Terme her Checker-doore was fast.

Addition.

Yet still when she of her Terme-time was sure,
Some dayes before, She op'd her Checker-doore.

161

*A Doctor in promising, but a
Dunce in performing.*

Much thou dost promise, nothing thou dost lend,
Like Doctors that write, take, and nothing send.

162

A pretty wench scurrily Cunny-catcher.

Would the old Spartan Law were vp againe,
That naked maides should marry naked men:
I thought to haue cockt away my maiden-head,
In naked truth, I did a Capon wed.

163

A forked Probleme.

Since She defiled hath the marriage bed,
Why must he wear the hornes? He is the head.

164

*Verses giuen for a New-yeeres-gift,
unrewarded.*

Giue some-what, or my verses backe to me:
On that condition, I doe giue them thee.

165

Christ's Church Colledge in Oxford.

Though men looke sad at thy vnfinishing,
Which makes thee looke like to a ruin'd thing,
Thy Quadrangle shewes what thou should'it haue binne.

166

Phillis Loose.

Phillis sayes that shee's rauisht with my verses:
Verses she loues well: better she loues Tar—

167

Pastime.

I spend my time in vaine and ielle toyes,
So fearing to lose time, my time I lose.

Brand not my breuity with ill beliefe,
 Beleeue me, 'tis my paine to be thus brieft:
 I speake not much, and fond, as many a one,
 If I speake foolishly, I soone haue done.

Rather then my leaues should Tabacco light,
 I pray thee with them make thy back-side bright.

What if my Booke long before me should dye?
 Many a sonne doth so vnwillingly.
 What if he should liue some time after me?
 All my braines Children fraile and mortall be.

PART



PART OF MA-
STER IOHN OWENS EPI-
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THE SECOND BOOKE.

Epig. I.

THOUGH Fooles are euery where, (as there are many)
I cannot, nor I care not to please any:
Few Readers I desire, and 'twere but one,
It should not trouble me, if there were none.

5 *To Sir Iohn Harrington, most Excellent Poet.*
A Poet meane I am; yet of the troope
Though thou art not, yet better thou canst do't.

7 *A Court Wit.*
At Court, who cannot his wit nimbly fit,
To fit each humour; hath at Court no wit.

8 *The Spurre of Knighthood.*
Thou knighted art, to get thy wiues good will;
Shee'll loue her selfe the more, thee little still:
She'ath cost thee much, but now shee'll cost thee more;
Shee's dearer therefore to thee, then before.

9 *Chymicks folly.*
Thi'vnskilfull Chymick toyles, and boyles, and spoyles,
To make a Stone; vntones him selfe the whiles.

10 *A true Troian.*
When all was lost, the Trojans then grew wise:
Who is not a true Trojan in this wise?

11 *The Remedy of Loue.*
Pray much, fast oft, flye women as the fire,
Thinke not on earthly things, but thinke on higher:

If these worke not this, med'cine doth excell,
The fire of marriage will lust-fire expell.

12

*London, anciently called**Troynovant.*

As from the old Phoenix ashes anew springs:
So from Troyes ashes, London her birth brings.

37 *To Master Adam Newton, Tutor to King Charles,*
when he was Prince of Wales.

The hopefull'st Prince that euer this Land breed,
Is from thy learned mouth so disciplineed,
That times hereafter will be arguing,
Which he was; Greater, More learn'd, Better King?

Addition.

*To the same Master Newton, to whom for kindnesse
received, I am further indebted.*

I know thou art as learn'd as *Arist'le*,
Thy Pupill will his farre surpass in battle,
In goodnesse, good *Iosiah*, *David* rather;
In learning *Tresmegist*, or his owne * Father.

* Our late most
learned King
James.

39

Sir Francis Drake.

Drake like a Dragon through the world did flie,
And euery Coast thereof he did descrie:
Should enuious men be dumbe, the Sphaeres will shew,
And the two Poles, his iourneys which they saw:
Beyond *Cades Pillers* farre, Fame steerd his way;
Great *Hercules* on shore, but *Drake* by Sea.

43

The Diuine.

Though thou know much, thy knowledge is but lost,
Vnlesse that other men know what thou know'st.

The Politician.

Though thou know much, thy knowledge is but lost,
If any other man know what thou know'st.

47

Women would haue their Will.

A Papist maid marrying a Lutheran;
Two sects much differing in opinion,
She said, Sweet heart, be not vnkind to me;
All shall be well, for I'll be kind to thee:

Let me of my old Faith hold but free will;
In other points I shall your mind fulfill.

54

An English Wife.

Let me set alwayes vppermost at boord,
The vppermost in bed I'le you affoord:
Thus wee'll deuide our rule; I rule all day,
All night, kind Husband, you shall ouer-sway.

57

A prating Companion.

Thou still ask'st leaue, that still thy tongue may walke:
Thou need'st no leaue, if thou would'st leaue to talke.

64

The Order of the Golden Fleece.

Philip of Burgundy did first ordaine
The Order of the Golden Fleece of Spaine,
He prophesied, when he this Order made:
For his heires since haue got the golden Trade.

68

To Mistris Lane Owen, a very learned Woman.

Of thy fiae sisters, *Lane*, I know but thee,
I onely haue heard what their number bee:
I cannot one of them by their names call;
Yet if they be like thee, I know them all.

Addition.

Faire, modest, learned, wise, beyond my prayse:
Happy is he shall marry one of these.

71

To one like neither of his Parents.

Why art thou so vnlike either of those
Who thee begot, with a ioynt willing cloise?
Whilst each did striue hard, who should forme thee most,
Ill-fauouredly their fauours thou hast lost.

72

*Two Gallants that went to Venice vpon
Returne.*

Towards faire Venice both of yee are gone,
At your returne, to receiue foure for one:
And now you are return'd to your owne Coast,
Your friends welcome you home vnto their cost.

80

To a Drunken Rimer.

Thou drink'st, and think'st, drinke makes a man a Poet,
Thou think'st, and drink'st, thou art one by that dict.

Adde but two letters vnto Versifier,
And then thou art a drunken Verſ-defier.

81

More Epistle then Gospell.

Full often thy Epistles I receiue,
Thou seldome writest Gospell, I perceiue.

88

Naked Loue.

Natures preferue, from cold as with a freeze,
The ground with grasse and corne, with barke green trees,
With feathers, birds; and beasts, with wooll, and haire:
Where Nature wants, Art couering doth prepare.
Why then loues Loue her naked to vnfold?
The nakeder she is, she's the lesse cold:

89

The Exchequer.

Collected Coyne into the Exchequer flowes;
As fresh streames daily to the salt Sea goes:
From thence coyne is disperst by secret veines,
As through the Earth the Sea refils vp streames;
Yet neuer will this Sea be satisfide,
These riuers by their tribute neuer dride.

94

This Worlds Wisdome.

Who's rich? The wise. Who's poore? The foolish man.
If I were wise, I should haue riches than.
Who's wise? The rich. And who's a foole? The poore.
If I were rich, I should be wise therefore.

102

To play and study together.

When I handle a graue and serious thing,
Lightly, and slightly, I play studying:
When I light and slight triuiall matters way,
Too seriously I study in my play.

104

*To fault-finding and enuious**Zoilus.*

Praises are praised, Louers loued are:
If thou cominend vs, we will speake thee faire;
Loue vs hereafter, we will for thee care.

111

The Couetous Man.

Thy gold is lockt vp in thy iron chest:
Thy loue is blockt vp in thy iron brest.

115 *The Plague in England, 1603.*
This hungry leane Plague did so many eate,
That we shall hardly finde a new plague meate.

116 *To a very faire Woman.*
If that thou wert as rich as thou art faire,
Then no one liuing could with thee compare.
If thou hadst liu'd in time of Trojan warres,
For thee more iustly had been all those iarres.

Addition on my Author.

Rare, faire was She, to whom he this affords,
Or he disposed to giue her faire words.

122 *A phantasticall Courtier.*
Of wise men thou art thought a foolish Elfe:
Fooles thinke thee wise: what think'st thou of thy selfe?

124 *A handsome Whore.*
Would' thou wert not so faire, or better giuen:
Then a faire Whore there's nought worse vnder heau'n.

126 *To Bald-pate.*
Thou hast lost all thy haire vpon thy pate,
Thy faithlesse forehead is in the same state,
Before, behinde, all thy haire being fled;
What hast thou bald-pate for to lose? Thy head.

127 *Nolens volens.*
Claudius might soone be honest, if he would:
Lynus would be vn honest, if he could.

131 *On a covetous Gowry-fist.*
If thou a gift giu'st to this Clung-fist man,
Hee'l finde a hundred hands, though he haue none:
But if thou for thy gift, a gift do'st craue,
No hand he hath, though hundred hands he haue.

132 *Kings Misery.*
Whil'st some dares not tell him the truth of things,
And those that may, nought but placebo sings,
How miserable is the state of Kings?

133 *Might and Right.*
Might ouercomes Right, and Right masters Might,
Yet change one letter, Right makes Might, Might, Right.

14

Owens Epigrams,

137

On a Scalded ill-favored Knaue.

In a knowne part, hot *Venus* branded thee,
That thou somewhere might'st in her liuery bee.

138

To Adr. V.

Thy laughing Epigrams ridiculous,
Make vs not smile, but laughter cause in vs.
They haue no iests : the Reader laughs at that,
Because ther's nothing worth the laughing at.

148

Sir Francis Drakes Epitaph.

If Romish bloody superstition
Should for our sinnes into our Land retume,
And that they should vse their vile fashion,
Their aduerfaries bodies for to burne;
Braue *Drake*, thy body in the Sea lies free
From their bold, beaulty, bloody cruelty :

*Addition,**Alluding to the Legend of the floating Lady of Loretto.*

Except some *Loret* Miracle doe float thee.

157

Of Virgils Georgicks.

Thy verses, *Maro*, Husbandry expresse,
Thou dost thy Readers grounds and his wit dresse.

158

To Poet Persius.

Persius, when I sometimes thy verses touch,
Thy sence I see not, thy darke lines are such,
Thou dost neglect thy Reader too-too much.

160

To Poet Martiall.

Thou iest'st at things, yet men thou dost not wrong,
No gall, much honey flowes from thy salt tongue.

161

To excellent Poet Petrack of his Laura.

As often as thy *Laura* shall be read,
Amongst thy Readers 'twill be questioned,
Whether thy *Laura*, Lawrell doth deserue.
Better then thou, that didst her so well serue.

172

On his owne Epigrams to Samuel Daniel,
most witty Poet.

'Tis not strange, if my Epigrams be meane,
I doe not bite my nailes, nor beate my braine.

177 *Hunger makes meate taste sweetest.*

If with much pleasure thou would'st eat thy meate,
Be hungry then, before the meate thou eat.

181 *Satyrs and Epigrams.*

Satyrs are Epigrams; but larger drouen,
Epigrams Satyrs are, but closer wouen:
An Epigram must be Satyricall,
A Satyr must be Epigrammicall.

183 *Deafe and Blind.*

Deafe men looke wilde: blind men thrust out their eare:
Blind with eares see: Deafe with their eyes doe heare.

189 *Sunday.*

Sunday I'll call that day, spite of precise,
In which the glorious Sonne of God did rise.

191 *Fashions in Clothes.*

Old out-worne fashions young mens fashion growes:
And old men weare late strange new fashion clothes.

193 *The commodity of a silly Sheepe.*

If leather, flesh, milke, compost, dice, or cords,
Or wooll you want; all this a Sheepe affords.

*An Egge, which though it be mine owne, I'll adde
to this, because it goes to the same tune.*

If flesh, or skinne, or bones, feathers, or strings,
Or blood you want; all this one round Egge brings.

To mine Author, a little to be merry with him.

When I did write this, I did thinke vpon
The Egge, sup't vp by thine owne Countryman.

196 *Parret, and Prater.*

Parret and Prater, iumpe iust in their names,
One to the other are right Anagrams.

200 *Satyrs and good Lawes haue one originall
cause.*

Good Lawes and Satyrs from one cause proceed;
Wicked behauiour both of them doth breed.

Addition. These ends are alike.

Tart, byting Satyrs haue the selfe-same end,
That good Lawes haue, bad manners to amend.

203

A Merchants account.

Or rich, or poore, account my selfe I may,
Whilſt with my goods I truſt the Bankrout Sea.

204

Luſt.

In the darke, foule Sluts are eſteemed faire :
Blind luſt is cauſe thereof, not the darke ayre.

213

Eccho.

Caruing, nor painting, cannot expreſſe words;
Yet prating Eccho that quaint-art affords.

214

Looking-glaſſe.

To expreſſe Motion, Painting is nought worth ;
My Looking-glaſſe can liuely ſet it forth.

215

Eccho, and Looking-glaſſe.

Nothing of man but voyce Eccho affords ;
My Looking-glaſſe wants nothing elſe but words.

217

A good Chapman.

I gau'e thee three books, three pounds thou gau'ſt me ;
No man hath bought my books as deare as thee.

To the bleſſed Memory of King James, the happy

218

Uniter of this ſo long-diuided Iland of

Great Brittain.

Great *Brittaine* ſeu'er'd from the World by Sea,
Was in it ſelfe diuided many a day,
In many Kingdomes, and in many parts,
Which did diuide her people, and their harts :
Vnhappy then was parted Albion,
Happy in Thee, for in Thee All-be-on.

Addition to King James.

Oft haue I wiſh'd (O pardon my wiſhing.)
That thou hadſt ſtill'd thy ſelfe All-be-ons King.



PART OF MA-
STER IOHN OWENS EPI-
GRAMS TRANSLATED
into ENGLISH.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

Epig.4.

*The happy Virgin-issve of Blessed Queens
Elizabeth.*

Scotland with England was twinn'd happily,
In the blest birth of thy Virginitie:
To vnite, is more blessed then to breed,
From thy not-bearing this birth did proceed.

9 *To the vertuous Lady, Mary Neuil, Daugh-
ter to the Earle of Dorset, his worthy
Patronesse.*

Thy glasse presents thee faire, Fame Chast thee stiles:
Neither thy Glasse nor Fame doe lye the whites.
Loud-wide-mouth'd Fame swifter then Eagles wing,
Dares not report against thee any thing.

10 *To the same right worthy Lady, of her
little Daughter, Cicill.*

To limme soules beauty, painting is nought-worth:
This pretty Image liuely sets thine forth.

11 *To the white-banded Reader.*

My good excell: my bad ones well may passe:
Such grace (white Reader) thy kind iudgement has.

12 *To the black-mouth'd Reader.*

My meane are nought, my bad intolerable:
Thy enuy doth (black Reader) them disable.

18. *Diues and Lazarus.*

The rich man hath in Gods Booke but his shame:
Poore *Lazarus* in Gods Booke hath his Name.

22

The Spirit and Flesh.

The Spirit this, the Flesh drawes me that way:
Cæsar and *Ioue* in me beare feuerall sway:
If there were once a good Peace 'twixt these two,
In Earth there would not be so much adoe.

24

Gods Sight, and mans over-sight.

Men few things see, God all things doth fore-see:
God seldome speakes, but men still prating bee.

25

The broad and narrow Way.

Heau'ns Way is narrow: but Heau'ns Roomes are broad.
Hells way is large: but narrow his aboad.
Who goes not the strait Way to the broad place,
The broad will bring him in a narrow case.

30

A Catechisme.

We must beleeeue twelue, and we must do ten,
And pray for seuen; if we'll be godly men.

31

Rich mens Repentance.

Why are so many rich men to Hell sent?
They repent nothing but their Mony spent.

35

Wisdom, Justice, and Fortitude.

He's wise, who knowes much: iust, who iust doth deale:
He valiant is, who knowes, and dares doe well.

37

To Camber-Brittons.

Wales, Scotland, England, now are ioynd in one:
Henceforth Wales is not Brittain alone.

41

Christ Iesus God and Man.

Because the purer God-head could not dye,
Nor could the impure Man-hood satisfie:
Therefore our wise God suffered bodily.

45

Adams fall was our thrall.

Since our first Parent, Father *Adams* fall,
Our bodies goods, and soules are thus in thrall:
Diuines haue got the sway ouer our soules,
Physicians, bodies, Lawyers goods controule.

47

A good Preacher.

The mornings trusty Herauld Chantecleare,
 Before he tells vs that the day is neere,
 Ruffels himselfe, stretching forth euery wing,
 And then his good newes lowdly he doth sing:
 So a good Preacher shoud rouze himselfe then,
 When he intends to stirre vp other men.

65 *Niggard and prodigall.*
 Niggards nothing will giue, whil't they haue breath:
 Vnchristis haue nothing to giue after death.

76 *Old Cruicks. New Phantasticks.*
 His enuy is too grosse, who likes no new diuice:
 And he that likes nothing but new, his enuy is too nice.

77 *A Christians Death.*
 As in a way Death doth vs to life bring:
 Death's no enterring, but an entering.

80 *Holinesse is better then Learning.*
 To reade Saints liues, and not liue like them holy,
 Doth not respect, but doth neglect them wholly.

82 *An Atheists godlinesse.*
 Thou hast no Faith on any thing that's past,
 Nor dost thou hope on any thing at last,
 But on the present all thy Loue is plast.

84 *The diners effects of praise.*
 Praise doth improue the Good man, hurts the Bad,
 Infatuates Fooles, makes wise the crafty Lad.

86 *The Enuious and the Foolish man.*
 The foole wants wit, the enuious a good mind,
 Whil't this sees not, the other will be blind.

96 *Diuine Vertue.*
 Vertue an act is, not an idle breath,
 In workes, not words, are found Loue, Hope, and Faith.

105 *Young Dayes.*
 Then now time was, when first of all time was,
 When the new world was fram'd out of the masse,
 Now tell me, Reader, of Antiquities,
 Are these the elder or the newer dayes?

106 *Desire, and haue.*

Would'st thou doe good? continue thy good will,
He that gaue thee desire, will giue thee skill.

108 *Good men are better then wise men.*

Wise men are wiser then good men. What then?
'Tis better to be better then wise men.

110 *Much Preaching. To Preachers.*

'Tis signe of much ill, where much preaching needs,
For what needs preaching, where you see good deeds?

A reply to mine Author.

Yes, preaching may doe good, where goodnesse growes,
T'incourage, to confirme, to comfort those.

112 *Eloquence.*

Not he that prates, and takes a foule great deale.

Is eloquent: but hee that talketh well:

As that is not good ground that ranke weeds beares,

But that which breeds good grasse; or great full eares.

Loue comes by seeing: Faith comes by hearing.

116 *To Princes.*

Now out alas! Zeale, and the ancient Faith

You doe pretend, and warme her with your breath:

Religion you pretend t'increase your honour,

Not to restore Religions honour on her.

117 *O Times, O Manners!*

With our faults we doe times and manners blame,

Accusing times and manners with the same:

Neither in times nor manners is the crime,

By times we are not viced, but in time.

118 *Knowledge-hunters. Philosophers of our time.*

Most would know all, little belecue, but such

Doe know but little, and belecue too much.

120 *More Zeale then Godliness.*

Diuines strue, and their case is in the Iudge:

Would God till he did bid, they would not budge:

Diuines strue, and who's Iudge, they do contend.

Would God that that were all they did pretend,

That strife of loue were their intention,

Not loue of strife, and of contention.

123 *A quiet and a temperate life frees a man
from Lawyers and Physicians.*

If men would temperate be in thought and dyet,
Eating that's good, and keeping themselues quiet:
If men would patient be, and not be stird,
With couetice, and euery testy word:
Those that now pleade in Gownes, might then part Lice,
And Veluet Caps goe poyson Rats and Mice.

124 *The vicissitude of Marriage.*

One bed can hold a louing man and wife:
A great house cannot hold them being at strife.

125 *Death sudden and sure.*

Death hath his day, which he will not for-slow:
To morrow is that day, for ought we know.

128 *A Prayer.*

Good God that dost all wills to thy will tye:
Giue me a will to liue, a will to dye.

129 *Good Counsell without a
Fee.*

If that the Iudge be deafe, then heare thou mee,
Good Counsell I'll thee giue without a Fee:
Study thy Iudge more then thou dost thy case,
So in that case thou shalt haue no disgrace.

130 *To a Beely-god.*

Fasting was first ordained as a Rod,
To awe flesh to the spirit, the spirit to God:
But Fasting-dayes most of thy Feast dayes be,
Thy spirit serues thy flesh, both of them thee.

132 *It is no maruelle that we haue no
Miracle.*

Is Gods arme short, that Miracles are gone?
No: Our short-arm'd Faith now can reach vs none.

138 *Griefe and Pleasure.*

Bodies and soule-griefes vex, till they are past,
Griefes vex vs first, they comfort vs at last:
But present pleasures please, though bought with paine:
Their present pleasures future sorrowes gaine.

140

An argument against sleeping.

If dying sleeping, be sleeping to die :

Why, then the more I sleepe, the lesse liue I.

Contrary to the Prayer of the Apostles, Luk. 17. 5.

143

*The multiplicitie of beliefes in our dayes,**doe rather require this**prayer.*

Decrease our Faiths, Lord, 'tis increast too farre :

As many men, so many Faithes there are ;

And each one dotes on his fond Mistres,

Neuer more faiths, nor more vnfaithfulnes.

146

*Vanity of vanities.**Heracitus*, that shed so much salt brine,

For those few small ills of his better time :

If hee did see, and know the best of our,

Hee'd weepe out both his eyes in halfe an houre.

And did *Democritus* laugh out his life

In his dayes, when folly was not so rife ?

If he dip see those parts that we doe play,

Hee'd laugh out all his Spleene in halfe a day.

148

Works Consequence.

Their workes doe follow them, that still doe well :

Those that doe ill, follow their works to Hell.

149

Fear begets zeale.

We shall desire Heauen, if we feare Hell fire :

Cold feare of Hell, inflames heauens hot desire.

161

Owens Bracelet.

Our senses without Reason, are nought worth ;

Nor Reason, vnlesse Faith doe set it forth :

Neither is Faith without Loue to be deem'd ;

Nor is Loue without God to be esteem'd.

164

Wisdome and Valour.

Wise men feare harmes, but valiant men do beare them :

So wise men beare them not, nor braue men feare them.

165

In the sweat of thy browes.

Our blessed God, that bade vs for to get

Our daily maintnance, by our daily swet ;

Did neuer promise vs, without our paine,
We should our euerlasting maint'nance gaine.

170 *Retaliation. To an ignoble Nobleman.*

Thy Ancestors did many glorious acts;
But thou ne'r read'st the Record of their facts:
Justice 'twill be in those, who thee succeeds,
If they reade not thy vile ignoble deeds.

173 *John against all.*

Though all men argue 'gainst thee in the right,
Thou hast one answer for them; I deny it.

174 *Iustification.*

Doth Faith or good works iustifie the iust?
Neither, except God iustifie them first.

181. *A strange wish.*

To a poore friend.

'Tis bad enough; yet worser God thee send:
For when 'tis at the worst, then it will mend.

182 *The Earths division.*

Cosmographersthe Earth in foure parts share.
As many parts, so many Creeds there are.

Addition.

Asia, Africk, America, Europe.
Iewish, Mаметan, Pagan, Christian hope.

183. *The cause of quarrels.*

All saouour their owne sense, their reasons sway;
All will haue their owne will, and their owne way:
This is the cause of quarrels, and debate;
For if will would be still, we should not hate.

185 *A wise Man.*

Who knowes the cause of things, can temporize,
Rule passions, order actions; he is wise.

186 *Wisdomes souerainty.*

Fate gouerns fooles, wise men o're-rule the stars:
Not Fate, but their pate orders their affaires.

187 *A Chrisoms Epitaph.*

Aske not the name of him that here doth lye;
Namelesse, and blamelesse, I poore child did dye:

Without a name, O Christ, I am ingrau'd,
That onely in thy Name I might be sau'd.

191

Socrates knowledge.

Nothing thou know'st, yet that thing thou dost know;
Thou know'st some thing, and that's nothing I trow
This something's nothing, nothing's something tho.

193

A Generall Epitaph.

Thou wert borne with not one ragge on thy back;
When thou went'st hence, a sheet thou didst not lack:
Therefore thou carriedst more vnto thy Mother,
Then thou didst bring with thee, when thou cam'st hither.

196

The two Eyes of the world.

Law and Religion doe herem agree;
Good and bad minds and hands; they tye and free.

192

*Death, better then
life.*

Wee cry, being borne : from thence thus argue I,
If to be borne be bad, tis good to dye.

197

*To Doctor Iohn Gifford, a learned
Physicion.*

In Physicke still thou art exactly scene;
Thy selfe thou know'st both without, and within:
Whilst *Gallen* shewes thee rules for others health
Apollo teacheth thee to know thy selfe.

200

*Saint Pauls in London, and Saint Peters in
Westminster.*

Saint *Peters* Church is by the Exchequor plac'd.
Hard by White-hall with the Kings presence grac'd:
But by Saint *Pauls*. learned Diuines doe preach,
And there are sold those bookes which learning teach.
They're fitly plac'd, *Pauls* here, Saint *Peters* there;
Peter the richer, *Paul* the learnede.

199

Miserable Iob.

God gaue the Deuill leaue to spoyle *Iobs* wealth,
To kill his Children, and impaire his health:
His friends vpbroy'd him with his wretched life,
Yet had he one worle plague; he had a wife.

201 *On those Traytors, who the first of Nouember, 1605.
intended to blow up the Parliament
house with Gunpowder.*

These like the old fain'd Gyant-Generation,
Would pluck the Gods out of their habitation,
With raising *Pelion* vpon *Ossa* hill.
And *Babel* towre build with a strange new skill,
Burne *Troy* to ashes, and her peace disquict,
And bring all things vnto a second *Fiat*.

Addition.

*On this neuer the like heard of Treason, and neuer to be
forgotten Delseruance.*

Ne'r did the like report found in mans care:
God blest vs, that That found wee did not heare.

202. *To the Reader.*

*To those Gunpowder Traytors, who on a Tuesday in-
tended to blow up the Parliament
House.*

Traytors, would you with fire *New-Troy* destroy,
Cause Trayterous Greekes with fire destroyed old *Troy*?
Tuesday is *Mars* his day, the God of Warre,
A day fit for a plot of Gunpowder.

207. *To the Reader.*

Thou that read'st these, shalt find them shor and few,
Were these few many, they would larger grow.
Thou that read'st these, shalt find them few, and short:
Were these few long, they'd be the larger fort.

208 *Voice and Writing.*

Though voice be liuing, writing a Lead better,
Yet voice soone dyes, writing liues long and etter.



PART OF MA-
STER IOHN OWENS EPI-
GRAMS TRANSLATED
into ENGLISH.

THE FOURTH BOOKE, WHICH HE CALLETH
HIS SOLE BOOKE.

To his Booke.

Epig. 3.

THou now must passe euen through a world of hands,
Thy censure vnder diuers iudgements stands :
Who doth not reade thee, may thee discommend ;
More fault-finders then Readers thou wilt find.

4 *To the Inhabitants of Great Brit-
taine.*

As bad, as mad, we well That man may hold,
Who doth despise needfull free-proferd gold :
He worthy were to weare a Bedlam fetter ;
You did despise the Vnion that was better.

10 *The three Dimensions to a prating lack.*
In thy talke are but two dimensions found ;
'Tis large, 'tis long, but not at all profound.

16 *To a great Courtier.*
If the King smile on thee, all will doe so ;
As shaddows doe after our bodies goe :
If the King frowne, all the Court will looke black ;
As when the Sunne is set, we shaddows lack.

17 *Baldnesse through Vice.*
Though not one haire can on thy head be seene :
On that white table all may reade thy sinne.

18

To Pontilian.

Calls he thee into Law, *Pontilian?*
He calls not thee, he calls thy mony, man.

Addition.

He hopes to worke on thee by bribery,
By thy feare, comprimise, or forgery.

20

Ennies Genealogie.

To the admirably-vertuous, Sir Iohn Harrington,
then Heire to the Lord Harring-

ton.

Faire Vertue, foule-mouth'd Enuie breeds, and feeds;
From Vertue onely this foule Vice proceeds:
Wonder not that I this to you indite:
'Gainst your rare Vertues, Enuie bends her spite.

23

A rich Promiser, but a poore Per-
former.

We should performe more, then we promise can;
For God hath giuen one tongue, two hands to man:
Nothing thou giu'st, yet grantest each demand,
As if thou hadst two tongues, but not a hand.

26

Euery man flatters himselfe.

Of all the Planets betwixt vs and Heau'n,
The Moone, though least, seemes greatest of the seu'n:
To best conceits that other wayes doe know,
Because she's neerest vs, she seemeth so.
So though I am a Poet small, and bad;
To my neere selfe, I seeme the finest Lad.

29

Thy shadow in thy Looking-glasse.

When thou dost laugh, thy shadow seemes to smile;
Whilst thou dost weepe, he mourneth all the while:
Sleeping he winks, all postures hee'l afford;
Yet when thou speak'st, he speaketh not a word.

31

To a sleeping talker.

In sleepe thou speak'st vnfore-thought mysteries,
And vt'rest vnfore-seene things with clos'd deies:
How well would't thou discourse, if thou wert dead,
Since sleepe, Deaths image, such fine talke hath bred?

33

Mans misery.

Angels want bodies, and are neuer sick ;
 Beasts wanting soules, their conscience neuer prick :
 Onely poore man, of soule and body made,
 Their bodies paines ; sadnesse their soules inuade :
 Reason that should rule passion, is not able ;
 She only shewes men they are miserable.

35

To an unmarried friend.

Good doers deserue Heau'n after this life :
 Thou hast thy deseru'd heau'n, thou hast no wife.

36

Woe to the alone.

*To a married friend, proposing God for an
 example.*

God made him Angels to attend his Throne :
 And why ? because God would not liue alone.

Addition.

Hauiug made Man, makes Woman of his bone :
 And why ? because man should not liue alone.

38

An Atheists Inheritance.

When any man of Heau'n doth talke to thee ;
 Thou say'st, they vaine, and idle prattlers be :
 What's about vs, to vs doth not belong,
 Hell is below thee to burne such a tongue.

40

To the Readers.

Dost thou aske me, Why I take so much paine,
 To be thus brieve ? Reader, 'tis for thy gaine.
 As trauellers find gold lesse cumbersome
 Then siluer, such is breuity to some.

41

The New Roman Computation.

Rome that sayes, she holds all points without change ;
 Why doth she old feast, from the old ranke range ?

50

*To an enuious Momus, who found fault with
 his three first Bookes.*

Had five iust men amongst a wicked brood
 Been found, Gomorah to this day had stood :
 For a few bad, loose verses thou findest heere,
 My whole booke thou (black Reader) wouldst casheere.

53

The poore Cuckolds Complaint.

For my wiues close-stolne sports, why am I blam'd?
 And of the common vulgar, Cuckold nam'd,
 And pointed at? For what I did not act,
 But you, I know not who; call't not my fact.

69

Cardinall Wolseys Ego & Rex meus:

I and my King.

Grammarians will allow I, and my King:
 The Courtier say's, it was a saucy thing:
 Grammarians teach words; Courtiers words well sort:
 This phrase might passe in Schooles, but not at Court.

75

Deaths Trower.

Death finds some, as *Ulysses* found his wife,
 With care and sorrow spinning out her life.

Addition.

To her, *Ulysses* was a welcome guest,
 To some as welcome is Deaths sad arrest.

80

A bad Debtor.

I know, thoutak'st great care both night and day,
 Not how thou mayst, but how thou mayst not pay:
 Thou payst me nothing, that's thy wickednesse:
 But payst thy Lawyer, that's thy foolishnesse.

82

The deriuatiue Church.

There is but one true Church, as one true Faith,
 Which from th'Eternall Spirit hath her breath:
 From Primitiue all would themselues deriue,
 To proue it, they strange arguments contriue.

84

The good of want.

If how good things are, by want best are knowne,
 I should know mony's good, for I haue none.

87

Democrates many Worlds.

If all those Worlds were, those innumerable,
 Which fond *Democrates* did earst belieue:
 I doe beleeue, that amongst all that rabble,
 This world would be the worst wherein we liue.

88

Of Epigrams.

An Epigram that's new, quick, tart, sharp, witty,

Islike a Wench that's new, faire, smooth, neate, pretty:
 Whilst they are new and fresh, they are respected:
 Once common (though still good) they are neglected.

91 *A comets mans bounty: or a sure
 marke-man.*

He giues to take, takes not to giue againe:
 Giuing his arrowes are, his marke is gaine.

93 *Penelope's Patience.*

Penelope's patient Fidelity

Was once a Prouerbe, now a Prodigy.

94 *To Anetta.*

Nature ('tis said) with little is content:
 That saying of thy Nature is not ment.

95 *To an one-eyed Souldier.*

Of thy two eyes, thou now hast left but one,
 Which by his moistnesse alway seemes to mone:
 One eye being lost, why alway weeps the other?
 Because that in the warres he lost his brother.

96 *Why there is no peace in
 Europe.*

Princes make warre, and soone their warres doe cease,
 Oft times they warre to haue the better peace:
 Diuines striue, and with Venome fill their veines,
 With gall their stomackes, and with spite their braines:
 Longer and worse they warre with quills and words,
 Then Princes vse to doe with fire and swords.

97 *An Antidote, lest women should
 be proud.*

When thou thy faire face see'st in thy fine glasse,
 Be not puffed vp, because it beauty has:
 Brittle and fraile is thy faire, fine, neate feature:
 How like thy fine glasse art thou pretty Creature?

100 *Natures Horizon.*

Two Elements we see not, fire and aire;
 Water and Earth wee see, 'cause they are neere:
 So wee know men and beasts that are below;
 High Angels, highest God, we doe not know.

105

An ambo dexter.

A Fencer with a two-hand Scabberd.

If Pompey ouercome, I am his man:

If Caesar winne, I'm a Cæsarian.

113

A Kings behaiour.

To King Iames.

All subiects in their manners follow Kings,
What they doe; bids: forbearing, forbids things:

A Kings behaiour swayes his subiects lyues:

As the first mouer all the fixt starres criues.

114

The head is worth all the body besides.

To King Iames.

Reason and senses in the head resides:

Nothing in man worth any thing besides.

115

Kings feare Death.

What Kings feare most, what men feare them to tell:

Fame boldly tells them, and the passing Bell.

118

A Losing Gaine.

Adam did lose a rib, to get a wife.

Poore gaine! by her he lost eternall Life.

119

Head Tyres.

Huge, high-topt-wyres and tyres with toyes bespred,

Doe rather build, then beautifie the head.

121

The East and Westerne Churches.

The right hand Faith is in the worlds left Coast:

The right hand of the world hath left faith most.

127

To his Reader.

Thirsty those are that doe eat salt meats first,

Would my salt lines might cause in thee such thirst.

128

How to rule a wife.

Who begs not, nor commands what he would haue:

His wife is not his Mistresse, nor his slaue.

Addition.

A Probleme.

Yet some are so ill-natur'd, or ill bred,

With whom request commands; threats haue ill sped:

What bit is fit for beasts that so rake head?

131 *To Anabaptists and such kind of mealy
Breshren.*

You build no Churches, Churches you destroy:
This Zeale doth not heale, but Christs Church annoy:
The Spirit (you say) doth presse you fiercely on.

* Revel. 9. 11. What spirit is your spirit then? * A-badd-on.

132 *Alchymists folly.*

God at the first of nothing all things wrought:
Our Alchymists reduce all things to nought.

136 *The Crosse in Ch:apside ouer against Saint
Peters, and Pauls Crosse in the Booke-row.*

Why is Saint Peters guilt? Pauls crosse of lead:
Vnder Pauls Crosse are golden Lectures read.

140 *Seneca the Philosopher.*

Thy writings are fine Epigrams in face,
They nothing want but Poets cinquepace.

141 *To the honourable, wise, iudicious Knight,
Sir Henry Neuil, Sonne and Heire to
the Lord of Aberguenny.*

I thinke I heard you once say at your boord,
That your taste, the sharp taste of salt abhord.
Wise Sir, you need not to eat salt: Wherefore?
All your wise talke hath salt in it good store.

144 *Contention is fit to dwell nowhere.*

In heauen or Hell is no dissention,
In Heauen all good, in Hell ill euery one:
In earth mens diuers dispositions
Doe cause both long, and strong diuisions.
Therefore the earth shall be quite emptied,
And heauen and hell be fully peopled.

147 *The poore mans poore comfort.
To a rich man.*

Vnconstant Fortune quickly changeth cheare:
Hence springs my future Hope, thy present Feare.

149 *The Heart.*

Why is the right side of the Heart bereft?
And on the left plac'd? Wisedome it hath left.

156

*The Worlds blacke Saunts: or
Musicke for the Denill.*

The World's so full of shrill-voyc'd iangling,
Of deepe repynning, and base murmuring:
The Base so deepe, the Treble is so high,
That Meane and Tenor we cannot discry.

159

The world growes worse and worse.

Our Syres were worse then theirs: we worse then they:
For still the World growes worser eu'ry day.
If our posterity grow worse then we,
A worser race then theirs there cannot be.

160

Londons Loadstone.

As Thames deuoures many small brookes and rills:
Soe smaller Townes with their wealth London fills:
But though that Thames empts it selfe in the Sea,
Wealth once at London, neuer runnes away.

162

Fooles and Dwarfes.

Though wit or vertue haue in vs no treasure,
Yet we are Great mens sports, and Great mens pleasure.

163

Euery man is full of care.

Poore men haue care, because that they are poore:
Rich men haue wealth, and haue much care therefore:
Who hath no wife, takes great care to haue one;
Who hath a wife, hath more then who hath none.

171

*The blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother
of Christ Iesus.*

A blessed Virgin, that's thy common Name;
Aboue all Women blest, that is thy fame:
Thy Virgins blessed State had me nought wonne,
Had'st thou not beene the Mother of thy Sonne.

173

New fashions in words.

Old words are new reuiu'd, and those shall dye,
Which now are in discourfing prized high,
And with bold flights in our set speeches fly.
Our now new pleasant words will not please long,
Because they cannot still continue young:
And other newer words will them out-throng.

Thou that did'st neuer doe good any way,
 When wilt begin to doe good? Thou dost say,
 When I dye, to the poore Ile leaue my state:
 Who's not wise till he dyes, is wise too late.

Why should the immortall soule feare bodies death?
 Feares shee to expire with the bodies breath?
 Or feares she going hence, she must resort
 To long long punishment, but iudgement short?
 Cold, shaking feare of the hot fire of hell,
 Makes this sad soule loth bid the flesh farewell.

*Addition.**A good Christians Soules Flesh-farewell.*

A thought so base hath not that soule surpriz'd,
 Who knows the flesh shall be immortaliz'd:
 He feares no punishment, who is assur'd
 Before he dye, his pardon is procur'd.
 Body and soule thus chear'd by Gods grace,
 Part like friends, pointing a new meeting place:
 Therefore who hopes for Heauen, and feares not Hell,
 May chearefully bid the fraile flesh farewell.

An Epigram on both these.

Hee feares not death, who hopes for Heauens glory;
 He may feare Death, that feareth purgatory,
 Or he that thinkes this life shall end his story.

A Prayer herespon.

* Phil. 2. 12. Good dreadfull God, though I liue* fearefully;
 Yet when I dye, make me dye cheerefully.

A woman may be too proud.

If I should praise thee, thou wouldst prouder grow:
 And thou already art too proud, I trow.

A muck-Worme.

Heau'n still views thee, and thou shouldst it still view,
 God gaue Heau'n lights, and hath giu'n eyes to you:
 Thou canst at once little of this earth see,
 But with one turne, halfe Heau'n obseru'd may bee.

Since Heau'n is louely, why lou'st thou Earth rather?
Wantons doe loue their Mam more then the father.

188

Cor unum, via una.

To King James, the first King of Great Brittain.

Two Scepters in thy two hands thou dost hold:
Thy Subiects languages are iust foure-fold:
Though Brittain folke in tongues deuided bee,
Yet all their hearts vnited are in thee.

The Diuell it was that first deuided hearts:
Speach God diuided into many parts.

189

A King and a Prophet.

A King out of his Country hath no place:
A Prophet in his Country hath no grace:

190

Vertues Attendance.

These two like Geny follow Vertue still:
A good one, and a bad; Glory, Ill-will.

192

*To a foolish inquisitive
vaine prattler.*

Many fond questions thou dost aske of me,
To all I answer little vnto thee:

'Tis not because thy questioning is much,
But because thy fond questions are such.

193

Sleepe is the image of Death.

When I doe sleep, I see me as I were dead;
Yet no part of my life's more sweetned:
Therefore 'twere strange that death should bitter be,
Since sleep, deaths image is so sweet to me.

194

How worldly men range their cares.

First, we send for the Lawyer in all haste;
For our first care is, to care for our wealth:
Next, the Physicion with request is graste,
The second care is, to care for our health:
Diuines that should be first, may come at leasure;
If vnbid they come, they may goe at pleasure.

206

A Lawyers life.

To plead thy Clyents cause, and please thy wife;
Little for thy selfe thou dost spend thy life.

Addition.

In little quietnesse, but in much strife.

207

Preachers and Players.

Preachers like *Heraclice*, mourne for our sinne;
Prayers like *Democrite*, at our faults grinne:
One alwaies laughs, the other mournes alwaies;
One tells our faults, the other our finnes wayes.

215

Schoole-boyes study.

When I was young, I was a studying boy;
My study was, when 'twould be playing Day.

216

Every thing is as it takes.

If *Archy* should one foolishly aduise,
And it speed well; he shall be iudged wise:
If wise aduice should come to an ill passe;
Though *Cato's* 'twere, he should be iudg'd an asse.

217

How to handle grieffe.

Griue onely for those griefes which now thou hast;
Tis too late for to griue griefes that are past;
To griue for griefes to come, 'twill too long last.

223

The Poet, of his Maccenas.

Not words for words, good coyne he me affords.

Maccenas to his Poet.

Hauing no coyne for coyne, thou coyneest words.

225

Blind Homer.

Wher it be true that men doe write of thee,
That thou ne'r saw'st; I'm sure thy writings see.

227

To goe about, worse then the Goute.

Thou hast two differing griefes (I vnderstand):
One in thy feet, th'other in thy wiues hand:
For when thy feet are fett'ed with the goute,
Thy wiues sore nimble hand ferkes thee about.

235

Pride is womans Colloquintida.

Learned, neate, young, faire, modest, and bening;
Wert thou not proud, thou wert a pretty thing.

24

*Of King Brute.**To Master Camden.*

Bookes may be burnt, and monuments decay;

My lines may dye, and so in time thine may :
 Yet whilst some of the Brittain blood shall liue,
 The story of King *Brute* some will belecue.

246

To a conetous Carle.

Wealth thou hast scrap'd vp for a thousand yeares ;
 A hundred yeares is more then thou canst liue :
 Yet to scrape vp more wealth thou bendst thy cares,
 And thinkst a short life will long comfort giue.
 Thou say'st, If I liue long, I shall berich :
 Liue I long, I must dye, should bee thy speach.

247

Death and life are neere Neighbours.

One Natures skreene Death and life hang so neere,
 As doth the muddy Earth to waters cleere :
 Of lifes white Death, blacke Nature makes one robe,
 Euen as the Earth and Water makes one Globe.

248 *Moore's Eutopia, and Mercurius Britannicus.*

Moore shew'd the best; the worst world's shew'd by thee :
 Thou shew'st what is ; and he shewes what should be.

C

H

F A

259. { *Vide* H A R *Epist. 1.* }
 { *ad Cor.* O I I *cap. 13.* }
 { *vers.* P T T 8, 13. }
 E H Y

We haue three ladders to helpe vs to heau'n ;
 One hath foure steps, one foue, and one hath seu'n :
 Hope reacheth to the Moone, Faith to the Sunne ;
 But Charity doth reach vp to Gods Throne.

Addition.

Hope, as the Moone, is alwaies variable ;
 Faith, as the Sunne, more constant, yet vntable :
 When both these with the World shall be consum'd,
 Loue into endlesse ioyes shall be assum'd.

249

Of himselfe.

Some men doe say, I am a Poet no way :
 They doe say true, because the truth I say.

F 2

255 The

254

The nullity of our Lawes.

How many lawes are made, or rather none ?
 Not kept, or not made, we may count all one :
 That former lawes be kept, if an Act were ;
 That would be kept as all the others are.

257

Besides women and children.

In holy Bible it is somewhere read ;
 Women and children were not reckoned :
 And by the Ciuill, and the Common Law,
 Womens and childrens gifts are worth a straw.
 Women and children are exempt from warre ;
 Women and children long-side coates doe weare,
 And on the chins neither of them haue haire.
 Women and children shed teares with much ease ;
 Faire words and toyes, women and children please :
 And last, of Loue and Dallyance we may say,
 Venus a Woman was ; Cupid a Boy.

*Addition.**A disparison betweene these.*

Children fondly blab truth, and fooles their brothers ;
 Women haue learn'd more wisdom from their mothers.

258

*Of those that make the Scripture a**Nose of Waxe.*

Doth holy Writ promise vs any good ?
 'Tis easily belceu'd, and vnderstood :
 Doth it require ought, or reprocue our sinne ?
 'Tis a hard speech ; wee haue no faith therein.

262 *The Harpe and Harrow of the Court. A n-
 uions and a flattering knaue.*

These agree not, though in one place they dwell ;
 Momms of none, Gnatho of all speakes well.

263

*The foure efficient causes of
 man.*

What is mans forme ? Onely a garish toy ;
 What is his matter ? Frailty and annoy :
 Enough for this cause, we may these two neglect,
 Making, and small cause we must respect.

64

Deaths sweet and sowre.

To those that haue their liues in much mirth spent ;
Death's sadnes is to sad men, merriment.

Or thus.

To those that liue in sinne, Death is good night;
Good morrow 'tis to those that liue vpright.

266

Death and life.

One way we liue, Death many wayes is had :
All's for the best ; Death is good, life is bad.

267

An old decrepit man, A Builder.

Old, and weake, thou build'st many a faire roome:
What build'st thou now? A house, or else a Tombe?

269

An Envious mans Charity.

The dead thou spar'st, the liuing thou dost bite :
Yet rather then I'd dye, I'le beare thy spite.

273

Great Brittain united euerlastingly.

As in beginning't was, is now agen ;
Euer shall be, till this world ends. Amen.

FINIS.

An excellent Anagram on this excellent
Poets name, with the verses annexed,
translated.

Iohannes Audoennus.

Ad annos Noë viues.

Although that this cannot be said of you :
Yet of your booke, this Anagram is true.

D. Du. Tr. Med.

This of thee, and thy booke, auerd may be ;
Thou mak'st thy booke liue, and thy booke makes thee.

John Rosse. I.C.

*D. Du. Med. his Latine Distick to the Readers,
translated.*

Art thou a Clerke, or Lay-man? Reade thou these ;
They will both profit you, and you both please.

One of mine owne, to the same purpose.

Art thou a merry man, or art thou sad ?
To sute you both, fit stuffe may hence be had.

*Praise-worthy verses of Learned Mistris Iane Owens
of Oxford, in praise of my Iohn Owen, translated
out of her Latine.*

It was, and is Poets quaint property,
To carpe at men, and womens vanity :
Yet this I iudge, Thy salt lines merit it ;
Both men and women will commend thy wit.

To the same learned Woman, whose vertues I reuerence ;

I dedicate this Encomiastick.

I'd rather haue thy praises on my side,
Then any Womans I doe know beside :
Thy wit and iudgement is more iust and able,
Then many miriads of the vnlearned rabble.

SEVERALL
SENTENTIOUS
EPIGRAMS, AND
WITTY SAYINGS OVT
of sundry Authors both Anci-
ent and Moderne:

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH AT HARBOR-
Grace, in Bristols-Hope, in
Brittaniola,

Anciently called, *New-found-land*;

By R. H.



LONDON,
Printed by *Felix Kyngston* for *Roger Michell*,
and are to be sold at the *Bulls-head* in *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1628.

A WEAKE APOLOGIE
FOR MY WEAKENESSE
in these following Transla-
tions.

WE think it no strang thing; nor do we laugh,
To see an old, weake man walke with a staffe:
I that could with strong legs runne a large fit,
Must now with short turnes, rest on others wit.





TRANSLATIONS OUT OF SEVERALL AUTHORS.

Beauties Excellencie.

VERTUE to all complections giueth Grace:
But Vertue graced is by a good face.

The Devils hospitality.

Satan keeps open house; though sorry cheere:
His blacke-wicket stands open all the yeere.

A Rule for perierred lecherous Foraries.

If that against your Oathes you must needs doe:
To't closely then that none may sweare 'twas you.

Cares Birth.

In yonger yeeres black melancholy Cares
Breeds with hard throwes, hoare, white, abortiue haire.

A scuruy comfort.

It is a comfort, though a scuruy one,
To haue companions in affliction.

Womens leuity.

What's lighter then the wind? Thunder, you know.
What's lighter then that cracke? Lightning, I trow.
What's lighter then that flame? Why sure a Woman.
What's lighter now then that? Nay that knowes no man.

*To answer him who wrought this in defence
of those women who can well enough
defend themselves.*

Good wiues, I thinke, the man that made this Iest,
Ne'r felt the weight of your words, nor your fist.

Dangerous Weapons.

There are not kild so many by the sword,
As by the throat, by meate, drinke, and the cord.

Pulchritudo est virtus
veniens à corpore
pulchro.

Patet atrianus
Diels.

Si non castè ta-
men cauet.

Cura facit cano-
etiam si nesciat
annos.

Solamen miseris
sors habuisse
doloris.

Quid vento leuius
Fulmen.
Quid fulmine?
Flamma.
Quid flamma?
Mulier.
Quid Muliere?
Nil.

Plures gutta qui:
gladio.

*Translations out of**A merry Mate.*

Comes facundus
pro vehiculo est.

A merry Way-mate that can *tale* and *skoch*,
With a tyr'd horse, is better then a *C'roach*.

Patience provoked.

Laesa patientia fit
furor.

If doubled wrongs inflame cold Patience blood:
Her mildnesse will conuert to a mad mood.

Womens properties.

Fallere, flere, ne-
re: hæc tria sunt
muliere.

To weepe oft, still to flatter, sometimes spin;
Are properties women excell men in.

To this women may answer.

We weepe for pittie, and we speake men faire,
And of their household thrift we haue great care:
Yet enuious men our credits would impaire.

Froward nature.

Nititur in veti-
tum, semper cu-
pimusq; negata.

Deny a thing, fond men the more will craue it:
Deny a woman, and shee'l cry, or haue it.

*In defence of these soft Crea-
tures.*

Alas, good Creatures, teares are all their Armes;
To beat backe grieffe, and to reuenge their harmes.

Miserable want.

Luxuriz defunt
mulca, auaricia
omnia.

Luxurious men may want particulars:
But misers all things want (except their cares.)

Impatible wrong.

Qui faciunt, ode-
runt iniuriam.

Those that wrong other men beyond all measure,
Will take wrongs done to them in great displeasure.

Law and Fortunes difference.

Legem nocens
victur, Fortuna
innocens.

Wise Law corrects those that commit offence:
Blind giddie Fortune plagueth innocence.

A miserable Comforter.

Prodesse qui vult,
nec potest, æquè
est miser.

He that can helpe his friend but with his breath;
Is in the case of him he comforteth.

A Rule for Travellers.

Cum fueris Ro-
mæ, Romano
vixito more.
Cum fueris alibi,
vixito more loci.

Being at Rome, I hold it good discretion
In manners, and in clothes to vse their fashion:
And when that thou art any other-where,
'Tis fit to vse the fashion thou find'st there.

A Riddle.

My Mother got me, I beget my Mother :
Alternately thus we beget each other.

Mater me genuit
eadem mox gignit
ex me.

Womens Teares.

When women weepe in their dissembling Art,
Their teares are sawce to their malicious heart.

Muliebris lacrimarum
condimentum malitiae.

I answer for women.

He that wrote this, was sure some sawcie lacke :
Against your Sex, malice he did not lacke.

Necessity.

Necessity hath no law, no, not any ;
Yet shee the Mother is to a great many.

Necessitas dat legem,
non ipsa accipit.

Doubly-guilty.

He that commits a shamefull hainous fact,
Is doubly-guilty, by that single act.

In turpi re peccat,
bis delinquitur.

Necessary Restitution.

Thy sinnes, be sure, will on thy backe remaine,
Till thy ill-got goods thou giue backe againe.

Non tollitur peccatum,
nisi restituatur oblatum.

Ranke covetousnesse.

The ranke desire of money growes alwayes,
Faster then money's coyned now adayes.

Crescit amor nummi,
quanti ipsa pecunia crescit.

Natures frailtie.

I see, and doe allow the better way :
Yet still I know not how I goe astray.

Video meliora,
proboque, deteriora sequor.

Miserable misery of miseries.

Three times vnhappy is that man at least,
To whom milde Mercie 's an vnwelcome guest.

Quam miser est,
cui ingrata misericordia est.

Innocencies Comforts.

For a good cause to dye, is honest shame :
Although a halter should procure the same.

Est honesta turpitero pro
causa mori.

Preachers principall properties.

That Preacher with a liuely voyce doth preach,
That with his life as well as voyce doth teach.

Vivit voce docet,
qui vita & voce docet.

How to end well.

He surely hath his businesse halfe well done,
Who hath at first his bus'nesse well begun.

Dimidium facti qui bene cepit, habet.

*Translations out of
On a pretty Virgins Virginall
Posie.*

*Musica mentis,
Medicina mortis.* Musicke is a sad minds Physicion,
If a faire maide be the Musicion.

Blind Ignorance.

*Ignoti nulla cupi-
do.* Blinder then *Cupid* is he in desire,
In whom blind ignorance puts out the fire.

Womens Credit.

*Mulieri ne credas
ne mortuus qui-
dem.* A woman is not to be credited :
If you will credit me, though shee be dead.

*That women be not angry with me, nor my
Author.*

Mine Author makes a man speake this in snuffe :
Himselfe was wise, he knew you well enough.

Teares Vanity.

*Gemitus dolores
indicat, non vindi-
cat.* Our outward Teares may show our inward woes :
They are a poore reuenge against our foes.

Fortunes Flowers.

*Dum fuens felix,
multos numera
bis amicos:
Nullus ad amiss-
ibit amicos opes.* Whil'st wealth doth last, great store of friends thou hast:
If thou it waste ; thou soone may'st tell the last.

Armour against lust.

*Ora si olla, pe-
riete Cupidinis
arcus.* If thou from idle thoughts canst guard thy heart :
Thou mak'st it Musket-prooffe 'gainst *Cupids* dart.

Anger.

*Habet & Musca
splenem, & For-
micæ sua bilis
inest.* The sting-taild small Muscheeto hath his spleene :
The busie Ant sometimes is angry scene.

A Builders Humor.

*Diruit, ædificat,
mutat quadrata
rotundis.* He buildeth vp what he threw to the ground ;
And changeth former foure-squares into round.

Truths and flatteries effects.

*Obsequium ami-
cor, veritas odium
parit.* Flattery gets Friends, and Truth gets Enemies:
Soft and proud fooles this Adage verifies.

Exemplified.

Flatter an easie foole, on you he'll doate :
Tell a proud foole his faults, hee'll cut your throat.

Refractory nature.

*Optæ Ephippia
bos piger arare
cuballus.* Dull Oxen long for saddles and the dorsets ;
Whil'st chaines and yoakes, desires hot stomackt hories.

Addi-

Addition.

Dull people need the spurres, more then the saddle ;
Yet * yoaking may young hor-spurres better bridle.

Three wilde Coach-horses.

Wine, *Venus*, Dice, fit Iades for such a feat ;
Draw men to Beggers-bush without a baite.

From the frying pan into the fire.

From Vshing coueting himselfe to free,
On Sillaes Bishop and his Clerks fell hee.

Womens extreme passions.

Women doe fondly loue, or foulely hate ;
Their extreme passion hath no middle state.

*To reforme this error in this
man.*

Why shouldest thou their goodnesse thus decline ?
Vertue is of the Gender Fœminine.

A Citizens Thrift.

O Citizens, learne first your bags to fill !
And then of honesty goe learne the skill.

Hells Highway.

There is an easie downe-descent to Hell :
Those that goe there, doe know it too-too well.

Coozening knaves.

To coozen coozeners, is no cooz'ning :
To coozen any, it's a knauish thing.

No penny, no Pater Noster.

Homer, if thou nothing with thee dost bring ;
Thou mayst without reward without doore sing.

A wicked Ubiquitary.

The 'wicked doth his wickednesse declare
At all times, against all, and eu'ry where.

A wise choice.

Raile at me rather, till thou breake thy guts ;
Then coldly praise me with thy Ifs and Buts.

Customes inconuenience.

What sinnes thou vsest often to commit :
Will flow from thee, without sence, feare, or wit.

Id est, marrying.

*Alea, vina, Venus,
tribus his sum
factus egenus.*

*Incidit in Syllam
cupiens vitare
Charibidem.*

*Aut amat, aut odit
Mulier, nihil est
tertium.*

*O Clues Cives,
querenda pecu-
nia primum :
Virtus post num-
mos —
Facilis descensus
Auerni.*

*Fallere fallentem
non est Fraus :
Fallere quen-
quam, non est
Laus,
Si nihil attuleris,
ibis Homere
foras,*

*Nequam nequi-
tiam monstrat
vbique suam.*

*Mallum me viru-
perari quam fri-
gidè laudari.*

*Consuetudo pec-
candi tollit sen-
sum peccati.*

As for example.

Reprooue a swearer, who doth vse to teare
Gods holy Name : hee'l sweare, he did not sweare,
Or for your loue, or that sinne will not care.

Nothing new.

Nil est iam
dicum quod non
fuit dicum prius.

Speake old words, or coine new words by the score :
What-e're thou speak'st, hath spoken been before.

A true inquisition.

Nec me queſi-
ris extra.

Not of my out-side, nor of those that dwell
With me, nor the report my neighbours tell :
Come to me, into me, to know me well.

*Painters and Poets proper-
ties.*

— Pictonibus at-
que Poëtis,
Quodlibet au-
dendi ſemper fuit
aqua potestas.

Painters and Poets haue like power and skill ;
To adde, to ſoit, to feigne euen what they will.

Wicked Women.

Fœminium ſeruile
genus, crudele,
ſuperbiam.

Women are of the gender feminine ;
Proud, cruell, ſeruile (in mine Authors time.)

*Addition.**A Claw.*

Although of women he could ſay ſo then ;
Women may ſay ſo now of naughty men.

Perſect patience.

Optima ſpero,
quæcunq; ſeram.

What-euer comes, I alway hope the beſt :
And till that come, I mildly beare the reſt.

A good womans reward.

Fœrina quilla
bona, ſed ſi bona,
digna Coronâ.

There is not one good woman to be found :
And if one were, ſhe merits to be crown'd.

*In the behalfe of good women, who cannot ſpeake
for themſelues.*

Good women, he that blurr'd you with this blot,
Deſerues a crowning with your chamberpot :
With enuious eyes he ſought for you ; or elſe
He might haue found you with my ſpectacles.

A Churles good.

Auarus niſi eam
moricar, nihil redi
facit.

The couetous doth nothing as he ſhould,
Till lauiſh death doth ſpread abroad his gold.

Light of beliefe.

Let the wide-throated circumcised Jew
Swallow it, and beleue that it is true.

Credat iudeus
spella.

Addition.

The baptiz'd Papist, circumcised Turke,
If for their Church aduantage it may worke;
One swallows all, ^a the other all faue ^b Porke.

^a Vid. The Legend
printed in Hen 8.
time. I thinke the
conformitie Presse
hath suppressed it.

*Whilſt ſigmaticall Francis in the Legend dares eate a Capon on a Friday
at ſupper; to worke a ridiculous miracle the next Sunday: yet to ſatisſie
his canonicall hoſt, can vrge our bleſſed Sauours words, Mat. 15. 11. I be-
leeue a Turke would not ſwallow a miracle in his owne behalfe, if it were
done by Pigs-ſleſh.*

Sweet Gain.

The ſmell of gaine ſmels pleaſantly indeed,
Although from ſtinking parcels it proceed.

Luci bonus eſt
odor, ex re quã-
libet.

Hunger breakes ſtone walls.

Of Gold the holy hunger, who can tell,
To what will it not mortall minds compell?

Quid non morta-
lis peſtora cogit
Auri ſacra fames ?

Addition.

Gold maketh bad men to doe what good is:
Too-often it makes good men doe amiſſe.

Complaints out of Spaniſh.

The old man weepes, for want of loue, being grieu'd:
His young wife weepes, 'cauſe he ſo long hath liu'd.

Addition.

Sad reuerence (he ſaith) ſhould affection moue:
Sir reuerence (ſhe ſayes) hath out-liu'd his loue.

Virgils Cloze.

Come on, my Boyes, ſtop vp the water-grooſe,
The thirſtie Meddowes now haue drunk enough.

Cluſtre ſam ni-
nos pueri, ſat pra-
ta biberunt.

FINIS.

A rayling Epistle, written in French by
that excellently witty Doctor, *Fran-*
cis Rabalais :

Wherein though I follow him not verbatim;
yet whoso can compare them, shall find I haue
done him no wrong.

THou toothlesse wither'd Hagge, defam'd, accurst;
Empty of Gods grace, by the Deuill nurst :
Thou that didd'st neuer deed of Charitie ;
But art the patterne of all villanie:
Thou, in whose hairelesse braines ill thoughts do throng,
And tak'st chiefe ioy to heare a bawdie song :
Thou, that didd'st neuer drinke water with wine,
Senting each bed with lust, where thou hast line :
Thou that doost weep at eu'ry draught thou drink'st :
But hast dry eyes, when on thy sinnes thou think'st :
Thou that ador'st no bed, but *Priapus* :
Thou that didst ne'r, but for inticement blush :
Thou that hast piss'd away thy vnknowne shame :
Thou that hast entertain'd each one that came :
Thou martyr of men, 'tis not the pose,
That causeth thee to speake thus through the nose.
Thou that art slow to Churchward as the louse ;
But quick as lightning to a bawdy-house :
Thou with whose age hot lust doth not declyne,
Thou more insatiate then tyr'd *M. Saline*.
Thou stinking, with red, stale ; thou past a whore ;
Thou lust procurer, keeper of the doore :
Thou that dost tempt faire Maydens to their shame,
And for gaines sake, rob'st wiues of their faire name :
Thou damn'd damn'd Bawd, that do'st procure thy meales,
By tempting wenches to turne vp their —
Thou that did'st neuer take delight to worke ;
Thou in whose bosome snarling quarrels lurke ;

Thou

Thou that in angrie mood dost neuer stay;
 Worse then *Megera* or *Tesiphonee*,
 Vntill thine anger be with blood appeas'd;
 Like a Shee-wolfe, that her mild prey hath seiz'd,
 Lyons, and Beares, and Griffins gentle bee,
 And free from rage, being compar'd with thee.
 In thee, mercy is pent; but rage hath scope:
 Thou fitter for the fire, then for the rope.
 Thou witch that dost delight foule Toadsto foster;
 And alway say'st the Diuels *Pater Noster*.
 Thou that excell'st *Medea* in vile charmes:
 Thou that kill'st children in their Mothers armes;
 Thou that from Heau'n canst call the crook'd Moone,
 And make the Sunne darke at the brightest noone.
 For these good parts, a secret marke vnknowne,
 Satan hath mark't thee with, to be his owne:
 And he to thinke on thee, for ioy doth swell,
 Hoping ere long to fry thy bones in Hell.
 Thou soone wilt kill his ioy with future sorrow,
 When he shall know the Pox hath eate thy marrow.
 Thou whore, thou witch, thou bawd, cruell'd in cuill,
 Thou that mayst be Schoolemistres to the Deuill,
 Thou that with stinking breath speak'st ill of many,
 Wert neuer heard speake good words of any:
 And though thy toothlesse gummes can doe no wrong,
 Those slanders bite, that flow from thy lewd tongue.
 Thou Hag, from whose blaspheming wide mouth goes
 Worse then ranke poyson to a fasting nose:
 Thy dugsbys thine owne bastard brats defil'd,
 Are yet thought fit to nurse the Deuils child:
 Thy head hangs downe through thy sinnes weightines,
 Thy body doubles with thy wickednes:
 Thou Treuet, hadst thou but one mite of grace,
 Thou wouldst forethinke thy miserable case.
 What hope hast thou, continuing as thou do'st,
 To scape hell fire? Hope not: to Hell thou must.
 Thy soule as wise, I doe repute her for it;

(Although her purenesse did at first abhorre it)
 Keepest still her loathsome Cabinet; foreseeing,
 If she leaue this, her worser place of being,
 She needs among the damned soules must throng :
 And that's the reason that thou liu'st so long.
 What hast thou good in thee, but onely this,
 That thy loath'd outside a true patterne is
 Of thy vile liuing? Sinne, and want of grace,
 Are ditched in the wrinkles of thy face:
 Thou bunch-back-bug-bear-fac'd, splay-foot, Cat-hand;
 Thou rough-bark'd-stinking Elder, worse then damn'd;
 Thou, about whose scurfe-head the Deuils flutter;
 Thou viler vild, then I haue words to vtter :
 Amend thy lewd life; or I sweare to thee,
 For one ill-fauour'd word, I'le giue thee three.

120 *Another Epistle of the same witty Author,
 Francis Rabelais, in praise of a graue
 Matrone; translated as the
 former.*

THOU reuerend Matrone, whose sweet grace & forme,
 Would a young, faire, sweet, handsome face adorne ;
 Thy modest carrying, and thy reuerend wit,
 Shewes that Gods grace within thy heart doth sit :
 Thou in whose hands are alway found good books;
 But on loue-toyes thy chaste eyes neuer looks:
 Thou that hast in thy braines imprinted deepe
 Christ Iesus, who from thence ill thoughts doth keepe :
 In thy milde soule rich vertue hath her store ;
 As God giues wealth to thee, thou giu'st the poore.
 Thy heart is alway open to relieue,
 And comfort those whom miseries doe grieue :
 And with thine owne white hands dost not disdain
 To plaister those poore folkes, whom sores doe paine.
 The hungry thou do'st feed with thine owne meate ;
 The naked, cold, with thine owne cloathes do'st heate;

Thy poore sick neighbours thou dost kindly visit;
Thou giu'st them counsell, mak'st them kitchin physick:
Thou free'st poore pris'ners with thine owne estate:
The fatherlesse thou do'st compassionate,
And do'st so many godly deeds withall,
That Iesus Christ may thee his Sister call.
From foolish vanities thou turn'st thine eyes,
And shutt'st thy eares against malicious lyes.
Although foule stuttish smells thou do'st abhorre;
Perfumers get nothing by thee therefore.
Thy table 's furnish'd with cleane, wholesome fare;
But for luxurious cates thou do'st not care:
And when thou drink'st, it is pure vnmixt wine;
Not those hot drinks that vnto lust incline.
Thy heart did neuer feele th'vnlawfull flame,
Which hath drawne looser wiuesto publique shame:
Thou neuer lay'st on any am'rous bed;
But where thy husband had thy mayden-head;
And onely there for procreation,
And for thy Husbands recreation:
Thou art so zealous, godly, mercifull,
And with such heauenly, goodly graces full;
That we may stile thee, The rich Christian Palace,
Wherein the Holy Ghost doth take his solace.
Thy outward graces haue such Excellence,
That all salute thee with graue reuerence:
Thy head is fraught with holy meditations;
Thy heart is fill'd with heau'nly consolations;
Thy eares are open to the poores sad cryes,
And from them thou dost neuer turne thine eyes:
Thy hands are opento each godly deed,
And feet are swift, when of thy helpe there's need.
Thou art so faire, so vertuous, and so good;
Thou seem'st an Angell clad in flesh, and blood.
Thou art so handsome, proper, neat, and faire,
As if but yet thou a young maiden were:
(Sweet-heart belecue) all honest men with me,

Are truly, heartily in loue with thee.
 Thou often hast the Bible in thy hand,
 And humbly pray'st, thou mayst it vnderstand;
 And what with sober knowledge thou do'st reade,
 Thou putt'st in practice, or into thy Creede.
 Thou peerelesse Paragon! thou past compare!
 Such as thou art, I wish all women were.
 Thou Extract of good women now adayes;
 Thy worthines so farre exceeds my praise;
 To write it, I doe want an Angels quill;
 And I as much doe need an Angels skill.
 If thou bee'st liuing, mayst thou neuer dye,
 I humbly pray the blessed Trinity:
 And that thou mayst in honour, health, and rest,
 Liue in this World, and in the next be blest.

FINIS.

