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OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF
ENGLISH

57

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But the strangest errors are found in comments on a couplet in Joseph Hall's "Satires," Book VI., i. 260:—

As a great Poet, Lord of *Bacchus* say,
That he was *Semele-mori-gena*.

One writer even suggests that Bishop Hall invented this compound adjective. Why, it cries aloud that it is the concluding word in a galliambic line. It is, of course, not a word of classical Latin. Who wrote in this metre in later days? Julius Caesar Scaliger. In a galliambic poem of his, 133 lines long, the fifth line is:—

Eleleu, euoe Bimater, Semelefemorigena.

The poem, addressed to Bacchus, is to be found, with the boast that he spent barely two hours (!) in composing it, in J. C. Scaliger's "Poetice," Book VI., and in his collected poems of 1574, pages 189-193. Many more instances could be given of ignorance of the Scaligers on the part of expounders of seventeenth-century literature.

EDWARD BENSLY.

* This was eight years before Jonson's comment



300150124G

U

VIRIDEMIARUM.

11

THOUGH BY MY PROFESSION A DIUINE, YET SOMETIME,
AS DIOGENES WENT INTO THE CITIE, AND DEMOCRITVS
TO THE HAUEN TO SEE FASHIONS, I DID, FOR MY
RECREATION, NOW AND THEN WALKE ABROAD, LOOKE
INTO THE WORLD, AND COULD NOT CHVSE BUT MAKE
SOME LITTLE OBSERUATION.

DEMOCRITVS IVNIOR.

1771

VIRGIDEMIARUM:

SATIRES,

BY

JOSEPH HALL,

BISHOP OF EXETER AND OF NORWICH.

IN SIX BOOKS.



LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE.

M.DCCC.XXV.

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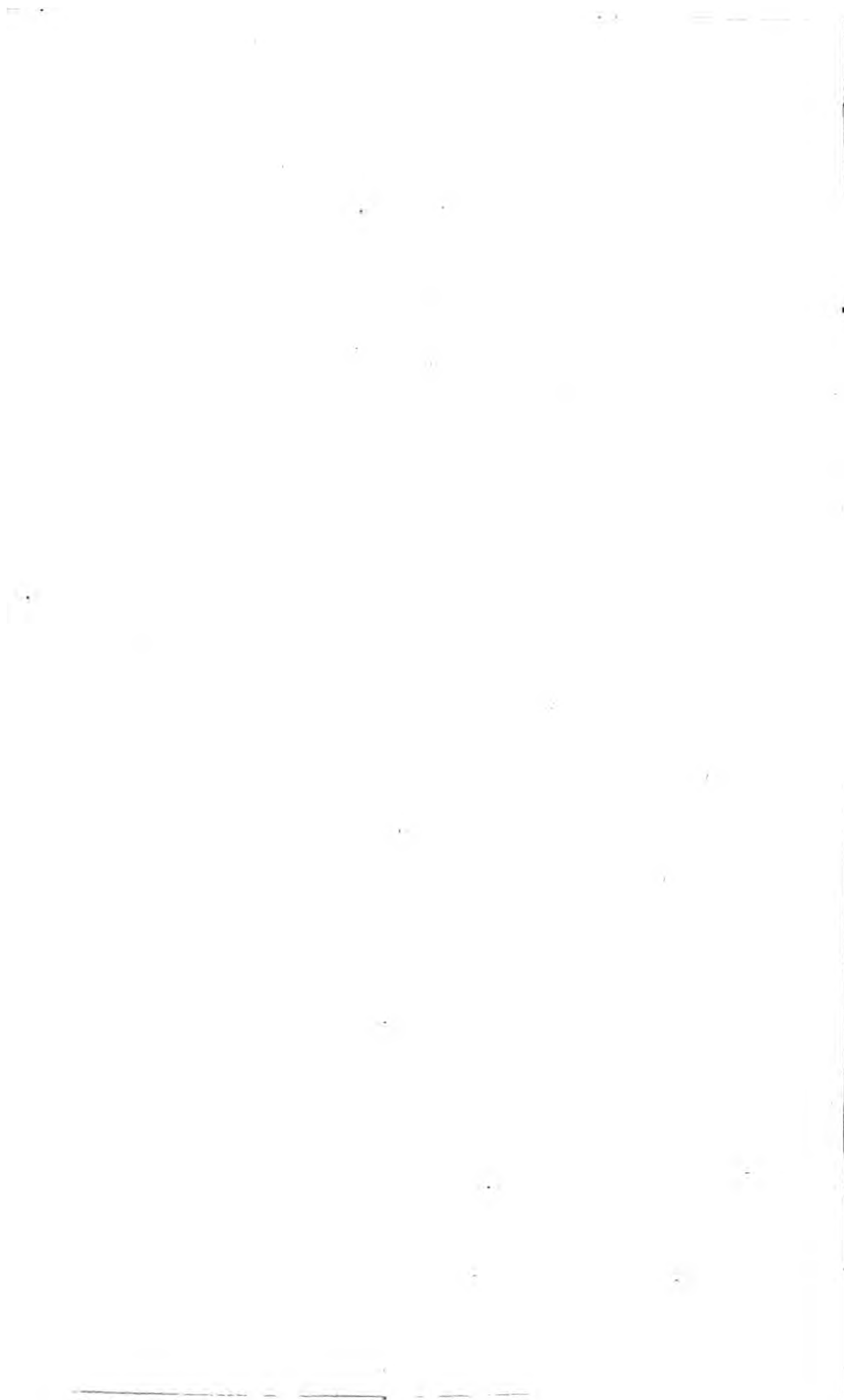
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE three first books of *Virgidemiarum* were originally published anonymously in 1597, and the three last in 1598. The whole were reprinted in 1599. This edition is occasionally found with the false date of 1602, which, in that year, was affixed to the part of the work called *Tooth-lesse Satyrs*; while the original and correct date of 1599, is retained in the title to the other part, called *Byting Satyrs*. The present edition has been printed from one of these copies. Warton describes the im-

pression of 1599 as the “last and best” of the early editions of *Virgidemiarum*.

It is somewhat remarkable, that in the course of two centuries, this work should have been only once republished, although it was thought worthy of a fierce and relentless attack by Milton, and although the attention of the readers of English poetry was successively drawn to its pre-eminent merits by Pope, Whalley, Gray, and Warton. In the Catalogue of Mr West's Library, published in 1773, we find the following article:—“Hall's, (Bp.) *Virgidemiarum*, 6 Books, *impr.* by Harrison, 1599-1602; *rare edit.* Mr Pope's copy, who presented it to Mr West, telling him that he esteemed them the best poetry, and truest satire in the English language, and that he had an intention of modernizing them, as

he had done some of Donne's Satires."¹ Mr Thomson of Queen's College, the ingenious editor of an edition printed at Oxford in 1753, mentions, that " Mr Pope saw these Satires, but so late in life, that he could only bestow this commendation on them, which they truly deserve, *to wish he had seen them sooner.*" This anecdote is improbable, for there is much reason to suppose that his own Satires were modelled upon those of Hall; and indeed it would be doing him an injury to believe that, during the greater part of his life, he was unacquainted with the writings of one of the earliest,² and beyond all dispute, the best English satirist.

¹ No. 1047.

² Strictly speaking, Sir Thomas Wyatt was the first English satirist, although Hall claims this honour.

The popularity of personal satires is apt to decline, and their merits to be forgotten, when the age in which they are written, with its feelings, its fashions, and its characters, has passed away. From this fate, however, Lord Hailes thought that *Virgidemiarum* deserved to be saved. "Hall's Satires," says his Lordship, in a manuscript note upon his copy of the work, "have merit, and will be remembered." This commendation may be considered cold; but Lord Hailes was a sagacious, rather than an enthusiastic critic, and in remarking, that the satires of Hall were worthy of being remembered, he sufficiently intimated his sense of their merits. "They are," says Mr Campbell, "neither cramped by personal hostility, nor spun out to vague declamation on vice, but give us the form and pressure of the

times, exhibited in the faults of coeval literature, and in the foppery or sordid traits of prevailing manners." Human nature, in all its varieties, is their subject; and, although not free from the obscurity of occasional allusions, they betray great knowledge of mankind, and contain much that will be found interesting and intelligible in every age."

In attempting any examination of *Virgidedmiarum*, it would be difficult to avoid repeating the elaborate, but ingenious criticisms of Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*. To these, therefore, the reader is referred for a detailed review of the Satires, and an elucidation of many of their obscurities. Warton's general *Notice* of the author and his work, is prefixed to this edition. The short Glossary with

which the volume is closed, has been compiled with no pretension to satisfy the enquiries of the etymologist, but merely to remove the difficulties, which an ordinary reader might otherwise encounter in some of the more uncommon words and allusions.

FEBRUARY,
M.DCCC.XXIV.

NOTICE
OF
BISHOP HALL,
FROM
WARTON'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.

SATIRE, specifically so called, did not commence in England till the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. We have seen, indeed, that eclogues and allegories were made the vehicle of satire, and that many poems of a satirical tendency had been published long ago. And here the censure was rather confined to the corruptions of the clergy, than extended to popular follies and vices. But the first professed English satirist, to speak technically, is Bishop Joseph Hall, successively bishop of Exeter and Norwich; born at Bristow Park, within the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Lei-

cestershire, in the year 1574; and, at the age of fifteen, in the year 1588, admitted into Emanuel College at Cambridge, where he remained about eight years. He soon became eminent in the theology of those times; preached against predestination before Prince Henry with unrivalled applause; and discussed the doctrines of Arminianism in voluminous dissertations. But so variable are our studies, and so fickle is opinion, that the poet is better known to posterity than the prelate or the polemic. His satires have outlived his sermons at Court, and his laborious confutations of the Brownists. One of his later controversial tracts is, however, remembered, on account of the celebrity of its antagonist. When Milton descended from his dignity to plead the cause of fanaticism and ideal liberty, Bishop Hall was the defender of our hierarchical establishment. Bayle, who knew Hall only as a theologian, seems to have written his life merely because he was one of the English divines at the synod of Dort, in 1618. From his inflexible and conscientious attachment to the royal and episcopal cause, under King Charles the First, he suffered, in his old age, the severities of imprisonment and

sequestration ; and lived to see his cathedral converted into a barrack, and his palace into an ale-house. His uncommon learning was meliorated with great penetration and knowledge of the world, and his mildness of manners and his humility were characteristic. He died, and was obscurely buried, without a memorial on his grave, in 1656, and in his eighty-second year, at Heigham, a small village near Norwich, where he had sought shelter from the storms of usurpation, and the intolerance of Presbyterianism.

I have had the good fortune to see Bishop Hall's funeral-sermon, preached some days after his interment, on the 30th day of September, 1656, at St Peter's church in Norwich, by one John Whitefoote, master of arts, and rector of Heigham. The preacher, no contemptible orator, before he proceeds to draw a parallel between our prelate and the patriarch Israel, thus illustrates that part of his character with which we are chiefly concerned, and which I am now hastening to consider. "Two
" yeares together he was chosen rhetorick profes-
" sor in the universitie of Cambridge, and per-
" formed the office with extraordinary applause.

“ He was noted for a singular wit from his youth ;
 “ a most acute rhetorician, and an elegant poet.
 “ He understood many tongues ; and in the rhe-
 “ torick of his own, he was second to none that
 “ lived in his time.”¹ It is much to our present
 purpose to observe, that the style of his prose is
 strongly tinged with the manner of Seneca.
 The writer of the satires is perceptible in some of
 his gravest polemical or scriptural treatises ; which
 are perpetually interspersed with excursive illus-
 trations, familiar allusions, and observations on life.
 Many of them were early translated into French ;
 and their character is well drawn by himself, in a
 dedication to James the First, who perhaps would
 have much better relished a more sedate and pro-
 found theology. “ Seldome any man hath offer-
 “ ed to your royall hands a greater bundle of his
 “ owne thoughts, nor perhaps more variety of dis-
 “ course. For here shall your maiestie find mo-
 “ raltie, like a good handmaid, waiting on divi-
 “ nitie ; and divinitie, like some great lady, eue-
 “ ry day in seuerall dresses. Speculation inter-
 “ changed with experience ; positieue theology with

¹ Fol. 3.

“ polemical ; textual with discursive ; popular
 “ with scholasticall.”²

At the age of twenty-three, while a student at Emanuel College, and in the year 1597, he published, at London, three books of anonymous satires, which he called *Toothless SATYRS, poetical, academical, moral.*³ They were printed by Thomas Creede for Robert Dexter, and are not recited in the registers of the Stationers of London. The following year, and licensed by the stationers, three more books appeared, entitled, “ VIRGIDEM-
 “ MIARUM, the three last bookes of *Byting Sa-*
 “ tyres.” These are without his name, and were printed by Richard Bradock for Robert Dexter, in the size and letter of the last.⁴ All the six books were printed together in 1599, in the same form,

² WORKS, Lond. 1628, fol. vol. i. p. 3.

³ In small duodecimo, Wh. Let. But see the Catalogue to Mr Capell's SHAKESPERIANA, given to Trinity-College, Cambridge, NUM. 347. “ Virgidemiarum, libri 6. Satires, Hall. 1597, 8vo.”

⁴ In pages 106, with vignettes. Entered March 30, 1598, to R. Dexter. REGISTR. STATION. C. f. 33. a.—Ames recites an edition of all the SIX BOOKS, in 68 pages, in 1598. HIST. PRINT. p. 434. I suspect this to be a mistake.

with this title, "VIRGIDEMIARUM, the three last
 "bookes of *Byting* Satyres, corrected and amend-
 "ed, with some additions, by J. H. [John Hall,]
 "LONDON, for R. Dexter, &c. 1599." A most
 incomprehensive and inaccurate title; for this edi-
 tion, the last and the best, contains the three first
 as well as the three last books.⁵ It begins with
 the first three books; then, at the end of the third
 book, follow the three last, but preceded by a new
 title: "VIRGIDEMIARUM, the three last bookes
 "of Byting Satyres. Corrected and amended, with
 "some additions, by J. H." For R. Dexter, as
 before, 1599. But the seventh of the fourth book
 is here made a second satire to the sixth or last
 book. Annexed, are "Certaine worthy manv-
 "script Poems, of great antiquitie, reserued long
 "since in the studie of a Northfolke Gentleman,
 "and now first published by J. S. 1. *The state-*
 "*ly tragedy of Guistard and Sismond.* 2. *The*

⁵ A modern edition, however, a thin duodecimo, was printed at Oxford, for R. Clements, 1753, under the direction of Mr Thomson, late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. The editors followed an edition bought from Lord Oxford's library, which they destroyed when the new one was finished.

“ *Northerne Mother’s blessing.* 3. *The Way to Thrifte.* Imprinted at London, for R. D. 1597.” Dedicated, “ to the worthiest poet, Maister Ed. Spenser.” To this identical impression of Hall’s Satires, and the Norfolk gentleman’s manuscript poems annexed, a false title appeared in 1602: “ VIRGIDEMIARUM. Sixe Bookes. First three bookes, Of toothlesse Satyrs. 1. POETICALL. 2. ACADEMICALL. 3. MORAL. London, Printed by John Harison, for Robert Dexter, 1602.” All that follows is exactly what is in the edition of 1599. By VIRGIDEMIA, an uncouth and uncommon word, we are to understand, a Gathering or Harvest of Rods,—in reference to the nature of the subject.

These satires are marked with a classical precision to which English poetry had yet rarely attained. They are replete with animation of style and sentiment. The indignation of the satirist is always the result of good sense. Nor are the thorns of severe invective unmixed with the flowers of pure poetry. The characters are delineated in strong and lively colouring; and their discriminations are touched with the masterly traces of

genuine humour. The versification is equally energetic and elegant, and the fabric of the couplets approaches to the modern standard. It is no inconsiderable proof of a genius predominating over the general taste of an age, when every preacher was a punster, to have written verses, where laughter was to be raised, and the reader to be entertained, with sallies of pleasantry, without quibbles and conceits. His chief fault is obscurity; arising from a remote phraseology, constrained combinations, unfamiliar allusions, elleiptical apostrophes, and abruptness of expression. Perhaps some will think, that his manner betrays too much of the laborious exactness and pedantic anxiety of the scholar and the student. Ariosto, in Italian, and Regnier, in French, were now almost the only modern writers of satire; and, I believe, there had been an English translation of Ariosto's satires. But Hall's acknowledged patterns are Juvenal and Persius, not without some touches of the urbanity of Horace. His parodies of these poets, or rather his adaptations of ancient to modern manners, a mode of imitation not unhappily practised by Oldham, Rochester, and Pope, discover great fa-

cility and dexterity of invention. The moral gravity and the censorial declamation of Juvenal, he frequently enlivens with a train of more refined reflection, or adorns with a novelty and variety of images.

In the opening of his general PROLOGUE, he expresses a decent consciousness of the difficulty and danger of his new undertaking. The laurel which he sought had been unworn, and it was not to be won without hazard:—

I FIRST ADVENTURE, with fool-hardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despight ;
I FIRST ADVENTURE, follow me who list,
And be the SECOND ENGLISH SATIRIST.



VIRGIDEMIARVM

Sixe Bookes.

First three Bookes,

Of Tooth-leffe Satyrs.

1. *Poeticall.*
2. *Academicall.*
3. *Morall.*

LONDON

Printed by *Iohn Harison*, for *Robert
Dexter.* 1602.

DE SUIS SATYRIS.

DUM SATYRÆ DIXI, VIDEOR DIXISSE SAT IRÆ
CORRIPIO ; AUT ISTÆC NON SATIS EST SATYRA.

IRA FACIT SATYRAM, RELIQUUM SAT TEMPERAT IRAM ;
PINGE TUO SATYRAM SANGUINE, TUM SATYRA EST.

ECCE NOUAM SATYRAM : SATYRUM SINE CORNIBUS ! EUGE
MONSTRA NOUI MONSTRI HÆC, ET SATYRI ET SATYRÆ.

HIS DEFIANCE TO ENUIE.

NAY ; let the prouder pines of Ida feare
The sudden fires of heaven ; and decline
Their yeelding tops, that dar'd the skies whilere ;
And shake your sturdie trunks, ye prouder pines,
Whose swelling graines are like be gald alone, 5
With the deepe furrowes of the thunder-stone.

Stand ye secure, ye safer shrubs below,
In humble dales, whome heauns doe not despight ;
Nor angrie clouds conspire your ouerthrow,
Enuying at your too-disdainfull hight. 10
Let high attempts dread Enuy, and ill tongues,
And cowardly shrinke for feare of causles wrongs.

So wont big okes feare winding yuy-weed ;
So soaring egles feare the neighbour sonne ;
So golden mazor wont suspicion breed, 15
Of deadly hemlocks poysoned potion ;
So adders shroud themselues in fairest leaues ;
So fouler fate the fayrer thing bereaues.

Nor the low bush feares climbing yuy-twine ;
 Nor lowly bustard dreads the distant rayes ; 20
 Nor earthen pot wont secret death to shrine ;
 Nor suttel snake doth lurke in pathed wayes ;
 Nor baser deed dreads Enuy and ill tongues,
 Nor shrinks so soone for feare of causelesse wrongs.

Needs me then hope, or doth me need mis-dread ; 25
 Hope for that honor, dread that wrongfull spight ;
 Spight of the partie, honor of the deede,
 Which wont alone on loftie obiects light ;
 That Enuie should accoast my muse and me,
 For this so rude and recklesse poesie. 30

Would she but shade her tender browes with bay,
 That now lye bare in carelesse wilfull rage ;
 And trance herselfe in that sweete extasey,
 That rouzeth drouping thoughts of bashfull age ;
 (Tho' now those bays, and that aspired thought, 35
 In carelesse rage, she sets at worse then nought.)

Or would we loose her plumy pineon,
 Manicled long with bonds of modest feare ;
 Soone might she haue those kestrels proud out gone,
 Whose flightie wings are dew'd with weeter aire, 40
 And hopen now to shoulder from aboue
 The eagle from the stayrs of friendly Ioue.

DEFIANCE TO ENUIE.

5

Or list she rather in late triumph reare
 Eternall trophees to some conqueror,
 Whose dead deserts slept in his sepulcher, 45
 And neuer saw, nor life, nor light before ;
 To lead sad Pluto captiue with my song,
 To grace the triumphs he obscur'd so long.

Or scour the rusted swords of eluish knights,
 Bathed in Pagan blood ; or sheath them new 50
 In misty morall types ; or tell their fights,
 Who mightie giants, or who monsters slew ;
 And by some strange enchanted speare and shield,
 Vanquisht their foe, and wan the doubtfull field.

May be she might in stately stanzaes frame 55
 Stories of ladies, and aduenturous knights,
 To raise her silent and inglorious name,
 Vnto a reach-lesse pitch of prayses hight ;
 And somewhat say, as more vnworthie done,
 Worthie of brasse and hoary marble stone. 60

Then might vaine Enuy waste her duller wing,
 To trace the aery steps she spiting sees ;
 And vainly faint in hoplesse following
 The clouded paths her natiue drosse denies.
 But now such lowly satyres here I sing, 65
 Not worth our Muse, not worth her enuying.

Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame ;
 Too good, if worse, to shadow shamlesse vice.
 Ill, if too good, not answering their name ;
 So good and ill in fickle censure lies. 70
 Since in our satyre lyes both good and ill,
 And they and it in uarying readers will.

Witnesse, ye muses, how I wilfull song
 These heddy rimes, withouten second care ;
 And wish't them worse, my guiltie thoughts among : 75
 The ruder satyre should go rag'd and bare,
 And show his rougher and his hairy hide,
 Tho mine be smooth, and dect in carelesse pride.

Would we but breath within a wax-bound quill,
 Pans seuenfold pipe, some plaintiue pastorall ; 80
 To teach each hollow groue, and shrubby hill,
 Ech murmuring brooke, each solitarie vale,
 To sound our loue, and to our song accord,
 Wearying eccho with one changelesse word.

Or list vs make two striuing shephards sing, 85
 With costly wagers for the victorie,
 Vnder Menalcas iudge : whiles one doth bring
 A caruen bole well wrought of beechen tree ;
 Praying it by the storie, or the frame,
 Or want of vse, or skilfull makers name. 90

Another layeth a well-marked lambe,
 Or spotted kid, or some more forward steere,
 And from the payle doth praise their fertile dam ;
 So doe they striue in doubt, in hope, in feare,
 Awaiting for their trustie vmpires doome, 95
 Faulted as false by him that's ouercome.

Whether so me list my louely thought to sing,
 Come daunce ye nimble Dryads by my side ;
 Ye gentle wood-nymphs come, and with you bring
 The willing faunes that mought your musick guide. 100
 Com nimphs and faunes, that haunt those shady
 groues,
 Whiles I report my fortunes or my loues.

Or whether list me sing so personate,
 My striuing selfe to conquer with my verse ;
 Speake ye attentiu swaynes that heard me late, 105
 Needs me giue grasse vnto the conquerers.
 At Colins feete I throw my yeelding reede,
 But let the rest win homage by their deed.

But now, ye Muses, sith your sacred hests
 Profaned are by each presuming tongue, 110
 In scornfull rage I vow this silent rest,
 That neuer field nor groue shall heare my song ;
 Only these refuse rymes I here mispend,
 To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

LIB. I.

PROLOGUE.

I **FIRST** aduerture, with fool-hardie might,
To treade the steps of perilous despight :
I first aduerture, follow me who list,
And be the second English satyrist.
Enuy waits on my backe, truth on my side ; 5
Enuy will be my page, and truth my guide.
Enuie the margent holds, and truth the line ;
Truth doth approue, but enuie doth repine ;
For in this smoothing age who durst indite,
Hath made his pen an hyred parasite, 10
To claw the back of him that beastly liues,
And pranck base men in proud superlatiues ;
Whence damned vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crown'd with vertues meed, immortall name ;
Infamy dispossest of natiue due, 15
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue ;
The worlds eye bleared with those shamelesse lyes,
Mask'd in the shew of meal-mouth'd poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thanklesse taske,
And do the vgly face of vice vnmaske ; 20

And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
 So as it mought a lowly satyre fit,
 Let lowly satyres rise aloft to thee:
 Truth be thy speede, and truth thy patron bee.

SAT. I.

NOR ladies wanton loue, nor wandring knight,
 Legend I out in rimes all richly dight;
 Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt
 Of mightie Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
 Nor list I sonnet of my mistresse face, 5
 To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace;
 Nor can I bide to pen some hungrie *scene*
 For thick-skin eares, and vndescerning eyne.
 Nor euer could my scornfull Muse abide
 With tragick shooes her ankles for to hide. 10
 Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fauning taylor
 To some greate patron, for my best auayle.
 Such hunger-staruen trencher poetrie,
 Or let it neuer liue, or timely die;
 Nor vnder euerie bank, and euerie tree, 15
 Speake rymes vnto my oten ministralsie;
 Nor caroll out so pleasing liuely laies,
 As mought the *Graces* moue my mirth to praise.
Trumpet, and *reeds*, and *socks*, and *buskins* fine,
 I them bequeath, whose statues wandring twine 20
 Of yuy, mixt with bayes, circlen around
 Their liuing temples likewise *laurell-bound*.

Rather had I, albee in carelesse rymes,
 Check the mis-ordered world, and lawlesse times,
 Nor need I craue the Muses mid-wifry 25
 To bring to light so worth-lesse poetry ;
 Or, if we list, what baser Muse can bide
 To sit and sing by *Grantaes* naked side ?
 They haunt the tyded *Thames* and salt *Medway*,
 Ere since the fame of their late bridall day. 30
 Nought haue we here but willow-shaded shore,
 To tell our *Grant* his banks are left for lore.

SAT. II.

WHILOME the sisters nine were vestall maides,
 And held their temple in the secret shades
 Of faire *Parnassus*, that two-headed hill,
 Whose auncient fame the southern world did fill :
 And in the stead of their eternall fame, 5
 Was the coole streame, that tooke his endles name
 From out the fertile hoofe of winged steed :
 There did they sit and do their holy deed,
 That pleas'd both heauen and earth : till that of late,
 Whome should I fault ? or the most righteousfate ? 10
 Or heauen, or men, or fiends, or ought beside,
 That euer made that foule mischance betide ?
 Some of the sisters, in securer shades,
 Defloured were :
 And euer since, disdaining *sacred shame*, 15
 Done ought that might their heauenly stock defame.

Now is *Parnassus* turned to a stewes,
 And on bay-stocks the wanton myrtle grewes ;
Cythéron hill's become a brothel-bed,
 And *Pyrene* sweete turnd to a poysoned head 20
 Of cole-blacke puddle, whose infectious staine
 Corrupteth all the lowly fruitfull plaine ;
 Their modest stole, to garish looser weede,
 Deck't with loue-fauors, their late whordoms meed ;
 And where they wont sip of the simple flood, 25
 Now tosse they bowles of *Bachus* boyling bloud.
 I maruelled much with doubtfull iealousie,
 Whence came such litturs of new poetrie ;
 Mee thought I fear'd, least the horse-hoofed well
 His natiue banks did proudly ouer-swell 30
 In some late discontent, thence to ensue
 Such wondrous rablements of rime-sters new :
 But since I saw it painted on *Fames* wings,
The Muses to be woxen wantonings,
 Each bush, each bank, and ech base apple-squire, 35
 Can serue to sate their beastly lewd desire.
 Ye bastard poets see your pedigree,
 From common trulls and loathsome brothelry.

SAT. III.

WITH some pot-furie, raiisht from their wit,
 They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ :
 As frozen dung-hils in a winters morne,
 That voyd of vapours seemed all beforne,

Soone as the sun sends out his piercing beames, 5
 Exhale out filthie smoke and stinking steames ;
 So doth the base, and the fore-barren braine,
 Soone as the raging wine begins to raigne.
 One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
 On crowned kings that Fortune hath low brought ; 10
 Or some vpreared, high-aspiring swaine,
 As it might be the Turkish *Tamberlaine*.
 Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright,
 Rapt to the threefold loft of heauen hight,
 When he conceiues vpon his fained stage 15
 The stalking steps of his greate personage,
 Graced with huf-cap termes, and thundring threats,
 That his poore hearers hayre quite vpright sets.
 Such soone as some braue minded hungrie youth
 Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth, 20
 He vaunts his voyce vpon an hyred stage,
 With high-set steps, and princely carriage ;
 Now soouping in side robes of Royaltie,
 That earst did skrub in lowsie brokerie.
 There if he can with termes Italianate, 25
 Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,
 Faire patch me vp his pure *Iambick* verse,
 He rauishes the gazing scaffolders :
 Then certes was the famous *Corduban*
 Neuer but halfe so high *tragedian*. 30
 Now, least such frightfull showes of fortunes fall,
 And bloody tyrants rage, should chance appall
 The dead stroke audience, midst the silent rout,
 Comes leaping in a selfe-misformed lout,

And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimik face, 35
 And iustles straight into the princes place.
 Then doth the theatre eccho all aloud
 With gladsome noyse of that applauding croud.
 A goodly *hoch-poch*, when vile *russettings*
 Are match with monarchs and with mightie kings ; 40
 A goodly grace to sober *tragic muse*,
 When each base clowne his clumbsie fist doth bruise,
 And show his teeth in double rotten-row,
 For laughter at his selfe-resembled show.
 Meane while our poets in high parliament, 45
 Sit watching euerie word, and gesturement,
 Like curious censors of some doughtie geare,
 Whispering their verdict in their fellowes eare.
 Wo to the word whose margent in their scrole
 Is noted with a blacke condemning cole ; 50
 But if each periede might the synode please,
 Ho ! bring the iuy boughs and bands of bayes.
 Now when they part and leaue the naked stage,
 Gins the bare hearer in a guiltie rage,
 To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye, 55
 That thus hath lausht his late halfe-penie.
 Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold,
 For euerie peasants brasse, on each scaffold.

SAT. IV.

Too popular is tragicke poesie,
 Straying his tip-toes for a farthing fee,

And doth besides on rimelesse numbers tread,
 Vnbid iambicks flow from carelesse head.
 Some brauer braine in high heroick rimes 5
 Compileth worm-eate stories of olde times ;
 And he, like some imperious Maronist,
 Coniures the Muses that they him assist.
 Then striues he to bumbast his feeble lines
 With farre-fetcht phrase ; 10
 And maketh vp his hard-betaken tale
 With strange enchantments, fetcht from darkesome vale
 Of some *Melissa*, that by magicke doome
 To *Tuscans* soyle transporteth *Merlins* toombe.
 Painters and poets holde your auncient right ; 15
 Write what you will, and write not what you might :
 Their limits be their list, their reason will.
 But if some painter, in presuming skill,
 Should paint the stars in center of the earth,
 Could ye forbear some smiles, and taunting mirth ? 20
 But let no rebell satyre dare traduce
 Th' eternall legends of thy Faerie Muse,
 Renowmed *Spencer* ; whom no earthly wight
 Dares once to emulate, much lesse dares despight.
Salust of France, and *Tuscan Ariost*, 25
 Yeeld vp the lawrell garland ye haue lost :
 And let all others willow weare with me,
 Or let their vndereruing temples bared be.

SAT. V.

ANOTHER, whose more heauie hearted saint
 Delights in nought but notes of ruffull plaint,
 Vrgeth his melting Muse with sollem teares,
 Rime of some drerie fates of lucklesse peeres.
 Then brings he vp some branded whining ghost, 5
 To tell how old misfortunes had him tost :
 Then must he ban the guiltlesse fates aboue,
 Or fortune fraile, or vnrewarded loue.
 And when he hath parbrak'd his griued minde,
 He sends him downe where earst he did him find, 10
 Without one penie to pay *Charons* hire,
 That waiteth for the wandring ghosts retire.

SAT. VI.

ANOTHER scorns the home-spun thred of rimes,
 Match'd with the loftie feete of elder times.
 Giue me the numbred verse that *Virgill* sung,
 And *Virgill* selfe shall speake the English tounge ;
 Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with chaunged
 feete, 5
 And head-strong *dactils* making musicke meete.
 The nimble *dactils* striuing to out-go
 The drawling *spondees* pacing it below.
 The lingring *spondees*, labouring to delay
 The breath-lesse *dactils* with a sodaine stay. 10

Who euer saw a colte wanton and wilde,
 Yoakt with a slow-foote oxe on fallow field,
 Can right areed how handsomely besets
 Dull spondees with the English dactilets?
 If *Ioue* speake English in a thundring cloud, 15
Thwick thwack, and *riffe raffe*, rores he out aloud.
 Fie on the forged mint that did create
 New coyne of wórdz neuer articulate.

SAT. VII.

GREAT is the folly of a feeble braine,
 Ore-rulde with loue, and tyrannous disdaine ;
 For loue, how-euer in the basest brest,
 It breedes high thoughts that feed the fancie best ;
 Yet is he blinde, and leades poore fooles awrie, 5
 While they hang gazing on their mistresse eye.
 The loue-sicke poet, whose importune prayer
 Repulsed is with resolute despaire,
 Hopeth to conquer his disdainfull dame,
 With publike plaints of his conceiued flame. 10
 Then powres he foorth in patched sonettings,
 His loue, his lust, and loathsome flatterings ;
 As tho the staring world hangd on his sleeue,
 When once he smiles, to laugh ; and when he sighs,
 to grieue.
 Careth the world, thou loue, thou liue, or die ? 15
 Careth the world how faire thy faire one be ?

Fond wit-wal that wouldst lode thy wit-lesse head
 With timely hornes, before thy bridall bed.
 Then can he terme his durtie ill-fac'd bride
 Ladie and queene, and virgin deified ; 20
 Be shee all sootie-blacke, or berie-browne,
 Shee's white as morrows milk, or flakes new blowne
 And tho shee be some dunghill drudge at home,
 Yet can he her resigne some refuse roome
 Amids the well-knowne stars ; or, if not there, 25
 Sure will he saint her in his calendere.

SAT. VIII.

HENCE, ye prophane, mell not with holy things,
 That *Sion* muse from *Palestina* brings.
Parnassus is transform'd to *Sion-hill*,
 And *Iury-palmes* her steepe ascents done fill.
 Now good S. *Peter* weepes pure *Helicon*, 5
 And both the *Maries* make a musicke mone ;
 Yea and the prophet of the heauenly lire,
 Great *Solomon*, sings in the English quire,
 And is become a new found sonetist,
 Singing his loue, the holy spouse of Christ ; 10
 Like as she were some light-skirts of the rest,
 In mightiest ink-hornismes he can thither wrest.
 Ye *Sion* Muses shall by my deare will,
 For this your zeale, and farre-admired skill,
 Be straight transported from *Ierusalem*, 15
 Vnto the holy house of *Bethleem*.

SAT. IX.

ENUIE ye Muses, at your thriuing mate,
Cupid hath crowned a new laureat :
 I saw his statue gayly tyr'd in greene,
 As if he had some second *Phæbus* beene.
 His statue trimd with the venerean tree, 5
 And shrined faire within your sanctuarie.
 What he, that earst to gaine the riming goale,
 The worne recitall-post of capitol,
 Rimed in rules of stewish ribaldrie,
 Teaching experimentall bauderie ; 10
 Whiles th'itching vulgar tickled with the song,
 Hanged on their vnreadie poets tongue.
 Take this, ye patient Muses ; and foule shame
 Shall waite vpon your once prophaned name.
 Take this, ye Muses, this so high despight, 15
 And let all hatefull lucklesse birds of night,
 Let scriching owles nest in your razed roofes,
 And let your floore with horned satyres hoofes
 Be dinted and defiled euerie morne ;
 And let your walles be an eternall scorne. 20
 What if some Shordich furie should incite
 Some lust-stung letcher ; must he needes indite
 The beastly rites of hyred venerie,
 The whole worlds vniuersall bawd to be ?
 Did neuer yet no damned libertine, 25
 Nor elder heathen, nor new Florentine,

LIBER I.

19

Tho they were famous for lewd libertie,
Venture vpon so shamefull villanie.
Our epigrammatarians, olde and late,
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate. 30
Chast men, they did but glance at *Lesbias* deed,
And handsomely leaue off with cleanly speed.
But arts of whoring, stories of the stewes,
Ye Muses, will ye beare, and may refuse?
Nay, let the diuell and Saint *Valentine* 35
Be gossips to those ribald rimes of thine.

FINIS.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

LIB. II.

PROLOGUE.

OR beene the *manes* of that *Cynick* spright,
Cloth'd with some stubborn clay and led to light?
Or doe the relique ashes of his graue
Reuiue and rise from their forsaken caue?
That so with gall-weet words and speeches rude, 5
Controls the maners of the multitude.
Enuie belike incites his pining heart,
And bids it sate it selfe with others smart.
Nay, no despight ; but angrie *Nemesis*,
Whose scourge doth follow all that done amisse, 10
That scourge I beare, albe in ruder fist,
And wound, and strike, and pardon whom she list.

SAT. I.

FOR shame, write better, *Labeo*, or write none,
Or better write, or *Labeo* write alone ;
Nay, call the *Cynick* but a wittie foole,
Thence to abiure his handsome drinking bole,

Because the thirstie swaine, with hollow hand, 5
 Conueied the streame to weet his drie weasand.
Write they that can, tho they that cannot doe ;
But who knowes that, but they that doe not know ?
 Lo, what it is that makes white rags so deare,
 That men must giue a teston for a queare ; 10
 Lo, what it is that makes goose-wings so scant,
 That the distressed semster did them want ;
 So, lauish ope-tyde causeth fasting-lents,
 And starueling *famine* comes of large expence.
 Might not (so they were pleasd that beene aboue) 15
 Long *paper-abstinence* our death remoue ?
 Then manie a *Lollerd* would in forfaitment,
 Beare *paper-fagots* ore the pauement.
 But now men wager who shall blot the most,
 And each man writes : " Ther's so much labour lost, 20
 That's good, that's great : Nay much is sildome well,
 Of what is bad, a littl's a greate deale.
 Better is more ; but best is nought at all.
 Lesse is the next, and lesser criminall ;
 Little and good, is greatest good saue one ; 25
 Then, *Labeo*, or write little, or write none."
 Tush but small paynes can be but little art,
 Or lode full drie-fats fro the forren mart
 With *folio volumes*, two to an oxe-hide ;
 Or else, ye *pamphleter*, go stand aside, 30
 Reade in each schoole, in euerie margent coted,
 In euerie catalogue for an autour noted.
 There's happinesse well giuen, and well got,
 Lesse gifts, and lesser gaines, I weigh them not.

So may the giant rome and write on high, 35
 Be he a dwarfe that writes not there as I.
 But well fare *Strabo*, which, as stories tell,
 Contriu'd all *Troy* within one walnut shell.
 His curious ghost now lately hither came ;
 Arriuing neere the mouth of luckie Tame, 40
 I saw a *pismire* struggling with the lode,
 Dragging all *Troy* home towards her abode.
 Now dare we hither, if we durst appeare,
 The subtile *stithy-man* that liu'd while eare ;
 Such one was once, or once I was mistaught, 45
 A smith at *Vulcans* owne forge vp brought,
 That made an iron-chariot so light,
 The coach-horse was a flea in trappings dight.
 The tame-lesse steed could well his wagon wield
 Through downes and dales of the vneuen field. 50
 Striue they, laugh we ; meane while the black storie
 Passes new *Strabo*, and new *Straboes Troy*.
 Little for great ; and great for good ; all one :
 For shame or better write, or *Labeo* write none.
 But who coniu'r'd this bawdie *Poggies* ghost, 55
 From out the *stewes* of his lewde home-bred coast ;
 Or wicked *Rablais* dronken reuellings,
 To grace the mis-rule of our tauernings ?
 Or who put *bayes* into blind *Cupids* fist,
 That he should crowne what laureats him list ? 60
 Whose words are those, to remedie the deed,
 That cause men stop their noses when they read ?
 Both good things ill, and ill things well ; all one ?
 For shame ! write cleanly, *Labeo*, or write none.

SAT. II.

To what end did our lauish auncestours
 Erect of old these stately piles of ours ?
 For thred-bare clearks, and for the ragged muse,
 Whom better fit some cotes of sad secluse ?
 Blush, niggard *Age*, and be asham'd to see 5
 These monuments of wiser ancestrie ;
 And ye faire heapes, the *Muses* sacred shrines,
 (In spight of time and enuious repines,)
 Stand still and flourish till the worlds last day,
 Vpbrayding it with former loues decay. 10
 Here may you, *Muses*, our deare *soueraignes*,
 Scorne each base *lordling* euer you disdaines,
 And euerie peasant churle, whose smokie rooffe
 Denied harbour for your deare behoofe.
 Scorne ye the world before it do complaine, 15
 And scorne the world that scorneth you againe ;
 And scorne contempt it selfe that doth incite
 Each single-sold squire to set you at so light.
 What needes me care for anie bookish skill,
 To blot white papers with my restlesse quill ; 20
 Or poare on painted leaues ; or beat my braine
 With far-fetch thought, or to consume in vaine
 In latter euen, or midst of winter nights,
 Ill smelling oyles, or some still-watching lights.
 Let them that meane by bookish buisnesse 25
 To earne their bread, or hopen to professe

Their hard got skill ; let them alone for mee,
 Busie their braines with deeper bookerie.
 Great gaines shall bide you sure, when ye haue spent
 A thousand lamps, and thousand reames haue rent 30
 Of needlesse papers, and a thousand nights
 Haue burned out with costly candle lights.
 Ye palish ghosts of *Athens*, when, at last,
 Your patrimonie spent in witlesse wast,
 Your friends all wearie, and your spirits spent, 35
 Ye may your fortunes seeke, and be forwent
 Of your kind cosins and your churlish sires,
 Left there alone midst the fast-folding briers.
 Haue not I lands of faire inheritance,
 Deriu'd by right of long continuance 40
 To first-borne males ? so list the law to grace
 Natures first fruits in an eternall race.
 Let second brothers, and poore nestlings,
 Whom more iniurious Nature later brings
 Into the naked world, let them assaine 45
 To get hard peny-worths with so bootlesse paine.
 Tush ! what care I to be *Arcesilas*,
 Or some sad *Solon*, whose deed-furrowed face
 And sullen head, and yellow-clouded sight,
 Still on the stedfast earth are musing pight, 50
 Muttring what censures their distracted minde
 Of brain-sick paradoxes deeply hath definde ;
 Or of *Parmenides*, or of darke *Heraclite*,
 Whether al be one, or ought be infinite.
 Long would it be, ere thou hast purchase bought, 55
 Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.

LIBER II.

25

Fond foole, six feet shall serue for all thy store ;
 And he that cares for most shall find no more.
 We scorne that wealth should be the finall end,
 Whereto the heauenly Muse her course doth bend ; 60
 And rather had be pale with learned cares,
 Then paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.
 Or doth thy glorie stand in outward glee ?
 A laue-ear'd asse with gold may trapped bee.
 Or if in pleasure ? liue we as we may, 65
 Let swinish *Grill* delight in dunghill clay.

SAT. III.

WHO doubts the lawes fel down from heauens height,
 Like to some gliding starre in winters night ?
Themis the scribe of God did long ago
 Engraue them deepe in during marble-stone,
 And cast them downe on this vnruely clay, 5
 That men might know to rule and to obay.
 But now their characters depraued bin
 By them that would make gain of others sin ;
 And now hath wrong so maistered the right,
 That they liue best that on wrongs offall light ; 10
 So loathly flye that liues on galled wound,
 And scabby festers inwardly vnsound,
 Feeds fatter with that poysnous carrion
 Then they that haunt the healthy lims alone.
 Wo to the weale where many lawiers bee, 15
 For there is sure much store of maladie.

Twas truely said, and truely was forescene,
 The fat kine are deuoured of the leane.
Genus and *Species* long since barefoote went,
 Vpon ther ten-toes in wilde wanderment ; 20
 Whiles father *Bartoll* on his footcloth rode,
 Vpon high pauement gayly siluer-strowd.
 Each home-bred science percheth in the chaire,
 While sacred artes grouell on the groundsell bare.
 Since pedling *barbarismes* gan be in request, 25
 Nor classicke tongues, nor learning found no rest.
 The crowching *client*, with low-bended knee,
 And manie worships, and faire flatterie,
 Tels on his tale as smoothly as him list,
 But still the *lawyers* eye squints on his fist ; 30
 If that seeme lined with a larger fee,
 Doubt not the suite, the law is plaine for thee ;
 Tho must he buy his vainer hope with price,
 Disclout his crownes, and thanke him for aduice.
 So have I seene, in a tempestuous stowre, 35
 Some bryer-bush shewing shelter from the showre
 Vnto the hopefull sheepe, that faine would hide
 His fleecie coate from that same angrie tide ;
 The ruthlesse breere, regardlesse of his plight,
 Laies holde vpon the fleece he should acquite, 40
 And takes aduantage of the carelesse pray
 That thought she in securer shelter lay.
 The day is faire, the sheepe would fare to feede,
 The tyrant brier holds fast his shelters meed,
 And claimes it for the fee of his defence ; 45
 So robs the sheepe in faouours faire pretence.

SAT. IV.

WORTHIE were *Galen* to be weighed in gold,
 Whose help doth sweetest life and helth vphold ;
 Yet by S. *Esculape* he sollemne swore,
 That for diseases they were neuer more,
 Fees neuer lesse, neuer so little gaine, 5
 Men giue a groate, and aske the rest againe.
Groats worth of health, can anie leech allot ?
 Yet should he haue no more that giues a groate.
 Should I on each sicke pillow leane my brest,
 And grope the pulse of euerie mangie wrest, 10
 And spie out maruels in each vrinall,
 And rumble vp the filths that from them fall,
 And giue a *dosse* for euerie disease,
 In prescripts long and tedious *recipes*,
 All for so leane reward of art and me ? 15
 No horse-leach but will looke for larger fee.
 Meane while if chaunce some desp'rate patient die,
 Com'n to the period of his destinie ;
 (As who canrosse the fatall resolution,
 In the decreed day of dissolution ;) 20
 Whether ill tendment, or recurelesse paine,
 Procure his death, the neighbours all complaine,
 Th' unskilfull leech murdred his patient,
 By poyson of some foule *ingredient*.
 Hereon the vulgar may as soone be brought 25
 To *Socrates* his poysoned *hemlock*-drought,

As to the wholesome *iulap*, whose receipt
 Might his diseases lingring force defeat.
 If not a dramme of *triacle* soueraigne,
 Or *aqua vitæ*, or *sugar candian*, 30
 Nor *kitchin-cordials* can it remedie;
 Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.
 Were I a leech, as who knowes what may be,
 The liberall man should liue, and carle should die ;
 The sickly *ladie*, and the gowtie *peere*, 35
 Still would I haunt, that loue their life so deare.
 Where life is deare, who cares for coyned drosse ?
 That spent, is counted gaine, and spared, losse ;
 Or would coniure the *chymic mercurie*,
 Rise from his hors-dung bed, and vpwards flie ; 40
 And with glasse-stils, and sticks of *iuniper*,
 Raise the *black-spright* that burnes not with the fire ;
 And bring *quintessence* of *elixir* pale,
 Out of sublimed spirits minerall.
 Each powdred graine raansometh captiue kings, 45
 Purchaseth realmes, and life prolonged brings.

SAT. V.

SAW'ST thou euer *Siquis* patch'd on *Pauls* church doore,
 To seeke some vacant vicarage before ?
 Who wants a churchman that can seruice sey,
 Read fast and faire his monthly homiley,
 And wed, and burie, and make Christen-soules ? 5
 Come to the left-side alley of Saint Poules.

Thou seruile foole, why could'st thou not repaire
 To buy a benefice at Steeple-Faire?
 There moughtest thou for but a slender price
 Aduowson thee with some fat benefice ; 10
 Or if thee list not waite for dead mens shoon,
 Nor pray ech morn th' incumbents daies were doon,
 A thousand patrons thither ready bring,
 Their new-falne churches to the chaffering.
 Stake three yeares stipend : no man asketh more : 15
 Go take possession of the church-porch-doore,
 And ring thy bells ; lucke stroken in thy fist,
 The parsonage is thine or ere thou wist.
 Saint fooles of Gotam mought thy parish be,
 For this thy base and seruile Symonie. 20

SAT. VI.

A GENTLE squire would gladly intertaine
 Into his house some trencher-chaplaine,
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions.
 First, that he lie vpon the truckle-bed, 5
 Whiles his young maister lieth ore his hed ;
 Second, that he do, on no default,
 Euer presume to sit aboue the salt ;
 Third, that he neuer change his trencher twise ;
 Fourth, that he vse all common courtesies ; 10
 Sit bare at meales, and one halfe rise and wait ;
 Last, that he neuer his yong master beat,

But he must aske his mother to define
 How manie ierkes she would his breech should line.
 All these obseru'd, he could contented bee, 15
 To giue fiue markes and winter liuerie.

SAT. VII.

IN th' heauens vniuersall alphabet,
 All earthly thinges so surely are foreset,
 That who can read those figures, may foreshew
 What euer thing shall afterwards ensue.
 Faine would I know, (might it our artist please,) 5
 Why can his tell-troth *Ephemerides*
 Teach him the weathers state so long beforne,
 And not fore-tell him, nor his fatall horne,
 Nor his deaths-day, nor no such sad euent,
 Which he mought wisely labour to preuent? 10
 Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainsick tale
 Of old *Astrologie*, where didst thou vaile
 Thy cursed head thus long; that so it mist
 The black bronds of some sharper satyrist?
 Some doting gossip mongst the *Chaldee* wiues 15
 Did to the credulous world thee first deriue,
 And superstition nurs'd thee euer sence,
 And publisht in profounder *arts* pretence:
 That now who pares his nailes, or libs his swine,
 But he must first take counsell of the signe; 20
 So that the vulgars count for faire or foule,
 For liuing or for dead, for sicke or whole.

His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,
 Hangs all vpon his *new-years almanack*.
 If chance once in the spring his head should ake, 25
 It was foretold,—thus sayes mine *almanack*.
 In th' heauens *High-streete* are but dozen roomes,
 In which dwels all the world, past and to come.
 Twelue goodly *innes* they are, with twelue fayre signes,
 Euer well tended by our *star-diuiues*. 30
 Euerie mans head innes at the horned *Ramme*,
 The whiles the necke the *Black-buls* guest became ;
 Th' arms, by good hap, meet at the wrastling twins,
 Th' heart in the way at the *Blew-lion* innes.
 The legs their lodging in *Aquarius* got, 35
 That is the *Bride-streete* of the heauen, I wot.
 The feete tooke vp the *Fish* with teeth of gold ;
 But who with *Scorpio* lodg'd, may not be told.
 What office then doth the *star-gazer* beare ?
 Or let him be the heauens *ostelere* ; 40
 Or *tapsters* some ; or some be *chamberlaines*,
 To waite vpon the guests they entertaine.
 Hence can they reade, by vertue of their trade,
 When anie thing is mist where it was laide.
 Hence they diuine, and hence they can deuise, 45
 If their ayme faile, the *stars* to moralize.
Demon, my friend, once liuer-sicke of loue,
 Thus learn'd I by the signes his griefe remoue.
 In the blinde *Archer* first I saw the signe,
 When thou receiu'dst that wilfull wound of thine ; 50
 And now in *Virgo* is that cruell mayd,
 Which hath not yet with loue thy loue repaide.

But marke when once it comes to *Gemini*,
Straight way fish-whole shall thy sicke liuer be.
But now (as th' angrie heauens seem to threat) 55
Manie hard fortunes, and disastres great,
If chance it come to wanton *Capricorne*,
And so into the *Rams* disgracefull horne,
Then learne thou of the vgly *Scorpion*,
To hate her for her fowle abusion : 60
Thy refuge then the ballance be of right,
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite ;
So, with the *Crab*, go backe whence thou began,
From thy first match, and liue a single man.

FINIS.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

LIB. III.

PROLOGUE.

SOME say my satyres ouer-loosely flowe,
Nor hide their gall inough from open showe ;
Not riddle-like, obscuring their intent ;
But packe-staffe plaine, vttring what thing they ment ;
Contrarie to the Roman ancients, 5
Whose words were short, and darkesome was their sence.
Who reades one line of their harsh poesies,
Thrise must he take his winde, and breath him thrise :
My Muse would follow them that haue fore-gone,
But cannot with an English pineon ; 10
For looke how farre the ancient comedie
Past former satyres in her libertie ;
So farre must mine yeeld vnto them of olde :
'Tis better be too bad then be too bolde.

SAT. I.

TIME was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
When world and time were young, that now are old ;

(When quiet *Saturne* swaid the mace of lead,
And *pride* was yet vnborne, and yet vnbred.)
Time was, that whiles the autumnne fall did last, 5
Our hungrie sires gapte for the falling mast
of the *Dodonian* oakes.
Could no vnhusked akorne leaue the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be ;
And if some nice and licorous appetite
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite, 10
They scal'd the stored *crab* with clasped knee,
Till they had sated their delicious eye ;
Or search'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rows
For brierie berries, or hawes, or sowrer sloes ;
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all, 15
They lickt oake-leaues besprint with hony fall.
As for the thrise three-angled beech nut-shell,
Or chesnuts armed huske and hid kernell,
No *squire* durst touch, the law would not afford,—
Kept for the court, and for the kings owne board. 20
Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone ;
The vulgar, saue his hand, else had he none.
Their onely seller was the neighbour brooke,—
None did for better care, for better looke ;
Was then no playning of the brewers scape, 25
Nor greedie *vintner* mixt the strained grape.
The kings paulion was the grassy green,
Vnder safe shelter of the shadie treen.
Vnder each banke men layd their lims along,
Not wishing anie ease, nor fearing wrong ; 30
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling anie cold.

But when by *Ceres* huswifrie and paine,
 Men learn'd to burie the reuiuing graine ;
 And father *Ianus* taught the new found vine 35
 Rise on the *elme*, with many a friendly twine ;
 And base desire bad men to deluen low,
 For needlesse mettals, then gan mischiefe grow.
 Then farwell fayrest age, the worldes best dayes ;
 Thriuing in ill as it in age decaies. 40
 Then crept in *pride*, and peeuish couetise ;
 And men grue greedie, discordous, and nice.
 Now man, that earst *haile-fellow* was with beast,
 Woxe on to weene himselfe a god at least.
 No aerie foule can take so high a flight, 45
 Tho she her daring wings in clouds haue dight ;
 Nor fish can diue so deepe in yeelding sea,
 Tho *Thetis-selfe* should sweare her safetie ;
 Nor fearfull beast can dig his caue so lowe,
 All could he further then earths center go ; 50
 As that the ayre, the earth, or *Ocean*,
 Should shield them from the gorge of greedie man.
 Hath vtmost *Inde* ought better then his owne ?
 Then vtmost *Inde* is neare, and rife to gone.
 O *Nature*, was the world ordain'd for nought 55
 But fill mans maw, and feede mans idle thought ?
 Thy *grandsires* words sauor'd of thriftie leekes,
 Or manly garlicke, but thy furnace reekes
 Hote steams of wine, and can aloofe descrie
 The drunken draughts of sweete *autumnitie*. 60
 They naked went, or clad in ruder hide,
 Or home-spun *russet*, void of forraine pride ;

But thou canst maske in garish gauderie,
 To suit a fooles far-fetched liuerie.
 A *French* head ioynd to necke *Italian*, 65
 Thy thighs from *Germanie*, and brest fro *Spain*;
 An *Englishman* in none, a foole in all,
 Many in one, and onę in seuerall.
 Then men were men, but now the greater part
 Beasts are in life, and women are in heart. 70
 Good *Saturne* selfe, that homely emperour,
 In proudest pompe was not so clad of yore,
 As is the vnder-groome of the ostlerie,
 Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
 Lo, the long date of those expired daies, 75
 Which the inspired *Merlins* word fore-saies,
 When dunghill pesants shall be dight as kings,
 Then one confusion another brings :
 Then farewell fairest age, the worlds best daies,
 Thriuing in ill, as it in age decaies. 80

SAT. II.

GREAT *Osmond* knowes not how he shal be known
 When once great *Osmond* shal be dead and gone,
 Vnlesse he reare vp some rich monument
 Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
 Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise, 5
Rex regum written on the *Pyramis*,
 Where as great *Arthur* lies in ruder oke,
 That neuer felt none but the fellers stroke.

Small honour can be got with gaudie graue,
 Nor it thy rotten name from death can saue. 10
 The fairer tombe, the fowler is thy name,
 The greater pompe procuring greater shame ;
 Thy monument make thou thy liuing deeds ;
 No other tombe then that true vertue needs.
 What! had he nought whereby he might be knowne, 15
 But costly pilements of some curious stone ?
 The matter, Natures, and the workmans frame,
 His purses cost ; where then is *Osmonds* name ?
 Deseru'dst thou ill ? well were thy name and thee,
 Wert thou inditched in great secrecie, 20
 Where as no passenger might curse thy dust,
 Nor dogs sepulchrall sate their gnawing lust.
 Thine ill deserts cannot be graued with thee,
 So long as on thy graue they ingraued bee.

SAT. III.

THE curteous citizen bad me to his feast
 With hollow words, and ouerly request :
 " Come, will ye dine with me this holy day ?"
 I yeelded, tho he hop'd I would say *Nay* ;
 For had I mayden'd it, as many vse, 5
 Loath for to graunt, but loather to refuse :
 " A lacke, sir ! I were loath,—another day,—
 I should but trouble you,—pardon me, if you may."
 No pardon should I neede ; for to depart
 He giues me leaue, and thanks too, in his heart. 10

Two words for monie, *Darbishirian wise*,
 (That's one too manie) is a naughtie guise.
 Who lookes for double biddings to a feast
 May dine at home for an importune guest.
 I went, then saw, and found the greate expence, 15
 The fare and fashions of our citicens.
 Oh, *Cleopatricall!* what wanteth there
 For curious cost, and wondrous choise of cheare?
 Beefe, that earst *Hercules* held for finest fare;
 Porke for the fat *Bæotian*, or the hare 20
 For Martiall; fish for the *Venetian*;
 Goose-liuer for the likorous *Romane*;
 Th' *Athenians* goate, *quaile*, *Iolans* cheere;
 The *hen* for *Esculape*, and the *Parthian deere*;
Grapes for *Arcesilas*, *figs* for *Platoes* mouth, 25
 And chesnuds faire for *Amarillis* tooth.
 Had'st thou such cheere? wer't thou euer there before?
 Neuer. I thought so; nor come there no more.
 Come there no more; for so ment all that cost:
Neuer hence take me for thy second host. 30
 For whome he meanes to make an often guest,
 One dish shall serue, and welcome make the rest.

SAT. IV.

WERE yesterday *Polemons* *Natals* kept,
 That so his threshold is all freshly steept
 With new-shed bloud? Could he not sacrifice
 Some sorry morkin that vnbidden dies,

Or meager heifer, or some rotten ewe, 5
 But he must needs his posts with bloud embrew,
 And on his way-doore fixe the horned head,
 With flowers and with ribbands garnished?
 Now shall the passenger deeme the man deuout;
 What boots it be so, but the world must know't? 10
 O the fond boasting of vaine glorious man!
 Does he the best that may the best be seene?
 Who euer giues a paire of veluet shooes
 To th' *holy rood*, or liberally allowes
 But a new rope, to ring the *couure-feu bell*, 15
 But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
 Or grauen in the chancel-window-glasse,
 Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasse?
 For he that doth so few deseruing deeds,
 T'were sure his best sue for such larger meeds. 20
 Who would inglorious liue, inglorious die,
 And might eternize his names memorie?
 And he that cannot brag of greater store,
 Must make his somewhat much, and little more.
 Nor can good *Myson* weare on his left hond, 25
 A signet ring of *Bristol-diamond*;
 But he must cut his gloue, to shew his pride,
 That his trim iewel might be better spide;
 And that men mought some *burgesse* him repute,
 With satten sleeues hath grac'd his sackcloth sute. 30

SAT. V.

FIE on all curtesie and vnruely windes,
 Two onely foes that faire disguisement findes.
Strange curse! but fit for such a fickle age,
 When *scalpes* are subject to such vassalage.
 Late traauailing along in London way, 5
 Mee met, as seem'd by his disguis'd aray,
 A lustie courtier, whose curled head
 With abron locks was fairely furnished.
 I him saluted in our lauish wise ;
 He answeres my vntimely courtesies : 10
 His bonnet vail'd, ere euer he could thinke,
 Th' unruly winde blowes off his periwinke.
 He lights, and runs, and quickly hath him sped
 To ouertake his ouerrunning head.
 The sportfull winde, to mocke the headlesse man, 15
 Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian ;
 And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne :
 There must my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.
 I lookt, and laught, whiles in his raging minde,
He curst all curtesie, and vnruely winde. 20
 I lookt, and laught, and much I meruailed,
 To see so large a caus-way in his head.
 And me bethought, that when it first begon,
 T'was some shroad autumnne, that so bar'd the bone.
 Is't not sweete pride, when men their crownes must
 shade, 25
 With that which ierks the hams of euery iade,

Or floor-strowd locks from off the barbers sheares ?
But waxen crownes well gree with borrowed haire.

SAT. VI.

WHEN *Gullion* di'd (who knowes not *Gullion* ?)
And his drie soule arriu'd at *Acheron*,
He faire besought the feryman of hell
That he might drink to dead *Pantagruel*.
Charon was afraid lest thirsty *Gullion* 5
Would haue drunke drie the riuer *Acheron* ;
Yet last consented, for a little hyre ;
And downe he dips his chops deepe in the myre,
And drinks, and drinks, and swallows in the streeme,
Vntill the shallow shores all naked seeme. 10
Yet still he drinkes, nor can the *Botemans* cries,
Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers make him rise.
So long he drinkes, till the black *Carauell*
Stands still fast grauel'd on the mud of hell.
There stand they still, nor can go, nor retyre, 15
Tho greedie ghosts quicke passage did require.
Yet stand they still, as tho they lay at rode,
Till *Gullion* his bladder would vnlode.
They stand, and waite, and pray for that good houre,
Which when it came, they sailed to the shore. 20
But neuer since dareth the feryman,
Once intertaine the ghost of *Gullian*.
Drinke on drie soule, and pledge sir *Gullion* :
Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine owne.

Desunt nonnulla.

SAT. VII.

SEEST thou how gayly my yong maister goes,
 Vaunting himselfe vpon his rising toes,
 And pranks his hand vpon his daggers side,
 And picks his gluttet teeth since late noon-tide ?
 Tis *Ruffio*. Trow'st thou where he din'd to day ? 5
 In sooth I saw him sit with Duke *Humfray*.
 Many good welcoms, and much *gratis* cheere,
 Keepes he for euerie straggling *caualiere* ;
 An open house, haunted with great resort,
 Long seruice mixt with musicall disport. 10
 Manie faire yonker with a fether'd crest
 Chooses much rather be his shot free guest,
 To fare so freely with so little cost,
 Then stake his *twelue-pence* to a meaner host.
 Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say, 15
 He touch't no meat of all this liue-long day.
 For sure me thought, yet that was but a ghesse,
 His eyes seeme sunke for verie hollownesse,
 But could he haue (as I did it mistake)
 So little in his purse, so much vpon his backe ; 20
 So nothing in his maw ; yet seemeth by his belt,
 That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
 Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip ?
Hunger and heauie iron makes girdles slip.
 Yet for all that, how stifly strits he by 25
 All trapped in the new-found brauerie.

The *Nuns* of new-woon *Cales* his bonnet lent,
 In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
 What needed he fetch that from farthest *Spaine*,
 His *grandame* could haue lent with lesser paine? 30
 Though he perhaps neuer past the English shore,
 Yet faine would counted be a conquerour.
 His haire, *French-like*, stares on his frighted hed,
 One locke, *Amazon-like*, disheueled,
 As if he ment to weare a natiue cord, 35
 If chaunce his *Fates* should him that bane afford.
 All *Brittish* bare vpon the bristled skin,
 Close noched is his beard, both lip and chin ;
 His linnen collar *labyrinthian-set*,
 Whose thousand double turnings neuer met ; 40
 His sleeues halfe hid with elbow-*pineonings*,
 As if he ment to flie with linnen wings.
 But when I looke and cast mine eyes below,
 What monster meets mine eyes in humane show ?
 So slender wast, with such an abbots loyne, 45
 Did neuer sober Nature sure conioyne.
 Lik'st a strawne scar-crow in the new-sowne field,
 Reard on some sticke, the tender corne to shield ;
 Or, if that semblance suite not euerie deale,
 Like a broad shak-forke with a slender steale. 50
 Despised Nature suit them once aright,
 Their bodie to their cote—both now mis-dight :
 Their bodie to their clothes might shapen bee,
 That nill their clothes shape to their bodie.
 Meane while I wonder at so prowde a backe, 55
 Whiles th' emptie guts lowd rumblen for long lacke,

The bellie enuieth the backs bright glee,
 And murmurs at such inequality ;
 The backe appears vnto the partiall eie,
 The plaintiue belly pleads they bribed beene ; 60
 And he, for want of better aduocate,
 Doth to the eare his iniurie relate.
 The backe, insulting ore the bellies need,
 Saies, thou thy selfe, I others eyes must feed.
 The maw, the guts, all inward parts, complaine 65
 The backs great pride, and their owne secret paine.
 Ye witlesse gallants, I beshrew your hearts,
 That sets such discord twixt agreeing parts,
 Which neuer can be set at onement more,
 Vntill the mawes wide mouth be stopt with store. 70

THE CONCLVSION OF ALL.

Thus haue I writ in smoother cedar tree,
 So gentle Satyrs, pend so easily.
 Henceforth I write in crabbed oake-tree rinde,
 Search they that meane the secret meaning finde.
 Hold out ye guiltie, and ye galled hides, 5
 And meete my far-fetch't stripes with waiting sides.

FINIS.

VIRGIDEMIARVM

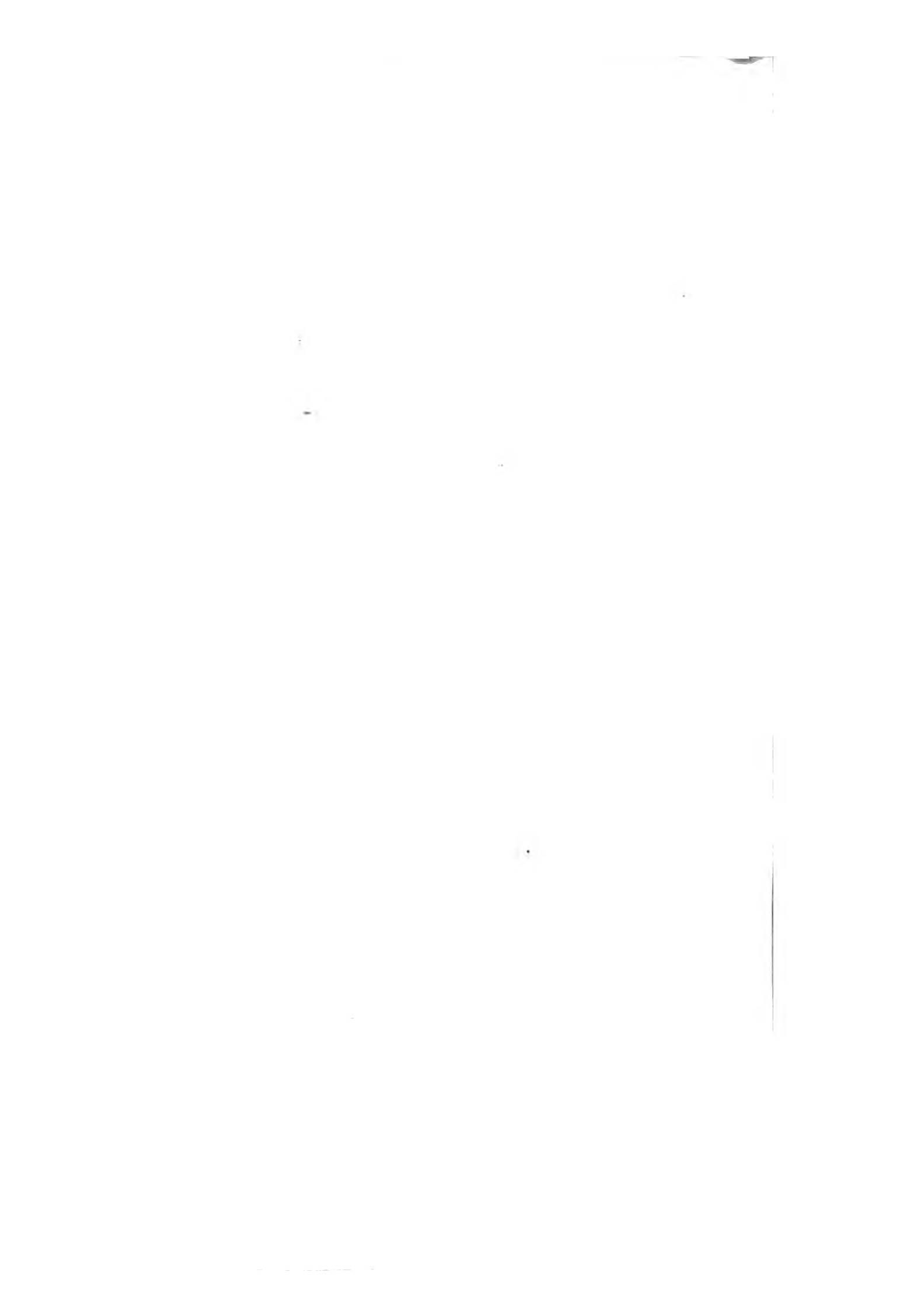
The three laſt Bookes.

Of byting Satyres.

Corrected and amended with ſome
Additions. by *I. H.*

Imprinted at London for *Robert
Dexter*, at the ſigne of the Braſen
Serpent in Paules Church yard.

1599.



THE AUTHORS

CHARGE TO HIS SATYRES.

YE luck-lesse rymes, whom not vnkindly spight
Begot long since of Trueth and holy Rage,
Lye heere, in wombe of Silence and still Night,
Vntill the broyles of next vnquiet age :
 That which is others graue, shal be your wombe, 5
 And that which beares you, your eternall toombe.

Cease ere ye gin, and ere ye liue be dead,
And dye and liue ere euer ye be borne,
And be not bore, ere ye be buried,
Then after liue, sith you haue dy'd before ; 10
 When I am dead and rotten in the dust,
 Then gin to liue, and leaue when others lust.

For when I die, shall enuie die with mee,
And lye deepe smothered with my marble stone,
Which while I liue cannot be done to dye, 15
Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,
 Will hardly yeeld t'await my mourning hearse,
 But for my dead corps change my liuing verse.

What shall the ashes of my senselesse vrne,
 Neede to regard the rauing world aboue, 20
 Sith afterwards I neuer can returne
 To feele the force of hatred or of loue?
 Oh, if my soule could see their post-hume spight,
 Should it not ioy and triumph in the sight!

What euer eye shalt finde this hatefull scrole 25
 After the date of my deare *Exequies*,
 Ah pittie thou my playning *Orphanes* dole,
 That faine would see the sunne before it dies.
 It dy'de before, now let it liue againe,
 Then let it die, and bide some famous bane. 30

Satis est potuisse videri.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

LIB. IV.

SAT. I.

CHE BAIAR VUOL, BAI.

Who dares vpbraid these open rimes of mine
With blindfold *Aquines*, or darke *Venusine* ?
Or rough-hew'ne *Teretismes*, writ in th' antique vain,
Like an old *Satyre*, and new *Flaccian* ?
Which who reads thrise, and rubs his rugged brow, 5
And deepe intendeth euey doubtfull row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing stars,
And hundreth crooked interlinears,
(Like to a merchants debt-role new defac't,
When some crack'd *Manour* crost his book at last,) 10
Should all in rage the curse-beat page out-riue,
And in ech dust-heape bury mee aliue,
Stamping like *Bucephall*, whose slackned raines
And bloody fet-lockes fry with seuen mens braines ;
More cruell than the crauon *Satyres* ghost, 15
That bound dead bones vnto a burning post ;

Or some more strait-lac'd Iuror of the rest,
 Impannel'd of an Holy-fax inquest ;
 Yet wel bethought stoops downe, and reads a new ;
 The best lies low, and loathes the shallow view, 20
 Quoth old *Eudemon*, when his gout-swolne fist
 Gropes for his double ducates in his chist ;
 Then buckle close his carelesse lyds once more,
 To pose the pore-blinde snake of *Epidaore*.
 That *Lyncius* may be match't with *Gaulards* sight, 25
 That sees not *Paris* for the houses height ;
 Or wilie *Cyppus*, that can winke and snort
 Whiles his wife dallies on *Mæcenas* skort ;
 Yet when hee hath my crabbed pamphlet red,
 As oftentimes as *PHILLIP* hath beene dead, 30
 Bids all the Furies haunt each peeuish line,
 That thus haue rackt their friendly readers eyne,
 Worse than the *Logogryphes* of later times,
 Or *Hundreth Riddles* shak't to sleeue-lesse rimes.
 Should I endure these curses and dispight, 35
 While no mans eare should glow at what I write?
Labeo is whip't, and laughs mee in the face ;
 Why? for I smite and hide the galled place.
 Gird but the *Cynicks* helmet on his head,
 Cares hee for *Talus*, or his flayle of lead? 40
 Long as the craftie *Cuttle* lieth sure
 In the blacke *cloude* of his thicke vomiture ;
 Who list complaine of wronged faith or fame,
 When hee may shift it to anothers name?
Caluus can scratch his elbow, and can smile, 45
 That thrift-lesse *Pontice* bites his lip the while.

Yet I intended in that selfe devise,
 To checke the churle for his knowne couetise.
 Ech points his straight fore-finger to his friend,
 Like the blind diall on the belfrey end ; 50
 Who turnes it homeward to say, this is I,
 As bolder *Socrates* in the comedy ?
 But single out and say once plat and plaine
 That coy *Matrona* is a curtizan,
 Or thou false *Cryspus* chokd'st thy wealthie guest, 55
 Whiles hee lay snoring at his midnight rest,
 And in thy dung-cart did'st the carkasse shrine,
 And deepe intombe it in *Port-esquiline*.
 Proud *Trebius* liu's, for all his princely gate,
 On third-hand suits, and scrapings of the plate. 60
Titius knew not where to shroude his head,
 Vntill hee did a dying widow wed,
 Whiles shee lay doting on her deathes bed ;
 And now hath purchas'd lands with one nights paine,
 And on the morrow woes and weds againe. 65
 Now see I fire-flakes sparkle from his eyes,
 Like a *Comets* tayle in th' angry skies ;
 His pouting cheeks puffe vp aboue his brow,
 Like a swolne toad touch't with the spyders blow ;
 His mouth shrinks sideward, like a scornefull *Playse*, 70
 To take his tired eares ingratefull place ;
 His eares hang lauing, like a new-lug'd swine,
 To take some counsell of his griued eyne.
 Now laugh I loud, and breake my splene to see
 This pleasing pastime of my poesie, 75

Much better than a Paris-garden beare,
 Or prating puppet on a theatere,
 Or *Mimoes* whistling to his tabouret,
 Selling a laughter for a cold meales meate.
 Go to then, ye, my sacred *Semones*, 80
 And please me more, the more ye do displease ;
 Care we for all those bugs of ydle feare ?
 For *Tigels* grinning on the theater,
 Or scar-babe threatnings of the rascal crue,
 Or wind-spent verdicts of each ale-knights view ? 85
 What euer brest doth freeze for such false dread,
 Beshrow his base white liuer for his meede.
 Fond were that pitie, and that feare were sin,
 To spare wast leaues that so deserued bin.
 Those toothlesse *toyas* that dropt out by mis-hap, 90
 Bee but as lightning to a thunder-clap ;
 Shall then that foule infamous *Cyneds* hide
 Laugh at the purple wales of others side ?
 Not, if hee were as neere, as by report,
 The stewes had wont to be to the tennis-court ; 95
 Hee that while thousands enuie at his bed,
 Neighs after bridals and fresh mayden-heade ;
 While slauish *Iuno* dares not looke awry,
 To frowne at such imperious riuallrye,
 Not tho shee sees her wedding iewels drest, 100
 To make new bracelets for a strumpets wrest ;
 Or like some strange disguised *Messaline*,
 Hires a nights lodging of his concubine ;
 Whether his twilight-torch of loue do call
 To reuils of vncleanly musicall, 105

Or midnight plaies, or tauerns of new wine,
 Hy ye white aprons to your land-lords signe ;
 When all, saue tooth-lesse age or infancie,
 Are summon'd to the Court of Venerie.
 Who list excuse? when chaister dames can hyre 110
 Some snout-faire stripling to their apple-squire ;
 Whom, staked vp like to some stallion-steede,
 They keepe with eggs and oysters for the breede.
 O *Lucine!* barren *Caia* hath an heire
 After her husband's dozen yeares despaire. 115
 And now the bribed mid-wife sweares apace,
 The bastard babe doth beare his fathers face.
 But hath not *Lelia* past hir virgine yeares?
 For modest shame (God wot) or penall feares.
 He tels a merchant tidings of a prise, 120
 That tels *Cynedo* of such nouelties,
 Worth little lesse than landing of a whale,
 Or *Gades* spoyles, or a churles funerale.
 Go bid the baines and point the bridall day,
 His broking baud hath got a noble prey ; 125
 A vacant tenement, an honest dowre
 Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
 That hee, base wretch, may clog his wit-old head,
 And giue him hansell of his Hymen-bed.
 Ho ! all ye females that would liue vnshent, 130
 Fly from the reach of *Cyneds* regiment.
 If Trent be drawne to dregs, and *Low* refuse,
 Hence, ye hot lechour, to the steaming stewes.
Tyber, the famous sinke of Christendome,
 Turn thou to *Thames*, and *Thames* runn towards
 Rome ; 135

What euer damned streame but thine were meete
 To quench his lusting liuers boyling heate?
 Thy double draught may quench his dog daies rage,
 With some stale *Bacchis*, or obsequious page,
 When writen *Lena* makes her sale-set showes 140
 Of wooden *Venus* with faire limned browes;
 Or like him more some veiled *Matrons* face,
 Or trained prentise trading in the place.
 The close adultresse, where her name is red,
 Coms crawling from her husbands lukewarme bed, 145
 Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours sweete,
 Groping the postern with her bared feet.
 Now play the *Satyre* who so list for mee,
Valentine selfe, or some as chaste as hee.
 In vaine she wisheth long *Alchmænaes* night, 150
 Cursing the hasty dawning of the light,
 And with her cruell ladie-starre vprose,
 Shee seekes hir third roust on her silent toes,
 Besmeared all with loathsome smoke of lust,
 Like *Acherons* steemes, or smoldring sulphur dust. 155
 Yet all day sits shee simpring in her mew,
 Like some chaste dame, or shrined saynct in shew,
 Whiles hee lies wallowing with a westie hed
 And palish carkasse, on his brothel-bed,
 Till his salt bowels boyle with poysonous fire,
 Right *Hercules* with his second *Dcianire*. 160
 O, *Esculape!* how rife is phisicke made,
 When ech brasse-basen can professe the trade
 Of ridding pockie wretches from their paine,
 And doe the beastly cure for ten groats gaine?

Al these, and more, deserue some blood drawne
lines, 165

But my sixe cords beene of too loose a twine.
Stay till my beard shall sweepe myne aged brest,
Then shall I seeme an awfull *Satyr*ist :
While now my rimes relish of the ferule still,
Some nose-wise *pedant* saith, whose deepe-sene skil 170
Hath three times construed either *Flaccus* ore,
And thrise rehears'd them in his triuiall floare ;
So let them taxe mee for my hote bloodes rage,
Rather than say I doted in my age.

SAT. II.

ARCADES AMBO.

OLD driueling *Lolio* drudges all he can,
To make his eldest sonne a gentleman :
Who can despaire that sees another thriue,
By lone of twelue-pence to an oyster-wiue ?
When a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stage, 5
Was all rich *Nœnius* his heritage.
Nought spendeth he for feare, nor spares for cost ;
And all he spendes and spaires beside is lost ;
Himselfe goes patched like some bare *cottyer*,
Least he might ought the future stocke appeyre. 10
Let giddie *Cosmius* change his choyce aray,
Like as the *Turke* his tents thrise in a day,
And all to sun and ayre his suites vntold
From spitfull mothes, and frets, and hoary mold,

Bearing his paune-layd lands vpon his backe, 15
 As snailes their shels, or pedlers do their packe :
 Who cannot shine in tissues and pure gold,
 That hath his lands and patrimony sold ?
Lolios side-cote is rough *Pampilian*,
 Guilded with drops that downe the bosome ran, 20
 White carsy hose, patched on eyther knee,
 The very embleme of good husbandrie,
 And a knit night-cap made of coursest twine,
 With two long labels button'd to his chin ;
 So rides he mounted on the market-day, 25
 Vpon a straw-stuff pannel, all the way,
 With a maund charg'd with houshold merchandise,
 With eggs, or white meate, from both dayries ;
 And with that byes he rost for Sunday noone,
 Proud how he made that weeks prouision : 30
 Else is he stall-fed on the worky day
 With browne-bread crusts softened in sodden whey,
 Or water-grewell, or those paups of meale
 That *Maro* makes his *Simule* and *Cybeale* :
 Or once a weeke perhaps, for nouelty, 35
 Reez'd bacon soords shall feast his familie ;
 And weens this more than one egge cleft in twaine
 To feast some patrone and his chappelaine ;
 Or more than is some hungry gallants dole,
 That in a dearth runs sneaking to an hole, 40
 And leaues his man and dog to keepe his hall,
 Least the wilde roome should run forth of the wall.
 Good man ! him list not spend his idle meales
 In quinsing plouers, or in wining quales ;

Nor toot in Cheap-side baskets earne and late, 45
 To set the first tooth in some nouell-cate.
 Let sweete-mouth'd *Mercia* bid what crowns she please
 For halfe-red cherries, or greene garden pease,
 Or the first artichoks of all the yeare,
 To make so lauish cost for little cheare : 50
 When *Lolio* feasteth in his reueling fit,
 Some sterued pullen scoures the rusted spitt,
 For else how should his sonne maintained bee,
 At ins of court or of the chancerie ;
 There to learne law, and courtly carriage, 55
 To make amendes for his meane parentage ;
 Where he vnknowne and ruffling as he can,
 Goes currant each-where for a gentleman,
 While yet he rousteth at some vncouch signe,
 Nor euer red his tenures second line ? 60
 What brokers lousy wardrop cannot reach,
 With tissued paines to pranck ech peasants breech ?
 Couldst thou but giue the wall, the cap, the knee,
 To proud *Sartorio* that goes stradling by,
 Wer't not the needle pricked on his sleeue 65
 Doth by good hap the secret watch-word giue.
 But hear'st thou *Lolioes* sonne, gin not thy gate,
 Vntill the euening oule or bloody batt ;
 Neuer vntill the lamps of *Paules* beene light,
 And niggard lanternes shade the moon-shine night ; 70
 Then when the guiltie bankrupt, in bolde dreade,
 From his close cabin thrusts his shrinking heade,
 That hath beene long in shady shelter pent,
 Imprisoned for feare of prisonment.

May be some russet-cote *Parochian* 75
 Shall call thee cosen, friend, or countryman,
 And for thy hoped fist crossing the streete,
 Shall in thy fathers name his god-son greete.
 Could neuer man worke thee a worser shame,
 Then once to minge thy fathers odious name, 80
 Whose mention were alike to thee as leue,
 As a catch-pols fist vnto a bankrupts sleeue ;
 Or an *Hos ego*, from old *Petrarchs* spright,
 Vnto a plagiarie sonnet-wright.
 There soone as he can kisse his hand in gree, 85
 And with good grace bow it below the knee,
 Or make a *Spanish* face with fauning cheere,
 With th'iland-conge like a caualier,
 And shake his head, and cringe his necke and side,
 Home hyes he in his fathers farme to bide. 90
 The tenants wonder at their land-lords sonne,
 And blesse them at so sudden comming on,
 More then who vies his pence to view some tricke
 Of strange *Moroccoes* dumbe arithmeticke,
 Or the young elephant, or two-tayl'd steere, 95
 Or the rig'd camell, or the fiding frere.
 Nay then his *Hodge* shall leaue the plough and waine,
 And buy a booke, and go to schoole againe ;
 Why mought not he as well as others done,
 Rise from his *Festue* to his *Littleton* ? 100
 Fooles, they may feed with words, and liue by ayre,
 That climbe to honour by the pulpits stayre ;
 Sit seauen yeares pining in an anchores cheyre,
 To win some patched shreds of *Miniuere*,

And seuen more plod at a patrons tayle, 105
 To get a gelded chappels cheaper sayle.
 Old *Lolio* sees and laugheth in his sleeue,
 At the great hope they and his state doe giue ;
 But that which glads and makes him proud'st of all,
 Is when the brabling neighbours on him call 110
 For counsell in some crabbed case of law,
 Or some indentments, or some bond to draw ;
 His neighbours goose hath grazed on his lea,
 What action mought be entred in the plea ?
 So new falne lands haue made him in request, 115
 That now he lookes as lofty as the best.
 And well done *Lolio*, like a thriftie syre,
 T'were pittie but thy sonne should prooue a squire.
 How I fore see in many ages past,
 When *Lolioes* caytiue name is quite defast, 120
 Thine heire, thine heyres heyre, and his heyre againe
 From out the loynes of carefull *Lolian*,
 Shal climbe vp to the chancell pewes on hie,
 And rule and raigne in their rich tenancie ;
 When pearch't aloft to perfect their estate, 125
 They racke their rents vnto a treble rate ;
 And hedge in all the neighbour common-lands,
 And clodge their slauish tenants with commaunds ;
 Whiles they poore soules, with feeling sighs complain,
 And wish old *Lolio* were aliue againe, 130
 And praise his gentle soule, and wish it well,
 And of his friendly facts full often tell.
 His father dead, tush, no, it was not hee,
 He findes recordes of his great pedigree,

And tels how first his famous ancestor 135
 Did come in long since with the Conquerour.
 Nor hath some bribed herald first assign'd
 His quartered armes and crest of gentle kinde,
 The Scottish barnacle, (if I might choose,
 That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose ; 140
 Nathelesse some hungry squire for hope of good
 Matches the churles sonne into gentle blood,
 Whose sonne more iustly of his gentry boasts
 Than who were borne at two pide painted postes ;
 And had some traunting merchant to his syre, 145
 That trafiqu'd both by water and by fyre.
 O times ! since euer *Rome* did kings create,
 Brasse gentlemen, and *Cæsars* laureate.

SAT. III.

FUIMUS TROËS ; VEL VIX EA NOSTRA.

WHAT boots it, *Pontice*, tho thou could'st discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestors ?
 Or shew their painted faces gaylie drest,
 From euer since before the last conquest ;
 Or tedious bead-roles of descended blood, 5
 From father *Iaphet* since *Deucalions* flood ;
 Or call some old church-windowes to record
 The age of thy fayre armes ;
 Or find some figures halfe obliterate
 In rain-beat marble neare to the church-gate, 10
 Vpon a crosse-leg'd toombe ? What boots it thee

To shew the rusted *buckle* that did tie
 The garter of thy greatest grand-sires knee?
 What to reserue their reliques many yeares,
 Their siluer-spurs, or spils of broken speares ; 15
 Or cyte olde *Oclands* verse, how they did weild
 The wars in *Turwin*, or in *Turney* field?
 And if thou canst, in picking strawes, engage
 In one halfe day thy fathers heritage ;
 Or hide what euer treasures he the got, 20
 In some deepe cock-pit ; or in desperate lot,
 Vpon a sixe-square peece of iuorie,
 Throw both thy selfe and thy posteritie?
 Or if (O shame !) in hired harlots bed
 Thy wealthie heyre-dome thou haue buried ; 25
 Then, *Pontice*, little boots thee to discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestors.
 Vntrous *Fortunio* his farme hath sold,
 And gads to *Guiane* land to fish for gold,
 Meeting, perhaps, if *Orenoque* denye, 30
 Some stragling pinnace of *Polonian* rie.
 Then comes home floting with a silken sayle,
 That *Seuerne* shaketh with his canon-peale ;
 Wisser *Raymundus* in his closet pent,
 Laughs at such danger and aduenturement ; 35
 When halfe his lands are spent in golden smoke,
 And now his second hopefull glasse is broke.
 But yet, if haply his third fornace hold,
 Deuoteth all his pots and pans to gold ;
 So spend thou, *Pontice*, if thou canst not spare, 40
 Like some stout sea-man, or *philosopher* ;

And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise,
 No thanke to thee by whom their name decays;
 By vertue got they it, and valourous deed,
 Do thou so, *Pontice*, and be honoured: 45
 But else looke how their vertue was their owne,
 Not capable of propagation;
 Right so their titles beene, nor can be thine,
 Whose ill deserts might blanke their golden line.
 Tell me, thou gentle *Troian*, dost thou prise 50
 Thy brute beasts worth by their dams qualities?
 Say'st thou this colt shall prooue a swift-pac'd steed,
 Onely because a *Iennet* did him breed?
 Or say'st thou this same horsse shall win the prize,
 Because his dame was swiftest *Trunchevice*, 55
 Or *Runceuall* his syre; himselfe a *Gallaway*?
 Whiles like a tireling iade he lags half-way;
 Or whiles thou seest some of thy *Stallion-race*,
 Their eyes boar'd out, masking the millers-maze,
 Like to a *Scythian* slaue sworne to the payle; 60
 Or dragging froathy barrels at his tayle?
 Albee wise Nature in her prouidence,
 Wont in the want of reason and of sence,
 Traduce the natiue vertue with the kind,
 Making all brute and sencelesse things inclin'd 65
 Vnto their cause, or place where they were sowne;
 That one is like to all, and all like one.
 Was neuer foxe, but wylie cubs begets,
 The beare his feirce-nesse to his brood besets;
 Nor fearefull hare fals out of lyons seed, 70
 Nor eagle wont the tender doue to breed;

Creet euer wont the cypresse sad to beare,
Acheron banks the palish popelare ;
 The palme doth rifely rise in Iury field,
 And *Alpheus* waters nought but oliues wild. 75
Asopus breeds big bul-rushes alone,
Meander heath ; peaches by *Nilus* growne ;
 An English wolfe, an Irish toad to see,
 Were as a chast-man nurs'd in *Italy*.
 And now when *Nature* giues another guide 80
 To humane kind that in his bosome bides ;
 Aboue instinct, his reason and discourse,
 His beeing better, is his life the worse ?
 Ah, me ! how seldome see we sonnes succeed
 Their fathers praise in prowesse and great dead ? 85
 Yet certes if the syre be ill inclin'd,
 His faults befall his sonnes by course of kind.
Scaurus was couetous ; his sonne not so,
 But not his pared nayle will hee foregoe.
Florian the syre did women loue alife, 90
 And so his sonne doth too, all but his wife.
 Brag of thy fathers faults, they are thine owne ;
 Brag of his lands, if those be not forgone ;
 Brag of thine owne good deeds, for they are thine,
 More than his life, or lands, or golden line. 95

SAT. IV.

PLUS BEAUQUE FORT.

CAN I not touch some vpstart carpet-shield
 Of *Lolio's* sonne, that neuer saw the field,
 Or taxe wild *Pontice* for his *luxuries*,
 But straight they tell mee of *Tiresias* eyes?
 Or lucklesse *Collingborns* feeding of the crows, 5
 Or hundreth *Scalps* which *Thames* still vnderflowes,
 But straight *Sigalion* nods and knits his browes,
 And winkes and waftes his warning hand for feare,
 And lisps some silent letters in my eare?
 Haue I not vow'd for shunning such debate 10
 (Pardon ye satyres) to degenerate?
 And wading low in this plebeian lake
 That no salt waue shall froath vpon my backe,
 Let *Labeo*, or who else list for mee,
 Go loose his eares and fall to *Alchymie*. 15
 Onely let *Gallio* giue me leaue a while
 To schoole him once, or ere I change my style.
 O lawlesse paunch, the cause of much despight,
 Through raunging of a currish appetite,
 When splenish morsels cram the gaping maw, 20
 Withouten diets care, or trencher-law;
 Tho neuer haue I *Salerne* rimes profest,
 To be some ladies trencher-criticke guest;
 Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,

Whose sentence charms it with a ryming spell ; 25
 Touch not this coler, that melancholy,
 This bit were drie and hote, that cold and dry ;
 Yet can I set my *Gallios* dieting,
 A pestle of a larke or plouers wing,
 And warne him not to cast his wanton eyne 30
 On grosser bacon, or salt haberdine,
 Or dried fliches of some smoked beeu,
 Hang'd on a writhen wythe since *Martins* eue,
 Or burnt larkes heeles, or rashers raw and greene,
 Or melancholike liuer of an hen, 35
 Which stout *Vorano* brags to make his feast,
 And claps his hand on his braue ostrige-breast ;
 Then fals to praise the hardy *Ianizar*,
 That sucks his horse side thirsting in the warre.
 Lastly to seale vp all that he hath spoke, 40
 Quaffes a whole tunnell of tabacco smoke.
 If *Martius* in boystrous buffes be drest,
 Branded with iron plates vpon his brest,
 And poynted on the shoulders, for the nonce,
 As new-come from the *Belgian* garrisons ; 45
 What shall thou need to enuie ought at that,
 When as thou smellest like a *Ciuet cat* ;
 When as thine oyled locks smooth platted fall,
 Shining like varnisht pictures on a wall,
 When a plum'd fanne may shade thy chalked face, 50
 And lawny strips thy naked bosome grace.
 If brabling *Make-fray*, at ech fayre and sise,
 Picks quarrels for to show his valiantise,
 Straight pressed for an hungry *Swizzers* pay,
 To thrust his fist to ech part of the fray, 55

And piping hote, puffes toward the pointed plaine
 With a broad *Scot*, or proking spit of *Spayne*,
 Or hoyseth sayle vp to a forraine shore,
 That he may liue a lawlesse conquerer.
 If some such desperate *Hakster* shall devise 60
 To rouze thine hares-heart from her cowardise,
 As idle children striuing to excell
 In blowing bubbles from an emptie shell ;
 Oh *Hercules* ! how like to proue a man,
 That all so rath thy warlike life began ? 65
 Thy mother could thee for thy cradle set,
 Her husband's rusty iron corselet ;
 Whose iargling sound might rocke her babe to rest,
 That neuer plain'd of his vneasie nest ;
 There did he dreame of drery wars at hand, 70
 And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand.
 But who hath seene the lambs of *Tarentine*,
 May gesse what *Gallio* his manners beene ;
 All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,
 Soft as the fumie ball, or *Morrians* crowne ; 75
 Now, *Gallio*, gins thy youthly heat to raigne
 In euery vigorous limme, and swelling vaine ;
 Time bids the raise thine hedstrong thoughts on hy
 To valour and aduenterous chiualry ;
 Pawne thou no gloue for challenge of the deede, 80
 Nor make thy *Quintaine* others armed head,
 T'enrich the waiting herald with thy shame,
 And make thy losse the scornfull scaffolds game.
 Wars, God forfend, nay God defend from warre,
 Soone are sonns spent, that not soone reared are. 85

Gallio may pull me roses ere they fall,
 Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball ;
 Or tend his spar-hauke mantling in her mew,
 Or yelping begles busy heeles persue,
 Or watch a sinking corke vpon the shore, 90
 Or halter finches through a priuie doore,
 Or list he spend the time in sportfull game,
 In daily courting of his louely dame,
 Hange on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
 Dance in her hand, ioy in her iollity ; 95
 Here's little perill, and much lesser paine,
 So timely *Hymen* doe the rest restraine.
 Hy wanton *Gallio*, and wed betime,
 Why should'st thou leese the pleasures of thy prime ?
 Seest thou the rose-leaues fall vngathered ? 100
 Then hye thee wanton *Gallio* to wed ;
 Let ring and ferule meet vpon thine hand,
 And *Lucines* girdle with her swathing-band ;
 Hy thee, and giue the world yet one dwarfe more,
 Such as it got when thou thy selfe wast bore. 105
 Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
 Can neuer happines to soone begin ;
Virginus vow'd to keepe his mayden-head,
 And eats chast lettuce, and drinkes poppy-seed,
 And smels on camphyre fasting ; and that done, 110
 Long hath he liu'd, chast as a vayled nunne,
 Free as a new-absolued *Damosell*,
 That Frier *Cornelius* shriued in his cell,
 Till now he waxt a toothlesse bachelor ;
 He thaw's like *Chaucers* frostie *Ianiure*, 115

And sets a months minde vpon smiling *May*,
 And dyes his beard that did his age bewray ;
 Byting on annis-seede, and rose-marine,
 Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine ;
 Now he in *Charons* barge a bride doth seeke, 120
 The maydens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
 That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,
 And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

SAT. V.

STUPET ALBIUS ÆRE.

WOULD now that *Matho* were the *Satyr*ist,
 That some fat bribe might greaze him in the fist,
 For which he need not braule at any barre,
 Nor kisse the booke to be a periurer ;
 Who else would scorne his silence to haue sold, 5
 And haue his tongue tyed with strings of gold ?
Curius is dead, and buried long since,
 And all that loued golden *Abstinence* :
 Might he not well repine at his old fee,
 Would he but spare to speak of vsurie ? 10
 Hirelings enow beside, can be so base,
 Tho we should scorne ech bribing varlets brasse ;
 Yet he and I could shun ech ieaious head,
 Sticking our thumbs close to our girdle-stead,
 Tho were they maniced behind our backe, 15
 Anothers fist can serue our fees to take ;

Yet pursy *Euclio* chearly smiling prayde,
 That my sharpe words might curtal their side trade ;
 For thousands beene in euery gouernall,
 That liue by losse, and rise by others fall. 20
 What euer sickly sheepe so secret dies,
 But some foule rauen hath bespoke his eyes ?
 What else makes *N.* when his lands are spent,
 Go shaking like a threedbare malecontent ;
 Whose band-lesse bonnet vailes his ore-grown chin, 25
 And sullen rags bewray his morphew'd skin ;
 So ships he to the woluish westerne ile,
 Among the sauage kernes in sad exile ;
 Or in the *Turkish* wars at *Cæsars* pay,
 To rub his life out till the latest day. 30
 Another shifting gallant to forecast,
 To gull his hostesse for a months repast,
 With some gal'd trunck ballac'd with straw and stone
 Left for the paune of his prouision ;
 Had *F.* shop lyen fallow but from hence, 35
 His doores close seal'd as in some pestilence,
 Whiles his light heeles their fearfull flight can take.
 To get some badge-lesse blew vpon his backe
Tocullio was a wealthie vsurer,
 Such store of incomes had he euery yeare, 40
 By bushels was he wont to meet his coyne,
 As did the olde wife of *Trimalcion*.
 Could he doe more that finds an idle roome,
 For many hundreth thousands on a toombe ?
 Or who reares vp foure free-schooles in his age, 45
 Of his old pillage, and damn'd surplusage ?

Yet now he swore by that sweete crosse he kist,
 (That siluer crosse, where hee had sacrific'd
 His coueting soule, by his desires owne doome,
 Daily to die the diuels martyrdome,) 50
 His angels were all flowne vp to their sky,
 And had forsooke his naked tresurie ;
 Farewell *Astræa* and her weights of gold,
 Vntill his lingring calends once be told ;
 Nought left behinde but wax and parchmentscroles, 55
 Like *Lucians* dreame that siluer turn'd to coles.
 Shouldst thou him credit, that nould credit thee ?
 Yes, and maiest sweare he swore the verity ;
 The ding-thrift heire, his shift-got summe mispent,
 Comes drouping like a pennylesse penitent, 60
 And beats his faint fist on *Tocullios* doore,
 It lost the last, and now must call for more.
 Now hath the spider caught a wandring flie,
 And drags her captiue at her cruell thie ;
 Soone is his arrand red in his pale face, 65
 Which beares dumbe *characters* of euery case ;
 So *Cyneds* dusky cheeke and fiery eye,
 And hayre-les brow, tels where he last did lye ;
 So *Matho* doth bewray his guilty thought,
 While his pale face doth say, his cause is nought. 70
 Seest thou the wary angler trayle along
 His feeble line, soone as some pike too strong
 Hath swallowed the bate that scornes the shore,
 Yet now nearehand cannot resist no more :
 So lyeth he aloofe in smooth pretence, 75
 To hide his rough intended violence ;

As he that vnder name of *Christmas* cheere,
 Can starue his tenants all th'ensuing yeare.
 Paper and wax (God wot) a weake repay,
 For such deepe debts, and downcast summs as they, 80
 Write, seale, deliuer, take, go, spend and speede,
 And yet full heardly could his present need
 Part with such summe ; for but as yester-late
 Did *Furnus* offer pen-worths at easie rate,
 For small disbursment ; he the bankes hath broke, 85
 And needs mote now some further playne orelook ;
 Yet ere he goe faine would he be releast,
 Hy you, ye rauens, hy you to the feast.
 Prouided that thy lands are left entyre,
 To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire ; 90
 Then shalt thou teare those idle paper-bonds,
 That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.
 Ah, foole ! for sooner shalt thou sell the rest,
 Then stake ought for thy former interest ;
 When it shall grind thy grating gall for shame, 95
 To see the lands that beare thy grandsires name,
 Become a dunghill peasants sommer-hall,
 Or lonely *Hermits* cage inhospitall ;
 A pining gourmand, an imperious slaue,
 An hors-leech, barren womb, and gaping graue, 100
 A legall thiefe, a bloud-lesse murtherer,
 A feind incarnate, a false vsurer ;
 Albee such mayne extort scornes to be pent
 In the clay wals of thatched tenement : -
 For certes no man of a low degree, 105
 May bid two ghestes, or gout, or vsurie,

Vnlesse some base hedge-creeping *Collybist*
 Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list,
 For Easter-gloues, or for a shroftide hen,
 Which bought to giue, he takes to sell agen. 110
 I doe not meane some glozing merchants feate,
 That laugheth at the cozened worlds deceipt,
 When as an hundred stocks lie in his fist,
 He leaks and sinkes, and breaketh when he list.
 But *Nummius* eas'd the needy gallants care, 115
 With a base bargaine of his blowen ware,
 Of fusted hoppes now lost for lacke of sayle,
 Or mo'ld browne-paper that could nought auaile ;
 Or what he cannot vtter otherwise,
 May pleasure *Fridoline* for treble price ; 120
 Whiles his false broker lyeth in the wind,
 And for a present chapman is assign'd,
 The cut-throte wretch for their compacted gaine,
 Buyes all for but one quarter of the mayne ;
 Whiles if he chance to breake his deare-bought day, 125
 And forfait for default of due repay
 His late intangled lands ; then, *Fridoline*,
 Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine ;
 If *Mammon* selfe should euer liue with men,
Mammon himselfe shal be a citizen. 130

SAT. VI.

QUID PLACET ERGO ?

I WOTE not how the world's degenerate,
 That men or know, or like not their estate ;
 Out from the Gades vp to the easterne morne,
 Not one but holds his natiue state forlorne.
 When comely striplings wish it were their chance, 5
 For *Cænis* distaffe to exchange their lance,
 And weare curl'd periwigs, and chalke their face,
 And still are poring on their pocket-glasse ;
 Tyr'd with pinn'd ruffes, and fans, and partlet strips,
 And buskes, and verdingales about their hips ; 10
 And tread on corked stilts a prisoners pace,
 And make their napkin for their spitting-place,
 And gripe their wast within a narrow span.
 Fond *Cænis*, that would'st wish to be a man ;
 Whose mannish hus-wiues like their refuse state, 15
 And make a drudge of their *uxorius* mate,
 Who like a cot-queene freezeth at the rocke,
 Whiles his breach't dame doth man the forren stock.
 Is't not a shame to see ech homely groome
 Sit perched in an idle charriot-roome, 20
 That were not meete some pannell to bestride,
 Surcingled to a galled hackneys hide ?
 Ech muck-worme will be rich with lawlesse gaine,
 Altho he smother vp mowes of seuen yeares graine,
 And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap again ; 25

Altho he buy whole haruests in the spring,
 And foyst in false strikes to the measuring ;
 Altho his shop be muffled from the light
 Like a day-dungeon, or *Cimmerian* night ;
 Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest, 30
 Whiles his *George-Nobles* rusten in his chest,
 He sleeps but once and dreames of burglarie,
 And wakes and castes about his frighted eye,
 And gropes for theeues in euery darker shade,
 And if a mouse but stirre he cals for ayde. 35
 The sturdie plough-man doth the soldier see
 All scarfed with pide colours to the knee,
 Whom *Indian* pillage hath made fortunate,
 And now he gins to loath his former state ;
 Now doth he inly scorne his Kendall-greene, 40
 And his patch't cockers now dispised beene ;
 Nor list he now go whistling to the carre,
 But sels his teeme and fetleth to the warre.
 O warre ! to them that neuer tryde thee, sweete !
 When his dead mate fals groueling at his feete, 45
 And angry bullets whistlen at his eare,
 And his dim eyes see nought but death and dreere :
 Oh happy plough-man ! were thy weale well known ;
 Oh, happy all estates except his owne !
 Some dronken *rimer* thinks his time well spent, 50
 If he can liue to see his name in print ;
 Who when he is once fleshed to the presse,
 And sees his handsell haue such fayre successe,
 Sung to the wheele, and sung vnto the payle,
 He sends forth thraues of ballads to the sale ; 55

Nor then can rest, but volumes vp bodg'd rimes,
 To haue his name talk't of in future times.
 The brainsicke youth that feeds his tickled eare
 With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false *trauciler*,
 Which hath the Spanish Decades red a while, 60
 Or whetstone leasings of old *Maundeuile*;
 Now with discourses breakes his mid-night sleepe,
 Of his aduentures through the *Indian* deepe,
 Of all their massy heapes of golden mines,
 Or of the antique toombs of *Palestine*, 65
 Or of *Damascus* magike wall of glasse,
 Of *Salomon* his sweating piles of brasse,
 Of the bird *Ruc* that beares an elephant,
 Of mer-maids that the southerne seas do haunt,
 Of headlesse men, of sauage *cannibals*, 70
 The fashion of their liues and gouernals ;
 What monstrous cities there erected bee,
Cayro, or the Citie of the Trinitie.
 Now are they dung-hill cocks that haue not seene
 The bordering Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhene; 75
 And now he pyles the newes-full grashopper,
 Of voyages and ventures to enquire.
 His land morgag'd, he sea-beat in the way,
 Wishes for home a thousand sithes a day ;
 And now he deemes his home-bred fare as leefe 80
 As his parch't bisket, or his barreld beefe.
 Mong'st all these sturs of discontented strife,
 Oh let me lead an academicke life ;
 To know much, and to thinke we nothing know,
 Nothing to haue, yet thinke we haue enough, 85

In skill to want, and wanting seeke for more,
 In weale not want, nor wish for greater store ;
 Enuye, ye monarchs, with your proud excesse,
 At our low sayle, and our hye happinesse.

SAT. VII.

POMH PYMH.

WHO say's these Romish pageants bene too hy
 To be the scorne of sportfull poesy ?
 Certes not all the world such matters wist
 As are the seuen hils, for a *Satiryst*.
 Perdy, I loath an hundreth *Mathoes* tongues, 5
 An hundreth gamsters shifts, or land-lords wrongs,
 Or *Labeos* poems, or base *Lolios* pride,
 Or euer what I thought or wrote beside ;
 When once I thinke if carping *Aquines* spright
 'To see now Rome, were licenc'd to the light ; 10
 How his enraged ghost would stampe and stare
 That *Cæsars* throne is turn'd to *Peters* chayre.
 To see an old shorne *Lozell* perched hy,
 Crossing beneath a golden *canopy*,
 The whiles a thousand hairelesse crownes crouch
 low, 15
 To kisse the precious case of his proud toe ;
 And for the lordly *Fasces* borne of old,
 To see two quiet crossed keyes of gold,
 Or *Cybeles* shrine, the famous *Pantheons* frame
 Turn'd to the honour of our Ladies name. 20

But that he most would gaze and wonder at,
 Is th'horned miter, and the bloody hat,
 The crooked staffe, their coules strange forme and store,
 Saue that he saw the same in hell before ;
 To see their broken nuns with new-shorne heads, 25
 In a blind cloyster tosse their idle beades,
 Or louzy coules come smoking from the stewes,
 To rayne the leud rent to their lord accrewes,
 (Who with ranke *Venice* doth his pompe aduance,
 By trading of ten thousand curtizans,) 30
 Yet backward must absolue a females sinne,
 Like to a false dissembling *Theatine*,
 Who, when his skin is red with shirts of male,
 And rugged haire-cloth scoures his greazy nayle,
 Or wedding garment tames his stubborne backe, 35
 Which his hempe girdle dies all blew and blacke ;
 Or of his almes-boule three daies sup'd and din'd,
 Trudges to open stewes of eyther kinde ;
 Or takes some cardinals stable in the way,
 And with some pampered mule doth weare the day, 40
 Kept for his lords owne saddle when him list.
 Come *Valentine*, and play the satyryst,
 To see poore sucklings welcom'd to the light
 With searing yrons of some sowre *Iacobite*,
 Or golden offers of an aged foole, 45
 To make his coffin some *Franciscans* coule,
 To see the Popes blacke knight, a cloked *frere*,
 Sweeting in the channell like a *scauengere*.
 Whom earst thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,
 When at the corner-crosse thou did'st him meete, 50

Tumbling his *Rosaries* hanging at his belt,
 Or his *Barretta*, or his towred felt ;
 To see a lasie dumbe *Acholithe*
 Armed against a deuout flyes despight,
 Which at th'hy altar doth the *Chalice* vaile 55
 With a broad flie-flappe of a *Peacockes* tayle,
 The whiles the likerous priest spits euery trice,
 With longing for his morning sacrifice,
 Which he reres vp quite perpendiculare,
 That the mid-church doth spite the *Chancels* fare, 60
 Beating their emptie mawes that would be fed,
 With the scant morsels of the *Sacrists* bread :
 Would he not laugh to death, when he should heare
 The shamelesse legends of *S. Christopher*,
S. George, the sleepers, or *S. Peters* well, 65
 Or of his daughter good *S. Petronell*.
 But had he heard the Female Fathers grone,
 Yeaning in mids of her procession ;
 Or now should see the needlesse tryall-chayre,
 (When ech is proued by his bastard heyre,) 70
 Or saw the churches and new calendere,
 Pestred with mungrell saints and reliques dere,
 Should hee cry out on *Codro's* tedious toomes,
 When his new rage would aske no narrower rooms ?

FINIS.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

LIB. V.

SAT. I.

SIT PŒNA MERENTI.

PARDON ye glowing eares, needs will it out,
Tho brazen wals compas'd my tongue about,
As thicke as wealthy *Scrobioes* quicke-set rowes
In the wide common that he did inclose.
Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice, 5
Or let me see it with detesting eyes.
Renowned *Aquine*, now I follow thee,
Farre as I may for feare of ieopardie ;
And to thy hand yeeld vp the *iuye*-mace,
From crabbed *Persius*, and more smooth *Horace* ; 10
Or from that shrew, the *Roman* poetesse,
That taught her gossips learned bitterness,
Or *Luciles* Muse whom thou didst imitate,
Or *Menips* olde, or *Pasquillers* of late ;
Yet name I not *Mutius* or *Tigilline*, 15
Tho they deserue a keener stile then mine ;

Nor meane to ransacke vp the quiet graue,
 Nor burne dead bones, as he example gaue ;
 I taxe the liuing, let dead ashes rest,
 Whose faults are dead, and nayled in their chest ; 20
 Who can refraine, that's guiltlesse of their crime,
 Whiles yet he liues in such a cruell time ?
 When *Titios* grounds, that in his grand-sires daies
 But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise,
 A sommer snow-ball, or a winter rose, 25
 Is growne to thousands as the world now goes ;
 So thrift and time sets other things on flote,
 That now his sonne soups in a silken cote,
 Whose grandsire happily a poore hungry swayne,
 Beg'd some cast abby in the churches wayne, 30
 And but for that, what euer he may vaunt,
 Who knowes a monke had beene a *Mendicant* ;
 While freezing *Matho*, that for one leane fee,
 Wont terme ech terme the term of *Hilarie*,
 May now in steed of those his simple fees, 35
 Get the fee-simples of fayre manneryes.
 What ! did he counterfait his princes hand,
 For some streauē lord-ship of concealed land ?
 Or on ech *Michaell* and *Lady-day*,
 Tooke he deepe forfeits for an houres delay ; 40
 And gain'd no lesse by such iniurious braule,
 Than *Gamius* by his sixt wiues buriall ?
 Or hath he wonne some wider interest,
 By hoary charters from his grandsires chest,
 Whjch late some bribed scribe for slender wage, 45
 Writ in the characters of another age,

That *Ploydon* selfe might stammer to rehearse,
 Whose date ore lookes three *centuries* of yeares ;
 Who euer yet the trackes of weale so tride,
 But there hath beene one beaten way beside ? 50
 He, when he lets a lease for life, or yeares,
 (As neuer he doth vntill the date expeares ;
 For when the full state in his fist doth lie,
 He may take vantage of the vacancie,)
 His fine affords so many trebled pounds, 55
 As he agreeth yeares to lease his grounds ;
 His rent in faire responce must arise,
 To double trebles of his one yeares price ;
 Of one bayes breadth, God wot, a silly cote,
 Whose thatched spars are furr'd with sluttish soote 60
 A whole inch thick, shining like black-moors brows
 Through smok that down the head-les barrel blows.
 At his beds-feete feeden his stalled teme ;
 His swine beneath, his pullen ore the beame ;
 A starued tenement, such as I gesse, 65
 Stand stragling in the wasts of *Holdernesse*,
 Or such as shiuer on a Peake-hill side,
 When *Marches* lungs beate on their turfe-clad hide ;
 Such as nice *Lipsius* would grudge to see,
 Aboue his lodging in wild *West-phalye* ; 70
 Or as the *Saxon* king his court might make,
 When his sides playned of the neat-heards cake.
 Yet must he haunt his greedy land-lords hall,
 With often presents at ech festiuall ;
 With crammed capons euery new-yeares morne, 75
 Or with greene-cheeses when his sheep are shorne,

Or many maunds-full of his mellow fruite,
 To make some way to win his waighty suite.
 Whom cannot gifts at last cause to relent,
 Or to win fauour, or flee punishment? 80
 When griple patrons turne their sturdie steele
 To waxe, when they the golden flame doe feele;
 When grand *Mæcenas* casts a glauering eye
 On the cold present of a poesie;
 And least he might more frankly take then giue, 85
 Gropes for a French crowne in his emptie sleeue.
 Thence *Clodius* hopes to set his shoulders free
 From the light burden of his *Naperie*.
 The smiling land-lord showes a sunshine face,
 Faining that he will grant him further grace, 90
 And lear's like *Æsops* foxe vpon a crane,
 Whose necke he craues for his *Chirurgian*;
 So lingers off the lease vntill the last,
 What reckes he then of paines or promise past?
 Was euer fether, or fond womans mind, 95
 More light then words, the blasts of idle wind?
 What's sib or sire, to take the gentle slip,
 And in th' Exchequer rot for surety-ship;
 Or thence thy starued brother liue and die
 Within the cold *Cole-harbour* sanctuarie? 100
 Will one from *Scots-banke* bid but one grote more,
 My old tenant may be turned out of doore,
 Tho much he spent in th' rotten roofes repayre,
 In hope to haue it left vnto his heyre;
 Tho many a load of marle and manure led, 105
 Reuiu'd his barren leas, that earst lay dead.

Were he as *Furius*, he would defie
 Such pilfring slips of pety land-lordrye ;
 And might dislodge whole collonies of poore,
 And lay their roofe quite leuell with their floore, 110
 Whiles yet he giues, as to a yeelding fence,
 Their bagge and baggage to his citizens,
 And ships them to the new-nam'd *Virgin-lond*,
 Or wilder Wales, where neuer wight yet wond.
 Would it not vexe thee where thy syres did keepe, 115
 To see the dinged foldes of dag-tayled sheepe,
 And ruined house where holy things were said,
 Whose free-stone wals the thatched roofe vpbraid,
 Whose shril saints-bell hangs on his louerie,
 While the rest are damned to the *plumbery*. 120
 Yet pure deuotion lets the steeple stand,
 And ydle battlements on eyther hand ;
 Lest that perhaps, were all those reliques gone,
Furious his sacriledge could not be knowne.

SAT. II.

HEIC QUÆRITE TROIAM.

HOUS-KEPING's dead, *Saturio* ; wot'st thou where ?
 For-sooth they say far hence in *Brek-neck* shire ;
 And euer since they say that feele and tast,
 That men may breake their neck, soone as their fast.
 Certes, if *Pity* died at *Chaucers* date, 5
 He liu'd a widdower long behind his mate :

Saue that I see some rotten bed-rid syre,
 Which to out-strip the nonage of his heire,
 Is cram'd with golden broaths and drugs of price,
 And ech day dying liu's, and liuing dies, 10
 Till once suruiud his ward-ships latest eue,
 His eies are closd with choyse to die or liue.
 Plenty and hee dy'd both in that same yeare,
 When the sad skye did shed so many a teare.
 And now, who list not of his labour faile, 15
 Marke, with *Saturio*, my friendly tale :
 Along thy way, thou canst not but descry
 Faire glittering hals to tempt the hopefull eye,
 Thy right eye gins to leape for vaine delight,
 And surbeate toes to tickle at the sight, 20
 As greedy *T.* when in the sounding mold
 Hee finds a shining pot-shard tip't with gold ;
 For neuer *Syren* tempts the pleased eares,
 As these the eye of fainting passengers ;
 All is not so that seemes ; for surely than 25
Matrona should not bee a *Curtizan*,
 Smooth *Chrysalus* should not bee rich with fraud,
 Nor honest *R.* bee his owne wiues baude ;
 Looke not a squint, nor stride a crosse the way,
 Like some demurring *Alcide* to delay, 30
 But walke on cherey, till thou haue espide
 Saint *Peters* finger at the church-yard side ;
 But wilt thou needs, when thou art warn'd so well,
 Go see who in so garish wals doth dwell ?
 There findest thou some stately *Dorick* frame, 35
 Or neate *Ionicke* worke,

Like the vaine bubble of *Iberian* pride,
 That ouer-croweth all the world beside ;
 Which, rear'd to raise the crazy mouarches fame,
 Striues for a court and for a colledge name ; 40
 Yet nought within but louzy coul's doth hold,
 Like a scab'd cuckow in a cage of gold ;
 So pride aboue doth shade the shame below :
 A golden periwig on a black-mores brow.
 When *Mæuios* first page of his poesie 45
 Nayl'd to an hundreth postes for noueltie,
 With his big title, an *Italian* mot,
 Lays siege vnto the backward buyers grote,
 Which all within is draftie sluttish geere,
 Fit for the ouen or the kitching fire : 50
 So this gay gate adds fuell to thy thought,
 That such proud piles were neuer rays'd for nought.
 Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound
 With doubled ecchoes doth againe rebound ;
 But not a dog doth barke to welcome thee, 55
 Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see :
 All dumbe and silent, like the dead of night,
 Or dwelling of some sleepy *Sybarite*.
 The marble pauement hid with desart weede,
 With house-leeke, thistle, docke, and hemlock-seed ; 60
 But if thou chance cast vp thy wondring eyes,
 Thou shalt discerne vpon the frontispice,
 ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ grauen vp on hie,
 A fragment of old *Platoes* poesie :
 The meaning is, " Sir foole ye may be gone, 65
 Go backe by leaue, for way here lieth none."

Looke to the towred chymneis, which should bee
 The wind-pipes of good hospitalitie,
 Through which it breatheth to the open ayre,
 Betokening life and liberall welfaire ; 70
 Lo, there th'vnthankfull swallow takes her rest,
 And fils the tonnell with her circled nest,
 Nor halfe that smoke from all his chymneies goes
 Which one tabacco-pipe driues through his nose.
 So rawbone hunger scorns the mudded wals, 75
 And gin's to reuell it in lordly halls ;
 So the Blacke Prince is broken loose againe
 That saw no sunne saue once, (as stories saine,)
 That once was when in *Trinacry*, I weene,
 Hee stole the daughter of the haruest queene, 80
 And grip't the mawes of barren *Sicily*
 With long constraint of pinefull penurie ;
 And they that should resist his second rage,
 Haue pen'd themselues vp in the priuate cage
 Of some blind lane, and their they lurke vnknowne 85
 Till th'hungry tempest once bee ouerblowne ;
 Then like the coward, after his neighbours fray,
 They creepe forth boldly, and aske where are they ?
 Meane while the hunger-staru'd appurtenance
 Must bide the brunt, what euer ill mischance ; 90
 Grim *Famine* sits in their forepined face,
 All full of angles of vnequall space,
 Like to the plaine of many-sided squares,
 That wont bee drawne out by geometars ;
 So sharpe and meager, that who should them see 95
 Would sweare they lately came from *Hungary*.

When their brasse pans and winter couerled,
 Haue wipt the maunger of the horses-bread ;
 Oh mee ! what ods there seemeth twixt their chere,
 And the swolne bezell at an alehouse fire, 100
 That tonnes in gallons to his hursten panch,
 Whose slimy droughts his draught can neuer stanch.
 For shame, ye gallants, grow more hospitall,
 And turne your needlesse wardrop to your hall ;
 As lauish *Virro* that keepes open doores, 105
 Like *Ianus* in the warres,
 Except the twelue-daies, or the wakeday-feast,
 What time hee needs must bee his cosens guest.
Philene hath bid him, can he choose but come ?
 Who should pull *Virroes* sleeue to stay at home ? 110
 All yeare besides, who meal-time can attend ;
 Come *Trebius*, welcome to the tables end :
 What tho he chires on purer manchets crowne,
 Whiles his kind client grindes on blacke and browne,
 A iolly rounding of a whole foote broad, 115
 From of the mong-corne heape shall *Trebius* loade.
 What tho hee quaffe pure amber in his bowle
 Of March-brewd wheat ; yet slecks thy thirsting soule
 With palish oat, froathing in *Boston-clay*,
 Or in a shallow cruse, nor must that stay 120
 Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd braine,
 But call and craue, and haue thy cruse againe ;
 Else how should euen tale bee registred,
 Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrels head ?
 And if he list reuiue his hartles graine 125
 With some French grape, or pure *Canariane*,

When pleasing *Burdeaux* fals vnto his lott,
 Some sowrish *Rochell* cuts thy thirsting throate.
 What tho himselfe carueth his welcome friend
 With a coold pittance from his trenchers-end? 130
 Must *Trebies* lip hang toward his trencher side,
 Nor kisse his fist to take what doth betide?
 What tho to spare thy teeth he emploies thy tongue
 In busie questions all the dinner long?
 What tho the scornfull wayter lookes askile, 135
 And pouts and frowns, and curseth thee the while,
 And takes his farewell with a icalous eye,
 At euery morsell hee his last shall see?
 And if but one exceed the common sise,
 Or make an hillocke in thy cheeke arise; 140
 Or if, perchance, thou shouldest, ere thou wist,
 Hold thy knife vpright in thy griped fist,
 Or sittest double on thy back-ward seat,
 Or with thine elbow shad'st thy shared meat,
 He laughs thee in his fellowes eare to scorne, 145
 And asks aloud, where *Trebius* was borne.
 Tho the third sewer takes thee quite away
 Without a staffe, when thou would'st longer stay,
 What of all this? Is't not inough to say,
 I dined at *Virro* his owne boord to day? 150

SAT. III.

ΚΟΙΝΑ ΦΙΛΩΝ.

THE *Satyre* should be like the *Porcupine*,
 That shoots sharpe quils out in each angry line,
 And wounds the blushing cheeke, and fiery eye,
 Of him that heares, and readeth guiltily.
 Ye antique *Satyres*, how I blesse your daies, 5
 That brook'd your bolder stile, their owne dispraise ;
 And wel neare wish, yet ioy my wish is vaine,
 I had beene then, or they were now againe !
 For now our eares beene of more brittle mold,
 Than those dull earthen eares that were of old ; 10
 Sith theirs, like anuilles bore the hammers head,
 Our glasse can neuer touch vnshiuered.
 But from the ashes of my quiet stile
 Hence forth may rise some raging rough *Lucile*,
 That may with *Eschylus* both find and leese 15
 The snaky tresses of th' *Eumenides* :
 Meane while, sufficeth me, the world may say,
 That I these vices loath'd another day,
 Which I haue done with as devout a cheere
 As he that rounds Poules-pillers in the eare, 20
 Or bends his ham downe in the naked queare.
 T'was euer said, *Frontine*, and euer seene,
 That golden clerkes but wooden lawyers bene.
 Could euer wise man wish, in good estate,
 The vse of all things indiscriminate ? 25

Who wots not yet how well this did beseeme
 The learned maister of the *Academe*?
Plato is dead, and dead is his deuise,
 Which some thought witty, none thought euer wise ;
 Yet certes *Mæcha* is a *Platonist*, 30
 To all, they say, saue who so do not list,
 Because her husband, a farre-trafiqu'd man,
 Is a profest *Peripatecian* ;
 And so our grandsires were in ages past,
 That let their lands lye all so widely wast, 35
 That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent
 Within some prouince or whole shires extent ;
 As Nature made the earth, so did it lie,
 Saue for the furrowes of their husbandrie ;
 When as the neighbour-lands so couched layne, 40
 That all bore show of one fayre champion ;
 Some head-lesse crosse they digged on their lea,
 Or rol'd some marked meare-stone in the way.
 Poor simple men ! for what mought that auayle
 That my field might not fill my neighbours payle, 45
 More than a pilled sticke can stand in stead,
 To barre *Cynedo* from his neighbours bed ;
 More than the thred bare clients pouertie
 Debarres th'attorney of his wonted fee.
 If they were thriftlesse, mote not we amend, 50
 And with more care our dangered fields defend ?
 Ech man can gard what thing he deemeth deere,
 As fearfull merchants doe their female heyre,
 Which, were it not for promise of their welth,
 Need not be stalled vp for feare of stealth ; 55

Would rather sticke vpon the belmans cries,
 Tho proferd for a branded *Indians* price.
 Then rayse we muddie bul-warkes on our bank
 Beset around with treble quic-set rankes,
 Or if those walles be ouer weake a ward, 60
 The squared bricke may be a better gard.
 Go to my thriftie yeoman, and vpreare
 A brazen wall to shend thy land from feare ;
 Do so, and I shall praise thee all the while,
 So be thou stake not vp the common stile, 65
 So be thou hedge in nought but what's thine owne,
 So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done,
 So be thou let not lye in fallowed plaine
 That which was wont yeeld vsurie of graine ;
 But when I see thy pitched stakes do stand 70
 On thy incroched peece of common land,
 Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbours keyne,
 And warn'st that none feed on thy field saue thine ;
 Brag no more, *Scrobious*, of thy mudded bankes,
 Nor thy deepe ditches, nor three quickset rankes. 75
 Oh happy daies of olde *Deucalion*,
 When one was land-lord of the world alone !
 But now whose choler would not rise to yeeld
 A pesant halfe-stakes of his new-mowne field,
 Whiles yet he may not for the treble price 80
 Buy out the remnant of his royalties ?
 Go on and thriue, my pety tyrants pride,
 Scorne thou to liue, if others liue beside ;
 And trace proud *Castile*, that aspires to be
 In his old age a yoong fift monarchie ; 85

Or the red hat that cries the lucklesse mayne,
For welthy *Thames* to change his lowly Rhene.

SAT. IV.

POSSUNT, QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR.

VILLIUS, the welthy farmer, left his heire
Twise twenty sterling pounds to spend by yeare ;
The neighbours praysen *Villius* hide-bound sonne,
And say it was a goodly portion,
Not knowing how some marchants dowre can rise 5
By sundaies tale to fiftie *centuries* ;
Or to weigh downe a leaden bride with gold,
Worth all that *Matho* bought, or *Pontice* sold ;
But whiles ten pound goes to his wiues new gown,
Nor little lesse can serue to sute his owne, 10
Whiles one peece payes her idle wayting man,
Or buyes an hoode, or siluer-handled fanne,
Or hires a *Friezeland* trotter halfe yarde deepe,
To drag his tumbrell through the staring Cheape ;
Or whiles he rideth with two liueries, 15
And's treble rated at the subsidies,
One end a kennell keeps of thriftlesse hounds ;
What think yow rest's of all my younkers pounds,
To diet him, or deale out at his doore,
To cofer vp, or stocke his wasting store ? 20
If then I reckon'd right, it should appeare,
That fourtie pounds serue not the farmers heyre.

FINIS.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

LIB. VI.

SAT. I.

SEMEL INSANIUIMUS.

LABEO reserues a long nayle for the nonce
To wound my margent through ten leaues at once,
Much worse than *Aristarcus* his blacke pile
That pierc'd olde *Homers* side ;
And makes such faces, that mee seames I see 5
Some foule *Megæra* in the tragedie,
Threatning her twined snakes at *Tantales* ghost ;
Or the grim visage of some frowning post,
The crab-tree porter of the Guild-hall gates ;
Whiles he his frightfull beetle eleuates, 10
His angry eyne looke all so glaring bright,
Like th' hunted badger in a moonelesse night ;
Or like a painted staring *Saracin* ;
His cheeks change hew like th'ayre-fed vermin skin,
Now red, now pale, and swolne about his eyes, 15
Like to the old *Colossian* imageries.

But when he doth of my recanting heare,
 Away ye angrie fires, and frostes of feare,
 Giue place vnto his hopefull tempered thought,
 That yeelds to peace, ere euer peace be sought. 20
 Then let me now repent mee of my rage,
 For writing *Satyres* in so righteous age ;
 Whereas I should haue strok't her towardly head,
 And cry'd *Euæe* in my *Satyres* stead,
 Sith now not one of thousand does amisse, 25
 Was neuer age, I weene, so pure as this :
 As pure as olde *Labulla* from the baynes,
 As pure as through fare channels when it raynes,
 As pure as is a black-moores face by night,
 As dung-clad skin of dying *Heraclyte*. 30
 Seeke ouer all the world, and tell mee where
 Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer,
 A thiefe, a drunkard, or a parricide,
 A lechor, lyer, or what vice beside ?
 Merchants are no whit couetous of late, 35
 Nor make no mart of time, gaine of deceit.
 Patrons are honest now, ore they of olde ;
 Can now no benefice be bought nor sold ;
 Giue him a gelding, or some two-yeares tythe,
 For he all bribes and *Simony* defi'th. 40
 Is not one pick-thanke stirring in the court,
 That seld was free till now by all report ?
 But some one, like a clawbacke parasite,
 Pick't mothes from his masters cloake in sight,
 Whiles he could picke out both his eyes for need, 45
 Mought they but stand him in some better steed.

Nor now no more smell-feast *Vitellio*
 Smiles on his master for a meale or two,
 And loues him in his maw, loaths in his heart,
 Yet sooths, and yeas, and naves on eyther part. 50
Tattelius the new come traueller,
 With his disguised cote, and ringed eare,
 Trampling the burses marble twice a day,
 Tels nothing but starke trueths I dare well say,
 Nor would he haue them knowne for any thing, 55
 Tho all the vault of his loud murmur ring.
 Not one man tels a lye of all the yeare
 Except the *Almanacke* or the *Chronicler*.
 But not a man of all the damned crue
 For hils of gold would sweare the thing vntrue. 60
Pansophus now, though all in the cold swat,
 Dares venture through the feared castle-gate,
 Albee the faithfull oracles haue forsayne
 The wisest senator shall there be slaine ;
 That made him long keepe home, as well it might, 65
 Till now he hopeth of some wiser wight.
 The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suters hill,
 Or westerne plaine are free from feared ill.
 Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed,
 But he that hath ought, hy him, and God speed ; 70
 Nor drunken *Dennis* doth by break of day
 Stumble into blind tauerns by the way,
 And reele me homeward at the euening starre,
 Or ride more easely in his neighbours chayre.
 Well might these cheekes have fitted former times, 75
 And shouldred angry *Skeltons* breath-lesse rimes,

Ere *Chrysalus* had bar'd the common box,
 Which earst he pick't to store his priuate stocks ;
 But now hath all with vantage paid againe ;
 And locks and plates what doth behind remaine : 80
 When earst our dry-soul'd syres so lauish were,
 To charge whole boots-full to their friends wel-fare ;
 Now shalt thou neuer see the salt beset
 With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.
 Of an ebbe *Cruce* must thirsty *Silen* sip, 85
 That's all forestalled by his vpper lip ;
 Somewhat it was that made his paunch so peare,
 His girdle fell ten ynches in a yeare.
 Or when old gouty bed-rid *Euclio*,
 To his officious factor fayre could show 90
 His name in margent of some olde cast byll,
 And say, Lo whom I named in my will ;
 Whiles hee beleeuues, and looking for the share,
 Tendeth his cumbrous charge with busy care,
 For but a while ; for now he sure will die 95
 By his strange qualme of liberalitie.
 Great thanks he giues, but God him sheild and saue
 From euer gayning by his masters graue ;
 Onely liue long, and he is well repaide,
 And weats his forced cheeks whiles thus he said, 100
 Some strong-smeld onion shall stirre his eyes
 Rather than no salt teares shall then arise.
 So lookes he like a marble toward rayne,
 And wrings and snites, and weeps, and wipes againe,
 Then turnes his backe, and smiles and lookes
 askance, 105
 Seasoning again his sowred countenance,

Whiles yet he wearyes heauen with daily cryes,
 And backward death with deuout sacrifice,
 That they would now his tedious ghost bereauen,
 And wishes well, that wish't no worse than heauen. 110
 When *Zoylus* was sicke, he knew not where,
 Saue his wrought night-cap and laune pillow-bere.
 Kind fooles ! they made him sicke that made him fine,
 Take those away, and thers his medicine.
 Or *Gellia* wore a veluet mastick-patch 115
 Vpon her temples when no tooth did ach,
 When *beauty* was her reume I soone espide,
 Nor could her plaister cure her of her pride.
 These vices were, but now they ceas'd off long ;
 Then why did I a righteous age that wrong ; 120
 I would repent mee were it not too late,
 Were not the angry world preiudicate ;
 If all the seuens penetentiall,
 Or thousand white wands might me ought auaille,
 If *Trent* or *Thames* could scoure my foule offence, 125
 And set me in my former innocence,
 I would at last repent me of my rage.
 Now, beare my wrong, I thine, O righteous age !
 As for fine wits, an hundreth thousand fold
 Passeth our age what euer times of olde ; 130
 For in that *Puis-ne* world, our syres of long
 Could hardly wagge their too-vnwielderly tongue,
 As pined crowes and parats can doe now,
 When hoary age did bend their wrinckled brow.
 And now of late did many a learned man 135
 Serue thirtie yeares prenti-ship with *Priscian* ;

But now can euery nouice speake with ease
 The far-fetch'd language of th' *Antipodes*.
 Would'st thou the tongues that earst were learned
 hight,
 Tho our wise age hath wipt them of their right ; 140
 Would'st thou the courtly three in most request,
 Or the two barbarous neighbours of the west ?
Bibinus selfe can haue ten tongues in one,
 Tho in all ten not one good tongue alone ;
 And can deepe skill lye smothering within, 145
 Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin ?
 Shall it not be a wild-fig in a wall,
 Or fired brimstone in a minerall ?
 Doe thou disdaine, O ouer-learned age,
 The tongue-ty'de silence of that *Samian* sage ; 150
 Forth ye fine wits, and rush into the presse,
 And for the cloyed world your workes adresse.
 Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor seely ant,
 But a fine wit can make an elephant ;
 Should *Bandels* throstle die without a song, 155
 Or *Adamantius*, my dog, be laid along
 Downe in some ditch without his exequies,
 Or epitaphs, or mournfull elegies ?
 Folly it selfe, and baldnes may be praised,
 And sweet conceits from filthy obiects raised ; 160
 What doe not fine wits dare to vndertake ?
 What dare not fine wits doe for honours sake ?
 But why doth *Balbus* his dead-doing quill
 Parch in his rustie scabbard all the while,

His golden fleece ore-growne with moldy hore, 165
 As tho he had his witty workes forswore ?
 Belike of late now *Balbus* hath no need,
 Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread
 The catch-poles fist ; the presse may still remaine,
 And breath, till *Balbus* be in debt againe. 170
 Soone may that bee, so I had silent beene,
 And not thus rak't vp quiet crimes vnseene.
 Silence is safe, when saying stirreth sore,
 And makes the stirred puddle stinke the more.
 Shall the controller of proud *Nemesis* 175
 In lawlesse rage vpbraid ech others vice,
 While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong,
 And curb the raunge of his mis-ruly tongue ?
 By the two crownes of *Pernasse* euer-greene,
 And by the clouen head of *Hippocrene*, 180
 As I true poet am, I here auow,
 (So solemnly kist he his laurell bow,)
 If that bold *Satyre* vnreuenged be,
 For this so saucy and foule iniurie ;
 So *Labeo* weens it my eternall shame, 185
 To proue I neuer earnd a poets name.
 But would I be a poet if I might,
 To rub my browes three daies, and wake three nights,
 And bite my nayles, and scrat my dullard head,
 And curse the backward Muses on my bed 190
 About one peeuish syllable ; which out-sought,
 I take vp *Thales* ioy, saue for fore-thought
 How it shall please ech ale-knights censuring eye,
 And hang'd my head for feare they deeme awry :

Whiles thred-bare Martiall turnes his merry note 195
 To beg of *Rufus* a cast winter cote ;
 Whiles hungry *Marot* leapeth at a beane,
 And dieth like a staru'd *Cappucien* ;
 Go, *Ariost*, and gape for what may fall
 From trencher of a flattering cardinall, 200
 And if thou gettest but a pedants fee,
 Thy bed, thy board, and courser liuerie,
 O honour farre beyond a brazen shrine,
 To sit with *Tarleton* on an ale posts signe !
 Who had but liued in *Augustus* daies, 205
 'T had beene some honour to be crown'd with bayes ;
 When *Lucan* streaked on his marble-bed,
 To think of *Cæsar*, and great *Pompeys* deed ;
 Or when *Archelaus* shau'd his mourning head
 Soon as he heard *Stesichorus* was dead ; 210
 At least would some good body of the rest
 Set a gold-pen on their bay-wreathed crest ;
 Or would their face in stamped coyne expresse,
 As did the *Mytelens* their poetesse.
 Now, as it is, beshrew him if he might, 215
 That would his browes with *Cæsars* laurell dight ;
 Tho what ayl'd mee, I might not well as they,
 Rake vp some forworne tales that smothered lay
 In chimney corners, smok'd with winter-fires,
 To read and rocke a sleepe our drouzy syres. 220
 No man his threshold better knowes, than I,
Brutes first ariuall, and first victory,
 Saint *Georges* Sorrel; or his crosse of blood,
Arthurs round board, or *Caledonian* wood,

Or holy battels of bold *Charlemaine*, 225
 What were his knights did *Salems* siege maintaine ;
 How the mad riuall of fayre *Angelice*
 Was phisick't from the new-found paradise.
 High stories they, which, with their swelling straine,
 Haue riuen *Frontoes* broad rehearsall plaine. 230
 But so to fill vp bookes, both backe and side,
 What needs it ? are there not enow beside ?
 O age, well thriuen and well fortunate,
 When ech man hath a muse appropriate,
 And she, like to some seruile eare-boar'd slaue, 235
 Must play and sing when, and what he would haue !
 Would that were all ! Small fault in number lies,
 Were not the feare from whence it should arise ;
 But can it be ought but a spurious seede
 That growes so rife in such vnlikely speed ? 240
 Sith *Pontian* left his barren wife at home,
 And spent two yeares at *Venice* and at *Rome* ;
 Returned, heares his blessing askt of three ;
 Cries out, O *Iulian* law, adulterie !
 Tho *Labeo* reaches right (who can deny ?) 245
 The true straynes of *heroicke* poesie ;
 For he can tell how fury reft his sense,
 And *Phæbus* fild him with intelligence ;
 He can implore the heathen deities
 To guide his bold and busie enterprise ; 250
 Or filch whole pages at a clap, for need,
 From honest *Petrarch*, clad in English weed ;
 While bigge *But ohs* ech stanzae can begin,
 Whose trunke and tayle sluttish and hartlesse bin.

He knows the grace of that new elegance 255
 Which sweet *Philisides* fetch't of late from *France*,
 That well beseem'd his high-stil'd *Arcady* ;
 Tho others marre it with much liberty,
 In epithets to ioyne two wordes in one,
 Forsooth, for adiectiues cannot stand alone ;
 As a great poet could of *Bacchus* say, 260
 That he was *Semele-femori-gena*.
 Lastly, he names the spirit of *Astrophel* :
 Now, hath not *Labeo* done wondrous well ?
 But ere his muse her weapon learne to weild, 265
 Or dance a sober *Pirrhicke* in the field,
 Or marching wade in blood vp to the knees,
 Her *Arma Virúm* goes by two degrees.
 The sheepe-cote first hath been her nursery,
 Where she hath worne her ydle infancy, 270
 And in hy startups walk't the pastur'd plaines,
 To tend her tasked herd that there remaines,
 And winded still a pipe of ote or brere,
 Striuing, for wages, who the praise shall beare ;
 As did whilere the homely *Carmelite* 275
 Following *Virgil*, and he *Theocrite* ;
 Or else hath beene in *Venus* chamber train'd,
 To play with *Cupid*, till shee had attain'd
 To comment well vpon a beauteous face,
 Then was she fit for an heroicke place ; 280
 As wittie *Pontan* in great earnest said,
 His mistres brests were like two weights of lead ;
 Another thinks her teeth might likened bee
 To two fayre rankes of pales of yuory,

To fence in sure the wild beast of her tongue, 285
 From eyther going farre, or going wrong ;
 Her grinders like two chalk-stones in a mill,
 Which shall with time and wearing waxe as ill
 As old *Catillaes*, which wont euery night
 Lay vp her holly pegs till next day-light, 290
 And with them grinds, soft-simpring, all the day,
 When, least her laughter should her gums bewray,
 Her hands must hide her mouth if she but smile :
 Fayne would she seeme all frixe and frolicke still.
 Her forehead fayre is like a brazen hill, 295
 Whose wrinckled furrows, which her age doth breed,
 Are dawbed full of *Venice* chalke for need.
 Her eyes like siluer saucers, fayre beset
 With shining amber and with shady iet ;
 Her lids like *Cupids* bow case, where he hides 300
 The weapons which doth wound the wanton-eyde ;
 Her chin like *Pindus* or *Pernassus* hill,
 Where down descends th'oreflowing stream doth fil
 The well of her fayre mouth. Ech hath his praise.
 Who would not but wed poets now a daies ! 305

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER.

IT is not for euery one to relish a true and naturall Satyre, being of it selfe, besides the natiue and in-bred bitternes and tartnes of particulers, both hard of conceipt, and harsh of stile, and therefore cannot but be vnpleasing both to the vnskilfull and ouer musicall eare ; the one being affected with onely a shallow and easie matter, the other with a smoth and currant disposition ; so that I well foresee, in the timely publication of these my concealed Satyres, I am set vpon the racke of many mercilesse and peremptorie censures, which, sith the calmest and most plausible writer is almost fatally subiect vnto in the curiositie of these nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted vpon the occasion of so busy and stirring a subiect ? One thinkes it mis-beseeming the Author, because a poeme ; another vnlawfull in

it selfe, because a Satyre ; a third, harmefull to others for the sharpnesse ; and a fourth, vnsatyre like, for the mildnesse. The learned, too perspicuous, being named with Iuuenall, Persius, and the other ancient Satyres ; the vnlearned, sauourlesse, because too obscure, and obscure because not vnder their reach. What a monster must he be that would please all !

Certainely looke what weather it would be if euery almanacke should be verified ; much what like poems, if euery fancie should be suted. It is not for this kinde to desire or hope to please, which naturally should onely finde pleasure in displeasing ; notwithstanding, if the fault finding with the vices of the time may honestly accord with the good will of the parties, I had as leaue ease my selfe with a slender apologie, as wilfully beare the brunt of causelesse anger in my silence. For poetrie it selfe, after the so effectuall and absolute indeauours of her honoured patrons, eyther shee needeth no new defence, or else might well scorne the offer of so impotent and poore a client. Onely for my owne part ; tho were shee a more vnworthy mistresse, I thinke she might be inoffensiuely serued with the broken messes of our twelue-a-clocke houres, which homely seruice she onely clamed and found of mee, for that short while of my attendance ; yet hauing

thus soone taken my solemne farewell of her, and shaked hands with all her retinue, why should it be an eye-sore vnto any, sith it can be no losse to my selfe?

For my Satyres themselues, I see two obuious cauils to be answered. One concerning the matter, then which, I confesse, none can be more open to danger, to enuie, sith falts loath nothing more than the light, and men loue nothing more than their faults; and, therefore, what through the nature of the faults, and fault of the persons, it is impossible so violent an appeachment should be quietly brooked. But why should vices be vnblamed for feare of blame? And if thou maist spit vpon a toade vnuenomed, why maist thou not speake of a vice without danger? Especially so warily as I haue indeauoured, who, in the vnparciall mention of so many vices, may safely professe to be altogether guiltlesse in my selfe to the intention of any guiltie person who might be blemished by the likelyhood of my conceiued application, therupon choosing rather to marre mine owne verse than anothers name; which, notwithstanding, if the iniurious reader shall wrest to his owne spight, and disparraging of others, it is a short answer: Art thou guiltie?—Complaine not, thou are not wronged. Art thou guiltles?—Complaine not, thou art not touched. The other concerning

the manner, wherein, perhaps, too much stouping to the lowe reach of the vulgar, I shal be thought not to haue any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predecessors, whom, in the want of more late and familiar presidents, I am constrained, thus farre of, to imitate ; which thing I can be so willing to graunt, that I am further readie to warrant my action therein to any indifferent censure. First, therefore, I dare boldly auouch that the English is not altogether so naturall to a Satyre as the Latin, which I doe not impute to the nature of the language it selfe, being so farre from disabling it any way, that me thinks I durst equall it to the proudest in euery respect, but to that which is common to it with all other common languages—Italian, French, Germaine, &c. in their poesies, the fettering together the series of the verses, with the bondes of like cadence or desinence of rime, which if it be vnusually abrupt, and not dependent in sence vpon so neere affinitie of words, I know not what a loathsome kinde of harshnes and discordance it breadeth to any iudiciall eare ; which if any more confident aduersarie shall gainsay, I wish no better triall than the translation of one of *Persius* his Satyrs into English, the difficultie and dissonance whereof shall make good my assertion : besides the plaine experience thereof in the Satyres of Ariosto, (saue which,

and one base French Satyre, I could neuer attaine the view of any for my direction, and that also might for neede serue for an excuse at least,) whose chaine-verse, to which he fettereth himselfe, as it maie well afford a pleasing harmony to the eare, so can it yeeld nothing but a flashy and loose conceyt to the iudgement; wheras the Roman numbers tying but one foote to another, offereth a greater freedome of varietie, with much more delight to the reader. Let my second ground be the well knowne daintines of the time, such, that men rather choose carelesly to lease the sweete of the kernell, than to vrge their teeth with breaking of the shell wherein it is wrapped; and therefore sith that which is vnseene is almost vndone, and that is almost vnseene which is vnconceiued, either I would say nothing to be vntalkt of, or speake with my mouth open that I may be vnderstood. Thirdly, the end of this paines was a Satyre, but the end of my Satyre a further good, which whether I attaine or no, I know not; but let me be plaine, with hope of profit, rather than purposely obscure, onely for a bare names sake.

Notwithstanding, in the expectation of this quarrell, I thinke my first Satyre doth somewhat resemble the soure and crabbed face of Iuuenals, which I, indeauouring in that, did determinately

omit in the rest, for these forenamed causes, that so I might haue somewhat to stoppe the mouth of euery accuser. The rest, to each mans censure ; which let be as favourable as so thanklesse a work can, deserue or desire.

FINIS.

GLOSSARY,
WITH SOME
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

GLOSSARY,

WITH SOME

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

HIS DEFIANCE TO ENUIE.

- L. 5. *Be gald, part.* Begalled, torn, fretted, worn away; from *galler*, Fr.
- 15. *Mazor, s.* A cup, or bowl. Du Cange supposes that this word is derived from *murrhinum*, or *murream*, the name anciently given to cups made of a substance of great value, now unknown. During the dark ages this term was applied to cups of fine glass, and by a succession of corruptions it became *mardrinum*, *masdrinum*, *mazerinum*. From the last of these, *Mazor*, or according to the more usual orthography, *Mazer*, was formed. Ruperti has a learned note on this subject, in his Commentary upon the Sixth Satire of Juvenal, L. 156.
- 39. *Kestrel, s.* A hawk of a base unserviceable breed.
- 40. *Weeter, adj.* Comparative of *wet*.
- 42. *The stayrs of friendly Jove.*—The *stayrs* must here mean the *steps* (*scalæ*) of the throne of Jove, on the highest of which the eagle perched.
- 49. *Or scoure the rusted swords, &c.* This, and the following stanza, allude to the *Fairy Queen*.
- 85. *Or list vs make two striuing shephards sing, &c.* Vid. Theocrit. Idyll. IV. V.—Virgil. Bucol. Ecl. III.
- 107. *At Colin's feete, &c.* Hall gives Spenser the name of *Colin*, in allusion to *Colin Clouts come home again*.

- L. 109. *Hests*, s. Behests, commands; from *haitan*, Goth. to command.

VIRGIDEMIARVM.

Hall takes the title of his work from *Virgidemia*, or, more properly, *Virgindemia*, a Latin word, signifying a bundle of rods. It is used both by Plautus and Varro as an instrument for *beating*; a rod of twigs, probably corresponding to our modern birch rod of scholastic celebrity. On Hall's title-page, *Virgidemia* is governed in the genitive plural by the following words, *Six Bookes*.

LIBER I.

PROLOGUE.

- LIB. I. L. 2. *Despight*, s. Defiance.
 — 4. *The second English Satyrst*. Marston is entitled to this appellation.
 — 12. *Pranck*, v. To decorate or adorn; from *pronken*, Dutch.
 — 22. *Mought*. Obsolete for *might*.

SAT. I.

- L. 4. *Mahound and great Termagaunt*.—*Mahound* is a corruption for Mahomet. *Termagaunt*, corrupted by the French into *Tervagant*, and by the Italians into *Trivigante*, is a supposed deity of the Mahometans, of a fierce and violent character. *Mahound* and *Termagaunt* were common figures in ancient pageants. Vid. Percy's *Reliques*, vol. I. p. 77, 383.
 — 6. *Blowesse*, s. Warton considers this word to be synonymous with the *Blousilinda*, or *Blousibella*, of modern ballads. Johnson interprets *Blowze*, a *ruddy fat-faced wench*.
 — ib. *Hungrie scene*. Warton suggests *angrie* as the true reading, but the emendation seems uncalled for.

- L. 13. *Hunger-staruen trencher poetrie.* "Poetry written by hirelings for bread."—*Warton.*
- 19. *Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,*
I THEM BEQUEATH, &c.—"Heroic poetry, pastorals, comedy, and tragedy, I leave to the celebrated established masters in those different kinds of composition."—*Warton.*—The lines which *Warton* thus interprets, are an obvious imitation of the following passage in the Prologue of *Persius.*
"Heliconidasque, pallidamque Pirenen
Illis relinquo, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces."
- 29. *They haunt the tyded Thames, &c.* The poet here alludes to the beautiful episode of the marriage of *Thames* and *Medway*, in the eleventh canto of the fourth Book of the *Fairy Queen.*
- 32. *For lore.* Forlorn.

SAT. II.

- L. 18. *Grewes, v.* Grows. *Hall* and *Spenser* were much in the practice of suiting their orthography to their rhymes, of which *grewes* is an example.
- 23. *Stole, s.* *Hall* seems to use this word for *garb.* *Todd* derives it from Saxon, and explains it to mean a long vest.
- ib. *Garish, adj.* Gaudy.
- ib. *Weede, s.* Although *weeds* are now generally understood to mean *mourning dress,* the word is used by the older English writers for garments of any sort.
- 29. *The horse-hoofed well.* The fountain of *Hippocrene* on *Parnassus,* supposed to have been formed by the hoof of *Pegasus.*
- 35. *Apple-squire, s.* A pimp, or lascivious person.

SAT. III.

- L. 1. *Pot-furie.* Vid. *Bishop Earle's* character of a *Pot-poet,* in his *Microcosmography,* Ed. 1811, p. 80.
- 7. *Fore-barren braine.* The brain that was previously barren.
- 12. *Turkish Tamberlaine.* This alludes to *Christopher Marlowe's* absurd and inflated tragedy of *Tamerlane the Great.*

- LIB. I. L. 17. *Huf-cap*. Cant, for saucy, bold, arrogant. *Huff-cap* was also a name given to strong ale, "from inducing people to set their caps in a bold or *huffing* style." *Nares*.
- 23. *Sooping, part*. Passing along in a stately manner, from the obsolete verb *to swoop*.
- *ib. Side, adj.* Long, from the Saxon, or Danish.
- 28. *Scaffolders, s.* Those who occupied the upper galleries of a theatre.
- 29. *The famous Corduban.* Seneca.
- 34. *A selfe-misformed lout.* A stage clown or buffoon; an indispensable character in old plays.
- 39. *Hoch-poch.* An incongruous mixture. In Scotland this term is applied to a soup made of a variety of vegetables; in England it is a law term, which Lyttleton defines to be "a commixtion, or putting together of lands for the equal division of them, being so put together." Hall's use of the phrase is metaphorical.
- *ib. Russetings.* Coarse rustic dress. The name was derived from the usual colour of such garments, namely, a reddish brown; in Fr. *rousset*.
- 42. *His clumsie fist doth bruise.* "In striking the benches to express applause." *Warton*.
- 47. *Doughtie geare.* Important matter.
- 49. *Scrole, s.* Copy.
- 58. *Scaffold, s.* The upper gallery of a theatre.

SAT. IV.

- L. 7. *Maronist.* An imitator of Virgil.
- 13. *Melissa.* A sorceress of early romance, whose agency is used in *Orlando Furioso*, for the purpose of removing Merlin's tomb from Wales to Tuscany.
- 23. *Renowned, part.* A variety in the orthography of *renowned*, which frequently occurs in the early editions of Spenser's works.
- 25. *Salust of France.* Dubartas.

SAT. V.

- L. 1. *Another, &c.* Hall here alludes to the authors of the various legends in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, one of the most

- considerable early collections of English poetry, and a work **LIB. I.** which was at the height of its popularity when *Virgidemiarum* was published. For a detailed account of its contents, see Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. III. p. 209-282.
- L. 5. *Whining ghost*. A variety of ghosts are introduced in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, whom the poet sends back to hell without the means of paying Charon for their passage over the river Styx.
- 9. *Parbrak'd, part*. This word signifies *literally*,—*vomited forth*.

SAT. VI.

- L. 5. *Garboile, s.* An uproar or commotion; from *garbouille*, Fr.
- 13. *Areed*. Declare, explain.
- 16. *Thwick thwack, and riffe raffè, &c.* Vid. Gascoigne on *Versification*.

SAT. VII.

- L. 7. *Importune, adj.* Constantly recurring, unseasonable; from *importun*, old Fr.
- 17. *Wit-wal, s.* This word is apparently a variety in the orthography of *wittal* or *wittol*, and means a cuckold who *wits all*, or knows himself to be so.
- 24. *Resigne, v.* Appoint.

SAT. VIII.

- L. 1. *Mell, v.* To meddle.
- 4. *Done fill*. Do fill.
- 5. *Good S. Peter*, alludes to Robert Southwell's *Saint Peter's Complaint*, in which the Saint *weepes pure Helicon*. In the following line [6] Hall glances at the *Funerall Teares* of the two *Maries*, a poem by the same author.
- 8. *Great Solomon, sings in the English quire*. This line refers to Markham's translation of the *Song of Solomon*.
- 12. *Ink-hornisme, s.* This word is supposed by Nares to have been coined by Hall from the phrase of *Inkhorne-*

- LIB. I. *termes*, used, by the writers of his day, for studied expressions.
- L. 16. *Bethleem*. A religious house in London, which was afterwards converted into an hospital for lunatics. Hence the general term *bedlam* is derived.

SAT. IX.

- L. 2. *A new laureat*. It is not improbable, as Warton suggests, that this Satire may have been directed against the writings of Robert Greene, an author of *obscene* memory, who died some years before *Virgidemiarum* was published. The *laureat* is described as "tyr'd in *green*."
- 3. *Tyr'd, part*. Attired.
- 5. *Venerean tree*. The myrtle.
- 8. *Recitall-post of capitol*. It was a common practice of the Roman poets to recite their compositions in public, and previous notice of such exhibitions was given by placards attached to pillars in different parts of the city. To this the ancient Scholiast alludes, in the following observation upon a well-known passage in the *Ars Poetica* of Horace. [L. 373.] "In columnis autem *Poetæ* ponebant *πικτάκια*, *indicantes quo die recitaturi essent*." In the Capitol there was a public library, with which it is apparently the poet's design to connect the *recitall post*. Vid. Lipsii *Syntagma de Bibliothecis*, cap. vii.
- 21. *Shordich*. A part of London celebrated for brothels.
- 22. *Indite, v*. To compose, to write.
- 26. *New Florentine*. Peter Aretine, according to Warton, but the allusion rather seems general.
- 31. *Lesbias deed*. Hall gives the name of *Lesbia* to Sappho, who was a native of Lesbos, and is said to have been addicted to *tribadism*, a vicious propensity attributed to the women of that island, and frequently alluded to by the ancient epigrammatists. Vid. Martial, Lib. I. *Epigr.* 91; also Luciani *Dialogi Meretricii*, Ed. Hemsterhusii, tom. III. p. 289.
- 35. *The diuell and Saint Valentine*. The name of this saint is generally connected with love or gallantry. St Valentine is, therefore, introduced to denote the subject, and the Devil, to denote the character of the *new laureat's* rhymes:

—they relate to love, but to such love as the Devil approves. LIB. I.

LIBER II.

PROLOGUE.

- L. 1. *Cynick spright*. Diogenes. LIB. II.
 — 9. *Nemesis*. “*Dea scelerum ultrix, Jovis et Necessitatis, vel Oceani et Noctis filia, puniens immoderatos et impudentes, unde ejus iram deprecabantur, qui loquebantur de se.*”—*Hoffmanni Lexicon, voc. Nemesis.*

SAT. I.

- L. 3. *Nay, call the Cynick, &c.* It is related of Diogenes, “that seeing a boy drink water in the hollow of his hand, he took his little cup out of his wallet and threw it away, saying, *The boy outwent him in frugality.*” Stanley’s *History of Philosophy*, Ed. 1701, p. 285.
 — 6. *Weasand, s.* The throat, from the Saxon.
 — 10. *Teston, s.* A sixpence, from *teste*, old Fr. for a head. The coin derived its name from having a head stamped upon it.
 — *ib.* *Queare, s.* A quire of paper, a book; from *kiver*, Isl., or *quayer*, old Fr.
 — 13. *Ope-tyde, s.* The early spring, the time of opening.
 — 17. *Then manie a Lollerd, &c.* Lollerd was a name given to the early English Reformers, and Hall here alludes to their practice of bearing the faggots to the stake, at which they were to be burned.
 — 28. *Drie-fats.* Cowell, in his *Interpreter*, explains *fat* to be “a great wooden vessell, which among brewers in London is ordinarily used at this day, to measure mault by, containing a quarter, which they have for expedition in measuring.” *Fat* is synonymous with *Vat*. They are both derived from Saxon, and the latter is interpreted by Todd to mean, a vessel into which anything is put for the purpose of fermenting.

- LIB. II. L. 29. *Two to an ox-hide*; that is,—requiring an *ox-hide* to bind two of the volumes.
- 31. *Coted, part.* Quoted.
- 37. *But well fare Strabo, &c.* Hall borrows this illustration from the following passage in Pliny's *Natural History*. "Oculorum acies vel maxime fidem excedentia invenit exemplum. In nuce inclusam Iliada Homeri carmen, in membrana scriptum, tradidit Cicero. Idem, fuisse qui pervideret CXXXV.M. passuum. Huic et nomen M. Varro reddidit, STRABONEM vocatum. Solitum autem Punico bello, a Lilybæo Siciliae promontorio, exeunte classe e Carthaginis portu, etiam numerum navium dicere."—Plinii *Natur. Histor.* Lib. VII. Cap. 21.
- 45. *Such one was once, &c.* Pliny seems also to have furnished the poet with the materials out of which this passage has been wrought. After mentioning an ingenious artist who fabricated an ant of inconceivable smallness, in ivory, he proceeds thus:—"Myrmecides quidem in eodem genere inclaruit, a quo quadrigam ex eadem materia, quam musca integeret alis, fabricatam; et navem quam apicula pennis absconderet."—Plinii *Natur. Histor.* ut sup.
- 51. *The black storie.* The poet's own Satires. In another place he speaks of the *black broods* of Satire.
- 55. *Poggies ghost,* alludes to an English translation of the *Facetiæ* of Poggio, a work remarkable for indelicacy.
- 58. *Tauernings, s.* The fashion of frequenting taverns, which was exceedingly prevalent in the time of Hall.

SAT. II.

- L. 4. *Cote, s.* A cottage.
- 10. *Loves decay.* Decay of learning.
- 28. *Bookerie, s.* The study of books.
- 36. *Forewent.* This word is from the verb *to forewend*, meaning, *to go before*; but Hall apparently uses *forwent* in the sense of *forsaken*.
- 45. *Assaine, v.* Attempt; from *assaier*, old Fr.
- 47.—*What care I to be Arcesilas,*
Or some sad Solon, &c. These and the following lines are a paraphrase of a passage in the third Satire of Persius, beginning

“ —non ego curo

LIB. II.

Esse quod Arcesilas, ærumnosique Solones,
Obstipo capite,” &c.—L. 78, et seq.

- L. 50. *Pight*. Pitched, fixed. The expression in Persius is *figentes lumine terram*.
- 53. *Parmenides*. A philosopher of the Eleatic sect, who flourished 500 years before Christ.
- 53. *Darke Heraclite*. Heraclitus was the founder of a school of philosophy remarkable for the obscurity and severity of its tenets. He received the epithet of *ὁ σκοτεινός*, *ob obscuram linguam*.—Vid. Lucret. Lib. I. v. 559, et seq.
- 64. *Laue-ear'd*. Long or lap-eared.
- 67. *Grill*. Gryllus was one of the companions of Ulysses, who, after being transformed into a hog by Circe, refused to be restored to his original shape.

SAT. III.

- L. 3. *Themis*. The daughter of *Cælus* and *Terra*; a goddess who, as poets feign, first taught men justice.
- 15. *Weale, s.* State, commonwealth.
- 18. *The fat kyne, &c.* This line refers to Pharoah's dream.
- 19. *Genus and species, &c.* “ This passage,” says Warton, “ alludes to an old distich made and often quoted in the age of scholastic science.
- ‘ Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
Sed Genus et Species cogitur ire pedes.’
- That is, the study of medicine produces riches, and jurisprudence leads to stations and offices of honour; while the professor of logic is poor, and obliged to walk on foot.”
- 21. *Father Bartoll*. Bartolus was one of the most distinguished lawyers of the middle ages. He was Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Bologna, in the fourteenth century; and was equally remarkable for his talents, his magnificence, and his liberality. Contemporary accounts are to be found of the gorgeous trappings of his horse, and of his scattering money among the people in his daily progress through the streets of Bologna.
- *ib.* *Foot-cloth, s.* A sumpter-cloth, generally made of rich stuffs, and in the middle ages used almost exclusively by persons of great consideration.

- LIB. II. L. 22. *Vpon high pavement.* This means the middle of the street, which in continental towns, where there is generally no side pavement, was the best paved part of the way, and therefore yielded to the most honoured persons. In Scotland it was called "the crown of the causeway."
- 25. *Pedling.* By which a livelihood was gained.
- ib. *Barbarismes.* This expression refers to the rude diction of the early continental lawyers. The motto of Bartolus was, "*De verbibus non curat Jurisconsultus.*"—[Comneni *Hist. Archigymn. Patav.* I. p. 200.] Alciatus and Cujacius had the merit of, in a great measure, banishing *barbarismes* from the science which they professed.
- 33. *Tho must he.* Still he must.
- 34. *Disclout his crowns.* Take them out of the *clout* or purse in which they are wrapped.
- 35. *Stowre.* Tumult, distress; from the Saxon. Hall applies the word to a storm.

SAT. IV.

- L. 6. *Groate, s.* A piece valued at fourpence, and first coined in England by Edward the Third. Hall uses the term *proverbially*, for a small sum.
- 7. *Leech, s.* A physician or surgeon, from *laec*, Sax.
- 10. *Mangie.* Scabbed.
- 16. *Horse-leach, s.* A farrier.
- 34. *Carle, s.* Churl, opposed by Hall to a liberal man.
- 39. *Or would coniure, &c.* This passage alludes to the notion prevalent among the earlier chemists, that mercury or quicksilver was the principle of all other bodies, and one of the elements of nature; and to the processes employed by the Alchemists for transmuting it into gold, and for discovering the *elixir vitæ*.

SAT. V.

- L. 1. *Siquis.* The first word of advertisements published on the door of St Paul's. Vid. Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, Ed. 1812, p. 102, Note.

- L. 8. *Steeple-Faire*. Probably *Siquis* door, St Paul's, where church livings were disposed of. LIB. II.
- 11. *Shoon, s.* Shoes.
- 19. *Fooles of Gotham*. Andrew Borde, who is said, on no very good authority, to have been physician to Henry the Eighth, compiled a work entitled *The Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham*, which acquired great popularity. It describes the *sports* and *customs* of the Men of Gotham, a town in Lincolnshire; and is said to bear reference to certain tenures peculiar to that place and its neighbourhood, which are now obsolete. It is probable that in Hall's time, the *Men of Gotham* had become a proverbial expression, applicable to those whose conduct was remarkable for silliness or simplicity.

SAT. VI.

- L. 2. *Trencher-chaplaine*. A table-chaplain. In this line, *chaplaine* must be pronounced *chapelaine*, to suit the verse.
- 5. *First, that he lie vpon the truckle-bed*. By the statutes of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, the scholars are required to sleep in truckle beds, placed under the beds of the Fellows. Hall reverses this rule in the case of the domestic tutor, and his pampered pupil.
- 8. *To sit above the salt*. A large gold or silver salt-sellar was formerly placed towards the top of the table, containing salt for the use of the whole company. The more honoured guests sat *above*, while those of less distinction took their places *below* the salt-sellar.
- 14. *Ierke, s.* A quick, smart lash.

SAT. VII.

- L. 6. *Ephemerides*. Astronomical tables, shewing the state of the heavens at noon on every day of the year, and used by astrologers in calculating horoscopes.
- 14. *Bronds, s.* Brands.
- 19. *Lib. v.* A word still in general use in Scotland, signifying *to geld*.

- LIB. II. L. 27. *In the heauen's High-streete, &c.* Hall supposes the twelve signs of the Zodiac to be twelve inns in the High Street of Heaven; and he assigns the duties of *osteleres, tapsters, and chamberlaines*, to astrologers. The *Ramme*, the *Black-bul*, and the *Blew-lion*, were the signs of inns at Cambridge; and *Bridge-streete* was a street in the same town.
- 31. *Inne, v.* To lodge.
- 60. *Abusion, s.* Corruption, reproach; from the same word in old Fr.

LIBER III.

PROLOGUE.

- LIB. III. L. 4. *Packe-staffe, s.* The smooth staff or rod on which a pedlar carried his pack; often introduced by way of proverbial simile. *As plain as a pack or pike-staff*; or, as Hall has it, *packe-staffe plaine*.

SAT. I.

- L. 1. *Time was, &c.* The opening of this Satire is an elaborate but splendid paraphrase of a passage in Juvenal. Vid. Sat. VI. l. 1-25.
- 6. *Gapte.* Gaped.
- ib. *Dodonian oakes.* The celebrity of the *Dodonia quercus* is familiar to every scholar.
- 13. *Thicks, s.* Thickets.
- 14. *Hawes, s.* The berries of the hawthorn.
- 25. *Scape.* Cheats.
- 28. *Treen, s.* Trees.
- 50. *All.* Although.
- 54. *Rife to gone.* Easy to go to.
- 60. *Autumntie, s.* The time of harvest.
- 62. *Russet, s.* Coarse country dress, of a reddish brown colour.
- 73. *Ostlerie, s.* Todd interprets this word, "The place belonging to the *ostler*." Qu. The stable.

SAT. II.

- L. 7. *Where as great Arthur, &c.* This passage alludes to the LIB. III. discovery of the body of King Arthur in Glastonbury Abbey. The hollowed trunk of an oak was no unusual substitute for a coffin in rude times.
- 23. *Graued, part.* Buried.

SAT. III.

- L. 2. *Ouerly.* Slight.
- 5. *Had I mayden'd it.* Had I received it with any degree of coyness.
- 11. *Darbishirian wise.* This expression is used in allusion to a Derbyshire proverb or saying, the point of which seems to be, that it is foolish to decline accepting money the first time it is offered. *Naughtie guise* means *unwise conduct*.
- 14. *Importune guest.* A troublesome guest, one who requires *pressing*.
- 17. *Cleopatricall,* alludes to the proverbial profusion of the Egyptian Queen, and in particular to her melting and swallowing pearls of great price.

SAT. IV.

- L. 4. *Morkin, s.* A deer or other beast that dies by mischance or sickness. Todd derives *morkin* from the Swedish word *murken*, signifying *rotten*.
- 13. *Who euer gives a paire of veluet shooes, &c.* "In a gallery over the screen," says Warton, "at entering the choir, was a large crucifix or *rood*, with the images of the Holy Virgin and Saint John. The *veluet shooes* were for the feet of Christ on the Cross, or of one of the attendant figures."
- 15. *Couure-feu.* The curfew.

SAT. V.

- L. 8. *Abron, adj.* Auburn.

- LIB. III. L. 11. *Vail'd*, part. Lowered ; from the Fr. *avaler*.
 — 16. *Rogarian*, s. A name for a wig, which, according to Nares, only occurs in Hall's *Satires*.
 — 24. *Shroad*, adj. Synonymous with *shrewd*, which Todd interprets, *painful, pinching*.
 — 26. *Iade*, s. A horse.

SAT. VI.

- L. 13. *Carauell*, s. A sort of boat, or vessel, from *Caravelle*, Fr.
 — 17. *Lay at rode*. Lay at anchor. Todd interprets *rode*, to mean, *ground where ships may anchor*.

SAT. VII.

- L. 6. *I saw him sit with Duke Humfray*. Various accounts are given of the origin of the expression, *To dine with Duke Humphrey*. Mr Campbell remarks, that it "arose from St Paul's being the general resort of the loungers of those days; many of whom, like Hall's gallant, were glad to beguile the thoughts of dinner with a walk in the middle aisle, where there was a tomb, by mistake supposed to be that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester."—*Specimens of the British Poets*.
 Bailey, in giving an account of a place called *Duke Humphreys*, near to *Puddledock*, says, that "some of those lived here, who, fancying themselves the servants to *Humphrey*, Duke of Gloucester, used to meet every St Andrew's day at Sir John Beauchamp's tomb, at St Paul's (which they mistook for the Duke's, he lying at St Albans), and there would strew flowers, and sprinkle water, in hopes of a good dinner, which they returned without, (as they must needs,) like superstitious fools; the Duke having made no provision for them; and thus probably came the saying of *dining with Duke Humphrey*, used of such as had been disappointed of a dinner."—*Bailey's Dictionary*, voc. *Duke Humphreys*.
 Grose, in his *Local Proverbs*, states, that the saying of *dining with Duke Humphrey*, originally meant, "dining at another man's table; for Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, commonly called the Good Duke, kept an open table, where any gentleman was welcome to dine. After his decease,

- to dine with Duke Humphrey meant, to go dinnerless, his LIB. III. table, above mentioned, having ceased at his death.”
- L. 12. *Shot*, s. Reckoning.
- 24. *Heavie iron*. A heavy sword.
- 27. *New-woon Cales*. Calais had been recently taken.
- 35. *To weare a natiue cord*. To be hanged.
- 47. *Strawne*. An obsolete adjective signifying, *made of straw*.
- 49. *Deale*, s. Degree.
- 50. *Shalforke*, s. A hay-fork, so called from shaking up the grass.
- 54. *Nill*. Will not. “Will ye, nill ye.” *Prov.*
- 69. *Onement*, s. State of being one, union.

THE CONCLVSION OF ALL.

- L. 2. *Pend*, part. Penned.

THE AUTHOR'S CHARGE TO HIS SATYRES.

- L. 27. *Dole*, s. Misery.

LIBER IV.

SAT. I.

- L. 2. *Blindfold Aquines, or darke Venusine*. In these expres- LIB. IV. sions, the poet alludes to the obscure styles of Juvenal and Horace, the former of whom was a native of Aquinium in Campania, the latter of Venusium, a town upon the confines of Lucania and Apulia.
- 3. *Teretisimes*, Gr. Τερετίσματα. “Cantus cicadae. Quo factum, ut veteres sic vocarent cantus lascivos, et procaceis.”
- *Scapulae Lexicon*.

- LIB. IV. L. 6. *Intendeth*. Studies with attention. This use of the verb *to intend*, is now obsolete.
- 11. *Out-riue*. Tear out.
- 15. *Cræwon Satire's ghost, &c.* Although Juvenal, to whom the poet alludes in this passage, ill deserved the name of *Cræwon*, it is true that his attacks upon the living, were generally made under the names of the dead. "Wheresoever he mentions Nero," says Dryden, "he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy." Juvenal defends, and recommends this mode of writing satire, [Sat. I. l. 147, ad fin.] in a passage, where he remarks, that the author who had the boldness to assail Tigellinus, one of Nero's *informers*, might anticipate the fate awarded by that barbarous monarch to the Christians accused of setting fire to Rome, whose bodies, after being smeared with combustible materials, were fixed to posts, set on fire, and used as torches to illuminate the darkness of night. Hall uses this historical fact metaphorically, to illustrate the cowardice of Juvenal in selecting the characters of the dead, rather than of the living, as the victims of his powerful pen.
- 18. *Holy-fax inquest*. This expression, which Hall uses proverbially, alludes to the ancient *customary* or *Gibbet-law* of the Forest of Hardwick; namely, "That if a felon be taken within the liberty, with goods stolen out, or within the liberty or precincts of the said forest, either *handhabend*, *backberond*, or *confession'd*, to the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny, he shall, after three market-days, or meeting-days, within the town of Halifax, next after such his apprehension, and being condemned, be taken to the gibbet, and there have his head cut off from his body." For a curious account of the mode in which this law was applied, and of various proceedings under it, in the latter part of the 16th, and beginning of the 17th century, the reader may consult Wright's *Antiquities of Halifax*, Chap. III. The justice administered by a *Holy-fax Inquest*, was necessarily of a summary description, and the term is nearly synonymous with the familiar Scottish expression—a *Lawnmarket Jury*. In explaining the supplication of the *Beggars' Litany*, to be delivered from *Hell, Hull, and Halifax*, Grose remarks, that "At Halifax, persons taken in the act of stealing cloth, were instantly, and without any process, beheaded with an

- engine called the Maiden." This, however, is obviously an **LIB. IV.** erroneous account of the *gibbet-law*, to which, it is more than probable, the prayer of the Litany refers.
- L. 24. *Snake of Epidaore.* Æsculapius; Vid. Ovid. *Metam.* l. XV. v. 669. et seq.
- 25. *Lyncius.* Lynceus, one of the Argonauts, is celebrated by the ancient poets for his extraordinary powers of vision.
- ib. *Gaulards sight, &c.* This passage alludes to a familiar story in the French collections of *Facetiæ*, of a countryman who complained that he could not see Paris for the houses.
- 27. *Or wylie Cypus, &c.* Vid. Juvenal. *Sat.* I. v. 55-57. The story here referred to is thus given by Erasmus:—
 “Plutarchus in libro cui titulum fecit ἐρωτικῶν fabulam super hac re non illepidam narrat. Cum Galba quispiam convivio Mecænatem accepisset; sentiretque jam è nutibus hominem inflammatum in uxorem suam, sensim demisit caput, perinde quasi dormiret. At cum interea famulus quispiam ad mensam accedens vinum clam tolleret, ibi jam vigil et occulatus, ‘Infelix, inquit, an nesciebas, me soli Mecænati dormire?’ ”—Erasmi *Adagia*; “Non omnibus dormio.” The same story is told by Cælius Rhodiginus, [*Lect. Antiq.* l. XII. cap. XVI.] with this difference, that he gives the accommodating husband the name of *Cappas*, which Hall has altered to *Cypus*.
- 28. *Skort, s.* Skirt.
- 30. *As oftentimes as Phillip hath beene dead.* This line alludes to the credulity of the Athenians, in believing every report regarding Philip of Macedon.
- 33. *Logogryphes.* This term is derived from λόγος, a word, and γέφυρα, a net. It was formerly applied to riddles which were proposed to students for solution, as a mode of exercising their ingenuity. The point of a *logogryphe* generally turned upon an equivocal allusion, which, when taken literally, signified something quite different from its real meaning. Puzzles of this sort were popular among Hall's contemporaries.
- 35. *Dispight, s.* Malignity.
- 40. *Talus.* The *Talus* of antiquity was a severe lawgiver of Crete, of whom fabulous accounts may be found in the writings of Plato and Apollonius Rhodius. But Hall seems rather to allude to the *Groom* left upon earth by Astræa,

- LIB. IV. when she returned to Heaven, for the purpose of executing her awards; and who is thus described by Spenser:
- “ His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
 Immoveable, resistless, without end;
 Who, in his hand, an yron flaile did hold,
 With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth unfold.”
- Fairy Queen*, B. V. Cant. l. v. 12.
- L. 41. *Cuttle*, s. A fish which occasionally lies concealed in a black liquor discharged from itself.
- 52. *As bolder Socrates in the comedy*. It is related of Socrates, that when present at the representation of *The Clouds*, a celebrated comedy of Aristophanes, in which the character of the philosopher is introduced in a ridiculous light, he good-naturedly stood up in order to give the spectators an opportunity of contrasting the *original*, with the *caricature* drawn by their favourite comedian.
- 53. *Or thou false Crispus, &c.* In this passage Hall seems to have had in view a remarkable dream, recorded by Cicero in his treatise *De Divinatione*, lib. I. cap. 27.
- 69. *Like a swolne toad, &c.* The toad and the spider were supposed by the early naturalists to be sworn foes, and in their conflicts, the latter is generally said to have been successful.
- 70. *Playse*, s. A flat fish, having its mouth on one side; and hence the appellation is given to a person with a wry mouth.
- 72. *Lauing*. Flapping.
- 76. *Paris-garden beare*. Paris-garden was a place in the Borough, celebrated for *bear-baitings*, and other amusements of a similar character.
- 78. *Or Mimoses whistling, &c.* Warton supposes this line to be directed against Kempe, a *play-wright* and *player*, contemporary with Shakspeare, who is said to have been the original Dogberry in *Much ado about Nothing*, and Peter in *Romeo and Juliet*.—Vid. Decker's *Gulls Hornbook*, ed. 1812, p. 24, note.
- 80. *Semones*. Heroes, or demi-gods; quasi *semi homines*. “ Semones, ex illo deorum numero, qui minorum gentium appellabantur, et ex hominibus relati in Deos; majores scilicet hominibus, minores Diis.”—*Hoffmanni Lexicon*, voc. *Semones*.
- 83. *For Tigels grinning on the theater*. “ Marcus Tigellius

Hermogenes, musicus peritissimus et vocis eximiæ, Caio LIB. IV. Cæsari dictatori, et post Cleopatraræ acceptissimus, Augusto quoque Cæsari amicissimus. Porro autem causam insec-tandi hominis non mediocris ingenii habuit Horatius, quod carmina ejus parum scite esse modulata dicebat."—*Vet. Schol. ad Horat. Serm. lib. I. Ser. II. v. 3.* Tigellius is mentioned by Cicero in his epistles, as having been remark-able for his powers of mimicry, to which Hall apparently alludes.

- L. 85. *Ale-knight, s.* A pot-companion, or tippler.
 — 92. *Cyned.* Hall gives this name to an adulterer, from *Cinædus*, Latin.
 — 93. *Wale, s.* A ridge or mark left on the skin by a blow; from the Saxon.
 — 94. *Hee were as neere, as by report,*
The stewes had wont to be to the tennis-court. The tennis-court, the baths, and the *stewes*, or brothel, were generally, during the middle ages, if not under the same roof, at least in adjoining buildings. Hence *bath* and *brothel* became in some degree convertible terms. The Italian word *bagno* now signifies, with us, rather a brothel than a bath; and the German *bade-haus*, (bath-house) bears so strong a resemblance to the vulgar term *bawdy-house*, that it is difficult to avoid resorting to the former, for the etymology of the latter. Cowell, in his *Interpreter*, derives *stewes*, the ancient English name for a licensed brothel, from *estuves*, old Fr. for *thermæ*. Vid. *Interpreter* voc. *stewes*.
 — 98. *Iuno* seems here to be used generally, for a wife.
 — 102. *Or like some strange disguised Messaline, &c.*—Vid. Ju-venal. *Sat. VI. v. 115*, et seq.
 — 111. *Apple-squire, s.* A kept gallant.
 — 123. *Gades.* Cadiz.
 — 124. *Baines.* Bans.
 — 125. *Broking, part.* From the verb *to broke*, signifying to transact business for others. It is not unfrequently used in a reproachful sense.
 — 128. *Wil-old.* Cuckolded.
 — 129. *Hansell, s.* The first use of anything; from *hansel*, a first gift; Dutch.
 — 130. *Vnshent.* Free from reproach or harm.
 — 131. *Cyneds regiment.* Vid. sup. l. 92 of this satire.
 — 140. *Writhen.* Distorted, deformed.
 — *ib. Lena.* A procuress; the mistress of a brothel; Lat.

- LIB. IV. L. 144. *The close aduresser, &c.*—Vid. Juvenal. *Sat.* VI. l. 126, et seq.
- 150. *Alchmænaes night.* While Amphitryon, the husband of Alcmena, was engaged in conducting a war against the Teiebæns, a people of Etolia, for the purpose of avenging the murder of his wife's brother, Jupiter having assumed her husband's form, visited Alcmena. In consequence of this meeting she became pregnant to the god, and Hercules was the fruit of her infidelity.—Vid. Moreri, *Grand Diction.* voc. *Alcmene.*
- 156. *Mew, s.* A cage, or place where anything is confined; from *mue*, Fr.
- 158. *Westie, adj.* Dizzy, confused.
- 159. *Till his salt bowels, &c.* Hall here compares the consequences of excessive sensual indulgence, to the effects produced upon Hercules by the poisoned garment sent to him by his wife, Deianira.
- 161. *Rife.* Common; used here, however, rather as *common place, degraded.*
- 169. *Ferule, s.* An instrument of correction, so called because the stalks of fennel were anciently used for this purpose. The word is derived from *ferula*, giant fennel, Lat.
- 172. *Triuiall floare.* Schools were formerly divided into *quadriviales* and *triviales.* In the former, the *quadrivium*, or cycle of the four highest of the seven liberal arts, was taught; in the latter, the *trivium*, or cycle of the three lowest. *Triuiall floare,* means a school, as distinguished from the *universities*, where only the four highest arts were taught.

SAT. II.

- L. 5. *Scaffold, s.* The upper gallery of a theatre.
- 9. *Cottyer, s.* A cottager; from the same word in old Fr.
- 10. *Appeyre, v.* To impair; from *empirer*, Fr.
- 19. *Side-coat, s.* Long coat. In the south of Scotland, *side-coat* is used for *great-coat.*
- 24. *Label, s.* A small slip of silk, a kind of tassel.
- 27. *Maund, s.* A basket.
- 31. *Worky day.* Corrupted from *working day*; the day not the Sabbath.
- 34. *That Maro makes his Simule and Cybeale.* The poet here alludes to *Simulus* and *Cybale*, the *agricola* and *ancilla*

- of *Moretum*, a poem attributed to Virgil. For an account of Cybale's mode of compounding "paups of meale," vid. *Moretum*, v. 39-51. LIB. IV.
- L. 36. *Reez'd bacon soords*. Rank bacon skin. *Reez'd* is probably from *reasty*, quasi *rusty*, or *rancid*. *Soord* is synonymous with *sword*, or more properly *sward*.
- 39. *Dole*, s. Share, portion; from the verb *to deal*.
- 44. *Quinsing plouers, or in wining quailes*. *Quinsing* and *wining* appear to have been operations in cookery. Nares, in quoting this line, says, that the meaning of *Quinse* is unknown.
- 45. *Toot*, v. To pry, to search.
- 52. *Pullen*. Poultry, a word still used in the north.
- 57. *Ruffling, part*. From the verb *to ruffle*, signifying *to be turbulent or boisterous*.
- 59. *Rousteth at some vncouch signe*. *Roosts* at, or frequents some obscure tavern. It is possible that *rousteth* may be a mere variety in the orthography of *roisteth*, from the verb *to roist*, which signifies *to bully or riot*.
- 62. *Paine*, s. More properly *pane*, an opening or *slash* in dress; from *panneau*, Fr.
- 69. *Neuer until the lamps of Paules beene light*. The lamps in the vicinity of St Paul's were at this period the only regular night-illumination of London.
- 80. *Minge*, v. To mention.
- 81. *Leeue*. Agreeable; from the Saxon.
- 83. *Hos ego*. An allusion to the well-known lines of Virgil, quoted by Donatus:
 "Hos ego versiculos feci: tulit alter honores.
 Sic vos non vobis," &c.
- 85. *Gree*. Kindness, satisfaction; from *gré*, Fr.
- 92. *Them*. Themselves.
- 94. *Moroccoes dumbe arithmeticke, &c*. *Morocco* was the name of a learned horse belonging to a person called Banks. —Vid. Shakspeare, ed. 1815, vol. VII. p. 26, note 7. The following lines refer to various popular *shows* of the time.
- 99. *Why mought not he, &c*. "The law is the only way to riches. Fools only will seek preferment in the church." *Warton*.
- 100. *Festue*, s. Any small implement used for pointing to the letters in teaching children to read; from *festuca*,

- LIB. IV. Lat. For a humorous account of a *festue* or *fescue*, vid. Swift's Works by Scott, vol. IX. p. 390.
- L. 103. *Anchore*. Abbreviation of *Anchoret*.
- 104. *Miniuere*, s. The hood of a master of arts, made of a sort of fur. Vid. Nares's *Glossary* for the supposed derivation of this word.
- 128. *Clodge*, v. To clog.
- 139. *Scottish barnacle*. A shell fish growing on a flexible stem, and anciently supposed to turn into a solan goose.
- 145. *Traunting*. From the verb *to traunt*, which signifies *to traffic in an itinerary manner, like a pedlar*.

SAT. III.

- L. 1. *What boots it, Pontice, &c.*
 "Stemmata quid faciunt, quid prodest, Pontice, longo
 Sanguine censeri," &c.
 Juvenal. *Sat.* VIII. l. 1, et seq.
- Ponticus was a person remarkable for boasting of the antiquity and great actions of his family, although not possessed of a single virtue in his own person.
- 6. *Father Iaphet*. The poet here identifies the Patriarch Japhet, with the Greek Japetus.
- 15. *Spils*, s. Splinters.
- 16. *Olde Ocland's verse, &c.* Christopher Ocland was a schoolmaster of Cheltenham, who, in 1582, published a poem in Latin hexameters, entitled *Anglorum Prælia*, and to this work Hall alludes. *Turwin*, [Terouane,] a small town on the confines of Picardy, was taken by Henry the Eighth, after an obstinate seige, in 1513. In the same year he besieged and took *Turney*, [Tournay,] a town within the frontiers of Flanders, but belonging to France. It is mentioned in the *Annotations* to Drayton's *Heroical Epistle* from *Mary the French Queene to Charles Brandon*, that "Henry the Eight, after the long siege of Turney, which was delivered to him upon composition, entered the citie in triumph, vnder a canopie of cloth of gold, borne by foure of the chiefe and most noble citizens; the king himselfe mounted upon a gallant courser, barbed with the armes of England, France, and Ireland."
- 34. *Raymundus*. This name is appropriately given to a

- searcher for the philosopher's stone, from *Raymond Lully*, **LIB. IV.** the celebrated alchemist.
- L. 56.** *Galloway*. A horse under fourteen hands high. It has been generally supposed that this word was originally derived from the district of that name in Scotland, which, from a very early period, was celebrated for a breed of small Spanish, or rather Moorish horses, of a dun colour, with a black line along the back. The race is now nearly extinct, but it has acquired a *proverbial* celebrity.
- “ The eel-backit din,
Ne'er laes his maister far ahin,”
- is still a familiar saying in Galloway. Dr Jamieson, however, seems rather disposed to view *Galloway* as a corruption of the German word *Wallach*, which corresponds to the English term *Gelding*.
- 68. *Was neuer foxe, &c.*
Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis:
Est in juvenis, est in equis, patrum
Virtus: nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.
Horat. *Carm.* lib. IV. car. IV. v. 25.
- 74. *Rifely, adv.* Abundantly.
- *ib.* *Iury field.* Judea.
- 84. *Ah me! &c.* There is a strong resemblance between the thought in this passage, and in the following lines of the *Odyssey*, lib. II. v. 276.
- “ Παῦροι γὰρ τοὶ παῖδες ὁμοῖοι πατρὶ πέλονται
Οἱ πλέονες κακίους, παῦροι δὲ τε πατρὸς ἀρείους.”
- 88. *Scaurus*. If Hall refers to the Roman consul of this name, and to his son the Edile, his allusion is *historically* inaccurate. The former yielded to the gold of Jugurtha; the latter endeavoured to increase his fortune by extortion, while governor of Sardinia.
- 90. *Loue alife*. A *vulgarism*, meaning *love*, as he loved his *life*. Tyrwhitt supposes *alife* to be an abbreviation of *at life*.

SAT. IV.

- L. 1.** *Carpet-shield, s.* Carpet-knight. “ A knight dubbed in peace on a carpet by mere court favour; not in the field for military prowess.”—*Nares*.

- LIB. IV. L. 4. *Tiresias eyes*. Tiresias, a celebrated prophet of Thebes, was deprived of his eye-sight by Juno, as a punishment for deciding a dispute of a *delicate* nature between Jupiter and her, in favour of the former. This loss was in some degree compensated by the humanity of Jupiter, who bestowed the gift of prophecy upon Tiresias.—Moreri, *Grand Dict.* voc. *Tiresias*.
- 5. *Collingborn*. An unlucky poet, who was hanged for writing a malicious distich upon Catesby, Ratcliff, Lord Lovel, and Richard the Third, about the year 1484. On the gallows he became food for crows.
- 6. *Or hundreth scalps, &c.* This line alludes to the practice of gibbetting criminals, after execution, along the banks of the Thames.
- 22. *Salerne rimes*. SCHOLA SALERNITANA, an old medical system, written in Latin rhyme, and containing rules for diet and physic.
- 29. *Pestle, s.* The leg, and leg-bone of an animal.
- 31. *Haberdine, s.* A kind of cod-fish which is usually salted; from *habordean*, Fr.
- 33. *Writhen wythe*. A twisted willow twig.
- *ib.* *Martin's eue*. The evening before Martinmas, or the Feast of St Martin, which takes place on the 11th of November. Nares remarks, that this was “the customary time for hanging up provisions to dry which had been salted for winter provision; as our ancestors lived chiefly upon salted meat in the spring, the winter-fed cattle not being fit for use.”
- 38. *The hardy Ianizar*. A curious account of the warlike habits of the Turkish Janissaries, and of their feeding upon horse-flesh, may be found in Busbequii *Legationes Turcicae*, Paris, 1595, p. 71.
- 42. *Buffes, s.* A military dress, supposed to have been of the colour now called *buff*.
- 44. *Poynted on the shoulders*. Wearing tags or shoulder-knots.
- *ib.* ——— *for the nonce,*
As new come, &c.
 For the purpose of appearing as if new come from bearing arms in the wars of the Netherlands, which was a fashionable part of a military education in Hall's time.
- 50. *Plum'd fanne*. “Fans of feathers were now common.” *Warton*.

- L. 50. *Chalked*. Hall here uses this word for *painted*. LIB. IV.
 — 52. *Make fray*. An obvious compound, applied to a disturber of the peace.
 — ib. *Sise, s.* Assise.
 — 54. *Hungry Swizzers*. The Swiss were for a long period the mercenary soldiers of Europe.
 — 56. *Pointed plaine*. Plain covered with spears.
 — 57. *Broad Scot*. A Scottish broadsword.
 — ib. *Proking spit of Spayne*. A Toledo.
 — 59. *A lawlesse conquerer*. A pirate.
 — 60. *Hackster*. "A hackneyed person."—Todd.
 — 65. *Rath, adv.* Early.
 — 75. *Fumie ball*. A ball of perfume.
 — ib. *Morrian*. The fool in a play.
 — 81. *Quintaine, s.* A figure set up for *tyros* in chivalry to tilt at, in imitation of a tournament; from the same word in Fr. Vid. Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, ed. 1810, p. 103 et seq.
 — 83. *Scaffold, s.* The gallery for spectators, erected round the arena of a tournament.
 — 88. *Mantling, part.* A hawk is said to *mantle* when she spreads and flaps her wings in pleasure. Skinner [voc. *Mantleth*] says, "Dispennat seu pandiculatur, i. e. ni fallor, pennas instar pallii seu *Manteli* extendit et explicat."
 — 91. *A privie doore*. A pit-fall, or trap-cage for catching birds.
 — 99. *Why should'st thou leese, &c.* There is a considerable similarity between the thought in this passage, and in the concluding lines of Buchanan's elegy, entitled *Majæ Calendæ*, v. 131, ad fin.
 — 102. *Let ring and ferule, &c.* Marry before your education is concluded.
 — 118. *Rose-marine, s.* Rosemary.
 — 121. *And call him withered leeke, &c.* Warton remarks, that this is the *first* use which had fallen under his observation "of a witty apophthegmatical comparison, of a libidinous old man." The same allusion, however, is to be found in Rabelais.

LIB. IV.

SAT. V.

- L. 1. *Matho*. Matho was an informer and lawyer of the lowest order, during the reign of Domitian. Vid. Juvenal *Ruperti*, Sat. I. l. 32. VII. l. 129, et *Notæ*.
- 14. *Girdle-stead*, s. The waist, or *stead* of the girdle.
- 18. *Curtal*, v. Curtail.
- ib. *Side*, adj. Indirect, disreputable.
- 23. *What else makes N*, &c. “This satire,” says Warton, “affords the first instance I remember to have seen, of nominal initials.”
- 26. *Morphew’d*, adj. Leprous; from *mort-feu*, Fr.
- 27. *Westerne ile*. Ireland.
- 28. *Kernes*, s. Irish foot-soldiers, represented always as poor and wild. For the supposed etymology of this term, vid. Todd’s *Johnson*.
- 38. *Badge-lesse blew*. The dress of a person in low life,—generally of a servant, which was of a blue colour.
- 42. *Olde wife of Trimalcion*. “Uxor Trimalchionis Fortunata appellatur, quæ nummos modio metitur.” Petronii Arbitri *Satyricon*, cap. 37.
- 51. *Angel*, s. A gold coin, worth ten shillings sterling.
- 53. *Astræa*. The daughter of Astreus, one of the Titans, and of Themis, or, according to Ovid, of Jupiter and Themis. She descended from heaven to dwell upon earth during the golden age. The crimes of mortals, however, at length drove her back to the celestial abodes;
 Et virgo cæde madentes
 Ultima cœlestum terras Astræa reliquit.
 The Greeks confounded Astræa with the Goddess of Justice; and Spenser exhibits her under the same character. Vid. *Fairy Queen*. b. V. cant. I. v. 5 et seq.
- 56. *Like Lucians dreame, that siluer turn’d to coles*.
 Πόθεν χρυσίον τούτῳ; ἢ πᾶ ὄναρ ταῦτά ἐστι; δέδια γῆν
 μὴ ἀνθρώπου, ἔρω ἀνεγρόμενος. Vid. Luciani *Timon*. edit. Hemsterhus. tom. I. p. 152.
- 57. *Nould*. Would not.
- 59. *Ding-thrift*. Spendthrift.

- L. 67. *Cyned*. Vid. sup. Satire I. of this Book, l. 92 and LIB. IV. 131.
 — 107. *Collybist*, s. A rent or tax-gatherer; from *κολλυβιστής*, nummularius.
 — 111. *Glozing*, part. Flattering.

SAT. VI.

- L. 3. *Out from the Gades, &c.* Vid. Juvenal. *Sat.* X. l. 1, 2.
 — 9. *Tyr'd with pinn'd ruffes*. A *ruff* is now an ornament peculiar to the female neck, but it was formerly used by both sexes. The effeminacy of a man's ruff is ridiculed by Beaumont and Fletcher. *Nice Valour*, act III. sc. I.
 — ib. *Partlet*. This is also a name for a *ruff* or band worn by women.
 — 10. *Buske*, s. A piece of wood or whalebone, worn down the front of the stays, to keep them straight.
 — ib. *Verdingale*, s. Farthingale or hoop.
 — 17. *Cot-queene*, s. A hen-pecked husband. Vid. Nares's *Glossary*, for the derivation and various meanings of this word.
 — 20. *Charriot-roome*. A coach.
 — 23. *Muck-worme*. A miser.
 — 27. *Strike*, s. The act of smoothing corn for the purpose of measurement.
 — 30. *Nor full nor fasting, &c.* "These symptomes are elegantly expressed by Theophrastus in his *character* of a covetous man;—lying in bed, he asked his wife whether she shut the trunkes and chests fast, the capcase be sealed, and whether the hall door be bolted; and though shee say all is well, he riseth out of his bed in his shirt, beare-foot and beare-legged, to see whether it be so, with a darke lanthorne searching every corner, scarce sleeping a winke all night." Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1632, p. 116.
 — 31. *George-Nobles*, s. A noble was a gold coin, in value twenty *groats*, or six shillings and eightpence sterling. The appellation of *George* probably refers to a stamp of St George upon the reverse of the coin.
 — 35. *And if a mouse, &c.*
 "Formidat, si vermis humo, mus exeat antro, &c."
 Buchanan's *Chrysalis*, v. 13.

- LIB. IV. This characteristic description of a miser's timidity is borrowed from Lucian's "pleasant and wittie" dialogue, called *Gallus*, in which *Pythagoras his Cocke* carries *Mycillas the Cobler* to the abodes of *Gryphon* and *Eucrates* two usurers at midnight, "whom they found both awake, casting up of their accounts, and telling of their money, leane, dry, pale, and anxious, still suspecting least somebody should make a hole in the wall, and so get in, or if a rat or mouse did but stirre, starting upon a suddaine, and running to the doore to see whether all were fast." Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1632, p. 116.
- L. 40. *Kendall-greene*. A sort of cloth mentioned in a statute of Ric. II. A. D. 1389.
- 41. *Cockers*. Rustic high shoes, or half-boots.
- 43. *Fetleth*. From the verb *to fettle*, which signifies, *to go intently upon any business*.
- 44. *O warre!* &c. This line is a translation of the Greek proverb γλυκὺς ἀπειρὸν πόλεμος. *Dulce bellum inexpertis*.
- 48. *Oh happy ploughman!* &c.
Oh fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint
Agricolas!—*Virgil*.
- 50. *Some dronken rimer, &c.* Warton supposes these lines to be levelled at William Elderton, a celebrated drunken ballad writer, who was an attorney of the Sheriff's Court in London, about the year 1570.
- 53. *Handsell, s.* "The first act of sale."—*Todd*. Hall here uses *handsell* for the first act of authorship.
- 54. *Sung to the wheele, and sung vnto the payle.* Sung by the knife-grinder and milkmaid.
- 55. *Thraues, s.* A bundle of corn; used metaphorically, as in *thraues of ballads*, to express an indefinite number of anything.
- 56. *Bog'd, part.* Botched.
- 60. *Spanish Decades.* "An old black-letter quarto, a translation from the Spanish into English, about 1590."—*Warton*.
- 61. *Whetstone, s.* The reward given in jocular games to the person who succeeded in telling the most extravagant falsehood, and applied, therefore, with great propriety to the *leasings*, or lies, of Sir John Mandeville.

- L. 68. *Ruc*. A fabulous oriental bird, for an account of which LIB. IV. the curious reader may consult the *Voyages of Sindbad the Sailor*, and Hole's *Remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, where all the authorities on the subject are referred to.
- 79. *Sithes*, s. Times.
- 80. *Leefe*. Agreeable.

SAT. VII.

- L. 5, 7. *Mathoe*, *Labeo*, *Lolio*. Characters in the previous Satires.
- 9. *Aquines spright*. Juvenal.
- 13. *Lozell*. A worthless fellow, from the Saxon word signifying to perish.
- 19. ——— *The famous Pantheons frame*
Turn'd to the honour of our Ladies name. Pope Boniface the Fourth consecrated the Pantheon to the glory of the Virgin and all the Saints.
- 22. *Bloudy hat*. The scarlet hat of a Cardinal.
- 23. *Crooked staffe*. Bishop's crosier.
- ib. *Store*. Multitude.
- 29. *Who with ranke Venice, &c*. The Venetian government derived considerable emolument from licensed brothels.
- 32. *Theatine*. An order of priests instituted by *Jean-Pierre Caraffe*, *eveque de Theate*, et *Archeveque de Brindisi*, in 1524, with permission of Pope Clement the Seventh. Vid. *Moreri Grand Dict. voc. Clercs Theatins*.
- 38. *Trudges to open stewes, &c*. See a curious illustration of this allusion in *Palingenius, Zodiacus Vitæ*, lib. VI. v. 945—951.
- 44. *Iacobite*. The name of an eastern religious sect, called also *Monophysites*, because they believed that there was only one nature in Jesus Christ. The *Jacobites* partially united themselves with the Church of Rome in 1595, during the Popedom of Clement the Seventh. Vide *Moreri Grand Dict. voc. Jacobites*.
- 46. *To make his coffin some Franciscans coule*. It was the custom to be buried in the habit of St Francis, who, being an especial favourite of St Peter, the *Janitor* of Heaven, was less disposed to be scrupulous about the admission of those who demanded entrance in his livery.

- LIB. IV. L. 47. *The Popes blacke knight.* A Dominican. The friars, and especially the mendicant orders of St Dominic and St Francis, were called the Pope's Knights.
- 52. *Baretta.* A cap of velvet or cloth, in use during the middle ages. Vid. *Du Cange. voc. Barretum.*
- 53. *Acholithile.* One of the lowest order in the Roman Church, whose duties were in a great measure menial. Vid. *Moreri. Grand Dict. voc. Acolythes.*
- 67. *The Female Father.* Pope Joan, a female, supposed by some early, and indeed some recent writers, to have filled the Holy See, between the time of Leo the Fourth, who died in 855, and Benedict the Third, who died in 858. It is related by Martinus Polonus and others, that she was got with child by a Cardinal, and delivered, in the midst of a great procession, between the Colossus and St Clement's church, the most public street of Rome. Her delivery was followed by immediate death; and these events are said to have taken place in 857. For a very elaborate discussion of the long controverted question regarding the existence of Pope Joan, vid. *The General Dictionary, voc. Pope Joan.*
- 68. *Yeaning.* From the verb *to yean*, which signifies, to bring forth young.
- 69. *Tryall-chayer.* The *chaise percée*, on which, it is said, that, after the time of Pope Joan, the sex of the different Popes was ascertained, previous to their *induction* into the Holy See. Vid. lines on this subject by *Janus Pannonius*, ed. 1784, vol. I. p. 485.

LIBER V.

SAT. I.

- L. 7. *Aquine.* Juvenal.
- 13. *Luciles Muse.* Lucilius, the first satirist of eminence among the Romans. He flourished more than a century before Christ.
- 14. *Menips.* Menippus, a Cynic philosopher, and satirist of Phœnicia.
- 15. *Yet name I not, &c.* Vid. *Juvenal. Sat. I. l. 154, 155.*
- 17. *Nor burne dead bones.* Nor attack the characters of the dead.

- L. 28. *Soups*. Passes along in a pompous manner. LIB. V.
 — 34. *Hilarie*. A law term, which begins on the twenty-third of January.
 — 38. *Streaue*. Stray.
 — 39. *Michaell*. Michaelmas; the twenty-ninth of September.
 — ib. *Lady-day*. The day on which the annunciation of the Virgin is celebrated.
 — 42. *Gamius*. Hall gives this name to a person who has had six wives; from *γάμος*, a marriage.
 — 47. *Ploydon*. Edmund Plowden, an eminent English lawyer, who flourished during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth.
 — 59. *Baye, s*. A principal division in a building; probably, as Johnson conjectures, a square in the frame-work of the roof.
 — ib. *A silly cote*. A poor cottage.
 — 64. *Pullen*. Poultry.
 — 69. *Lipsius*. Justus Lipsius, one of the ablest critics of modern times, was successively a professor at Jena, Leyden, and Louvain.
 — 71. *Saxon King*. Alfred.
 — 77. *Maunds-full*. Baskets-full.
 — 81. *Griple, adj*. Avaricious, grasping; from the verb to gripe.
 — 83. *Glauering*. Leering, flattering.
 — 88. *Naperie*. Linen.
 — 97. *Sib*. Related by blood; from the Saxon.
 — 100. *Cole-harbour*. A corruption of *Cold-harbour*, an ancient mansion in Downgate Ward, London, which possessed the privileges of a sanctuary.
 — 113. *Virgin-Lond*. Virginia, which was discovered in 1584.
 — 114. *Wilder Wales*. This line probably alludes to the romantic history of Madoc, who is said to have founded a Welch colony along the southern branches of the Missouri, towards the close of the 12th century. Caradoc informs us, and Mr Southey is willing to indulge the belief, that in these distant regions traces may yet be found of the language, manners, and arts of Wales. Vid. Caradoc's *History of Wales*, by Powel, ed. 1702, p. 196; and Southey's *Preface to Madoc*.
 — ib. *Wond*. Dwelt; from the verb to won.
 — 116. *Dag-tayled*. Dirtied.

- LIB. V. L. 119. *Louerie*, *s.* A turret for containing the *saints bell*, usually placed between the chancel and the body of the church.
 — 120. *Plumbery*, *s.* Lead works, where the bells were melted.

SAT. II.

- L. 2. *Brek-neck shire.* A pun upon *Brecknockshire*.
 — 5. *Certes*, *if Pity died*, &c. Vid. Chaucer's *Court of Love*, v. 700, et seq., where *Pity* is said to be *shrined* in the *Court of Love*.
 — 20. *Surbeate.* Weary with treading; from *Soubattre*, Fr.
 — 22. *Pot-shard*, *s.* A fragment of a broken pot.
 — 27. *Smooth Chrysalus.* Probably Buchanan's *Chrysalus*. The name is with much propriety given to a rich usurer, from *χρυσος*, *gold*.
 — 30. *Alcide.* Alcaid, a Spanish police magistrate.
 — 34. *Garish*, *adj.* Gaudy, splendid.
 — 37. *The vaine bubble of Iberian pride.* The Escorial.
 — 45. *When Mævios*, &c. As when *Mævios*, &c.
 — 47. *Mot*, *s.* Motto.
 — 49. *Draffie sluttish geere.* Worthless indecent trash. *Draffie* is synonymous with *draffy*; *geere* signifies *matter* or *subject*.
 — 58. *Sybarite.* This term is used in allusion to the inhabitants of *Sybaris*, who were so given to voluptuousness, that their luxury and indolence became proverbial.
 — 63. ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ. "A humorous alteration of Plato's ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΚΑΘΑΡΤΟΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ."—*Warton*.
 — 77. *The Blacke Prince.* Pluto, who carried off and married Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres.
 — 79. *Trinacry.* A name given to Sicily, from its three promontories, Lilybœum, Pelorum, and Pachynum, which extend into the sea in opposite directions.
 — 100. *Bezell*, *s.* A sot, or drunkard. Skinner conjectures that this word may be for *beastle*, i. e. *to make a beast of one's self*.
 — 105. *As lavish Virro*, &c. A name and character borrowed from the Fifth Satire of Juvenal, where *Virro* is represented as a wealthy and hospitable patron, and *Trebius* as his client and parasite.
 — 107. *Wakeday-feast.* A nightly festival, kept originally on the day of the dedication of a parish church.

- L. 113. *Chires*, *v.* From the verb *to chire*, signifying to make LIB. V. an indistinct muttering noise. Hall applies it to the sound produced by *chewing*.
- *ib.* *Manchets*. The finest white rolls; from *michette*, Fr.
- 116. *Mong-corne*. Mixed corn.
- 119. *Boston-clay*. Upon the authority of this passage, the author of a late account of Boston in Lincolnshire states, that there was formerly a manufactory of coarse, earthenware in that place. Vid. Thompson's *Collections for a Typographical and Historical Account of Boston*; p. 218. *Boston-clay*, however, may mean foreign pottery, sold at Boston, where, at a very early period, the Hanseatic merchants established a *guild* for disposing of their wares.
- 123. *Tale*, *s.* Numerical account, reckoning,
- 135. *Askile*, *adv.* Askew, obliquely.
- 147. *Sewer*, *s.* The officer who presided over the management of the dishes at a feast, and supplied the guests with water for washing their hands.

SAT. III.

- L. 11. *Sith*. Since.
- 14. *Rough Lucile*. Lucilius was equally remarkable for the severity of his satire, and the harshness of his style.
- 15. *Leese*. Lose.
- 16. *Eumenides*. *The Furies*, a celebrated tragedy of Eschylus.
- 20. *Poules-pillers*. Probably synonymous with *Paul's Cross*, where divine worship was performed in the open air. Vid. Pennant's *London*.
- *ib.* *Eare*. Year.
- 30. *Mæcha*. An adulteress; Lat.
- 36. *Ypent*. Enclosed.
- 40. *Couched*. Levelled.
- 43. *Meare-stone*. A stone placed to mark a *meare*, or boundary; from the Saxon.
- 44. *Mought*. Obsolete for *might*.
- 45. *That my field might not fill my neighbours payle*. That is, by pasturing his cattle.
- 46. *Pilled*, *part.* Pealed.
- 47. *Cynedo*. This name, as in several of the previous Satires, is here applied to an adulterer; from *Cinædus*, Lat.

- LIB. V. L. 50. *Mote*. Might.
- 63. *Shend, v.* To protect or defend; although used in this sense by Hall, the word generally signifies *to reproach or scold*.
 - 67. *Done*. Do.
 - 74. *Scrobis*. A proper name, apparently derived from *Scrobs*, Lat. *a ditch*.
 - 84. *Proud Castile, that aspires to be, &c.* The prophet Daniel's vision of four beasts rising out of the sea was supposed to be *typical* of the four great empires of Assyria, Persia, Macedon, and Rome, to the transactions of which *Universal History* was for a long period exclusively confined. Vid. Sleidanus *De Quat. Monarch.* Hall alludes to the ambition of Spain to found a fifth universal monarchy.
 - 86. *The red hat*. The hat of a Cardinal. This passage is obscure, but it probably alludes to the Papal interference in the affairs of England during the reign of Henry the Eighth.

SAT. IV.

- L. 6. *Tale, s.* Reckoning.
- 8. *Matho bought, or Pontice sold.* Characters taken from Juvenal, and introduced in the previous Satires, Lib. IV. Sat. III.—V.
 - 13. *A Friezeland trotter.* In Hall's time, the horses of England were as inferior, as they are now superior to those of the rest of Europe. Vid. on this subject, and on the use of Friesland horses during the reign of Elizabeth, Honorii *Thesaurus Politicus*.
 - 14. *Tumbrel, s.* Literally, *a dung-cart*; from *tumerel*, old Fr.
 - *ib.* *Cheape*. Cheapside.

LIBER VI.

SAT. I.

- LIB. VI. L. 1. *Labeo*. This name is given by Hall to some contempo-

- rary poet, who appears to have censured *Virgidemiarum*. LIB. VI. Warton conjectures that it may have been Chapman.
- L. 1. *For the nonce*. For the purpose.
- 3. *Aristarcus his blacke pile*. The *obelus* of Aristarchus, a celebrated grammarian of Samos, who revised the poems of Homer with great severity.
- 13. *A painted staring Saracin*. The *Saracen's Head*, a common English sign.
- 14. *Th' ayre-fed vermin*. The chameleon.
- 16. *Colossian imageries*. An allusion to the Colossus of Rhodes, and here applied generally to huge ungainly statuary.
- 25. *Sith*. Since, because.
- 27. *Baynes, s.* Baths.
- 30. *Dung-clad skin, &c.* It is related of Heraclitus, that, when at the point of death, he directed his servants to cover him with cow-dung, in hopes that this application might have the effect of extracting the *hydropical humours* from the *inward parts of his body*.—Stanley's *History of Philosophy*, ed. 1701, p. 442.
- 41. *Pick-thanke, s.* A flatterer who is studious to gain favours, or *pick thanks*.
- 47. *Smell-feast Vitellio*. Hall gives this name to a fawning sensualist, in allusion to the character of the Emperor Vitellius.
- 53. *Burse, s.* A place of exchange, Fr. In England, the term is applied to the Royal Exchange.
- 61. *Pansophus*. Some contemporary pretender to universal knowledge. The allusion in the following lines is to the tradition regarding Friar Bacon's tower at Oxford, that it is to fall upon the first man, wiser than its original possessor, who passes under it.
- 69. *Areed*. Declare.
- 71. *Dennis*. Contraction of Dionysius; from *Διόνυσος*, the Greek name for Bacchus, and therefore with much propriety given to a drunkard.
- 76. *Angry Skeltons breath-lesse rimes*. John Skelton, a *jolly English rimer* during the reign of Henry the Eighth. His writings are remarkable for the grossness of their obscenity, and the severity of their satire. Vid. Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*, ed. 1800, p. 41.
- 83. *Now shalt thou never see, &c.* The want of a stately

- LIB. VI. salt-sellar is here noticed as characteristic of a table meanly furnished. Vid. sup. Lib. II., Sat. VI., l. 8. *note*.
- L. 87. *Peare, v.* This word appears to be the same with the verb *to pare, pair, or peyr*, which Jamieson interprets *to impair*, and derives from Fr. *pire, pejeur*, worse; and Lat. *pejor*. Hall uses *peare* as the participle of a neuter verb.
- 89. *Euclio*. The miser of Plautus's *Aulularia*, from whence Hall probably borrowed the name.
- 100. *Weats, v.* Wets.
- 104. *Snites, v.* Blows his nose.
- 115. *Mastick-patch*. A patch made from the gum of the *lentisk tree*, an evergreen of the Greek isles.
- 136. *Priscian*. A celebrated grammarian of Athens, who flourished during the reign of Justinian.
- 141. *The courtly three, &c.* The French, Italian, and Spanish languages, which "in this age," says Warton, "were studied to affectation." *The two barbarous neighbours of the west*, appear to be Ireland and Wales.
- 150. *Samian sage*. Pythagoras.
- 153. *Seely, adj.* Silly, harmless; from the Saxon.
- 155. *Bandel*. Bandello, the Italian novelist. This line, with the context, is intended to illustrate the propensity, even of eminent authors, to write upon trifling subjects.
- 159. *Folly itselſe, and baldnes may be praised*. An allusion to the *Encomion Moria* of Erasmus, and to the *Encomium Calvitiei*, which was written at the restoration of learning.
- 175. *Nemesis*. Vid. Sup. Lib. II. *Prologue*, l. 9. *note*.
- 192. *Thales*. One of the seven wise men of Greece, who made great discoveries in astronomy. Hall compares his own joy in devising a successful rhyme, to the exultation of the philosopher in deciphering the phenomena of the heavens.
- 193. *Ale-knight*. A pot-companion, a tippler.
- 195. *Whiles thred-bare Martiall, &c.*
 "Vimine clausa levi niveæ custodia captæ,
 Hoc tibi Saturni tempore munus erit.
 Dona quod æstatis misi tibi mense Decembri,
 Si quereris, rasam tu mihi mitte togam."
 Martial. *Epigr.* lib. II. 85.
- 197. *Whiles hungry Marot, &c.* Clement Marot, a witty and profligate court-poet during the reign of Francis the First, became, in the latter years of his life, the friend and

- disciple of Calvin. In this way he forfeited the favour of Francis, and having retired to Turin, he died there in great poverty, in 1544. Vid. *Abregé de la Vie de Cl. Marot*, prefixed to his works, ed. 1731, tom. I. p. 121. LIB. VI.
- L. 199. *And gape for what may fall, &c.* The cause of Scioppius's famous attack upon Joseph Scaliger, was an observation of the latter, that Scioppius had gone to Rome, "*Lingere patinas Cardinalitias.*"
- 204. *Tarleton.* An English comedian and poet of the sixteenth century. Vid. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. IV. p. 48, 49, *note.*
- 207. *Streaked, part.* Stretched. Lucan had his veins opened in a marble bath, and died while he was reciting with great energy a passage of his *Pharsalia*. Lib. III. v. 639–642.
- 209. *Or when Archelaus, &c.* Hall confounds Stesichorus with Euripides, who spent the latter years of his life in the court of Archelaus, King of Macedon. This monarch was greatly attached to the poet; and upon his death, not "contented with the chief concern and expenses of his funeral, did him the farther honour of mourning for him in the usual fashion of the country, and shaved his head, for a visible token of continued grief." Kennet's *Lives of the Grecian Poets*, ed. 1697, *part I.* p. 116. The tyrant Phalaris was the patron of Stesichorus; but although he is said to have deplored the death of this poet in a very eloquent letter to the Himerians, and to have proffered his assistance in doing honour to his memory, it does not appear that he expressed his grief after the fashion of Archelaus.
- 214. *The Mytelens their poetesse.* Sappho, whose head was stamped upon the coin of Mytelene.
- 222. *Brutes first ariual, &c.* This and the following lines refer to the subjects of various early romances, for an account of which, see Warton's *History of English Poetry*, *passim.*
- 227. *How the mad rivall, &c.* This passage alludes to the cure of Orlando's madness. His *wits* were restored to him in a *vaso*, brought from the terrestrial paradise by Astolpho the English Duke. Vid. *Orlando Furioso*, *cant. XXXIX.*
- 240 *Rife.* Abundant.
- 241. *Pontian.* It is possible that under this name Hall may allude to the husband of Pontia, a Roman matron, who

- LIB. VI. was debauched by Octavius Sagitta. Vid. Taciti *Annales*, lib. XIII. cap. 44.
- L. 244. *O Julian law.* The *Lex Julia, de Adulteriis*, originated with Augustus Cæsar, and declared the crime of adultery to be capital.
- 256. *Philisides.* Sir Philip Sydney, the accomplished author of *Arcadia*, who had recently before introduced the practice of using compound epithets. Philisides is the name given to a young and melancholy shepherd in the romance of *Arcadia*. Vid. Sydney's *Works*, Vol. I. p. 404.
- 261. *Semele-femori-gena.* Bacchus was the son of Jupiter, and of Semele the daughter of Cadmus. When she was seven months gone with child, she was induced by the artifices of Juno to solicit a visit from Jupiter, in all the majesty of a God. This request was granted; but unable to endure the splendour of the King of Heaven, Semele was consumed and reduced to ashes on the occasion. The infant Bacchus was with difficulty rescued from the flames, and deposited in the thigh of Jupiter, where he remained the full time he would naturally have been in his mother's womb.
- 262. *Astrophel.* Sir Philip Sydney, whose death was commemorated under this name, by Spenser, in a *pastorall Elegie*.
- 266. *Or dance a sober Pirrhicke.* The Pyrrhic dance was performed in complete armour.
- 268. *Arma Virum.* The two first words of Virgil's *Æneid*.
- 271. *Startups, s.* A kind of rustic shoes, with high tops or half gaiters.
- 273. *Ote or brere.* Oat or briar.
- 275. *The homely Carmelite.* Baptista Mantuanus, a Latin poet of Italy, born in 1448, who, among his other works, wrote ten eclogues. Early in life he became a member of the Order of the Carmelites, and repeatedly filled the situation of *Vicar General*. He died in 1516. Vid. Moreri, *Grand Dict. voc. Spagnoli*.
- 281. *Wütie Pontan.* "Jovianus Pontanus, an elegant Latin, amatorial, and pastoral poet of Italy, at the revival of learning." Warton. He was born in 1426, and died in 1503.
- 294. *Friæ, s.* Frisk.

POSTSCRIPT.

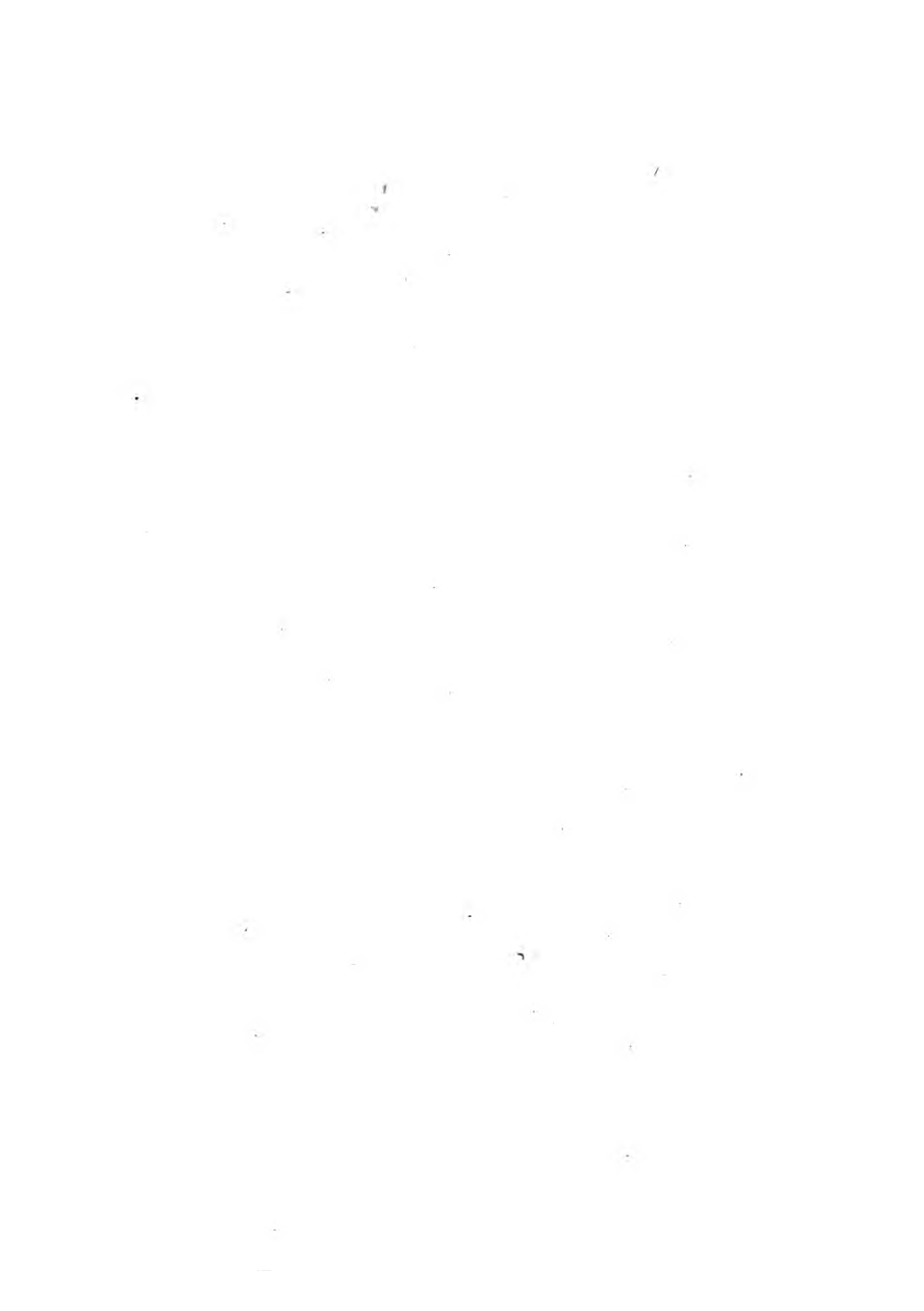
PAGE 107, L. 3. *Raught.* The ancient preterite of the verb
to reach.

END OF THE GLOSSARY.

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