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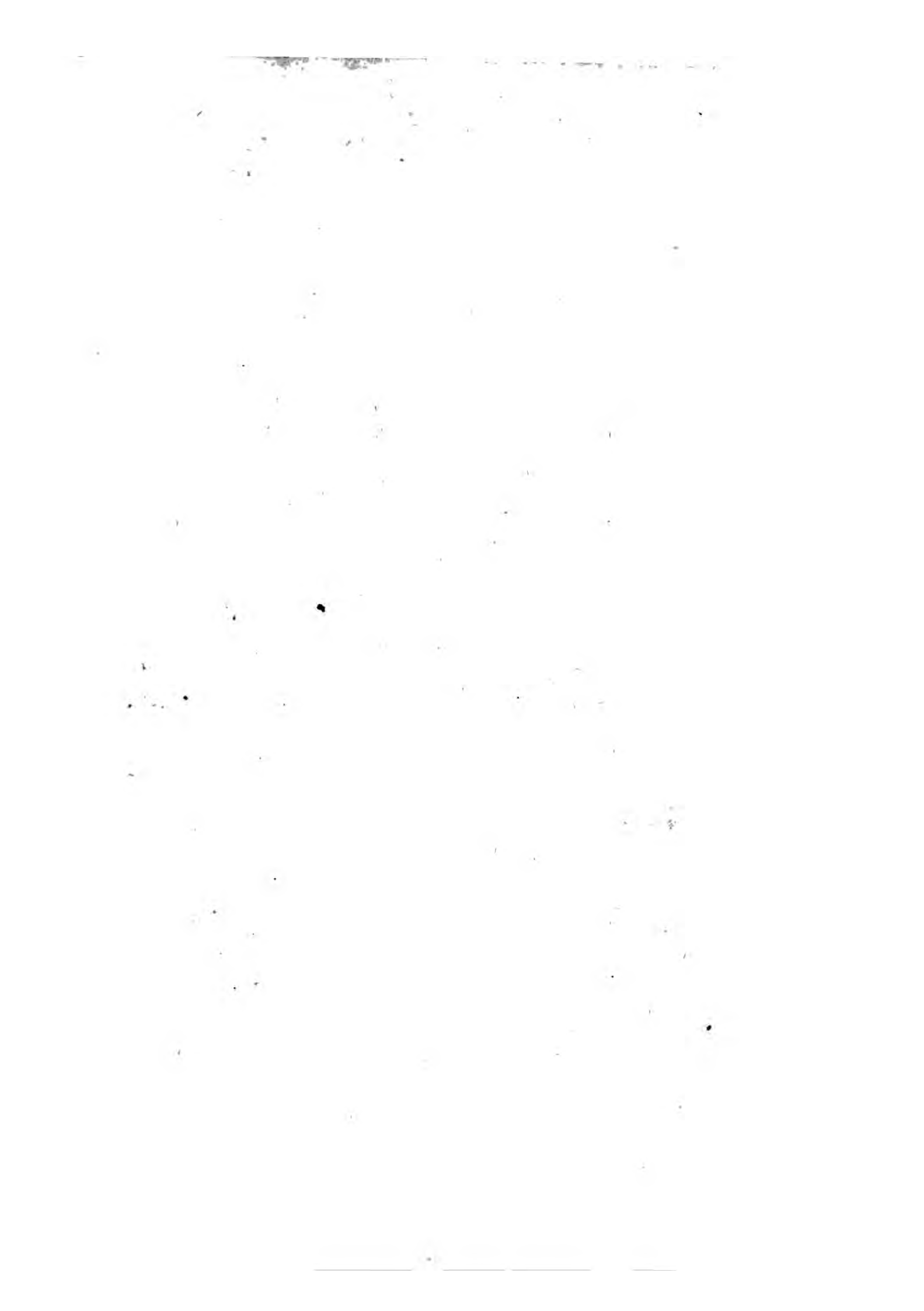
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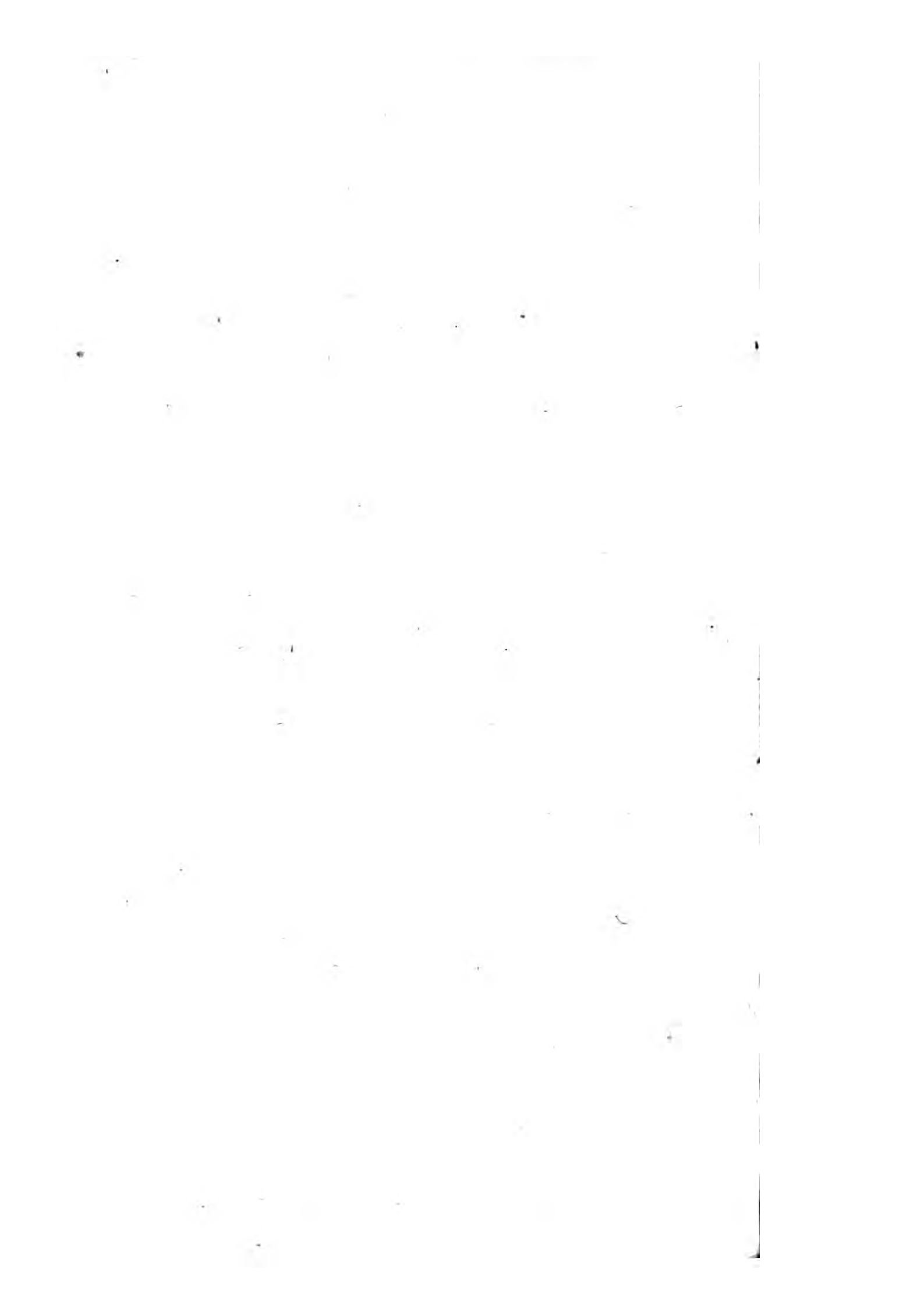


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Godw: 64
Subt.





Virgidemiarum.

S A T I R E S

I N

S I X B O O K S.

BY JOSEPH HALL,
OF EMANUEL COLLEGE,
Afterwards Bishop of EXETER and of NORWICH.

O X F O R D,

PRINTED FOR R. CLEMENTS.

Sold by R. BALDWIN, at the *Rose* in *Pater-noster Row*,
and R. DODSLEY in *Pall Mall*, *London* ;
and T. MERRILL in *Cambridge*.

MDCCLIII.

DE SUI S A T I R I S.

*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 novam satyram: satyrum sine cornibus! Euge
Monstra novi monstri hæc, & satyri & satyræ.*



P R E F A C E.

Bishop Hall's reputation is so thoroughly establish'd for his learning and piety that the publication of any work which bears his name, and was undoubtedly of his composition, must be acceptable to the reader. 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.*

The ingenious Mr. Whalley, in his *Enquiry into the Learning of Shakspeare*, has taken particular notice of them. Page 41, in the notes, he says,

“ Bishop Hall was born in 1574, and, publishing
“ these satires twenty-three years after, was, as he him-
“ self asserts, in the prologue, the first satyrist in the
“ English language :

*I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English Satyrist.*

“ And if we consider the difficulty of introdu-
“ cing so nice a poem as satire into a nation, we
“ must allow it required the assistance of no com-
“ mon and ordinary genius. The Italians had their
“ Ariosto, and the French their Regnier, who might
“ have served him as models for imitation ; but he co-
“ pies after the antients, and chiefly Juvenal and Per-
“ sius ; tho' he wants not many strokes of elegance and
“ delicacy, which shew him perfectly acquainted with

“ the manner of Horace. Among the several dif-
 “ couragements which attended his attempt in that
 “ kind, he mentions one peculiar to the language and
 “ nature of the English versification, which would ap-
 “ pear in the translation of one of Persius’s satires :
 “ *The difficulty and dissonance whereof, says he, shall make*
 “ *good my assertion; besides the plain experience thereof*
 “ *in the satires of Ariosto; save which, and one base*
 “ *French Satire, I could never attain the view of*
 “ *any for my direction.* Yet we may pay him al-
 “ most the same compliment which was given of old to
 “ Homer and Archilochus: For the improvements
 “ which have been made by succeeding poets, bear no
 “ manner of proportion to the distance of time between
 “ him and them. The verses of Bishop Hall are in
 “ general extremely musical and flowing, and are
 “ greatly preferable to Dr. Donne’s, as being of a
 “ much smoother cadence; neither shall we find him
 “ deficient, if compared with his successor, in point
 “ of thought and wit; and to exceed him with respect
 “ to his characters, which are more numerous, and
 “ wrought up with greater art and strength of colour-
 “ ing. Many of his lines would do honour to the
 “ most ingenious of our modern poets; and some of
 “ them have thought it worth their labour to imitate
 “ him, especially Mr. Oldham. Bishop Hall was not
 “ only our first satirist, but was the first who brought
 “ epistolary writing to the view of the public; which
 “ was common in that age to other parts of Europe,
 “ but not practised in England, till he published his
 “ own epistles. It may be proper to take notice, that
 “ the *Virgidemiarum* are not printed with his other
 “ writings; and that all account of them is omitted by
 “ him, thro’ his extreme modesty, in the specialities of
 “ his life, prefixed to the 3d vol. of his works in folio.
 “ I cannot forbear mentioning a Latin book of his,
 “ equally valuable and forgotten, called *Mundus alter*
 “ *& idem*; where under a pretended description of the
 “ Terra

P R E F A C E.

v

“ Terra Australis, he gives us a very ingenious satire
“ on the vices and follies of mankind.”

The author's *Postscript to his Satires* will perhaps now be better plac'd here by way of Preface.

IT is not for every one to relish a true and natural satire, being of itself, besides the nature and inbred bitterness and tartness of particulars, both hard of conceit and harsh of stile, and therefore cannot but be unpleasing both to the unskilful and over musical ear; the one being affected with only a shallow and easy matter, the other with a smooth and current disposition: so that I well foresee in the timely publication of these my concealed satires, I am set upon the rack of many merciless and peremptory censures; which, sith the calmest and most plausible writer is almost fatally subject to, in the curiosity of these nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted upon the occasion of so busy and stirring a subject? One thinks it mis-beseeming the author, because a poem; another, unlawful in itself because a satire; a third harmful to others for the sharpness; and a fourth, unsatire-like for the mildness: the learned, too perspicuous, being named with Juvenal, Persius, and the other antient satires: the unlearned, favourless, because too obscure, and obscure because not under their reach. What a monster must he be that would please all!

Certainly look what weather it would be if every almanack should be verified: much-what like poems if every fancy should be suited. It is not for this kind to desire or hope to please, which naturally should only find 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 lieve ease my self with a slender apology, as wilfully bear the brunt of causeless anger in my silence. For poetry itself, after the so effectual and absolute endeavours of

her honoured patrons, either she needeth no new defence, or else might well scorn the offer of so impotent and and poor a client. Only for my own part, tho' were she a more unworthy mistress, I think she might be inoffensively served with the broken messes of our twelve o'clock hours, which homely service she only claimed and found of me, for that short while of my attendance: yet having thus soon taken my solemn farewell of her, and shak'd hands with all her retinue, why should it be an eye-fore unto any, sith it can be no loss to my self?

For my satires themselves, I see two obvious cavils to be answered: one concerning the matter; than which I confess none can be more open to danger, to envy; sith faults loath nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults, and therefore, what thro' 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 unblamed for fear of blame? And if thou may'st spit upon a toad unvenomed, why may'st thou not speak of vice without danger? Especially so warily as I have endeavoured; who, in the unpartial mention of so many vices, may safely profess to be altogether guiltless in my self to the intention of any guilty person who might be blemished by the likelihood of my conceived application, thereupon choosing rather to marre mine own verse than another's name: which notwithstanding, if the injurious reader shall wrest to his own spight, and disparaging of others, it is a short answer, *Art thou guilty?* Complain not, thou art not wronged. *Art thou guiltless?* Complain not, thou art not touched. The other, concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much stooping to the low reach of the vulgar, I shall be thought not to have any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predecessors, whom in the want of more late and familiar precedents, I am constrained thus far off to imitate: which thing I can be so wil-
ling

ling to grant, that I am further ready to warrant my action therein to any indifferent censure. First therefore, I dare boldly avouch that the English is not altogether so natural to a satire as the Latin; which I do not impute to the nature of the language itself, being so far from disabling it any way, that methinks I durst equal it to the proudest in every respect; but to that which is common to it with all the other common languages, Italian, French, German, &c. In their poesies the fettering together the series of the verses, with the bonds of like cadence or desinence of rhyme, which if it be unusually abrupt, and not dependent in sense upon so near affinity of words, I know not what a loathsome kind of harshness and discordance it breedeth to any judicial ear: which if any more confident adversary shall gainsay, I wish no better trial than the translation of one of Persius's satires into English; the difficulty and dissonance whereof shall make good my assertion: besides, the plain experience thereof in the satires of Ariosto, (save which, and one base French satire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction, and that also might for need serve for an excuse at least) whose chain-verse, to which he fettereth himself, as it may well afford a pleasing harmony to the ear, so can it yield nothing but a flashy and loose conceit to the judgment. Whereas the Roman numbers tying but one foot to another, offereth a greater freedom of variety, with much more delight to the reader. Let my second ground be, the well-known dainties of the time, such, that men rather chuse carelessly to lose the sweet of the kernell, than to urge their teeth with breaking the shell wherein it was wrapped: and therefore sith that which is unseen is almost undone, and that is almost unseen which is unconceived, either I would say nothing to be untalk'd of, or speak with my mouth open that I may be understood. Thirdly, the end of this pains was a satire, but the end of my satire a further good, which whether I attain or no I know not; but let me

me be plain with the hope of profit, rather than purposely obscure only for a bare name's sake.

Notwithstanding, in the expectation of this quarrel, I think my first satire doth somewhat resemble the sour and crabbed face of Juvenal's, which I endeavouring in that, did determinately omit in the rest, for these forenamed causes, that so I might have somewhat to stop the mouth of every accuser. The rest to each man's censure : which let be as favourable as so thanks a work can deserve or desire.

End of the Author's Postscript.

It is needless to detain the reader longer, further than to mention that the three first books are called *Toothless Satires, poetical, academical, moral.* The three last, *Biting Satires.*

A

DEFIANCE to ENVY.

*NAY; let the prouder pines of Ida feare
The sudden fires of heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops that dar'd the skies whilere :
And shake your sturdy trunks ye prouder pines,
Whose swelling grains are like begall'd alone,
With the deep furrows of the thunder-stone.*

*Stand ye secure, ye safer shrubs below,
In humble dales, whom heav'ns do not despight ;
Nor angry clouds conspire your overthrow,
Envyng at your too disdainful height.
Let high attempts dread envy and ill tongues,
And cow'rdly shrinke for feare of causelesse wrongs.*

*So wont big oaks feare winding ivy weed :
So soaring eagles fear the neighbour sunne :
So golden Mazar wont suspicion breed,
Of deadly hemlock's poisoned potion :
So adders shroud themselves in fairest leaves :
So fouler fate the fairer thing bereaves.*

*Nor the low bush feares climbing ivy twine :
Nor lowly bustard dreads the distant rays :
Nor earthen pot wont secret death to shrine :
Nor subtle snake doth lurk in pathed ways.
Nor baser deed dreads envy and ill tongues,
Nor shrinks so soon for fear of causelesse wrongs.*

Needs

DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

*Needs me then hope, or doth me need mis-dread:
Hope for that honour, dread that wrongful spite:
Spite of the party, honour of the deed,
Which went alone on lofty objects light.
That envy should accost my muse and me,
For this so rude and recklesse poesie.*

*Would she but shade her tender browes with bay,
That now lye bare in carelesse wilful rage,
And trance herself in that sweet extacy,
That rouzeth drooping thoughts of bashful age.
(Tho' now those bays and that aspired thought,
In carelesse rage she sets at worse than nought.)*

*Or would we loose her plummy pincen,
Manicled long with bonds of modest feare,
Soone might she haue those kestrels proud outgone,
Whose flighty wings are dew'd with wetter aire,
And hopen now to shoulder from above
The eagle from the stairs of friendly Ioue.*

*Or list she rather in late triumph reare
Eternal trophies to some conquerour,
Whose dead deserts slept in his sepulcher,
And never saw, nor life, nor light before:
To lead sad Pluto captiue with my song,
To grace the triumphs he obscur'd so long.*

*Or scoure the rusted swords of elvish knights,
Bathed in pagan blood, or sheath them new
In misty moral types; or tell their fights,
Who mighty giants, or who monsters slew:
And by some strange enchanted speare and shield,
Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful field.*

May

DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

*May-be she might in stately stanzas frame
Stories of ladies, and advent'rous knights,
To raise her silent and inglorious name
Unto a reachlesse pitch of praises hight,
And somewhat say, as more unworthy done,
Worthy of brasse, and hoary marble stone.*

*Then might vain envy waste her duller wing,
To trace the airy steps she spiteing sees,
And vainly faint in hopelesse following
The clouded paths her native dross denies.
But now such lowly satires here I sing,
Not worth our Muse, not worth her envying.*

*Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame:
Too good, if worse, to shadow shamelesse vice.
Ill, if too good, not answering their name:
So good and ill in fickle censure lies.
Since in our satire lies both good and ill,
And they and it in varying readers will.*

*Witnesse ye Muses how I wilful sung
These heady rhimes, withouten second care;
And wish'd them worse, my guilty thoughts among;
The ruder satire should go ragg'd and bare,
And shew his rougher and his hairy hide,
Tho' mine be smooth, and deck'd in carelesse pride.*

*Would we but breathe within a wax-bound quill,
Pan's seven-fold pipe, some plaintive pastoral;
To teach each hollow grove, and shrubby hill,
Each murmuring brook, each solitary vale
To sound our love, and to our song accord,
Wearying Echo with one changelesse word.*

Or

DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

*Or list us make two striving shepherds sing,
With costly wagers for the victory,
Under Menalcas judge ; while one doth bring
A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,
Praising it by the story, or the frame,
Or want of use, or skilful maker's name.*

*Another layeth a well-marked lamb,
Or spotted kid, or some more forward steere,
And from the paille doth praise their fertile dam ;
So do they strive in doubt, in hope, in feare,
Awaiting for their trusty umpire's doome,
Faulted as false by him that's overcome.*

*Whether so me list my lovely thought to sing,
Come dance ye nimble Dryads by my side,
Ye gentle wood-nymphs come ; and with you bring
The willing fawns that mought your musick guide.
Come nymphs and fawns, that haunt those shady groves,
While I report my fortunes or my loves.*

*Or whether list me sing so personate,
My striving selfe to conquer with my verse,
Speake ye attentive swains that heard me late,
Needs me give grasse unto the conquerors.
At Colin's feet I throw my yielding reed,
But let the rest win homage by their deed.*

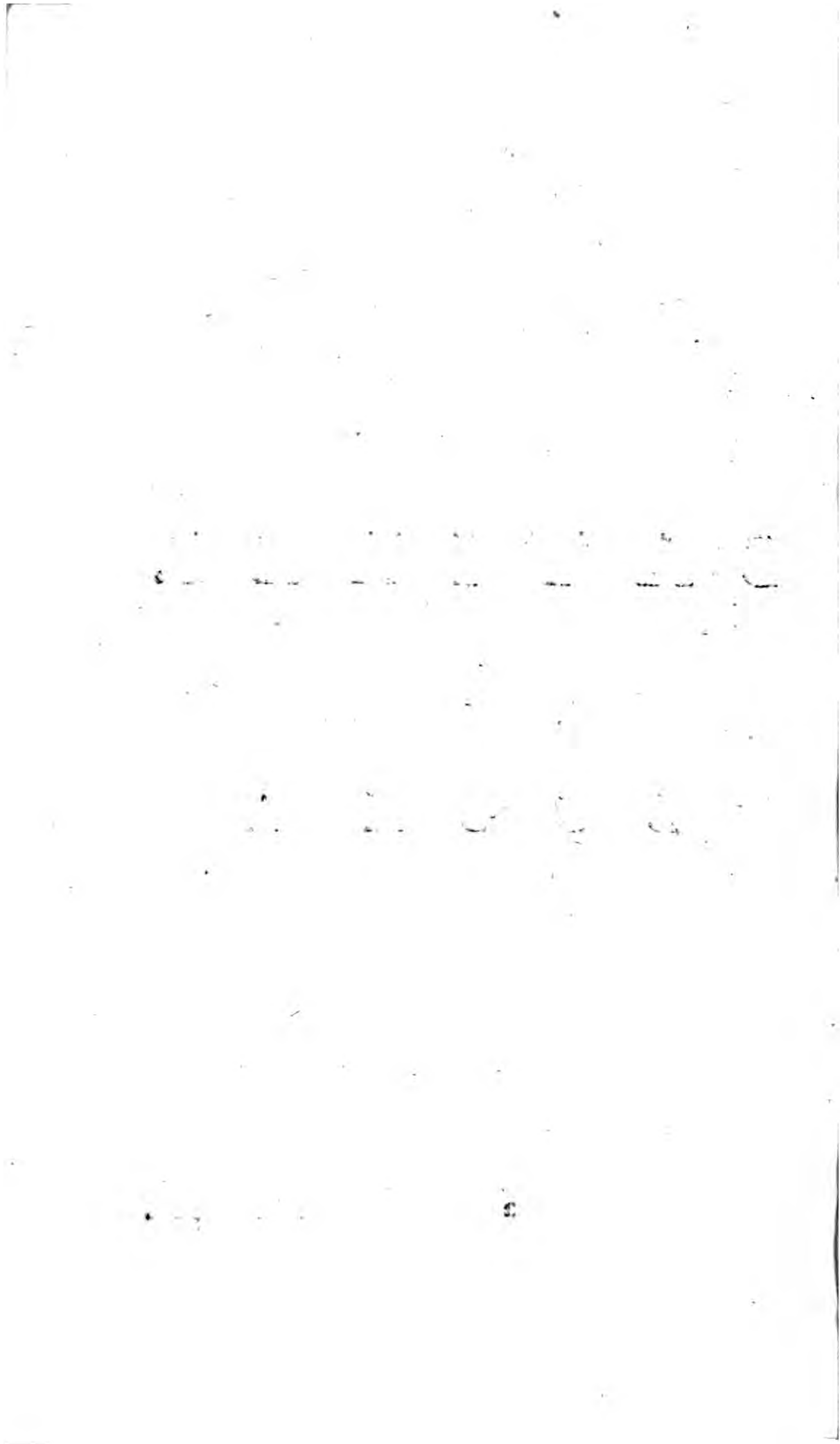
*But now (ye Muses) sith your sacred bests
Profaned are by each presuming tongue ;
In scornful rage I vow this silent rest,
That never field nor grove shall heare my song.
Only these refuse rhimes I here mis-spend
To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.*

S A T I R E S.

B O O K I.

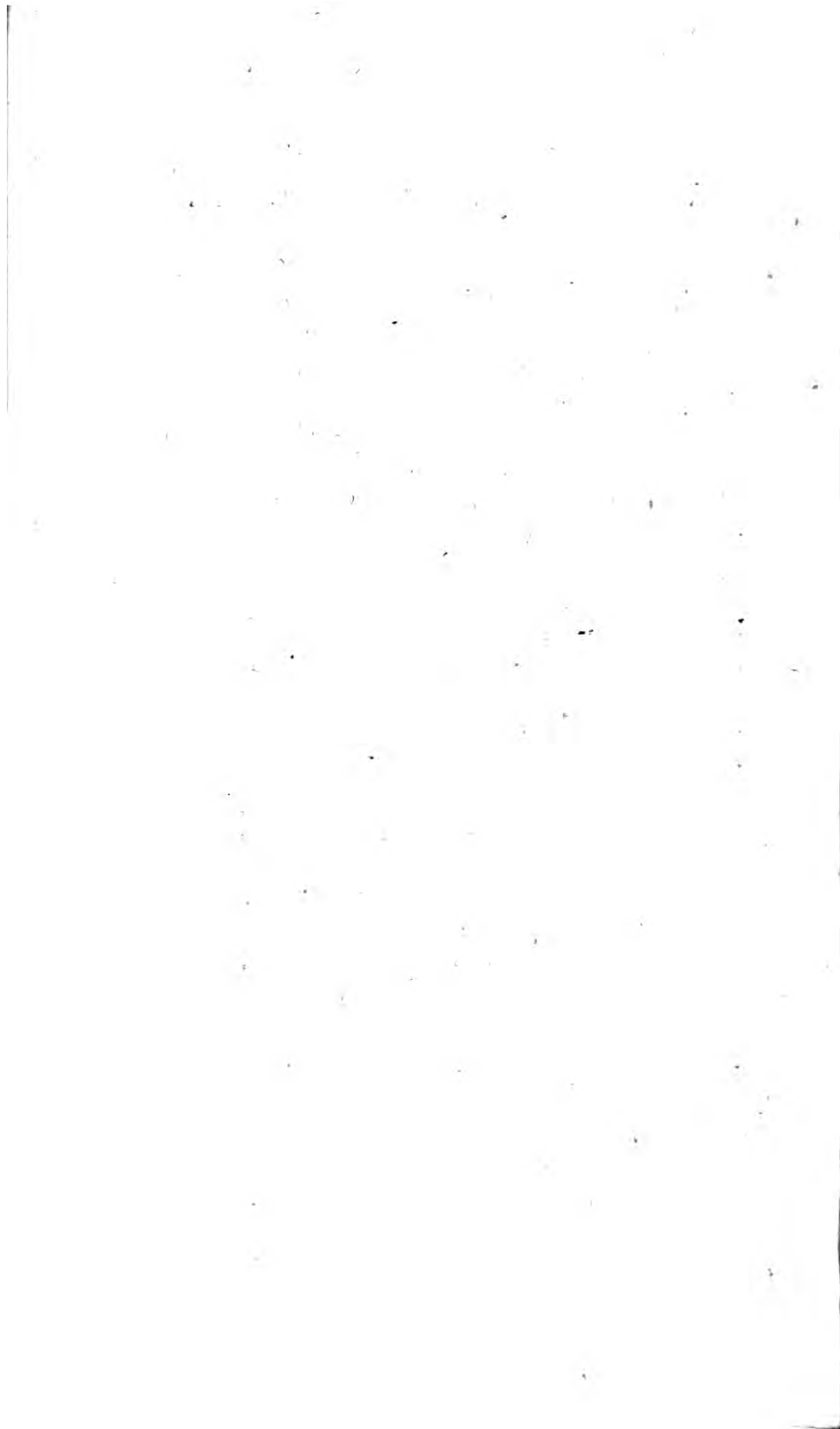
a

PROLOGUE



P R O L O G U E.

I First adventure, with fool-hardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.
Envy waits on my back, truth on my side ;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line :
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite
Hath made his pen an hired parasite,
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And pranck base men in proud superlatives.
Whence damned vice is shrouded quite from shame
And crown'd with virtue's meed, immortal name !
Infamy dispossess'd of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue :
The world's eye-bleared with those shameless lyes,
Mask'd in the shew of meal-mouth'd poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thanklesse task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask :
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee :
Truth be thy speed, and truth thy patron be.



S A T I R E S.

B O O K I.

S A T I R E I.

NOR ladie's wanton love, nor wandring knight,
 Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight.
 Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt
 Of mightie Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
 Nor list I sonnet of my mistres' face,
 To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace ;
 Nor can I bide to pen some hungriè scene
 For thick-skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
 Nor ever could my scornful Muse abide
 With tragic shoes her ankles for to hide.
 Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning taylor
 To some great Patron, for my best avayle.
 Such hunger-starven trencher-poetrie,
 Or let it never live, or timely die :
 Nor under every bank and every tree,
 Speak rhymes unto my oaten minstrelsie :
 Nor carol out so pleasing lively laies,
 As mought the Graces move my mirth to praise.
 Trumpet, and reeds, and focks, and buskins fine,
 I them * bequeath : whose statues wandring twine

B

Of

* *E. of Surrey, Wyat, Sidney, Dyer, &c.*

Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around
 Their living temples likewise laurel-bound.
 Rather had I, albe in careles rhymes,
 Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.
 Nor need I crave the Muse's midwifry,
 To bring to light so worthless poetry:
 Or if we list, what baser Muse can bide,
 To fit and sing by Granta's naked side?
 They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
 E'er since the fame of their late * bridal day.
 Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
 To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.

S A T I R E II.

WHilom the sisters nine were vestal maides,
 And held their temple in the secret shades
 Of fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill,
 Whose auncient fame the southern world did fill;
 And in the stead of their eternal fame,
 Was the cool stream that took his endless name,
 From out the fertile hoof of winged steed:
 There did they sit and do their holy deed,
 That pleas'd both heav'n and earth—till that of late
 Whom should I fault? or the most righteous fate,
 Or heav'n, or men, or feinds, or ought beside,
 That ever made that foul mischance betide?
 Some of the sisters in securer shades
 Defloured were——
 And ever since, disdainng sacred shame,
 Done ought that might their heav'nly stock defame.

Now

* See Spenser.

BOOK I. S A T I R E S.

15

Now is Parnassus turned to a stewes,
 And on bay-stocks the wanton myrtle grewes;
 Cythéron hill's become a brothrel-bed,
 And Pyrene sweet turn'd to a poison'd head
 Of coal-black puddle, whose infectious stain
 Corrupteth all the lowly fruitful plain.
 Their modest stole, to garish looser weed,
 Deck'd with love-favours, their late whoredoms meed:
 And where they wont sip of the simple flood,
 Now tofs they bowls of Bacchus' boiling blood.
 I marvell'd much, with doubtful jealousy,
 Whence came such litters of new poetrie:
 Methought I fear'd, lest the horse-hoofed well
 His native banks did proudly over-swell
 In some late discontent, thence to ensue
 Such wondrous rabblements of rhymesters new:
 But since, I saw it painted on fame's wings,
The Muses to be woxen wantonings.
 Each bush, each bank, and each base apple-squire
 Can serve to fate their beastly lewd desire.
 Ye bastard poets see your pedigree,
 From common trulls and loathsome brothelry!

S A T I R E III.

WITH some pot-fury, ravish'd from their wit,
 They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ:
 As frozen dung-hills in a winter's morn,
 That void of vapours seemed all beforne,
 Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams,
 Exhale out filthy smoak and stinking steams.

B 2

So

So doth the base, and the fore-barren brain,
 Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
 One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
 On crowned kings, that fortune hath low brought :
 Or some upreared, high-aspiring swaine,
 As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine :
 Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright,
 Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven hight,
 When he conceives upon his faigned stage
 The stalking steps of his great personage,
 Graced with huff-cap terms and thundring threats,
 That his poor hearers hair quite upright sets.
 Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
 Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth,
 He vaunts his voyce upon an hired stage,
 With high-set steps, and princely carriage ;
 Now souping in sild robes of royalty,
 That erst did skrub in lowfy brokery,
 There if he can with terms Italianate
 Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,
 Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
 He ravishes the gazing scaffolders :
 Then certes was the famous Corduban, *
 Never but half so high tragedian.
 Now, lest such frightful shews of Fortune's fall,
 And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance apall
 The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,
 Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
 And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimick face,
 And justles straight into the prince's place ;
 Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
 With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.

A

* *Seneca.*

A goodly hotch-potch ! when vile ruffetings
 Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings.
 A goodly grace to sober tragick muse,
 When each base clown his clumfsy fist doth bruise,
 And shew his teeth in double rotten row,
 For laughter at his self-resembled show.
 Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
 Sit watching every word and gesturement,
 Like curious censurs of some doughty gear,
 Whispering their verdict in their fellows ear.
 Woe to the word whose margent in their scrole
 Is noted with a black condemning coal.
 But if each period might the synod please,
 Ho !—bring the ivy boughs, and bands of bays.
 Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
 Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
 To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
 That thus hath lavish'd his late half-penny.
 Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold,
 For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold.

SATIRE IV.

TOO popular is tragic poesie,
 Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
 And doth beside on rhymeless numbers tread,
 Unbid iambics flow from careless head.
 Some braver brain in high heroic rhymes
 Compileth worm-eat stories of old times:
 And he like some imperious Maronist,
 Conjures the Muses that they him assist.

Then strives he to bombast his feeble lines
 With far-fetch'd phrase ;
 And maketh up his hard-betaken tale
 With strange enchantments, fetch'd from darksome vale,
 Of some * Melissa, that by magick doom
 To Tuscans soil transporteth Merlin's tomb.
 Painters and poets hold your auncient right :
 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 ?
 But let no rebel satyr dare traduce
 Th' eternal legends of thy faerie muse,
 Renowned Spencer : whom no earthly wight
 Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight.
 Salust † of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
 Yield up the lawrel garland ye have lost :
 And let all others willow wear with me,
 Or let their undeserving temples bared be.

S A T I R E V.

A Nother, whose more heavy hearted faint
 Delights in nought but notes of rueful plaint,
 Urgeth his melting muse with solemn tears
 Rhyme of some dreary fates of luckless peers.
 Then brings he up some branded whining ghost,
 To tell how old misfortunes had him tofs'd.
 Then must he ban the guiltless fates above,
 Or fortune frail, or unrewarded love.

And

* *Ariosto.*† *Dubartas.*

And when he hath parbrak'd his griev'd mind,
 He sends him down where erst he did him find,
 Without one penny to pay Charon's hire,
 That waiteth for the wand'ring ghosts retire.

S A T I R E VI.

ANother scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
 Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times :
 Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
 And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue :
 Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with chaunged feet
 And head-strong dactyls making musick meet.
 The nimble dactyl striving to out-go,
 The drawling spondees pacing it below.
 The lingring spondees, labouring to delay,
 The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.
 Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,
 Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
 Can right areed how handsomely besets
 Dull spondees with the English dactylets ?
 If Jove speak English in a thundring cloud,
 Thwick thwack, and ruff raff, roars he out aloud.
 Fie on the forged mint that did create
 New coin of words never articulate.

S A T I R E VII.

GREAT is the folly of a feeble brain,
 Ore-rul'd with love, and tyrannous disdain :
 For love, however in the basest breast,
 It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best.
 Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry.
 While they hang gazing on their mistrefs' eye.
 The love-sick poet, whose importune prayer
 Repulsed is with resolute despair,
 Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
 With publick complaints of his conceived flame.
 Then pours he forth in patched sonettings,
 His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings :
 As tho' the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,
 When once he smiles, to laugh : and when he sighs, to
 grieve.

Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die ?
 Careth the world how fair thy fair-one be ?
 Fond wit-wal that wouldst load thy witlefs head
 With timely horns, before thy bridal bed.
 Then can he term his dirty ill-fac'd bride
 Lady and queen, and virgin deify'd :
 Be she all footy-black, or berry brown,
 She's white as morrows milk, or flakes new blown.
 And tho' she be some dunghill drudge at home,
 Yet can he her resign some refuse room
 Amidst the well known stars : or if not there,
 Sure will he faint her in his Kalendere.

S A T I R E VIII.

Hence ye profane : mell not with holy things
 That Sion's Muse from Palestina brings.
 Parnassus is transform'd to Sion hill,
 And iv'ry-palms her steep ascents done fill.
 Now good * St. Peter weeps pure Helicon,
 And both the Maries make a music moan :
 Yea, and the prophet of the heav'nly lyre,
 Great Solomon, sings in the English quire ;
 And is become a new-found sonnetist,
 Singing his love, the holy spouse of Christ :
 Like as she were some light-skirts of the rest,
 In mightiest inkhornisms he can thither wrest.
 Ye Sion Muses shall by my dear will,
 For this your zeal and far-admired skill,
 Be straight transported from Jerufalem,
 Unto the holy house of Bethlehem.

S A T I R E IX.

ENvy ye Muses at your thriving mate,
 Cupid hath crowned a new laureat :
 I saw his statue gayly 'tir'd in green,
 As if he had some second Phœbus been.
 His statue trimm'd with the venerean tree,
 And shrined fair within your sanctuary.
 What, he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal,
 The worn recital-post of capitol,

Rhymed

* *Robert Southwell's St. Peter's Complaint.*

Rhymed in rules of stewish ribaldry,
 Teaching experimental bawdery!
 Whiles th' itching vulgar tickled with the song,
 Hanged on their unready poet's tongue.
 Take this ye patient Muses; and foul shame
 Shall wait upon your once profaned name.
 Take this ye Muses, this so high despite,
 And let all hateful luckless birds of night:
 Let screeching owls nest in your razed roofs,
 And let your floor with horned fatyres hoofs
 Be dinted, and defiled every morn:
 And let your walls be an eternal scorn.
 What if some Shoreditch fury should incite
 Some lust-ftung lecher: must he needs indite
 The beastly rites of hired venery,
 The whole world's universal bawd to be?
 Did never yet no damned libertine,
 Nor elder heathen, nor new * Florentine,
 Tho' they were famous for lewd liberty,
 Venture upon so shameful villany;
 Our epigrammatarians old and late,
 Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.
 Chaste men, they did but glance at Lesbia's deed,
 And handfomely leave off with cleanly speed.
 But arts of whoring, stories of the stews,
 Ye Muses will ye bear, and may refuse?
 Nay let the Devil and St. Valentine,
 Be gossips to those ribald rhymes of thine.

* *Peter Aretine.*

E N D of the First B O O K.

S A T I R E S.

B O O K II.

P R O L O G U E.

*O*R been the manes of that Cynic spright,
Cloath'd with some stubborn clay and led to light?
Or do the relic ashes of his grave
Revive and rise from their forsaken cave?
That so with gall-wet words and speeches rude
Controuls the manners of the multitude,
Envy belike incites his pining heart,
And bids it sate itself with others smart.
Nay, no despight: but angry Nemesis,
Whose scourge doth follow all that done amiss:
That scourge I bear, albe in ruder fist,
And wound, and strike, and pardon whom she list.

B O O K II.

S A T I R E I.

FOR shame! write better Labeo, or write none;
 Or better write, or Labeo write alone:
 Nay, call the Cynic but a wittie foole,
 Thence to abjure his handsome drinking bowl;
 Because the thirstie swaine with hollow hand,
 Conveied the streame to weet his drie weafand.
Write they that can, tho' they that cannot doe:
But who knowes that, but they that do not know.
 Lo! what it is that makes white rags so deare,
 That men must give a teston for a queare.
 Lo! what it is that makes goose wings so scant,
 That the distressed sempster did them want:
 So lavish ope-tyde causeth fasting lents,
 And starveling famine comes of large expence.
 Might not (so they were pleas'd that beene above)
 Long paper-abstinence our death remove?
 Then manie a Lollerd would in forfaitment,
 Beare paper-faggots o'er the pavement.
 But now men wager who shall blot the most,
 And each man writes. *There's so much labour lost,*
That's good, that's great: nay much is seldome well,
Of what is bad, a little'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 save one,
 Then Labeo, or write little, or write none.*
 Tush, but small paines 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 pamphleteer go stand aside;
 Reade in each schoole, in everie margent quoted,
 In everie catalogue for an authour noted.
 There's happinesse well given and well got,
 Lesse gifts, and lesser gaines, I weigh them not.
 So may the giant roam and write on high,
 Be he a dwarfe that writes not their as I.
 But well fare Strabo, which as stories tell,
 Contriv'd all Troy within one walnut shell.
 His curious ghost now lately hither came;
 Arriving neere the mouth of luckie Tame,
 I saw a pismire struggling with the load,
 Dragging all Troy home towards her abode.
 Now dare we hither, if we durst appeare,
 The subtile stithy-man that liv'd while ere:
 Such one was once, or once I was mistaught,
 A smith at Vulcan's owne forge up brought,
 That made an iron chariot so light,
 The coach-horse was a flea in trappings dight.
 The tamelesse steed could well his waggon wield,
 Through downes and dales of the uneven field.
 Strive they, laugh we: meane while the black storie
 Passes new Strabo, and new Strabo's Troy.
 Little for great; and great for good; all one:
 For shame! or better write, or Labeo write none.
 But who conjur'd this bawdie Poggie's ghost,
 From out the stewes of his lewde home-bred coast:

Or

Or wicked Rablais' drunken revellings,
 To grace the mis-rule of our tavernings ?
 Or who put bayes into blind Cupid's fist,
 That he should crowne what laureats him list ?
 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.

S A T I R E II.

TO what end did our lavish auncestours
 Erect of old these stately piles of ours ;
 For thread-bare clerks, and for the ragged muse,
 Whom better fit some cotes of sad secluse ?
 Blush niggard Ago, and be asham'd to see,
 These monuments of wiser ancestrie.
 And ye faire heapes the Muses sacred shrines,
 (In spight of time and envious repines)
 Stand still and flourish till the world's last day,
 Upbraiding it with former love's decay.
 Here may you Muses, our deare soveraignes,
 Scorne each base lordling ever you disdaines ;
 And every peasant churle, whose smokie rooffe
 Denied harbour for your deare behooffe.
 Scorne ye the world before it do complaine,
 And scorne the world that scorneth you againe.
 And scorne contempt itselke that doth incite
 Each single-fold 'squire to set you at so light.
 What needes me care for anie bookish skill,
 To blot white papers with my restlesse quill :

Or pore on painted leaves, or beat my braine
 With far-fetch thought ; or to consume in vaine
 In latter even, or midst of winter nights,
 Ill smelling oyles, or some still watching lights.
 Let them that meane by bookish businesse
 To earne their bread, or hopen to professe
 Their hard got skill, let them alone for me,
 Busie their braines with deeper brokerie.
 Great gaines shall bide you sure, when ye have spent
 A thousand lamps, and thousand reames have rent
 Of needles papers ; and a thousand nights
 Have burned out with costly candle lights.
 Ye palish ghosts of Athens, when at last
 Your patrimonie spent in witleffe wast,
 Your friends all wearie, and your spirits spent,
 Ye may your fortunes seeke, and be forwent
 Of your kind cousins, and your churlish fires,
 Left there alone, midst the fast-folding briers.
 Have not I lands of faire inheritance,
 Deriv'd by right of long continuance,
 To first-borne males, so list the law to grace,
 Nature's first fruits in an eternal race ?
 Let second brothers, and poore nestlings,
 Whom more injurious nature later brings
 Into the naked world ; let them assaine
 To get hard pennyworths with so bootlesse paine.
 Tush ! what care I to be Arcefilas,
 Or some sad Solon, whose deed-furrowed face,
 And fullen head, and yellow-clouded sight,
 Still on the stedfast earth are musing pight ;
 Mutt'ring what censures their distracted minde,
 Of brain-sick paradoxes deeply hath definde :

Or

Or of Parmenides, or of darke Heraclite,
 Whether all be one, or ought be infinite?
 Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought,
 Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.
 Fond fool! six feet shall serve 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 heavenly Muse her course doth bend;
 And rather had be pale with learned cares,
 Than paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.
 Or doth thy glorie stand in outward glee?
 A lave-ear'd asse with gold may trapped be.
 Or if in pleasure? live we as we may,
 Let swinish Grill delight in dunghill clay.

S A T I R E III.

WH O doubts? the laws fell down from heaven's
 height,
 Like to some gliding starre in winters night?
 Themis, the scribe of God, did long ago
 Engrave them deepe in during marble stone,
 And cast them downe on this unruly clay,
 That men might know to rule and to obey.
 But now their characters depraved bin,
 By them that would make gain of others sin.
 And now hath wrong so maistered the right,
 That they live best that on wrongs offall light.
 So loathly flye that lives on galled wound,
 And scabby festers inwardly unsound,

Feeds fatter with that poys'nous carrion,
 Than they that haunt the healthy limbs alone,
 Wo to the weale where many lawyers be,
 For there is sure much store of maladie.
 'Twas truely said, and truely was foreseene
 The fat kine are devoured of the leane.
 Genus and Species long since barefoote went,
 Upon their ten-toes in wilde wanderment :
 Whiles father Bartoll on his footcloth rode,
 Upon high pavement gayly silver-strow'd.
 Each home-bred science percheth in the chaire,
 While sacred artes grovell on the groundfell bare.
 Since pedling Barbarismes gan be in request,
 Nor clafficke tongues, nor learning found no rest.
 The crowching client, with low-bended knee,
 And manie worships, and faire flatterie,
 Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,
 But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist ;
 If that seem 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 advice.
 So have I seene in a tempestuous stowre,
 Some bryer-bush shewing shelter from the showre
 Unto the hopefull sheepe, that faine would hide
 His fleecie coate from that same angry tide :
 The ruthlesse breere, regardlesse of his plight,
 Laies holde upon the fleece he should acquite,
 And takes advantage of the carelesse prey,
 That thought she in securer shelter lay.
 The day is faire, the sheepe would far to feede,
 The tyrant brier holdes fast his shelters meed,

And

And claimes it for the fee of his defence :
So robs the sheepe, in favour's faire pretence.

S A T I R E IV.

WOrthie were Galen to be weighed in gold,
Whose help doth sweetest life and health uphold ;
Yet by faint Esculape he sollemne swore,
That for diseases they were never more,
Fees never lesse, never so little gaine,
Men give a groate, and aske the rest againe.
Groats-worth of health can anie leech allot ?
Yet should he have no more that gives a groate.
Should I on each sicke pillow leane my brest,
And grope the pulse of everie mangie wrest ;
And spie out marvels in each urinall ;
And rumble up the filths that from them fall ;
And give a dosse for everie disease,
In prescripts long and tedious recipes,
All for so leane reward of art and me ?
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 can crosse the fatall resolution,
In the decreed day of dissolution :)
Whether ill tendment, or recurelesse paine,
Procure his death ; the neighbours all complaine,
Th' unskilfull leech murdered his patient,
By poyson of some foule ingredient.
Hereon the vulgar may as soone be brought
To Socrates his poysoned hemlock drougt,

As to the wholesome julap, whose receipt
 Might his disease's lingring force defeat.
 If nor a dramme of triacle soveraigne,
 Or aqua vitæ, or sugar candian,
 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 liberal man should live, and carle should die,
 The sickly ladie, and the gowtie peere
 Still would I haunt, that love their life so deare.
 Where life is deare, who cares for coyned droffe?
 That spent is counted gaine, and spared, losse:
 Or would conjure the chymick mercurie,
 Rise from his horfedung bed, and upwards flie;
 And with glasse stills, and sticks of juniper,
 Raife the black spright that burnes not with the fire:
 And bring quintessence of elixir pale,
 Out of sublimed spirits minerall.
 Each powdred graine ransometh captive kings,
 Purchaseth realmes, and life prolonged brings.

S A T I R E V.

SAw'st thou ever Siquis patch'd on Paul's church
 doore,
 To seeke some vacant vicarage before?
 Who wants a churchman that can service fay,
 Read fast and faire his monthly homiley?
 And wed and bury, and make christen-soules?
 Come to the left-side alley of Saint Poules.

Thou

Thou servile foole, why could'st thou not repaire
 To buy a benefice at steeple-faire?
 There moughtest thou, for but a slender price,
 Advowson thee with some fat benefice:
 Or if thee list not waite for dead mens shoon,
 Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's daies were done:
 A thousand patrons thither ready bring,
 Their new-falne churches to the chaffering;
 Stake three yeares stipend; no man asketh more:
 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 servile symonie.

S A T I R E VI.

A Gentle squire would gladly entertaine
 Into his house some trencher-chaplain;
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions.
 First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
 Whiles his young maister lieth o'er his head.
 Second, that he do, on no default,
 Ever presume to sit above the salt.
 Third, that he never change his trencher twise.
 Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
 Sit bare at meales, and one halfe rise and wait.
 Last, that he never his yong maister beat,

But

But he must aske his mother to define,
 How manie jerkes she would his breech should line.
 All these observ'd, he could contented bee,
 To give five markes and winter liverie.

S A T I R E V I I.

IN th' heaven's universal alphabet
 All earthly things so surely are foreset,
 That who can read those figures, may foresheew
 Whatever thing shall afterwards ensue :
 Faine would I know (might it our artist please)
 Why can his tell-troth Ephemerides
 Teach him the weather's state so long before,
 And not foretell him, nor his fatall horne,
 Nor his death's-day, nor no such sad event ;
 Which he mought wisely labour to prevent ?
 Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainfick tale
 Of old astrologie : where did'st thou vaile
 Thy cursed head thus long, that so it mist
 The black bronds of some sharper fatyrift ?
 Some doting gossip mongst the Chaldee wives,
 Did to the credulous world thee first derive ;
 And superstition nurs'd thee ever fence,
 And publiht in profounder art's pretence :
 That now, who pares his nailes, or libs his swine,
 But he must first take counsel of the signe.
 So that the vulgars count for faire or foule,
 For living or for dead, for sick or whole.

His

His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,
Hangs all upon his new-year's Almanack.
If chance once in the spring his head should ake,
It was foretold : thus faves mine Almanack.
In th' heaven's high-street are but dozen roomes,
In which dwells all the world, past and to come.
Twelve goodly innes they are, with twelve fayre
 signes,
Ever well tended by our star-divines.
Everie man's head innes at the horned Ramme,
The whiles the necke the Black-bull's guest became,
Th' arms, by good hap, meet at the wraffling twins,
Th' heart in the way at the Blue-lion innes.
The leggs their lodging in Aquarius got ;
That is the Bride-streete of the heaven I wot.
The feet took up 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 heaven's ostelere,
Or tapsters some, or some be chamberlaines,
To waite upon the guests they entertaine.
Hence can they reade, by virtue of their trade,
When any thing is mist, where it was laide.
Hence they divine, and hence they can devise,
If their aim faile, the stars to moralize.
Demon, my friend, once liver-ficke of love,
Thus learn'd I by the signes his grieve remove :
In the blinde Archer first I saw the signe,
When thou receiv'dst that wilful wound of thine ;
And now in Virgo is that cruel mayde,
Which hath not yet with love thy love repaide.

But

But marke when once it comes to Gemini,
Straightway fish-whole shall thy ficke-liver be.
But now (as th' angrie heavens seeme to threat
Manie hard fortunes, and disastres great)
If chance it come to wanton Capricorne,
And so into the Ram's disgraceful horne,
Then learne thou of the ugly Scorpion,
To hate her for her fowle abusio:
Thy refuge then the balance be of right,
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite:
So with the Crab, go back whence thou began,
From thy first match, and live a single man.

E N D of the Second B O O K.

S A T I R E S.

B O O K III.

D

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E.

*SOME say my satyres over loosely flowe,
Nor hide their gall enough from open showe:
Not, riddle like, obscuring their intent;
But, packe-staffe plaine, uttring what thing they ment:
Contrarie to the Roman ancients,
Whose words were short, and darksome was their sense.
Who reads one line of their harsh poesies,
Thrice must he take his winde, and breath him thrice:
My Muse would follow them that have foregone,
But cannot with an English pineon;
For looke how farre the ancient comedie
Past former satyres in her libertie:
So farre must mine yield unto them of olde;
'Tis better be too bad, than be too bolde.*

B O O K III.

S A T I R E 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 sway'd the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.)
Time was, that whiles the autumn fall did last,
Our hungrie fires gap'd for the falling mast
of the Dodonian oakes.

Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be.
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,
They scal'd the stored crab with clasped knee,
Till they had fated their delicious eye :
Or search'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or sourer floes :
Or when they meant to fare the fin'ist of all,
They lick'd oake-leaves besprint with hony fall.
As for the thrise three-angled beech nut-shell,
Or chesnut's armed huske, and hid kernell,
No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the court, and for the king's owne board.
Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone ;
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.

Their onely cellar was the neighbour brooke:
None did for better care, for better looke.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,
Nor greedie vintner mixt the strained grape.
The kirg's pavilion was the grassy green,
Under safe shelter of the shadie treen.
Under each banke men layd their limbs along,
Not wishing anie ease, not fearing wrong:
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling anie cold.
But when by Ceres hufwifrie and paine,
Men learn'd to burie the reviving graine,
And father Janus taught the new-found vine,
Rise on the elme, with many a friendly twine:
And base desire bade men to delven low,
For needlesse mettals, then gan mischief grow.
'Then farewell fayrest age, the world's best dayes;
Thriving in ill as it in age decaies.
Then crept in pride, and peevish covetise,
And men grew greedie, discordous and nice.
Now man, that erst haile-fellow was with beast,
Woxe on to weene himselfe a God at least.
No aerie fowl can take so high a flight,
'Tho' she her daring wings in clouds have dight;
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
'Tho' Thetis selfe should sweare her safetie;
Nor fearfull beast can dig his cave so lowe,
As could he further than earth's center go;
As that the ayre, the earth, or ocean,
Should shield them from the gorge of greedie man.
Hath utmost Inde ought better than his owne?
Then utmost Inde is neare, and rise to gone.

O nature! was the world ordain'd for nought
But fill man's maw, and feede man's idle thought?
Thy grandfires words favour'd of thriftie leekes,
Or manly garlicke; but thy furnace reekes
Hot steams of wine; and can a-loofe descric
The drunken draughts of sweete autumnitie.
They naked went; or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-spun ruffet, void of forraine pride:
But thou canst maske in garish gauderie,
To suite a foole's far-fetched liverie.
A French head joyn'd to necke Italian:
Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain:
An Englishman in none, a foole in all:
Many in one, and one in severall.
Then men were men; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good Saturne selfe, that homely emperour?
In proudest pompe was not so clad of yore,
As is the under-groome of the ostlerie,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo! the long date of those expired dayes,
Which the inspired Merlin's word fore-sayes;
When dunghill peasants shall be dight as kings,
Then one confusion another brings:
Then farewell fairest age, the world's best dayes,
Thriving in ill, as it in age decayes.

S A T I R E I I .

Great Osmond knowes not how he shall be known
 When once great Osmond shall be dead and gone :
 Unlesse he reare up some rich monument,
 Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
 Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise,
Rex Regum written on the pyramis.
 Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak,
 That never felt none but the feller's stroke.
 Small honour can be got with gaudie grave ;
 Nor it thy rotten name from death can save.
 The fairer tombe, the fouler is thy name ;
 The greater pompe procuring greater shame.
 Thy monument make thou thy living deeds ;
 No other tomb than that true virtue needs.
 What ! had he nought whereby he might be knowne
 But costly pilements of some curious stone ?
 The matter nature's, and the workman's frame ;
 His purse's cost : where then is Osmond's name ?
 Deserv'dst thou ill ? well were thy name and thee,
 Wert thou inditched in great secrecie ;
 Where as no passenger might curse thy dust,
 Nor dogs sepulchrall fate their gnawing lust.
 'Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,
 So long as on thy grave they ingraved be.

S A T I R E III.

THE courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
 With hollow words, and overly request :
 “ Come, will ye dine with me this holyday ?”
 I yeilded, tho’ he hop’d I would say nay :
 For had I mayden’d it, as many use ;
 Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse.
 “ Alacke fir, I were loath ; another day,—
 “ I should but trouble you ;—pardon me, if you may.”
 No pardon should I need ; for, to depart
 He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
 Two words for monie, Darbishirian wife ;
 (That’s one too manie) is a naughtie guife.
 Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
 May dine at home for an importune gueft.
 I went, then saw, and found the greate expence ;
 The fare and fashions of our citizens.
 Oh, Cleopatrical ! what wanteth there
 For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheere ?
 Beefe, that erst Hercules held for finest fare ;
 Porke for the fat Bœotian, or the hare
 For Martial ; fish for the Venetian ;
 Goose-liver for the likorous Romane,
 Th’ Athenian’s goate ; quaile, Iolan’s cheere ;
 The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deere ;
 Grapes for Arcefilas, figs for Plato’s mouth,
 And chefnuts faire for Amarillis’ tooth.
 Hadst thou such cheere ? wert thou ever there before ?
 Never.—I thought so : nor come there no more.

Come

Come there no more ; for so meant all that cost :
Never hence take me for thy second host.
 For whom he meanes to make an often guest,
 One dish shall serve ; and welcome make the rest.

S A T I R E IV.

WEre yesterday Polemon's natals kept,
 That so his threshold is all freshly steept
 With new-shed blood ? Could he not sacrifice
 Some sorry morkin that unbidden dies ;
 Or meager heifer, or some rotten ewe ;
 But he must needs his posts with blood embrew,
 And on his way-doore fixe the horned head,
 With flowers and with ribbands garnished ?
 Now shall the passenger deeme the man devout.
 What boots it be so, but the world must know't ?
 O the fond boasting of vain-glorious man !
 Does he the best, that may the best be seene ?
 Who ever gives a paire of velvet shooes
 To th' Holy Rood, or liberally allowes
 But a new rope to ring the curfew bell,
 But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
 Or graven in the chancel-window-glasse,
 Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasse ?
 For he that doth so few deserving deeds,
 'Twere sure his best sue for such larger meeds.
 Who would inglorious live, inglorious die,
 And might eternize his name's memorie ?
 And he that cannot brag of greater store,
 Must make his somewhat much, and little more.

Nor

Nor can good Myfon weare on his left hond,
 A signet ring of Bristol-diamond,
 But he must cut his glove to shew his pride,
 That his trim jewel might be better spy'd :
 And that men mought some burgesse him repute,
 With fatten sleeves hath grac'd his sacke-cloth suit.

S A T I R E V.

FIE on all courtesie, and unruly 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 travailing along in London way,
 Mee met, as seem'd by his disguis'd array,
 A lustie courtier, whose curled head
 With abron locks was fairely furnished.
 I him saluted in our lavish wise :
 He answeres my untimely courtesies.
 His bonnet vail'd, ere ever he could thinke,
 Th' unruly winde blowes off his periwinke.
 He lights and runs, and quickly hath him sped,
 To overtake his over-running head.
 The sportfull winde, to mocke the headlesse man,
 Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian :
 And fraight 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 courtesie, and unruly winde.
 I lookt and laught, and much I mervailed,
 To see so large a caus-way in his head.

And

And me bethought, that when it first begon,
 'Twas some shroad autumnne that so bar'd the bone.
 Is't not sweete pride, when men their crownes must
 shade,
 With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
 Or floor-ftrow'd locks from off the barber's sheares?
 But waxen crownes well gree with borrow'd haire.

S A T I R E V I.

When Gullion dy'd (who knowes not Gullion?)
 And his drie soule arriv'd at Acheron,
 He faire besought the feryman of hell,
 That he might drinke to dead Pantagruel.
 Charon was afraid lest thirftie Gullion,
 Would have drunke drie the river Acheron.
 Yet last consented for a little hyre,
 And downe he dips his chops deep in the myre,
 And drinkes, and drinkes, and swallows in the streeme,
 Untill the shallow shores all naked seeme.
 Yet still he drinkes, nor can the Boatman's cries,
 Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers make him rise.
 So long he drinkes, till the blacke caravell,
 Stands still fast gravell'd on the mud of hell.
 There stand they still, nor can go, nor retyre,
 Tho' greedie ghosts quicke passage did require.
 Yet stand they still, as tho' they lay at rode,
 Till Gullion his bladder would unlode.
 They stand, and waite, and pray for that good houre;
 Which, when it came, they failed to the shore.

But

But never since dareth the ferryman,
 Once entertaine the ghost of Gullian.
 Drinke on drie foule, and pledge fir Gullion :
 Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine owne.

Defunt nonnulla.

S A T I R E VII.

SEEST thou how gayly my yong maister goes,
 Vaunting himselfe upon his rising toes ;
 And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side ;
 And picks his gluttet teeth since late noon-tide ?
 'Tis Ruffio: Trow'ft thou where he din'd to day ?
 In footh I saw him sit with Duke Humfray.
 Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheere,
 Keepes he for everie stragglng cavaliere.
 An open house, haunted with greate resort ;
 Long service mixt with musicall disport.
 Many faire yonker with a feather'd crest,
 Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
 To fare so freely with so little cost,
 Than stake his twelve-pence to a meaner host.
 Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
 He touch't no meat of all this live-long day.
 For sure me thought, yet that was but a guesse,
 His eyes seeme funke for verie hollownesse,
 But could he have (as I did it mistake)
 So little in his purse, so much upon his backe ?
 So nothing in his maw ? yet seemeth by his belt,
 That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.

Seeft

Seest thou how fide it hangs beneath his hip?
 Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
 Yet for all that, how stiffer struts he by,
 All trapped in the new-found braverie.
 The nuns of new-won Cales his bonnet lent,
 In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
 What needed he fetch that from farthest Spaine,
 His grandame could have lent with lesser paine?
 Tho' he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,
 Yet faine would counted be a conquerour.
 His haire, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
 One lock amazon-like disheveled,
 As if he meant to weare a native cord,
 If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
 All British bare upon the bristled skin,
 Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;
 His linnen collar labyrinthian fet,
 Whose thousand double turnings never met:
 His sleeves half hid with elbow-pineonings,
 As if he meant to flie with linnen wings.
 But when I looke, and cast mine eyes below,
 What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
 So slender waist with such an abbot's loyne,
 Did never sober nature sure conjoyne.
 Lik'ft a strawne scare-crow in the new-sowne field,
 Rear'd on some sticke, the tender corne to shield.
 Or if that semblance suit not everie deale,
 Like a broad shak-forke with a slender steel.
 Despised nature suit them once aright,
 Their bodie to their coate, both now mis-dight.
 Their bodie to their clothes might shapen be,
 That nill their clothes shape to their bodie.

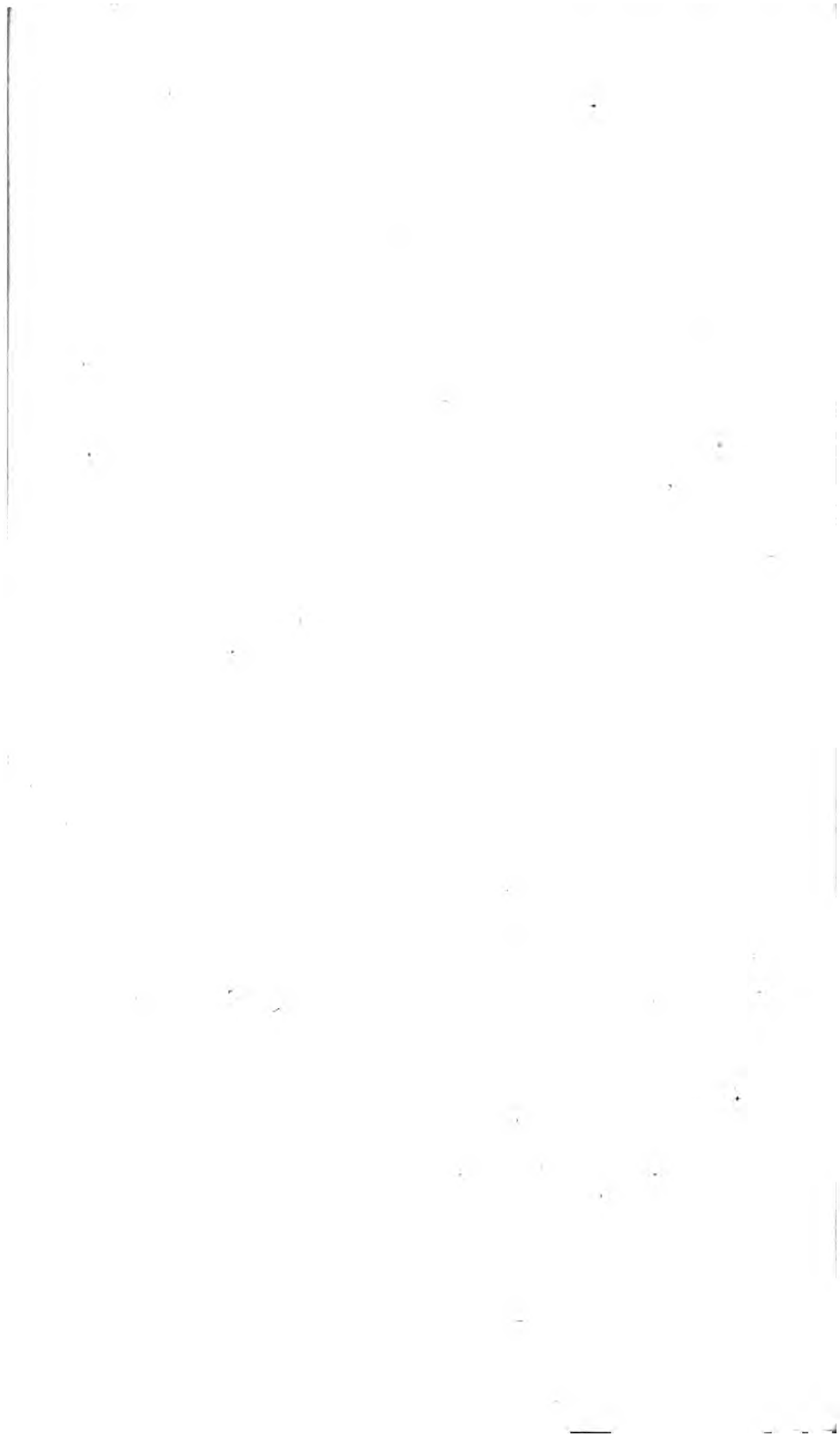
Meane

Meane while I wonder at so proud a backe,
 Whiles th' empty guts lowd rumblen for long lacke:
 The belly envieth the back's bright glee,
 And murmurs at such inequality.
 The backe appeares unto the partial eyne,
 The plaintive belly pleads they bribed been;
 And he, for want of better advocate,
 Doth to the ear his injury relate.
 The back, insulting o'er the belly's need,
 Says, thou thy self, I others eyes must feed.
 The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine
 The back's great pride, and their own secret paine.
 Ye witleffe gallants, I beshrew your hearts,
 That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts,
 Which never can be set at onement more,
 Until the maw's wide mouth be stopt with store.

The CONCLUSION.

*T*HUS have I writ, in smoother cedar tree,
 So gentle Satires, penn'd so easily.
 Henceforth I write in crabbed oak-tree rynde,
 Search they that mean the secret meaning find.
 Hold out ye guilty and ye galled hides,
 And meet my far-fetch'd stripes with waiting sides.

E N D of the third B O O K.



S A T I R E S.

B O O K IV.

The AUTHOR'S Charge to his second Col-
lection of SATIRES, call'd *Biting Satires*.

*Y*E lucklesse rhymes, whom not unkindly spight
Begot long since of truth and holy rage,
Lye here in wombe of silence and still night,
Until the broils of next unquiet age:
That which is others grave shall be your wombe,
And that which bears you, your eternal tombe.

Cease ere you gin, and ere ye live be dead;
And dye and live ere ever ye be borne;
And be not bore ere ye be buried,
Then after live, sith you have dy'd before.
When I am dead and rotten in the dust
Then gin to live, and leave when others lust.

For when I dye, shall envy dye with me,
And lie deep smother'd with my marble stone;
Which while I live cannot be done to dye,
Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,
Will hardly yield t'await my murning hearse,
But for my dead corps change my living verse.

What shall the ashes of my senselesse urne
Need to regard the raving world above?
Sith afterwards I never can returne,
To feel the force of hatred or of love.
Oh! if my soul could see their posthume spight,
Should it not joy and triumph in the sight?

Whatever eye shalt finde this hateful scrole
After the date of my deare exequies,
Ah pity thou my plaining orphan's dole
That faine would see the sunne before it dies.
It dy'd before, now let it live againe,
Then let it dye, and bide some famous bane.

Satis est potuisse videri.

B O O K I V.

S A T I R E I.

Che baiar vuol, bai.

WHO dares upbraid these open rhymes of mine
 With blindfold Aquines, or darke Venusine?
 Or rough-hewn Teretismes, writ in th' antique vain
 Like an old satire, and new Flaccian?
 Which who reads thrice, and rubs his rugged brow,
 And deep intendeth every doubtful row,
 Scoring the margent with his blazing stars,
 And hundreth crooked interlinears,
 (Like to a merchant's debt-roll new defac'd,
 When some crack'd manour cross'd his book at last)
 Should all in rage the curse-beat page out rive,
 And in each dust-heap bury me alive,
 Stamping like Bucephall, whose slackned raines
 And bloody fetlocks fry with seven mens braines.
 More cruel than the cravon satire's ghost,
 That bound dead bones unto a burning post;
 Or some more strait-lac'd juror of the rest,
 Impannel'd of an Holyfax inquest:
 Yet well bethought, stoops down and reads anew;
 The best lies low, and loathes the shallow view,
 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-blind snake of Epidaore.
 That Lyncius may be match'd with Gaulard's fight,
 That fees not Paris for the houses height;
 Or wily Cyppus, that can winke and snort
 While his wife dallies on Mæcenus' skort:
 Yet when he hath my crabbed pamphlet read
 As oftentimes as PHILIP hath been dead,
 Bids all the furies haunt each peevish line
 That thus have rack'd their friendly reader's eyne;
 Worfe than the Logogryphes of later times,
 Or hundreth riddles shak'd to sleevelesse rhymes.
 Should I endure these curses and despight
 While no man's eare should glow at what I write?
 Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face:
 Why? for I smite and hide the galled place.
 Gird but the cynick's helmet on his head,
 Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of lead?
 Long as the crafty cuttle lieth sure
 In the blacke cloud of his thicke vomiture,
 Who list complaine of wronged faith or fame,
 When he may shift it to another's name?
 Calvus can scratch his elbow and can smile,
 That thriftlesse Pontice bites his lip the while.
 Yet I intended in that selfe device
 To checke the churle for his knowne covetise.
 Each points his straight fore-finger to his friend,
 Like the blind dial on the belfry end.
 Who turns it homeward, to say this is I,
 As bolder Socrates in the comedy?
 But fingle out, and say once plat and plaine
 That coy Matrona is a courtezan;

Or

Or thou false Cryspus choak'dst thy wealthy guest
Whiles he lay snoring at his midnight rest,
And in thy dung-cart didst the carkasse shrine
And deepe intombe it in Port-esqueline.
Proud Trebius lives, for all his princely gait,
On third-hand suits, and scrapings of the plate.
Titius knew not where to shroude his head
Until he did a dying widow wed,
Whiles she lay doating on her death's bed,
And now hath purchas'd lands with one night's paine,
And on the morrow wooes and weds againe.
Now see I fire-flakes sparkle from his eyes,
Like a comet's taylor in th' angry skies;
His pouting cheeks puff up above his brow,
Like a swolne toad touch'd with the spider's blow;
His mouth shrinks side-ward like a scornful playse,
To take his tired ear's ingrateful place.
His ears hang laving like a new lugg'd fwine,
To take some counsel of his grieved eyne.
Now laugh I loud, and breake my splene to see
This pleasing pastime of my poesie;
Much better than a Paris-garden beare,
Or prating puppet on a theatre;
Or Mimoe's whistling to his tabouret,
Selling a laughter for a cold meal's meat.
Go to then, ye my sacred Semonees,
And please me more the more ye do displease.
Care we for all those bugs of idle feare?
For Tigels grinning on the theatre?
Or scar-babe threatnings of the rascal crew;
Or wind-spent verdicts of each ale-knight's view?

Whatever

Whatever breast doth freeze for such false dread,
 Beshrew his base white liver for his meed.
 Fond were that pity, and that fears were sin,
 To spare waste leaves that so deserved bin.
 Those toothless toys that dropt out by mis-hap,
 Be but as lightning to a thunder-clap.
 Shall then that foul infamous Cyned's hide
 Laugh at the purple wales of others' side?
 Not if he were as near as, by report,
 The stews had wont be to th' tennis court:
 He that, while thousands envy at his bed,
 Neighs after bridals, and fresh maidenhead;
 While slavish Juno dares not look awry,
 To frowne at such imperious rivalry;
 Not tho' she sees her wedding jewels drest
 To make new bracelets for a strumpet's wrest;
 Or like some strange disguised Messaline,
 Hires a night's lodging of his concubine;
 Whether his twilight-torch of love do call
 To revels of uncleanly musically,
 Or midnight plays, or taverns of new wine,
 Hye ye white aprons to your landlord's signe;
 When all, save toothless age or infancy,
 Are summon'd to the court of venery.
 Who list excuse? when chaster dames can hire
 Some snout-fair stripling to their apple-squire,
 Whom staked up like to some stallion steed,
 They keep with eggs and oysters for the breed.
 O Lucine! barren Caia hath an heir,
 After her husband's dozen years despair.
 And now the bribed midwife swears apace,
 The bastard babe doth bear his father's face.

But

But hath not Lelia pass'd her virgin years?
For modest shame (God wot!) or penal fears?
He tells a merchant tidings of a prize,
That tells Cynedo of such novelties,
Worth little less than landing of a whale,
Or Gades' spoils, or a churl's funerals.
Go bid the banes and point the bridal day,
His broking bawd hath got a noble prey;
A vacant tenement, an honest dowre
Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
That he, base wretch, may clog his wit-old head,
And give him hansel of his Hymen-bed.
Ho! all ye females that would live unhent,
Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment.
If Trent be drawn to dregs and Low refuse,
Hence, ye hot lecher, to the steaming stews.
Tyber, the famous sink of Christendome,
Turn thou to Thames, and Thames run towards Rome.
Whatever damned streame but thine were meet
To quench his lusting liver's boiling heat?
Thy double draught may quench his dog-days rage
With some stale Bacchis, or obsequious page,
When writhen Lena makes her sale-fet shews
Of wooden Venus with fair-limned brows;
Or like him more some veiled matron's face,
Or trained prentice trading in the place.
The close adultresse, where her name is red,
Comes crawling from her husband's lukewarm bed,
Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours sweet,
Groping the postern with her bared feet.
Now play the satire who so list for me,
Valentine self, or some as chaste as he.

In vaine she wisheth long Alkmæna's night,
Curfing the hasty dawning of the light ;
And with her cruel Lady-star uprose
She seeks her third roust on her silent toes,
Besmeared all with loathsome smoake of lust,
Like Acheron's steams, or smoldring sulphur dust.
Yet all day sits she simpering in her mew
Like some chaste dame, or shrined faint in shew ;
Whiles he lies wallowing with a westy-head
And palish carcasse, on his brothel-bed,
Till his salt bowels boile with poisonous fire ;
Right Hercules with his second Deianire.
O Esculape ! how rife is physick made,
When each brasse-bafon can professe the trade
Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,
And do the beaftly cure for ten groats gaine ?
All these and more deserve some blood-drawn lines,
But my six cords beene of too loose a twine :
Stay till my beard shall sweep mine aged breast,
Then shall I seem an awful fatyrift :
While now my rhymes relish of the ferule still,
Some nose-wise pedant faith ; whose deep-seen skill
Hath three times construed either Flaccus o'er,
And thrice rehears'd them in his trivial floore.
So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,
Rather than say I doated in my age.

S A T I R E II.

Arcades ambo.

OLD driveling Lolio drudges all he can
To make his eldest sonne a gentleman.
Who can despaire to see another thrive,
By loan of twelve-pence to an oyster-wive?
When a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stage,
Was all rich Nænius his heritage.
Nought spendeth he for feare, nor spares for cost;
And all he spends and spares besides is lost.
Himself goes patched like some bare cottyer,
Left he might ought the future stocke appeyre.
Let giddy Cosmius change his choice array,
Like as the Turk his tents, thrice in a day,
And all to sun and air his suits untold
From spightful moths, and frets, and hoary mold,
Bearing his pawn-laid lands upon his backe
As snails their shells, or pedlers do their packe.
Who cannot shine in tiffues and pure gold
That hath his lands and patrimony sold?
Lolio's side coat is rough pampilian
Gilded with drops that downe the bosome ran,
White carsey hose patched on either knee,
The very embleme of good husbandry,
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,
Upon a straw-stufft pannel all the way,

With

With a maund charg'd with household merchandize,
 With eggs, or white-meate, from both dayries ;
 And with that buys he roast for Sunday noone,
 Proud how he made that week's provision.
 Else is he stall-fed on the worky-day,
 With browne-bread crusts soften'd in fodden whey,
 Or water-gruell, or those paups of meale
 That Maro makes his simule, and cybeale :
 Or once a weeke, perhaps for novelty,
 Reez'd bacon foords shall feast his family ;
 And weens this more than one egg cleft in twaine
 To feast some patrone and his chappelaine :
 Or more than is some hungry gallant's dole,
 That in a dearth runs sneaking to an hole,
 And leaves his man and dog to keepe his hall
 Left the wild room should run forth of the wall.
 Good man ! him list not spend his idle meales
 In quinsing plovers, or in wining quailes ;
 Nor toot in cheap-side baskets earne and late
 To set the first tooth in some novell cate.
 Let sweet-mouth'd Mercia bid what crowns she please
 For half-red cherries, or greene garden pease,
 Or the first artichoaks of all the yeare,
 To make so lavish cost for little cheare :
 When Lolio feasteth in his revelling fit,
 Some starved pullen scoures the rusted spit.
 For else how should his sonne maintained be
 At inns of court or of the chancery :
 There to learn law, and courtly carriage,
 To make amends for his mean parentage ;
 Where he unknowne and ruffling as he can,
 Goes currant each where for a gentleman ?

While

While yet he rousteth at some uncouth signe,
 Nor ever red his tenures second line.
 What broker's lousy wardrobe cannot reach
 With tiffued pains to pranck each peasant's breech?
 Couldst thou but give the wall, the cap, the knee,
 To proud Sartorio that goes straddling by.
 Wert not the needle pricked on his sleeve,
 Doth by good hap the secret watch-word give?
 But hear'st thou Lolio's sonne? gin not thy gait
 Until the evening owl or bloody bat:
 Never until the lamps of Paul's been light,
 And niggard lanterns shade the moon-shine night;
 Then when the guilty bankrupt, in bold dreade,
 From his close cabbin thrusts his shrinking heade,
 That hath been long in shady shelter pent
 Imprisoned for feare of prisonment.
 May be some ruffet-coat parochian
 Shall call thee cousin, friend, or countryman,
 And for thy hoped fist crossing the streete
 Shall in his father's name his god-son greet.
 Could never man work thee a worfer shame
 Than once to minge thy father's odious name?
 Whose mention were alike to thee as lieve
 As a catch-poll's fist unto a bankrupt's sleeve;
 Or an *hos ego* from old Petrarch's spright
 Unto a plagiary sonnet-wright.
 There, soon as he can kifs his hand in gree,
 And with good grace bow it below the knee,
 Or make a Spanish face with fawning cheere,
 With th' iland conge like a cavalier,
 And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side,
 Home hies he in his father's farm to bide.

The tenants wonder at their landlord's sonne,
 And blesse them at so sudder coming on,
 More than who vies his pence to view some trick
 Of stranges Moroco's dumb arithmetick,
 Or the young elephant, or two-tayl'd steere,
 Or the rigg'd camell, or the fiddling frere.
 Nay then his Hodge shall leave 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 fescue to his Littleton?
 Fools they may feed with words and live by ayre,
 That climb to honour by the pulpit's stayre:
 Sit seven years pining in an anchore's cheyre,
 To win some patched shreds of Minivere;
 And seven more plod at a patron's tayle
 To get a gilded chapel's cheaper fayle.
 Old Lolio sees, and laugheth in his sleeve
 At the great hope they and his state do give.
 But that which glads and makes him proud't of all,
 Is when the brabbling neighbours on him call
 For counsel in some crabbed case of law,
 Or some indentments, or some bond to draw:
 His neighbour's goose hath grazed on his lea,
 What action mought be enter'd in the plea?
 So new-fall'n lands have made him in request,
 That now he looks as lofty as the best.
 And well done Lolio, like a thrifty fire,
 'Twere pity but thy sonne should prove a squire.
 How I foresee in many ages past,
 When Lolio's caytive name is quite defac'd,
 Thine heir, thine heir's heir, and his heir again
 From out the loynes of careful Lolian,

Shall

Shall climb up to the chancell pewes on high,
And rule and raigne in their rich tenancy ;
When perch'd aloft to perfect their estate
They rack their rents unto a treble rate ;
And hedge in all the neighbour common lands,
And clodge their slavish tenants with commands ;
Whiles they, poor souls, with feeling sigh complaine,
And wish old Lolio were alive againe,
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 he,
He finds records of his great pedigree,
And tells how first his famous ancestour
Did come in long since with the conquerour.
Nor hath some bribed herald first assign'd
His quartered arms and crest of gentle kind ;
'The Scottish barnacle, if I might choose,
That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose ;
Nathlesse some hungry squire for hope of good
Matches the churl's sonne into gentle blood,
Whose sonne more justly of his gentry boasts
Than who were borne at two py'd painted posts,
And had some traunting merchant to his fire,
That traffick'd both by water and by fire.
O times ! since ever Rome did kings create,
Brasse gentlemen, and Cæsars laureate.

S A T I R E III.

Fuimus troes. Vel vix ea nostra.

WHAT boots it Pontice, tho' thou could'st discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestours?
 Or shew their painted faces gayly drest,
 From ever since before the last conquest?
 Or tedious bead-rolls of descended blood,
 From father Japhet since Ducalion's flood?
 Or call some old church-windows to record
 The age of thy fair armes;——
 Or find some figures halfe obliterate
 In rain-beat marble near to the church-gate
 Upon a crosse-legg'd tombe: what boots it thee
 To shew the rusted buckle that did tie
 The garter of thy greatest grandsires knee?
 What to reserve their relicks many yeares,
 Their silver-spurs, or spils of broken speares?
 Or cite old Ocland's verse, how they did weild
 The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field?
 And if thou canst in picking strawes engage
 In one half day thy father's heritage;
 Or hide whatever treasures he thee got,
 In some deep cock-pit, or in desp'rate lot
 Upon a six-square piece of ivory,
 Throw both thy self and thy posterity?
 Or if (O shame!) in hired harlot's bed
 Thy wealthy heirdome thou have buried:
 Then Pontice little boots thee to discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestours.

Ventrous

Ventrous Fortunio his farm hath sold,
 And gads to Guiane land to fish for gold,
 Meeting perhaps, if Orenoque deny,
 Some straggling pinnacle of Polonian rye:
 Then comes home floating with a filken fail,
 That Severne shaketh with his cannon-peal;
 Wiser Raymundus, in his closet pent,
 Laughs at such danger and adventurment,
 When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
 And now his second hopeful glasse is broke.
 But yet if hap'ly his third fornace hold,
 Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold:
 So spend thou Pontice, if thou canst not spare,
 Like some stout seaman, or philosopher.
 And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise;
 No thank to thee by whom their name decays;
 By virtue got they it, and valourous deed;
 Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.
 But else, look how their virtue 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 Trojan, dost thou prize
 Thy brute beasts worth by their dams qualities?
 Say'st thou this colt shall prove a swift-pac'd steed
 Only because a Jennet did him breed?
 Or say'st thou this same horse shall win the prize,
 Because his dam was swiftest Trunchevice,
 Or Runcevall his fire? himself a Gallaway?
 Whiles like a tireling jade he lags half-way.
 Or whiles thou seest some of thy stallion race,
 Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,

Like to a Scythian flave fworne to the payle,
Or dragging frothy barrels at his tayle?
Albe wife nature in her providence,
Wont in the want of reason and of fense,
Traduce the native virtue with the kind,
Making all brute and fenseleffe things inclin'd
Unto their caufe, or place where they were fowne ;
That one is like to all, and all like one.
Was never fox but wily cubs begets ;
The bear his fiercenefle to his brood befets :
Nor fearful hare falls out of lyon's feed,
Nor eagle wont the tender dove to breed.
Creet ever wont the cyprefs fad to bear,
Acheron banks the palifh popelar :
The palm doth rifely rife in Jury field,
And Alpheus waters nought but olives wild.
Asopus breeds big bullrufhes alone,
Meander, heath ; peaches by Nilus growne.
An English wolfe, an Irish toad to fee,
Were as a chafte man nurs'd in Italy.
And now when nature gives another guide
To human-kind, that in his bofome bides,
Above inftinct, his reason and difcourfe,
His being better, is his life the worfe?
Ah me! how feldome fee we fonnes fucceed
Their father's praife, in prowefle and great deed?
Yet certes if the fire be ill inclin'd,
His faults befall his fonnes by courfe of kind.
Scaurus was covetous, his fonne not fo ;
But not his pared nayle will he forego.
Florian the fire did women love alive,
And fo his fonne doth too, all but his wife.

Brag

Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own:
 Brag of his lands if they are not foregone.
 Brag of thine own good deeds, for they are thine
 More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

SATIRE IV.

Plus beaque fort.

CAN I not touch some upstart carpet-shield
 Of Lolio's sonne, that never saw the field;
 Or taxe wild Pontice for his luxuries
 But straight they tell me of Tiresias' eyes?
 Or lucklesse Collingborn's feeding of the crows,
 Or hundreth scalps which Thames still overflowes,
 But straight Sigalion nods and knits his browes,
 And winkes and wastes his warning hand for feare,
 And lips some silent letters in my eare?
 Have I not vow'd for shunning such debate?
 Pardon ye satires, to degenerate!
 And wading low in the plebeian lake,
 That no salt wave shall froth upon my backe.
 Let Labeo, or who else list for me,
 Go loose his ears and fall to alchimy:
 Only let Gallio give me leave 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 spleenish morsels cram the gaping maw,
 Withouten diet's care or trencher-law;

Tho'

Tho' never have I Salerne rhymes profest
 To be some lady's trencher-critick guest ;
 Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,
 Whose sentence charms it with a rhyming spell.
 Touch not this coler, that melancholy,
 This bit were dry and hot, that cold and dry.
 Yet can I fet my Gallio's dieting,
 A pebble of a lark, or plover's wing ;
 And warn him not to cast his wanton eyne
 On grosser bacon, or salt haberdine,
 Or dried fitches of some smoked beeve,
 Hang'd on a writen wythe since Martin's eve,
 Or burnt larke's heeles, or rashers raw and greene,
 Or melancholick liver of an hen,
 Which stout Vorano brags to make his feast,
 And claps his hand on his brave ostridge breast ;
 Then falls to praise the hardy Janizar
 That sucks his horse side, thirsting in the war.
 Lastly, to seal up all that he hath spoke,
 Quaffes a whole tunnelli of tobacco smoke.
 If Martius in boist'rous buff's be dress'd,
 Branded with iron plates upon the breast,
 And pointed on the shoulders for the nonce,
 As new come from the Belgian garrisons,
 What should thou need to envy ought at that,
 Whenas thou smellest like a civet cat ?
 Whenas thine oyled locks smooth platted fall,
 Shining like varnish'd pictures on a wall.
 When a plum'd fanne may shade thy chalked face,
 And lawny strips thy naked bosom grace.
 If brabbling Make-fray, at each fair and sive,
 Picks quarrels for to shew his valiantize,

Straight

Straight pressed for an hungry Swizzer's pay
To thrust his fist to each part of the fray,
And piping hot puffs toward the pointed plaine
With a broad Scot, or proking spit of Spaine;
Or hoyfeth fayle up to a forraine shore,
That he may live a lawlesse conquerour.
If some such desp'rate hackster shall devise
To rouze thine hare's-heart from her cowardice,
As idle children striving to excell
In blowing bubbles from an empty shell;
Oh Hercules! how like to prove a man,
That all so rath thy warlike life began?
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle fet
Her husband's rusty iron corselet;
Whose jargling sound might rock her babe to rest,
That never plain'd of his uneasy nest:
There did he dreame of dreary wars at hand,
And woke and fought, and won, ere he could stand.
But who hath seene the lambs of Tarentine,
May guesse what Gallio his manners beene;
All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,
Soft as the fummy ball, or Morrian's crowne.
Now Gallio, gins thy youthly heat to raigne
In every vigorous limb and swelling vaine;
Time bids thee raise thine headstrong thoughts on high,
To valour and adventrous chivalry:
Pawne thou no glove for challenge of the deed,
Nor make thy Quintaine others armed head
T'enrich the waiting herald with thy shame,
And make thy losse the scornful scaffold's game.
Wars, God forefend! nay God defend from war;
Soone are sonnes spent, that not soon reared are.

Gallio

Gallio may pull me roses ere they fall,
 Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball,
 Or tend his spar-hawke mantling in her mew,
 Or yelping beagles busy heeles pursue,
 Or watch a finking corke upon the shore,
 Or halter finches through a privy doore,
 Or list he spend the time in sportful game,
 In daily courting of his lovely dame,
 Hang on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
 Dance in her hand, joy in her jollity ;
 Here's little perill, and much lesser paine,
 So timely Hymen do the rest restraine.
 Hye wanton Gallio, and wed betime,
 Why should'st thou leese the pleasures of thy prime ?
 Seest thou the rose-leaves fall ungathered ?
 Then hye thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.
 Let ring and ferule meet upon thine hand,
 And Lucine's girdle with her swathing-band.
 Hye thee, and give the world yet one dwarfe more,
 Such as it got when thou thy selfe wast bore :
 Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
 Can ever happineffe too soone begin ?
 Virginius vow'd to keep his maidenhead,
 And eats chaste lettice, and drinks poppy-feed,
 And smells on camphire fasting ; and that done,
 Long hath he liv'd, chaste as a veiled nunne ;
 Free as a new-absolved damosell
 That frier Cornelius thrived in his cell,
 Till now he wax'd a toothlesse bachelour,
 He thaws like Chaucer's frosty Januere,
 And sets a month's mind upon smiling May,
 And dyes his beard that did his age bewray ;

Biting

Biting on annys-seede and rosemarine,
 Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine :
 Now he in Charon's barge a bride doth feeke,
 The maidens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
 That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,
 And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

S A T I R E V.

Stupet albius ære.

WOULD now that Matho were the fatyrift,
 That some fat bribe might greafe him in the fist,
 For which he need not brawl at any bar,
 Nor kisse the booke to be a perjurer ;
 Who else would scorne his silence to have fold,
 And have his tongue tyed with strings of gold ?
 Curius is dead, and buried long since,
 And all that loved golden abstinence.
 Might he not well repine at his old fee,
 Would he but spare to speake of usury ?
 Hirelings enow beside can be so base,
 Tho' we should scorne each bribing varlet's brasse :
 Yet he and I could shun each jealous head,
 Sticking our thumbs close to our girdle-stead.
 Tho' were they manicled behind our backe,
 Another's fist can serve our fees to take.
 Yet purfy Euclio cheerly smiling pray'd
 That my sharp words might curtail their side trade :
 For thousands beene in every governall
 That live by losse, and rise by others fall.

Whatever

Whatever fickle sheepe so secret dies,
 But some foule raven hath bespoke his eyes?
 What else makes N—— when his lands are spent
 Go shaking like a threadbare malecontent,
 Whose bandleffe bonnet vailes his o'ergrown chin,
 And fullen rags bewray his morpew'd skin:
 So ships he to the wolfish western isle
 Among the savage kernes in sad exile;
 Or in the Turkish wars at Cæsar's pay
 To rub his life out till the latest day.
 Another shifting gallant to forecast
 To gull his hostes for a month's repast,
 With some gall'd trunk, ballast with straw and stone,
 Left for the pawn of his provision.
 Had F——'s shop layn fallow but from hence,
 His doores close seal'd as in some pestilence,
 Whiles his light heeles their fearful flight can take,
 To get some badgelesse blue upon his back.
 Tocullio was a wealthy usurer,
 Such store of incomes had he every year,
 By bushels was he wont to mete his coine,
 As did the olde wife of Trimalcion.
 Could he do more that finds an idle roome
 For many hundreth thousands on a toombe?
 Or who rears up four free-schooles in his age
 Of his old pillage, and damn'd surplufage?
 Yet now he swore by that sweete crosse he kiss'd
 (That silver crosse, where he had sacrific'd
 His coveting soule, by his desire's owne doome,
 Daily to die the devil's martyrdom)
 His angels were all flowne up to their sky,
 And had forsooke his naked treasury.

Farewell

Farewell Altea and her weights of gold,
 Untill his lingring calends once be told ;
 Nought left behind but wax and parchment scroles,
 Like Lucian's dreame that silver turn'd to coals.
 Should'st thou him credit that nould credit thee ?
 Yes, and may'st sweare he swore the verity.
 The ding-thrift heir his shift-got fumme mispent,
 Comes drooping like a penlesse penitent,
 And beats his faint fist on Tocullio's doore,
 It lost the last, and now must call for more.
 Now hath the spider caught a wand'ring fly,
 And draws her captive at her cruel thigh :
 Soon is his errand read in his pale face,
 Which bears dumb characters of every case.
 So Cyned's dusky cheeke and fiery eye,
 And hairlesse brow, tells where he last did lye.
 So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought,
 While his pale face doth say his cause is nought.
 Seest thou the wary angler trayle along
 His feeble line, soone as some pike too strong
 Hath swallowed the baite that scornes the shore,
 Yet now near-hand cannot resist no more.
 So lieth he aloofe in smooth pretence,
 To hide his rough intended violence.
 As he that under name of Christmas cheere
 Can starve his tennants all th' ensuing yeare.
 Paper and wax, (God wot !) a weake repay
 For such deepe debts and downcast fums as they :
 Write, seale, deliver, take, go spend and speede,
 And yet full hardly could his present need
 Part with such sum; for but as yester-late
 Did Furnus offer pen-worths at easy rate,

For small disburfment ; he the bankes hath broke,
 And needs mote now some further playne o'erlook ;
 Yet ere he go faine would he be releaft,
 Hye ye, ye ravens, hye you to the feaft.
 Provided that thy lands are left entire,
 To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire :
 Then fhalt thou teare thofe idle paper bonds
 That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.
 Ah foole ! for fooner fhalt thou fell the reft
 Than ftake ought for thy former intereft ;
 When it fhall grind thy grating gall for fhame,
 To fee the lands that beare thy grandfire's name
 Become a dunghill peafant's fummer-hall,
 Or lonely hermit's cage inhospitall ;
 A pining gourmand, an imperious flave,
 An horfe-leech, barren wombe and gaping grave ;
 A legal thiefe, a bloodleffe murtherer,
 A fiend incarnate, a falfe ufurer :
 Albe fuch mayne extort fcorns to be pent
 In the clay walls of thatched tenement :
 For certes no man of a low degree
 May bid two guefts, or gout, or ufury :
 Unleffe fome bafe hedge-creeping Collybift
 Scatters his refufe scraps on whom he lift
 For Eaſter gloves, or for a ſhrove-tide hen,
 Which bought to give, he takes to fell again.
 I do not meane ſome glozing merchant's feate,
 That laugheth at the cozened world's deceit,
 When as an hundred ſtocks lie in his fiſt,
 He leaks and finks, and breaketh when he liſt.
 But Nummius eas'd the needy gallant's care
 With a bafe bargain of his blowen ware

Of

Of fusted hops, now lost for lack of sale,
 Or mould brown paper that could nought availe;
 Or what he cannot utter otherwise,
 May pleasure Fridoline for treble price;
 Whiles his false broker lieth in the wind,
 And for a present chapman is assign'd,
 The cut-throat wretch for their compacted gaine
 Buys all but for one quarter of the mayne;
 Whiles if he chance to breake his deare-bought day
 And forfeit, for default of due repay,
 His late intangled lands; then, Fridoline,
 Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.
 If Mammon's selfe should ever live with men,
 Mammon himself shall be a citizen.

S A T I R E VI.

Quid placet ergo?

I Wot not how the world's degenerate,
 That men or know, or like not their estate:
 Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morne,
 Not one but holds his native state forlorne.
 When comely striplings wish it were their chance,
 For Cænis distaffe to exchange their lance,
 And weare curl'd perriwigs, and chalk their face,
 And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.
 Tyr'd with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet strips,
 And busks and verdingales about their hips;
 And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,
 And make their napkin for their spitting place,

And gripe their waift within a narrow fpan :
 Fond Cænis that would'ft wifh to be a man !
 Whofe manifh houfewives like their refufe ftate,
 And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
 Who like a cot-queene freezeth at the rock,
 Whiles his breech't dame doth man the forren flock.
 Is't not a fhame to fee each homely groome
 Sit perched in an idle chariot roome,
 That were not meete fome pannel to bestride,
 Surfingled to a galled hackney's hide ?
 Each muck-worme will be rich with lawleffe gaine,
 Altho' he smother up mowes of feven years graine,
 And hang'd himfelf when corne grows cheap again ;
 Altho' he buy whole harvefts in the fpring,
 And foyft in falfe ftrikes to the meafuring :
 Altho' his fhop be muffled from the light
 Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night :
 Nor full nor fasting can the carle take reft,
 While his George-Nobles rufen in his cheft,
 He fleeps but once, and dreames of burglary,
 And wakes and cafts about his frightened eye,
 And gropes for th' eyes in ev'ry darker fhade ;
 And if a moufe but firre he calls for ayde.
 The fturdy plough-man doth the foldier fee
 All fcarfed with py'd colours to the knee,
 Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
 And now he gins to loathe his former ftate :
 Now doth he inly fcorne his Kendall-Greene,
 And his patch'd cockers now defpifed beene.
 Nor lift he now go whiffling to the carre,
 But fells his teeme and fetleth to the warre.
 O warre ! to them that never try'd thee, sweete !
 When his dead mate falls groveling at his feete,

And

And angry bullets whiffen at his eare,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and dreere.
Oh happy ploughman! were thy weale well knowne;
Oh happy all estates except his owne!
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print;
Who when he is once fleshed to the presse,
And sees his handfell have such faire successe,
Sung to the wheele, and fung unto the payle,
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale.
Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodg'd rhymes,
To have his name talk'd of in future times.
The brain-fick youth that feeds his tickled eare
With sweet-fauc'd lies of some false-traveller,
Which hath the Spanish decades read awhile,
Or whet-stone leafings of old Mandeville;
Now with discourses breakes his mid-night sleepe,
Of his adventures through the Indian deepe,
Of all their massy heapes of golden mine,
Or of the antique toombes of Palestine;
Or of Damascus magick wall of glasse,
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brasse,
Of the bird Ruc that bears an elephant,
Of mermaids that the southerne seas do haunt;
Of headlesse men, of savage cannibals,
The fashions of their lives and governals:
What monstrous cities there erected be,
Cayro, or the city of the Trinity.
Now are they dung-hill cocks that have not seene
The bordering Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhine:
And now he plies the newes-full grasshopper,
Of voyages and ventures to enquire.

His land mortgag'd, he sea-beat in the way,
 Wishes for home a thousand fighs a day.
 And now he deems his home-bred fare as leefe
 As his parcht bisket, or his barrel'd beefe.
 Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
 Oh let me lead an academick life;
 To know much, and to think we nothing know;
 Nothing to have, yet think we have enowe;
 In skill, to want and wanting seek for more;
 In weale, nor want, nor wish for greater store.
 Envy ye monarchs, with your proud excesse,
 At our low sayle, and our high happinesse.

S A T I R E V I I.

P O M H P Y M H.

WH O says these Romish pageants been too high
 To be the scorne of sportful poesie?
 Certes not all the world such matter wist
 As are the seven hills, for a satyrift.
 Perdie I loath an hundred Mathoes tongues,
 An hundred gamesters shifts, or landlords wrongs,
 Or Labeo's poems, or base Lolio's pride,
 Or ever what I thought or wrote beside.
 When once I thinke if carping Aquine's spright
 To see now Rome, were licenc'd to the light,
 How his enraged ghost would stamp and stare,
 That Cæsar's throne is turn'd to Peter's chayre.
 To see an old shorne Lozell perched high,
 Crossing beneath a golden canopy;

The

The whiles a thousand hairlesse crownes crouch low
 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 Cybele's shrine, the famous Pantheon's frame,
 Turn'd to the honour of our Lady's name.
 But that he most would gaze and wonder at,
 Is th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat,
 The crooked staffe, their coule's strange form and store,
 Save that he saw the same in hell before;
 To see the broken nuns, with new-shorne heads,
 In a blind cloyster tosse their idle beades,
 Or louzy coules come smoking from the stewes,
 To raise the lewd rent to their lord accrewes,
 (Who with ranke Venice doth his pompe advance
 By trading of ten thousand courtezans)
 Yet backward must absolve a female's sinne,
 Like to a false difsembling Theatine,
 Who when his skin is red with shirts of male
 And rugged haire-cloth scoures his greasy nayle;
 Or wedding garment tames his stubborne backe,
 Which his hempe girdle dies all blew and blacke.
 Or of his almes-boule three dayes supp'd and din'd,
 Trudges to open stewes of either kinde:
 Or takes some cardinal's stable in the way,
 And with some pampered mule doth weare the day,
 Kept for his lord's own saddle when him list.
 Come Valentine, and play the fatyrift,
 To see poor sucklings welcom'd to the light
 With fearing irons of some foure jacobite,
 Or golden offers of an aged foole,
 To make his coffin some Franciscan's coule;

To see the pope's blacke knight, a cloaked frere,
 Sweating in the channel like a scavengere.
 Whom erst thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,
 When at the corner-crosse thou didst him meete,
 Tumbling his rosaries hanging at his belt,
 Or his barretta, or his towred felt :
 To see a lazy dumbe Acholithite
 Armed against a devout flye's despight,
 Which at th' high altar doth the chalice vaile
 With a broad flie-flappe of a peacocke's taylor,
 The whiles the liquorous priest spits every trice
 With longing for his morning sacrifice,
 Which he reares up quite perpendiculare,
 That the mid church doth spighte the chancel's fare,
 Beating their empty mawes that would be fed
 With the scant morsels of the sacriests bread :
 Would he not laugh to death when he should heare
 The shamelesse legends of St. Christopher,
 St. George, the Sleepers, or St. Peter's well,
 Or of his daughter good St. Petronell ?
 But had he heard the female father's groane,
 Yeaning in mids of her procession ;
 Or now should see the needlesse tryal-chayre,
 (When each is proved by his bastard heyre)
 Or saw the churches, and new calendere
 Pester'd with mongrel faints and relicks deare,
 Should he cry out on Codro's tedious toombes
 When his new rage would ask no narrower roomes ?

E N D of the fourth B O O K.

S A T I R E S.

B O O K V.

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B O O K V.

S A T I R E I.

Sit pæna merenti.

PARDON ye glowing eares ; needs will it out,
 Tho' brazen walls compass'd my tongue about,
 As thick as wealthy Scrobio's quick-fet rowes
 In the wide common that he did enclose.
 Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice,
 Or let me see it with detesting eyes.
 Renowned Aquine, now I follow thee,
 Far as I may for feare of jeopardy ;
 And to thy hand yield up the ivy-mace
 From crabbed Persius, and more smooth Horace ;
 Or from that shrew the Roman poetesse,
 That taught her gossips learned bitteresse ;
 Or Lucile's muse whom thou didst imitate,
 Or Menips old, or Pasquillers of late.
 Yet name I not Mutius, or Tigilline,
 Tho' they deserve a keener style than mine ;
 Nor meane to ransack up the quiet grave ;
 Nor burn dead bones, as he example gave :
 I taxe the living ; let the dead ashes rest,
 Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.

Who

Who can refrain that's guiltlesse of their crime,
Whiles yet he lives in such a cruel time?
When Titio's grounds, that in his grandfire's dayes
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise,
A summer snow-ball, or a winter rose,
Is growne to thousands as the world now goes.
So thrift and time sets other things on floate,
That now his sonne soups in a silken coate,
Whose grandfire happily, a poore hungry swaine,
Begg'd some cast abbey in the church's wayne:
And but for that, whatever he may vaunt,
Who knows a monk had been a mendicant?
While freezing Matho, that for one lean fee
Won't term each term the term of Hillary,
May now instead of those his simple fees,
Get the fee-simples of faire manneries.
What, did he counterfeat his prince's hand,
For some streave lordship of concealed land?
Or on each Michael and Lady-Day,
Took he deepe forfeits for an hour's delay?
And gain'd no lesse by such injurious brawl,
Then Gamius by his sixth wife's burial?
Or hath he wonne some wider interest,
By hoary charters from his grandfire's chest,
Which late some bribed scribe for slender wage,
Writ in the characters of another age,
That Plowdon selfe might stammer to rehearse,
Whose date o'erlooks three centuries of years.
Who ever yet the tracks of weale so try'd,
But there hath been one beaten way beside?
He, when he lets a lease for life, or yeares,
(As never he doth until the date expires;

For

For when the full state in his fist doth lie,
He may take vantage of the vacancy)
His fine affords so many treble pounds
As he agreeth yeares to lease his grounds :
His rent in fair reſpondence muſt ariſe
To double trebles of his one yeare's price.
Of one baye's breadth, God wot ! a ſilly coate,
Whoſe thatched ſpars are furr'd with fluttish foote
A whole inch thick, ſhining like black-moor's brows,
Through ſmoke that down the headleſſe barrel blows.
At his bed's feet feeden his ſtalled teeme ;
His ſwine beneath, his pullen o'er the beame.
A ſtarved tenement, ſuch as I gueſſe
Stands ſtragglng in the waſtes of Holdernefſe ;
Or ſuch as ſhiver on a Peake hill ſide,
When March's lungs beate on their turf-clad hide,
Such as nice Lipſius would grudge to ſee
Above his lodging in wild Weſtphalye ;
Or as the Saxon king his court might make,
When his ſides playned of the neat-heard's cake.
Yet muſt he haunt his greedy landlord's hall
With often preſents at each festivall :
With crammed capons every New-yeare's morne,
Or with green cheeſes when his ſheep are ſhorne :
Or many maunds full of his mellow fruite,
To make ſome way to win his weighty ſuite.
Whom cannot gifts at laſt cauſe to relent,
Or to win favour, or flee puniſhment ?
When griple patrons turn their ſturdie ſteele
To waxe, when they the golden flame do feele :
When grand Mæcenas caſts a glavering eye
On the cold preſent of a poeſy :

H

And

And left he might more frankly take than give,
Gropes for a French crowne in his empty sleeve.
Thence Clodius hopes to set his shoulders free
From the light burden of his Napery.
The smiling landlord shewes a sun-shine face,
Feigning that he will grant him further grace,
And leers like Æsop's foxe upon a crane
Whose neck he craves for his chirurgian :
So lingers off the lease until the last,
What reckes he then of paines or promise past ?
Was ever feather, or fond woman's mind
More light than words ? the blasts of idle wind !
What's sib or fire, to take the gentle flip,
And in th' exchequer rot for surety-ship ?
Or thence thy starved brother live and die,
Within the cold Coal-harbour sanctuary ?
Will one from Scots-bank bid but one groate more,
My old tenant may be turned out of doore,
Tho' much he spent in th' rotten roof's repaire,
In hope to have it left unto his heir :
Tho' many a load of marle and manure layd,
Reviv'd his barren leas, that erst lay dead.
Were he as Furius, he would defy
Such pilfering flips of petty landlordry :
And might dislodge whole colonies of poore,
And lay their rooffe quite level with their floore,
Whiles yet he gives as to a yielding fence,
Their bag and baggage to his citizens,
And ships them to the new-nam'd Virgin-lond,
Or wilder Wales where never wight yet wonn'd.
Would it not vex thee where thy fires did keep,
To see the dinged folds of dag-tayl'd sheep ?

And

And ruin'd house where holy things were said,
 Whose free-stone walls the thatched rooffe upbraid,
 Whose shrill faint's-bell hangs on his lovery,
 While the rest are damned to the plumbery?
 Yet pure devotion lets the steeple stand,
 And idle battlements on either hand:
 Left that, perhaps, were all those relicks gone,
 Furius his sacrilege could not be knowne.

S A T I R E II.

Hæc quærite Trojam.

House-keeping's dead, Saturio, wot'st thou where?
 Forsooth they say far hence in Breck-neck shire.
 And ever since, they say that feel and taste,
 That men may break their neck soon as their fast.
 Cerés if pity dy'd at Chaucer's date,
 He liv'd a widower long behind his mate:
 Save that I see some rotten bed-rid fire,
 Which to out-strip the nonage of his heire,
 Is cramm'd with golden broths, and drugs of price,
 And each day dying lives, and living dies;
 Till once surviv'd his wardship's laten eve,
 His eyes are clos'd, with choice to die or live.
 Plenty and He dy'd both in that same yeare,
 When the sad sky did shed so many a teare.
 And now, who list not of his labour faile,
 Mark with Saturio my friendly tale.
 Along thy way thou canst not but descry
 Fair glittering halls to tempt the hopeful eye,

Thy right eye 'gins to leap for vaine delight,
 And surbeat toes to tickle at the fight;
 As greedy T—— when in the founding mould
 He finds a shining potshard tip'd with gold;
 For never syren tempts the pleas'd eares,
 As these the eye of fainting passengers.
 All is not so that seemes, for surely then
 Matrona should not be a courtezan;
 Smooth Chrysalus should not be rich with fraud,
 Nor honest R—— be his own wife's bawd.
 Look not asquint, nor stride across the way
 Like some demurring Alcide to delay;
 But walk on cheerly, till thou have espy'd
 St. Peter's finger at the church-yard side.
 But wilt thou needs when thou art warn'd so well
 Go see who in so garish walls doth dwell?
 There findest thou some stately Dorick frame,
 Or neat Ionick worke;——
 Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
 That over-croweth all the world beside.
 Which rear'd to raise the crazy monarch's fame,
 Strives for a court and for a college name;
 Yet nought within but lousy coules doth hold,
 Like a scabb'd cuckow in a cage of gold.
 So pride above doth shade the shame below;
 A golden periwig on a black-moor's brow.
 When Mævio's first page of his poesie,
 Nail'd to an hundred postes for novelty,
 With his big title an Italian mot,
 Lays siege unto the backward buyer's groat;
 Which all within is drafty fluttish geere,
 Fit for the oven, or the kitchen fire.

So

So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,
 That such proud piles were never rais'd for nought.
 Beat the broad gates a goodly hollow found
 With double echoes doth again rebound ;
 But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
 Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see :
 All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
 Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite.
 The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
 With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock-feed :
 But if thou chance cast up thy wond'ring eyes,
 Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece
 ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ graven up on high,
 A fragment of old Plato's poesy :
 The meaning is " Sir foole ye may be gone,
 " Go back by leave, for way here lieth none.
 Look to the tow' red chimnies which should be
 The wind-pipes of good hospitality,
 Through which it breatheth to the open aire,
 Betokening life, and liberal welfare ;
 Lo ! there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
 And fills the tunnell with her circled nest ;
 Nor half that smoke from all his chimnies goes
 Which one tobacco-pipe drives thro' his nose.
 So raw-bone hunger scorns the mudded walls,
 And 'gins to revel it in lordly halls.
 So the black prince is broken loose againe
 That saw no funne save once (as stories faine)
 That once was, when in Trinacry I weene
 He stole the daughter of the harvest queene,
 And gript the mawes of barren Sicily
 With long constraint of pineful penury ;

And they that should resist his second rage,
 Have pent themselves up in the private cage
 Of some blind lane, and there they lurk unknowne
 Till th' hungry tempest once be over-blowne :
 Then like the coward after neighbour's fray,
 They creep forth boldly, and ask, Where are they ?
 Mean-while the hunger-starv'd appurtenance
 Must bide the brunt, whatever ill mischance :
 Grim Famine sits in their fore-pined face,
 All full of angles of unequal space,
 Like to the plane of many-sided squares,
 That wont be drawne out by geometars ;
 So sharp and meager that who should them see
 Would swear they lately came from Hungary.
 When their brasse pans and winter coverlid
 Have wip'd the maunger of the horse's bread,
 Oh me! what odds there seemeth 'twixt their cheer
 And the swolne bezzle at an alehouse fire,
 That tonnes in gallons to his bursten paunch,
 Whose slimy draughts his drought can never staunch ?
 For shame, ye gallants! grow more hospitall,
 And turn your needlesse wardrobe to your hall.
 As lavish Virro that keeps open doores,
 Like Janus in the warres,——
 Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feast,
 What time he needs must be his cousin's guest.
 Philene hath bid him, can he choose but come ?
 Who should pull Virro's sleeve to stay at home ?
 All yeare besides who meal-time can attend :
 Come Trebius, welcome to the table's end.
 What tho' he chires on purer manchet's crowne,
 While his kind client grindes on blacke and browne,

A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
From off the mong-corne heap shall Trebius load.
What tho' he quaffe pure amber in his bowle
Of March-brew'd wheat, yet flecks thy thirsting foul
With palish oat, frothing in Boston clay,
Or in a shallow cruise, nor must that stay
Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd braine,
But call and crave, and have thy cruise againe :
Else how should even tale be registred,
Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrel's head ?
And if he list revive his heartless graine
With some French grape, or pure Canariane,
When pleasing Bourdeaux falls unto his lot,
Some sow'rish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throate.
What tho' himselfe carveth his welcome friend
With a cool'd pittance from his trencher's end,
Must Trebius' lip hang toward his trencher side ?
Nor kisse his fist to take what doth betide ?
What tho' to spare thy teeth he employs thy tongue
In bufy questions all the dinner long ?
What tho' the scornful waiter lookes askile,
And pouts and frowns, and curfeth thee the while,
And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,
At every morsell he his last shall see ?
And if but one exceed the common size,
Or make an hillock in thy cheeke arise,
Or if perchance thou shouldest, ere thou wist,
Hold thy knife upright in thy griped fist,
Or fittest double on thy backward seat,
Or with thine elbow shad'st thy shared meat,
He laughs thee, in his fellow's eare to scorne,
And asks aloud, where Trebius was borne ?

Tho'

Tho' the third fewer takes thee quite away
 Without a staffe, when thou would'st longer stay,
 What of all this? Is't not enough to say,
 I din'd at Virro his owne board to day?

S A T I R E III.

ΚΟΙΝΑ ΦΙΛΩΝ.

THE satire should be like the porcupine,
 That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line,
 And wounds the blushing cheek, and fiery eye,
 Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.
 Ye antique satires, how I blesse your dayes,
 That brook'd your bolder stile, their own dispraise,
 And well near wish, yet joy my wish is vaine,
 I had been then, or they been now againe!
 For now our eares been of more brittle mold,
 Than those dull earthen eares that were of old:
 Sith theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's head,
 Our glasse can never touch unshivered.
 But from the ashes of my quiet stile
 Henceforth may rise some raging rough Lucile,
 That may with Æschylus both find and leese
 The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides:
 Meanwhile, sufficeth me, the world may say
 'That I these vices loath'd another day,
 Which I hane done with as devout a cheere
 As he that rounds Poul's pillars in the yeare,
 Or bends his ham downe in the naked quire.
 'Twas ever said, Frontine, and ever seene,
 That golden clerkes but wooden lawyers been.

}
Could

Could ever wife man wish, in good estate,
The use of all things indiscriminate ?
Who wots not yet how well this did beseme
The learned master of the academe ?
Plato is dead, and dead is his device,
Which some thought witty, none thought ever wise,
Yet certes Mæcha is a Platonist
To all, they say, save who so do not list ;
Because her husband, a far-traffic'd man,
Is a profess'd Peripatetician.

And so our grandsires were in ages past,
That let their lands lye all so widely waste,
That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent
Within some province, or whole shire's extent.
As nature made the earth, so did it lie,
Save for the furrowes of their husbandry ;
Whenas the neighbour-lands so couched layne
That all bore shew of one fair champian :
Some headlesse crosse they digged on their lea,
Or roll'd some marked meare-stone in the way.
Poor simple men ! for what mought that availe,
That my field might not fill my neighbour's payle,
More than a pilled stick can stand in stead,
To bar Cynedo from his neighbour's bed ;
More than the thread-bare client's poverty
Debars th' attorney of his wonted fee ?
If they were thriftlesse, mought not we amend,
And with more care our dangered fields defend ?
Each man can guard what thing he deemeth deare,
As fearful merchants do their female heir,
Which, were it not for promise of their wealth,
Need not be stalled up for fear of stealth ;

Would

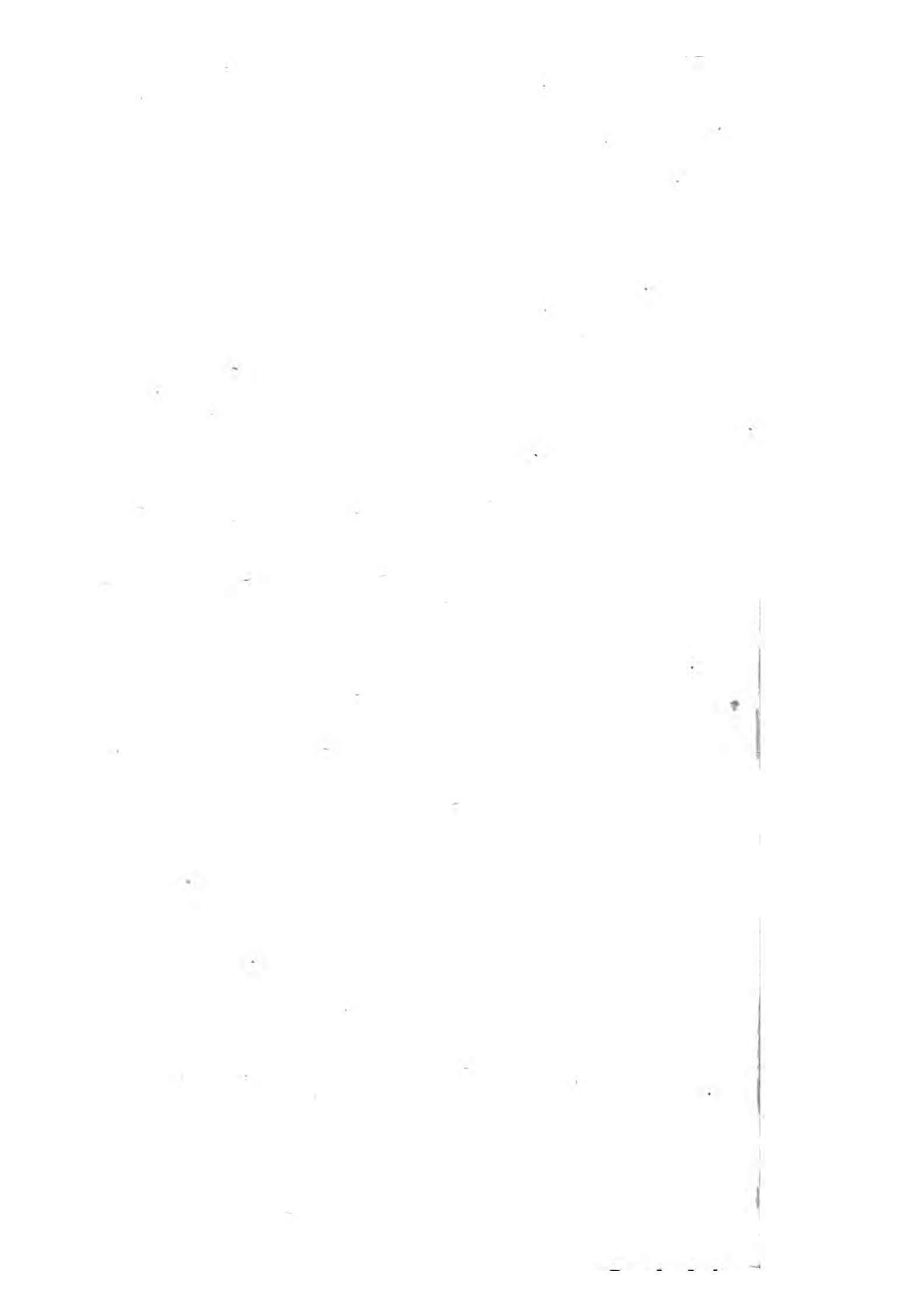
Would rather stick upon the bell-man's cries,
 Tho' profer'd for a branded Indian's price.
 Then raise we muddy bulwarks on our banks,
 Befet around with treble quick-fet ranks ;
 Or if those walls be over weak a ward,
 The squared bricke may be a better guard.
 Go to, my thrifty yeoman, and upreare
 A brazen wall to shend thy land from feare.
 Do so ; and I shall praise thee all the while,
 So be thou stake not up the common stile ;
 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 lie in fallow'd plaine
 That which was wont yield usury of graine.
 But when I see thy pitched stakes do stand
 On thy incroached piece of common land,
 Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbour's kyne,
 And warn'ft that none feed on thy field save thine ;
 Brag no more, Scrobious, of thy mudded bankes,
 Nor thy deep ditches, nor three quickfet rankes.
 O happy dayes of old Ducalion,
 When one was landlord of the world alone !
 But now whose choler would not rise to yield
 A peasant halfe-stakes of his new-mown field,
 Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
 Buy out the remnant of his royalties ?
 Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
 Scorne thou to live, if others live beside ;
 And trace proud Castile that aspires to be
 In his old age a young fifth monarchy :
 Or the red hat that cries the lucklesse mayne,
 For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhine.

S A T I R E IV.

Possunt, quia posse videntur.

VILLIUS, the wealthy farmer, left his heire
Twice twenty sterling pounds to spend by yeare:
The neighbours praifsen Villio's hide-bound sonne,
And say it was a goodly portion.
Not knowing how some merchants dow'r can rise,
By Sunday's tale to fifty 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 wife's new gowne,
Nor little lesse can serve to suit his owne;
Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-man,
Or buys an hoode, or silver-handled fanne,
Or hires a Friezeland trotter, halfe yard deepe,
To drag his tumbrell through the staring Cheape;
Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,
And's treble rated at the subsidies;
One end a kennel keeps of thriftlesse hounds;
What think ye rests of all my younker's pounds
To diet him, or deal out at his doore,
To coffer up, or stocke his wasting store?
If then I reckon'd right, it should appeare
That forty pounds serve not the farmer's heire.

E N D of the fifth B O O K.



S A T I R E S.

B O O K VI.

I

BOOK



B O O K VI.

S A T I R E I.

Semel insanivimus.

L A B E O reserves a long naile for the nonce,
 To wound my margent thro' ten leaves at once,
 Much worfe than Aristarchus his blacke pile
 That pierc'd old Homer's side ; —————
 And makes such faces that me seems I see
 Some foul Megæra in the tragedy,
 Threat'ning her twined snakes at Tantale's ghost ;
 Or the grim visage of some frowning post
 The crabtree porter of the Guild-hall gates ;
 While he his frightful beetle elevates,
 His angry eyne look all so glaring bright,
 Like th' hunted badger in a moonlesse night :
 Or like a painted staring Saracen ;
 His cheeks change hue like th' air-fed vermin skin,
 Now red, now pale, and swol'n above his eyes
 Like to the old Colossian imageries.
 But when he doth of my recanting heare,
 Away ye angry fires, and frosts of feare,
 Give place unto his hopeful temper'd thought
 That yields to peace, ere ever peace be sought :

Then let me now repent me of my rage
 For writing fatires in so righteous age.
 Whereas I should have stroak'd her tow'rdly head,
 And cry'd *evæe* in my fatires stead;
 Sith now not one of thousand does amisse,
 Was never age I weene so pure as this.
 As pure as old Labulla from the banes,
 As pure as through faire channels when it raines;
 As pure as is a black-moor's face by night,
 As dung-clad skin of dying Heraclite.
 Seeke over all the world, and tell me where
 'Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer;
 A theif, a drunkard, or a paricide,
 A lecher, liar, or what vice beside?
 Merchants are no whit covetous of late,
 Nor make no mart of time, gain of deceit.
 Patrons are honest now, o'er they of old,
 Can now no benefice be bought or fold?
 Give him a gelding, or some two yeares tithe,
 For he all bribes and simony defy'th.
 Is not one pick-thank stirring in the court,
 That feld was free till now, by all report.
 But some one, like a claw-back parasite,
 Pick'd mothes from his masters cloake in fight,
 Whiles he could pick out both his eyes for need,
 Mought they but stand him in some better stead.
 Nor now no more smell-feast Vitellio
 Smiles on his master for a meal or two,
 And loves him in his maw, loaths in his heart,
 Yet soothes, and yeas and nays on either part.
 Tattelius, the new-come traveller,
 With his disguised coate and ringed eare,

Trampling

Trampling the bourse's marble twice a day,
Tells nothing but stark truths I dare well say;
Nor would he have them known for any thing,
Tho' all the vault of his loud murmur ring.
Not one man tells a lye of all the yeare,
Except the Almanack or the Chronicler.
But not a man of all the damned crew,
For hills of gold would sweare the thing untrue.
Panfophus now, though all in the cold sweat,
Dares venture through the feared castle-gate,
Albe the faithful oracles have foresayne,
The wisest senator shall there be slaine:
That made him long keepe home as well it might,
Till now he hopeth of some wiser wight.
The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suter's hill,
Or westerne plaine are free from feared ill.
Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed:
But he that hath ought hye him, and God speed.
Nor drunken Dennis doth, by breake of day,
Stumble into blind taverns by the way,
And reel me homeward at the ev'ning starre,
Or ride more eas'ly in his neighbour's chayre.
Well might these checks have fitted former times,
And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathlesse rhymes.
Ere Chrysalus had barr'd the common boxe,
Which erst he pick'd to store his private stocks;
But now hath all with vantage paid againe,
And locks and plates what doth behind remaine;
When erst our dry-soul'd fires so lavish were,
To charge whole boots-full to their friends welfare;
Now shalt thou never see the salt beset
With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.

Of an ebbe cruife must thirsty Silen sip,
 That's all forestalled by his upper lip;
 Somewhat it was that made his paunch fo peare,
 His girdle fell ten inches in a yeare.
 Or when old gouty bed-rid Euclio
 To his officious factor fair could shew
 His name in margent of some old cast bill,
 And say, Lo! whom I named in my will,
 Whiles he believes, and looking for the share
 Tendeth his cumbrous charge with busy care
 For but a while; for now he sure will die,
 By his strange qualme of liberality.
 Great thanks he gives—but God him shield and save
 From ever gaining by his master's grave:
 Only live long and he is well repaid,
 And wets his forced cheeks while thus he said;
 Some strong-smell'd onion shall stir his eyes
 Rather than no salt teares shall then arise.
 So looks he like a marble toward raine,
 And wrings and fnites, and weeps, and wipes again:
 Then turns his back and smiles, and looks askance,
 Seas'ning again his sorrow'd countenance;
 Whiles yet he wearies heav'n with daily cries,
 And backward death with devout sacrifice,
 That they would now his tedious ghost bereav'n,
 And wishes well, that wish'd no worse than heav'n.
 When Zoylus was ficke, he knew not where,
 Save his wrought night-cap, and lawn pillowbear.
 Kind fooles! they made him sick that made him fine;
 Take those away, and there's his medicine.
 Or Gellia wore a velvet mastick-patch
 Upon her temples when no tooth did ache;

When

When beauty was her rheume I soon espy'd,
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 ?
I would repent me were it not too late,
Were not the angry world prejudicate.
If all the seven penitential
Or thousand white-wands might me ought availe ;
If Trent or Thames could scoure my foule offence
And fet me in my former innocence,
I would at last repent me of my rage :
Now, bear my wrong, I thine, O righteous age.
As for fine wits, an hundred thousand fold
Passeth our age whatever times of old.
For in that puifne world, our fires of long
Could hardly wag their too unweildy tongue
As pined crowes and parrots can do now,
When hoary age did bend their wrinkled brow :
And now of late did many a learned man
Serve thirty yeares prenticeship with Priscian ;
But now can every novice speake with ease
The far-fetch'd language of th' Antipodes.
Would'ft thou the tongues that erst were learned hight,
Tho' our wise age hath wip'd them of their right ;
Would'ft thou the courtly three in most request,
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the West ?
Bibinus selfe can have ten tongues in one,
Tho' in-all ten not one good tongue alone.
And can deep skill lie smothering within,
Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin ?
Shall it not be a wild-fig in a wall,
Or fired brimstone in a minerall ?

Do thou disdain, O ever-learned age!
The tongue-ty'd silence of that Samian sage:
Forth ye fine wits and rush into the presse,
And for the cloyed world your works addresse.
Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor feely ant,
But a fine wit can make an elephant.
Should Bandell's throstle die without a song,
Or Adamantius, my dog, be laid along,
Downe in some ditch without his exequies,
Or epitaphs, or mournful elegies?
Folly itself, and baldness may be prais'd,
And sweet conceits from filthy objects rais'd.
What do not fine wits dare to undertake?
What dare not fine wits do for honour's sake?
But why doth Balbus his dead-doing quill
Parch in his rusty scabbard all the while;
His golden fleece o'ergrowne with mouldy hoare
As tho' he had his witty works forswore?
Belike of late now Balbus hath no need,
Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread
The catch-poll's fist—The presse may still remaine
And breathe, till Balbus be in debt againe.
Soon may that be! so I had silent beene,
And not thus rak'd up quiet crimes unseen.
Silence is safe, when saying stirreth fore
And makes the stirred puddle stink the more.
Shall the controller of proud Nemesis
In lawlesse rage upbraid each other's vice,
While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong,
And curb the raunge of his mis-ruly tongue?
By the two crownes of Parnasse ever-green,
And by the cloven head of Hippocrene

As

As I true poet am, I here avow
(So solemnly kiss'd he his laurell bough)
If that bold satire unrevenged be
For this so faucey and foule injury.
So Labeo weens it my eternal shame
To prove I never earn'd a poet's name.
But would I be a poet if I might,
To rub my browes three days and wake three nights,
And bite my nails, and scratch my dullard head,
And curse the backward Muses on my bed
About one peevish syllable; which out fought
I take up Thales joy, save for fore-thought
How it shall please each ale-knight's censuring eye,
And hang'd my head for fear they deem awry:
While thread-bare Martiall turns his merry note
To beg of Rufus a cast winter-coate;
While hungry Marot leapeth at a beane,
And dieth like a starved Cappuchein;
Go Ariost, and gape for what may fall
From trencher of a flattering cardinall;
And if thou gettest but a pedant's fee,
Thy bed, thy board, and coarser livery,
O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
To fit with Tarleton on an ale post's signe!
Who had but lived in Augustus' dayes,
'Thad been some honour to be crown'd with bayes;
When Lucan stretched on his marble bed
To think of Cæsar, and great Pompey's deed:
Or when Achelaus shav'd his mourning head,
Soon as he heard Stefichorus was dead.
At least, would some good body of the rest
Set a gold pen on their baye-wreathed crest;

Or

Or would their face in stamped coin expresse,
As did the Mytelens their poetesse.
Now as it is, beshrew him if he might,
That would his browes with Cæsar's laurell dight.
Tho' what ail'd me, I might not well as they
Rake up some forworne tales that smother'd lay
In chimney corners smoak'd with winter firés,
To read and rock asleep our drowfy fires?
No man his threshold better knowes, than I
Brute's first arrival, and first victory;
St. George's forrell, or his crosse of blood,
Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,
Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine,
What were his knights did Salem's siege maintaine:
How the mad rival of faire Angelice
Was physick'd from the new-found paradise.
High stories they, which with their swelling straine
Have riven Frontoe's broad rehearfal plaine.
But so to fill up books, both backe and side,
What needs it? Are there not enow beside?
O age well thriven and well fortunate,
When each man hath a muse aproprate;
And she, like to some servile eare-boar'd slave
Must play and sing when and what he'd have!
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 seed
That growes so rife in such unlikely speed?
Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home,
And spent two years at Venice and at Rome,
Returned, hears his blessing ask'd of three,
Cries out, O Julian law! adultery!

Tho'

Tho' Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
The true strains of heroick poesy;
For he can tell how fury reft his sense,
And Phoebus fill'd him with intelligence.
He can implore the heathen deities
To guide his bold and bufy enterprize;
Or filch whole pages at a clap for need
From honeft Petrarch, clad in Englifh weed;
While big *but ob's!* each ftanza can begin,
Whofe trunk and taile fluttifh and heartleffe been.
He knowes the grace of that new elegance,
Which fweet Philifides fetch'd of late from France,
That well befeem'd his high-ftil'd Arcady,
Tho' others marre it with much liberty,
In epithets to joine two wordes in one
Forfooth, for adjectives can't ftand alone:
As a great poet could of Bacchus fay,
That he was *Semele-femori-gena*.
Laftly he names the fpirit of Aftrophel;
Now hath not Labeo done wondrous well?
But ere his Mufe her weapon learn to weild,
Or dance a sober pirrhicke in the field,
Or marching wade in blood up to the knees,
Her *arma virum* goes by two degrees,
The fheepe-cote firft hath beene her nurfery
Where fhe hath worne her idle infancy,
And in high ftartups walk'd the pafur'd plaines,
To tend her tasked herd that there remaines,
And winded ftill a pipe of oate or breare,
Striving for wages who the praife fhall beare;
As did whilere the homely Carmelite,
Following Virgil, and he Theocrite;

Or else hath beene in Venus chamber train'd
 To play with Cupid, till she had attain'd
 To comment well upon a beauteous face,
 Then was she fit for an heroick place;
 As witty Pontan in great earnest said,
 His mistres' breasts were like two weights of lead.
 Another thinks her teeth might liken'd be
 To two faire rankes of pales of ivory,
 To fence in sure the wild beast of her tongue,
 From either going far, 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 every night
 Lay up her holy pegs till next day-light,
 And with them grind soft-simpring all the day,
 When lest her laughter should her gums bewray
 Her hands must hide her mouth if she but smile;
 Faine would she seem all frixe and frolicke still. }
 Her forehead faire is like a brazen hill
 Whose wrinkled furrows which her age doth breed
 Are dawbed full of Venice chalke for need:
 Her eyes like silver faucers faire beset
 With shining amber, and with shady jet,
 Her lids like Cupid's bow case, where he hides
 The weapons that doth wound the wanton-ey'd:
 Her chin like Pindus, or Parnassus hill,
 Where down descends th' o'erflowing stream doth fill
 The well of her faire mouth.—Each hath his praise,
 Who would not but wed poets now a dayes!

