

The Anatomy of Humors

Simion Grahame

PRO. 21. CAP.

Every way of a man, is right in his own eyes: but the Lord God pondreth their hearts.

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TO HIS EVERHONOVRED LORD AND MAISTER, MY LORD GRAHAME, Earl of Montrois, &c. Con il tempo.

LIKE A STORM-beaten-ship, with many unfortunate conflicts (in my long-some journeys) here and there have I still been tossed, till now at last I have arrived to the safe harbor of your Lordship's favour: being sore fatigated in my troublesome travails, I am very eagerly willing to be comforted with the rare fruits of your Honor's admired Engine, who with a most generous spirit, can temper thy greatness with benignity, thy Majesty with meekness, thy Heroic mind with courtesy, thy Noble hand with liberality, and thy Herculean-heart with clemency, such is the inestimable riches (of thy renowned worth) which hath made (and still makes) conquest of many hearts. O what can I say of myself (who without any merit in me) hath so often felt the force of your Lordships love, I am sorry that I shall never be able to value the rich treasure of such great desert: Good will is all my wealth, and yet my service (bound by duty) craves no thanks. Than most worthy (to be named worthy) Lord, receive these my Labors as the true tributary effects of

my affection, the beholding of this Humorous world, the strange alterations of Time, and the inconstant wavering of my ever-changing Fortune, will afford me no other Subject, it may truly be said, *Fortuna vitrea est, quae cum splendet frangitur* [Glass, which is the brightest it shatters]. My peregrinations enlarged my curiosity, my soldiers estate promised to prefer me, and the smiles of Court stuffed my brains with many idle suppositions. Here abruptly must I needs break off, fearing lest the great occasion of this discourse make me forget myself, and become tedious in reckoning up my loss of Time. So in my never-ending-love, I end, wishing your Lordships valor, good fortune, your estate all happiness, and that your Honours discretion may sepulchrise this boldness of

Your Lordship's ever-obedient servant,

Simion Grahame

*To his ever-honored Lady, My Lady Countess of
Montrois, &c.*

Great is the worth of thy triumphing Fame,
With Faith, Hope, Love, in thy sweet soul enshrined,
A endless world shall eternise thy name,
And crown the glorious vertue of thy mind.
Thy fervent faith to Christ is so inclined,
Which makes rich hopes up to the Heav'ns aspire
From thence thy love, descends in ruthfull kind,
And helps the poor in their distress'd desire.
Long may thou live, and long may God above
Increase, confirm, reward, faith, hope, and love.

S. GRAHAME.

To the Reader

In a fearless humor, I have anatomized the humors of mankind, to the mouth of the honest man, it hath a most delicate and sweet taste, but to the wicked, it is bitter as gall or wormwood, for if thou be a dissembling hypocrite, one of the sect of fleshly and bloody Gospellers, one of the generation of Wolves clothed in sheep-skins, which are naught else but hatchers of deceit to entrap souls, inventers of treason to murder Kings, hellish instruments to ruin Countries, sworn enemies to God, and diligent factors for the devil. If thou be a man of this Category, I hate thee to the very death; but if thou first be true to God, and next to thy own Prince; if thou be faithful to thy Country, if thou judge all men with equity in spite of love or bribery, if thou wrong no man; and last of all, if thou be all in all a good Christian, thou art an honest man, & thou art the man whom I place in my heart's heart. If thou be a woman of a modest behavior, & discreet in all thy actions, of a chaste mind, and of a good life, who still aims at honesty, and prosecutes all thy desires with the fear of God: it is thou who is the honest woman, and thou art the woman whom I honor to the death. Then be what thou wilt who reads this Treatise, be sure to find thyself set down in a true fashion; I have taken the pains to paint thy portrait, if thou find thyself in fair colours, then be careful how to entertain thyself in the true Luster; if thou find thyself in filthy colours, wash, clean, and purge thyself from such pestiferous blots, which even infects thy very soul, and makes thee loathsome to the sight of God. I have searched thy festered wounds, I have bared thy ulcered sores, and for fear of putrifying cankers I have tainted thee to the very quick; so to keep thy weakness in a good temper, I have applied this Cataplasm, to appease thee of all thy pains: I am surely persuaded, that these my labors shall merit thanks of the upright man who loves God, obedient to his King, and is true to his Country; and that the good report of the righteous shall guard me from critical barking of wicked malice; and I am assured that the honest Matron, the wife true to her husband, and the chaste virgin will ever party me, and ever be ready to countercheck the detracting reports of the shameless woman, whilst my revenge

shall be with silence, and simple patience to smile at never-blushing-impudence. To conclude, I only expect to be quarrelled with the deceitful villain, whom I will prove to be an arrant Knave; if thou challenge me, I scorn to be a Coward, and therefore I will answer thee. So I shall ever rest thy hatefull Enemy, and the honest man's Servant to the death.

Simion Grahame

To his ever-honored Lady, my Lady Countess of Erroll

Sweet Lady look & grant this begd-for-grace,
My servile Muse doth crave upon her knees,
Now here she comes before thy sacred face,
And of her Labors makes a sacrificees,
Then over-spread them with thy glorious eyes,
Let luster fair enrich my rurall rime,
Thou hast the power (great Potent) if thou plees,
To register my verse in endless time,
If quicknes of thy wit find any crime,
In thy discretion sepulchrize my wrong,
For why thou know'st my Muse in youthfull prime
Did what she could to please thee in her song:
Great is the glory of my wish'd-for-gaines,
If deerest Dame, thou patronize my pains.

S. GRAHAME.

The Anatomy of Humors

A silk worm first eats itself out of a very little seed, and then grows to be a quick creature; a while after, it is fed and nourished upon fresh and green leaves, then it comes to a greater quantity, and again, it eats itself out of that coat, and works itself in a coat of silk indred full of small seed for many young-ones to breed of, in the end it leaves the slugh of silk for the Ornament of mankind; and last of all, it dies in the shape of a white winged fly. A King may be compared to the silk worm, which first of the earth becomes a creature, and then being fed & nourished upon the grace, favour, and mercy of God, with the love, fear, and obedience of his subjects; he becomes a King of more kingdoms, and so from kingdom to kingdom he grows to be an imperial and free Monarch over many Countries, for him and his posterity to possess for ever; in the end, he leaves his virtues education, his good qualities, his upright justice, his mercy, his compassion on the poor, and his love to all his people, to be a mirror to the rest of earthly Kings, one example to his children, and a never decaying Ornament to all his Off-spring; then last of all, he returns again to the earth, and his soul clothed with pure innocent whitenes, flies up to heaven in the beautiful shape of a bright, winged Angel. Who shall ascend (says the Prophet) into the mountain of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place? even he that hath innocent hands, and a pure heart, who hath not in the rage of cruelty sucked the blood of innocents, who hath not suffered the greater powers to oppress his poor Subjects; it is he who extols Justice, and triumphs in mercy. O God, this man is he whose glory is great in thy salvation, both dignity and honor hast thou laid upon him: It is thou, O Lord, who governes all his actions, and still instructs his mind what he shall do: *Cor regis in manu domini quocunque voluerit inclinabit illud.* Then thou o earthly King, behold how the great and mighty King of all Kings is thy sure bulwark, his strength guards thee against the malicious minds of men, the poisonous Calumny of wicked vipers shall not offend thee, nor the subtle hatchers of unnatural Treason, shall never prevail against thee, because God assures thee of thy life in all thy journeys by day or by night, he still

says unto thee as he said by the voice of his Angel to Gideon: Peace be unto thee, fear not thou shalt not die. How bold may thou be to build upon this assurance; if God be with thee, who can be against thee? Thy anger is like the roaring of a Lion, he that provokes thee to wrath, sins against his own soul. Who should not tremble at thy fury, & who should not be afraid to offend thee? Who dare calumniate a King, or yet speak against the uprightness of his justice; God himself gives this straight command, saying, Thou shalt not rail upon the Judges, neither speak evil of the ruler of the people. Then the Apostle Saint Paul tells thee why thou should not do it; because he is the Minister of God to take vengeance on them that do evil. I say to thee, O King:

Thou earthly God, whose over-ruling hand
The Scepter swayes, and doth unsheath the sword.
Now servile Kingdoms stoops at thy command?
Who dare control thy unrecalled word.
Thou with great glory of thy triple crown,
Erects the good, and throws the wicked down.

God hath anointed thee a King, and placed thee here on earth to be a God, and to do right to all men, without respect of persons. God himself calls you a God, and commands you, saying: Do right to the poor and fatherless: do justice to the poor and needy, because I have said thou art a God. And therefore be sure that the great God of heaven will judge you that are Gods on earth; remember how he is to crave a most sharp reckoning at your hands, therefore how careful should thou be ever to discharge thy great and weighty charge which hangs over thy head: thou art a ruler of many, and many things will be asked of thee; respect always the poor more than the rich, and let not the complaints of thy people come to thy ears by the mouths of thy briborous Minions; call the poor complainer before thee, stay and hear them with patience, and weary not to examine their wrongs, when thy pity hath pondred their estate. Pronounce sentence with thy own tongue, then let thy diligent eye see judgement executed, and delay not the poor man's cause, nor let no senistrus request recall thy just resolution. And so shall the tears of the distressed creatures embalm thy soul, thy righteousnes shall crown thee, and thy mercy shall set thee on the majestic Throne of God's eternal glory! O remember what thou art, where thou art, and what thou shalt be, as I have said; thou

art a King anointed by God over many people: thou art here on earth a Judge; and thou art to be called before the tribunal seat of God, to give a reckoning of thy behaviour! O then how narrowly should thou look to thy journey, how perilous is thy Progress? what weighty burden hangs on thy shoulders, what continual fashires, what incomprehensible care, and what great memory craves thy careful estate? With eyes of wisdom govern thy sight about thyself, and if thou chance to see sheltred under thy own wings, the deceitful parasite, the malcontented Mutenar, the murmuring whisperer, the detracter of honesty, the envier of vertue, the ambitious oppressor, or the unmerciful briber; then if thou find such caterpillars about thee, sweep them away; because they are consuming cankers to thy state, blood-suckers of innocents, vessels of treason, and sworn enemies to the true Union of thy Kingdoms. O says the great King of wisdom, Take away the wicked men from the King, and his throne shall be stablished in righteousnes. Shake off all kind of such infectious scabs, and purge thy company of such pestiferous evils; keep ever with the men of truth, and place such men in office as fears God, and loves thee. Let grave and honourable counselors conduct thee, and guard thyself with them. Command thou them as God hath commanded all you that are Kings. Say ye shall have no respect of persons in judgement, but shall hear the small as well as the great; ye shall not fear the face of man, for the judgement is God's. Thou art the Lieutenant of God, therefore thou should look well to thy officers, and how they are inclined. A true and faithful subject, who doth the will of his King, is worth the half of his King's kingdom. O says Solomon, the joy and pleasure of a King is in a wise servant. He puts the charge of himself in his hands, he is the pillar of his state, and executes the actions of his King with a sincere equity. It is not birth that makes thy subject noble or honourable. The original of Nobility is like a small spring, which good desert makes the grateful favour of a King to enlarge to a great river, which by bound duty ought to pay their dutiful tribute to the King their Ocean; but how many are they that becomes ingrate, and swells with pride, ambition, envy, treason, sedition, and emulation, they become rebellious floods, & overflows their banks, and in dispersing themselves, loses their name, and becomes ignominious to the world. When such men behold their own ruin and swift destruction (which blind pride did never look for) then how may their shame smother ambition in a helpless

repentance, making the eyes of man (which was curious to behold the glorious triumph of their upraised pomp) turn with amazement to look upon their sudden fall, this tragic spectacle of the great man's grovelling on the ground, makes despair cry out, *Qui jacet in terra non habet unde cadit* [He who does not know he 's been laid up in the land of the falls]. O how should that man have his mind tortured within his loathsome body, when he beholds how swiftly his glory hath left him, his honours drowned in disgrace, his salutations turned to contempt; his bare-headed petitioners the spectators of his ruin, and the voice of the world (mixture with love and disdain) making many misconstrued suppositions, his friends weeps and laments his estate, his foes smile, and make the accidents of his destruction their discourse, whilst the poor rejected soul cries out, *Colocatus sum in obscuris sicut mortuus seculi* [I am found in darkness as the dead time]. Here is a just reward to an unjust subject. True service to God, obedience to thee who is King, and upright judgement void of partiality nobilitates the man, it crowns him with honor, and makes his glory to shine eternally; blessed is that King who may freely give his subject this most glorious and honourable Epithet, saying, I have a faithful servant; this man is he whom the book of God calls the wise servant, in whom the pleasure and joy of a King remains: he boldly tells thee thy error, his wisdom prevents thy evil, he whispers in thy ear, and desires thee to read before thou set thy hand *Litera scriptamanent!* O how secure may the just man be in his soul, his safe conscience makes him fearless; he hath compassion on the poor, he wrests not the Law, neither hath he any respect of persons, neither takes he rewards to blind his understanding, nor yet perverts he the words of the just man, but ponders the estate of all men with wisdom; this man may truly be called a righteous Judge. When Augustus Caesar gave authority to any Judge, he also gave this advertisement, I put not (says he) the treasure of my honor in thy hands, nor do I commit my justice to thee, that thou should be a destroyer of people, the blood shedder of innocents, nor any executioner of malefactors, but with the one hand thou should maintain the good, and with the other hand raise up the evil man from his wickedness. Therefore I send thee forth to be a preceptor and defender of Orphans, a helper of widows, a Surgeon for all wounds, a staff for the blind, a pitier of the poor, and a father to all persons. To speak fair to my enemies, and rejoice my friends. O how

much is that man to be esteemed, who with a fearless regard executes the will of his Prince, and in spite of envious malice, gives a true testimony of a good conscience; this man is he who is blessed in the sight of God, his rich treasure lays hoarded up in heaven; the glory of his God, the honor of his King, and the weal of his Country is the only contemplation of his soul in this present time. How perilous is the estate of mankind; how is the honest man's actions misdeemed, and his behaviour misconstrued; if he be an actor in the affairs of his King and Country, then is he censured to be a man of partiality, and a busy-headed body; if he retire himself from Court, and meddle with nothing, then is he suspected to be a Malevole, one who expects the change of Court, a suborner, or else a faction-maker; then begins Envy to pick quarrels, Malice will bark and invent false information! O how watchfull should the honest minded man be in this latter days of deceit, to save him self from the subtle snares of secret envy. This inconstant world being so full of subtle deceits, in whom can the upright man trust, how many in external complementing shows vows affection, where secret grudge is grounded. And besides, what a quarrelous pick-thank time is it, when a man dares not trust himself, but doubts his dearest friend. Some reads so much on Machiavelli, that in the end they turn matchless villains; the honest and plain dealing man is abhorred and termed a Gull, whilst politic they employ their wits to exploit other men's destruction, when extreme necessity and misery of want doth urge the poor men to steal or rob; then are they presently taken, put in prison, and laid in chains of iron. But when a politic Machiavellian robs the commonwealth, and doth oppress the poor, he triumphs in golden chains; it is he who gets the Lawstooping salutations on the street; it is he who makes his deceiving piety, his cut-throat flattery, his dissimulation to God, to his King and his Country, poison the air. It is he whose understanding could never reach to that imagination, that there can be a God, and it is he, who for a swift passing glory damns his soul eternally. This sort of men are they whom our Savior Christ speaks of in the Evangel of St. Luke, that they are clothed in purple, in silk, and in fine linings, well fed, and delicate in all things, in their secure sensuality they contemn the poor Lazarus lying at their gate, they hear not his ruthless cries, they are blind, and sees not his sores, their hearts are hardened and considers not his miserable estate. These are they who lives in King's Courts, *Qui molibus*

vestiuntur in domibus regum sunt; In brave apparel, in pride of life, and choked with this worlds vain glory, what reckoning shall be taken of such men, and what answer can they make to God Almighty, when he shall say, *Redde rationem vilicationis tuae*, Give me a reckoning of thy stewardship; and therefore the greater thy place, the greater thy reckoning shall be before God. And the more thy pleasures in this life, the more thy pains shall be in the life to come. O what a terrible sentence gives Christ in the Apocalypse when he says, *Quantum in dilitiis suit, tantum date illi tormentum*. What pleasures hath the rich man had in this world, let him have as many torments in the world to come. All thy senses which did abound in delectation, shall become most loathsome, thy delectate ears, shall for their sweet music, receive most detestable howling of tormented spirits; thy feeling which was used to fine linnings, and soft silks, shall feel the burning fire of brimstone. Thy sight which had the prospect of fair buildings, rich and curious Architects, & pleasant guardings, shall see the ugly sight of fearful and terrible devils; thy dainty guts which did surfeit with all sorts of sweetness, shall be tormented with thirst and hunger; and thy smell which was fed with rare must, & filled with art of fine odors, shall now be perfumed with stink and scent of most intolerable filthiness. This shall be the reward given to the rich gluttons of this world. God speaking by his Prophet Isaiah, he bids, *Tollatur impius ne videat gloriam Dei*; Take the wicked man away, that he may not see the glory of God. Then thou who sucks forth the heartblood of the poor, think on this, and thou who art a grievous oppressor, look to thyself, or rather thy heart is hardened and cannot see, thou triumphs in the abundance of worldly glory; thy conscience feels not the forceable stroke of sin; thy too much sensuality hath made thy soul senseless. But oh when sickness the fore-running harbinger of agonizing death does seize upon thy body, & wills thee to pay that doubtless debt, no surety will be taken, nor no shifting excuse can help thee, thy soul must needs be sequestered from thy body, all thy friends will forsake thee, thy flattering troupes which attend thee, will leave thee, thy pleasures shall loathe thee, and in thy loathsome bed shalt thou lie destitute of all comfort; the devil in most fearful and terrible form shall haunt thee, holding thy heinous sins before thine eyes, and still crying in thine ears, Despair and die. What miserable estate shall this be, when thy wicked life lays this before thee, and tells, this must thou suffer, and this way

must thou go. And when the malediction of the oppressed man, the distressed widow, and fatherless Children, whose ruth-begging-clamors disturbs the Heavens, and brings thee (O wicked man) to this miserable end. Can thy riches rid thee, or set thee free from the horrible pains of Hell? Where is the glory of thy wealth and substance now? *Divitiarum jactantia quid vobis contulit?* And besides all this, how infamous shall thy name be amongst the Commons still, like a Tennis ball tossed from mouth to mouth, Saying, the most pernicious instrument of our age hath left this world. The only Glutton of Ambition, whose insatiable desires could never be filled, one who suborned the ear of his Prince, and made him believe that every strange face was come to cut his throat, on whose envy would suffer no man rise but himself. When ever he did mark any aspiring branch, flourish under the shining favour of the King, then did his seditious wits and his Luciferian pride search by all means how to destroy him. This ever biting hound whose teeth was a contagious canker, when his heart was most full of mischief, then was his tongue most full of flattery. O filthy disease of flattery, it were better for a man to follow a dog, and live upon his surfeiting vomit, than to be a flatterer. O flattery the very enticing snare of deceit, under the which all kind of dangers lie obscured in Ambush. To be short, he was such a one that still did impoverish the King's coffers to enrich his own, he did not love to see these to whom he was beholden, to all his friends unthankful, of all good deeds forgetful, and to all wel-deserving minds ingrate. O thou filthy ingratitude, thou art even the very excrement of all evils, ill faring, man fair ill. I must leave thee, for my breath is putrified with sounding the Trumpet of thy ignominious imperfections. Ride on thy posting journey, for indeed thou may ride a swift gallop to hell, when thou hast the Arch-devil thy guide to wind his horne before thee, let him who is ulcerus shrink at his own smart, when his sores are sorest. Now as for the yong aspiring gallant, I have most rare and excellent Colors to paint thy portrait in a true lustring form; take Physic to engender thy patience; although my speech be Satiric, What then? bitter drinks are good for the stomach, therefore come on thou ungracious Boy, for I must have about with thee; thou child of unthrift, when thy parents give thee store of wealth, before God give thee wit to govern. Then be sure thou sell all, pawn all, and spend all. How careless art thou of what's to come? Thou never think on want, but

plays the infant perdu freely, still assuring thyself that thy father hath a fatted Calf to be killed at thy Conversion. Upon the hope of this, thou let all go, like the smoke of Tobacco, or like a sappy billow, which flees from the shell of the walnut, and straight doth vanish in the air. It may be thy father or mother, he's scraped this substance together with labour, hunger and pinching of their belly. How beggarly perchance hath thy parents lived to provide for thee? How careful were they to get it? And how careless how they got it? evil and unlawful conquest makes such Imps of perdition come after and spend all. Thou art like a raging Courser, which runs without a bridle, or rather like a storm-beaten-ship amidst the Rocks, having no Rudder at all. Thou quintessence thy understanding, and employ thy wits, leaving no deceit unsought how to get money. Thou intrude thyself in the King's favour, building great authority on his smile; if he grace thee with his ear, then become thou homely, bold, and audacious lying, cogging and flattering, that the beholders and hearers may think thee a true and perfect Courtier in deed. By this means, many men employ thee to speak to the Prince in their affairs, suits, complaints and requests, are put in thy hands. What is offered thee for thy pains? Thou wilt do nothing till thou get half, or all in hand; then thou sell the poor man's suit to some other, and so makes thy shifting delays excuse thy shameless deceit. If thou be sometime altogether out of money, thou callest thy wits to a reckoning, and then disguise thyself in some strange apparels; and on his way will rob the passenger of his purse. A King may give honor or knight-hood, but he cannot give means to maintain it. After thy robbery, then come to Court with thy bold erected face, and an impudent gesture most majestic, to maske thy roguish villany in a vagabounding humor, thy nights are spent in whoring, so thou make thy bawdery & spending in a Bordell. Increase thy reputation, and then thy lecherous life makes the blue circle under thy eye. Tell the world how much thou art over-spent in substance of body. Besides all this the Paliard's token which thou carries of a Mercenary woman, most pleasant for the Apothecary, and very profitable for the Barber. Thou affirm thyself to be of the Judicial law, and much more in going beyond the Jew in thy upright Circumcision. Notwithstanding, of all this, every Lady in the Court, must be thy mistres, but thy chief choice is a gallant, and most quick-witted Lady, whose experience knows what duty belongs to the quiet opening of a back door,

perfumed smocks, a whispering voice, and cloth-shoes, & who in a venerian discourse, with the want of shame, will make her fan serve to cover the bloodless blush of her never blushing face; thy want of purpose is supplied with many apish triks, and in thy interlueds doth praise her mistaken beauty, affirming, that it is not painting makes her fair, nor that her perfumd breath gives delicacy to the smell, no thou swear nature he's done all. The crew of unthrifts are thy comrades, such cumpanions as he's made compact with the devil to ride post to hell; when thou come to a tavern, and enter in the second degree of drunkenness, then play thou the Rodomontado, and in thy Orlando Furioso humor, call for Oceans of vine, a world of Tobacco, and whole mountains of sugar, who will refuse to carouse thy mistress' health, then is he called the son of a whore, the wine thrown in his face, & straight cartalide to a combat, thou must be stout and out-swagger all, & still curse the celestial signs which are not in Cancer or Scorpio, to the effect thou may let out thy choleric blood, in thy swearing most horrible, so that the grievous terror of oaths, makes the hair of the hearer's head stand right up; when the host brings thee a reckoning, then thou wilt swear to pay all, and so takes it in trust; for I grant it is the true pendeckles of gentility, to black books with reckonings, to hunt with dogs, to play at dice, and dally with drabs, and sometime to make a cuckold of thy furnisher. When a married man becomes a Monster, what kind of glory is it to see him walk on the streets, with a pair of egregious erected horns, and every one pointing their finger at his horned-worship. Thou art of no Religion, but a mere Athiest, then assure thyself to live unquerrelled, thy roume and large conscience will make thee to escape excommunication, because the Libertine goes always free; yet for all this thou goest to Church for fashion's sake, and make thy seming piety wear thy breeches on the knees, as the young Lawyer goes to the house of Justice, and without profit, wears the fore-breast of his gown on the Bar, so that he is forced to make a summer cloak of the posterior part. All this misery proceeds of the want of Clients, and fearful complainers, who dares not trust the defence of their action in the hands of such a skill-wanting Novice. Thou imitating all kind of strange humors, still becomes inconstant in thy clothes, thy traffick is with the Lumbard, thou makes it thy Gwardarobba, and thy serce is amongst the Phrepyres, and oft-times a purpose thou stay from Court a pretty while, that occasion may offer thee to return with a new

fashion of clothes, not unlike a Citizen's young wife, who in curious pride of a new-fangling Humour, will take the advantage to change her buse when she comes from her child-bed. If thou hast any thing, sell, pawn, borrow, and beg, to buy knight-hood, thy wife must have a hood, and be called Madame, although thou and she should live beggarly, and lay the most part of your clothes in lavender, to maintain the naked style; it is a base ambition, which brings nothing with it but the bare name. Poverty maks such sort of people turn Cunny-catchers, take up commodities, scramble, beg and borrow of their betters, and still live by the trial of their wits, attended on by brokers, who spare not to seek & search be all means to know who will give their money out for intrest, making large and fair promises, damning his soul to confirm his lies, till at last with vows and oaths, he deceives his neighbour; and that which an honest man he's gathered with great pains, and longsome travail, gotten and scraped together, to maintain him and his family. Then is it put in the hands of a deceitful villain, who never thinks to repay a penny of it. How soon his credit is lost? then is he gone, and becomes bankrupt. So is many a poor man left with his wife and children to make new shift, this is a voluntary robbery, which a good conscience could never yet excuse. The sergeants attend like pages of honor upon such careless unthrifths, whose ears are ever attending, I arrest you sir. The damned Crew, and the swaggering Consort of companions, haunts commonly about the Court and capital Cities, and waits on Taverns, the ordinaries, stages play-tilting, balling, and revelling, so are they at all sorts of conventions, and with cunning authority becomes pocket-searchers, and pursepickers their promenade is in some other part like Paul's Church at London, where many poor gentlemen dine with Duck Vmphra, and then come to to the streets spaniard-like with an empty belly, piking his teeth, in this abused place, these imps of unthrifths make their meetings, and there invent new stratagems how to get fresh money, some by horse, and some by foot, will walk like night Owls on the fields, waiting scholars coming from their friends, farmers coming to London, merchants going to markets, & lawyers coming from the visitation of their clients, and so transforming the word of God save you sir, in rander your purse sir, they become obsolute commanders. O they have no revenues of lands, this purchase makes them go gallant in fair clothes, & entertain an horse & a whore, & sometime for

necessity sake, himself will be Pander; of what proceeds all this villany? It is true, the King hath no wars, nor will not grant Commissioners, nor letters of Mark for the sea, every Galies and Galias lying idle and waste without slaves, so that my Lord cheif Justice is forced to fill prisons, and flourish Tyburn with the lewd consort of this damned Crew. These sparks of perdition, carries the name of Gentlemen's sons, having great revenues and rents, and for the most part are called Captains, or else Lieutenants, ask him where he was made Captain, he will presently answer in eighty eight, that time when the King of Spain's great Armado was overthrown; or else in Ireland, when the Earl of Essex was general. O to hear them tickle a discourse of valor, what great bravados (as the Spaniard says) *Que son Mais los amenazados, que los acuchilla dos* [That they are threatened, that they are stabbed], and how they kill men be apprehension, leads on troups, and never takes them off again, Como uno spanzola Rodamontado, that says, his beard grew with smoke of muscats, and the hair of his head decayed with the noise of Cannons, such sort of men makes the wind of their stomach become firmer, so that every word (by self conceit, and a lying discourse) appeares in his own mind a brave man. These are the men who affirm transmigration, and make it the chief Article of their beleif, as when he says, *Bota adios io sta hidalgo Nassido*, So by imagination, he is the most valorous man that ever lived, he will have a ragement, and all his Soldiers must have Monarch's minds; all his drums must be made of king's skins, and presently he will vow and swear that his sword shall kill none except it be Colonels, Captains, e *Cavellersos muy honorados*. What man of a soled wit would not smile to hear such base Coward's discourse, and chiefly in a Tavern, or else in a bordel amongst whores; away with such cogging villains, which are naught else but the very excrements of mankind. What may be thought of the busy headed man, who ranges from Country to Country, he haunts Courts, and becomes a spye, still curious to search news and very diligent to know the secrets of all estates; in this point he proves a rare intelligencer, and so much the more by ingyring himself with hanging on the company of young and light-headed Courtiers, with a counterfeit gesture, still plausible to their idle humors, at his coming to town before he come to Court, he takes his lodging in the suburbs and inquires for the Phrepry, and then, be sure he will enter like a Polonian, a Swedish, or a Fleming; But ô how swiftly will he be changed in any

Italian, a French, or else in a Spanish suit? In this new Metamorphus, he comes boldly to the street, and makes his promynad towards the Court, pressing (as it were) to accompany his unacquainted apparel with a borrowed gesture, making the world point at his old garment, furnished with new fashions, till some poor Gentle-man take notice of his own late pawnded suit. Then (even then) begins poverty to make the true owner blush at the Bastard behaviour of baseness itself, whilst the boy of the Phreprey is set to attend on his hired apparel, and still to remember the stranger to come back, and make restitution, and that he may lean off the wall, and always keep his clothes clean. When he circuits the Palace, he scorns to be ashamed, but needs will intrude himself amongst Gentle-men and Ladies, then begins Curiosity to inqyre whats he? O says one, he is a Traveller, a man of a most rare wit, and of a very quick discourse, he is an Heretick Poet, who can ryme extempore, Mitolat-lynes, Stropyat-verses, with halting-feete, and make any object his subject, and more than this, he hath the true arte of face painting, he knows the secreet vertue of complexions, and he can lay an upright vermilion collour upon the pale cheeks of bloudles Ladies. What folies and superstitious vanities may the eyes of Wisdome beholde in the affronted and damnable customs of wicked mankind, whose minds are a mirror of mischief, a bordell to vice, and an excramentle corruption of all inormities, it smels of treason to knock at the door of a Kings minion, so with scretching (the long waiting petitionar) nay wear his nales to the flesh, before he shall be dispatched, this makes many mal-contented myndes stand upon the Thaeater of impatience, behoulding the glittering stage of an evil furnished and deformed Court, where blind Forton plays a prologue to the triumph of Time, acted with the abhominable sins of Envy, Pride, Ambition, Gluttonie, Avarice and Licherie, &c. But ô how happy is that man whose heart is not polluted with the imperfection of Court, whose head is not stufft with a world of fascheries, and whose mind is not crost with tormenting refusals. This man is he who lives at home voyde of treason, secure without fear or danger, and most rich with sweet contentment, it is he who scorns to climbe a falling Towre, and whose chiefe felicitie is not fixed, nor placed upon uncertaine toys, so very well may it be said,

HOw blest is he whose happy days are spent

Far from the Court, and lives at home in ease:
 It's only he whose rich with sweet content
 And builds no nest on top of Caedar trees:
 No storming strife, nor yet no Viprich kind
 Of treasons guilt, doth harbor in his mind.
 He eats that bread, which sweating labor yeelds,
 With open doores, secure in his repose;
 He walks alone, abroad on spacious fields,
 Go where he please, he needs not fear his foes:
 He trades on that, which proud ambition brings,
 And scorns the threatning terror of great Kings
 I grudge to see when many a scurvie Clowne,
 Of no desert traumphs, in their desire,
 And from the top of Honor doth throwe down
 Heroyk spirits, presuming to aspire:
 shame wher's thy blush? cā heauens contēt with this
 To see good Kings, deceaued with Judas kis.
 Thou hellish Court where cut-throat flattrie dwels,
 Where simple trueth no kind of shailter findes,
 Where baser minds, with pride and enuy swells
 Where rueling hearts are like inconstont winds,
 Where Forton blind plays to a poultrons chance,
 And makes deceit in glittering robs to dance.
 You painted snakes, whose bitter poysning gall,
 With want of pittie, plagues the poor man's purse,
 Gasping damnation, doth attend you all,
 Ther's no Relax • or your Eternal cursse:
 Then curst be Court, thou monstrous Map of Hell,
 Where enuy, pride, and treason loves to dwell.

O time, what a precious thing art thou to be thus abusde and wrongde
 with so many? When thou art lost, who can find thee? When thou art
 gone, who can recall thee? How happy are they who employes thee
 well, and spends the not in hunting idle and uncertaine toys? What a
 pittie is it to see brave spirities so careless of time, and still waisting of
 their wits in vain? Consuming their youthfull years in such slauish
 service, where vertue could never harbour, and at last guardond with
 ingratitude, how oft hath the cowardlie flatterer copen in favor, and

caught the gallant man's reward? O but the disgrace of indiscretion pertains to the distributor, & not to the well-deserving man. Let the man whose merit is great, put on Patience, cross his armes, and smile at shameless ingratitude, what a shame is it for such as are borne to great riches, and yet wants nobility! O to be noble now in these days, it is thought to be prodigal, and so the hearts of higher powers, are transformed in the hearts of avaritious vsurers, who makes their gould their God, he houlds his hand fast, his blind pride, and voluntary forgetfulnes, thinks every man bound by duetie to serve and do his vtermost, without so much as thinks, how shall brave men in this miserable extremitie live, or keep good clothes on his back? seing his service is all his revenues, Poor man, he is forced to go seek his forton be some other means. Because when he goes to the wars, every Captain will be his Comrad, and if his courage deserue honor, he shall get it, and what he hath by hazard is sweet con|tent, he gets elbo-roume to eate his meate, he needs not lay down his cloak in vain to sit at the greatmans table, for if there wants roume, he must stand like the pillar of salt which Lots wife was turned in, or else steal to his cloak, and stay for the latter meate, where never yet was ceremony of sitting down, for he that comes first, sits first, and then sits like one flightred in rops, if he holde not his hand on his trinsher, he may be robd whilst he drinks, if he eats at leasure, he may be sure to rise with an empty belly; if he be hungry, he must swallow all with uncivilitie, and put himself in perrell of chocking. I think the stomach of a latter-meateman, and the stomach of a dog, must be very like of disgesture, and their throats of a like measure, for they without vse of their teeth swallows all. At hunting after the Dear is kild and cwird, then is his intrals throwne to the hounds, whose greedie appatide, and eager strife, without regarde, slabring the guts about their ears, and every one pulling from another gormounds filth and all. In treuth me thinks, there is nothing in similitude, can come so neare the form of a Courtiers latter-meat breakfast, the savage rudnes of such creatures, tels modestie, that they never learned, Quos decet in mensa mores servare docemus, They are altogether ignorant of civill instructions, their quick expedition, makes their patience cry, either a shorte grace, or else no grace at all. O what a heavie crosse is it for an honest heart to live in such a graceles and slavishe life, let him serve, waite, ryd, all is in vain, and without profite. Beholde the Catigorie of whisperers. One will round in his Lords ear an

errant lie; another forge and invent a slattring discourse to please the humor of his masters mind, some will do no good service except it be in sight, that he may gaine thanks, and the villane proues naught else but a pyk-thank knave, and a back-byter of his dearest companions. I wonder but some of the wiser sort of noble men, shold ponder and consider very wel, sic villanie, and still grace the pyk-thank with a listing ear, take good heed to his detracting discourse, and ever ayme at all his actions with a diligent eie, protect his knaverie with a smile, why? because such men are mali necessarij, ô but good my lord, believe him not without great triell, take a reckoning of his relation, and keep not malice in a misconstring mind towards an honest man, if it be a mater of importance, which concernes both honor and credit, then spare not to call the suspected man before thee, and ask him in secracie, if this or that be true, if thou findest any knavery, either be malice, or be just tryell, guerdone the honest man with honor, and •asleir the knave with shame, contrare-poison such consuming cankers, & keep not such venomous vipers in thy company, but still away with savors of discention, and breeders of mutanie, for how can a cittie stand, or yet hold out against the enemy, when it is devided in itself: Or if the members of thy body be cred or feistred with filthy sores: thou who is the head, can never be well; thy followers are thy guard; and therefore thy guard that guards thee should be sound and of one mind, accompanied with love one to another, without envy, grudge, or malice: and above all things, they should carie a great and awfull respect, to thee who is their only head and maister: thy glory is to see all that attends thee in good equipage; and it is thy shame to see men that corrupts good maners, to bide in thy company, or to attend thy person. The honest gesture decore the grofnes of the apparel, but evil education would spoile a diadem. If thy servant or retainer, after two or three admonitions refuse instruction, decard him, and let him go: because simple ignorance can be no excuse to arrogant wilfulness, be curteous to thy friend, and still be noble to thy followers. Because they who attends-thee, are as strengthie pillars of thy estate, and without them thou can not stand. Be liberall, but no ways prodigall, and as a contagious Pest, ever eschew that filthy and detestable vice of avarice. Contemn that beggerly Canalze, who counsailes thee, to shame thy worth with a niggards mind, great is the great-man's honor, which consists in a wise servant. It is not the discreet holding of a great house,

will impoverish thy state. And it is not thy noble heart to thy followers will empty thy cofers: No, it is when the unthrift in his prodigall humor, most ungratiously spends his rent upon change of whores, and diligent Pandors in secret villanie, when the darkned clouds of the quiet night, brings silent rest to the honest sort: even then is the sparks of perdition ranging the streetes, and making their ritch triumph in bordels. O heavens why made thou night to cover sin: it is this and such abuse as this be, that cankers the state of many a man: these abominations breeds many beggers, and drawes down Gods unresistable wrath upon themselves, their house, and their off-spring. And again, how will other misers spend their riches so narrowly, and yet how swiftly will it consume, because God hath not blessed their portion, some will hoard it up, and neither hath joy nor comfort of it: they hold in their hand, and with earnest eyes over-looks every thing niggardly: it is they who ever takes a sharp reckoning of the kitchin-Counts, and still gives strait command to the Butler and Pantry keeper, betwixt meales to go take the air in some quiet corner, where he can not be found. O these be they who subscriues their precepts with a counterfitted Character, to the effect the deburser should not answer his Maisters warrant, but only make payment with shifting delays. These sort of men wears their clothes till they wear out of fashion, and than transformes them in the last edition. When this ma is called to any convention cōcerning his King or Country, or yet to pleasure his friends in any affairs, to eschew the journey, then be sure he will have the meagrim in his head, a paine in his teeth, some collick in his intrals, either Siatike, or else by guttish, then must his beggerly worship keep his chamber, & take some Phisick to expell the humor of expenses: they are alwaies deafe when they hear of any thing that sounds of asking: they can never be found in their giving humor, but are alwaies starke blind at the sight of the well-deserving man: this ignobilitates honor, it crowns shame, it treads down vertue, it inthrones vice, and makes hellish ingratitude, to becom the triumph of time. Should a Princely spirit be so base, as not to have a care of the man whose merit is great: should he have that ingrattfull mind to make a forged fault, rob him of his reward, and then send him to thee yet: or should he have that unchristian heart, to let him know of want. O worse (yea ten thousand times worse) then the very hearts of brute beasts: Cursed be thou ingratitude, the chiefe of all evils: fie on such

beggerly brests, which are borne to be Noble, and then containes naught else but pinching avarice. Ocancro, le Spalle d' un huomo da bene non debbono portare la somma di tante injurie. O it grieues me mightily that I can not rail enough, and it grieues me more, that nothing else but bare railing should work revenge vpō the base abuse of such strange monsters, whose degenerate haerts from true Nobility are gilt overwith golden words. But what cā be said to a cautarisd cōscience, a remorseles mind, or to a hardened & senseless heart, who never died the face of honor with the blush of shame, the gentle heart of an honest minded man, bolds his turret of recōpēce vpō the ruinous groūd of idle promises, still credulous, and ever rich in naked hope, till at last his merit growes so great, that his sight becomes loathsome to him, who should reward him. Who is it then that gets and gathers all the gaines? flattering pick-thanks, unworthy fowles, cowardly poltrones, and canailies, who still keepes begging in request. So ideots, stoyicks, and parasites, are rich, when Princes and gallants are poor. Such is the subtilty of snakie hatchers of envious treason, and subtle villaines. To see two crafty knaues meet in Court, in street, or any where, how will they salute one another with shaking of hands with low courtesaies, annixt complements, offers, vows, and large promises will passe betwixt them: how ware will they be ever doubting, not unlike two cunning and sure Fensers lying at a safe guard: O that then their body were transparent like christall, and that an honest man might see what hid mischiefe lies in their hearts. I think the honest man might gnash his teeth, to see the hote rancounter of equall deceit, the true race of Babilonian rascalls, the slaues of pride, and generation of Haman. If any such villain have the credit to gather & take up his Lords rents and renews, in receaving and debursing: then be sure he keepes the two rules of Arthmetick, to wit, Substraction and Multiplication, the one helps him in his receaving, the other in his debursing, he must enterline his counts, enlarge his summes, invent new journeys, exploit all kind of courses that may be expensive, only a purpose to make great volumes of reckonings, that his vantage may be the greater, & his theft the better covered. He robs his Maister of his renews, and makes him self a great rent, and with a godlesse purchase he lives like a Prince, enritching his own posterity, and puts his Maister ever in debt: the Noble man thinks him self to be well served, and that he hath a faithful and trusty servant, when the villain

is a cut-throat, a underminer of his Maisters state, and brings his lands in morgage: this man will counsaile his Lord to sell his lands, and this villain will be the first will offer him money; these kind of deeeaving Parasites are made rich with falls and godlesse conquest. O this man is he that hath no soul, he plagues the tenants, and stops the ear of his Maister from the poor farmourers complaint: he hath no compassion on the widow or fatherless, in giving of rewards he robs his Lords honor, being commanded, he either gives little, or none at all: he payes the well-deserving man with fair excusing-words, & the poor distressed begger with God help you, but when the purse-bearers reckonings are produc'd, how large, how liberall, and how honourable will he make his Maisters rewards to be. O this affronted villain with a shameless face, and with perjured oaths, will damne the very soul of him self. O that the King, the Duke, Lord, Laird, Maister, or the superiour, be what thou will, would take such a treacherous knave by the neck, and say, Sirra, give me a reckoning of my goods; thou art a cogging villain, thou art a traytour, and betrayed me: thou hast stollen my substance and begirt me, thy deceit hath over-siled my Parents, robd their lands, & made me to live in poverty: thou hast woone all with false dice, lay down again, or else thou shalt smart for it. I think, be what thou may be, thou may do this, and thou may do it with auctoritie of a good conscience, and so give an example to all cosoning rascals, to cogging flatterers, and to all treacherous villaines. When Generalls, Coronals, or Captaines, receaues pay from the Prince or his Pagadore, to do good service to the Country, they who are commanders of the Armie, will make new Callenders of their own enlarging years and moneths: for sometime they will make the yeere to be 15. moneths, the moneth fiue or six weekes, to the wrack of the soldiers: and again, their monters shall be given in to be thirtie, fortie, fiftie, or a hundreth thousand strong, when they shall scarce be half so many men, so that false monters is the ruin of a camp, the robbing of a Prince, and the only destruction of poor soldiers by the law of Armes and counsaile of wars, such caterpillers of a Campe should be hanged, cashiered, raked and tortured, and at lest get the strapado. Many a Captaine goes gallant, and plays the bravado with the poor soldiers pay: how can a souldier live, when he gets no pay to maintain him. Js it not a great and worthy glory, and a mighty courage to the Generalls heart, when he sees all his Armie of gallant men in good equipage, and

his Camp well furnished. And to be more careful for the soldiers then for him self, seeing the souldier is his defence, and the only fortresse of his estate. O that the eyes of Princes would not winke at such villanie, and that their wealth should not be so unworthily bestowed. A kings minion that knows all the secrets of the king, and next to the Kings body, perchance will be an intelligencer, a factor, & a doer for neighbor Princes, pressing to raise and keep them up, and undermining his own King and Maister, taking large sums, so that he becomes a Pentioner to a forraine Prince, yea if it were to ten Kings, he will take of all▪ this busy-headed and craftie knave, for all this he is not mistrusted, but still advanced and esteemed to be a true subject, and still thought a man who doeth good service to his King & Country. Now in this chirping time of peace, when none triumphs but cowards & poltrones, soldiers and schollers are banisht Court & Country, they are counted a contagious Pest, and unprofitable instruments. What shall we all turn cowards, & still try our patience in suffering wrongs? when the couragious souldier begins to discourse how he hath spent his time in wars he begins to tel in the Winter how he lies in garrison, & in the sprug-time like a well managed ship going to her voyage, so in brave equipage goes he to the fields commanded by his Chieften, and animated in his march with sound of Trumpet, and tuck of Drummes, if they approach the enemy in fair fields, they must marche in battaile, if the Campe defende or pursue a Town, they must enrich themselves, make redoubts, and conques ground, defend their Cannon, set their Gabions, and palisade their weaker places, the souldier must stand his houre sentinell perdew, under the mercy of Musket and Canon, and what is all their sport? naught else but flying of Colours, sounding of Trumpets, touking of Drummes, clashing of harnesse, shooting off Muskets, roaring of Cannons, thundring of up-blowne-Mines, giving assaults, and getting repulse with sundry & thick sortes, making retreats, and with fresh courage joyning hote and fierce rancounters, bringing destruction, rape, blood-shed, murder, and cruell vengeance. O this fearful discourse makes the haire of a coward stand right up, he will not buy honor at such a perrillous rate, he will stay at home and be knighted either by moyen or money: such is the abuse of worthy knighthood, that now every kitchen-fellow may attaine to, be flattering credit of euil-purchasd wealth. Non venit ex molli vivida fama thoro, Dolours, pains, guts, avarice, ambition, envy

the stonie gravell, the plague, inventing of treason, and thousand worse infirmities, and worse diseases are found and bred by idlenes and staying at home, much more than in travaile or going in farre journeys. I hate this miserable sect of Epicurians, who only loves to eate, sleepe, and drink. Look on a drunkard, how the continual exhausting of drink enflames his face with fire, and transformes his nose in a red rock of spurtled and white-headed rubies, whose glistening luister yeelds a vermilion reflex to palenes itself: and yet the more the stomach be oppressed with the strength of drink, the more it heates and dries up, *Quo plus sunt potae, plus sitiuntur aquae*, such sort of tiplers who loves and hath pleasure in bibbing and continual supping of strong drink: this Epicurian sect, I say, makes their back & their belly their summum bonum. O I blame the great abuse of companionrie, who can not keep societie, and be merrie in honest & civill pastimes: they think all nothing if that they drink not drunk: what a beastly thing is drunkennes? and what an abhominable mother is it to all other sins, it is the very gate of hell. Alexander the great, when he had conquest the world with valor, yet drink overthrew him, and killed him: how many branches of mischief springs from that filthy rowt? I say to thee who hath bene a drunkard, & hath bene an abuser of the benefits of God, perchance rather for the love of company, then for the love of drink: If thou hast remorse, and is angry at thyself, thou art happy. And I will entreat thee to behold the beastly behaviour of a drunkard, when he is in his drunkennes, and it will make thee hate drunkennes worse then any thing:* in man it is more than filthy, and in woman ten thousand times worse, because shee can not hide her own shame. I confesse and allow that both men and women should drink moderatly, for the better health of their body: but I think it odious, when one shall (as it were) force another to drink more than measure, to surfeit and spoile themselves to this, I say with the Italian, *è qual è di pazzia signo peu espresso: Che per altri, voler perder see stesso*: It is a great signe of madnes, when any body for the love of another will kill him self: To whom is woe?*to whom is sorrow? to whom is strife? to whom is murmuring? to whom are wounds without cause? (and) to whom is the rednes of the face and the eyes? even to drunkards. This insatiable custome is so enlarged within this Iland, that it is in all sorts of estates chāged from vice to vertue. How many sundry sorts of sins hath intruded themselves amongst vs; strange and new invented sins comes

from the Court to the Country, like the new fashions of apparel: how new fangled are we to follow them, discending by degrees, for we may still see the baser sort striving to imitate their betters, and rather in wickedness than in goodnes: the Clowne striues in his fashious to follow the Gentleman, and the Court waiting Ladies is counterfai'ted with the Country drab, few or none followes the honest man's maners honesty, & truth are becomd banisht traytors, nor yet dare Charitie come neere Court: the civill and upright man hath waited long in the glorious Coutts of Kings, & can not find favour, he is turned back wearied, he weeps to see a scurvie & ungodly consort of villaines, crowned with deceit, & wrapt up in the painted robes of flattery, in the Triumph of thieft, adorned with inequitie in the Chariot of forgetfulnesse, drawne to hell with the seaven deadly sins. What can heroic spirits say to the hainous abuse of precious time in this last and miserable age. Let him pittie forgetfulnes, and sigh at villanie, or rather let him turn home again to burden his friends when his lands are engaged, when he hath spent all, and left nothing, and when moyen and mony failed him both at once, he could not beg a suit: he could not buy an Office, nor he could not get one church benefice gratis: such was the rage of ingratitude. Let this man I say, who hath spent his time, turn; & say with that most galant mā, Awfull regard disputeth not with Kings, but takes repulse, and never asketh why. We may see what strange pains the worldling takes on him, to be rich, what inventions, and with what great industrie: behold the Merchant what he undertaketh, to be rich: what restlesse travailes with great hazard of his life, compassing (as it were) the whole earth to flie poverty, and leaves no corner in the world unsought: *Impiger extremos currit mercator ad indos per Mare Pauperiem fugiens per Saxa per ignes.* Then look again on the Machanike or artisan, with rare inventions of his spirit: the diligent labourer of the ground, with the sweate of his body, and euerie one by lawfull or unlawful means wrings their wits, and still travailes to be rich. Now let vs consider what it is that riches will not do? We may beholde and see howe it mendes all deformities, and oft-times transformes Vertue in Vice: first, it makes the base Poltrone proude, the foolish esteemed wise, the ignorant stoyick to be preferred. And it makes a Lord or Chiefe Commaunder, to honor a borne Rascall, and a very slave by Nature, he will make him speak with a covert head, wash with him, sit at meat, and eate in his own dish,

with a flattering ear he will entertain his discourse, sometimes with gravitie, and sometimes with smiling, as it were to give a counterfeit grace, to the ignorant Asse: why will it please his Lordship to do all this? Because his honor thinkes such men are needefull instruments to ingage themselves, and become Cationers for the Lords debt. A help to furnish his house, to store his Citchin, and still to lend him money. O but when this poor deceived sot, begins to be beggerd, then his Lordship presently decards him, because he can not serve more to make up a full hundreth. At last, this gulld rascall comes with cap in hand, with low-stouping courtesy licking the way with his slavish knees, and half weeping begs his own; then his Lordship becomes deafe, and hath no more Iudas kisses to bestow on his foolish worship. What may this man think of him self, and of his dear bought courtesy, the Lord leaned on his shoulder, the Lord called him Sir, and still bad him cover his head; the Lord set him at his side, and dranke healths to him: and now when all is gone, the Lord payes him with a promise, and so bids him farewell. What will riches do more? it will cover villany, invent mischiefe, and bring forth treason, it betrayes beauty, and makes love mercinarie, it corrupts justice, and with damnable deedes damns the soul of mankind. This desire of riches hath made, and still makes many a man to hazard all, there is nothing but the worldling will do for gold, even all in all: This made that heroic and learned Poet cry out, *Quid non mortalia pectora Cogis auri sacra fames:* What shall I say to thee who is contented with sobrietie, and carries truth in thy heart, when thou seest the great abuse of riches, it makes thee desire no more than is sufficient to maintain thee with all, yet for all this, thy good deedes perchance can not purchase it: thy Lord or Maister enranks thee with the deceived sort, and so forgets thee! O thou, had I wist what an excellent plaister art thou for the incurable disease of repentance. What a great grief is it to the well-deserving man, who hath a promise to be rewarded, and becomes ashamed to importune his debter? but O, when he stands in his sight, what a loathsome book, becomes he to desired forgetnes, which yeelds naught else but flattering smiles, and never performd promises. Now I speak to the young aspiring gallant, learne in time to beware at other men's harmes, Provide for age and sickness. Look on the aged Courtiers, who hath spent their youth in waiting on, they go scrambling like Butchers dogs in Lenton, they are like old cart-horse, like out-worne hounds,

and the very scoffe of time. Therefore when thou looks on the Anatomy of time, & hath considered the secrets thereof, O how dear should it be to thee, & how should thou behave thyself in this time, to provide for the time to come, if thou be poor, who will care for thee, suppose thou art of the most rare wit in the world, adorned and made perfit with all the chiefe, & principall gifts of nature enricht & decoird with the aditions of Art, yet for all this, if poverty hant thee, few or none shall esteeme of thee now in thy youth-head. I counsaile thee to think well on the time past, consider the time present, & have a care of the time to come.

Fronte Capelata est Sed post Ocasio Calua.

But behind the front Capelata Ocasio baldness.

Sweet louely flower, in gallant flourish fair
Whilst beauty's pray'd, doth youthfull fields decore,
Take time in time, for time in time is rare,
Once past and gone, it never comes no more,
Than take this time, so long as it's in store,
And hunt not toys, to perrill thy estate:
Wise may thou be, but yet be wise before
Thou shall repent, and then it is to late:
Dear friend believe, I wish thy sad annoyes,
Times altring Fates may turn them all in joyes.

Learning hath no Micaenas, blind Auarice hath banished Charitie,
good workes now a-days doeth no good, it is only naked faith that
serues the turn. O happy is that man who can do for him self, and puts
no trust in the pinching mercy of great men's liberality for my own part
I say:

O That I might, then should I live content,
And not complaine on Fortunes wotthlesse worth:
Whats gone let go, it's I must needs repent,
Whilst silence sad, my sorrowes shall set forth:

My outward shew, can not bewray my heart;
I smile, but none can Judge my inward smart.

How shall I chuse but pity the distressed estate of other men, when Memory calls my own dear-bought experience to a reckoning, & the revolves the great volumes of Fortunes strange Enigmatizing Characters, painted with the ruthlesse pensil of time, whose tragic Map is still out-stretched before my eyes, where I find all the flourish of my fruitlesse hopes lying Winter-blasted, and scattered with the mercillesse stormes of ingratitude.

Si ingratum dixeris omnia dixeris.

If you ungrateful thou hast said, mentioned all these facts.

WHilst I did hazard, for uncertaine toys
Vain flatt'ring hope, expeld my present fears:
O haplesse I, who for momentall Joyes
Must pay long paine with sad repenting tears.
This inward grief my burthened soul now beares
With outward shew I striue to make it light:
But when the course of by-past time compeares,
And Tragick-like out-spreads before my sight.
Even then I give my rigours rage all right,
With passion strange, transported here and there,
I spend the day and wast the wearying night,
Imparting plaints unto the idle air.
O what remedie, time past hath no remorse,
Then must I needs endure this paine perforce.
I thank my God, who with his out-stretched armes hath borne me
through seas, & over land, giving his

blessed Angel charge of me, who never left me in all my farre and wearisome journeys, so that in every course and hazard of my travailes, his eyes of mercy hath ever shined on me, and many times hath he delivered me, when despairing dangers did threaten my life. All honor and glory be to thee my God, and give me grace that my

experience of time past, may govern the time to come. O this is a perillous time, the time of mischief and misery, the latter days full of calamitie: now is the age of deceit, when the father doth oppose himself against the sonne, the sonne against the father, brothes, and sisters, and all are at strife, every one labouring how to deceave his friend, and every one seeking how to betray his neighbour, Bonds, Seales, Obligations, Sureties, all can not serve the turn to maintain truth: if thou have to do with a man of greater worth then thyself, then be sure he will minas thee, and so pay his debts with threatnings. Wilt thou appeale him before a Judge, with new invented shifts of Law he will out-weary thee: with bribery he will begger thee, and thou shalt never be the better. O thou wicked oppressor, and thou false and partiall Judge, what shalt thou answer to the head Justice of heaven, when God says by his Prophet Ieremie, Ego sum Iudex & testis, I am both Judge & witnes. O says the wicked man in his heart, I fear not God, therefore I can not love him with my soul, nor yet can I love my neighbour, because I envy his good estate, and covets his riches, and would wrack him: so I own no duty to God at all, nor love to my neighbour, I scorn, spurne, & treds on the lawes of God. O let me never think on that terrible & fearful day of Judgement, nor of the horrible and endles burning pains of hel. I will altogether forget it, because it will make me despare, take away this frivolous word Religion, why? because it keeps me from my pleasures, and doeth imprison all my fleshlie liberties, the foolish man says in his heart,*there is no God. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, (says Christ) and let the deceiuer be still deceitful, let him dwell in his abominations, and triumph in all kind of wickednesse, For behold I come shortlie, and my rewerde is with me to rander euerie man as he doeth deserue. The custome of sin and continual vse, makes sin pleasant, abundance of impietie, and couldnesse of Charitie destroyes all, and makes many Atheists. What frutes of Charitie may we beholde in sundrie Countreyes? naught else but the pittifull spectacle of Envy and Malice, Oppression and Bloudshed, Justice wreisted with brybrie, the negligence of magistrats suffring victual and provision to part from our Country, leaving derth and famine amongst vs, the lamētations of the poor is not heard behold the youths and scollers going idle, some becomes marchants, or else machaniks, learning is held in disdain, Scoles, Colleges, & Universities are not metaind, all decaies out of memory. O how may the heart of a

true christiā bleid to see the lamētable sight of down-fallen bridges, decayed hospitals & ruenus churches, Nunc seges vbi Sion fuit, through Holland, and in many parts of the low Countries, what great objects of destruction, what overthrowe of fair and rich architects, what large prospect of abusde pollicie? and what deformation is now found in reformation? where shall the murtherer be condemned, or the theif receive the censure of his punishment? In the Church, where shall the Judge hear the oaths of perjurie? In the Church, where shall meetings, blockings, buying, and selling be? No where but for the most part in the Church, My house (saith Christ) it should be called an house of prater, but you have made it a denne of theues. And besides all this, what sacraledge is committed, and how is the riches, goods, and lands, (which be proper duty belongs to the Church) how are they desperst amongst the Commons, and keep it (as it were) in contemp of God, O says Christ, Give unto Caesar those things which are Caesars, and give unto God those things which belongeth to God. The greatness of our sins hath procured the wrath of God his punishment threatens vs, and his judgements are laid before vs, Who can hide himself from Gods anger? Let vs cry out with Ieremie the Prophet, O thou sword of the Lord,*how long will it be ere thou cease? turn again into thy scabert, rest and be still. But ô, the dulnes of understanding, and the arrogant strife against veritie, makes the hearts of man like Pharos hardened, and considers not this, our ears are deafe, we hear not, our eyes are blind and seeth not his great wonders, Gods displeasure comes by sin, and nothing can appease him but repentance. But the devil who is prince of this world stands like the master of a fair lotry, and foolish mankind looks upon his deceauing vanities; at last their sight being insnarde, and their heart tempted with his glittering allurements, they hazard their soul in hope of gaine. O man, how art thou deceived, and how many strange ways seekst thou to come to the kingdom of heauen?* Many cryes Lord, Lord, that shall not enter in the Kingdom of our Lord. Many professes Christ, that shall never be pertaker of Christs glory. What a great consort of Antechristians are now desperst amongst Christians.* Now is the mother of whoredomes mounted upon the seven headed best, that ten-crownd-hornd Monster, that old Dragon the devil,* hath given him his power, and hath giuen the beast authority, and hath printed on his fore-head the name of Blasphemie, he spews, and vomets forth uncleane spirits, which are Ambassadors

to enlarge the kingdom of Sathan, Bahilon is drunke with the bloude of Saints, and with the blood of Marters of Iesus Christ, the pittifull lamentation of the Church, spoken be the Prophet in the person of our Savior,* saying, Have ye uo regarde all ye that passe by this way, behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow. Our long suffring God at last being forced to speak, I have long time (says he) holden my peace, I have bene still and refrained myself▪ now will I cry like a trauellng woman, and I shall both destroy and deuoure at once. In that day of Gods wrath what shall the Idoles of the Gentiles help thee made of gould and silver, the workmanship of man's hands, they have a mouth and speaks not, they have eyes and sees not, and they have ears and heares not, such senseless stocks and stones can not help thee. The Prophet David cryes out, Similes illis siaut, qui faciunt ea, & omnes qui considunt in eis. Let them be lyke unto Idoles who maketh them, and let them be deafe, dumbe, and blind, let them be altogether senslesse who puts their trust in them; God is a Jelous God, he will not be mocked, nor deceived, he knoweth all them who boweth their knies to Baall, and looks on the filthiness of them who commits fornication with the whore of Babel, He hath marked all them that drinks the poysonus dregs of her abhominations, what answer gives the dissembling Hypocrite to this? O says he, I did it to save my life, my lands, and my possessions, or to get miantainance to sustain me. O thou faint-hearted coward, thou fearest that man who hath power to kill the body only,* but thou fearest not God who hath power to kil both soul & body, and to cast thee in hels fire. If thou think either riches, thy wife, or thy children, or thy Country, better then Iesus Christ, thou art not worthy of him, nor thou shalt never be pertaker with him in glory. Yet thou wilt reason farther, and say, O I did it only in outward shew of body but not with my heart. Now I will ask thee again? if thou had a wife whom thou loved well, and if thou fand thy wife, lying in the bosome of a stranger, adulteratting her body? would thou not say, O wife thou hast wronged me, thou hast violated thy matrimoniall vow before God, the world and me: Then if she should say, dear husband, I have lent this man only my body, but I keep my heart to you, what a villanous excuse would this be? would thou not repudeat her,* abandon her, and forsake her? Even so will our living God do to thee, he will spew thee out of his mouth, because thou art neither hote nor colde. And yet for all this, hear the comfortable speech of God his kind

intretie, his unspeakable mercy (says he) Although the man forsake his wife for her adulterie, yet I will not forsake thee;*thou hast played the harlot with many louers, after many strange Gods hast thou gone astray turn again to me, saith the Lord. I will receive thee, & if thou wilt not turn again, what saith the Prophet David, Nisi conuersi fuerit is gladium suum vibrauit, arcum suum tetendit & par auit illū.* If thou convert not, God hath sharpened his sword, he hath bent his bow, & made it readie. O that it would please God to end the discord amongst Christians, & that they would go against the Turks, Iews & Infidels, either to convert them, or else to confound them, Vt edificentur muri Hierusalem, that the walles of Ierusalem may be builded. These are the latter daies wherin we stager with the drunknes of sin, & the dulnes of our understanding can not reach to this, the hypocrit will sigh & grone at a preaching, & be his behavior he will appear to the world to be a reformed mā. But ô the villain will not make restitutiō of wrangous geir, nor will pay duty for oppression, so that the iniquitie of the impious & hypocriticall presitian leans alwaies to the mercy of God, they never think on his justice O ignorant foole, is he God of mercy, so is he God of Justice,*Vengence is mine (saith the Lord) I visit the sins of the fathers upon the third and fourth generations.* Want of fear makes the sinner senseless, they builde so much on faith, that the pride of their faith makes them faithles: in whom I (say again) shall the upright man trust when the world is so full of deceitful villany? Beware of that man (sayeth the Italian) who gives thee fairer words then he was wont to give thee, for he is either minded to deceaue thee, or else he hath deceived thee already, then again the Italian cryes out, De gli 'amici mei guarda me dio d' gli inimici mei, guardro benio. And yet for all this, what if a man had Argus eyes to watch deceit? Yet he may be deceiued, such is the craft of the subtle deceiuer. O thou deceiving Hypocrasie, what an Eie-blinding behaviour? What an external shew of chirping piety putst thou on to mask thy damnable deiling? The pride and envy of the heart, covered with out-ward dissimulation, seemes to correct vice, and spit at sin, thou walkst on the streets with a down-east look to Hell? thy modest apparell is the only coverture of Gluttonie, Ambit on and Venery, this is the true garment of civilitie, thy common and smooth speeches, is all compunde with borrowed spcriptures, thy be yea and na is no swearing, but both crost and curst is he who beleeuēs thee, Quoniam non est in ore cornm veritas. How

brauelie doeth S. Peter paint such men in their own colors when he says,*Through couetousnes shall they with feigned words, make marchandries of you, their judgement is not far off, and their damnation sleeps not. And again, hear what our Savior cries out, O generation of Vipers, how can you speak good things, when you are evil your selves. Thou atr a sighing •ulla-fidian brother, who is not ashamed to call thyself a brother in Christ, sigh & sob forth thy villanie, and be damned. How many (and wondrous) damned sectes and opinions are spred on the face of the earth, and every one to affirme their own erraesie, will lay hand on Scripture, wresting the word of God to be a warant to their dreaming inventions. O thou Religion how art thou changed? And with what strange and divers colors art thou painted with? How is thy face disfigurd, and thy apparel polluted? And with in grate wormes of the Earth, how art thou transformde? How can the simple soul know thee? Or to what hand shall he turn to, when so many contrare opinions are at such a miserable strife?* It is only to the humble heart that the treuth is manifested, and the true passage of Heaven is discovered,* because Iesus Christ hath placed his Tabernacle in the Soon, and he hath builded his Church like a great Cittie on the top of a Mountain,* blind Arrogance can not (nor will not) see it.* Our Savior, hath bought it with no lesse price, then the price of himself, he hath made it a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle, having no blame at all. Let Hereticks bark, and hellish spirits rage against the truth, what then? Et porti inferi non preualerunt. Let detestable errors, and all the authors of sects, let all such vipers, (I say) turn their infectious stings in their own bosomes, Sed vestrum quis basiliscus erit, woe be unto you adulterers of Gods word, and woe he unto you, who shuts up the kingdom of heauen before men,*for you your selves will not enter, nor will ye suffer them to enter who willinglie would enter. O serpents the generation of Vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of Hell. Dira tibi cum sis vt Cham, execratio certa est, nam matrem rides, risit ut ille patrem. Ye shall know them be their frutes of vain-glory, pride, emulation, sedition, contention, and undantoned lust of the flesh. And more than all this, you shall know them by unpardonable sins against the holie Gh•st, to wit, Impugnatio veritatis, inuidientia fraternae gratiae, presumptio, impenitentia, obstinatio, & desperatio. The heinous blasphemie against the holy Ghost shall never be forguien in this world, nor in the world to come,

For their vine is of the vine of Sodome and Gomorach, ther grapes are of gall, their clusters are most bitter, their vines are the poison of Dragons, and of the cruell gall of Cockatrises. O thou man of God, I request thee to say with the Prophet David, *Iudica me Deus, & decerne causam meam, de gente non sancta ab homine iniquo & doloso erue me Deus.* Let wisdom furnish the patience, to contrare-poison the contagious teeth of such mad dogs in these Canicular days, what detestable a thing is it, to see and hear a fraternitie of obstinat ignorants, barking (amongst themselues, at their own errors, to spoyle scripture, wrong Religion, and prattle of divinitie, still arrogant and ever scorning to be censurde with the more auncient and grauer judgements. It is no wonder, but the wonder of this (wondrous error) should make the hearers amasd. Who would not smile at the gesture of a young Philosophical fellow (who in his youth-heid hes bene anointed with *Oleum Philosophorum*) to hear him in his tedeus talk of Jugling sophestry, in superfluous circumlocutions, in his far-fetched exemples, in base applications, & in a never-ending discourse, seemeth to himself a most rare scoller by art, & then by nature he proues not else but a redicolus foole; these are they whom the Apostle S. Paul bids you be ware of, that their vain deceiuing Philosophy corrupt you not, which are not else but the traditions of men. Let all men of a soled understanding allow the Spanish Proverb,**A palabras locas orejas surdas, y que a mucho hablar, mucho error,* The Charleton or as the Dutch-man calls him, the Quick-siluer. This cogging raskall will stand upon a Market place, and there with a boulde errected face, he will beginne and tell of many invented miracles, how his Oyles and Waters hath done such rare wonders in restoring health to the diseased persons, in curing (as it were) incurable wounds and presently he will produce some feigned Charter seald with walx to approue his villanie, and be this means he perswades poor ignorants to buye his poysoning drogs. This is he who will undertake to mend any thing what-somever. The Mutebanky in Italie are not so full of deceit, but I grant in their subtle villanies, they go farre beyond them, yet they are lesse hurtfull to their auditors, and are more merry with lesse offence, yet I will not purge them of knavery. Who is a more self-deceiving foole in wisdom? or who is a greater Asse? then a Prognostication-maker, who says, that the Conjectures, which they have is founded upon probabylities, and not upon absolut necessities, & so consequetly, the

most perfect Prognosticators sometimes must erre; but why may not any Astronomicall villain, joynd with a dreaming Astrologitian villan, make and invent leisings, it is they who will take upon them to tell whats to come, and seeke to preiudge God of his glory, it is they who will tell the alterations of time, the change of weather, and in what estate a man's body shall be in, for that yeare into come. I think such Fortun-tellers or such Aegiptian-palmisters, when they set down such Physicall rules to a man or womans body, should be prejudiciall to the wise Physitian, because he lives him nothing to say, seeing he in his Mathematicall humor circumvolves the Heavens, and so audatiously intrudes himself in the secreetes of the Omnipotent God. But as for you ignorant Medicenars, I think you are not much prejudged, because your opinion is doubtosome, your judgement is voyde of understanding, and your experience is naught else but mere poison. And I say unto you with learned Antonie d' Guevara, Medesyngs de Valance, longues robes & peu de sciance▪ But you whom I honor and reverence, that you may rather allow (I meane you who fears God) and whose understanding is great) I hope (ye, I say) will excuse me to rail upon the abuse of this rare and wonderfull Scyence. The Book of God sayeth, Honor the Physitian with that honor which is dewe unto him, because of necessity, for the Lord hath created him. Then I will speak against such phantastick fellowes, which I have seene here in this Isle of Britaine, and in many other forraine Countries (where I have travelled) professe the Art of Medicine, and produce their great Charters, and Patents, sealde and subscribed where they have bene made Doctors, and then they are noight else but the very abusers of Physic, what a derision is it, to hear & see Domine Doctor discourse with a borrowed Countenance, and commonly at meat over the table, without respect of persons? O saith he, you must not eate of this, it offends the stomach; such and such is restoratiue, and this again breeds constipation, this is laxatiue, this breakes wind, and expels the Collick, and this is your only meat for confirmde stones, it purges the raines, and dissolues quickly, O what a scurvy discourse is this for the ears of a chest and skunring-hearted Lady? and cheefly at meat to talk of confirmde stones, purging of raines, and dissolving quickly. Fy upon it, I think it should not be suffred, & yet for the fashions sake, my Lord Doctor will not spare to produce some place of Gallein to make his leysings good and currant. Then beginneth he to frame a large

Comenter upon a borrowed text, interluding such a long Parenthesis, till at last his hauling speeches makes him altogether forget the originall of his former subject. O how will he hesitate when his long discourse begins to challenge memory, then obruptly will he change purpose not unlike a blood-hound which hath lost his sent. Woe be to poor patients comes under the Cure of such ignorants, who scarce can descerne a docken leafe from Tobacco. And yet he will say, that he is a rare herbest, how oft he visits the sick, as oft must he visit Gould, or else his visitation is stark naught: When he feeleth the punses of any diseased person, O says he, it is an Ague, a raging fever, houlde you warme, keep your self quiet, let no body molest you, I will come again, and see your water: Then the next time he comes with a consort of Cut-throts like himself, and after many whispering doubts, they call the Apotechar, and gives him a Recepie of I know not what, which poysones the poor distressed patient, and so sends him to his everlasting home. Then doeth their ignorance lay the fault on God, or else on the poor Patient, saying, he would not be reuld, nor commanded, he would not obey their precepts; and they make the man or the woman author of their own death. When the Painter is asked why he left his trade of painting to become a Doctor of Physic. O said he, when I was a Painter, all the world saw my errors, but now being a Doctor of Physic, I make the earth to burie my wrongs, they seeke forth the life and riches of mankind. Well may such ignorants be called, the Officers of death, for the life of mankind, is the tryell of their drinks, and with their poysoning drogs, they furnish graues, and feeds wormes. When the Patient is dead, the Doctor must be payde for all his visitations, the Apotechar for his drogs, the Barber for his Insitions, Fmmetings, Unguents, Cataplasms, Emplasterings, Balmes, and mollefyng Ceir-clothes, this must all be payed and much more. What if worse, none except it be Charlytous, Brokers, and Vsurars, flesh-flees, that still gnawes upon glad backs, blood-suckers, & a contagious pest to a cōmon-wealth. Why should not such devoring gulfs be discovered? and why should not such hulcerous phisters be bard and tented, & Rogry striped naked? wno should not unmask the worlds shedowed villanie? The beggerly inventiō of a subtile Pandros, the exploits & tricks of a mercenary whore, the fals reckoning host, the marchants perjurie, and the Lawyer deceit; but O I do not meane be that Lawyer whose conscience and soul is not spotted with murthering

brybrie, who hath compassion on the poor complainour, and takes the tears of the distressed widow for good paymēt: No, I meane be a Ianus-headed Lawyer who hath one face to his Clayant, & another to the Compeditor, whose ever-gaiping hand must still be anointed in the Palme with the holie unction of Gould, who must be courted like a whore with the sight of Angels, strange peeces of gould, and purse pennies. Woe be to many heart-tortred Clyants, whose right dependes upon the defence of an avaritious Lawyer. It is such poor souls who hath their ever-warsling minds intreacated in a Laborinth of woes, circumveind with innumerable fasheries, and still deceived with delays.

Patientia pauperum non peribit in finem.

(The patience of the poor shall not perish for ever.)

Therefore, O man, arme thyself with Patience in this miserable time, and couragiously fight it out; for so long as thou art heer into this little progresse of thy lyfe, great is thy battell, and many are thy miseries which doeth oppose themselues against thee; like unto the restlesse motion of the sea, one trouble being gone, another followes. Many sorrowes, and few pleasures, when we expect joy, then comes greefe, every one hath their own crosse, some les, some more. As poverty to an honest heart brings misery, greef of mind, & melancholy, because he conceals his want, and can not practise shameless shifts to perrell honesty, sickness, & many a languishing disease, which is lade before mankind. Oppression, when thy betters doeth abuse thee, taks thy wealth, & thy lands, puts the widow and the fatherless to begry. Lose of friends; when they who shuld help thee are gone, & hes no body to comfort thee in thy destres. Ship-wrack when thy substance is lost by sea, & thy life indangered. Banish|ment, when thou in a strange country, becomes a poor stranger, far from thy own soyle, thou liuest an out-cast, and thy enemies injoyes thy riches at home. Prison, when the crosse of rancountring misfortunes, doth imprison many a man within a Jaill, or casts him in chains within a Galies, triumpht over with Raskals (and as it were) the very resting place of all wrongs, when a

gentle heart is forced to harbor patience; and when revenge in a gallant breast turns coward, O this earthly hell, which hes no other Music, but locking of doores, the noise of irons and chains, the heavy complaint of distressed prisoners, lockt with bonds in misery, consuming in stink and filthiness. This said the Apostle S. Taul, Remember them that are in bonds, as if ye wer in bonds with them, so that every one aught by charitable works to have compassion on the poor distressed prisoners. Saith not the Prophet David with great grief of heart Let the sighing of the prisoners come before thee O Lord: as though he would say, O Lord God, consider the great anguish of their hearts, take mercy on them, and relieve their wants, how heavy and comfortles is this grievous cros. Some again are crosst with lose of honor, when a man either falles in disgrace, and commits some base and filthy fact, or when he suffers wrong, and can not repare himself, the crosse of mariage where there is no peace, quietnes, nor rest, voyde of all contentment, and ever barking, and so makes the devill smyl at their dissention. And what can be said to the crosse of idle love, which hangs on the shoulders of all sortes of people, as well married as unmarried. In this Frenasy manyould dotardes begins to renue their declyning age, and takes upon them the apprehension of youthheid, whilst their gray haire, and hairles heads, reckones up their years, and tells the world their folly, Turpe senilis amor, it is more tollerable in youth, so that it be not superstitious love; as sometimes to fast from meate and drink, watching the nights, and sending their lamentations written with bloody letters, railling on cruelty; and being alone in their retearing walks, they surfat the solitarie deserts with the sorrowfull voice of a discontented mind, with weeping eyes in splaine of passion, O says he,

The furious force of loves consuming fire,
No time can quench, nor thocht can not expell:
Such is the restles rage of my desire,
Which makes my wits within myself rebell:
Thus am I wrongd, and ever saikles slaine,
I shift my place, but can not shift my paine.

They ever esteeme their pains worse then the pains of hell, such are the sort of penitential lovers, who are alwaies Anatomisd with humorous follie. & yet how often comes it to passe, that they who taks most pains

to please, are most displeas'd, for it is knowne be unfallable experience, that the duetifull lover in a respected persute, is often rejected with many ingrattfull disdains. For some they are which are Monsters in the womanish sex, will hate that man most, who loves her best, and yeeld her self to a cowardly pultron of no desert. And again, we may evidently see, how some men of a currish & mastish kind, will be most carelesse of that woman who is most careful of him. Such are the unthankful discords and interviewing controversies, of this frivolous thing which the world calleth Blind-love, it is not the rich apparell, nor the rare bewtie, nor the art of curious engines, nor yet is it the gorgeous gesture of a glorious woman, which makes the woman: it is the good education, which brings forth good qualities, & it is the vertue of the mind, which doeth produce discretion, makes the woman a perfit woman; and that man, may truly be called a perfit man, who makes wisdom the unseperable companion of valor, whose liberall mind aims at honor, and whose couragious heart treads on fear to conques fame. O it is not the external shew of a Peacocks pride, who with the gesture of his painted plumes, seemes to threaten Kingdoms: it is not the man of personage, nor the robust nature, neither is it the quantity, but only the qualitie doth the turn. A woman may seeme very coy in brave attire, with a fair face, and yet a whore: a man may be clothed in fine clothes, he may be very strong of body, of a great stature, and he may in a fearless humor discourse of valor, but when it comes to the push of Fortune, he may prove naught else but a faint-hearted-coward, a turn-back to courage, and a runne-away from honor. What a world of vanity is it to see a painted fellow, that can do nothing else but court a woman, how effeminate will he be, and how prodigall will the tongue be to lend vows to the heart:

*Nec jura retine, veneris per jura venti
irrita, per terras & freta longa ferunt.*

No rights are retained, em come through the wind
invalid, the lands and the long time.

How perrillous is it to believe a Lover, how tempting will their words be, and how will they straine themselves to speak with vehemencie. Lady Rethorick ever hants the mouth of a Lover, and with borrowed speeches of braver wits, doeth enlarge their deceit, his perjured promises, his oaths, his vows, his protestations, his waiting-on, and all his iron sences drawn to feed upon the attractiue humors of her Adamantall beauty, as when the song or lipping speech of a Syranicall wench doth enchaunt his ears, the feeling of her too-much tempting flesh, doth intangle his touch, her perfumed breath doth sweeten his smell, the nectar of her lascivious kissing, gives delicacy to his taste, and her petulant beauty feedes his sight, her smile is his heaven, & her frown is his hell, she is the only idoll of his mind, for when he should serve God, he worships her, if he comes to Church, his looking on her behaviour takes away his hearing, robs him of devotion, and makes him a sencelesse blocke, with staring in her face, he learns the Arte of Phisiognomie, his vain apprehensions will read a womans thought in her visage, and when he lookes on her hands, O then he becomes a rare Palmister, for he will not spare to read her fortunes by lynes, for here (says he) is the true score of death, and there goes the score of life, from this part comes the venerian score, and if this close with that, ye may be assured to loose your Mayden-head, it is only this makes the too-much beleiving wenches despair of their virginities, his brains are tormented with new inventions, fancie leads him to a frensie, next lunaticke, and if he escape madnesse itself, he may thanke God. He spendes the time in his Chamber, with no other thing but with a great Looking-glasse, how to take off his Hatt, how to make his gesture, and in a discourse how to frame the motion of his hands, to kisse his finger, to make courtesy with his legge, to set his arme, to smile, to look aside, to walk, and then he stands gazing on the full proportion of his own body, which I swear is not else but the very true image of superstitious vanitie. When the Mistresse of his desires beholdes the Lovers dilligent attendance, then to keep the Lover still proude in a slavish service, often times shee will in a willing sloathfulness, make her Gloue or anie such thing fall, that he stouping may attaine to that looked-for-honor, to kisse what he takes up, and so receive a smile for his offitious humour: He will entertain her dog, keep her Fanne, call to light Torches, holde up the Tapestry, bring the Coach, and with a loude voice he will call, to make way for my Lady, to make vows, wear

favours, and do pennance, they are the true follies of idle love, but once beeing cooled of that hote and lunaticke frenzie, O howe will he then blush at his own folly, when he begins to examine his wits, and considers with him self how farre he hath gone astray. But what can be said to such who wants grace to make a retreat, but still dwels in that endless misery, they never weary, but thinkes all slavish pains pleasure, some by night with music, some with walking in her sight, some with gifts, songs, letters, and convoyes, every one by degree doeth pouse his Fortune, and every one by degrees counterfets their betters. I often smiled to see a Pandorly-fustian-Rascall, lead a mercinarie-Perpetuana-drab, there is nothing invented and put in practise by higher estates, but the baser sort do still striue to imitate, and chiefly in apparel. It is most true that a man is to be commended, if he be cleanly, and chiefly in his linings, his hair well dressed, his beard well brushed, and always his vpper lip well curled, with an fresado up-start, as if every hair would threaten to pull out his eyes, for if he chance to kisse a Gentlewoman, some rebellious hair may happen to startle in her nose, and make her sneese, so by this means, he applies both phisick & courtesy at one time, then he may freely say, God blesse you Lady, receaving back the chirping Eccho of I thank you sir. But look again on the other part of snotty nosd Gentlemen, with their drouping mustaches covering their mouth, and becomes a harbroy to meldrops, and a sucking sponge to all the watery distillations of the head, he will not spare but drink with any body whatsoever, and after he hath washed his filthy beard in the cup, and drawing out dropping, he will suck the hair so hartily with his under lip. I ask at Civility, if such a poisonous sup can be wholesome? of if the kisse of such a slavering mouth be sweet? Farre may such beastly filthinesse be from handsome and perfit men, who still attends upon the handy labour of pittifull Ladies, if a Lady be a perfit woman indeede, and still aims at honesty: what although she hit not the mark of gentility? yet the pendicles of her desires should be cleanly: as she her self is most daintie, neate, pollite, and fine in all things, and chiefly in her sleeping chamber, to see the whitenes of her linings, the cleanlinesse of her night-clothes, her chamber-pot filled with sweet flowers (to stay the stur of water) her perfumed odours, sweet-washing-balls, Pomanders, sundry sorts of smelling waters, fannes, hatts, feathers, glasses, combs, brouches, ruffes, fallingbands, red and

white face-colours, scarfes, vardingales, artificiall locks of curled hair, with up-standing-frisadoes, their smoothing-skin-clouts, night-smocks, muffels, masks, petticotes, waistcoats, gownes, picadels, attires, chains, carkats, cases, coffers, boxes, and many things more, that if a man intrude him self in a Ladies bed-chamber, & look upon every thing about him, he shall think him self to be no else where, but in an evil deformed shop of Merchandise. But on the other part, look upon filthinesse itself, when some women in a sluttish estate, hath their bed-chamber like a swines-stie, ill-favoured (and unscoured) Pispot, their combs and brushes, full of loose hair and filth, their foule smocks ill laid-up, their knotty phlegme and spetting on the walls and floore, the black and slaverie circle on their lips, sweating, smoaking, and broathing in their uncleane-sheetes, that if any would hold their head within the bed, I think the strong smell were an excellent preservatiue against the Pest, and none like it, except it be the jumbling of a Jakes, or of a Close-stoole: for it is a true Maxeme, that the force of such odious and hatefull smells, doth occupie the sence, and holdes out the pestiferous air of the Plague, God forbid, but the beastly filthinesse of some women, should make the delicate and fine fashions of other women (who are civill and honest) appeare pleasant. And even so, why should not the grave and good life of a discrete woman (who fears God) make the filthy fashions of an harlot (whose actions are most abhominable) appeare loathsome to the world? and still to be disdained and hated of all honest Matrones. What a monstrous thing is it, when a shameless woman carries the jewell of impudencie on her fore-head, giving her boldness to exploit any thing, and to execute all her filthy actions without anie regard: Farre be it from me to cry out against the modest Matrone, the chaste Widowe, or yet to misconster the civill behaviour of an honest Virgine, whose education is true Vertue, who resolues constantlie, and performes wisely, and whose doubtosome actions, are all mixtured with fear, and accompanied with a Virgine blush, in every thing discrete, a grave gesture, a spotlesse speech, a moderate smile, and a chaste mind, and whose thoughts are not polluted with lecherous exploits: Such sort of women are to be valued at a high price, they are of great worth, and most worthy to be honoured and esteemed of by all men, when vilde and brutish women (that is robbed of all vertue, and loaden with vice) makes the transparent perfection of a good woman seeme glorious to the secret

sight of God, and to the outward shew of the world? so I do what I can to imitate the skild Painter, who makes a darke shadow, give a bright luster (& an shining life) to his upright colours. Why should not filthy kennels avoyde the corrupted excrementes of Nature from fair streetes? And why should I not striue to make an honest behaviour, spurne at a shameless gesture? and I do not doubt but the wiser sort will spurne at the increase of such superstitious vanities that are in this present age, and the great abundance of idle, strange, and new invented toys: as when some women deckes and trimmes themselues of purpose to tempt the eyes of man. And setting forth their wantonnesse (which is compounded of all kind of farre-fetched fashions) that every one may read in their apparel, as it were in a Cart. The description of all forraine Countries, with such new additions of Art, as seemes in dumbe shewes, to say, What lacke you Gentlemen. This sort of women do not follow the command of Saint Paul,*That a woman should be arrayed in comely apparel, with shamefastnesse and modestie: And what says the Prophet Isaiah, The daughters of Sion are haughtie, and walk with stretched out necks, and with wandring eyes, walking and mising as they go, making a tinkling with their feet. And what says he more,*Woe be unto them, that draw iniquitie with the cords of vanitie, And are not these things the true cords of vanitie, which drawes both man and women to eternal destruction: Our Savior affirms it,* saying: Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath comitted adulterie with her in his heart. And for all this, how often falls men upon the stumbling blocks of iniquitie: the wise man says, Stumble not at the beauty of a woman, beware of all her insnaring-engines, for they are many and very tempting.

CA n not thy eyes, the eyes of man command:
Hath not thy face sufficient force to kill,
But that thou must ungloue thy juorie hand,
Whose beauty robs proud Cupid of his skill:
So with thy hand thou shootes Cupidous darts,
And shootes at naught but at poor Lovers harts.

But how can that man eschew, such fleshly temptations, who makes their company his summum bonum, when all his felicity is placed upon their dauncing, singing, speaking, playing, and with sweet and

serious notes (moving her fingers upon a Violl d'Gambo) enchants his ears, and allures his sight. Can a man (says Solomon) take fire in his bosome,*and his clothes not be burnt, As he would say, can a man hant the company of wanton women, and not be allured with their lascivious stratagemes, when a man beholds their legges clothed with silk stockins, rich garters, fine pearled and well wrought smocks. Such Hermophradites, such pretty tempting instruments with tenne thousand more artificiall tricks, which doeth enrage the lustfull man, and makes him,

Fremitando Come uno Stallone, che à veduta la Caualla.

Frothing Like Stallone, who saw the Caualla.

SOme Martiall men bewitch'd with beauty rare,
Are intricate in Laborinths of Love:
And forc'd to trie in fancies flatt'ring snare,
What sweet-mixt-sowre or pleasing pains can prove.
Then Nymph-like-she with strange inticing look
Doth so enchant the gallant minded men,
The bayte still hides the poison of the hooke
Till they be fast, and thus betray'd, what then?
Poor captiue slaues in bondage prostrate lies,
Yeelding unto her mercy-wanting-will:
She in disdain scorns all their careful-cries,
And Circes-like triumphes in learned skill.
With ambling trips of beauties gorgeous grace,
Aurora-like in firie colours clad,
And with bright reflex of her fairest face,
She tempting goes with brainsick humors lad.
Fearing that if she should but look below,
Then Beames would from her burning eyes descend
On Juorie brest proud swelling hils of snow
Would melt, consume, and all their beauty spend.
And so she lets her curled lockes down fall,
Which do allure the gentle cooling wind

To come and play, still wrapping up in thrall
Chains of her hair, fond Louers hearts to binde.
Beauty in prime adorn'd doth feede the sight
From crimson lips sweet Nectars gust forth flowes
Odours perfumes the breath, not Natures right
White Iuorie hands a sacred touch bestowes.
And when those pearle of Orientall-rankes
With treasure rich of tempting sound deuides
From two bright daintie mouing-corall-bankes
In-circkled ears calme smoothing speeches slides.
Each sencelesse sence on doting pleasure fast
Doth in a carelesse Register inroule:
Wishing that course of swift-wing'd Time to last,
Which spots the spotlesse substance of the soul.
But oh behold, Nature in mourning weede
Weeps to be wrong'd with superstitious Art,
For what can brains of rare inuention breede?
Or what's unsought which pleasure may impart?
The sharpest wit whose quicke deceauing still
Makes restlesse musing of their mind to trie
Uaine trifling snares, mixtur'd with Magicks skill,
So Art adds that which Nature doth denie.
And thus much more sweet Syrens songs she sounds,
To charme, conjure, and tempt his listning ear:
Oh, then the poor Captiued wretch abounds
In peruerse vows, and monstrous oaths to swear.
By furious force of Fancie more than mad,
With fond desire in restlesse course he hunts:
Blind Love can not discern the good from bad,
When on the eye-plum'd taylor of pride it mounts.
The curious mind makes choice of good or ill,
Then scales the Fort of his Engine to clym
Above the top of Art exceeding skill,
Perfect in that predominates in him.
Drunke with the wonders of a worthlesse worth,
From prospect of a looking-glasse he takes
Strange Apish trickes to set his folly forth,
Mock'd with the gesture that his shadow makes.

When foolish feates no waies will serve his turn,
All hope is drown'd in despaires groundlesse deepe:
In restlesse bed (he martir'd man) must mourne,
Thoughts, sighes, and tears admit no kind of sleepe.
Thus lays the Conquest Conquerour of fields
On his hurt heart he carries Cupids skarre.
The scuruie fainting Coward basely yields
To idle Love the enemy of warre.
Now Trumpets sound, brave Martiall music turnes
To fidling noise, or else some am'rous song,
That glorious Fame her wings of worth now burnes,
When golden youth in prime must suffer wrong.
Thus gallant sprights do quintesence their wits,
Spending the rare invention of their brains
On idle toys, at which high honor spits,
Nor memoriz'd memorials remains.

IS it not said? that fair windowes, lascivious lookes, curled locks, the discovered mountaines of the moving breast, often crossing of streetes, and the hanting of assemblies, are the true harbingers, and fore-runners of venarie. A leacherous bed, is commonly decored with all kind of allurements, for the better execution of vulgar actions, and the secret discharge of Uenus lascivious misteries, painted with the true colours of Ouids works, as the disguising of naked Gods, and Uenus dallying with Adonis, Tarquin at strife with Lucrece, Hero sporting with Leander, and such other wanton Objects with pretty conceites, to encourage the unwilling, and to warme the cold humor of frostie desires: besides all this, the sheetes must be perfumed, and sundry fine drying clothes, some well furnished glasses of delicate reviving liquors, to give a new life, and to make a more swift resurrection to the fatigated creatures. The often change & mixtures of many sundry natures, doth hinder the propagation and issue of children, and so regardlesse women by this means gives lust free libertie, so to the eyes of the world, with simple denials they live long honest. There is nothing more profitable to a Tavern, then well-skilled (and pretty wenches) it makes the wine to have an excellent gust, it covers the imperfections of the house, and gives a Curtaine to all kind of corruption. To mercenarie women all sorts of men are welcome, the

Clowne as well as the Courtier, the Rascall, the Gentleman, the Boy as well as the Maister, it is only gold and gifts makes choice, if they conceaue with childe, what then? some women fearless of Gods heauiwreath, will take drinke to destroy her conception, and so commits a murder against Nature: and what's more against Nature, then that abhominable sin of Sodomie? O what filthy and strange inventions hath mankind, to sloken the fierie lust of the flesh? but beholde what is the end of all such filthinesse, such beastly lust, worse then beastly, because the brute beasts keeps the rule and direction of Nature, & they against Nature hath no appointed time in particular, but takes their time in all maner of times. And I say again, what is the end of this abomination? and what reward hath God prepared for such wilde creatures, Gli scadali, Gli homicidi, la pregione, le Crapuli, gli morbi, ele bestemmie, sono la legitima prole del putanisimo, They are the true children of whoring, & the true off-spring of filthy lust: the tormented Italian lying martired, cries out, Donna ma fatto, E donna ma disfatto. Who should pittie such sort of miserable Caitiues?

Non si doilga d'altrui, non si lamenti,
Chi da Cagion, ai sui propitormenti:

Do not bother others, do not complain,
Who from Cagion, to his prophets:

That honest and universall woman, Mistres Werolle gave a general command, that Mounsieur Camuis should by no means brangell his joynts, nor yet play at Iaktaleg: Is it not said, that fire, water, and women, are the greatest three daungers in this world. The old and learned Father giving his opinion of the lustfull person, and what harme it brings with it, he says, Luxuria sensum habetat, confundit intellectum, memoriam obdurat, euacuat sensum, obnubilat visum, reddit hominem pallidum ac foeàum, senectutem inducit, mortem deni{que} maturat. All these miserable things are the true renews of leacherie, when vanishing beauty begins to decay, and then looks in a Mirror, then it shall see the strange ruines of time, the wrinkled impression of unwelcome age, which blind vanitie never did look for:

they shall beholde their eyes sunke in their head, and their face all disfigured. Let the most beautiful body that ever was in the world, be but foure houres deprived of life: how hard favoured will it be? how loathsome both to the sight and smell will it become? then where shall the Prophet of Painting be? where is the vertue of complexions? and where is all the Engines that did abuse beauty? all thy fairing can not help the defects of Nature, at last, it will bewray itself. O but hear what that learned and godly Father S. Augustine says, *Fucare figmentis quo vel rubicundior vel candidior, vel verecundior appareant adulterina fallacia est: quanta amentia effigien mutare naturae, picturam querere: tollerabiliora prope modum in adulterio crimina sunt, ibi enim pudicitia hic Natura adulteratur:* And what says that devine man Saint Ambrose, *Deles picturam Dei mulier, si vultum tuum Materiali candore oblinisti.* Again, Saint Cyprian with the rest of these learned and devout Fathers, says, *Foeminae manus Deo inferunt, quando illud quod ille formauit reformare contendunt.* How detestable a thing is it to see a filthy creature seeke to reforme the handy-worke of God: how unthankful and ingrate art thou to thy Creator, when thou seest the blind, the cripple, or any stricken with Gods hand? how shouldst thou thanke God, who hath created thee with all the joynts of thy body stretcht and even, and hath given thee all thy right members, he might have made thee a monster to the world: But O! thy pride considers not this: but thou with Art will correct the wondrous works of God: O come è indegna è stomacheuole cosa il vederte talhor, con un pinello pinger le guance & occultar le mende di natura è del tempo, è veder Come il liuido pallor fai parer di ostro, Le rughe apiani è il bruno imbianchi è togli col defetto il defetto. All their inventions, their ever-devising conceites, are naught else but snares to entrap our own souls: the man with enticing vanities, doeth allure and perswade the women, and the women with superstitious and superfluous follies, tempts the man, and yet for all this, there is many women (no doubt, who means well) are deceived with the subtle deceits of false and perjured men: they will make their own sex by an instrument to overthrowe them, when a woman will for gold or mony tempt another woman, and vse all deceiving tricks to ensnarcher: so I say, a woman to a woman is a great enemy; such Pandrosses cares not the wrack of young damosels, and then the distressed woman becomes an out-cast to her friends, ashamed of themselues, and a slave to all kind of misery. But can such

sort of women be excused, who desiring to be deceived, will compound and yeeld upon reasonable conditions. This sort of women are the weaker vessels, who imputes their wantonnes to their too-much weakness, and whose naturall infirmities must be excused with their simple ignorance, who trusted so much to oaths and vows. O God, was ever man bewitched to think that the conquest of a woman can crown honor: or can it raise any Trophies to virtues victorie: or was ever the stealing of a Maids virginity registred in any chronicle for a valorous act of worth, and being got, what is it? A hastie-past-pleasure, with a speedie following repentance, where a swarme of tortring thoughts still works, a swift revenge, a trifling toy, and like a feather blown with the wind before children, for when one boy gets it, he opens his hand to see it, the wind blowes it straight away again, then others runs and gets it again, again, and again, and so it goes still from hand to hand. And whats all this they runne for, it is but a feather, let it go, Who builds his hopes upon the ruenous ground of a wavering womans Constancie, shall have a sudden fall: And well may he with a pare of crossed armes breath forth and say,

Donna adorata, e, un nume del inferno.

IF haples I, had harbord in my heart
The festred sting of ever-tortring greefe,
Reuthles disdain had never scornd my smart,
Nor I have baisde myself to beg releefe:
But O, my Mistres, hath a womans mind,
Who loves her best, there proues she most unkinde.
Do what she can, O cruell faithles fair,
Be still ingrate, and never grant me grace:
For why? the proud triumph of my Despare
Hath lade my hopes before her slaughtring face:
There must they sterue, murthred with mis-regarde,
My Love is loath'd, and I have no reward.
Then fare-well Love, a woman is a toy,
Which being got, some other gets again:
Curst be that man, whose jelousie is joy,
And yeelds him servile to a Sluaish paine:

Who courts a woman, must not think it strange,
That want of wit, still makes her mind to change.
O man whom God his cheefest wonder made,
And Treasure rich of his all-seeing Eye,
The winter blast, thy flourish fare shall fade:
Swift-posting-time, still tels thee you must die:
In fansies lap spend not thy days for shame,
Go spend thy days where honor lives with fame.
Then get you gone, sweet Syrins of deceit,
Full well I know your strange enchanting skill:
I scorn that Coward of a base conceat,
That Pandor-like waits on a womans will:
O let him die deceaud, that will not doubt you,
And happiest he, who best can live without you.

When a man hires an horse, either to ride Post or Journey, as it pleases the ryder, at his journeies end he receaues but a hyrelings pay, and so he is presently gone. But when a man hes an horse of his own, he will have a care of him, and spare for no expenses to see him well furnished, well fed, and well dight, neither will he burst him, nor spur-gall him, but he will ride him softly and spare him. Now what if his horse should learne gades, and do nothing without the Bastenado, kick with his feete, and not be answerable to the Rainzie, but must be ridden with a French bit; in faith then I think that man had better ridden on a Caronze hyrling, when his own horse proves noght else but a wearied jad. If a man could say this word My own, he were happy so being he could say it with contentment, as my own house, my own wife, my own children;* is it not written, Let every man have his own wife. But now in these days, such is the detestable abhominations copen into the hearts of men, which makes them to polut the sacred band of Matremonie. Now in this godles time a man cares not to put away his own wife, and take another; he will alledge a thousand lies, he will corrupt men and wemen to beare false witnes, or else he is not ashamed to discover his own filthiness, and take the fault on himself,*What God hath coupled together, let no man separate.* And again, our Savior says, VVhosoeuer shall put away his own wife, and maries with another, committeth adultery: And if a woman put away, or deuorse her self from her own husband, committed adultery, incase she marie

with any other man. Said not the man to the woman at their first Creation, This is now bone of my bones,*and fleshe of my fleshe, and for that cause she shall be called woman. And again S. Paul speaking of the love should be betwix the wife and the husband, and what authority he hath over his wife, he sayeth,*The man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man, for the man was not created for the womans sake, but the woman for the man's sake. And why then should a man hate his own flesh and bones. Why should not a wel-deserving wife be well cherished, and above all things, most respected, as his second-self, yea, even all in all as himself. But many men are to blame, who maries a woman, and presently after he is married, goeth to farre Countries, and longsome journeys, and lives her to the mercy of all misery, it is a great signe and token that this man whatsomever, hes neither respect to God nor shame of the world, and he is a Rebel to the command of God.*When a man takes a new wife, he shall not go a warfare, neither shall he be charged with any bussinesse, but he shall be free, and remaine at home one yeare, and rejoyce with his wife. It were better never to marie, then to mary and abuse Mariage. But the original of this mischeef proceeds partely of Parents, and partely of the parties themselues, whose avarice and greed of geare is such, that they care not whom with they joyne, so being they be rich; they look not to education, to qualaties, not birth, riches hides all imperfections, and what followes, nought else but hatred, greefe, a languishing repentance, a mutuall contempt, a continual battell, and a loathsome bed when daies of anger, and nights of sorrow, are waited-on, with Argus-eid jealousy. The wise man saith in his Canticles Ielousie is cruell as the grave,*and the coles thereof are fyrie, and coles of a vehement flame. And the Italian making a description of jelousie, he crieth out, with a vehement passion, Da quell sospetto rio, da quell timore, da quell Martir, da quella frenesia, da quella rabia detta gelesia. How many are they who are robd both of shame and honor, yeelding to insatiable lust, no restraint, nor yet setting limits to modesty, but gives their own desire fre scope to a more than beastly appatyte, intertainde with all kind of delicat allurements, that their filthy flesh may ever be craving, and the better furnished with that consuming pleasure. And again, when some shameless creatures makes their body the moving stage of licherous sin, where all the fates of activaty, and walting trickes gives a general trial in a particular form; when base blood corrupts Nobility,

& makes wrongous heires possess other men's lands, when voluntary ignorance becomes a Nurse to unlawful children: And when the sacred vow of Matrimonie is made a jugling maske to oversyle the eyes of true simplisetie: The wrongde Spaniard cryde out, De la mala muger te guarda, y de la buena no fies nada. Alas, poor horned bucks, whilst they judge charetably and makes their foolish ignorance impute all to a kind courtasie, which brings nothing with it but an homely honesty, even then is least misdeming minds made a mocking stock to secret villany, and if the partie (who is wrongde) appeare to misconster any thing, or to smell knavery, then presently is there a complementing application of borrowed imbracements accompaned with vrged tears, feigned kisses, false perjuries, flatring speeches, with broken vows, and a number of unperformde protestations. All this villanous dissimulation hoodwinks verity, & maks one become the pointed-outspout of anothers pleasure, one beat the bush whilst others catch the bird, and the righteous owner feed on idle shows, whilst strangers injoies the true substance. This tricking Humor takes both chesses and belles from many a one, & sends them to the Rangild.* But hear what opinion the word of God hath of such, The lippes of a strange woman drop as a honey combe, and her mouth is more soft then Oyle, but the end of her is more bitter then wormewod, and more sharp then a two edged sword. And again to that same purpose, Then why shuld thou delite, my son, in a strange woman, or imbrace the bosome of a strāger? With what eyes can thou look upon thine own wife when thou giuest thy body to another woman; is not her face a book that unfolds a volume of accusations to thy spotted soul: Is not the Echo of these words, I take thee before God, still sounding through the corners of thy Conscience, tooke thou not her to thy wife? did thou not vow before God and the world, to keep thy body clean only for her. Why should thou then imbrace the bosome of a strange woman. And here again what description the word of God maketh of an Harlot, and how it paints forth the filthinesse of a shameless woman, And I saw among the fooles,*and considered among the children, a young man destitute of understanding, And behold there met him a woman with an harlots behavior, and subtile in heart, so she tooke him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him, I have peace offrings, this day have I payde my vows, therefore came I forth to meete thee, that I might seeke thy face, and now I have found thee, I have deckt my bed

with ornaments, Carpits, Laces of Aegipt, I have perfumde my bed with Mirrh, Aloes, and Cynamon, Come let vs take our fill of love till the morning, let vs take our pleasure in dalliance, for my husband is not at home, he is gone a journey, farre off, and he followed her straight ways, like an Ox that goeth to the slaughter. The pryce of such pleasures are great, and ever brings with it a swift repentance, and the end of it is noight else but Misery, Poverty, shame and Beggery. O what pleasure is it to see the man & the woman both of one mind, comorting with others imperfections, and still yeelding to others waiknes, El consejo de la muger es pocoy quien no le toma es loco, When a modest discretion, and silent patience is applyde to their own infirmities; for when the woman is in rage and stormes at her houshold affairs, correcting wrongs with the furious rage of her tongue. O then the man should labor to pacifie her with sweet words, gentle admonitions, and large promises. Is it not a common Proverb, that wyles helps wake folke. And when the man is in rage, the woman should not then tempt his patience, but holde her peace, and with loving words, obedient duty, and all kind of courtasie carres him, and be quiet.* Says not S. Paul, I permit not a woman to vsurpe authority over the man, but to be in silence. This is the true duty of a woman towards her husband, and this woman is the woman of wisdom, as it is written, A peaceable woman, and of a good heart,*is the gift of the Lord, and there is nothing so much worth as a woman well instructed, this is great riches, and a rich treasure. This woman bringes peace with her, she hes a careful desire, and an earnest love towards her husband, and discharges an upright duetie to her children, with many eyes watchfull over her house. And what is such a woman worth? The Scripture tels thee, That her pryce is far above the pearles, the heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no need of spoyle, she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life, she seketh wooll and flax, and laboreth cheerfully with her hands. This is the woman whose ears doeth not itch for strange teddings, nor is she curious to search secreets of others affairs, nor yet goes she abroad to seeke news, nor hes she any disease to be curde with the air taking, she breeds not her childe with the languishing disease of a new fashiond gown, nor yet needs she any molefying Ceir-cloath to be lade at her stomach, because she can not get her will, her domestick affairs is a pleasant pastime, which brings profiet by the purches of her own hands, She

puts her hands to the whele, and her hands handle the spindle, she is it not afraide nor ashamed to fyle her fingers for the well of her family, and so by her handy-labor helps to sustain them, Her husband is knowne in the gates, when he sitteth with the Elders of the land, she hath a care to see him civill, in all things his honor is her glory, she is not a pratler, but she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and law of grace is in her tongne, she over-seeth the ways of her houshold, and eats not the bread of idlenesse: her children ryse up and call her blessed, her husband also shall praise her. O what a world of happines liueth that man and woman in where mutual concotde, peace and quietnesse, true tranquillity of mind triumphs, wher external dissimulation is not aplyde to cover the inwarde deceit of the heart, and where a modest discretion excuses and dantons the fleshly desire of insatiable lust. This may be called felicitie. All their prayers are acceptable to God, what they pretend is prosperous, because all their actions fears the Lord, it is only to such as these that God will keep his promise, spoken by the mouth of David the Prophet, He hath giuen a portion unto them that fear him, he will ever be mindefull of his Covenant. And what is it? Even this, Thy wife shall be as the fruitfull wyne on the sides of thine house, and thy Children lyke the Oliue plants round about thy table, thus are they blessed that feareth God. For all these kynde promises and large blessinges bestowed on mankind. Yet there are many men and women whom God hath blessed with children, who are unworthy & unnatural Parents, they are careless, of their childrens education, and cares not what becomes of them; how far is it against Nature to see a woman cary the Infant in her belly nyne Moneths; and that while vexed with so many sundry sorts of intolerable pains, and when she approches neere the delivery of her birth, what a fear and terror will posses all the parts of her body? what pittifull exclamations will she make through her grieuous tortour? what an extreme agony and perrell of her lyfe will she be in, before the Childe part from her belly? This is a great and stupendeous miracle of Nature, ordained by God Almighty, and for all these torments, greefes, and vexations, some unnatural mothers will forget their children, she will be so delicate, she will not nourish them, nor fyle her fine clothes with slobbring younglings, she must have a stranger to nource her childe, for the bewtie of her snowe-white skinne must not be blabered with sucklings. It appeares very well, that these sort of women gettes

and ingenders their children only for pleasures sake, and delivers them to the world for mere necessity, to empty their wombe. Again when they come to perfect years, some Parents will give over their children to all kind of misery. When God in his super-abundant mercy speaks to Sion be his Prophet, he says,*Can the mother forget her own infant, or can she not be mercifull to the childe of her own wombe, if she could be forgetfull, yet I will not forget thee, nor can I reject thee, for beholde I have written thee in the fleshe of my own hands. In this comparison our God shows how farre it goeth beyond all naturall reason that the Parents should forget their children. But there are many children who deserueth the wrath of their Parents, through their own ingratitude, and through their great over-sight of duty, Honor thy Father and thy Mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath giuen thee. Let ingratfull children go look on that wondrous worke of Nature, and of Love; the young Cigonz• is will vomet up their meate from their stomach to nurisch their parens, when they are old and can not flee. Look to all beasts by Nature, what love they cary one to another, & what mutuall concord in their own kind; and how much more ought reasonable creatures, the Parents to the children, and the children to the Parents: Ye Parents (says S. Paul) prouoke not your children to wrath: Meaning be over great austernes, when Parents and Children lives all in peace and quyetnes, and in charitable concord. O how good a thing is it (says the Scripture) and how joyfull is it, to see brethren and sisters, and the whole family to live in love and peace, they eate their bread with sweet contentment, and spends their days in great happines. But woe be to seditious tail-tellers, to leying lippes, to harkners and rounders, to back-byters and slanderers, who are sowers of dissention, and with their wicked and malicious tongues, are inventers of mischeif: The wisdom of God saith, A wicked person soweth strife, and a tail-teller maketh dissention. It is upon such wicked instruments that the great God hath promest to raine fire and brimstone, with stormie tempests: this shall be the portion of their cup, with many more grievous and endless torments, which are provided for detractors and slanderers.*All beastes are tamde be man, but the tongue no man can tame, it is an unruely evil, full of deadly poysone. Contentment is great wealth, and sobreatie with love, is better then Kingdoms with strife,*I had rather dwell with a Lion, then keep house with a wicked wife. And again saith the Scripture, A wicked wife

maketh a sory heart, an heavy countenance, and a wounded mind, wake hands, and feeble knees, and can not comfort her husband in hauines. Can any go more neere the husband then the wife? are they not both one flesh? But such is the wake fragility of our wicked nature, that even they who lies in others bosomes some-time will discord; but the discord amongst friends should be short, as betwix the Parents and the Children, betwix Brether and Sisters, and chiefly betwix the Man and the Wife; Is it not written, Let not the Sunne go down upon your anger: The anger of some wemen are dangerous. the wise and learned man Ausonius speaking of a womans anger, he says, That the wylde Boare persewed of dogs, the Viper whose taile is tread upon, the Lyons bitten with hunger, the Tiger robd of her young-ones, are not more cruell and fearce then an angry woman.**Melior est iniquitas viri, quam mulier benefaciens.* There should be no up-casts betwixt the man and the woman, as to say, thou art come of this, or of that, we are all the children of Adam, and also what ever secretes are amongst them, should not be reveild, were the occasion never so great. Many times great mischief hes bred of such things, for this cause woman shuld not be curious of the man's perticular affairs.*Sampson being married with the uncircumcised Philistanes, his wife did never rest, but importuned him to know his secrets, and then she reveild all to his great harme. The wise man Solomon sayeth, A vertuous woman is the crown of her husband,*but she that maketh him ashamed, is as corruption in his bones. But many times it falles out, that the man is author of his shame, blowing and sounding abroad the Trumpet of his own ignomy; in this respect, that when he knoweth a particular imperfection to predominat in his wife, he will not be secrete, but makes the world pointe their fingers at his turpritude; when he is to come home, he should send word before, and tell he comes, and if his mind assure him that *Occupata ela stanza*, then should he be very ware to enter his house upon a suddainty, least he catch a moat in his eye, and then his eie-sore will sting his heart with impatience, turning all the misty-clouds of his darke doubts, in a clear-shining verity, it will bring Jelousie to a true and perfect resolution, it will give him possession of Horns, and so by this means, it inrolles him amongst the Cathegory of voluntary Cuckolds, then must he maintain a back-dore for the ingresse and egresse of his wifes vulgare actions. A sentenall must have a good ear, a quick eie, and a swift retreat, that the all'arme may be the more tymous, and

to make a more large preparation for Patience. O what a spacious subject is this, and how endless appears this profound discourse, like a stranger Pilgrim in a wilderness, I have lost my way; or like the Seafaring-man fatigated in a longsome voyage, sounding his lead where he findeth no ground, in such groundles deepes; then at last he returnes hopeles to end his (seeming endless) journey, with a dissembling courage, and a heartles cry, he comforts his company. So (good Reader) I am forced here obruptly to break off, for so long as this Subject is the load-star of my discourse, I think, and am assured that my Ship shall never arryue to the sight of Capa dell buena asperanza. Then in despair I bid this large Ocean fare-well, for this fearful, and tempestuous storm threatens Ship-wrack, I must stand by my Taikling, shut my Rudder a lee, and seeke up for the next shoare.

Away vain world, thou Oaecan of annoyes,
And welcome Heauen with thy eternal joyes.

O How farre (beholde) doeth it go beyond the reach of man's capacitie to ponder the great and wondrous workes of God, when we meditate upon his miracles, to see the frame of every thing, presenting such strange objects, this large prospect of Heaven and Earth, the admirable operations of every thing which hath bene wrought, and still works in the swift course of time; and when we have considered all that we can, or may, we shall see that mankind of all other creatures, are most ingrate to his Creator. So that this great and universall Glob, whose spacious shoulders is over-lodned with the wickednesse of mankind, and wearied with the heavy burden of weghtie sin, and the unnatural strife in all kind of estates, even from the rich Monarch to the poor begger. We may see Kings opposde against Kings, these great and earthly powers triumph in other men's spoyle, we may see mighty ruelars vsurpe Kingdoms, subjects mutein against their own naturall Prince, contemn his Laws, & in spight of God, oppress the poor, and turn careless Rannegats to all Christianity, *Virum sanguinum & dolosum abhominabitur Dominus*, God abhors and detests the bloody and malitiouse man, he shall never get mercy, all his abhominations shall not leave him, but shall follow him and accuse him, his ambition,

and the complaints of the oppressed, shall condemne his Soul. And what is all this world, it is nocht else but a stage where every one acts their part, and then makes an eternal retret without return, Heavens inclostred powers looks down, and they see all the dulfull Tragedies of unrecalled time, and marks the unspeakable wickednesse of mankind, how many folies are acted upon this stage, for the most part plays the Buffone, and all their life is but a pleasant Comedy, and with the Ethnick they cry out, Ede, bibe, dorme, post Mortem, nulla voluptas. Upon the other part we may beholde the picture of true repentance, painted with ten thousand miseries, the pittifull gesture of men, how unlawful Law hes made miserable, the beggerd Marchant, who hath bankerd-out his credit: the Artisan whom age and sickness brings to poverty, and we may see how the threed-bare Cationer goeth with melancholious grones, dispersing the sighs of his greeved mind in the Air: we may see how the curious Alchamist in seeking the Philosopher-stone, with continual travell, and far-soght inventions hath wrung out all the substance of his wits, and seeking to find wealth, hath lost all his wealth, so till at last, his sweating labors, rypes nothing else but smooke. O then, his repentance begins to challenge time, when all his smooking hopes are vanished in the air, in end, he payeth his debt to Death, and dyeth a begger. And we may see the Necromancer, one who hath studied the black Art, for a little borrowed (and yet a very uncertaine) time dambs his own soul, and gives it as a proper tribute to Hell, and why? because with the Arch-deuils direction, he will command all the infernall spirits. O most vain illusion, and deceatfull pleasure which brings nothing with it, but eternal horror. Now when all men hath acted their part upon this universall stage, then comes Alcommanding Death, & swiftly cryes to every one, Away gette you gone, your part is playde. So with his Imperiall Darte, he streaketh all kind of Creatures without respect, and then with his reuthles hand, he draweth the darke Courtaine of the Grave, over the pail body of mankind. So shall thy soul compeare before the Great Spectator of Heaven, who hath seene all thy actions, and how thou hast plaide thy part in this world, there the book is opened where all thy doings are in Register, if they be upright, then art thou crowned in the Majestic Throne of Eternal Glory; if thy actions and doinges be false, and found deceatfull, if thou hast stopped thy ears, and woulde not hearken,* nor hear unto the voice of Gods Messingers, then shall thy name be blotted

and scraped out of the Book of lyfe, and thy soul and body shall be condemned to burne perpetuallie in the Everlasting fyre of Hel. O what a pittifull thing is it to see so many catiue creatures careless of the life to come, and what great debt they take on their soul to be payed at the letter day. The wicked abhominations of man's heart made God in his great wrath,* Cry out and say, I repent that ever I made man. And why did our Savior Christ hate this world, he telleth the reason, Quia mundus totus in maligno positus est. Because the World altogether is placed in wickednesse. For we may beholde, what wickedness possesses mankind, even from their very youth-head? of what evil inclination? how perverse in their actions? and how contemptuous to age? how will they mock, scorn, and disdain the reverend Father, and the aged Matrone. O says the word of God,* Age is the crown of glory, therefore we should honor age, help and reverence age, the pernicious nature of man is such, that it breeds contention, emulation, and continual discords, how uncharitable without law, reason, or religion, so that man to man are the most cruell enemies of any other creatures: when the Neronicall heart of man being in a tirannicall humor, what kind of strange tortures will they devise one against another? how unnatural is this? and how farre is it against all Christianitie? it hath kindled the wrath of the Almighty, when anger calleth Israell, Gentem apostatricem dura facie & indomabili corde, an apostaticall Nation with a shameless face & encourageable heart, who will not acknowledge the wondrous mercies of our loving God, Miseros facit populos peccatum sin maketh people miserable, and when holy Iob speaking of wicked men and of carelesse sinners, he sayeth, Bibit quasi aquam iniquitatem, they drink up sin like water, even like a thirstie stomach, with as little care and as much pleasure drink they up wickedness, and that thou who readest this, may the better believe me: go and with experience thou shalt see (go I say) & walk abroad into the streetes, and behold the doings of mankind; look and mark well their behaviour, and fashions, consider well and attentiuely what is done in Market-places, in Kings Courts, in Justice houses, in common meeting places, what lying, & deceiving? what slander & shameless villany? thou shalt see nothing in this world so little accounted of as sin, thou shalt see Justice corrupted with bribery, and variety sold for money, and impudent faces despise equity, thou shalt see the innocent cōdemned, the wicked and malicious malefactor delivered and set free,

the villain advanced, & the vertuous despised, thou shalt see the proud oppressor triumph, & theeues command, vsurers and Brokers deceiving their neighbours, extortioners at liberty to execute their own desires: and thou shalt see ignorant fooles preferred to great authority, because they are rich, worthlesse men revered, honored, and drawen up to great dignities, and thou shalt see how the eager desire of ambition cuts innocent throats, treason covered and cloaked with flattery: and to conclude, thou shalt hear the general voice of the people, to be nothing else but of vanities, bawdrie, and whoring, detraction & backbiting, pride, envy, deceit, drunkennes, dissimulation, wantonnes, dissolation, flattery, lying, swearing, perjuring, & blaspheming. And so this shall cofirme (that in their perrillous and latter days) how mischief abounds, & what abominations are spred on the face of the earth, having no regard to law or justice, to reason nor religion, but in an unsatiabie appetite of beastlinesse, are become drunk with sin: how glad may the man of an upright mind be? How quiet may his soul be? at what sweet repose may his conscience be? when all his actions are upright before God: the Scripture says, *Secura men's juge conuiuium*, a secure conscience is a blithe banquet: but O thou wicked man! O thou malicious oppressor! O thou deceitful and avaritious villain: how shalt thou have thy soul and conscience tortured? the terrour of thy unrighteousnesse shall torment thee, thy nights shall be voyde of rest, and thy soul shall be wrapped up in the pricking thornes of thy own wickednesse, every thing shall affray thee, all objects shall threaten thee, and restlesse despair shall hant thee with ten thousand devillish temptations: Solomon says, the wicked man flieth though no man pursue him: He will start at his own shadow, the heart of him is alwaies aloft, *Conscientia mille testes*: O but hear in the end what is prepared for such wicked and insolent sinners (who hath such pleasure in this world, & with their abominations procures the heavie wrath of God) even this is prepared for them, *Cruciabuntur in saecula saeculorum in stagno ardente igne & sulphure*, they shall be tormented for ever & ever in a burning lake of fire & brimston. O that the horror of this setence might make vs mark our own blindnes, and amend our beastly life, *Nol ti fieri sicut equus et mulus quibus non est intellectus*: Be not like the horse or the Mule, which hath no understāding, as the Prophet would say, be not so brutish nor so void of reason, nor yet set not thy

saluation to such a small reckoning. O thou reader, I will request thee, & all mankind ever to remember and hold this most worthy and infallible sentence printed in thy heart, Hoc momentum unde pendit aeternitas, This short life is the very moment, whereon dependeth all eternitie either the eternal joyes of heaven, or else the eternal pains of hell. O I say again, remember this true sentence, and have a continual care of this moment, and spend it not in such idle vanities,*Agree with thine aduersarie quickly, whiles thou art in the way going with him, least thine aduersarie deliuer thee to the Judge, and the Judge deliuer thee to the jaylor, and the jaylor cast thee in prison, where thou shalt not come out till thou have payed all. How careful should we be in this little moment of our life, to prevent the intolerable and endless burning pains of hell. What would the damned souls in hell do, if they were in this world again? how would they spend this moment, to escape that unspeakable torture, that ever-burning Gehenna, where nothing else is but goashing of teeth and everlasting horror, yea, and worse than the tongue or heart of man can tell or think, out of the which part there is no redemption. Good Christian Reader, again I will request thee, and all sinners, to print this in the depth of thy heart: And I myself, I confesse to be a most grievous sinner, when I think upon the loss of precious time, it shrills my weary soul with grief, it wearies my days, and disturbs my rest: with that holy Prophet David, I cry to God with a repenting heart: O Lord, remember not the sins of my youth, nor my ignorance, but according to thy great mercies remember thou me, even for thy goodnes sake, O Lord: The workes of our Lord God are great and wondrous, they are incomprehensible, and yet his mercies exceedes all his stupendious workes, therefore once more let vs consider so neere as wee can the great works of God, the creating of all things. The heauens (says the Prophet David) sets forth his glory, and the firmament shewes the workes of his hands: The earth, the seas, and all living creatures therein, the strange course of every thing in heaven in earth, & the naturall inclination of all living creatures. Look on the seas how they are limited, that they shall not passe their bounds, but keepes their due course: Look on the creation of mankind, he hath made vs according to his own image, and of the very dirt and slime of the earth hath he created and formed vs, he hath also made vs subject to many infirmities of Nature, the filthinesse of our flesh, the excrementall corruption of many sundry and strange diseases, which

are naturall, and insident both to man and woman: And what would this carcase of ours be, if it had not the change of clean clothes? it would be naught else but a masse of vermine, and with time the smell of our flesh would be loathsom, and so in the end wee would putrifie and consume to naught. O man, why is all this done? only to base our pride, and God hath done it to let vs see what stuffe wee are made of: and what bath our good God done more? Within this earthly vessell of our body, he hath placed a soul made of a devine and heavenly substance, adorned with all her faculties, and garnished with reason: The Prophet David says,*Little inferiour to the Angels. And besides all this, he hath cast under our feete all kind of other creatures,* and above all his workes that work of vdspeakable love, that miraculous worke of our redemption, and yet the mercy of our Lord God goes farre above, and farre exceeds all his wondrous works: for the holy Prophet David says, The Lord is good and kind to all, and his mercies are above all his great and wondrous works, And hear what our good & loving God says more with his own mouth:*The mountaines shall remoue, the hills shall fall down, but my mercy shall not depart from thee: neither shall I break the couenant of my peace, saith the Lord, that hath compassion on thee? What great and true confidence may we then have in Gods mercy? he says again by the mouth of his Prophet:*The Lord doth attend the sinners conuersion, to the end he may take mercy on him, and thereby be exalted: Yet hear more what God speaks to Ezechiel the Prophet: Say unto them, as I live, saith the Lord God, I desire not the death of the wicked,*but that the sinner should turn frō his sinful life & live: And farther, with what great cōpassion goes he on to allure & perswade his people to convert: O says he, Turn you turn you from your wickedness, for why will you perish and die, O you house of Israell: How many kind & loving perswasions doth our loving God give vs to draw neere, and come home to him. What gentle & kind corrections? what large and great space of repentance? what wonderfull & sweet Parables of our Savior Jesus Christ in the Evangell: Of the good shepheard who brought back the sheep upon his shoulders, which had gone astray, what joy and feasting makes he with his friends, and of the honest woman when shee findes her lost peace of siluer. And the pittifull father with tears of mercy & compassion receaved his forlorn sonne, with what joy and gladnes did he embrace him. Here doth our sweet Savior Iesus, shew what great joy is in

heaven at the conversion of a sinner. Our loving God again entering in more conference with the sinner, he begins to reason with him: Thou sayest that I am rich,*and encreased with goods, and full of substance, and that I have need of nothing, and doest thou not know how poor thou art? how wretched? how miserable? how blind? and how naked thou art? Then our Savior goes on with sweet perswading speeches to allure the sinner, saying: I counsell thee to buy of me gold, tried be the fire, that thou mayest be made rich, and white rayment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that thy filthy nakednesse may not be seene, and anoint thine eyes with eye-salue, that thou mayest see: And when he with chains of love keeps his own fast to him, he says, As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten, be zealous therefore and amend. Now again at last he concludes with fervent compassion, Behold I stand at the dore and knock, if any man hear my voice, and open the dore, I will come in unto him, and I will sup with him, and he with me. What more comfortable speeches would the heart of mankind crave? or what greater consolation can wee Caitiue and distressed sinners desire, who would refuse to open the dore of his heart to entertain such a worthy guest of infinite love and mercy, even Christ Jesus the only sonne of God omnipotent: he gave his life to ransome the souls of sinners, he left the glorious heavens for our cause, and clothed him self with our wilde and filthy nature. Many yeeres did he preach, he suffered cold, hunger, and reproach, he was tempted, and fasted forty days in the wildernes, in the agony of his Prayers, he sweat blood, he was tortured, sold, and imprisoned, his head was crowned with sharp thornes, his body torne with scourges, he was mocked, buffeted, and spat in the face, his body hung on the Crosse betwixt two theeues, and his armes out-stretched, his hands and feete peirced with nailes of iron, and his side and heart wounded to death, neither was we bought with siluer, gold, or precious stones, but with the infinite price of the blood, and life of our Sauour Iesus Christ, the only sonne of our ever-living God. O it was our sins and wickedness put him to death, and laid all his cruell torments on him, it was our wickedness made him fast forty days when he was tempted in the wildernes, we crowned his Imperiall head with sharp thornes, we bound his delicate armes with cords, wee mocked him, wee stripped him naked, and scourged his blessed body, we buffeted and spat in his most glorious face, we laid the Crosse on his patient shoulders, we cast lots for his vpper garments, we crucified him

betwixt theeues, and nailed his innocent hands and feet to the Crosse: it was for vs he sweat blood and water in his prayers, and it was we, even only we who peirced and wounded his heart, and it was wee who made him in his cruell pains of death, cry out in his last passion, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me: All this, and much more hath our wickedness done to the incomprehensible Majesty of almighty God. Hear with what great admiration the Prophet Isay cries out, speaking of the Passion of Jesus Christ long before his coming:*Who will (says he) believe our report, and to whom is the arme of the Lord reuealed? Then he begins and tells of his sufferings & torments for our sins, saying: Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and caried our sorrowee, yet we did judge & esteeme him plagued, and smitten of God, and humbled, but he was wounded for our trasgressions, it was for our iniquities he was punished, The burden of our sins was laide on his backe like a simple sheep, so was he led to the slaughter, in patient silence suffered he all sorts of pains, neither was wickedness with him, fraud nor deceit was never found in his mouth: this Innocent was put to death amongst theeues and malefactors, for the sins of the world: The Evangelist S. Iohn says, For God so loved the world,*that he hath giuen his only begotten sonne Iesus Christ, that whosoeuer beleeueth in him, should not perish, but have life euerlasting. And what shall this life euerlasting be? the Apostle tells thee,*That eye hath not seene, nor care hath not heard, nor yet the heart of man can not imagine what happiness and glory is prepared for them that shall be saued. Now dear and loving Reader, consider with what little pains thou may (in this little moment of thy life) prevent the euerlasting pains of hell, and make conquest of the eternal glory of heaven, to see and behold the unspeakable Majesty of God, set on his triumphant Throne, evironed & compast with the glorified Saints, & the innumerable Martirs, who hath suffered for the faith of his sonne Iesus Christ, when the woman in travaile and bitter pains of hir birth is releued of her naturall burden: how will the pleasure of her child expell the pains, and give her comfort? Even so after the weariednesse of this world,* the pains and anguish, then comes the joyfull pleasure of heavens, which expells all our vexations,* comforts our souls, and wipes all the tears from our eyes,* what persecution? what crosse or worldly temptation should hold or keep vs backe from such an infinite treasure, from such an endless joy: Let vs say with that constant and

blessed servant of Jesus Christ,*Who shall separate vs from the love of Christ, shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakednes, or perrill, or sword, as it is written: for thy sake are wee killed all the day long, wee are counted as sheep for the slaughter: neuerthesse in all these things we are more than Conquerours, through him that loved vs: for I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to seperate vs from the love of God, which is in Christ Iesus our Lord. And a little before, this happy and godly Apostle says in this same Chapter, For I count the afflictions of this present life are not worthy of the glory which shall be showne to vs in the life to come: And for this respect, When he considered of the joy of heauen,*he esteemed all the riches, all the glory, and all the honor of this world, but vayed filth and stinking dirt: How careful then should wee be of this word Eternal? and that in this moment wee should be good provisors: Our Savior desires vs saying,*Negotiamini dum venio, Be diligent, and lay much treasure to thee fore against I come, and seeke for a reckoning of thee: For behold (says he) I come quickly,*and my rewardis with me, to give every man according to his workes: And what shall this reward be, if thou be upright, constant, and continue firme and faithful to the end,*Be thou faithful unto the death, and I will give thee the crown of life, In hope of this glorious Crown, how gallantly should thou fight against all the wofull miseries of this world, and still contemn all their earthly temptations: In the word of God the wise man forwarnes the saying, My sonne, when thou art to come to the service of God, stand fast in Justice, and in fear, and prepare thy mind for temptation. Here thou art forwarned in what estate thou shalt be in time of battell, and howe to lie at thy guard against thy three ghostlie enemies,*The Devil, the World, and the Flesh: Stand therefore, and your loynes girde about with viritie, having on the breast-plate of righteousness. What should hinder vs to fight against our own infirmities, having such a Captain to encourage vs, and fight for vs, to strengthen vs, to holde vs up, and help vs. Our Savior says, You are they who have stooede with me in my temptations, and therefore I prepare for you a Kingdom. And I pray thee hear good Keader what a Kingdom, even to be pertaker of his own glory, to sit crowned with him in all eternal joy and happiness, but our infirmities, and

weaknesse, and want of faith, and our strengthlesse hearts, and our great faintnesse hath made our Captaine Christ to say, You have left me in time of temptations: this lets vs see how feeble wee are of our selves, and that without the help of God wee are nothing, nor can do nothing. Our omnipotent God diminished the Camp of Ierubaall, and with a very small number made him overcome the great & strong armie of the Midianites,* least Ierubaall should have said, It is the strength of man hath woone the victorie, and so taken away the honor, glory, & power from God, Non nobis domine, non nobis sed nomine cuo da gloriam. O man, base thy pride, for of thyself thou art naught else, but a miserable and strengthlesse worm, and all thy resolutions are but mere folly, for behold the foolish hearts, and thou shalt see what course, and what straunge decree they will make to themselves. What vows and promises sealed with oaths will they make to performe wonders: but O let the foolish man hear what the wisdom of God says,*Many deuises are in a man's heart, but the counsell of the Lord God shall stand: Thou mayest flatter thyself with many fair promises, but all in vain, because God almighty must be the chiefe actour of all things. This made the Apostle Saint Paul say,*I am able to do all things through the help of Christ which strengthneth me, and when it pleases God to lay a crosse upon the shoulders of any Christian, that he may be glorified, and to be a chaine of love to bring thee to him, and to keep thee fast with him: how will he help thee to beare thy Crosse? how will he draw thee forward? and how will he peace, and peace releue thee and set thee free:* is it not written, Our God is faithful, and he will not suffer vs to be tempted above our strength, He will lay no more on thee then thou art able to beare, he will not suffer one hair of thy head to perish:* he says, I chastice them whom I love, for the Lord your God doth try and prove you to know, if you love your Lord God with all your heart, and with all your soul. Now in this meane time of his aduersitie, what comfortable speeches? and what great assurance gives he by his Prophet David, He called on me (says he) and I heard him when he is in trouble, I am with him, and I will deliuer him, and set him free, and I will glorifie him. Now when a man or woman is burthened with any worldly crosse, can he go to a better (or can he go to a more loving and wiser) Counsailer, to discharge the burden of his grief to, then to our Lord Jesus Christ, who knows what is meetest for the *Intellectum tibi dabo et instruam te in uia hac qua gradieris,*

firmabo super te oculos meos, I will (says he) give thee understanding, and I will teach thee how and what way thou shalt winne free of thy trouble, and I shall ever fixe my eyes upon thee. Now wilt thou but look on all the great rulers and principalities in this world. From the mighty and rich Monarch to the base and poor begger. And tell me who can say he hath no Crosse: believe me not any, for that man hath not been, nor for the present is not, but he hath vexation, a grief, and a continual crosse. What although he appeare to the eyes of this world, most content in earthly glory, in riches or authority, yet for all that, before night that day was never but he had somewhat to repent him self of. Then thou who art crost, will think in thy heart, and say: O this man or woman are happy, they have no tribulation, they have no fighting with this world, their mind is in peace and quietnesse, they live secure, and are crowned Kings of their own desires. O foole, thou art deceaued, for what is all our chieft joy in this vale of misery? even nothing else but a sunne-shine pleasure, bringing nothing with it but a grievous storm of infinite cares: O but what remedie, even this must be thy only remedie, to say with the Prophet David, Tribulationem & dolorem inueni & nomen domini inuocauit, In the time of my tribulation and grief, I called upon the name of the Lord, he is the true Phisitian that must heale thy sores, and be assured he will say to thee as he said to S. Paul in his great temptations, Sufficit tibi gratia mea, My grace is sufficient to strengthen thee, to keep thee, and defend thee in thy greatest conflict, and to be a strong and mighty bulwark against all temptations, and above all things, let vs that are sinners and grievous offenders of God, think and assure our selves that it is only our own iniquities, and wicked life, which procures our crosse of tribulation: O then let vs not murmure against God, but let vs look to our own sinfull life, that is the only original of all our miseries: how ought we then to repent, for it is onelie sin displeases God, and nothing can please him but repentance and mourning. Here I will set thee down this comparison: Take eye-salue and applie it to any feasted part of thy body, it will neither help nor releue thee of thy paine, but take that eyesalue and applied to thy eye, it will help and releue thy eye. Even so take mourning, and applie it to the loss of riches, it doth no good, applie mourning to the loss of friends, it doeth no good, applie mourning to the loss of honor, it doeth no good: but applie the tears of mourning to thy feasted soul, it will do good, it will bathe thy feasted

soul, it will embalme and mollifie her wounds, and give thee a true comfort in thy sweet Redeemer Jesus Christ. It is only he who will hear thy lamentations, consider thy distresse, and exhaust up thy remembrance in his mercy. When thou art wearied & faints, he is the true fountaine who will refresh thy wearied spirit, he calls upon all that are fatigated and oppressed: If any man be thirstie, let him come unto me, and he shall have drink. How joyfull may the thirstie sinner be,* to have accesse to come and drink of the true fountaine of life: hear yet again what sweet consolation he powres in thy heart by his Prophet:*I have afflicted thee already, and I will not afflict thee again: As he would say, there shall not come from me a double tribulation. Now good Christian, how may thy troubled soul repose upon this loving and infallible promise. Holy and constant Iob, in the middes of his torturing grief,* cries out to God, Although he kill me, yet will I trust in him: and to animate thee, and to give the more stoutnes, that in aduersitie thou be not overthrown: The royall Prophet David cries to thee with great courage, *Expecta dominum viriliter age, & confortetur cor tuum & sustine dominum: Trust in the Lord, and fight manfully, our Lord will comfort thy heart, and therefore abide his will, for the Lord our God will not leave thee, he will not depart from thee?* what great confidence hath this holy man had in God, for in the beginning of this Psalme, he says, *Seeing God is the protector of my life, who can harme me: And again, with great assurance he says, Si consistant aduersum me castra non timebit cor meum: si exurgat aduersum me prelium, in hoc ego sperabo, Give whole armies were coming against me, I shall not care, but hope in God, then he followes with this request: I have sought one thing of thee my God, that I may dwell all the days of my life in thy house, and that I may see the glory and beauty of thy Temple. Then when this blessed man begins to think upon the wondrous benefits of God bestowed on him with joy and gladnes of heart, he cries out and says, What shall I render the Lord for all his benefits bestowed upon me, I will take the cup of saluation, and call upon the name of the Lord: If wee poor ingratefull creatures, would meditate upon the incomprehensible love of God of his long suffering, and gentle patience. How slow is he to wrath, and how swift is he to mercy, what wrongs doeth he receive? They have (says he) repayed euil for good. Then when he perceaved their great unthankfulnesse, their dulnesse and hardnesse of heart, and that all what he did, could*

not moue his people to turn to him. Then he cryeth out in great passion, O ye Heauens be astonished at this,*be affraied, and vtterly confounded. And yet with more vehemence be his Prophet, he sayeth, Hear O Heauens, and harken O Earth,*for the Lord hath said, I have nurished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me: The Oxe knoweth his owner, & the asse knoweth his maisters crib, but yet my people knoweth not me: Woe be to this sinfull Nation, a people loaden with iniquitie, a wiked seed, and corrupt children, they have forsaken their Lord, they have prouoked the holy one of Israel to anger, and they have gone backwarde. What an heavy lamentation is this, how grievous was this complaint to the Almighty God to make upon base and filthy, wake and worthlesse, creeping vermeine of the Earth, whom the twinkling of his eie, might have destroyed, and with the smallest breath of his anger, brought an infinite number of worlds to nothing. Who can stand before his wrath, says the Prophet Nahum, or who can abide the fearcenesse of his wrath?*his wrath is powred out like fire, and the rocks and mountaines are broken with his anger. How oft hath our sins (even now in this present age) procured that heavy and terrible wrath of God, even that wrath, I say, which moues the Mountaines and makes the hilles to trimble. Look (good Reader) and thou shalt see how the sparks of GODS furious wrath is spred through many parts of this world, we may with tears houle and lament, and with vexation of mind complaine and cry out with that holy Prophet, Thine holy cities lywaist, Zion is become a wilderness,*and Iarusalem a desert, the house of our Sanctuarie, and of our glory where our forefathers praised thee, is brunt and consumed with fire, and all our pleasant things are waisted and destroyed. How heavily doeth this man of God complaine, how doeth he bevaill this desolation and destruction, and in the bitter passion of his heart, he crieth out, Wilt thou hold thyself still at these things, O Lord, what wilt thou holde thy peace, and afflict vs above measure? As he would say, wilt thou not take compassion upon vs, and wilt thou not withdraw thy heavy wrath from vs? What, without all kind of mercy shall we be vtterlie destroyed? No, not so, because in his superabundant love, and wonderfull great piety, he comforteth vs, and says,*In my wrath I have punished thee, but in my mercy I had compassion thee. And yet farther with great regrate he maketh a sweet and comfortable promise, Whereas thou hast bene forsaken and hated, so that na man respected thee, I shall

make thee an Eternal glory, and a joy from generation to generation. And what more will our God of mercy do? And they shall (sayeth he) builde the old waste places,*and raise up the former desolations, and they shall repaire all the Citties that were desolate, and waste through many generations. What great store of Consolation doeth this promise of God give to vs? and with what meeknesse of heart doeth he say, Indignatio non est mihi I am not angrie, wrath is not mine, I will freely forgiue thee, I will forgett all thy sins, and cast them behinde my back, I shall blot all thy wickednesse out of my memory, and believe me,* I shall never think on thine offences any more. Have I any desire that the wicked should die, (sayeth our Lord God) or shall he not live, if he return from his wickednesse. And again he perswadeth vs, saying, Cast away all your transgressions, whereby you have transgressed, and make you a new heart and a new spirit. Let the tears of remorse purge the filth of sin from our soul. O that we in all humilitie would consider, what and how many earnest perswasions our loving God hath laid, and still lays before vs to turn home to him! Again, hes our abominations and wicked life beniched vs from his love? O yet let vs not despare of his mercy! Although our sins were rid as scarlet,*God will make them white as snowe.*Come unto me all ye (says our Savior) that are weary and loden, and I will refresh you. And then he beginneth to reprove the sluggard, Go labour in my vyne-yarde, why stand ye all the day idle? Although we come with the last, yet we will be rewarded with the first. Let vs throwe and cast away all hindes that lats vs and staies vs from God. Let vs (I say) in time mend our life, our good God will help vs, he will make all impossibilities,* possible. Marie Magdalen, and Marie the mother of Iames all the way, how careful were they to gette the great stone rolled away from the sepulcher dore; and how soon they came to the dore, there they found the stone rolled and turned away. Even so in this happy journey of our conversion. Let vs cast away all worldly cares, and take up our crosse and follow Christ, His yocke is sweet, and his burden is light, we shall not walk in darknesse. Let vs say with S. Augustine, Et tu Domine vsque quoquam diu? quam diu? Cras & cras, quare non modo? quare non hac hora? finis est turpitudinis meae. O Lord, how long wilt thou suffer me thus? How long? How long? shall I say to morrow, to morrow, why should I not convert now? Why should there not be an end of my filthy lyfe, even at this very instant? And let vs all say with the holy Prophet

David, O Lord create a new heart in me, and renew my spirit, and that we May cast off the ould man, and put on the new man. O Lord give vs grace hereafter that we may walk circumspectly,* and not like mad and insolent fooles, in ignorance,* blindnesse and errour, that we may redeme the time that we have spent in sleuthfulnesse, and idlenesse. Try me, O God, and search my heart, (says David) prove me, and examine my thoghts: Consider if there be any way of wickednesse in me, and then O Lord lead me in the way of eternitie. I pray God let vs never like dogs turn to our vomet, stay still with vs O Lord, because it is neere the night. When S. Peter saies, And if the righteous scarcely can be saued, where shall the ungodlie and the sinner appeare.* What a perellous speech is this, for vs poor and miserarable sinners, who still heapes sin upon sin. Therefore deare brother, let vs cry, O Lord enter not into judgement with vs, take all our sins and iniquities, and bury them in the bleeding wounds of thy dearly beloved Sonne Jesus Christ. Let the temporall punishments of this life, deliver vs, and redeme vs from the eternal pains of hell. Let vs all say with S. Austein, Hic vre, hic seca, vt in aeternum parcas. O good God mollifie our hearts, and let vs not be hardened when we hear thy voice, give vs that strength of grace, that the filthy vapors of our sins extinguish not thine holy spirit in vs. Da seruo tuo Domine cor docile: Give unto thy servant, O Lord, a tractable heart to receive instruction. And O God we pray thee to remember thy promise,*Ad quem respitiam nisi ad pauperulum & contritum corde & timentem sermones meos? To whom will I have regard, or shew my favour, but unto the poor and humble of heart, unto the contreat spirit, and to such as trimble at my speeches? Thou never yet, O Lord, despised the sacrifice of a contreat heart. So long as the sinner remains within the darkned and misty vapors of all wickednesse, he can not beholde the odeous and vylde leprosie, nor the filthy apparell which sin cleideth his soul with all, the devill blinds him: but when he reteares himself from wickednesse, and walkes on the fair way of Repentance, or when he stands upon the Mountain of Amendement, and then lookes forth from the turrat of a good-life, beholding the filthy shape, and the ougly portrait of sin. O how will he then detest himself that hath bene so long swatring in that filthy myre, in that stinking puddle of sin, putrified with all abominations, and how loathsome will such company be to him thereafter, he will eschew them as a contagious pest, and say with the Prophet David, Discedi te

à me omnes qui operamini iniquitatem quoniam exaudiuit Dominus vocem fletus mei, Go from me all ye workers of iniquitie, because my God hath heard my weeping voice, and hath received my prayer, or else he will intreate the wicked man with gentle perswasions, with good examples, and loving admonitions to shake off that filthy and contagious habiet which infects the soul, and keepes him back, and debarres him from the love of God and makes the Death of Christ to be for him in vain. S. Iohn the Evangelest sayeth, It is only to them who beleeveth in him,* that he hath given power to be the sons and children of God. It is most sure that only want of faith maketh the sinner obstinate, he is a lyer and can not beleue in God. O thou poor and distressed creature look upon thine own miserable estate, how thou gallops post to hell, and will not look back but goeth on thy cairlesse journey! When we walk alone on the fields, when we walk solitare in our chalmer, when we ly in our bed, will we but meditate upon the fearful and terrible Majesty of God (whom all the Heavens can scarce containe) of his unspeakable glory, of his Almighty power. And it is only this great and Omnipotent Iehouah that we offend, To thee only have I sinned, saith David. And let vs remember how for the eating of a sillie apple, contrare the Lords commandement, he condemned all mankind, and nothing could appease his wrath, nor yet ransom the world, but the blood and death of his own dearly beloved Sonne Jesus Christ. When wee think on this severitie, and of GODS terrible anger against sin, how loath should we be to offend God, and yet in very contempt of God the wicked man will perseveir in all kind of wickednesse, and still deferre his Repentance, till at last there shall be no time given him, yea, not the half quarter of an houres minute granted to him. Hear how the Prophet David says of such men, Convertentur ad vesperam, & famem patientur vt canes & circuibunt civitatem: And in the evening they shall convert, they shall runne about the Cittie, and bark like dogs, they shall houle for meate, but surelie they shall not be satisfied. O that in time we would take heed to this woful speech! And what more? God will mock them, and hold them in derifion. It is to these that our Savior will say,*Nescio vos, I know you not. Why? Because you had no Oyle in your lampes. And when he hath knowen them, and all their wicked deedes (which shall be accusers of them, and laid open to beare testimony against them) O what will he then say to them? Ite malidicti in ignem aeternum: Go you

accursed unto the eternal fire of Hell. And besides all this, remember the sharp reckoning must be made, when the least idle word we speak, we must give a count of it. O God according to the multitude of thy mercies, be mercifull to vs miserable sinners, in that fearful and terrible day of judgement. In time convert vs O Lord, and we shall be converted. How happy is that man who can withstand the dangers of this life with a well resolved mind, and still calles on God to assist him in all his actions, for the temptations of this world, are many, and wondrous strong. The devill is subtle, and we are easily insnared, and this our flesh is exceeding subject to many infirmities. So that without Gods help we are not able of our selves to fight. Then with the Prophet David, Let vs all say, O Lord fight for vs, how feeble, how weak, and faint-hearted are we? When the least blast of affliction ruines, all our strength, we can not stand after we ar raised up, but presently falles again, and turnes to our former wickednesse, notwithstanding of our repentance, and promeist amendement. We have no force to command our selves. We perish in our own passions, and most cowardly yeeldes to all sorts of sins. Thus are we made slaues to our own infirmities, in so far that we make no kind of resistance to the smalest motion. Concerning the passion of anger S. Paul writting to the Ephesians, he sayeth, Be angry, but sin not,*neither let the Sunne go down upon your wrath. This passion of anger is exceeding perillous, for in that time that it doeth possess the heart, it for careth nothing, nor hath no respect to thinges present, nor thinges to come: the fury of anger is is the highest degree of self-madnesse. The Italian speaking of the nature and condition of anger, He sayeth, *Ira è breve furor, è chinol frena, è furor, longa che el suo possessorè spesso à vergogno è talhor mena à morte*, Anger is a short fury, and to him who will not bridle it, it is a longsome fury, which bringeth the possessour, either to shame or death. That happy and learned Father Saint Agustein, makes a very godlie and religious discourse in his conflict of vertue and vice; first he maketh anger to speak, *Quae aequanimiter ergate ferri non possunt haec patienter ommino tollerare peccatum est, quia nisi eis cum magna exasperatione resistatur, contra te deinceps sine mensura cumulantur*: Who will not behave themselues well towards you, it is a sin to suffer such wrongs with patience, because if thou resist them not with great bitterness, and malicious hatred of heart, they will (without all kind of measure) heape more vengeance on thee. But dear Christian, hear

how he maketh Patience to answer, *Si passio Redemptoris ad mentem reducitur, nihil tam durum quod non aequè toleretur, quanta enim sunt haec quae patimur comparatione illius? ille opprobria, irrisiones, contumelias, allapas, sputa, flagella, spiniam Coronam, Crucemque sus•inuit, & nos misert uno sermone fatigamur, uno verbo deijcitur.* But if thou woldest call to mind the Passion of our Maister and Savior Jesus Christ, There is nothing in the world so greivous or heavie that thou woldest not suffer. Alas, what can we suffer in respect of him, he suffered shame, and mocking, contumelies, buffets, spitting in his face, scourges, and the Crown of thorne; and last of all, he was Crucified: and we poor souls are over-throwne with simple speech, a word casts vs down. O what a bright mirror may the Patience of Christ be to man, even in his greatest wretchednesse and misery. Let him call to mind the Passion of our Savior, and then we shall see what great oddes is betwix his suffering and our suffering. It is only the example of such a kind and loving master, will give the patience, if thou confidest in Christ and art a true Christian, *Doctrina viri per patientiam noscitur.* Again, will we deeply consider, and we shall find that in this transetoreous life, that our estate is but mere misery, and a continual change of sorrow; so our best is not else, but vexation of mind, and greef upon greef. We are here in this world like the diseased creature, warsling, and still turning on a bed of sorrow, burdained with sickness, and can find no repose, no satled lare, nor no rest to our restles tortring-tribulations. Or we are here like the wearied Pilgrim, who in many forraine Countries, far from his own soyle, liveth exiled from his naturall home, and still wandering through many strange parts, in sundry perels, and divers dangers of his life, spending his days, and most part of his nights in restlesse travell, he walketh the solitary deserts, and wanders along the spatious wildernesse; some-times oppressed with the vehemency of heat, and some-times tormented with the extremity of colde, when charitable harts affords him hospitality, and refreshment to his hungry bowels, how contented will he be, and how welcome will that rest and repose be, then he be ginneth to recall his past perrels to a reckoning, when all his pains are turned to pleasure, and when his longsome journey ends, which brings an end to all his miseries, when his fatigations is refreshed, and his peregrinations hath no farther course, then rypeth he a fruitfull harvest, a joyfull season, and all the wearied Pilgrims pains are

transformed in pleasure. We are all on earth going our pilgramage, toasting and tumbling upon the large and depe Seaes of this world, threatned with the devouring gulfes of temptations, and still allured with the glittering vanities of this present life. Christ Jesus being our careful Pilot, he crieth to vs poor passingers, and bids vs take heed to our journay, that we perish not in our passage, but that we may be still earnest and watchfull, how to arryue to that saif harbery of all tranquillitie, that heavenly and eternal joy, which shall finish all our troublesome travels. How may the thought of this progresse make vs to hate, to disdain, and contemn the vain-glory of this world. O how should we close our eyes, and winke at such abuse, such superstitious vanities. Tell me who ever lived in greatest pompe? or who ever yet (to this houre) had most command over this world, but was forced to die, and after death, be (as it were) quyte forgotten. Holy Iob sayeth, That their memory should be like ashes, troad under foote. And the Prophet David says, That they should be as dust blowen abroad with the wind. For what is all our glory? or what is all our ornaments? Noght else but filth. Our silkes and velvots which we wrap our selves in, is noght else bot the excraments of wormes, and all our estimations are but borrowed from beasts, our retches comes from the Centure of the earth. And so all this that makes vs proud is but very filth. Then what art thou, O man? Or what shall I compare thyself to? to noght else but to dust, and all thy glory is but earth & dust, blowne before the wind, thou art a masse of earth, wrapped up in earth. This made the wisdom of God say to mankind, Quid superbiter terra & cinis? Why doeth earth and dust become proud? When we have tryed all things in this world, then with experience we will say, all things are vanishing like smooke, & nothing is durable excep the glory of God, all must turn to noght. What then shall rest to that soul who trusts in this earthly Paradise? Let his terrestrial estate first consider the sight of the star-spangled-heavens, the glorious Sun, the light-borrowing Moone, the bew | tie of women, delicat meates, savory gusts of sweet frutes, pleasant harmonies of fine & wel-sounding instruments, odeferous and fair floorished gardens, brave buildings, lassivous dansing, mirry companions, quick-witted-discourses, and many more pleasures, all must end, all must be changed: Hear this Proclamation, The voice of God said, Cry: and the Prophet said,*O Lord what shall I cry? Cry out, that all flesh is grasse, and all the glory thereof is like the flower on the

field: the grasse widreth, and the flower faideth. The Prophet David says, *Universa vanitas, omnis homo vivens*. And what said great king Solomon in the top of his glory, All was but vanitie of vanities. And S. James calleth our life nocht else but a vapor. How swiftly are we gone, some by one means, some by other, man against man, beast against beast, every one becomes a prey to other, all must pay that doubtlesse debt of Death, no creature can escape, there is nothing more certaine, & there is nothing more uncertaine; we know not when, nor where, because *statutum est omnibus semel mori*, it is ordained that we shall all once die. Then in our greatest mirth let vs ever say to our selves, *Memento homo quod pulvis es, & in pulverim reverteris*. O man, remember that thou art but dust, and in dust thou shalt return again. It is said of the ambitious wretch,

Mendicant semper avari.

THE mal-content hunts Fortune here and there,
His ever-tortring-thoughts disturbs his braine,
Till all his hopes be drown'd in deepe despare,
Then Time tels him his travels are in vain,
O earthly-wretch, what glory canst thou gaine?
When fruteles-labor thy short life hath spent:
A restles mind with still-tormenting paine,
Even whom a world of worlds could not content.
Frō such base thoghts heavens make my heart aspire,
And with a sweet contentment crown desire.

Let vs beholde, and we shall see how in one day, (yea, even in one instant time) some making riatous bankets, some triumphing in all pleasures, some going to the scaffold to be executed, some women travelling with childe, & with great pains bringing their children to the world, some lying in sore sicknesse, exspecting death, the prisoner in bonds, looking when he should bid his last fair-well to the world, some carying their children with honor to receive the Sacrament of Baptisme, the bryd-grome going with his bryde to solemnesse Matrimony. And again, at that same instant, we shall see murnfull companies, celebrating the funeralles of the death, carying the dead carcatches, both of age and youth to the grave. It may truely be said of our inconstant estate.

Laeta sit ista dies nescitur origo secundi
An labor, an requies, sic transit gloria Mundi.

Happy to be known at the beginning of second
Does work or rest, and thus passes the glory of the world.

Sometimes are we merry, and sometimes are we sad, Nunquam in eodem statu. We are not partecipant of the secrets of God, It is only his providence direct vs, we know not what sudden change may come, such a swift course hath Time, and in this meane-time, the glory of this world goeth away, the most part of our life is spent in sleep, and how many in their mid-age is taken away, scarce are we come in the world, when we return again to the grave, very few comes to the period of Nature. O when we truly think on Death, and calleth to mind that perellous passage, how fearful is it, and what a strange horror brings it to the heart of mankind, and chiefly to the unresolved, who lives in all liberty of pleasure, environed with all worldly contentment, O mors quam amara est memoria tua homini pacem habenti in substantiis suis: O Death how bitter is thy memory to that man who hes hurded up riches? how loath will he be to leave his beautiful buildings, his fair allurements, and his many pleasures? What a greefe is it to his heart that he must departe and leave them all behinde, and he needs must go and compeir before that great and terrible Judge to give a sharp reckoning how he conquest all that riches. O man think on thy end and thou shalt never sin. Remember that thy glasse shall once be runne, and that thy Sonne shall set, and the horror of Death shall over-shadow thee, and that there shall no pleading be heard after sentence is once given, Quia ex inferno nulla est redemptio, Thy pains shall have no end, thy torments shall have no diminishing. Therefore to you I cal, to you that careless lives, and premeditats upon mischief, and how to execute the damnable exploits of the ever-laboring mind. To you who are the rich-gluttons of this world, and to you who feels not with what sence I speik. Consider from whence you came, where you are for the present, and where you shall go. You are here on Earth, Vbi spectaculum facti est is Deo, angelis & hominibus, where you are in sight of God, of Angels and of Men. Now when ye are going, look well to your journey,

your passage is all straude over with thornes, it is a perelous way, full of Ominus-threatnings, planted with an hedge of many Prodegyous Objects, Non est vitae momentum, sine motu ad mortem, There is no moveing of lyfe without a motion to Death. Live well, that you may die well. For look in what estate you die, so God will find you; and as he findeth you, so he Censureth you; and as he censureth you, so he liueth you for ever and ever. His decreit shall never be controlled, nor his sentence shall never be recalled. As a growing tree when it is cut down falleth to that side where it did extend the branches when it was in growth; Even so if thou desirest to fall right, learne in thy growth to extend such frutefull btanches as may sway thee to the right side, and make thee fall well. Sweet (says Saint Chrisostome) is the end of the laborers, when he shall rest from his labors. The wearied traveller longeth for his nights lodging, and the storm-beattenship seeketh up for shore, the hyreling oft questioneth when his years will finishe and come out; the woman great with childe, will often muse and studie upon her deliverie. And he that perfitelie knoweth that his life is but a way to death, will with the poor prisoner sit on the door threshold, and expect when the Jaylor shall open the door; every small motion maketh him apprehend that the commander with the serjants are coming to take him from such a loath some prison. He looketh for death without fear, he desireth it without delight, and he excepeth it with great devotion, he acteth the last (and tragic) part of his life on a dulefull stage before the eyes of the world, his gesture thirls the beholders heart with sad compassion, his words of woe seasoned with sighes, doth bathe the cheeks of the hearers with still distilling tears, with a general relation of his former wickedness, he gives a loude confession of his secret sins, with weeping eyes, he calls for help of prayer, and like a hungerstarued begger, he howles and cries to that honourable housholder, saying, O good God open the gates of thy mercies to the greatness of my miseries. Cast up the Ports of thy unspeakable pittie to my wearied spirit: receive my soul in thy hands, and anoynt her feasted wounds with the blood of thy immaculate Lambe Christ Jesus.

T's true indeede this age is very strange,
For why? behold great men of rich renowne,
Time comes by turnes with unexpected change,
And from their Tower of pride doth pull them down:
Then what are we? but fooles of self-conceate,

All what we have stands in a stag'ring state.
Wee weeping come into this world of cares,
And all our life's but battels of distresse,
Scarce is our prime when wint'ring age declares
What weighty grief our body doth oppress,
Bred with sin, borne with woe, our life is paine,
Which still attends vs to our Grave again,
Then earthly slime wherein consists thy pride?
Sith all thy glory goes into the ground,
That bed of wormes wherein thou shalt abide,
Thy fairest face most filthy shall be found:
Our sunne-shine joyes, time swiftly sweepes away,
This night we live, and dies before the day.
Homo natus de muliere breui tempore viuens repletur multis miserijs.

CA n thou part from thy best beloved friends to go in a farre Country, and not remember how it resembles the parting from this world to a more strange place. When thou rises in the morning what knows thou will chaunce thee before night. And if thou escape the days perrill, what knows thou will chaunce before the morning: *Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum*, When thou goest to bed, remember how it is the very image of thy grave: thy merrie companions are parted, thy day being gone, and come is thy night, thy riotous banqueting is finished, and thou in a solitarie retreat, puts off thy gorgeous apparel, and strips thyself naked to thy shirt: so the pleasures of this inconstant world shall part, thou shalt be stripped naked of all thy riches, and shalt carie nothing with thee, but a simple winding-sheet this shall be, and this must be, *Ut hora sic fugit vita*: Therefore every day take a reckoning of thyself, and every moment examine thy actions. Mark thy behaviour first towards God, and next towards thy neighbour. Consider how the all-seeing eyes of heaven lookes upon all thy doings: and ever beware of that sin which thou knows to predominate most in thee, seek by all means to oppress it and overcome it: take away all the occasions therof, or else it with the rest of thy sins, will draw thee to hells fire, where nothing else is, but gnashing of teeth, and eternal horror. When thou hast committed any grievous sin, have thou a true repentance, a unfained remorse, and that thy heart shrill within thee with angry grief against thyself, then thou may be assured that the

spirit of God works in thee: for it is a sign of true & unfained repētaunce, when the sinner (without all kind of hypocrisie) mends his wicked life, making first satisfaction to the great God by fasting and praying, making restitution to thy neighbour, give to the poor for Gods cause, visite the sick, comfort and help the prisoner, and give hospitality to the distressed stranger: *Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that wander into thine house. When thou seest the naked, that thou couer him, and hide not thy face from thine own flesh, For in the poor miserable creature, thou seest thyself as in a Glasse: And what (says the Prophet) shall be thy reward, Then shall thy light break forth, as the morning, and thine health shall grow speedily, thy righteousnes shall go before thee, and the glory of thy great God shall embrace thee, &c. Thy upright conscience shall give thee a great security of thy soules health, thy mercies shall meet thee, & doubtlesse thy end shall be most happy: that blessed Euangelist S. Iohn says, *Blessed are the dead, who dies in the Lord, because they rest from their labors, and their works follow them. Now (good Christian Reader) I must end praying God that every one of vs all may have an earnest cōsideration of our own estate, what we are, where we are, and how we shall be heereafter: and once more I pray to our Lord God, that we may still remember (*hoc momentū unde pendet aeternitas*) that this little moment of our life, is the short space, whereon dependeth all eternity of eternal joyes, or else eternal pains: Jf wee have bin wickedly inclined, let vs with the deepe of our hearts repent and think how the Axe is at the roote of the tree, and let vs all endeavour our selves with the grace of God, to amend our life, that our filthy nakednes may not be seene in that fearful & terrible day of judgement, *Domine secundum actum meum noli me judicare, nihil degnum in conspectu tuo egi*: O Lord judge me not according to my actions, I have done nothing worthy of mercy in thy sight. Cloath me with thy righteousnes, that I may appeare righteous before thy pittifull eyes. *Jesus esto mihi Iesus*, When the thundring voice of thy Angels shall descend from the heavens, and cry out: *O vos mortui qui lacetis in sepulchris, surgite & occurite ad iudicium saluatoris*: O you dead creatures that lies in your graues, rise and runne swiftly to the judgement of the Savior, who with all his glorious Saints and triumphing Martirs, shall sit in his throne of unspeakable glory, and judge both the quick and the dead, to him be all honor, power, and glory now and for euermore, Amen.

FINIS

THE SPIRIT OF GRACE To the wicked sinner

ISAY. 55. CAP.

Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous his own imaginations, and return unto the Lord, and our God will have mercy upon him.

O Man the treasure of Gods glorious eye,
Thou art ingrate, and to thyself unkinde;
Poor Caitiue wretch who sees and will not see,
Nor to eternal blisse will turn thy mind:
Rise sloathfull rise, forth of thy senslesse sleepe,
And for thy sins, go sigh, bewaile, and weepe.
Hear how thy Savior Iesus Christ doth call,
Come wearied and you burth'ned both to me,
Come, come, says he, I will refresh you all,
What sweeter words would thou have said to thee?
Thou art that sheep, which wādring went astray,
Christ on his back will bring thee to thy way.
Thou sinfull man is so with sin allur'd,
That pleasure of thy sin doth hold thee fast;
Thy wit, thy will, thy reason all obscur'd,
And now behold, forgets thy God at last:
Thou art intrapp'd within ten thousand snares,
And blindlins rins to hell, thou never cares.
The flying motions of thy mind still burnes,
And forward goes, her fury to fulfill:
Youth and desire, whose raging humor turnes
To execute the horroure of their ill
With no les price, thē with thy soul is bought,

And whē all's got, they are but things of nought.
Both day and night thou doth thyself annoy,
To worke great mischief with thy own misdeeds,
Lesse travaile farre would gaine eternal joy,
Which sweet Reward, all earthly pains exceeds:
But thou art mad, and in thy madnesse strange,
To quit thy God, and take the devill in change.
At threatning ever senslesse, deafe, and dumb,
Thou never lookes on thy swift-running-Glasse;
Nor terror of the Judgement for to come,
But still thou thinks, thy pleasure can not passe:
All is deceit, and thou hast no regard,
Gods wrath at last, the sinner will reward.
To pray to God: why? then thou art asham'd,
For sin in thee shall suffer seandalies,
Thy rusty filth of conscience shall be blam'd,
Besides, thy soul hath spoil'd her faculties:
Thus doth the devil so hold thee still aback,
Even to the death, and then thy soul doth take.
Alas poor soul, when God did first thee frame,
Most excellent, most glorious and perfit:
But since thou in that carnall body came,
Thy favour's lost, spoil'd is thy substance quite:
O that thou would repent, and turn in time,
God will thee purge, & clange thee of thy crime.
God is a God of vengeance, yet doth stay,
And sparing, waites if thou thy life will mend
With harmlesse threatnings oft he doth assay,
And oft he doth sweet words of comfort send:
If thou repent, his anger will asswage:
If not, he will condemne thee in his rage.
The sonne of God, he for thy sinfull sake,
To save thy soul, with care he did provide,
Man's filthy nature on him he did take,
That he both cold, and hunger might abide:
He many yeers on earth great wōders wrought,
Still persecute, and still his life was sought.
When as his time of bitter death drew neere,

The agony was so extreme he felt,
That when he pray'd unto his Father dear,
In sweating drops of blood he seem'd to melt:
Nail'd on the Crosse he suffer'd cruell smart,
vvhen as they pierc'd his hands, his feet, his heart.
Great torment more was laid, on him alone,
For thee and all mankind who will believe:
Thou was not bought, with siluer, gold, nor stone,
But Christ his life and precious blood did give:
O let not then his blood be shed in vain,
Whil'st thou hast time, turn to thy God again.

THE SORROVVVLL SONG OF A CONVERTED SINNER.

JOB. 7. CAP.

I have sinned, what shall I do unto thee? (O thou preseruer of mankind.)

LEd with the terrour of my grievous sins,
Before Gods mighty Throne I do compeare,
The horror of my half-burst heart begins
To strike my sinfull soul with trembling fear.
Where shall I seeke secourse, or find redresse?
Who can my fearful tort'ring thoughts devorce?
Who can me comfort in my great distresse?
Or who can end the rage of my remorse?
I at compassions dore hath begg'd so long,
That I am hoarce, and yet can not be heard
Amids my woes, sad silence is my song,
From mirthlesse-me, all pleasure is debard.
O time (untimely time) why was I borne?
To live sequestred solitar alone
Within a wilderness of Cares forlorne,
Which grants no limit to my mart'ring Mone.
My mart'ring Mone with wofull words doth pierce
The air, and next from hollow Caues rebounds

This aequioux my sorrow doth rehearse,
And fills my ears with tributary sounds.
These sounds discends within my slaught'ed heart,
And there transform'd in bleeding drops appears
Next to my eyes drawn up with cruell smart,
In water chang'd, and then distill'd in tears.
My tears which falls with force upon the ground,
In numbers great of little sparks doth spread,
And in each spark my dolefull pictures found,
I in each picture tragick stories read.
I read Characters both of sin and shame,
Drawne with the colours of my own disgrace,
In figures black of impious defame,
Which painted stands in my disastred face.
I breathlesse faint with burden of their woes,
Such is my paine it will not be expell'd,
Do what I can, I can find no repose,
All hope of help against me is rebell'd.
Gods mercy's great, I will expell despair
With praying still: I shall the heavens molest
Both night and day, unto my God repaire,
He will me hear, and help my soul opprest.
The thought of hell makes all my haire aspire,
Where gnashing teeth sad sorrows doth out-sound,
Where damned souls still boiles in flaming fire,
And where all endless torment doth abound.
Had they but hope, it might appease their grief,
That in ten thousand years they should be free:
But all in vain, despair without reliefe,
Gods word eternal, most eternal be.
When as our Christ in Judgement shall appeare,
Cloath'd with the Glory of his shining light,
And when each soul the trumpets sound shall hear,
They with their corps must com before Gods sight.
The Angels all, and happy troupes of heaven,
Incirkled rounds theatred in each place,
A reck'ning sharp of eu'ry one is given
Before the Saints, and Gods most glorious face.

The sloathfull sinner then shall be asham'd,
Who in his life would neither mend nor mourne
To hear that sentence openly there proclaim'd:
Go wicked to eternal fire, and burne.
And to his blessed company, he says,
The Angels to my Kingdom shall convoy
With endless mirth, because ye knew my ways,
Come rest with me in never-ending joy.
O let me Lord be one of thy elect,
And once again thy love to me restore,
Let thy inspiring grace my spirit protect,
With thee to bide, and never part no more.
Once call to mind how deerly I am bought,
When thy sweet corps was spred upon the Rood,
Thy suff'ring torment, my saluation wrought
Thy pains, thy death, and shedding of thy blood.
O seeke not then my soul for to assaile
Against thy might: how can I make defence,
Thy bleeding death for me will naught auaille,
If thou should damne me for my lewd offence?
Try not thy strength, against me wretched worm,
I am but dust before thy furious wind,
Nor have I force to bide thy angry storm,
Then rather farre, let me thy favour find.
I Caitiue on this earth doth loure and creepe,
I prostrate fall before the heavens defaite,
On thee sweet Christ with mourning tears I weepe
To pittie this my weake and poor estate.
My poor estate which rob'd of all content,
And nothing else but dolours doth retaine,
The treasure of my grief is never spent,
But still in secret sorrow I complaine.
Hear my complaint, mark wel my words, ô Lord,
Thou searcher of all hearts in every kind,
Thou to my true conuersion beare record,
And sweep away my sins out of thy mind.
I sacrifice to thee my Savior sweet,
And patient God who gave me leave to live

My sighing-tears, and bleeding heart contreit,
I have naught else nor ritcher gift to give.
Thou God the Father, thou created me,
And made all things obedient to man's will:
Thou sonne of God to save my soul didst die,
And Holy ghost thou sanctifiest me still.
Thou Father, Sonne, thou holy Ghost divine,
On my poor soul, let your rich glory shine.

FINIS.

TO THE ESTATE OF VVORLDLIE ESTATES.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.
Times are changing and we are changing with them.

EACH hath his Time whom Fortune will aduance,
Whose fickle wheel runs restlesse round about
Some flatt'ring lie oft changeth others chance
Dangers deceit in guiltie hearts breeds doubt.
It's seene
What yet hath been
With tract of time to passe,
And change
Of Fortune strange
At last hath turn'd their glasse.
Enuie triumph's on tops of high Estate
All over-hung with veiles of feigned show.
Man climbs above the course of such conceate
That loftie-like, they loath to look below.
And what?
All's hazard that
Wee seeke on Diceto set,
For some
To height's do come
Then falls in dangers net.
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The gallant man, if poor, he's thought a wretch,
His vertue rare is held in high disdain,
The greatest Foole is wise, if he be rich
And wisdom flowes from his lunatick braine.
Thus see
Rare sprit's to bee
Of no account at all.
Disgrace
Hath got such place
Each joyes at others fall.
The brib'rous mind who makes a God of gould,
He scorns to plead without he have reward,
Then poor men's suites at highest rates are sould,
Whil'st Au'rice damn'd, nor Ruth hath no regard.
For here
He hath no fear
Of Gods consuming curse
His gaines
Doth pull with pains
Plagues from the poor man's purse.
The furious flames of Sodom's sodaine fire,
With fervent force consume vain Pride to nought,
With wings of wax let soaring him aspire
Above the starres of his ambitious thought.
And so
When he doth go
On top of Prides high glory
Then shall
His sodaine fall
Become the worlds sad Story.
Ingratitude that ill, ill-favour'd Ill
In noble breasts hath builded Castles strong,
Oliuion sets-up the Troph's that still
Bewrayes the filthy vildnesse of that wrong.
Ah mind
Where deu'lish kind
Ingratitude doth dwell
That Ill

Coequals still
The greatest Ill in hell.
On poysons filth contagious Error spreads,
Heau'ns spotlesse eyes looks as amaz'd with wōder,
Their Vip'rous minds such raging horror breeds
To teare Religions virgin-roabes asunder.
What then
O wicked men
And Hels eternal pray
Go mourne
And in time turn
From your erronious way.
What course wants crosse? what kind of state wants strife?
vwhat worldling yet could ever seem cōtent?
What have we here in this our thwarting life?
Joy, Beauty, Honor, Love, like smoak are spent.
I say
Time go's away
Without return again
How wise!
Who can despise
These worldly vapours vain.
FINIS.

OF A BEE.

Del' Ape ch' Io prouai Dolce, e Crudele
L' agonel Core, enela bocca iL mele.

MADRIGALL.

ONce did I see
a sounding Bee.
Amongst her sweetned swarme
still would shee flee

and favour me.

Then did I dread no harme.

Now whilst in Nectred-glory of her gaines,
She sits and suckes the fair well-flourish'd flower:
My sugred hopes are turn'd to bitter pains,
And look'd-for-sweet is nothing else but sower:
Ah cruell sweet, Bee sweet and cure my smart,
Hony my mouth, but do not sting my heart.

FINIS

HIS PASSION ADO, When he was in Pilgrimage.

Quo fata vocant.

THou Phaeton thy firy course do'st end,
And Cinthia thou with borrow'd light do'st shine
These woods their silethorrs do out-send
And Vallies lowe their mistie Vapors shrine,
Each liuely thing by Natures course doth go
To rest, save I, that wander now in woe.
My plaints imparts these soli'd partes to fill,
Weil'st roaring Rivers sends their sounds among,
Each dreadful Den appears to help me still,
And yeelds sad Consorts to my sorr'wing song:
How oft I breath this wofull word, alace,
From Eccho I sad accents backe imbrace.
I will advance, what fears can me affraye?
Since Dredes are all debar'd by high dispere,
Like dark-nighs Ghost, I Vagabound astraye,
With troubled spri't transported here and there,
None like myself, but this myself alone,
I martir'd Man be waile my matchlesse mone.
You flintie-stones take ears and eyes to see
This thundring-greif, with Earth-quake of my heart,
That you may sigh and weep with miser-Me,
Melt at the tragick Commentes of my smart:

Let these my tears that fall on you so oft,
Make your obdurate hardnesse to be soft.
You liquid-drops, distilling from mine eyes,
In Christall you my second-self appears;
Patterne of paine, how do'st thou sympathize
In visage wan, and Pilgrim's weede thou beares?
And on these signs of discontent-attire.
Still do I read, debar'd from my desire.
This hairie-Rob which doth my corps conteen,
This Burden, and my rough-unrased-heade
A Winter and a Sommer have I been
In dangers great, still wandring in this weede;
Loe thus the force of my disasters strange
Hath made me make this unacquainted-change.
I am dri'd up with Dolors I endure,
My hollowe eyes bewray's my restles night,
My visage pale, self pittie doth procure,
I see my soares deciph'r'd in my sight,
A Pilgrime still, my Oracle was so,
And made my name, AH MISER MAN I GO.
Now do I go, and wander any way,
No strange estate, no kind of trau'ling toyles,
No threatning Crosse, nor sorrow can me stay,
To search and seeke through all the sorts of soyles.
So round about this Round still have I run,
Where I began, again I have begun.
In strangest parts, where stranger I may bee,
An out-cast lost, and voyed of all releife,
When saddest sight of sorrow I can see,
They to my grave shall help to feede my greife:
If Wonders self can wofull wonders showe,
That sight, that part, that wonder I will know.
Thus do I walk on forreigne fields forlorne,
To carelesse Me, all cares do prove unkinde,
I do the Fates of fickle Fortune scorn,
Each crosse now breeds contentmēt to my mind
Astonish of stupendious things by day,
Nor howling sounds by night can me affray.

You stately Alpes surmounting in the skyes,
The force of floods that frō your hights down falles
There mighty Clamors with my careful Cryes,
The Echoes voice from hollow Caues recalles:
The snow-froz'n-cluds down frō your tops do thūder
their voice with mine doth tear the air a sūder.
And Neptune thou when thy proud swelling wrath
Frō gulphs to mountains mou'd with winters blast
In anger great when thou didst threaten Death
Oft in thy rage, thy raging stormes I past,
And my salt tears increast my saltnes more,
My sighs with winds made all thy bowels roare.
The spatious earth & groundlesse deep shall beare
A true Record, of this my mart'ring mone;
And if there were a world of worlds to hear,
(When from this mortall Chaos I am gone)
I dare approue my sorrow hath bin such,
That all their witt's can not admire too much.
On the colde ground my Caytife-carcasse lies,
The leaueles-trees my Winter-blasted-bed:
Noe Architecture but the Vap'rous skyes,
Black-foggie-Mist, my weari'd corps hath cled,
This loathsome Laire, on which I restles tourne
Doth best befit Me-Miser-man to mourne.
With open eyes Nights-darknes I disdain,
On my Cros'd-brest I Crosse my Crossed armes;
And when repose seekes to prevent my paine,
Squadrons of Cares do sound their fresh alarmes
So in my sleep (the Image of pale-Death)
These sighing words with burthe-brus'd I breath
I ever rowl'd my Barge against the streame,
I scal'd those steppes that Fortune did me frame,
I Conquer'd, which impossible did seeme,
I, haples I, once happy I became:
Now sweetest joy is turn'd to bitter gall,
The higher up, the greater was my fall.
What passing Follies are in high Estates,
Whose foolish hopes gives promise to aspire:

Self-flatt'rie still doth maske the fear of fates,
Till unawars deceiu'd in sought desire:
This breeds dispare, the force of Fortunes change
Sett's high Estates in dread and perrill strange.
There secret grudge, Envy and Treason dwelles,
There Justice lies, in Dole-bewraying weede:
There flyding Time with alt'ring feates still tells
The great Attempts ambitious minds do breed:
They who have most, still hunts for more & more
They most desire that most ar choak'd with store.
Henceforth will I forsake Terrestiall Toys,
Which are nought else but shawdowes of deceit,
What cover'd danger is in earthly joyes,
When vilde Envy, triumphes on each Estate.
Thou Traytour Time, thy Treason doth betray,
And makes youths Spring in florish fair decay.
What's in Experience which I have not sought,
All (in that All) my will I did advance,
At highest rate, all these my witts are bought
In Fortunes-Lottrie, I have try'd my Chance,
So what I have, I have it not by showe,
But by Experience which I truely know.
Long have I searcht, and now at last I find
Eye-pleasing Calmes the tempest doth obscure,
When I in glory of my prosperous wind,
With white-sweld-sayles on gentle seas secure,
And when I thought my loadstar shinde most fair
Ev'n then my hopes made shipwrack on despair
My sight is dark, whil'st I am over-throwne,
Poor silly Bark that did pure love possess:
With great ungratefull stormes thus am I blowne
On ruthlesse Rocks, still deafe at my distresse.
So long-sought-Conquest doth in ruin's bost,
And saies behold, thy love and labor's lost.
Since all my love and labor's lost, let Fame
Spit forth her hate, and with that hatefull scorn
In darke oblivion sepulchrize my name,
And tell the world that I was never borne.

In me all earthly dream'd-of-joy shall ende,
As Indian hearbs which in black smok I spend.
All-doting pleasure, that all tempting-devill,
I shall abhor, as a contag'ous Pest
I'lle purge and clense my senses of that Evil,
I swear and vow, still in this vow to rest,
In sable-habit of the mourning blacke,
I'lle solemnize my oath and vow I make.
Then go vain World, confused Masse of nought,
Thy bitternesse hath now abus'd my braine,
Avoid thy deu'llish Fancy from my thought,
With idle toys torment me not again:
My Time which thy alluring folly spent,
With heart contreat and tears I do repent.

FINIS

FROM ITALY to SCOTLAND his Soyle.

TO thee my Soyle where first
I did receive my breath,
These mournefull Obsequies I sing
Before my Swan-like Death,
My love by Nature bound,
Which spotles love as dew,
Even on the Altar of my heart
I sacrifice to yow.
Thy endless worth through worlds
Beginning still begunne,
Long may it shine with beames most bright
Of uneclipsed-Sunne.
And long may thou Triumph,
With thy unconquer'd hand,

And with the Kindomes of thy King
Both Sea and Earth command
At thy great Triple-force,
This trimbling world still stoup's;
Thy Martiall Arme shall over-match
The Macedonian trup's.
And thou the Trophees great
Of glory shall erect,
The Confeins of this spatious Glob,
Thy Courage shall detect.
O happy Soyle Unyt
Let thy Emperiall breath
Expell seditious Muteners,
The excraments of wrath.
With Honor, Trueth and Love,
Maintain thy thre-fold-Crown,
Then so shalt thou with wondrous worth,
Enrich thy rich Renowne.
In spight of Envyes pride,
Still may thy flourish'd Fame;
Confound thy foes, defend thy right,
And spurne at Cowards shame.
Amidst my sorrowing greef,
My wandring in exyle,
Oft look I to that Arth, and saies,
Far-well sweet Britains Iyle.

TO THE GHOST OF THE right Honorable JOHN GRAHAME Earl of
MONTROIS, sometime ViceRoy of North-Britaine.

Thy meriet great to Honor gave a Crown,
In Invyes-spight thy spotles-Faith did shine,
Thy stately Fame inthroned thy rich renowne,
And Deaths triumph hath made thy soul divine.
Death kild thy mortall Corps,
But not thy glorious Name:
Whose life is still with wings-born-up

Of Honor, Faith and Fame.

AGAINST TIME. SONNET.

Go Traytour Time and authorize my wrong,
My wrack, my wo, my wayting on bewray;
Look on my heart, which by thy shifts so long
Thou Tyranniz'd with Treason to betray,
My hopes are fled, my thoughts are gone astray,
And senselesse I have sorrow in such store
That paine itself, to whom I am a pray
Of me hath made a mart'red-man and more.
Go, go then Time, I hatefull thee implore,
To memorize my sad and matchlesse mone
Whilst thy decepts by Death I shall decore,
My loss of life shall make them known each one,
So I (poor I) I sing with Swan-like-song,
Go Traytour Time and Authorize my wrong.
FINIS.

HIS DYING SONG.

Circunderunt me dolores mortis, & pericula inferni in venerunt me.

NOw haplesse Heart, what can thy sors asswage,
Since thou art gript with horror of deaths hād
Thou (baleful-thou) becoms the Tragick stage,
Where all my tortring thoughts theatred stand,
Grief, fear, death, thoght, each in a mōstrous kind
Like vgly monsters muster in my mind.
Thou loathsome bed to restlesse-martred-Me,
Voide of repose, fil'd with consuming cares;
I will breath forth my wretched life on thee,
For quenchlesse wo and paine, my grave prepares
Unto pale-agonizing-Death am thrall,
Then must I go and answer to his call.

O Memory most bitter to that man,
Whose God is Golde, and hoords it up in store;
But O that blind-deceiuing-Wealth, what can
It save a life, or add one minute more?
When he at rest, rich-treasure in his sight,
His Soul (poor foole) is tane away that night.
And strangers gets the substance of his gaine,
Which he long sought with endles toyles to find,
This vilde-worlds-filth, and excraments most vain,
He needs must die, and leave it all behinde:
O man in mind remember this, and mourne,
Naked thou cam'st, and Naked must retourne.
I naked came, and naked must retourne,
Earths start'ring pleasure is an idle toy;
For now I swear my very Soul doth spurne,
That breath that froth, that moment-fleeting-joy;
Then fare-well World, let him betrai'd still bost
Of all mischiefe that in Thee trusteth most.
Burnt Candle, all thy store consum'd thou end's,
Thy lightning splendor threats for to be gone,
O how dost thou resemble Me that spend's,
And sighs forth life in sighing forth my mone?
Thy light Thee lothes, I loth this lothed life,
Full of decept, false-envy, grudge and strife.
I call on Time, Time's alt'red by the change,
I call on Friends, Friends have clos'd up their ears;
I call on Earthly-powers, and they are strange,
I call in vain when Pittie none appears.
Both Time and Friends, both Earthly-powers and all,
All in disdain are deafe at my hoarse call.
Then Prayer flow from my heart-humbling-knees
To the supreame Coelestiall power aspire
Shew thou my grief to Heavens-all-seing-eyes
Who never yet deny'd my just desire:
Man's-help is nought, O God thy help I crave,
Whose spotles-blood my spotted-soul did save.
Then take my soul, which bought by thee is thine
Earth-harbring-worms take thou my corps of clay

O Christ on me eternal mercy shine,
Thy bleiding wounds wash all my sins away:
I come, I come, to thee O Jesu sweet,
And in thy hands I recommend my spirit.
FINIS.

