

141  
423  
THE  
TENTH MUSE

Lately sprung up in AMERICA.

OR

Severall Poems, compiled  
with great variety of VVit  
and Learning, full of delight.

Wherein especially is contained a com-  
pleat discourse and description of

The Four { Elements,  
Constitutions,  
Ages of Man,  
Seasons of the Year.

Together with an Exact Epitomie of  
the Four Monarchies, viz.

The { Assyrian,  
Persian,  
Grecian,  
Roman.

Also a Dialogue between Old England and  
New, concerning the late troubles.

With divers other pleatant and serious Poems.

By a Gentlewoman in those parts.

Printed at London for Stephen Borstell at the signe of the  
Gulfe Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.

Kind Reader :

**H** Ad I opportunity but to borrow  
some of the Authors wit, 'tis pos-  
sible I might so trim this curious  
work with such quaint expressions, as that  
the Preface might bespeake thy further perus-  
sall; but I feare 'twil be a shame for a man  
that can speak so little, to be seene in the title  
page of this womans Book, lest by comparing  
the one with the other, the Reader should  
passe his sentence, that it is the gift of wo-  
men, not only to speak most, but to speake best;  
I shall leave therefore to commend that,  
which with any ingenious Reader will too  
much commend the Author, unlesse men  
turne more peevish then women, to envie  
the excellency of the inferiour Sex. I doubt  
not but the Reader will quickly finde more  
then I can say, and the worst effect of his rea-  
ding will be unbelief, which will make him  
question whether it be a womans work, and  
aske, Is it possible? If any doe, take this as  
an answer from him that dares avow it; It  
is the work of a woman, honoured, and e-

steemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet manning of her family occasions; and more then so, these Poems are the fruit but of some few houres, curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments. I dare adde little, lest I keepe thee too long, if thou wilt not beleve the worth of these things (in their kind) when a man sayes it, yet beleve it from a woman when thou seest it. This only I shall annex, I feare the displeasure of no person in the publishing of these Poems but the Authors, without whose knowledge, and contrary to her expectation, I have presumed to bring to publick view what she resolved should never in such a manner see the Sun; but I found that divers had gotten some scattered papers, affected them well, were likely to have sent forth broken peices to the Authors prejudice, which I thought to prevent, as well as to pleasure those that earnestly desired the view of the whole.

Mercur.

**M**ercury shew'd Apollo, *Bartas* Book,  
Minerva this, and wisht him well to  
look,

And tell uprightly, which did which excell;  
He view'd, and view'd, and vow'd he could  
not tell.

They bid him Hemisphear his mouldy nose,  
With's crackt leering-glasses, for it would  
pose

The best brains he had in's old pudding-pan,  
Sex weigh'd, which best, the Woman, or the  
Man?

He peer'd, and por'd, and glar'd, and said for  
wore,

I'me even as wise now, as I was before:  
They both 'gan laugh, and said, it was no  
mar'l

The Auth'resse was a right *Du Baras* Girl.  
Good sooth quoth the old *Don*, tel, ye me so,  
I muse whither at length these Girls wil go;  
It half revives my chil frost-bitten blood,  
To see a woman once do, ought, that's good;  
And chode buy *Chaucers* Boots, and *Homers*  
Furrs,

Ler men look tot, leaſt women weare the  
Spurs.

N. Ward.

A 4

To

Of these consists, our bodies, clothes, and food,  
 The world, the usefull, hurtfull, and the good:  
 Sweet harmony they keep, yet jar oft times,  
 Their discord may appear, by these harsh rimes.  
 Yours did contest, for Wealth, for Arts, for Age,  
 My first do shew, their good, and then their rage,  
 My other four, do intermixed tell  
 Each others faults, and where themselves excell:  
 How hot, and dry, contend with moist, and cold,  
 How Aire, and Earth, no correspondence hold,  
 And yet in equall tempers, how they gree,  
 How divers natures, make one unity.  
 Some thing of all (though mean) I did intend,  
 But fear'd you'd judge, one *Bartas* was my friend,  
 I honour him, but dare not wear his wealth,  
 My goods are true (though poor) I love no stealth,  
 But if I did, I durst not send them you;  
 Who must reward a theife, but with his due.  
 I shall not need my innocence to clear,  
 These ragged lines, will do't, when they appear.  
 On what they are, your mild aspect I crave,  
 Accept my best, my worst vouchsafe a grave.

From her, that to your selfe more duty owes,  
 Then waters, in the boundlesse Ocean flows.

ANNE BRADSTREET.

The

## THE PROLOGUE.

1.  
 TO sing of Wars, of Captaines, and of Kings;  
 Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun;  
 For my mean Pen, are too superiour things,  
 And how they all, or each, their dates have run:  
 Let Poets, and Historians set these forth,  
 My obscure Verse, shal not so dim their worth.

2.  
 But when my wondring eyes, and envious heart,  
 Great *Bartas* sugar'd lines doe but read o're;  
 Foole, I doe grudge, the Muses did not part  
 'Twixt him and me, that over-fluent store;  
 A *Bartas* can, doe what a *Bartas* wil,  
 But simple I, according to my skill.

3.  
 From School-boyes tongue, no Rhetorick we expect,  
 Nor yet a sweet Consort, from broken strings,  
 Nor perfect beauty, where's a maine defect,  
 My foolish, broken, blemish'd Muse so sings;  
 And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,  
 'Cause Nature made it so irreparable.

4.  
 Nor can I, like that fluent sweet tongu'd *Greek*  
 Who lisp'd at first, speake afterwards more plaine  
 By Art, he gladly found what he did seeke,  
 A full requitall of his striving paine:

B: 2

Art

Art can doe much, but this maxime's most sure,  
A weake or wounded braine admits no cure.

5.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue,  
Who sayes, my hand a needle better fits,  
A Poets Pen, all scorne, I should thus wrong;  
For such despight they cast on female wits:  
If what I doe prove well, it wo'nt advance,  
They'l say its stolne, or else, it was by chance.

6.

But sure the anrick *Greeks* were far more milde,  
Else of our Sex, why feigned they those nine,  
And poesy made, *Calliope's* owne childe,  
So 'mongst the rest, they plac'd the Arts divine:  
But this weake knot they will full soone untye,  
The *Greeks* did noughr, but play the foole and lye.

7.

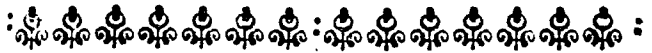
Let *Greeks* be *Greeks*, and Women what they are,  
Men have precedency, and still excell,  
It is but vaine, unjustly to wage war,  
Men can doe best, and Women know it well;  
Preheminence in each, and all is yours,  
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

8.

And oh, ye high flown quills, thar soave the skies,  
And ever with your prey, still catch your praise,  
If're you daigne these lowly lines, your eyes  
Give wholsome Parsley wreath, I aske no Bayes:  
This meane and unrefined stufte of mine,  
Will make your glittering gold but more to shine.

A. B.

The



## The Foure Elements.



Ire, Aire, Earth, and Water, did all contest  
which was the strongest, noblest, & the best,  
Who the most good could shew, & who most  
rage

For to declare, themselves they all ingage;  
And in due order each her turne should speake,  
But enmity, this amity did breake:  
All would be cheife, and all scorn'd to be under,  
Whence issu'd raines, and winds, lightning and thunder;  
The quaking Earth did groan, the skie look't black,  
The Fire, the forced Aire, in sunder crack;  
The sea did threat the heavens, the heavens the earth,  
All looked like a Chaos, or new birth;  
- Fire broyled Earth, and scorched Earth it choaked,  
Both by their darings; Water so provoked,  
That roaring in it came, and with its force  
Soone made the combatants abate their force;  
The rumbling, hissing, puffing was so great,  
The worlds confusion it did seeme to threat;  
But Aire at length, contention so abated,  
That betwixt hot and cold, she arbitrated  
The others enmity: being lesse, did cease  
All stormes now laid, and they in perfect peace,  
That Fire should first begin, the rest consent,  
Being the most impatient Element.

B 3

Fire.

## Fire.

**W**Hat is my worth (both ye) and all things know,  
 Where little is, I can but little show,  
 But what I am, let learned *Grecians* say;  
 What I can doe, well skill'd *Mechanicks* may,  
 The benefit all Beings, by me finde;  
 Come first ye *Artists*, and declare your minde.  
 What toole was ever fram'd, but by my might;  
**O** *Martialist*! what weapon for your fight?  
 To try your valour by, but it must feele  
 My force? your sword, your Pike, your flint and Steele,  
 Your Cannon's bootlesse, and your powder too  
 Without mine ayd, alas, what can they doe?  
 The aduersè wall's not shak'd, the Mine's not blowne,  
 And in despight the City keeps her owne,  
 But I with one *Granado*, or *Petard*,  
 Set ope those gates, that 'fore so strong was barr'd.  
 Ye *Husband-men*, your coulter's made by me,  
 Your shares, your mattocks, and what e're you see,  
 Subdue the earth, and fit it for your graine,  
 That so in time it might requite your paine;  
 Though strong limb'd *Vulcan* forg'd it by his skill,  
 I make it flexible unto his will.  
 Ye *Cooks*, your kitchin implements I fram'd,  
 Your spits, pots, jacks, what else I need not name,  
 Your dainty food, I wholesome make, I warme  
 Your shrinking limbs, which winters cold doth harme;  
 Ye *Paracelians* too, in vaine's your skill  
 In chymistry, unlesse I help you Saile,

And

And you *Philosophers*, if ere you made  
 A transmutation, it was through mine aide.  
 Ye *Silver-smiths*, your ure I do refine,  
 What mingled lay with earth, I cause to shine.  
 But let me leave these things, my flame aspires  
 To match on high with the *Celestiall* fires.  
 The Sun, an Orbe of Fire was held of old,  
 Our *Sages* new, another tale have told:  
 But be he what they list, yet his aspect,  
 A burning fiery heat we find reflect;  
 And of the selfe same nature is with mine,  
 Good sister *Earth*, no witnesse needs but thine;  
 How doth his warmth refresh thy frozen backs,  
 And trim thee gay, in green, after thy blacks?  
 Both man and beast, rejoyce at his approach,  
 And birds do sing, to see his glittering Coach.  
 And though nought but *Salamanders* live in fire;  
 The *Flye Pyrausta* call'd, all welse expire.  
 Yet men and beasts, *Astronomers* can tell,  
 Fix'd in heavenly constellations dwell,  
 My Planets, of both Sexes, whose degree,  
 Poor *Heathen* judg'd worthy a *Diety*:  
 With *Orion* arm'd, attended by his dog,  
 The *Theban* stout *Alcides*, with his club:  
 The *Valiant Perseus* who *Mecusa* slew,  
 The Horse that kill'd *Bellerophon*, then flew.  
 My *Crabbe*, my *Scorpion*, fishes, you may see,  
 The maid with ballance, wayn with horses three;  
 The *Ram*, the *Bull*, the *Lyon*, and the *Beagle*;  
 The *Bear*, the *Goate*, the *Raven*, and the *Eagle*,  
 The *Crown*, the *Whale*, the *Archer*, *Bernice* *Hare*,  
 The *Hidra*, *Dolphin*, *Boys*, that waters bear.

B 4

Nay

Nay more then these, Rivers 'mongst stars are found,  
*Eridanus*, where *Phaeton* was drown'd,  
 Their magnitude and height should I recount,  
 My story to a Volume would amount:  
 Out of a multitude, these few I touch,  
 Your wisdom out of little gathers much,  
 He here let passe, my Choler cause of warres,  
 And influence of divers of those starres,  
 When in conjunction with the sun, yet more,  
 Augment his heat, which was too hot before:  
 The Summer ripening season I do claime;  
 And man from thirty unto fifty frame.  
 Of old, when Sacrifices were divine,  
 I of acceptance was the holy signe.  
 'Mong all my wonders which I might recount;  
 There's none more strange then *Aetna's* sulphery mount  
 The choaking flames, that from *Vesuvius* flew  
 The over-curious second *Pliny* flew:  
 And with the ashes, that it sometimes shed  
*Apulia's* jacent parts were covered;  
 And though I be a servant to each man;  
 Yet by my force, master my master can.  
 What famous Townes to cinders have I turn'd?  
 What lasting Forts my kindled wrath hath burn'd?  
 The stately seats of mighty Kings by me:  
 In confus'd heaps of ashes may ye see.  
 Where's *Ninus* great wal'd Town, and *Troy* of old?  
*Carthage*, and hundred moe, in stories told,  
 Which when they could not be o're come by foes  
 The Army through my helpe victorious rose;  
 Old sacred *Zion*, I demolish'd thee;  
 So great *Diana's* Temple was by me.

And

And more then brutish *Sodome* for her lust,  
 With neighbouring Townes I did consume to dust,  
 What shal I say of Lightning, and of Thunder,  
 Which Kings, and mighty ones; amaz'd with wonder,  
 Which made a *Caesar*, (*Romes*) the worlds proud head,  
 Foolish *Caligula*, creep under's bed  
 Of Metors, *Ignis Fatuus*, and the rest,  
 But to leave those to th' wife, I judge is best,  
 The rich I oft make poore, the strong I maime,  
 Not sparing life when I can take the same;  
 And in a word, the World I shal consume,  
 And all therein at that great day of doome;  
 Not before then, shal cease my raging ire,  
 And then, because no matter more for fire:  
 Now Sisters, pray proceed, each in her course,  
 As I: impart your usefulness, and force.

## Earth.

THE next in place, Earth judg'd to be her due,  
 Sister, in worth I come not short of you;  
 In wealth and use I doe surpasse you all,  
 And Mother Earth, of old, men did me call,  
 Such was my fruitfulness; an Epithite  
 Which none ere gave, nor you could claime of right,  
 Among my praises this I count not least,  
 I am th' originall of man and beast,  
 To tell what sundry fruits my far soyle yeelds,  
 In vine-yards, orchards, gardens, and corne fields,  
 Their kinds, their tastes, their colours, and their smells,  
 Would so passe time, I could say nothing else;

The

The rich and poore, wise, foole, and every sort,  
 Of these so common things, can make report:  
 To tell you of my Countries, and my regions  
 Soone would they passe, not hundreds, but legions,  
 My cities famous, rich, and populous,  
 Whose numbers now are growne innumeros ;  
 I have not time to thinke of every part,  
 Yet let me name my *Grecia*, 'tis my heart  
 For Learning, Armes, and Arts, I love it well ;  
 But chiefly, 'cause the Muses there did dwell ;  
 Ile here skip o're my mountaines, reaching skies,  
 Whether Pyrenian, or the Alpes; both lyes  
 On either side the country of the *Gaules*,  
 Strong forts from *Spanish* and *Italian* braules,  
 And huge great *Taurus*, longer then the rest,  
 Dividing great *Armenia* from the least,  
 And *Hemus*, whose steep sides, none foote upon,  
 But farewell all, for deare mount *Helicon*,  
 And wonderous high *Olimpus*, of such fame,  
 That heaven it selfe was oft call'd by that name ;  
 Sweet *Parnassus*, I dote too much on thee,  
 Unless thou prove a better friend to me ;  
 But ile skip o're these Hills, not touch a Dale,  
 Nor yet expatiate, in Temple vale ;  
 Ile here let goe, my Lions of *Numedia*,  
 My Panthers, and my Leopards of *Libia*,  
 The Behemoth, and rare found Unicorne,  
 Poysons sure antidote lyes in his borne.  
 And my *Hyæna* ( imitates mans voyce )  
 Out of huge numbers, I might pick my choyce,  
 Thousands in woods, and planes, both wild, and tame,  
 But here, or there, I list now none : name ;

No,

No, though the fawning dog did urge me sore  
 In his behalfe to speak a word the more ;  
 Whose trust, and valour I might here commend ;  
 But time's too short, and precious so to spend.  
 But hark, ye worthy Merchants who for prize  
 Send forth your well man'd ships, where sun doth rise.  
 After three years, when men and meat is spent,  
 My rich commodities payes doubtfull rent.  
 Ye *Galenists*, my Drugs that come from thence  
 Doe cure your patients, fill your purse with pence;  
 Besides the use you have, of Herbs and Plants,  
 That with lesse cost, neare home, supplies your wants.  
 But Marriners, where got you ships and sailes ?  
 And Oares to row, when both my sisters failes ?  
 Your Tackling, Anchor, Compasse too, is mine ;  
 Which guides, when Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars do shine.  
 Ye mighty Kings, who for your lasting fames  
 Built Cities, Monuments call'd by your names ;  
 Was those compiled heapes of missy stones ?  
 That your ambition laid, ought but my bones ?  
 Ye greedy misers who do dig for gold ;  
 For gemmes, for silver, treasures which I hold :  
 Will not my goodly face, your rage suffice ?  
 But you will see what in my bowels lyes ?  
 And ye Artificers, all trades and sorts ;  
 My bounty calls you forth to make reports,  
 If ought you have to use, to wear, to eate ?  
 But what I freely yeeld upon your sweat ?  
 And cholerick lister, thou ( for all thine ire )  
 Well knowest, my fuell must maintain thy fire.  
 As I ingenuously ( with thanks ) confesse  
 My cold, thy (fruitfull) hear, doth crave no lesse :

But



But how my cold, dry temper, works upon  
 The melancholy constitution.  
 How the Autumnal season I do sway;  
 And how I force the grey head to obey.  
 I should here make a short, yet true narration,  
 But that thy method is my imitation.  
 Now might I shew my aduers quality,  
 And how I oft work mans mortality.  
 He sometimes findes, maugre his toyling paine,  
 Thistles and thornes, where he expected graine;  
 My sap, to plants and trees, I must not grant,  
 The Vine, the Olive, and the Figtree want:  
 The Corne, and Hay, both fall before thy'r mowne;  
 And buds from fruitfull trees, before they'r blowne.  
 Then dearth prevailes, that Nature to suffice,  
 The tender mother on her Infant flies:  
 The Husband knowes no Wife, nor father sons;  
 But to all outrages their hunger runnes.  
 Dreadfull examples, soon I might produce,  
 But to such auditours twere of no use.  
 Agun, when Delvers dare in hope of gold,  
 To ope those veines of Mine, audacious bold:  
 While they thus in my intralls seem to dive;  
 Before they know, they are inter'd alive.  
 Ye affrighted wights, appall'd how do you shake  
 If once you feele me, your foundation, quake,  
 Because in the abyffe of my darke wombe:  
 Your Cities and your selves I oft intombe.  
 O dreadfull Sepulcher! that this is true,  
 Korah and all his Company well knew.  
 And since, fiire Italy full sadly knowes  
 What she hath lost by these my dreadfull woes.

And

And Rome, her *Curius*, can't forget I think;  
 Who bravely rode into my yawning chinke.  
 Again, what veines of poyson in me lye;  
 As *Stibium* and unfixt *Mercury*:  
 With divers moe, nay, into plants it creeps;  
 In hot, and cold, and some benums with sleeps,  
 Thus I occasion death to man and beast,  
 When they seek food, and harme mistrust the least.  
 Much might I say, of the *Arabian* sands;  
 Which rise like mighty billowes on the lands:  
 Wherein whole Armies I have overthrown;  
 But windy sister, 'twas when you have blown.  
 Ile say no more, yet this thing adde I must,  
 Remember sonnes, your mould is of my dust,  
 And after death, whether inter'd, or burn'd;  
 As earth at first, so into earth return'd.

## Water.

SCARCE Earth had done, but th' angry waters mov'd;  
 Sister (quoth she) it had full well behov'd  
 Among your boastings to have praised me;  
 Cause of your fruitfulnessse, as you shall see:  
 This your neglect, shewes your ingratitude;  
 And how your subtilty would men delude.  
 Nor one of us, all knowes, that's like to thee,  
 Ever in craving, from the other three:  
 But thou art bound to me, above the rest;  
 Which am thy drink, thy blood, thy sap, and best.  
 If I withhold, what art thou, dead, dry lump  
 Thou bear'st no grasse, nor plant, nor tree, nor stump.

Thy

Thy extreame thirst is moistened by my love,  
 With Springs below, and showers from above;  
 Or else thy sun-burnt face, and gaping chappes;  
 Complaines to th'heaven, when I withhold my drops:  
 Thy Bear, thy Tyger, and thy Lyon stout,  
 When I am gone, their fiercenesse none need doubt;  
 The Camell hath no strength, thy Bull no force;  
 Nor mett's found in the couragious Horse;  
 Hindes leave their Calves, the Elephant the Fens;  
 The Woolves and savage Beasts, forsake their Dens.  
 The lofty Eagle and the Storke flye low,  
 The Peacock, and the Ostrich, share in woe:  
 The Pine, the Cedars, yea and *Daphnes* tree;  
 Do cease to flourish in this misery.  
 Man wants his bread, and wine, and pleasant fruits;  
 He knowes such sweets, lyes not in earths dry roo:  
 Then seeks me out, in River and in Well;  
 His deadly mallady, I might expell.  
 If I supply, his heart and veines rejoyce;  
 If not, soon ends his life, as did his voyce.  
 That this is true, earth thou canst not deny;  
 I call thine *Egypt*, this to verifie;  
 Which by my *fatting Nile*, doth yeeld such store;  
 That she can spare, when Nations round are poore.  
 When I run low, and not o'reflow her brinks;  
 To meet with want, each woefull man bethinks.  
 But such I am, in Rivers, showers and springs;  
 But what's the wealth that my rich Ocean brings?  
 Fishes so numberlesse I there do hold;  
 Shouldst thou but buy, it wou'd exhaust thy gold.  
 There lives the oyley Whale, whom all men know,  
 Such wealth, but not such like, Earth thou mayst show.

The

The Dolphin (loving musique) *Arions* friend.  
 The crafty Barbell, whose wit doth her commend;  
 With thousands moe, which now I list not name,  
 Thy silence of thy beasts, doth cause the same.  
 My pearles that dangle at thy darlings ears;  
 Not thou, but shell-fish yeelds, as *Pliny* clears.  
 Was ever gem so rich found in thy trunk?  
 As *Aegypt* wanton *Cleopatra* drunke.  
 Or hast thou any colour can come nigh;  
 The Roman Purple, double *Tirian* dye.  
 Which *Cæsars*, *Cousuls*, *Tribunes* all adore;  
 For it, to search my waves, they thought no scorne.  
 Thy gallant rich perfuming Amber-greece:  
 I lightly cast a shoare as frothy fleece.  
 With rowling graines of purest massy gold:  
 Which *Spaines Americans*, do gladly hold.  
 Earth, thou hast not more Countrys, Vales and Mounds;  
 Then I have Fountaines, Rivers, Lakes and Ponds:  
 My sundry Seas, Black, VWhite, and Adriatique  
*Ionian*, *Balticke*, and the vast *Atlantique*;  
 The *Ponticke*, *Caspian*, Golden Rivers fine.  
*Asphaltis* Lake, where nought remains alive.  
 But I should go beyond thee in thy boasts,  
 If I should shew, more Seas, then thou hast Coasts.  
 But note this maxime in Philosophy:  
 Then Seas are deep, Mountains are never high.  
 To speake of kinds of VVaters I'll neglect,  
 My divers Fountaines and their strange effect;  
 My wholesome Bathes, together with their cures.  
 My water *Syrrens*, with their guilefull lures:  
 Th'uncertain cause, of certain ebbs and flowes;  
 VVhich wondrous *Aristoles* wit, ne'r knowes.

Nor

Nor will I speake of waters made by Art,  
 Which can to life, restore a fainting heart :  
 Nor fruitfull dewes, nor drops from weeping eyes ;  
 VVhich pittie moves, and oft deceives the wise.  
 Nor yet of Salt, and Sugar, sweet and smart,  
 Both when we list, to water we convert.  
 Alas; thy ships and oares could do no good  
 Did they but want my Ocean, and my Flood.  
 The wary Merchant, on his weary beast  
 Transfers his goods, from North and South and East;  
 Unlesse I ease his toyle, and doe transport,  
 The wealthy fraught, unto his wished Port.  
 These be my benefits which may suffice:  
 I now must shew what force there in me lyes.  
 The flegmy constitution I uphold ;  
 All humours, Tumours, that are bred of cold.  
 O're childehood, and Winter, I bear the sway ;  
 Yet *Luna* for my Regent I obey.  
 As I with showers oft time refresh the earth ;  
 So oft in my excesse, I cause a dearth :  
 And with abundant wet, so coole the ground ;  
 By adding cold to cold, no fruit proves found ;  
 The Farmer, and the Plowman both complain  
 Of rotten sheep, lean kine, and mildew'd grain.  
 And with my wasting floods, and roaring torrent ;  
 Their Cattle, Hay, and Corne, I sweep down current,  
 Nay many times, my Ocean breaks his bounds:  
 And with a'tonishment, the world confounds.  
 And swallowes Countreyes up, ne're seen againe:  
 And that an Island makes, which once was maine.  
 Thus *Albion* (tis thought) was cut from *France*,  
*Cicily* from *Italy*, by th'like chance.

And

And but one land was *Affrica* and *Spainye*,  
 Untill straight *Gibraltar*, did make them twaine:  
 Some say I swallowed up (sure 'tis a notion)  
 A mighty Country ith' *Atlanticke Ocean*.  
 Ineed nor say much of my Haile and Snow,  
 My Ice and extreame cold, which all men know.  
 VVhereof the first, so ominous I rain'd,  
 That *Israels* enemies, therewith was brain'd.  
 And of my chilling colds, such plenty be;  
 That *Caucasus* high mounts, are seldom free:  
 Mine Ice doth glaze *Europes* big'st Rivers o're,  
 Till Sun release, their ships can saile no more.  
 All know, what inundations I have made;  
 VVherein not men, but mountaines seem'd to wade  
 As when *Achaia*, all under water stood,  
 That in two hundred year, it ne'r prov'd good.  
*Ducalions* great deluge, with many moe ;  
 But these are trifles to the Flood of *Noe*.  
 Then wholly perish'd, earths ignoble race;  
 And to this day, impaires her beautilous face.  
 That after times, shall never feel like woe :  
 Her confirm'd sonnes, behold my colour'd bow.  
 Much might I say of wracks, but that Ile spare,  
 And now give place unto our sister Aire.

Aire.

Content (quoth Aire) to speake the last of you,  
 Though not through ignorance, first was my due,  
 I doe suppose, you'l yeeld without controley;  
 I am the breath of every living soul.

C

MOZ.

Mortalls, what one of you, that loves not me,  
 Aboundantly more then my sisters three?  
 And though you love Fire, Earth, and Water well;  
 Yet Aire, beyond all these ye know excell.  
 I aske the man condemn'd, that's near his death:  
 How gladly should his gold purchase his breath,  
 And all the wealth, that ever earth did give,  
 How freely should it go, so he might live.  
 No world, thy witching trash, were all but vain.  
 If my pure Aire, thy sonnes did not sustain.  
 The famillit, thirsty man, that craves supply:  
 His moving reason is, give least I dye.  
 So loath he is to go, though nature's spent,  
 To bid adue, to his dear Element.  
 Nay, what are words, which doe reveale the mind?  
 Speak, who, or what they will, they are but wind.  
 Your Drums, your Trumpets, and your Organs found,  
 VVhat is't? but forced Aire which must rebound,  
 And such are Echoes, and report o'th gun  
 VVhich tells afar, th'exploit which he hath done.  
 Your songs and pleasant tunes, they are the same,  
 And so's the notes which Nightingales do frame.  
 Ye forging Smiths, if Bellows once were gone;  
 Your red hot work, more coldly would go on.  
 Ye Mariners, tis I that fill your Sailes,  
 And speed you to your Port, with wished gales.  
 VVhen burning heat, doth cause you faint, I coole,  
 And when I smile, your Ocean's like a Poole.  
 I ripe the corne, I turne the grinding mill;  
 And with my selfe, I every vacuum fill.  
 The ruddy sweet sanguine, is like to Aire,  
 And youth, and spring, sages to me con pare.

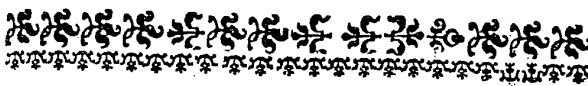
My

My moist hot nature, is so purely thinne,  
 No place so subtilly made, but I get in.  
 I grow more pure and pure, as I mount higher,  
 And when I'm thoroughly rarifi'd, turn fire.  
 So when I am condens'd, I turne to water;  
 VVhich may be done, by holding down my vapour.  
 Thus I another body can assume,  
 And in a trice, my own nature resume.  
 Some for this cause (of late) have been so bold,  
 Me for no Element, longer to hold.  
 Let such suspend their thoughts, and silent be;  
 For all Philosophers make one of me.  
 And what those Sages, did, or spake, or writ,  
 Is more authentick then their moderne wit.  
 Next, of my Fowles such multitudes there are;  
 Earths Beasts, and VVaters Fish, scarce can compare.  
 The Ostrich with her plumes, th'Eagle with her cyne;  
 The Phoenix too (if any be) are mine;  
 The Stork, the Crane, the Partrich, and the Pheasant;  
 The Pye, the Jay, the Larke, a prey to th' Peasant.  
 VVith thousands more, which now I may omit;  
 VVithout impeachment, to my tale or wit.  
 As my fresh Aire preserves, all things in life;  
 So when'ts corrupt, mortality is rife.  
 Then Feavour, Purples, Pox, and Pestilence;  
 VVith divers more, worke deadly consequence.  
 VVhereof such multitudes have dy'd and fled,  
 The living, scarce had power, to bury dead.  
 Yea so contagious, Countries have me known;  
 That birds have not scap'd death, as they have flown,  
 Of murrain, Cattle numberlesse did fall,  
 Men fear'd destruction epidemicall.

C 2

Then

Then of my tempests, felt at Sea and Land,  
 Which neither ships nor houses could withstand.  
 What woeful wracks I've made, may wel appear,  
 If nought was known, but that before *Algire*.  
 Where famous *Charles* the first, more losse sustain'd,  
 Then in his long hot wars, which *Millain* gain'd.  
 How many rich fraught vessells, have I split?  
 Some upon sands, some upon rocks have hir.  
 Some have I forc'd, to gaine an unknown shoare;  
 Some overwel'm'd with waves, and seen no more.  
 Again, what tempests, and what hericanoes  
 Knowes *VVestern Isles*, *Christophers*, *Barbadoes*;  
*VVhere* neither houses, trees, nor plants, I spare;  
 But some fall down, and some flye up with aire.  
 Earth-quaks so hurtful and so fear'd of all,  
 Imprisoned I, am the original.  
 Then what prodigious fights, sometimes I show:  
 As battells pitcht ith' Aire (as Countries know;) )  
 Their joyning, fighting, forcing, and retreat;  
 That earth appeares in heaven, oh wonder great!  
 Sometimes strange flaming swords, and blazing stars,  
 Portentious signes, of Famines, Plagues and *VVars*.  
*VVhich* makes the mighty Monarchs fear their Fates,  
 By death, or great mutations of their States.  
 I have said lesse, then did my sisters three;  
 But what's their worth, or force, but more's in me.  
 To adde to all I've said, was my intent,  
 But dare not go, beyond my Element.



## Of the foure Humours in Mans constitution.



He former foure, now ending their Dis-  
 course,  
 Ceasing to vaunt, their good, or threat their  
 force.  
 Loe! other foure step up, crave leave to shew  
 The native qualities, that from each flow,  
 But first they wisely shew'd their high descent,  
 Each eldest Daughter to each Element;  
 Choler was own'd by Fire, and Blood by Aire,  
 Earth knew her black swarth childe, Water her faire;  
 All having made obeysance to each Mother,  
 Had leave to speake, succeeding one the other;  
 But 'mongst themselves they were at variance,  
 Which of the foure should have predonainance;  
 Choler hotly claim'd, right by her mother,  
 Who had precedency of all the other.  
 But Sanguine did dildaine, what she requir'd,  
 Pleading her selfe, was most of all desir'd;  
 Proud Melancholy, more envious then the rest,  
 The second, third, or last could not digest;  
 She was the silencest of all the foure,  
 Her wisdom spake not much, but thought the more.

Cold flegme, did not contest for highest place,  
 Only she crav'd, to have a vacant space.  
 Wel, thus they parle, and chide, but to be brieft,  
 Or wil they nil they, Choler wil be cheift;  
 They seeing her imperiosity,  
 At present yeilded, to necessity.

*Choler.*

**T**O shew my great descent, and pedigree,  
 Your selves would judge, but vain prolixity.  
 It is acknowledged, from whence I came,  
 It shal suffice, to tel you what I am:  
 My self, and Mother, one as you shal see,  
 But she in greater, I in lesse degree;  
 We both once Masculines, the world doth know,  
 Now Feminines (a while) for love we owe  
 Unto your Sister-hood, which makes us tender  
 Our noble selves, in a lesse noble Gender.  
 Though under fire, we comprehend all heat,  
 Yet man for Choler, is the proper fear.  
 I in his heart erect my regal throne,  
 Where Monarch-like I play, and sway alone,  
 Yet many times, unto my great disgrace,  
 One of your selves are my compeers, in place:  
 Where if your rule once grow predominant,  
 The man proves boyish, sottish, ignorant,  
 But if ye yeeld sub-servient unto me,  
 I make a man, a man i'th highest degree,  
 Be he a Souldier, I more fence his heart  
 Then Iron Corlet, gainst a sword or dart;

Wh

What makes him face his foe, without appal?  
 To storme a Breach, or scale a City wal?  
 In dangers to account himself more sure,  
 Then timerous Hares, whom Castles doe immure?  
 Have ye not heard of Worthies, Demi-gods?  
 Twixt them and others, what ist makes the odds  
 But valour, whence comes that? from none of you;  
 Nay milk-sops, at such brunts you look but blew,  
 Here's Sister Ruddy, worth the other two,  
 That much wil talk, but little dares she do,  
 Unlesse to court, and claw, and dice, and drink,  
 And there she wil out-bid us all, I think;  
 She loves a Fiddle, better then a Drum,  
 A Chamber wel, in field she dares not come;  
 She'l ride a Horse as bravely, as the best,  
 And break a staffe, provided't be in jest,  
 But shuns to look on wounds, and bloud that's spilt,  
 She loves her sword, only because its gilt;  
 Then here's our sad black Sister, worse then you,  
 She'l neither say, she wil, nor wil she doe:  
 But peevish, Male-content, musing she fits,  
 And by misprisions, like to loose her wits;  
 If great perswasions, cause her meet her foe;  
 In her dul resolution, she's slow.  
 To march her pace, to some is greater pain,  
 Then by a quick encounter, to be slaine;  
 But be she beaten, she'l not run away,  
 She'l first advise, if't be not best to stay.  
 But let's give, cold, white; Sister Flegme her right,  
 So loving unto all, she scornes to fight.  
 If any threaten her, she'l in a trice,  
 Convert from water, to conjealed Ice;

C 4

Her

Her teeth wil chatter, dead and wan's her face,  
 And 'fore she be assaulted, quits the place,  
 She dare, not challenge if I speake amisse;  
 Nor hath she wit, or heat, to blush at this.  
 Here's three of you, all sees now what you are,  
 Then yeeld to me, preheminence in War.  
 Again, who fits, for learning, science, Arts?  
 Who rarifies the intellectuall parts?  
 Whence flow fine spirits, and witty notions?  
 Not from our dul slow Sisters motions:  
 Nor sister Sanguine, from thy moderate heat,  
 Poor spirits the Liver breeds, which is thy fear,  
 What comes from thence, my heat refines the same,  
 And through the arteries sends o're the frame,  
 The vitall spirits they're call'd, and wel they may,  
 For when they faile, man turnes unto his clay:  
 The Animal I claime, as wel as these,  
 The nerves should I not warm, soon would they freeze.  
 But Elegme her self, is now provok'd at this,  
 She thinks I never shot so farre amisse;  
 The Brain she challenges, the Head's her fear,  
 But know'ts a foolish brain, that wanteth heat;  
 My absence proves, it plain, her wit then flies  
 Out at her nose, or melteth at her eyes;  
 Oh, who would misse this influence of thine,  
 To be distill'd a drop on every line!  
 No, no, thou hast no spirits, thy company  
 Wil feed a Dropsie, or a Timpany,  
 The Palsie, Gout, or Cramp, or some such dolor,  
 Thou wast not made for Souldier, or for Schollar;  
 Of greasse paunch, and palled cheeks, go vaunt,  
 But a good head from these are disonant;

But

But Melancholy, wouldst have this glory thine?  
 Thou sayst, thy wits are stai'd, subtle and fine:  
 Tis true, when I am midwife to thy birth;  
 Thy self's as dul, as is thy mother Earth.  
 Thou canst not claime, the Liver, Head nor Heart;  
 Yet hast thy seat assign'd, a goodly part,  
 The sinke of all us three, the hatefull spleen;  
 Of that black region, Nature made thee Queen;  
 Where paine and sore obstructions, thou dost work;  
 Where envy, malice, thy companions lurke.  
 If once thou'rt great, what followes thereupon?  
 But bodies wasting, and destruction.  
 So base thou art, that baser cannot be;  
 The excrement, adustion of me.  
 But I am weary to dilate thy shame;  
 Nor is't my pleasure, thus to blur thy name:  
 Onely to raise my honours to the Skyes,  
 As objects best appear, by contraries.  
 Thus arms, and arts I claim, and higher things;  
 The Princely quality, besitting Kings.  
 Whose Serene heads, I line with policies,  
 They're held for Oracles, they are so wise.  
 Their wrathfull looks are death, their words are laws;  
 Their courage, friend, and foe, and subject awes,  
 But one of you would make a worthy King:  
 Like our fixt *Henry*, that same worthy thing.  
 That when a Varlet, struck him o're the side,  
 Forsooth you are to blame, he grave reply'd.  
 Take choler from a Prince, what is he more,  
 Then a dead Lyon? by beasts triumpht ore.  
 Again, ye know, how I act every part:  
 By th' influence I send still from the heart.

Its

Its not your muscles, nerves, nor this nor that :  
 Without my lively heat, do's ought that's flat.  
 The spongy Lungs, I feed with frothy blood,  
 They coole my heat, and so repay my good.  
 Nay, th' stomach, magazeen to all the rest,  
 Without my boiling heat cannot digest,  
 And yet to make, my greatnesse far more great:  
 What differences the Sex, but only heat ?  
 And one thing more to close with my narration.  
 Of all that lives, I cause the propagation.  
 I have been sparing, what I might have said,  
 I love no boasting, that's but childrens trade:  
 To what you now shal say, I wil attend,  
 And to your weaknesse, gently condescend .

*Blood.*

**G**ood sisters give me leave ( as is my place )  
 To vent my griefe, and wipe off my disgrace.  
 Your selves may plead, your wrongs are no whit lesse,  
 Your patience more then mine, I must confesse.  
 Did ever sober tongue, such language speak?  
 Or honestie such ties, unfriendly break?  
 Do'st know thy selfe so well, us so amisse?  
 Is't ignorance, or folly causeth this ?  
 Ile only shew the wrongs, thou'st done to me:  
 Then let my sisters, right their injury.  
 To pay with railings, is not mine intent,  
 But to evince the truth, by argument.  
 I will annalise, thy so proud relations;  
 So full of boasting, and prevarication.

Thy

Thy childish incongruities, Ile show :  
 So walke thee til thou'rt cold, then let thee go.  
 There is no Souldier, but thy selfe thou say'st,  
 No valour upon earth, but what thou halt.  
 Thy foolish provocations, I despise.  
 And leave't to all, to judge where valour lyes.  
 No pattern, nor no Patron will I bring,  
 But *David, Judah's* most heroyick King:  
 Whose glorious deeds in armes, the world can tel,  
 A rosie cheek'd musitian, thou know'st wel.  
 He knew how, for to handle, Sword and Harpe,  
 And how to strike full sweet, as wel as sharpe.  
 Thou laugh'st at me, for loving merriment:  
 And scorn'st all Knightly sports, at turnament.  
 Thou sayst I love my sword, because tis guilt:  
 But know, I love the blade, more then the hilt.  
 Yet do abhorre, such timerarious deeds,  
 As thy unbridled, barb'rous Choler yeelds.  
 Thy rudenesse counts, good manners vanity,  
 And real complements, base flattery.  
 For drink, which of us twain, like it the best,  
 Ile go no further then thy nose for test.  
 Thy other scoffes not worthy of reply:  
 Shal vanish as of no validity.  
 Of thy black calunnies, this is but part:  
 But now Ile shew, what Souldier thou art.  
 And though thou'st us'd me, with opprobrious spight,  
 My ingenuity must give thee right.  
 Thy Choler is but rage, when tis most pure.  
 But useful, when a mixture can indure.  
 As with thy mother Fire, so 'tis with thee,  
 The best of all the four, when they agree.

But



But let her leave the rest, and I presume,  
 Both them and all things else, she will consume.  
 Whil'st us, for thine associates thou takest,  
 A Souldier most compleat in al points makest.  
 But when thou scorn'st to take the helpe we lend,  
 Thou art a fury, or infernal Fiend.  
 Witnesse the execrable deeds thou'st done:  
 Nor sparing Sex, nor age, nor fire, nor son.  
 To satisfie thy pride, and cruelty  
 Thou oft hast broke bounds of humanity.  
 Nay should I tel, thou wouldst count me no blab,  
 How often for the lye, thou'st giv'n the stab.  
 To take the wal's a sin, of such high rate,  
 That naught but blood, the same may expiate.  
 To crosse thy wil, a challenge doth deserve.  
 So spils that life, thou'rt bounden to preserve.  
 Wilt thou this valour, manhood, courage cal:  
 Nay, know 'tis pride, most diabolical.  
 If murders be thy glory, tis no lesse.  
 Ile not envy thy feats, nor happinesse.  
 But if in fitting time, and place, on foes;  
 For Countries good, thy life thou darst expose:  
 Be dangers neer so high, and courage great,  
 Ile praise that fury, valour, choler, heat.  
 But such thou never art, when al alone;  
 Yet such, when we al four are joynd in one.  
 And when such thou art, even such are we.  
 The friendly coadjutors, stil to thee.  
 Nextly, the spirits thou do'st wholly claime,  
 Which natural, vital, animal we name.  
 To play Philosopher, I have no list;  
 Nor yet Phisitian, nor Anatomist.

For

For acting these, I have nor wil, nor art,  
 Yet thal with equity give thee thy part,  
 For th' natural, thou dost not much contest,  
 For there are none, thou say'st, if some, not best.  
 That there are some, and best, I dare averre;  
 More useful then the rest, don't reason erre;  
 What is there living, which cannot derive  
 His life now animal, from vegative?  
 If thou giv'st life, I give thee nourishment,  
 Thine without mine, is nor, 'tis evident:  
 But I, without thy help can give a growth,  
 As plants, trees, and small Embryon know 'th;  
 And if vital spirits do flow from thee,  
 I am as sure, the natural from me;  
 But thine the nobler, which I grant, yet mine  
 Shal justly claime priority of thine;  
 I am the Fountaine which thy Cisterns fils,  
 Through th' warme, blew conduits of my veinal rils;  
 What huth the heart, but what's sent from the liver?  
 If thou'rt the taker, I must be the giver:  
 Then never boast of what thou do'st receive,  
 For of such glory I shal thee bereave;  
 But why the heart, should be usurpt by thee,  
 I must confesse, is somewhat strange to me,  
 The spirits through thy heat, are made perfect there,  
 But the materials none of thine, that's cleare,  
 Their wondrous mixture, is of blood, and ayre,  
 The first my self, second my sister faire,  
 But i'le not force retorts, nor do thee wrong,  
 Thy fiery yellow froth, is mixt among.  
 Challenge not all, 'cause part we do allow,  
 Thou know'st I've there to do, as wel as thou;

But

But thou wilt say, I deale unequally,  
 There lives the irascible faculty:  
 Which without all dispute, is Cholers owne ;  
 Besides the vehement heat, only there known,  
 Can be imputed unto none, but Fire ;  
 Which is thy self, thy Mother, and thy Sire ;  
 That this is true, I easily can assent,  
 If stil thou take along my Aliment,  
 And let me be thy Partner, which is due,  
 So wil I give the dignity to you.  
 Again, stomachs concoction thou dost claime,  
 But by what right, nor do'st, nor canst thou name ;  
 It is her own heat, not thy faculty,  
 Thou do'st unjustly claime, her property,  
 The help she needs, the loving Liver lends,  
 Who th' benefit o' th' whole ever intends :  
 To meddle further, I shal be but shent,  
 Th' rest to our Sisters, is more pertinent.  
 Your slanders thus refuted, takes no place,  
 Though cast upon my guiltlesse blushing face ;  
 Now through your leaves, some little time i'll spend ;  
 My worth in humble manner, to commend.  
 This hot, moist, nutritive humour of mine,  
 When 'tis untaint, pure, and most genuine  
 Shal firstly take her place, as is her due,  
 Without the least indignity to you ;  
 Of all your qualities I do partake,  
 And what you singly are, the whole I make.  
 Your hot, dry, moist, cold, natures are foure,  
 I moderately am all, what need I more :  
 As thus, if hot, then dry ; if moist, then cold ;  
 If this can't be disprov'd, then all I hold :

My

My vertues hid, i've let you dimly see ;  
 My sweet complexion, proves the verity,  
 This scarlet die's a badge of what's within,  
 One touch thereof so beautifies the skin ;  
 Nay, could I be from all your tangs but pure,  
 Mans life to boundlesse time might stil endure ;  
 But here's one thrusts her heat, where'ts not requir'd  
 So suddenly, the body all is fir'd:  
 And of the sweet, calme temper, quite bereft,  
 Which makes the mansion, by the soul soon left ;  
 So Melancholly ceases on a man ;  
 With her uncheerful visage, swarth and wan ;  
 The body dries, the minde sublime doth smother,  
 And turns him to the wombe of 's earthy mother,  
 And Flegm- likewise can shew, her cruel art,  
 With cold distempers, to pain every part ;  
 The Lungs, she rots, the body weares away,  
 As if she'd leave no flesh to turn to clay,  
 Her languishing diseases, though not quick,  
 At length demolishes the fabrick,  
 All to prevent, this curious care I take ;  
 In last concoction, segregation make.  
 Of all the perverse humours from mine owne,  
 The bitter choler, most malignant knowne  
 I turn into his cel, close by my side,  
 The Melancholly to the Spleen to 'bide ;  
 Likewise the Whey, some use I in the veines,  
 The over plus I send unto the reines ;  
 But yet for all my toyl, my care, my skil,  
 It's doom'd by an irrevocable wil :  
 That my intents should meet with interruption,  
 That mortal man, might turn to his corruption.

E

I might here shew, the noblenesse of minde,  
 Of such as to the Sanguine are inclin'd,  
 They're liberal, pleasant, kinde, and courteous,  
 And like the Liver, all benigneous;  
 For Arts, and Sciences, they are the fittest,  
 And maugre (Choler) til they are the wittest,  
 An ingenious working phantasie,  
 A most voluminous large memory,  
 And nothing wanting but solidity. }  
 But why, alas, thus tedious should I be?  
 Thousand examples, you may daily see  
 If time I have transgressed, and been too long,  
 Yet could not be more breif, without much wrong.  
 I've scarce wip'd off the spots, proud Choler cast;  
 Such venome lyes in words, though but a blast,  
 No brags i've us'd; t' your selves I dare appeale,  
 If modesty my worth do not conceale.  
 I've us'd no bitternesse, nor taxt your name,  
 As I to you, to me, do ye the same.

*Melancholy.*

**H**E that with two assylents hath to do,  
 Had need be armed wel, and active too,  
 Especially when freindship is pretended:  
 That blow's most deadly, where it is intended;  
 Though Choler rage, and raile, i'le not do so,  
 The tongue's no weapon to assault a foe,  
 But sith we fight with words, we might be kind,  
 To spare our selves, and beat the whistling winde.

Faire

Faire rosie Sister, so might'st thou scape free,  
 I'le flatter for a time, as thou did'st me,  
 But when the first offenders I have laid,  
 Thy soothing girds shal fully be repaid;  
 But Choler, be thou cool'd, or chat'd, i'le venter,  
 And in contentions lists, now justly enter.  
 Thy boasted valour stoutly's been repell'd,  
 If not as yet, by me, thou shalt be quell'd.  
 What mov'd thee thus to villifie my name?  
 Not past all reason, but in truth all shame:  
 Thy fiery spirite shal bear away this prize,  
 To play such furious pranks I am too wise;  
 If in a Souldier rashnesse be so precious,  
 Know, in a General its most pernicious.  
 Nature doth reach, to sheild the head from harm,  
 The blow that's aim'd thereat is sarch'd by th'arm,  
 When in Battalia my foes I see,  
 I then command, proud Choler stand thy place,  
 To use thy sword, thy courage, and thy Art,  
 For to defend my self, thy better part;  
 This warinesse count not for cowardise,  
 He is not truly valiant that's not wise;  
 It's no lesse glory to defend a town,  
 Then by assault to gain one, not our own.  
 And if *Marcellus* bold, be call'd *Rome's* sword,  
 Wise *Fabius* is her buckler; all accord.  
 And if thy haste, my slownesse should not temper,  
 Twere but a mad, irregular distemper;  
 Enough of that, by our Sister heretofore,  
 I'le come to that which wounds me somewhat more:  
 Of Learning, and of Policie, thou would'st bereave me,  
 But's not thy ignorance shal thus deceive me.

D

What

What greater Clerke, or politician lives?  
 Then he whose brain a touch my humour gives.  
 What is too hot, my coldnesse doth abate;  
 What's diffluent, I do consolidate.  
 If I be partial judg'd, or thought to erre,  
 The melancholy Snake shal it aver.  
 Those cold dry heads, more subtilly doth yeild,  
 Then all the huge beasts of the fertile field.  
 Thirdly, thou dost confine me to the spleen,  
 As of that only part I was the Queen:  
 Let me as wel make thy precincts, the gals  
 To prison thee within that bladder smal.  
 Reduce the man to's principles, then see  
 If I have not more part, then al ye three:  
 What is without, within, of theirs, or thine.  
 Yet time and age, shal soon declare it mine.  
 When death doth seize the man, your stock is lost,  
 When you poor bankrupts prove, then have I most.  
 You'l say, here none shal ere disturbe my right;  
 You high born (from that lump) then take your flight  
 Then who's mans friend, when life and all forsakes?  
 His mother (mine) him to her wombe retakes,  
 Thus he is ours, his portion is the grave.  
 But whilst he lives, He shew what part I have.  
 And first, the firme dry bones, I justly claim:  
 The strong foundation of the stately frame.  
 Likewise the useful spleen, though nor the best,  
 Yet is a bowel cal'd wel as the rest.  
 The Liver, Stomach, owes it thanks of right:  
 The first it drains, o'th' last quicks appetite,  
 Laughter (though thou sayst malice) flowes from hence,  
 These two in one cannot have residence.

But

But thou most grossly do'st mistake, to thinke  
 The Spleen for al you three, was made a sinke.  
 Of al the rest, thou'st nothing there to do;  
 But if thou hast, that malice comes from you.  
 Again, you often touch my swarthy hew,  
 That black is black, and I am black, tis true;  
 But yet more comely far, I dare avow,  
 Then is thy torrid nose, or brazen brow.  
 But that which shewes how high thy spight is bent,  
 In charging me, to be thy excrement.  
 Thy loathsome imputation I dese;  
 So plain a slander needeth no reply.  
 When by thy heat, thou'st bak'd thy selfe to crust,  
 Thou do'st assume my name, wel be it just;  
 This transmutation is, but not excretion,  
 Thou wants Philosophy, and yet discretion.  
 Now by your leave, Ile let your greatnesse see;  
 What officer thou art to al us three.  
 The Kitchin Drudge, the cleaner of the sinks,  
 That casts out all that man or eates, or drinks.  
 Thy bittering quality, stil irretates,  
 Til filth and thee, nature exhonorates.  
 If any doubt this truth, whence this should come;  
 Show them thy passage to th' *Duodenum*.  
 If there thou'rt stopt, to th' Liver thou turn'it in,  
 And so with jaundise, Safferns al the skin.  
 No further time ile spend, in consultations,  
 I trust I've clear'd your slanderous imputations.  
 I now speake unto al, no more to one;  
 Pray hear, admire, and learn instruction.  
 My vertues yours surpass, without compare:  
 The first, my constancy, that jewel rare.

D 2

Cholers

Choler's too rash, this golden gift to hold,  
 And Sanguine is more fickle many fold,  
 Here, there, her restless thoughts do ever flye;  
 Constant in nothing, but inconstancy,  
 And what Flegme is, we know, likewise her mother,  
 Unstable is the one, so is the other.  
 With me is noble patience also found,  
 Impatient Choler loveth not the sound.  
 What Sanguine is, she doth not heed, nor care.  
 Now up, now down, transported like the Aire.  
 Flegm's patient, because her nature's tame:  
 But I by vertue, do acquire the same.  
 My temperance, chastity, is eminent,  
 But these with you, are feldome resident.  
 Now could I stain my ruddy sisters face,  
 With purple dye, to shew but her disgrace.  
 But I rather with silence, vaile her shame;  
 Then cause her blush, while I dilate the same.  
 Nor are ye free, from this inormity,  
 Although she beare the greatest obloquie.  
 My prudence, judgement, now I might reveale,  
 But wildome 'tis, my wisdom to conceale.  
 Unto diseases not inclin'd as ye:  
 Nor cold, nor hor, Ague, nor Plurisie;  
 Nor Cough, nor Quinsie, nor the burning Feavor.  
 I rarely feel to act his fierce indeavour.  
 My sicknesse cheisly in conceit doth lye,  
 What I imagine, that's my malady.  
 Strange Chymera's are in my phantasse,  
 And things that never were, nor shal I see.  
 Talke I love not, reason lyes not in length.  
 Nor multitude of words, argues our strength;

I've

I've done, pray Sister Flegme proceed in course,  
 We shal expect much sound, but little force.

## Flegme.

Patient I am, patient i'd need to be,  
 To bear the injurious taunts of three;  
 Though wit I want, and anger I have lesse,  
 Enough of both, my wrongs for to expresse;  
 I've not forgot how bitter Choler spake,  
 Nor how her Gaul on me the caustesse brake;  
 Nor wonder 'twas, for hatred there's not smal,  
 Where opposition is diametricall:  
 To what is truth, I freely wil assent,  
 (Although my name do suffer detriment)  
 What's slanderous, repel; doubtful, dispute;  
 And when i've nothing left to say, be mute;  
 Valour I want, no Souldier am, 'tis true,  
 I'll leave that manly property to you;  
 I love no thundering Drums, nor bloody Wars,  
 My polish'd skin was not ordain'd for skars,  
 And though the pitched field i've ever fled,  
 At home, the Conquerours, have conquered:  
 Nay, I could tel you (what's more true then meet)  
 That Kings have laid their Scepters at my feet,  
 When sister Sanguine paints my Ivory face,  
 The Monarchs bend, and sue, but for my grace;  
 My Lilly white, when joyned with her red,  
 Princes hath slay'd, and Captains captived:  
 Country with Country, Greece with Asia fights,  
 Sixty nine Princes, all stout Hero Knights.

D 3

Under

Under *Troy's* walls, ten years wil wast away,  
 Rather then loose, one beauteous *Hellena* ;  
 But 'twere as vain, to prove the truth of mine,  
 As at noon day to tel, the Sun doth shine.  
 Next difference betwixt us twain doth lye,  
 Who doth possesse the Brain, or thou, or I ;  
 Shame forc'd thee say, the matter that was mine,  
 But the spirits, by which it acts are thine ;  
 Thou speakest truth, and I can speak no lesse,  
 Thy heat doth much, I candidly confesse,  
 But yet thou art as much, I truly say,  
 Beholding unto me another way.  
 And though I grant, thou art my helper here,  
 No debtor I, because 'tis paid else where ;  
 With all your flourishes, now Sisters three,  
 Who is't or dare, or can compare with me ;  
 My excellencies are so great, so many,  
 I am confounded, 'fore I speak of any.  
 The Brain's the noblest member all allow,  
 The scituation, and form wil it avow,  
 Its ventricles, membrances, and wond'rous net,  
*Galen, Hippocrates*, drives to a set.  
 That divine Essence, the immortal Soul,  
 Though it in all, and every part be whole :  
 Within this stately place of eminence,  
 Doth doubleesse keep its naighty residence ;  
 And surely the Souls sensative here lives,  
 Which life and motion to each Creature gives,  
 The conjugations of the parts toth' brain  
 Doth shew, hence flowes the power which they retain ;  
 Within this high built Cittadel doth lye,  
 The Reason, Fancy, and the Memory ;

Th:

The faculty of speech doth here abide,  
 The spirits animal, from whence doth slide,  
 The five most noble Sences, here do dwel,  
 Of three, its hard to say, which doth excel ;  
 This point for to discusse longs not to me,  
 Ile touch the Sight, great 't wonder of the three ;  
 The optick nerve, coats, humours, all are mine,  
 Both watry, glassie, and the christaline.  
 O ! mixture strange, oh colour, colourlesse,  
 Thy perfect temperament, who can expresse ?  
 He was no foole, who thought the Soul lay here,  
 Whence her affections, passions, speak so clear ;  
 O ! good, O bad, O true, O traiterous eyes !  
 What wonderments, within your bals there lyes ?  
 Of all the Sences, Sight shal be the Queen ;  
 Yet some may wish, oh, had mine eyes ne're seene.  
 Mine likewise is the marrow of the back,  
 Which runs through all the spondles of the rack,  
 It is the substitute o' th royal Brain,  
 All nerves ( except seven paire ) to it retain ;  
 And the strong ligaments, from hence arise,  
 With joynt to joynt, the entire body tyes ;  
 Some other parts there issue from the Brain,  
 Whose use and worth to tel, I must refrain ;  
 Some worthy learned *Crooke* may these reveal,  
 But modesty hath charg'd me to conceal ;  
 Here's my epitome of excellence,  
 For what's the Brains, is mine, by consequence ;  
 A foolish Brain ( saith *Choler* ) wanting heat,  
 But a mad one, say I, where 'tis too great,  
 Phrensie's worse, then folly, one would more glad,  
 With a tame foole converse, then with a mad,

D 4

Then

Then, my head for learning is not the fittest,  
 Ne're did I heare that Choler was the witt'est ;  
 Thy judgement is unsafe, thy fancy little,  
 For memory, the sand is not more brittle.  
 Again, none's fit for Kingly place but thou,  
 If Tyrants be the best, i'lle it allow ;  
 But if love be, as requisite as feare,  
 Then I, and thou, must make a mixture here :  
 Wel, to be breif, Choler I hope now's laid,  
 And I passe by what sister Sanguine said ;  
 To Melancholly i'lle make no reply,  
 The worst she said, was, instabilty,  
 And too much talk, both which, I do confesse,  
 A warning good, hereafter i'lle say lesse.  
 Let's now be friends, 'tis time our spight was spent,  
 Lest we too late, this rashnesse do repent,  
 Such premises wil force a sad conclusion,  
 Unlesse we 'gree, all falls into confusion.  
 Let Sanguine, Choler, with her hot hand hold,  
 To take her moyst, my moistnesse wil be bold ;  
 My cold, cold Melanchollies hand shal clasp,  
 Her dry, dry Cholers other hand shal grasp ;  
 Two hot, two moist, two cold, two dry here be,  
 A golden Ring, the Posy, *Unity* :  
 Nor jars, nor scoffs, let none hereafter see,  
 But all admire our perfect amity ;  
 Nor be discern'd, here's water, earth, aire, fire,  
 But here's a compact body, whole, untire :  
 This loving counsel pleas'd them all so wel,  
 That Flegme was judg'd, for kindnesse to excel.

The



## The Four Ages of Man.



Oe now! four other acts upon the stage,  
 Childhood, and Youth, the Manly, and  
 Old-age.  
 The first: son unto Flegme, grand-child to  
 water,  
 Unstable, supple, moist, and cold's his Naure.  
 The second, frolick, claimes his pedigree,  
 From blood and aire, for hot, and moist is he.  
 The third, of fire, and choler is compos'd,  
 Vindicative, and quarelsome dispos'd.  
 The last, of earth, and heavy melancholly,  
 Solid, hating all lightnesse, and ad'felly.  
 Childhood was cloath'd in white, and given to show,  
 His spring was intermix'd with some snow.  
 Upon his head a Garland Nature set :  
 Of Dazy, Primrose, and the Violet.  
 Such cold mean flowers (as these) blossome betime,  
 Before the Sun hath throughly warm'd the clime.  
 His hobby striding, did not ride, but run,  
 And in his hand an hour-glasse new began,  
 In dangers every moment of a fall,  
 And when tis broke, then ends his life and all.  
 But if he hold, til it have run its last,  
 Then may he live, til threescore years or past.

Next

My full astonish'd heart doth pant to break,  
 Through grief it wants a faculty to speak,  
 Vollies of praises could I eccho then,  
 Had I an Angels voice, or *Bartas*'s pen,  
 But wishes can't accomplish my desire,  
 Pardon, if I adore, when I admire.  
 O *France*, in him thou didst more glory gain,  
 Then in thy *Pippin*, *Mutell*, *Charlemain*.  
 Then in *Saint Lewis*, or thy last *Henry* great,  
 Who tam'd his foes, in bloud, in skarres and sweat,  
 Thy fame is spread as farre, I dare be bold,  
 In all the Zones, the temp'rate, hot and cold,  
 Their trophies were but heaps of wounded slain,  
 Thine the quintessence of an Heroick brain.  
 The Oaken garland ought to deck their browes,  
 Immortall bayes, all men to thee allows.  
 Who in thy triumphs (never won by wrongs)  
 Leadst millions chain'd by eyes, by eares, by tongues,  
 Oft have I wonder'd at the hand of heaven,  
 In giving one, what would have served seven.  
 If e'r this golden gift was show'd on any,  
 Thy double portion would have served many.  
 Unto each man his riches are assign'd,  
 Of names, of state, of body, or of mind,  
 Thou hast thy part of all, but of the best,  
 Oh pregnant brain, Oh comprehension vast;  
 Thy haughty stile, and rapted wit sublime,  
 All ages wondring at, shall never chime.  
 Thy sacred works are not for imitation,  
 But monuments for future admiration:  
 Thus *Bartas*'s fame shall last while starres do stand,  
 And whilst there's aire, or fire, or sea or land.

But

But lest my ignorance should doe thee wrong,  
 To celebrate thy merits in my Song,  
 Ile leave thy praise, to those shall doe thee right,  
 Good will, not skill, did cause me bring my mite.

*His Epitaph.*

HERE lyes the pearle of France, Parnassus glory,  
 The world rejoyc'd at's birth, at's death was sorry;  
 Art and Nature joy'n'd, by heavens high decree,  
 Now shew'd what once they ought, Humanity,  
 And Natwes Law; had it been revocable,  
 To rescue him from death, Art had been able:  
 But Nature vanquish'd Art, so *Bartas* dy'd,  
 But Fame, out-living both, he is reviv'd:



In honour of that High and Mighty  
 Princess, *Queen ELIZABETH*, of  
 most happy memory.

*The Proem.*

ALTHOUGH great Queen, thou now in silence lye,  
 Yet thy loud Herald Fame, doth to the sky  
 Thy wondrous worth proclaime, in every clime,  
 And so has vow'd, whilst there is world, or time;

O 4

So



So great's thy glory, and thine excellence,  
 The sound thereof raps every humane sence ;  
 That men account it no impiety,  
 To say, thou wert a fleshly Deity :  
 Thousands bring off' rings, ( though out of date )  
 Thy world of honours to accumulate,  
 Mongst hundred Hecatombs of roaring Verse,  
 Mine bleating stands before thy royall Herse :  
 Thou never didst, nor canst thou now disdain,  
 T' accept the tribute of a loyall Braine ;  
 Thy clemency did yerst esteeme as much  
 The acclamations of the poore, as rich ;  
 Which makes me deeme, my rudenesse is no wrong,  
 Though I resound thy greatnesse 'mongst the throng.

*The Poem.*

**N**O *Phœnix* Pen; nor *Spencers* Poetry,  
 No *Speeds*, nor *Chamblens* learned History;  
*Eliz's* works, wars, praise, can e're compact,  
 The World's the Theater where she did act;  
 No memories, nor volumes can containe,  
 The nine *Olimp'ades* of her happy reigne ;  
 Who was so good, so just, so learn'd, so wise,  
 From all the Kings on earth she won the prize ;  
 Nor say I more then duly is her due,  
 Millions will testifie that th's is true ;  
 She hath wip'd off th' aspersion of her Sex,  
 That women wisdom lack to play the Rex ;  
*Spaines* Monarch sa's not so; nor yet his Host,  
 She taught them better manners to their cost.

The

The *Salique* Law had not in force now been,  
 If *France* had ever hop'd for such a Queen ;  
 But can you Doctors now this point dispute,  
 She's argument enough to make you mute ;  
 Since first the Sun did run, his ne'r runn'd race,  
 And earth had twice a yeare, a new old face :  
 Since time was time, and man unmanly man,  
 Come shew me such a *Phœnix* if you can ;  
 Was ever people better rul'd then hers ?  
 Was ever Land more happy, freed from stirs ?  
 Did ever wealth in *England* so abound ?  
 Her Victories in forraigne Coasts resound ?  
 Ships more invincible then *Spaines*, her foe  
 She ract, she fact, she sunk his Armadoe ;  
 Her stately Troops advanc'd to *Lisbons* wall,  
*Don Anthony* in's right for to install ;  
 She frankly help'd *Franks* ( brave ) distressed King,  
 The States united now her fame doe sing ;  
 She their *Prætextrix* was, they well doe know,  
 Unto our dread *Virgæ*, what they owe :  
 Her Nobles sacrific'd their noble blood,  
 Nor men, nor coyne she spai'd, to doe them good ;  
 The rude untamed *Irish* she did quell,  
 And *Tiroa* bound, before her picture fell.  
 Had ever Prince such Counsellors as she ?  
 Her selfe *Minerva*, caus'd them so to be ;  
 Such Souldiers, and such Captaines never seen,  
 As were the subjeets of our ( *Pallas* ) Queen ;  
 Her Sea-men through all strights the world did round,  
*Terra incognita* might know her sound ;  
 Her *Drake* came laded home with *Spanish* gold,  
 Her *Essex* took *Cades*, their *Herculean* hold ;

But

But time would faile me, so my wit would to,  
 To tell of halfe she did, or she could doe ;  
*Semiramis* to her is but obscure,  
 More infamie then fame she did procure ;  
 She plac'd her glory but on *Babels* walls,  
 Worlds wonder for a time, but yet it falls ;  
 Feirce *Tomyris* ( *Cirus* Headd-man, *Sythians* Queen )  
 Had put her Harnesse off, had she but seen  
 Our *Amazon* i' th' Camp at *Tilberny* ;  
 ( Judging all valour, and all Majetty )  
 Within that Princeesse to have residence,  
 And prostrate yeelded to her Excellence :  
*Dido* first Foundresse of proud *Carthage* walls,  
 ( Who living consummates her Funerals )  
 A great *Eliza*, but compar'd with ours,  
 How vanisheth her glory, wealth, and powers ;  
 Proud profuse *Cleopatra*, whose wrong name,  
 Instead of glory prov'd her Countries shame :  
 Of her what worth in Story's to be seen,  
 But that she was a rich *Egyptian* Queen ;  
*Zenobia*, potent Empresse of the East,  
 And of all these without compare the best ;  
 ( Whom none but great *Aurélius* could quell )  
 Yet for our Queen is no fit parallel :  
 She was a *Phœnix* Queen, so shall she be,  
 Her ashes nor reviv'd more *Phœnix* she ;  
 Her personall perfections, who would tell,  
 Must dip his Pen i' th' *Heliconian* Well ;  
 Which I may not, my pride doth but aspire,  
 To read what others write, and then admire.  
 Now say, have women worth, or have they none ?  
 Or had they some, but with our Queen ist gone ?

May

Nay Masculines, you have thus tax'd us long,  
 But she though dead, will vindicate our wrong.  
 Let such, as say our sex is void of reason,  
 Know 'tis a slander now, but once was treason.  
 But happy *England*, which had such a Queen,  
 O happy, happy, had those dayes still been,  
 But happinesse, lies in a higher sphere,  
 Then wonder not, *Eliza* moves not here.  
 Full fraught with honour, riches, and with dayes :  
 She set, she set, like *Titan* in his rayes,  
 No more shall rise or set such glorious Sun,  
 Untill the heavens great revolution :  
 If then new things, their old form must retain,  
*Eliza* shall rule *Albian* once again.

## Her Epitaph.

Here sleeps THE Queen, this is the royall bed  
 O' th' *Damask* Rose, sprung from the white and red,  
 Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling aire,  
 This Rose is withered, once so lovely faire,  
 On neither tree did grow such Rose before,  
 The greater was our gain, our losse the more.

## Another.

Here lies the pride of Queens, pattern of Kings,  
 So blaze it faire, here's feathers for thy wings,  
 Here lies the envy'd, yet unparrall'd Prince,  
 Whose living vertues speak (though dead long since)  
 If many worlds, as that fantasick framed,  
 In every one, be her great glory 'amed.

1643.

Davids