THE TENTH MUSE
Lately sprung up in AMERICA.
OR
Several Poems, compiled
with great variety of Wit
and Learning, full of delight.
Wherein especially is contained a complete discourse and description of
Elements,
The Four Constitutions,
Ages of Man,
Seasons of the Year.
Together with an Exact Epitome of the Four Monarchies, viz.
Assyrian,
The Persian,
Grecian,
Roman.
Also a Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning the late troubles.
With divers other pleasaunt and serious Poems.
By a Gentlewoman in those parts.
Printed at London for Stephen Bowtell at the signe of the Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.
Kind Reader:

Ad I opportunity but to borrow some of the Authors wit, 'tis possible I might so trim this curious work with such quaint expressions, as that the Preface might bespeak by further perusal, but I feare 'twill be a shame for a man that can speak so little, to be seen in the title page of this Womans Book, left by comparing the one with the other, the Reader should passe his sentence, that it is the gift of women, not only to speak most, but to speake best; I shall therefor to commend that, which with any ingenious Reader will too much commend the Author, unless men turne more peevish then women, to envious the excellency of the inferior Sex. I doubt not but the Reader will quickly finde more then I can say, and the worst effect of his reading will be unbeliel, which will make him question whether it be a womans work, and ask, Is it possible? If any doe, take this as an answer from him that dares aow it; It is the Work of a Woman, honoured, and e-

A 3

esteemed
Mercyy shew'd Apollo, Bar tas Book, Minerva this, and wish 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 Hemisphair his mouldy nose,
With's crackt leer'ing-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 wife now, as I was before:
They both 'gan laugh, and said, it was no mar'l
The Auth'reffe was a right Du Bart'ar Girl.
Good sooth quoth the old Den, tel, ye me so,
I muse whither at length these Girls wil go;
It half revives my chil fork-bitten blood,
To see a woman once do, ought, that's good;
And chode buy Chaucers Boots, and Homer's Furs,
Let men look toy, least women ware the Spurs.

A 4

N. Ward.
The Epistle dedicatory.

The world, the useful, hurtful, and the good:
Sweet harmony they keep, yet jar oft times,
Their discord may appear, by these harsh rhimes.
Yours did consist, 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 equal tempers, how they gree,
How divers natures, make one unity.

Some thing of all (though mean) I did intend,
But feare 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 sheilch,
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, when they appear.
On what they are, your mild afpect 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 flowes.

EPISTLE.

Of these consists, our bodies, clothes, and food,
The world, the useful, hurtful, and the good:
Sweet harmony they keep, yet jar oft times,
Their discord may appear, by these harsh rhimes.
Yours did consist, for Wealth, for Arts, for Age,
My first do shew, their good, and then their rage,
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PROLOGUE.

The Prologue.

1. The sing of Wars, of Capaines, 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, shall not so dim their worth.

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

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

4. Nor can I, like that fluent Tongu'd Greek
Who lisp'd at first, speake afterwards more plaine
By Arts, he gladly found what he did seek,
A full requital of his thriving paine:
Art can do much, but this maxime's most sure,
A weak or wounded braine admits no cure.

5.
Iam obnoxious to each carping tongue,
Who sayes, my hand a needle better fits,
A Poets Pen, all scorne, I should thus wrong;
For such despiught they cast on female wits:
If what I doe prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say its hollow, or else, it was by chance.

6.
But sure the antick Greeks were far more milde,
Else of our Sex, why feign'd they those nine,
And poezy made, Calliope's owne childe,
So amongst the rest, they plac'd the Arts divine:
But this weak knot they will full sone untye,
The Greeks did noough, but play the fool and lye.

7.
Let Greeks be Greeks, and Women what they are,
Men have precedency, and still excel,
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 acknowledgment of ours.

8.
And oh, ye high flown quills, that loose the skies,
And ever with your prey, will catch your praise,
If you daigne these lowly lines, your eyes
Give whome home Parsley wrath, I ask no Bayes:
This meane and unfin'd fluffe of mine,
Will make your glittering gold but more to shine.

A. n.

The Prologue.

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 engage;
And in due order each her turne should speake;
But enmity, this amity did breake:
All would be chiefest, and all scorn'd to be under,
Whence if'd raines, and winds lightning and thunder;
The quaking Earth did groan, the skie lookt black,
The Fire, the forced Aire, in sunder crack;
The sea did threat the heavens, the heavens the earth,
All looked like Chaos, or new birth;
Fire broyleid Earth, and scorched Earth it chok'd,
Both by their dairings; Water so provok'd,
That roaring in it came, and with its force
Some made the combatants abate their force;
The rumbling, hisling, puffing was so great,
The worlds confusion it did semne to threat;
But Aire at length, contention so abated;
That betwixt hot and cold, the arbitrator
The others enmity: being lest, did cease.
All forms now laid, and they in perfect piece,
That Fire should first begin, the rest content.
Being the most impatient Element.
Of the foure Elements.

Fire.

What 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 Artifices, and declare your minde, What toole was ever fram'd, but by my might; O Maternal ! what weapon for your fight? To try your valor by, but it must feel
My force? your sword, your Pike, your flint and steel, Your Cannon's boordlefe, and your powder too Without mine aid, alas, what can they doe? The adverfe wall's not shak'd, the Mine's not blowne, And in despithe the City keeps her owne, But I with one Granado, or Petard, Set ope those gates, that 'fore fo strong was bare'd, Ye Husband-men, your coiter's made by me, Your thres, your matecks, and what e're you see, Subdue the earth, and fit it for your graine, That so in time it might require your paine; Though strong limbs'd Vulcan for'gd it by his skill, I mce is flexible unto his will.
Ye Cooks, your kitchin implements I fram'd, Your spoons, pcr, jacks, what else I need not name, Your damy food, I wholesome make, I warne Your shrinking limbs, which winces cold doth harme; Ye Paracelstians too, in vaine's your skil In chymistry, unleffe I help you Sol,
Of the Four Elements.

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 warses,
And influence of divers of those stars,
When in conjunction with the sun, yet more,
Augment his heat, which was too hot before:
The Summer ripening season I do claim;
And man from thirty unto fifty frame.
Of old, when Sacrifices were divine,
The earth, acceptance was the holy signe.
'Mong all my wonders which I might recount;
There's none more strange then Jove's sulphery mount.
The choking flames, that from Vesta's flew
The over-curious second Pliny flew:
And with the athes, that it sometimes shed
Apoll's jacent parts were covered;
And though I be a servant to each man;
Yet by my force, matter my matter can.
What famous Townes to cinders have I turn'd?
What lasting Forts my kindled wrath hath burn'd?
The fiercely fears of mighty Kings by me:
In confused heaps of ashes my weary eye fee,
Where's Niobe's great wall'd Town, and Troy of old?
Carthage, and hundreds more, in stories told,
Which when they could not be o're come by foes
The Army through my help, victorious rose;
Old sacred Zion, I demolish'd thee;
So great Diana's Temple was by me.

Of the Four Elements.

And more then brutish Sodom for her lust,
With neighbouring Townes I did consume to dust,
What shall I say of Lightning, and of Thunder,
Which Kings, and mighty ones: amaz'd with wonder,
Which made a cæsar (Rome) the world's proud head,
Foolish Caligula, creep under's bed
Of Metors, Ignis Fatuus, and the rest,
But to leave thofe to 'th' wife, I judge is best,
The rich I oft make poore, the strong I maine,
Nor sparing life when I can take the same;
And in a word, the World I shall consume,
And all therein at that great day of doome;
Not before then, shall cease my raging ire,
And then, because no matter more for fire:
Now Sifters, pray proceed, each in her course,
As I, impart your usefulneffe, and force.

Earth.

The next in place, Earth judg'd to be her due,
Sifter, in worth I come not short of you;
In wealth and use I doe surpaifie you all,
And Mo, her Earth, of old, men did me call,
Such was my fruitfulneffe: an Epithete
Which none ere gave, nor you could claime of right,
Among my praires this I count not least,
I am th'original of man and beast,
To tell what sundry fruits my faire yeelds,
In vine-yards, orchards, gardens, and corn fields,
Their kinds, their tafts, their colours, and their smels,
Would so past time, I could say nothing else;
Of the Four Elements.

The rich and poor, wife, fool, 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,
Whole numbers now are growne innumerable;
I have not time to thinke of every part,
Yet let me name my Graeca, 'tis my heart
For Learning, Arms, and Arts, I love it well;
But chiefly, cause the Muses there did dwell;
I there skip o're my mountains, reaching skies,
Whether Pyrenian, or the Alpes, both lies
On either side the country of the Gaules,
Strong forts from Spanish and Italian braules,
And huge great Taurus, longer then the tell,
Dividing great Aetna's from the leaft,
And Homus, whose steep sides, none tooke upon,
But farwell all, for deere mount Helicon,
And wonderous high Olimp, of such fame,
That heaven itself was oft called by that name;
Sweet Parnassus, I dare too much on thee,
Unlesse 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 geese, my Lions of Nemytis,
My Panthers, and my Leopards of Libia,
The Behemoth, and rare found Unicorne,
Poysons fuse anidote eyes in his borne.
And my Hyena (imitates mans voyce)
Out of huge numbers, I might pick my choyce,
Thouands in woods, and planes, both wild, and tame,
But here, or there, I lift now none or name;

No, though the fawning dog did urge me sore
In whose to speke a word the more;
Whose truth, 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 fun doth rise;
After three years, when men and meat is spent,
My rich commodities payes double rent.
Ye Galenists, my Drugs that come thence
Do cure your patients, fill your purse with pence;
Besides the use you have of Herbs and Plants,
That with leffe cost, near home, supplies your wits.
But Marriners, where go you shippes and sailes?
And Oares to row, when both my lifters failes?
Your Tackling, Anchor, Compass too, is mine;
Which guides, when Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars do shine.
Ye mighty Kings, who for your lasting names
Built Cities, Monuments call'd by your names;
Was those compiled heapes of misty stones?
That your ambition laid, ought but my bones?
Ye greedy misers who do dig for gold;
For gemmes, for silver, treasure which I hold;
Will not my goodly face, your rage suffice?
But you will see what in my bowels lies.
And ye Artificers, all trades and sortes;
My bounty calls you forth to make report;
If ought you have to use, to wear, to eate?
But what I freely yeeld upon your sweat?
And cholericke lifters, thou (for all thine ire)
Well knowe, my fuel must maintain thy fire.
As I ingeniously (with thanks) confesse
My cold, thy (fruitful) hear, doth crave no leffe.
Of the Four Elements.

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 this thy method is my imitation.
Now might I show my adverse quality,
And how I oft work man's mortality.
He sometimes finds, manages his toiling paine,
Thistles and thorns, where he expected graine;
My sap, to plants and trees, I must not grant,
The Vine, the Olive, and the Figare want;
The Corn, and Hay, both fall before th' y'rnowne;
And buds from fruitfull trees, before they're blowne.
Then death prevails, that Nature to suffice;
The tender mother on her infant flies,
The Husband knows no Wife, nor father sons;
But to all outrages their hunger runnes.
Dreadfull examples, soon I might produce,
But too much auditors were of no use.
Again, when Delvers dare in hope of gold,
To ope those veins of Mine, audacious bold:
While they thus in my entrails seem to dive;
Before they know, they are inter'd alive.
Ye affrighted wights, appal'd how do you make
If once you feel me, your foundation quake,
Beast on the abyfe of my dark womb:
Your Cities and your selves I oft intomb.
O dreadfull sepulcher! that this is true,
Korab and all his Company well know.
And since, fire It's full fully knows
What the hath loft by these my dreadfull woes.

Water.

Scarcely 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 fruitfullness, as you shall see:
This your neglect, flewes your ingratitude
And how your subtilty would men delude.
Not 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 art thy drink, thy blood, thy sap, and life.
If I withhold, what art thou, dead, dry lump
Thou hearst no graffe, nor plant, nor tree, nor lump.
Thy
Of the Four Elements.

The Dolphin (loving musique) Aristoteles friend.
The craftey Barbell, whose wit doth her commend.
With thousands more, which now I lift not name,
Thy silence of thy bests, doth cause the same,
My pearles that dangle at thy darlings ears:
Not thou, but shell-fish yealds, as Piny clear.
Was ever gem so rich found in thy trunke?
As Egyptians wanton Cleopatrae drunke.
Or hath thou any colour can come nigh;
The Roman Purple, double Tiriun dye.
Which Gesar's, Confuls, Tybunnes all adorne;
For it, to search my waves, they thought no scorne.
Thy gallant rich perfuming Amber-creese.
I lightly cast a shoare as frothy fleece.
With rowling grains of purest maffy gold:
Which Spains Americanes, do gladly hold.
Earth, thou haft not more Countries, Vales and Moundes,
Then I have Fountaines, Rivers, Lakes and Ponds:
My sundry Seas, Black, VVhite, and Adriatique
Ionian, Balticke, and the vast Atlantique;
The Pouticke, Cafita, Golden Rivers fine.
Apharicus Lake, where ought remains alive.
But I should go beyond thee in thy bounds,
If I should name, more Seas, then thou haft Coasts.
But note this maxim in Philosophy:
Then Seas are deep, Mountains are never high.
To speake of kinds of Waters I'll negligence,
My divers Fountaines and their strange effect.
My wholesome Bathes, together with their cures.
My water Sylves, with their guilefull lures:
The uncertain cause of certain ebbes and flores;
Which wondring Aristoteles wittie' knows.
And but one land was Affrica and Spaine,
Until straight Gibraltar, did make them twaine:
Some say I swallowed up (fore 'tis a notion)
A mighty Country th' Atlanticke Ocean.

Yet not so much of my Haille and Snow,
My Ice and extreme cold, which all men know.
Whereof the first, so ominous I rain'd,
That Israel's enemies, therewith was brain'd.

And of my chilling colds, such plenty be;
That Caucasus high mounts, are seldom free:
Mine Ice doth glaze big Rivers o're;
Till Sun releas'd, their ships can fail no more.

All know, what inundations I have made;
Wherein not men, but mountaines seem'd to wade
As when Achates, all under water stood;
That in two hundred years, it ne'er prov'd good.

But these are trifles to the Flood of Noe.
Then wholly perish'd, earths ignoble race;
And to this day, impairs her beauteous face.

That after times, shall never feel like woe:
Her confirm'd tombs, behold my colour'd bow.
Much might I say of wrecks, but that Ile spare.
And now give place unto our faire Aire.

Aire.

Consent (quoth Aire) to speak the last of you,
Though not through ignorance first was my due,
I doe suppose, you'll yeeld without control;
I am the breath of every living soul.

C
Of the Four Elements.

Morralls, what one of you, that loves not me,
Abundantly more then my sisters three?
And though you love Fire, Earth, and Water well;
Yet Aire, beyond all these ye know excelle.
I ask 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 fenners did sustaine.
The familiar thirsty man, that craves supply:
His moving reason is, give leaf I dy.
So loath he is to go, though nature's spent,
To bid adieu, to his dear Element.
Nay, what are words, which doe reveal the mind?
Speak, who, or what they will, they are but wind.
Your Drums, your Trumpets, and your Organs found,
What is't, but forced Aire which must rebound.
Ye fortuneh Smiths, if Bellowes once were gone;
Your red hot work, more coldly would go on.
Ye Mariters, tis I that fill your Stills,
And speed you to your Port, with wish'd gales.
When burning heat, doth cause you faint, I cool;
And when I smile, your Ocean's like a Poale.
I ripe the corns, I turne the grinding mill;
And with my selfe, I every vacuum fill.
The ruddy fwear fanguine is like to Aire,
And youth, and living, fay to me complete.

Of the Four Elements.

My mouth hot nature, is so purely thinne,
No place so subtly made, but I get in.
I grow more pure and pure, as I mount higher,
And when I'm thoroughly rari'd, then fire.
So when I am condens'd, I deme to water.
Which 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 lare) 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 wrte,
Is more authentick then their modern wit.
Next, of my Fowles such multitudes there are:
Emi Beasts, and VVater Fishe scarce can compare.
The Oftrich with her plumes, th'Eagle with her cyne;
The Phennix too (if any be) are mine;
The Stork, the Crane, the Partrich, and the Phesint;
The Pye, the Jay, the Larkey a prey to th' Peasant;
VVith thousands more, which now I may omit;
VVith out impeachmet, to my tale or wir.
As my fresh Aire preservs, all things in life,
So when'ts comprd, mortality is rife.
Then Ifavour, Purples, Pox, and Pestilence;
VVith divers noe, works deadly conseuence.
Whereof such multitudes have dy'd, and fled,
The living, scarce had power, to bury the dead.
Yet so contagious, Countries have me known;
That birds have not fear'd death, as they have flown.
Of murrain, Cattle numberkfe did fall,
Men fear'd destruction epidemical.
Of the foure Elements.

Then of my tempefts, felt at Sea and Land,
Which neither ships nor house could withstand.
What woeful wracks I've made, may well appear,
If o'er was known, but that before Algire.
Where famous Charles the first, more loose sustaine'd,
Then in his long hot wars, which Millien gain'd.
**How many rich fraught vessels, have I split?**
Some upon lands, some upon rocks have hit.
Some have I forc'd to gain an unknown shore;
Some overthrow'd with waves, and seen no more.
Again, what tempefts, and what hercanees
Knowes VVestern Isles, Christophers, Barbadoes;
VVhere neither houses, trees, nor plants, I spare;
But some fall down, and some flye up with aire.
Earth quakks so hurtful and so fear'd of all,
Imprisoned I, am the original.
Then what prodigious sights, sometimes I shew:
As battells pitch't th' Aire (as Countries know;
Their joyning, fighting, forcing, and retreat;
That earth appears in heaven, oh wonder great!
Sometimes strange flaming swords, and blazing flares,
Portentious signes, of Fames, Plagues and VVars.
VVhich makes the mighty Monarchs fear their Faces,
By death, or great mutineer of their State.
I have what lefte, then did my sisters three;
But what's their worth, or force, but more's in me.
To add 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 Discourse,
Cesing to vaint, 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 obedience to each Mother,
Had leave to speake, succeeding one the other;
Which makes the mighty Monarchs fear their Faces;
But amongst themselves they were at variance;
Which of the foure should have predominance;
Choler hotly claim'd, right by her mother,
Who had preeminence of all the other.
But Sanguine did disdain't, what the requird;
Pleasing her selfe, was most of all dear'd;
Proud Melancholy, more envious than the rest,
The second, third, or last could not digest;
She was the silencelt of all the foure,
Her wisdome flake not much, but thought the more.

Cold
Cold flegme, did not content for highest place,
Only she crav'd, to have a vacant space.
Wit, thus they parle, and chide, but to be briefe,
Or wil they nil they, Choler wil be chose;
They seeing her imperiofy,
At present yielded, to necessity.

Choler.

To shew my great decent, and pedigree,
Your selves would judge, but vain prolixity.
It is acknowledged, from whence I came,
It shall suffice, to tell you what I am:
My self, and Mother, one as you shall see,
But she in greater, in a leffe degree;
We both once Masculines, the world doth know,
Now Feminines (as a wife) for love we owe.
Unto your Sister-hood, which makes us tender
Our noble selves, in a leffe noble Gender.
Though under fire, we comprehend all heat,
Yet man for Choler, is the proper seat.
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 companions in place;
Where if your rule once grow predominant,
The man prov'd boyish, factish, ignorant,
But if ye yield sub-servient unto me,
I make a man, a man in highest degree,
Bhe a Souldier, I more fence his heart.
Then Iron Corlet, against a sword or dart;

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

C 4

Her
Of the Four Humours

But Melancholy, wouldst have this glory shine?
Thou sayst, thy wits are staid, subtle and fine;
Tis true, when I am midwife to thy birth;
Thy felt's as dull, as is thy mother Earth.
Thou canst not claim, the Liver, Head nor Heart;
Yet hast thy fear assigned, a goodly part.
The sinke of all us three, the hardfall spleen;
Of that black region, Nature made thee Queen;
Where paine and fore obstructions, thou dost work;
Where envy, malice, thy companions lurk.
If once thou art great, what followes thereupon?
But bodies wasting, and destruction.
So base thou art, that baser cannot be;
The excrement, addition of me.
If thou wast 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, befitting Kings.
Whole 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 subjeckt awes.
But one of you would make a worthy King;
Like our late Henry, that fame 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 beats triumph o're.
Again ye know, how I acted every part;
But th' influence I sent still from the heart.
Of the Four Humours

It's 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 cool my heat, and so repay my good.
Nay, the stomach, magazen to all the rest,
Without my boiling heat cannot digest,
And yet to make, my greatness far more great:
What differences the Sex, but only heat?
And one thing more to clofe with my narration,
Of all that lives,
Caufe the propagation.
I have beft sparing, what I might have said,
I love no boasting, that's but children's trade:
To what you now shall say, I will attend,
And to your weakness, gently condescend.

Blood.

God gives me leave (as is my place)
To vent my grief, and wipe off my disgrace.
Your selves may plead, your wrongs are no whit left;
Your patience more then mine, I must confess.
Did ever sober tongue, such language speak?
Or honestie such ties, unfriendly break?
Do not know thy life so well, as to amiss?
Is't ignorance, or folly causeth this?
Ile only shew the wrongs, thou didst done to me:
Then let my sisters, right their injury.
To pay with railing, is not mine intent,
But to evince the truth, by argument.
I will annul thee, thy so proud relation,
So full of boasting, and previration.
But let her leave the rest, and I presume,
Both them and all things else, she will consume.
While it is, for thing associates thou takest,
A soldier most compleat in all points makest.
But when thou for't to take the helpe we lend,
Thou art a fury, or infernal fiend.
Witnesse the execrable deeds thou'lt done:
Nor sparing Sex, nor age, nor fire, nor son.
To satisfy thy pride, and cruelty
Thou oft haft broke bounds of humanity.
Nay should I tel', thou wouldst count me no blab,
How often for the lye, thou'lt giv'n the tab.
To take the wat's a sin, of such high rate,
That naught but blood, the same may expiate.
To crosse thy will, a challenge doth deserve.
So spits that life, thou'rt bounden to prefer.
Wilt thou this valour, manhood, courage call:
Nay, know 'tis pride, most diabolical.
If murders be thy glory, tis no less.
But if in futting time, and place, on foes;
For Countries good, thy life thou dart expost;
Be dangers neer so high, and courage great.
Ie praise that fury, valour, choler, heat.
But such thou never art, when al alone;
Yet such, when we all are joynd in one.
And when such thou art, even such are we.
The friendly coadjutors, flit to theee.
Nextly, the spirits thou do'lt wholly claimst,
Which natural, vital, animal we name.
To play Philosopher, I have no lift;
Nor yet Philitian, nor Anatomist.

For acting these, I have nor will, nor art,
Yet that with equity give thee thy part.
For th' natural, thou dost not much contest,
For there are none, thou say'ft, if some, not best.
That there are some, and best, I dare aver;
More useful then the rest, don't reaion err
What is there living, which cannot derive
His life now animal, from negative?
If thou giv'n life, I give thee nourishment.
Thine without mine, is not, '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 claim priority of thine;
I am the Fountains which thy Cisterns fills,
Through th' warme, blew conduits of my veinal rils;
What hath the heart, but what's sent from the liver?
If thou're the taker, I must be the giver:
Then never boast of what thou dost receive.
For of such glory I shal thee bereave;
But why the heart, should be usurpt by thee,
I must confess, is somewhat strange to me,
The spirits through thy heat, are made perfect there.
But the materials none of thine, that's clear,
The wondrous mixture, is of blood, and ayre,
The first my self, second my father fair,
But I'll nor force retorts, nor do thee wrong,
Thy fiery yellow broth, is mixt among.
Challenge not all, 'cause part we do allow,
Thou know'lt I've there to do, as well as thou;

But
30 Of the Four Humours

But thou wilt say, I deal 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 attend,
If still thou take along my Aliment,
And let me be thy Partner, which is due,
So will I give the dignity to you.
Again, from each concoction thou dost claim,
But by what right, nor doth, nor canst thou name;
It is her own heat, not thy faculty,
Thou dost unjustly claim, her property,
The help the needs, the loving Liver lends,
Who the benefit of 'er whole ever intends:
To meddle further, I shall be but silent;
Th' left to our Sisters, is more pertinent.
Your fancies thus refuted, takes no place,
Though cast upon my guileless 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 untaigne, pure, and molt genuine
Shall 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 four,
I moderately am all, what need I more?
As thus, if hot, then dry, if moist, then cold;
If this can't be disprovd, then all I hold:

31 in mans Constitution.

My virtues 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 ranges but pure,
Mans life to boundless time might still endure;
But here's one thursts her heart, where'ts not requird;
So suddenly, the body all is fir'd;
And of the sweet, calm 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 dryes, 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, the Ruts, 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 taberick,
All to prevent, this curious care I take;
In't lift concoction, segregation makest.
Of all the perverse humours from mine owne,
The bitter choler, most malignant knowne
Turn into his cet, close by my side,
The Melancholly to the Spleen to 'side;
Likewise the Whey, some use I in the veins,
The over plus I lend unto the reines;
But yet for all my toy, my care, my skill,
It's doom'd by an irrevocable will;
Th' my intents should meet with interruption,
That mortal man, might turn to his corruption.
Of the Four Humours

I might here shew, the nobleness of minde,  
Of such as to the Sanguine are inclin'd,  
They're liberal, pleasant, kind, and courteous,  
And like the Liver, all benignous;  
For Arts, and Sciences, they are the fittest,  
And maugre (Choler) all they are the wisest,  
An ingenious working phantast,  
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 transgress, and been too long;  
Yet could not be more brief, without much wrong.  
I've scarce wifed off the spots, proud Choler cast;  
Such venome wip'd off the spots, proud Choler cast;  
No braggs I've us'd; t'you'l'jelves I dare appeak,  
If modesty worth do not conceal.  
I've mad no bitterness, nor taxed your name,  
As I to you, to me, do ye the same.

Melancholy.

H e that with two affyulents hath to do,  
Had need be armed well, and active too,  
Especially when friendship is pretend'd:  
That blow's most deadly, where it is intended;  
Though Choler rage, and nayle, I'd not do so,  
The tongue's no weapon to affault a foe,  
But fith we fight with words, we might be kind,  
To spare our selves, and beat the whistling wind.

in mans Constitution.

False rose Sister, so might't thou escap free,  
I'll flatter for a time, as thou did'rt me,  
But when the first offenders I have laid,  
Thy soothing graces fully be repaid;  
But Choler, be thou cool'd, or chat'd, i' the venter,  
And in contentions lift, now justly enter,  
Thy boast'd valour stoutly's been repel'd,  
If not as yet, by me, thou shalt be quell'd;  
What mou'd thee thus to villifie my name?  
Not past all reason, but in truth all shame:  
Thy fiery spirit shall bear away this prize,  
To play such furious pranks I am too wise;  
If in a Soldier rashness be so precious,  
Know, in a General its most pernicious.  
Nature doth teach, to shield the head from harm,  
The blow that's aim'd there is lach'd by th'arm,  
When in Baratia my foes I face,  
I then command, proud Choler stand thy place,  
To use thy sword, thy courage, and thy Art,  
For to defend me, thy better part;  
This warine'sc 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, nor our own,  
And if Marcelus bold, be call'd Roman sword,  
Wife Fabius is her buckler; all accord.  
And if thy hate, my flowness should not temper,  
Twere but a mad, irregular distemper;  
Enough of that, by our Sister heresofore,  
I'll come to that which wounds me somewhat more;  
Of Learning, and of Policie, thou wouldst bereave me,  
But's not thy ignorance that thus deceive me.
Of the Four Humours

What greater Clerk, or politician lives?  
Then be whose brain a touch my humour gives.  
What is too hot, my coldness doth abate;  
What's diffident, I do consolidate.

If I be partial judg'd, or thought to err,  
The melancholy Snake shall it aver.  
Those cold dry heads, more subtilely doth yield,  
Then all the huge beasts of the fertile field.

Thirdly, thou dost confine me to the spleen,  
As that only part I was the Queen:  
Let me as well make thy precinda, the gals  
To prifon thee within that bladder small.

Reduce the man to's principles, then fee  
If I have not more part, then al ye three:  
What is without, within, of theirs, or thine.  
Yet time and age, shall soon declare it mine.

When death doth seize the man, your flock is left,  
When you poor bankrupts prove, then have I most.  
You'll say, here none shall ere disturb my right;  
You high born (from that lump) then take your flight

Then who's mans friend, when life and all forakes?  
His mother (mine) him to her womb then takes.  
Thus he is ours, his portion is the grave.  
But whilst he lives, I shew what part I have.

And first, the same dry bones, I justly claim:  
The strong foundation of the earthly frame.  
Likewise the useful spleen, though not the best,  
Yet is a bowel call'd well as the rest.

The Liver, Stomach, owes it thanks of right:  
The first it creates, o'tis last quints appetite,  
Laughter (though thou fault malice) flows from hence,  
Those two in one cannot have residence.

in mans Constitution.

But thou most grofsly do'st mistake, to thinke  
The Spleen for all you three, was made a sink,  
Of all the rest, thou'lt nothing there to do;  
But if thou hast, that malice comes from you.

Again, you often touch my fwythry 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 purelight is bent,  
In charging me, to be thy excriment.  
Thy loathsome impudence I defie;  
So plain a slanderer needeth no reply.

When by thy hear, thou'lt bak'd thy felte to crull,  
Thou dost affume my name, we'll be it just;  
This transmutaion is, but not excretion,  
Thou want's Philosophy, and yet diference.

Now by your leave, I'll let your greatneffe se  
What officer thou art to all ye three.  
The Kitchen Drudge, the cleaner of the sinks,  
That calls out all that man or eates, or drinks.

Thy bittering quality, til irritates,  
Til syth and thee, nature exhoratates.

If any doubt this truth, whence this should come;  
Show them thy passaige to th' Duedam.  
If there thou're stops, to th' Liver thou turn in,  
And so with jaundice, Safferns al the skin.

No further time ile spend, in confusions,  
I trust I've clear'd ye'ur flandrous imputations.  
I now speake unto all, no more to one;  
Pry hear, admire, and learn instruction.

My virtues yours surpasse, without compare:  
The first, my constancy, that jewel rare.

D
Choler's too rath, this golden gift to hold,
And Sanguine is more fickle many fold,
Here, there, her reftleffe thoughts do ever flye;
Constant in nothing, but inconstancy,
And what Flegme is, we know, likewise her mother,
Unstable is the case, so is the other.
With me is noble patience also found,
Impatient Choler loveh not the found.
What Sanguine is, she doth nor heed, nor care.
Now up, now down, transported like the Aire.
Flegm's patient, because her nature's tame;
But if by verse, do acquire the fame.
My temperance, chantily, 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 flame;
Then caufe her blushing, while I dilate the fame.
Nor are ye free from this inconstancy,
Although ye beare the greatest obloquie.
My prudence, judgement, now I might reveale,
But wilde'ris, my wisdom to conceal.
Unto difficaces do incline'd as ye.
Nor cold, nor hot, nor Plurifie.
Nor Cong, nor Quinie, nor the burning Feavor.
I rarely feel to set his fierce endeavour.
My sickneffe chiefly in conceit doth lye,
What I imagine, that's my malady.
Strange Chymera's are in my phantastie,
And things that never were, nor that I fee.
Talketh love nor, reason lyes not in length.
Nor multitude of words, argues our strenght.

I've done, pray Sifter Flegme proceed in course,
We shall expect much found, 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 little,
Enough of both, my wrongs for to expresse.
I've not forgot how bitter Choler spake,
Nor how her Gault on me the cauallie brake;
Nor wonder twas, for hatred there's not small,
Where opposition is diametrical:
To what is truth, I freely wil attent,
(Although my name do suffer detriment)
What's slanderous, repel, daubful, difpute;
And when I've nothing left to say, be more;
Valour I want, no Soldier am, 'tis true;
I'll leave that manly property to you;
I love no thundering Drums, nor bloody Wars;
My polished skin was not ordain'd for sures,
And though the pitched field I've ever fled,
At home, the Conquerours have conquers'd.
Now, I could tel you (what's more true then meet)
The Kings have laid their Scepters at my feet,
When Sanguine paints my Ivory face,
The Monarchs bend, and flie, but for my grace;
My Lily white, when joyned with her red,
Princes hath flie'd, and Captains captiv'd.
Country with Country, Greece with Asia fights,
Sixty nine Princes, all Rome Hero Knights.

D 3 Under
Of the Four Humours

Under Troy's walls, ten years will wait away,
rather than loose, one beauteous Helen's;
but twere as vain, to prove the truth of mine,
as at noon day to tell, the Sun doth shine.
Next difference between us twain, both lie,
who doth possess the Brain, or thou, or I?
Shame forced thee say, the matter that was mine,
but the spirits, by which it acts are thine;
thou speakest truth, and I can speak no less,
thy heart doth much, I candidly confess.
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 flowers, now Sienna 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 sentiment, and form wil it avow.
its ventricles, membranes, and wondrous net,
Galens, Hypocrates, drives to a furt.
that divine Intelligence, the immortal Soul,
thought it in all, and every part be whole:
within this vastly place of eminence,
doth doublet keep its mighty residence;
and surely the Soul's intuitive here lives,
which life and motion to each Creature gives,
the conjunctions of the parts each brain,
doth shew, hence flowes the power which they retain;
within this high built Citadel doth lye,
the Reason, Fancy, and the Memory;

in man's Constitution

The faculty of speech doth here abide,
the spirits animal, from whence doth slide,
the five most noble Sences, here do dwell,
of three, its hard to say, which doth excel;
this point for to discuss longs not to me,
I touch the Sighs, great it wonder of the three;
the optic nerve, coats, humours, all are mine,
both wary, glassy, and the cristalline.
O! mixture strange, oh colour, colourless,
thy perfect temperament, who can express?
he was no fool, who thought the Soul lay here,
whence her affections, passions, speak so clear;
O! good, O bad, O true, O traitorous eyes!
what wonders within your orbs there lies?
of all the Sences, Sight shall be the Queen;
yet force may with, oh, had mine eyes not seen.
Mine likewise is the marrow of the back,
which runs through all the spindles of the rack,
it is the sublimate of the royal Brain,
all nerves (except seven pairs) to it retain;
and the strong ligaments, from hence arise,
with joynt to joyn, the entire body eyes;
some other parts there issue from the Brain,
whose use and worth to tell, I must refrain;
some worthy learned Crooke may these reveal,
but modestly hath charg'd me to conceal;
here's my epitome of excellence,
for what's the Brain, is mine, by consequence;
the foolish Brain (faith Choler) wanting heat,
but a mad one, say I, where 'tis so great,
Phrensic's worse, then folly one would more glad,
with a tame fool converses, then with a mad.

Then
Then, my head for learning is not the fittest,
Ne'er did I heare that Choler was the Wittiest;
Thy judgement is unfaire, thy fancy little,
For memory, the hand is not more brittle.
Again, none's fit for Kingly place but thou,
If Tyrants be the best, I'll it allow;
But if love be, as requisite as fear,
Then I, and thou, must make a mixture here:
Wel, to be brief, Choler I hope now's laid,
And I passe by what Sanguine said;
To Melancholy I'll make no reply,
The word the said, was, instability,
And too much talk; both which, I do confesse,
A warning good, hereafter I'll lay leffe.
Let's now be friends, 'twas time our flight was spent,
Left we too late, his rashness do repent,
Such promises will force a sad conclusion,
Unless we 'gree, all falls into confusion.
Let Sanguine, Choler, with her hot hand hold,
To take her mistle, my moitnesse will be bold;
My cold, cold Melancholy hand that clasp,
Her dry, dry Cholers other hand that grasp;
Two hot, two moist, two cold, two dry here be,
A golden Ring, the Poisey, 
Not jars, nor scolls, let none hereafter see,
But all admire our perfect amity;
Nor be diercnd, here's water, earth, aire, fire,
But here's a comphit body, whole, entire:
This loving counsel pleas'd them all to wel,
That Flegme was judg'd, for kindnese to excel.

The Four Ages of Man.

Of now four other acts upon the stage,
Childhood, and Youth, the Manly, and Old-age.
The first: sen unto Flegme, grand-child to water,
Unitable, supple, moist, and cold is his Naure.
The second, frolick, claims his pedgree,
From blood and aire, for hot, and moist is he,
The third, of ire, and choler is compos'd,
Vindicative, and quarrelsome dispos'd.
The lafl, of earth, and heavy melancholly,
Solid, hating all fighnese, and all folly.
Childhood was cloth'd in white, and given to show,
His spring was intermixed with some show.
Upon his head a Garland Nature fet:
Of Dazy, Primrose, and the Violet.
Such cold mean flowers (as these) blossome betime,
Before the Sun hath thoroughly warm'd the clime.
His hobby striding, did not ride, but run,
And in his hand an hour-glasse now begun,
In dangers every moment of a fall,
And when tis brake, then ends his life and all,
But if he hold, 'till it have run its lasf,
Then may he live, 'till three score years or past.
Elegies, and Epitaphs

My full aloneness heart doth part to break,
Through grief it wants a faculty to speak,
Volleys of praises could I echo then,
Had I an Angel's voice, or Bart's pen,
But wishes can't accomplish my desire,
Pardon, if I adore, when I admire.

O France, in him thou dost more glory gain,
Then in the Pippin, Murell, Charlesman.
Then in Saint Lewis, or thy last Henry great,
Who nam'd his foes, in blood, in scarcs and swear,
Thy fame is spread as farre, I dare be bold,
In all the Zones, the remp'tate, hot and cold,
Their trophies were but heaps of wounded plain,
Thine the quinteffence of an Heroick brain.
The Oaken garland ought to deck their brows,
Immortal bays, all men to thee allow.
Who in thy triumphs (never won by wrongs)
Leadst millions blind by eyes, by ears, by tongues,
Of have I wondered at the hand of heaven,
In giving one, what would have served seven.
Here this golden gift was show'd on earth,
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 left,
Oh pregnant brain, Oh comprehended in vast.
Thy haughty file, and rapted wit sublime,
All age's wondering at, shall never chime.
Thy sacred works are not for imitation,
But monuments for future admiration:
Thus Bart's fame shall last while flares do stand,
And whilst there's air, or fire, or sea or land.

But left 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 lies the people of France, Parnassus glory,
The world rejoic'd at's birth, at's death was joy
Art and Nature joyn'd, by heavens high decree,
Now flow'd what once they ought, Humanity,
And Nature's Law: had it been revocable,
To rescue him from death, Art had been able:
But Nature's voice still Art, if Bart's dy'd,
But Fame, out-living both, is void'd.

In honour of that High and Mighty Princeess, Queen E L I Z A B E T H, of most happy memory.

The Proem.

Ay though great Queen, thou now in silence lye,
Yet thy loud Herald Fame, doth to the sky
Thy wondrous worth proclame, in every clime,
And so has vow'd, whilst there is world, or time;
So great's thy glory, and thine excellence;  
The found thereof raps every humane fence;  
That men account it no injuriety,  
To say, thou wert a fleshly Deity:  
Thou art the God of thy rich honours to accumulate,  
Mongst hundred Heatombs of roaring Verse,  
'Th' accept the tribute of a loyal Brain;  
Thy clemency did ye still esteem as much  
The acclamations of the poor, as rich;  
Which makes me deeme, my rudeness is no wrong,  
Though I refund thy greatnesse mongst the throng.

The Poem.

No Phainix Pen, nor Spencers Poetry,  
No Speeds, nor ChamIONS learned History;  
Eliz's works, wars, praise, can e're compleat;  
The World's the Theater where she did act;  
No memories, nor volumes can contain,  
The nine Olympic's of her happy reign;  
Who was so good, so just, so learned, so wise,  
From all the Kings on earth she won the prize;  
Nor say I more then duly is her due,  
Millions will testify this is true;  
She hath wip'd off th' asperion of her Sex,  
That women wildeone lack to play the Rex:  
Spaines Monarch it's not so; nor yet, is his Halt,  
She taught them better manners to afford.
Elegies, and Epitaphs.

But time would faile me, so my wit would too,
To tell of half she did, or she could doe;
Semiramis to her is but obscure,
More instram than fame she did procure;
She plac'd her glory but on Jables walls,
Worlds wonder'd for a time, but yet it falls;
Feice Tomasis, Circe Head-lan, Sisyphus Queen,
Had put her Harnesse off, had she but seen
Our Amazon sth Camp at Tilbury;
(Judging all valour, and all Majesty)
Within that Princeesse to have residence,
And proftrate yielded to her Excellence;
Dido first Foundress of proud Carthage walls,
(Who living consummated her Burials)
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 this she was a rich Egyptian Queen;
Zenobia, potent Empresse of the East,
And of all these without compare the best;
(Whom none but great Aurelius could quell)
Yet for our Queen is no fit parallel:
She was a Phoenix Queen, so shall she be,
Her ashes not reviv'd more Phoenix she;
Her personall perfections, who would tell,
Milt dip his Pen in 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 it gone?

Elegies, and Epitaphs.

Nay Malescinos, you have thus tax'd us long,
But she though dead, will vindicate our wrong.
Let such, as lay our sex is void of reason,
Know 'tis a slander now, but once was treason.
But happy England, which had such a Queen,
Oh happy, happy, had those days been still,
But happy, lies in a higher sphere,
Then wonder not, Eliza moves not here.

Full fraught with honour, riches, and with dayes:
She fer, she set, like Titan in his rays,
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 Alscian once again.

Her Epitaph.

Here sleeps the Queen, this is the royal bed
O' the Damast Room, fragrant from the white and red,
White sweet perfumes fills the all-filling air.
This Rose is wither'd, once so lovely faire,
On neither tree did grow such Rose before,
The greater was our gain, our loss 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 empery, yet unsurvived Prince,
Whose beauty vertue speak'd, though dead long since.
If many worlds, as that fantastick framed,
In every one, be her great glory shined.

David.