A COLLECTION OF EMBLEMES, ANCIENT AND MODERNE:

Quickened
VVith METRICALL ILLVSTRATIONS, both *Morall* and *Diuine*; And disposed into LOTTERIES,

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered by an Honest and Pleasant *Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Royston*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *Fryie*-Lane.
MDCXXXV.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of A Collection of Emblemes, Ancient and Moderne

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A COLLECTION OF EMBLEMES, ANCIENT AND MODERNE ***

Transcriber's notes:

In the section "To The Reader" our author writes:

> *There be, no doubt, some faults committed by the* Printer*, both Literall and Materiall, and some Errors of the* Gravers *in the* Figures*, (as in the* Tetragrammaton*; in the Figure of* Arîon*; and in the* Proprieties *due to some other* Hieroglyphicks*); but, for the most part, they are such, as* Common-Readers *will never perceive; and I thinke, that they who are* Judicious *will so plainly finde them to be no faults of mine; that, leaving them to be amended by those, to whom they appertaine; and,* You*, to accept of these* Play-games *as you please: I bid you* Farewell*.*

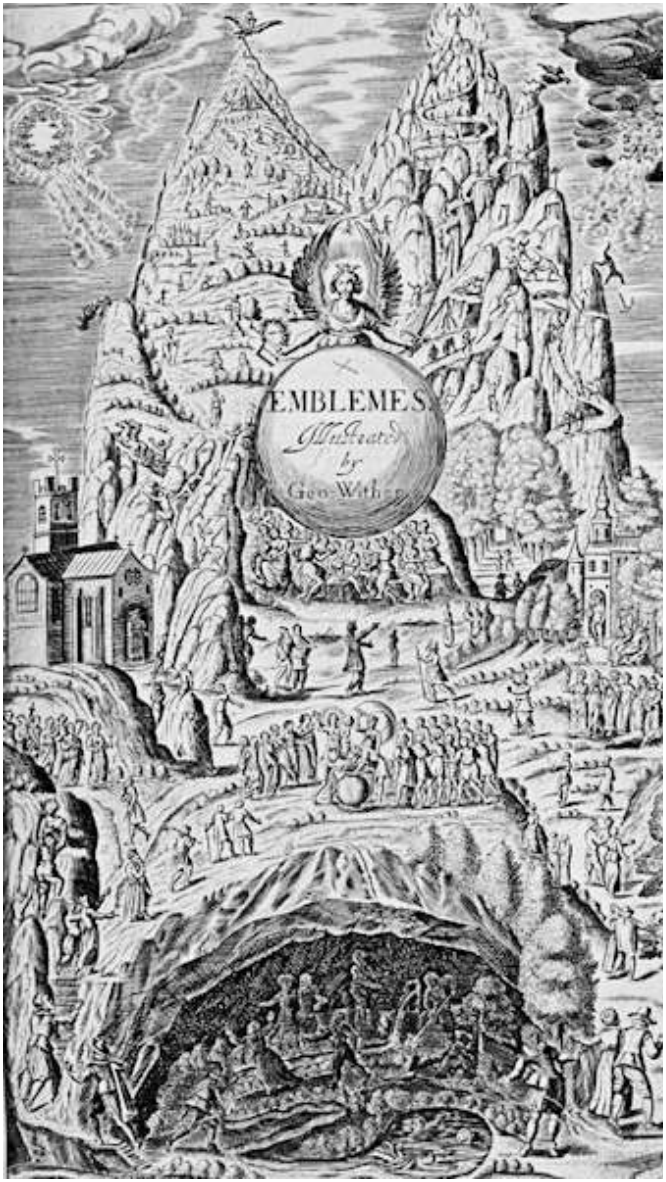
Therefore all oddities and inconsistencies have been left unchanged. They have been noted at the end of the transcription.

An addendum of transcriptions and translations of the mottoes engraved around each emblem has been added to the final note as a convenience to the reader.

A PREPOSITION to this Frontispiece.

THis BOOKE contayning EMBLEMS, 'twas thought fit,
A *Title-page* should stand to usher it,
That's Emblematicall: And, for that end,
Our AVTHOR, to the *Graver* did commend
A plaine Invention; that it might be wrought,
According as his Fancie had forethought.
Insteed thereof, the *Workeman* brought to light,
What, here, you see; therein, mistaking quite
The true *Designe*: And, so (with paines, and cost)
The first intended FRONTISPIECE, is lost.
  The AVTHOR, was as much displeas'd, as Hee
In such Adventures, is inclin'd to bee;
And, halfe resolv'd, to cast this PIECE aside,
As nothing worth: but, having better ey'd
Those *Errors*, and *Confusions*, which may, there,
Blame-worthy (at the first aspect) appeare;
Hee saw, they fitted many Fantasies
Much better, then what *Reason* can devise;
And, that, the *Graver* (by meere *Chance*) had hit
On what, so much transcends the reach of *Wit*,
As made it seeme, an Object of *Delight*,
To looke on what, MISFORTVNE brought to light:
And, here it stands, to try his *Wit*, who lists
To pumpe the secrets, out of *Cabalists*.
  If any thinke this *Page* will, now, declare
The meaning of those *Figures*, which are there,
They are deceiv'd. For, *Destinie* denyes

The utt'ring of such hidden *Mysteries*,
In these respects: First, *This* contayneth nought
Which (in a proper sense) concerneth, ought,
The *present-Age*: Moreover, tis ordain'd,
That, none must know the *Secrecies* contain'd
Within this PIECE; but, they who are so wise
To finde them out, by their owne *prudencies*;
And, hee that can unriddle them, to us,
Shall stiled be, the second OEDIPVS.
  Tis, likewise, thought expedient, now and then,
To make some *Worke*, for those *All-knowing men*,
(To exercise upon) who thinke they see
The *secret-meanings*, of all things that bee.
  And, lastly, since we finde, that, some there are,
Who best affect *Inuentions*, which appeare
Beyond their understandings; *This*, we knew
A *Representment*, worthy of their view;
  And, here, wee placed it, to be, to these,
  A FRONTISPIECE, in any sense they please.


EMBLEMES
Illustrated
by
Geo: Withers

A COLLECTION OF EMBLEMES, ANCIENT AND MODERNE:

Quickened With Metricall Illvstrations, both *Morall* and *Divine*: And disposed into Lotteries,

That *Jnstruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered by an Honest and Pleasant *Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The First Booke.

LONDON,
Printed by *A.M.* for *Richard Royston*, and
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MDCXXXV.

REcensui hoc Poëma, cui titulus est (A Collection and Illustration of Emblems Ancient and Moderne) *in quo nihil reperio, quò minus cum utilitate imprimatur, ita tamen, ut si non intra septem menses proximè sequentes Typis mandetur, hæc licentia sit omninò irrita.*

Ex ædibus Lambithanis
Iul. 2. 1634.
GVIL. BRAY.

A
WRIT OF PREVENTION
Concerning the Avthors *Dedication* of the foure following Bookes, to those
Royall, *Princely*, and *Illustrious* Personages, whose Names are mentioned in this *Leafe*.

I Have not often us'd, with *Epigrames*,
Or, with *Inscriptions* unto many NAMES,
To charge my *Bookes*: Nor, had I done it, now,
If I, to pay the *Duties* which I owe,
Had other *meanes*; Or, any better Wayes
To honour them, whose *Vertue* merits praise.
  In *ARCHITECT*, it giveth good content,
(And passeth for a praisefull *Ornament*)
If, to adorne the *FORE-FRONTS*, *Builders* reare
The *Statues* of their *Soveraigne-Princes*, there;
And, trimme the *Outsides*, of the other SQVARES
With *Portraitures* of some Heroicke PEERES.
  If, therefore, I (the more to beautifie
This *Portion* of my MVSES *Gallerie*)
Doe, here, presume to place, the *NAMES* of those
To whose *Deserts*, my LOVE remembrance owes,
I hope 'twill none offend. For, most, who see

Their worthy *mention*, in this BOOKE, to bee,
Will thinke them honor'd: And, perhaps, it may
(To their high praise) be found, another day,
That, in these LEAVES their *Names* wil stand unrac'd,
When many fairer *STRVCTVRFS*, are defac'd.

In this Hope*, I have placed on the* FORE-FRONT *(or before the* First Booke *of these* EMBLEMS*) a* Ioint-Inscription *to the* KING *and* QVEENES *most excellent* MAIESTIE.

Upon the Right-Side-Front *of this* Building *(or before the* Second Booke*) One* Inscription *to the most hopefull* Prince*,* CHARLES*, Prince of* Wales*; And, another to his deere* Brother*,* IAMES*, Duke of* Yorke, &c.

On the other Side-Front*, (or before the* Third Booke*) One* Inscription *to the gratious Princesse,* FRANCES *Dutchesse-Dowager of* RICHMOND *and* LENOX*; And, another to her most noble Nephew,* IAMES *Duke of Lenox, &c.*

On the Fourth Front *of our* Square*, (Or before the* Fourth Booke*) One* Inscription *to the right Honourable* PHILIP *Earle of* Pembrooke *and* Montgomery*, &c. And another to the right Honourable,* HENRY *Earle of* Holland*, &c.*

To the Majestie of Great *Britaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*, the Most Illustrious King, CHARLES; And his excellently beloved, the most gratious *Queene* MARY.

SEv'n yeares are full expired, Royall SIR,
Since last I kneel'd, an offring to preferre
Before your feete; where, now, my selfe I throw
To pay once more, the *Tributes* which I owe.
As many yeares are past, most beauteous QVEENE,
Since witnesses, mine eares and eyes, have beene
Of those Perfections; which the generall Fame
Hath sounded forth, in honour of your Name.
And, both your *beaming-splendors* (oh yee faire,
Thrice blessed, and most fitly-matched PAIRE)
Vpon each other, make such bright reflections;
And have so sweetly mingled your *affections*,
Your *Praise*, your *Pow're*, your *Vertues*, and your *Beautie*:
That, (if preserving of my *Soveraigne dutie*,
This may be said) you doe appeare, to me,
TWO PERSONS, in One MAIESTY, to be;
To whom, there, appertaines (in veneration

Of your large *Worth*) the right of some *Oblation*
And, best, I thought, my *Homage* would be done,
If, thus, the tender were to BOTH-in-ONE.
Which, in this humble GVIFT, my *Love* presents;
And, wisheth it may adde to your Contents.
  Perhaps it shall: For, though I dare not shew
These *Figures*, as well meriting your view;
Nor boast, as if their *Moralls* couched ought,
By which your sacred *Wisdomes* may be taught:
Yet, I have humble *Hopings*, that, they might
Prove, some way, an occasion of delight;
Since, meane and common *Objects*, now and then,
Beget contentments in the *greatest-men*.
  But, that before this *Booke*, I should propose
Your praisefull NAMES, there is (as I suppose)
A faire inducement: For, considering these
Are EMBLEMS, whose intention is to please
And profit vulgar Iudgements (by the view,
Of what they ought to follow, or eschew.)
And, I well knowing, that your MAIESTIES
Set foorth before my *Booke*, in *Emblem-wise*,
Throughout your Lands, more *Vertues* might convay,
Than many *Volumes*, of these *Emblems*, may;
It seemed *Petty-treason*, to omit
This good occasion of endeavouring it.
For, (if your MAIESTIES, well heeded, were)
YOV, double-treble-foure-fold *Emblems* are;
Which, fully to illustrate, would require
The *Wit* I want; or, meanes to raise, that, higher
Which I have gain'd; (and, which, as yet, hath flowne
By no incouragements, but by her owne.)
  Of all the *Vertues* OECONOMICAL,
Of *Duties* MORAL and POLITICALL,

Your *Lives* are *Patternes*, and faire EMBLEMS; whether
Considered apart, or both together.
Your CHILDHOODS were bright *Mirrours*, which did show
What Duties, *Children*, to their *Parents* owe:
And, by the sequele, we now understand,
That, they who best *obay'd*, can best command.
The glorious *Vertues* of your NVPTIALL-*state*,
Your *Courtiers*, find so hard to imitate,
That, they admire them, rather; and would sweare,
(Had others told, what, now they see and heare)
That, all the former Times, were not acquainted,
With such a *Paire*, when *Kings* and *Queenes* were *Sainted*.
The chastest *Cupids*, and the gamesom'st *Graces*,
Are alwaies mingled in your *Deare-embraces*.
The mutuall enterchanges of your *Loves*,
May teach affection to the *Turtle-doves*:
And, such as are, with goodly sights, delighted,
May see in *You*, all *Excellence* united.
You, SIR, who beare *Ioves* Thunders in your Fist,
And, (shake this *Ilands* EMPIRE, when You list)
Did never in your *Orbe*, a *Tempest* move,
But, by the Beautious *Mistresse* of your *Love*
It might be calm'd. *And, in your lofty* Spheare*,*
Most lovely QVEENE*, Your Motions ever, were*
So smoath, and, so direct; that, none can say,
They have withdrawne his Royall-heart away
From Iust Designes*; Which, loudly speakes your* Praise*,*
And, intimates much more, than, yet, it saies.
Yea, both Your *Splendors* doe so glorious growe,
And, You, each other have out-vyed so,
In these, and other *Vertues*; that, on You,
Should I conferre what praise, I thinke, is due,

My *Lines*, (which from that staine have, yet, beene cleare)
Would Flatt'ry seeme, unto an envious eare.
But, what needs *Flatt'ry*, where the *Truth* may teach
To praise, beyond immodest *Flatt'ries* reach?
Or, what needs he to feare a *sland'rous-mouth*,
Who seekes no *meed*, nor utters more than Truth?
Your Princely *Vertues*, what can better show,
Than *Peace*, and *Plenty*, which have thrived so,
Whilst You have raign'd that, yet, no people see,
A *Richer*, or more *Peacefull* time, than wee?
Your *Civill Actions* (to the publike eye)
Are faire *examples* of *Moralitie*,
So manifest; That, if he Truth did sing,
Who said, *The World doth imitate the King*;
My *Muses* dare, with boldnesse to presage,
A Chast, a Pious, and a Prosperous *Age*:
And, that, the stormes which, late, these Realmes deterr'd,
Shall all be quite removed, or deferr'd
Till you Ascend; And, future times have seene,
That, your Examples have not followed beene.
Thus, you are living *Emblems*, to this *Nation*:
Which being mark'd with heedefull speculation,
May serve, as well, to helpe us how to see
Our *Happinesse*, As, what our *Duties* be.
And, if I might unlocke all *Mysteries*,
Which doe declare, how in a *foure-fold-wise*,
Your Lives are usefull EMBLEMS; I, perchance,
Should vexe blind *Zeale*, or anger *Ignorance*;
And, teach well-temper'd *Spirits*, how to see,
That, we, for Blessings, oft, Vnthankefull be.
For, as you, *Both*, Prime *Children* are of those
Two *Sister-Churches*, betwixt whom, yet, growes

Vnseemely *strife*; So, *You*, perhaps, may be
An *Emblem*, how those MOTHERS may agree.
And, not by your *Example*, onely, show,
How wrought it may be; but, effect it so.
Yea, peradventure, GOD, united *You*,
That, such a blessed VNION might ensue:
And, that, Your *living-lovingly*, together;
Your Christian *hopefullnesse*, of one another;
Your milde *forbearance*, harsh attempts to proove;
Your *mutuall-waiting*, untill *God* shall move
By some *calme-voice*, or peacefull *inspiration*,
That *Heart* Which needeth better *Information*;
And, that, your *Charities*, might give a *signe*,
How, all the *Daughters*, of the SPOVSE *Divine*
Might reconciled be; And, shew, that, *Swords*,
Flames, *Threats*, and *Furie*, make no true *Accords*.
GOD grant a better VNION may appeare:
Yet, wish I not the *tollerating*, here,
Of *Politicke-Agreements*; (further than
Our wholsome *Lawes*, and, *Civill-vowes* to man,
With *Piety*, approve) but, such, as may
Make up a blessed CONCORD, every way:
Might it be so; your *Vertues*, would become
A Glorious *Blessing*, to all CHRISTENDOME:
Your EMBLEM should, by future *Generations*;
Be plac'd among the famous *Constellations*,
And, *after-times* (though, Mee, this *Age* despise)
Would thinke, these *Verses*, had beene *Prophecies*.
What ever may succeed, my *Pray'rs* and *Powr's*
Are this way bent; with *Hope*, that *You* or *Yours*
Shall *Helps* (at least) become, that *Breach* to close,
Which, in the SEAMLES-ROBE, yet, wider growes.
SO BE IT: And, let bright your *Glories* bee,

For ever, though *You* never shine on MEE.

Your MAIESTIES

most Loyall Subject,

Geo: Wither.

TO THE READER.

IF there had not beene some Bookes *conceitedly composed, and sutable to meane capacities, I am doubtfull, whether I had ever beene so delighted in reading, as thereby to attaine to the little Knowledge I have: For, I doe yet remember, that, things* honestly pleasant*, brought mee by degrees, to love that which is* truely profitable. *And as* David *said, His* Heart shewed him the wickednesse of the Vngodly*; (meaning perhaps, that hee felt in himselfe, some* Experiments*, of the same naturall Corruption, by which they are overcome, who resist not evill suggestions at their first motions:) Even so, I may truly acknowledge, that mine owne* Experience *hath showne mee so much of the common* Ignorance *and* Infirmitie *in mine owne person, that it hath taught mee, how those things may be wrought upon in others, to their best advantage.*

Therefore, though I can say no more to disswade from Vice*, or to incourage men to* Vertue*, than hath already beene said in many learned* Authors*; yet I may be an occasion by these* Endeavours*, to bring that, the oftner into remembrance, which they have, more learnedly, expressed; and perhaps, by such circumstances, as they would not descend unto, may insinuate further also with some Capacities, than more applauded* Meanes. Viniger*,* Salt*, or common* Water*, (which are very meane* Ingredients*) make Sawces more pleasing to some tastes,*

than Sugar*, and* Spices. *In like manner, plaine and vulgar notions, seasoned with a little* Pleasantnesse*, and relished with a moderate* Sharpnesse*, worke that, otherwhile, which the most admired* Compositions *could never effect in many* Readers*; yea, wee have had frequent proofes, that a blunt* Iest *hath moved to more consideration, than a judicious* Discourse.

I take little pleasures in Rymes*,* Fictions*, or conceited* Compositions*, for their owne sakes; neither could I ever take so much paines, as to spend time to put my meanings into other words than such as flowed forth, without* Studie*; partly because I delight more in Matter, than in* Wordy Flourishes*, But, chiefely, because those* Verball Conceites*, which by some, are accounted most* Elegant*, are not onely (for the greater part)* Emptie Sounds *and Impertinent* Clinches*, in themselves; but, such* Inventions*, as do sometime, also, obscure the* Sense*, to common* Readers*; and, serve to little other purpose, but for* Wittie men *to shew* Tricks *one to another: For, the* Ignorant *understand them not; and the* Wise *need them not.*

So much of them, as (without darkning the matter, to them who most need instruction) may be made use of, to stirre up the Affections*, winne* Attention*, or help the* Memory*, I approve and make use of, to those good purposes, according as my leisure, and the measure of my* Facultie *will permit; that,* Vanitie *might not, to worse ends, get them wholly into her* Possession. *For, I know that the meanest of such conceites are as pertinent to some, as* Rattles*, and* Hobby-horses *to Children; or as the* A. B. C. *and* Spelling*, were at first to those* Readers*, who are now past them. And, indeed, to despise* Meane Inventions*,* Pleasant Compositions*, and* Verball Elegancies*, (being qualified as is aforesaid) or to banish them out of the world, because there be other*

things of more excellencie, were as absurd, as to neglect and root out all Herbes*, which will not make* Pottage*; Or, to destroy all* Flowers*, which are lesse beautifull than the* Tulip*, or lesse sweet than the* Rose.

I (that was never so sullenly wise) have alwaies intermingled Sports *with* Seriousnesse *in my* Inventions*; and, taken in* Verball-conceites*, as they came to hand, without* Affectation*; But, having, ever aymed, rather to profit my* Readers*, than to gaine their praise, I never pumpe for those things; and am, otherwhile, contented to seeme* Foolish*, (yea, and perhaps, more foolish than I am) to the* Overweening-Wise*; that, I may make others* Wiser than they were*: And, (as I now doe) am not ashamed to set forth a* Game at Lots*, or (as it were) a* Puppet-play *in* Pictures*, to allure men to the more serious observation of the profitable* Morals*, couched in these* Emblems*. Neverthelesse, (if some have sayd, and thought truly) my* Poems *have instructed, and rectified many People in the Course of* Honest-living*, (which is the best* Wisedome*) much more than the* Austerer Volumes *of some criticall* Authors*; who, are by the* Common-sort*, therefore onely, judged Wise, because they composed* Books*, which few understand, save they who need them not.*

In these Lots *and* Emblems*, I have the same ayme which I had in my other* Writings*: and, though I have not dressed them sutably to curious* Fancies*, yet, they yield wholsome nourishment to strengthen the constitution of a* Good-life*; and, have solidity enough for a* Play game*, which was but Accidentally composed; and, by this* Occasion.

These Emblems*, graven in Copper by* Crispinus Passæus *(with a* Motto *in Greeke, Latine, or Italian, round about every* Figure*; and with two* Lines *(or* Verses*) in one of the same* Languages*, periphrasing*

those Motto's*) came to my hands, almost twentie yeares past. The* Verses *were so meane, that, they were afterward cut off from the* Plates*; And, the* Collector *of the said Emblems, (whether hee were the* Versifier *or the* Graver*, was neither so well advised in the* Choice *of them, nor so exact in observing the true* Proprieties *belonging to every* Figure*, as hee might have beene.*

Yet, the Workman-ship *being judged very good, for the most part; and the rest excusable; some of my Friends were so much delighted in the* Gravers *art, and, in those* Illustrations*, which for mine owne pleasure, I had made upon some few of them, that, they requested mee to* Moralize *the rest. Which I condiscended unto: And, they had beene brought to view many yeares agoe, but that the* Copper Prints *(which are now gotten) could not be procured out of* Holland*, upon any reasonable Conditions.*

If they were worthy of the Gravers *and* Printers *cost, being onely dumbe* Figures*, little usefull to any but to young* Gravers *or* Painters*, and as little delightfull, except, to* Children*, and* Childish-gazers*: they may now be much more worthy; seeing the life of* Speach *being added unto them, may make them* Teachers *and* Remembrancers *of profitable things.*

I doe not arrogate so much unto my Illustrations*, as to thinke, they will be able to teach any thing to the* Learned*; yet if they cast their eyes upon them, perhaps, these* Emblems*, and their* Morals*, may remember them, either of some* Dutie*, which they might else forget, or minde them to beware of some* Danger*, which they might otherwise be unheedfull to prevent. But, sure I am, the* Vulgar Capacities*, may from them, be many waies both* Instructed*, and* Remembred*; yea, they that have most need to be* Instructed*, and* Remembred*, (and they who are most backward to listen to* Instructions*, and*

Remembrances, *by the common Course of* Teaching, *and* Admonishing*) shall be, hereby, informed of their* Dangers, *or* Duties, *by the way of an honest* Recreation, *before they be aware.*

For, when levitie, or a childish delight in trifling Objects, hath allured them to looke on the Pictures*; Curiositie may urge them to peepe further, that they might seeke out also their* Meanings, *in our annexed* Illustrations*; In which, may lurke some* Sentence, *or* Expression, *so evidently pertinent to their* Estates, Persons, *or* Affections, *as will (at that instant or afterward) make way for those* Considerations, *which will, at last, wholly change them, or much better them, in their* Conversation.

To seeke out the Author *of every particular* Emblem, *were a labour without profit; and, I have beene so far from endeavouring it, that, I have not so much as cared to find out their meanings in any of these* Figures*; but, applied them, rather, to such purposes, as I could thinke of, at first sight; which, upon a second view, I found might have beene much betterd, if I could have spared time from other imployments. Something, also, I was* Confined, *by obliging my selfe to observe the same number of* lines *in every* Illustration*; and, otherwhile, I was thereby constrained to conclude, when my best* Meditations *were but new begunne: which (though it hath pleased Some, by the more comely Vniformitie, in the Pages) yet, it hath much injured the libertie of my* Muse.

There be, no doubt, some faults committed by the Printer, *both Literall and Materiall, and some Errors of the* Gravers *in the* Figures, *(as in the* Tetragrammaton*; in the Figure of* Arîon*; and in the* Proprieties *due to some other* Hieroglyphicks*); but, for the most part, they are such, as* Common-Readers *will never perceive; and I*

thinke, that they who are Judicious *will so plainly finde them to be no faults of mine; that, leaving them to be amended by those, to whom they appertaine; and,* You*, to accept of these* Play-games *as you please: I bid you* Farewell.

The Occasion, *Intention*, and use of the Foure *Lotteries* adjoyned to these foure Books of *Emblems*.

STultorum plena sunt omnia. *The world is growne so in Love with* Follie*, that the Imprinting of over-solid and serious* treatises *would undoe the Book-sellers; especially, being so chargeable as the many costly* Sculptures *have made this Booke: therefore, (to advance their* Profits*, rather than to satisfie my owne* Iudgement*) I was moved to invent somewhat, which might be likely to please the vulgar Capacitie, without hindrance to my chiefe* End. *And, though that which I resolved on, be not so* Plausible *to Criticall understandings, yet I am contented to hazzard among them, so much of my Reputation as that comes to.*

I have often observed, that where the Summer-bowers *of Recreation are placed neare the* Church*, it drawes thither more people from the remote* Hamlets*, than would else be there. Now, though I praise not their* Devotion*, yet I am glad if any thing (which is not evill in it selfe) may be made an occasion of* Good*: (because, those things may, perhaps, be continued, at last, for Conscience sake, which were at first begunne upon vaine* occasions*) and, have therefore added* Lotteries *to these* Emblems*, to occasion the more frequent notice of the* Morals*, and good* Counsels *tendred in their* Illustrations*; hoping that, at one time or other, some shall draw those* Lots*, which will make them the better, and the happier, whilest they live. I confesse that this Devise may probably be censured, as unsutable to the gravitie expected in my ripe yeares: and be reputed as*

great an Indecorum, as erecting an Ale-house *at the* Church-stile*; yet, the same having had beginning in my younger dayes, I do now resolve not to be ashamed of it, for the Reasons aforementioned. To such as I was, it will be someway avayleable: and perhaps, if the* Wisest *did otherwhile, when they walke abroad, to* Vncertaine purposes*, take up this* Booke*, and (without* Superstitious Conceites*) make tryall what their* Lots *would remember, or give them cause to thinke on; it might, now and then, either occasion better* Proceedings*, or prevent* Mischieves.

Some Games *were ever in use; ever, I thinke, will be, and for ought I know, ever may be without exception. And, I believe, this* Recreation*, will be as harmlesse as any, if it be used according to my Intentions. For, my meaning is not, that any should use it as an* Oracle*, which could signifie, infallibly, what is divinely alloted; but, to serve onely for a* Morall Pastime. *And, that I may no way encourage the secret entertaining of such a* Fantasie*, I doe before hand affirme unto them, that none but* Children*, or* Ideots *may be tollerated to be so foolish, without laughing at.*

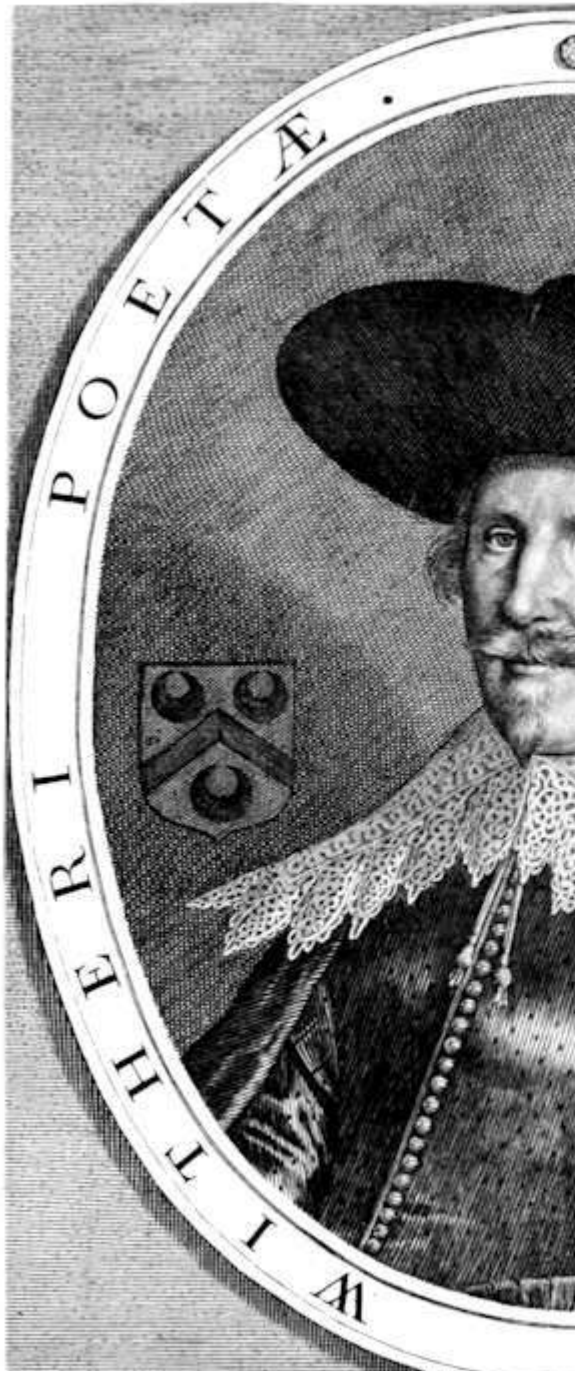
Yet, if any one shall draw that Lot *wherein his* Secret vices *are reproved; or some good Counsels proposed, which in his owne understanding are pertinent to his welfare, let not such as* those*, passe them over as meere* Casualties *to them; for, whatsoever these* Lots *are to* others*, or in* themselves*, they are to all* these*, made pertinent in such cases, both by their particular* Knowledges *and* Occasions.

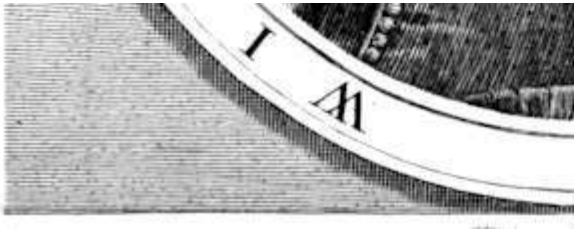
Some will thinke perhaps, that I have purposely invented this Game*, that I might finde meanes to reprove mens* vices*, without being suspected, (as I have hitherto unjustly beene) to ayme at particular persons: For, if any who are* notoriously Guiltie*, shall by drawing their*

Chances*, among other Companions, be so fitted with* Lots*, (which may now and then happen) that those* Vices *be therby intimated to the by-standers, of which the world knowes them guilty; they do therin make their owne* Libels*; and, may (I hope) bee laughed at without my blame. If not; I doe here warne all such as are worthily suspected of* Haynous crimes*, and* Scandalous conversations*, either to forbeare these* Lotteries*; or to excuse me if they be justly shamed by their own* Act.

Having thus declared the Reason of this Invention*, and made these Anticipations; every man hath his choice, whether hee will make use of those* Lotteries *or no; hee that will, is left to his* Chance*, of which, how hee shall make tryall, direction is given in the two last Pages of this* Booke.

This *Game* occasions not the frequent crime,
Of *Swearing*, or mispending of our *Time*;
Nor losse of money: For, the *Play* is *short*,
And, ev'ry *Gamester* winneth by the sport.
Wee, therefore, know it may aswell become
The *Hall*, the *Parlor*, or the *Dining-roome*,
As *Chesse*, or *Tables*; and, we thinke the *Price*
Will be as low; because, it needs no *Dice*.


WITHERI POETÆ.



What *I* WAS, is passed-by;
What *I* AM, away doth flie;
What *I* SHAL BEE, none do see;
Yet, in* that*, my* Beauties *bee.

The Avthors Meditation upon sight of his Pictvre.

WHen I behold my Picture*, and perceive,*
How vaine it is, our Portraitures *to leave*
In Lines*, and* Shadowes*, (which make shewes, to day,*
Of that which will, to morrow, fade away)
And, thinke, what meane Resemblances *at best,*
Are by Mechanike Instruments *exprest;*
I thought it better, much, to leave behind me,
Some Draught*, in which, my living friends might find me*
The same I am*; in* that*, which will remaine,*
Till all is ruin'd, and repair'd againe:
And, which, in absence, will more truely show me,
Than, outward Formes*, to those, who think they know me.*
For, though my gratious MAKER *made me such,*
That, where I love, belov'd I am, as much
As J desire; yet, Forme*, nor* Features *are,*
Those Ornaments*, in which J would appeare*
To future Times*; Though they were found in me,*
Farre better, than I can beleeve they be.
Much lesse, affect I that*, which each man knowes,*

To be no more, but Counterfeits of those,
Wherein, the Painters*, or the* Gravers *toole,*
Befriends alike, the Wiseman*, and the* Foole*:*
And, (when they please) can give him, by their Art*,*
The fairest-Face*, that had the* falsest-Heart.
A PICTVRE*, though with most exactnesse made,*
Is nothing, but the Shadow *of a* SHADE.
For, ev'n our living Bodies*, (though they seeme*
To others more, or more in our esteeme)
Are but the shadowes *of that* Reall-being*,*
Which doth extend beyond the Fleshly-seeing*;*
And, cannot be discerned, till we rise
Immortall-Objects*, for* Immortall-eyes.
Our Everlasting-Substance *lies unseene,*
Behinde the Fouldings, of a Carnall-Screene*,*
Which is, but, Vapours *thickned into* Blood*,*
(By due concoction of our daily food)
And, still supplied, out of other Creatures*,*
To keepe us living*, by their wasted natures:*
Renewing, and decaying, ev'ry Day,
Vntill that Vaile *must be remov'd away.*
For, this lov'd Flesh*, wherewith, yet cloth'd we go,*
Is not the same, wee had sev'n yeares ago;
But, rather, something which is taken-in,
To serve insteed of what hath wasted bin,
In Wounds*, in* Sicknesses*, in* Colds*, and* Heates*,*
In all Excrescions*, and in* Fumes*, and* Sweates.
Nor shall, this present Flesh*, long stay with us:*
And, wee may well be pleas'd, it should be Thus.
For, as I view, those Townes, and Fields, that be
In Landskip drawne; Even so, me thinks, I see
A Glimpes, farre off, (through FAITH'S Prospective glasse*)*
Of that, which after Death*, will come to passe;*

And, likewise, gained have, such meanes of seeing,
Some things, which were, before my Life *had being,*
That, in my Soule*, I should be discontent,*
If, this my Body *were, more permanent;*
Since, Wee*, and all* God's *other* Creatures*, here,*
Are but the Pictures*, of what shall appeare.*
Yet, whilst they are*, I thankfully would make*
That use of them, for their CREATOR'S *sake,*
To which hee made them; and, preserve the Table*,*
Still, Faire *and* Full*, as much as I were able,*
By finishing, (in my alotted place)
Those Workes*, for which, hee fits me by his Grace.*
And, if a Wrenne*, a* Wrenn's *just height shall soare,*
No Ægle*, for an* Ægle*, can doe more.*
If therefore, of my Labours*, or of* MEE*,*
Ought shall remaine, when I remov'd, must be,
Let it be that, wherein it may be view'd,
My MAKERS Image*, was in me renew'd:*
And, so declare, a dutifull intent,
To doe the Worke *I came for, e're I went;*
That, I to others, may some Patterne *be,*
Of Doing-well*, as other men to mee,*
Have beene, whilst I had life: And, let my daies
Be summed up, to my Redeemer's *praise.*
So this be gained, I regard it not,
Though, all that I am else, be quite forgot.

By* Knowledge *onely,* Life *wee gaine,
All other things to* Death *pertaine.

Illvstratio I. ***Book.***

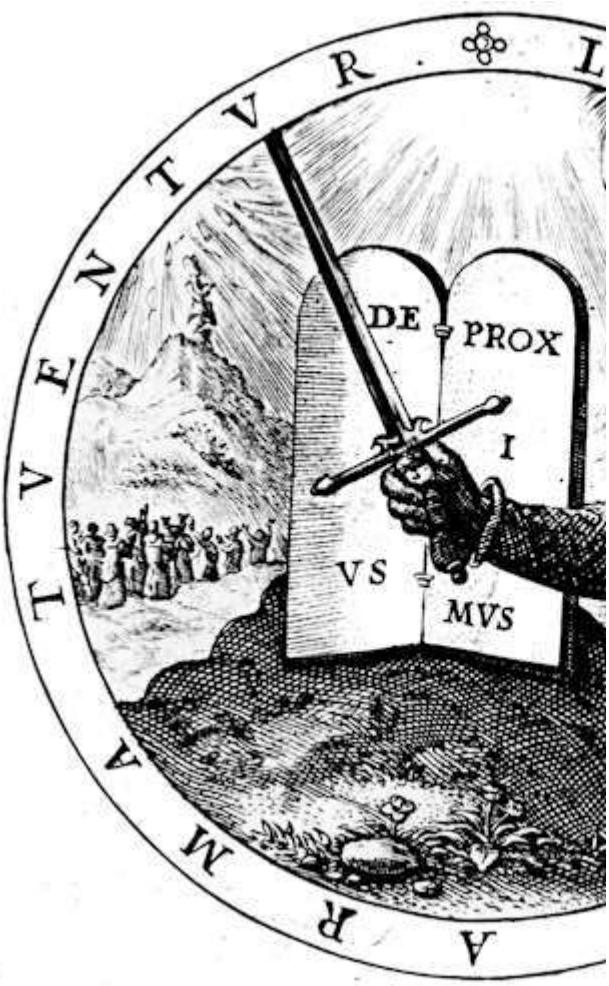
Ow Fond are they, who spend their pretious Time
In still pursuing their deceiving *Pleasures*?
And they, that unto ayery *Titles* clime
Or tyre themselves in hoording up of *Treasures*?
For, these are *Death's*, who, when with wearinesse
They have acquired most, sweepes all away;
And leaves them, for their Labors, to possesse
Nought but a raw-bon'd *Carcasse* lapt in clay.
Of twenty hundred thousands, who, this houre
Vaunt much, of those *Possessions* they have got;
Of their new purchac'd *Honours*, or, the *Power*,
By which, they seeme to have advanc't their *Lott*:
Of this great *Multitude*, there shall not *Three*
Remaine, for any *Future-age* to know;
But perish quite, and quite forgotten bee,
As *Beasts*, devoured twice ten yeares agoe.
Thou, therefore, who desir'st for aye to live,
And to possesse thy *Labors* maugre *Death*,
To needfull *Arts* and honest *Actions*, give
Thy Spanne of *Time*, and thy short blast of *Breath*.
In holy *Studies*, exercise thy *Mind*;
In workes of *Charity*, thy *Hands* imploy;
That *Knowledge*, and that *Treasure*, seeke to find,
Which may enrich thy *Heart* with perfect *Ioy*.
So, though obscured thou appeare, awhile,
Despised, poore, or borne to Fortunes low,
Thy *Vertue* shall acquire a nobler stile,
Then greatest *Kings* are able to bestow:
And, gaine thee those *Possessions*, which, nor *They*,
Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, have power to take away.

The Man that hath true* Wisdome *got,
Continues* firme*, and* wavers *not.

Illvstr. II. *Book. 1.*

Till fixt, and with triumphant *Laurell* crown'd,
Is truest *Wisdome*; whom, expressed thus,
Among the old *Impresa's*, we have found;
And, much, this *Emblem* hath instructed us.
For, hence we learne; that, *Wisdome* doth not flow
From those unconstant men, whom ev'ry *Blast*,
Or small *Occasion*, turneth to and fro;
But, from a *Settled head* that standeth *fast*.
Who'ever shoulders, him, he gives no place;
What *Storme* soe're, his *Times* or *Fortunes*, breath,
He neither hides his *Brow*, nor turnes his *Face*;
But, keepes his Lookes undaunted, ev'n in *Death*.
The *Laureat head*, upon the *Pillar* set,
Thus signifies; And that *Bay-wreath* doth show
That constant *Wisdome* will the conquest get,
When giddy *Policie* prevailes not so.
If, therefore, thou desirest to be taught,
Propose good *Ends* with honest *Meanes* thereto,
And therein *Constant* be, till thou hast brought
To perfect *end*, that *Worke*, thou hast to doe.
Let neither flatt'ring *Pleasures*, nor *Disgrace*,
Nor scoffing *Censures*, nor the cunning *Sleights*
Of glozing *Sycophants*, divert that *Race*
To which, a harmelesse *Prudence*, thee invites.
Though others plot, conspire, and undermine,
Keepe thou a plaine right *Path*; and let their *Course*,
For no advantage, make thee change from *thine*,
Although it (for the present) seemes the worse.
He, thus that workes, puts *Policie* to Schoole,
And makes the *Machavilian* prove a foole.

***The* Law *is given to* direct;**
***The* Sword*, to* punish *and* protect.**



Illvstr. III. *Book. 1*

Hen *God-Almighty* first engrav'd in stone
His holy *Law*; He did not give the same
As if some common Act had then beene done;
For, arm'd with *Fires* and *Thunders*, forth it came.
By which, that great *Law-maker*, might inferre
What dreadfull *Vengeance* would on those attend,
Who did against those holy *Precepts* erre;
And, that, his *Power*, well-doers could defend.
Thereto, this *Emblem*, also doth agree;
For, loe, before the *Tables* of the *Lawe*,
A naked *Sword* is borne, whose use may bee
As well to keepe in *Safety*, as in *Awe*.
Whence, *Princes* (if they please) this note may take,
(And it shall make them happily to raigne)
That, many good and wholsome *Lawes* to make
Without an *Executioner*, is vaine.
It likewise intimates, that such as are
In *Soveraigne place*, as well obliged be
Their zeale for true *Religion* to declare,
As, what concerneth *Manners*, to foresee.
It, lastly, showes that *Princes* should affect
Not onely, over others to *Command*,
But *Swords* to weare, their *Subjects* to protect;
And, for their *Guard*, extend a willing hand.
For, *Lawes*, or *Peace* to boast of; and, the whiles,
The *Publique-weale*, to weaken or disarme,
Is nor the way to hinder *Civill-Broyles*,
Nor to secure it from a *Forraigne-harme*.
For, As by *Lawes* a Land is kept in frame;

So, *Armes* is that, which must protect the same.

Occasions-past *are sought in vaine;*
But, oft, they* wheele-about *again.

Illvstr. IV. *Book. 1*

Nwise are they that spend their youthfull *Prime*
In Vanities; as if they did suppose
That men, at pleasure, might redeeme the *Time*;
For, they a faire advantage fondly lose.
As ill-advis'd be those, who having lost
The first *Occasions*, to *Despairing* runne:
For, *Time* hath *Revolutions*; and, the most,
For their Affaires, have *Seasons* more, then one.
Nor is their Folly small, who much depend
On *Transitorie things*, as if their Powre
Could bring to passe what should not have an *End*;
Or compasse that, which *Time* will not devoure.
The first *Occasions*, therefore, see thou take
(Which offred are) to bring thy hopes about;
And, minde thou, still, what *Haste* away they make,
Before thy swift-pac't houres are quite runne out.
Yet, if an *Opportunity* be past,
Despaire not thou, as they that hopelesse be;
Since, *Time* may so revolve againe, at last,
That *New-Occasions* may be offred thee.
And see, thou trust not on those fading things,
Which by thine owne *Endeavours* thou acquir'st:
For, *Time* (which her owne *Births* to ruine brings)
Will spare, not *thee*, nor ought which thou desir'st.
His *Properties*, and *Vses*, what they are,
In-vaine observ'd will be, when he is fled:
That, they in season, therefore, may appeare,
Our *Emblem*, thus, hath him deciphered;
Balde save before, and standing on a *Wheele*;
A *Razor* in his Hand, a *Winged-Heele*.

By* Labour, Vertue *may be gain'd;
By* Vertue, Glorie *is attain'd.

Illvstr. V. *Book. 1.*

Vppose you *Sirs*, those mimicke *Apes* you meet
In strange fantasticke habits? or the Rabble,
That in gay clothes embroyder out the street,
Are truely of *Worshipfull* or *Honorable*?
Or can you thinke, that, To be borne the Sonne
Of some rich *Alderman*, or ancient *Peere*,
Or that the *Fame* our Predecessors wonne
May claime those *Wreathes* which true *Deserving* weare?
Is *Honour* due to those, who spend their dayes
In courting one another? or consuming
Their Fortunes and themselves, on Drabbs and Playes?
In sleeping, drinking, and Tobacco-fuming?
Not so. For, (though such *Fooles*, like children, place
Gay *Titles* on each other) *Wise-men* know
What slaves they be; how miserably-base;
And, where such *Attributes* would better show.
An idle *Body* clothes a vitious *Minde*;
And, what (at best) is purchac'd by the same,
Is nothing else, but stinking *Smoke* and *Winde*;
Or frothie *Bubbles* of an empty *Fame*.
True *Glory*, none did ever purchase, yet,
Till, to be *Vertuous* they could first attaine;
Nor shall those men faire *Vertues* favour get,
Who *labour* not, such *Dignities* to gaine.
And, this *Impresa* doth inferre no lesse:
For, by the *Spade*, is *Labour* here implide;
The *Snake*, a vertuous *Prudence*, doth expresse;
And, *Glorie*, by the *Wreath* is Typifide.
For, where a vertuous *Industry* is found,

She, shall with Wreaths of *Glory*, thus be crown'd.

Though* Fortune *prove true* Vertues *Foe,
It cannot worke her Overthrowe.

Illvstr. VI. ***Book. 1***

Nhappy men are they, whose Ignorance
So slaves them to the *Fortunes* of the Time,
That they (attending on the Lot of *Chance*)
Neglect by *Vertue*, and *Deserts*, to clime.
Poore *Heights* they be which *Fortune* reares unto;
And, fickle is the *Favour* she bestowes:
To-day, she makes; to-morrow, doth undoe;
Builds up, and in an instant overthrowes.
On easie *Wheeles*, to Wealth, and Honours high,
She windes men oft, before they be aware;
And, when they dreame of most *Prosperitie*,
Downe, headlong, throwes them lower then they were.
You, then, that seeke a more assur'd estate,
On good, and honest *Objects*, fixe your *Minde*,
And follow *Vertue*, that you may a *Fate*
Exempt from feare of Change, or Dangers, finde.
For, he that's *Vertuous*, whether high or low
His *Fortune* seemes (or whether foule or faire
His *Path* he findes) or whether friend, or foe,
The *World* doth prove; regards it not a haire.
His *Losse* is *Gaine*; his *Poverty* is *Wealth*;
The Worlds *Contempt*, he makes his *Diadem*;
In *Sicknesse*, he rejoyceth, as in *Health*:
Yea, *Death* it selfe, becommeth *Life*, to him.
He feares no disrespect, no bitter scorne,
Nor subtile plottings, nor Oppressions force;
Nay, though the World should topsie-turvie turne,
It cannot fright him, nor divert his Course.
Above all Earthly powres his *Vertue* reares him;

And, up with *Eglets* wings, to Heav'n it beares him.

A fickle* Woman *wanton growne,
***Preferres a* Crowd*, before a* Crowne.**

Illvstr. VII. ***Book.*** *1*

Oole! Dost thou hope, thine *Honours*, or thy *Gold*,
Shall gaine thee *Love*? Or, that thou hast her heart
Whose hand upon thy tempting *Bayt* layes hold?
Alas! fond *Lover*, thou deceived art.
She that with *Wealth*, and *Titles*, can be wonne,
Or woo'd with *Vanities*, will wavring bee;
And, when her Love, thou most dependest on,
A *Fiddle-sticke* shall winne her heart from thee.
To *Youth* and *Musicke*, *Venus* leaneth most;
And (though her hand she on the *Scepter* lay)
Let *Greatnesse*, of her Favours never boast:
For, *Heart* and *Eye*, are bent another way.
And lo, no glorious Purchace that Man gets,
Who hath with such poore *Trifles*, woo'd, and wonne:
Her footing, on a *Ball*, his *Mistresse* sets,
Which in a moment slips, and she is gone.
A *Woman*, meerely with an *Out side* caught,
Or tempted with a *Galliard*, or a *Song*,
Will him forsake (whom she most lovely thought)
For *Players* and for *Tumblers*, ere't be long.
You, then, that wish your *Love* should ever last,
(And would enjoy *Affection* without changing)
Love where your *Loves* may worthily be plac't;
And, keepe your owne *Affection*, still from ranging.
Vse noble *Meanes*, your Longings to attaine;
Seeke equall *Mindes*, and well beseeming *Yeares*:
They are (at best) vaine *Fooles*, whom *Follie* gaine;
But, there is *Blisse*, where, *Vertue* most endeares:
And, wheresoe're, Affection *shee* procures,

In spight of all *Temptations*, it endures.

This Ragge of* Death*, which thou shalt see,
Consider it; And* Pious *bee.

Illvstr. VIII. ***Book 1***

Hy, silly Man! so much admirest thou
Thy present *Fortune*? overvaluing so
Thy *Person*, or the beauty of thy *Brow*?
And *Cloth'd*, so proudly, wherefore dost thou goe?
Why dost thou live in riotous *Excesse*?
And *Boast*, as if thy Flesh immortall were?
Why dost thou gather so? Why so oppresse?
And, o're thy Fellow-creatures, *Domineere*?
Behold this *Emblem*; such a thing was hee
Whom this doth represent as now thou art;
And, such a Fleshlesse *Raw-bone* shalt thou bee,
Though, yet, thou seeme to act a comelier part.
Observe it well; and marke what *Vglinesse*
Stares through the sightlesse *Eye-holes*, from within:
Note those leane *Craggs*, and with what *Gastlinesse*,
That horrid *Countenance* doth seeme to grin.
Yea, view it well; and having seene the same
Plucke downe that *Pride* which puffs thy heart so high;
Of thy *Proportion* boast not, and (for shame)
Repent thee of thy sinfull *Vanity*.
And, having learn'd, that, all men must become
Such bare *Anatomies*; and, how this *Fate*
No mortall *Powre*, nor *Wit*, can keepe thee from;
Live so, that *Death* may better thy estate.
Consider who created thee; and why:
Renew thy *Spirit*, ere thy *Flesh* decayes:
More *Pious* grow; Affect more *Honestie*;
And seeke hereafter thy *Creatours* praise.
So though of *Breath* and *Beauty* Time deprive thee,

New *Life*, with endlesse *Glorie*, *God* will give thee.

Before thou bring thy* Workes *to Light,
***Consider on them, in the* Night.**

Illvstr. IX. ***Book. 1***

N *Owle* (the *Hieroglyphicke* us'd for *Night*)
Twixt *Mercury* and *Pallas*, here takes place,
Vpon a crown'd *Caduceus* fixt upright;
And, each a *Cornucopia* doth imbrace.
Through which darke *Emblem*, I this Light perceive;
That, such as would the *Wit* and *Wealth* acquire,
Which may the *Crowne* of approbation have,
Must *wake by Night*, to compasse their desire.
For, this *Mercurian-Wand*, doth *Wit* expresse;
The *Cornu-copia*, *Wealthinesse* implies;
Both gained by a studious *Watchfulnesse*;
Which, here, the *Bird of Athens* signifies.
Nor, by this *Emblem*, are we taught alone,
That, (when great *Vndertakings* are intended)
We *Sloth*, and lumpish *Drowsinesse* must shunne;
But, *Rashnesse*, also, here is reprehended.
Take Counsell of thy Pillow, (saith our *Sawe*)
And, ere in waighty Matters thou proceede,
Consider well upon them; lest they draw
Some Afterclap, which may thy Mischiefe breede.
I, for my seriou'st *Muses*, chuse the *Night*;
(More friend to *Meditation*, then the *Day*)
That neither Noyse, nor Objects of the *Sight*,
Nor bus'nesses, withdraw my *Thoughts* away,
By *Night*, we best may ruminate upon
Our *Purposes*; Then, best, we may enquire
What *Actions* wee amisse, or well, have done;
And, then, may best into our *Selves* retire:
For, of the *World-without*, when most we see,

Then, blindest to the *World-within*, are wee.

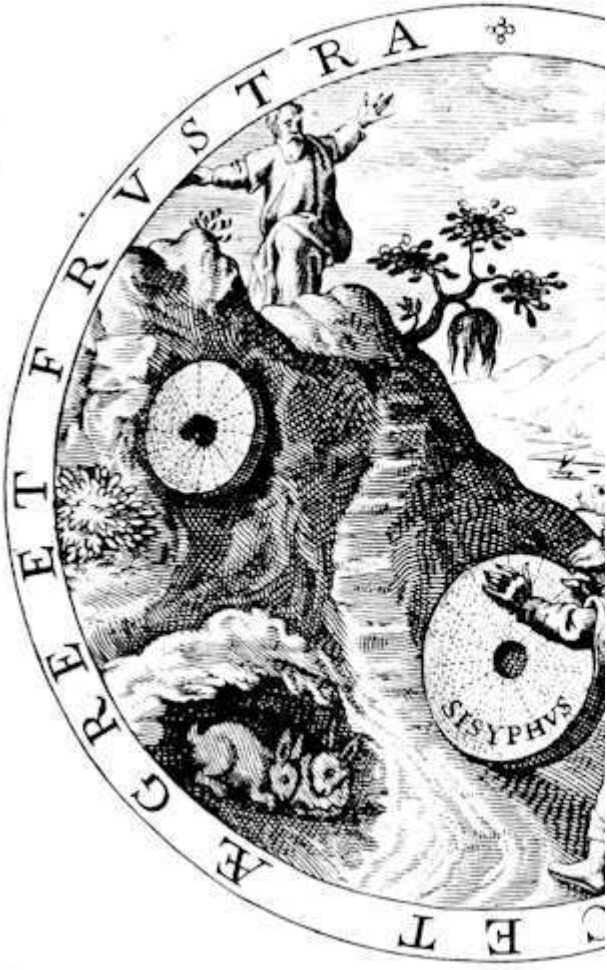
An* Innocent *no* Danger *feares,
How great soever it appeares.

Illvstr. X. ***Book. 1.***

Hen some did seeke *Arion* to have drown'd,
He, with a dreadlesse heart his Temples crown'd;
And, when to drench him in the Seas they meant,
He playd on his melodious *Instrument*;
To shew, that *Innocence* disdayned Feare,
Though to be swallow'd in the *Deeps* it were.
Nor did it perish: For, upon her Backe
A *Dolphin* tooke him, for his *Musick's* sake:
To intimate, that *Vertue* shall prevaile
With *Bruitish* Creatures, if with *Men* it faile.
Most vaine is then their Hope, who dreame they can
Make wretched, or undoe, an *Honest-Man*:
For, he whom Vertuous *Innocence* adornes,
Insults o're *Cruelties*; and, *Perill* scornes.
Yea, that, by which, Men purpose to *undoe* him,
(In their despight) shall bring great *Honours* to him.
Arion-like, the Malice of the *World*,
Hath into *Seas* of *Troubles* often hurl'd
Deserving Men, although no Cause they had,
But that their *Words* and *Workes* sweet *Musicke* made.
Of all their outward Helps it hath bereft them;
Nor meanes, nor hopes of Comfort have beene left them;
But such, as in the House of *Mourning* are,
And, what *Good-Conscience* can afford them there.
Yet, *Dolphin-like*, their *Innocence* hath rear'd
Their Heads above those *Dangers* that appear'd.
God hath vouchsaf'd their harmelesse *Cause* to heed,
And, ev'n in Thraldome, so their Hearts hath freed,
That, whil'st they seem'd oppressed and forlorne;

They *Ioyd*, and *Sung*, and *Laugh'd the World to scorne*.

A* Foole*, in* Folly *taketh Paine,
Although he labour still in vaine.



Illvstr. XI. ***Book. 1***

Massie *Mil-stone* up a tedious Hill,
With mighty Labour, *Sisyphus* doth roll;
Which being rais'd-aloft, downe-tumbleth, still,
To keepe imployed his afflicted *Soule*.
On him, this tedious Labour is impos'd;
And (though in vaine) it must be still assayd:
But, some, by no Necessity inclos'd,
Vpon themselves, such needlesse Taskes have layd.
Yea, knowing not (or caring not to know)
That they are worne and weary'd out in vaine,
They madly toyle to plunge themselves in Woe;
And, seeke uncertaine *Ease*, in certaine *Paine*.
Such *Fooles* are they, who dreame they can acquire
A Minde-content, by *Lab'ring still for more*:
For, *Wealth* encreasing, doth encrease *Desire*,
And makes *Contentment* lesser then before.
Such *Fooles* are they, whose *Hopes* doe vainely stretch
To climbe by *Titles*, to a happy Height:
For, having gotten one *Ambitious-Reach*,
Another comes perpetually in sight.
And, their stupidity is nothing lesse,
Who dreame that *Flesh* and *Blood* may raysed be
Vp to the *Mount of perfect-Holinesse*:
For (at our best) corrupt and vile are we.
Yet, we are bound by *Faith*, with *Love* and *Hope*,
To roll the Stone of *Good-Endeavour*, still,
As neere as may be, to *Perfections top*,
Though backe againe it tumble downe the *Hill*.
So; What our *Workes* had never power to doe,

God's Grace, at last, shall freely bring us to.

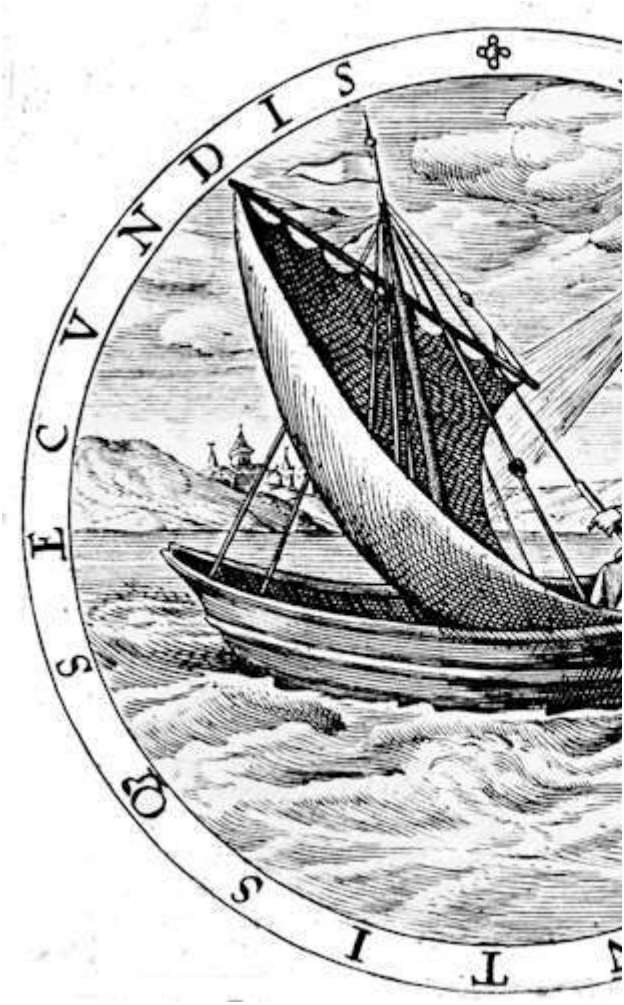
As, to the* World *I* naked *came,
So,* naked-*stript I leave the same.

Illvstr. XII. *Book. 1*

Hrice happy is that Man whose *Thoughts* doe reare
His Minde above that pitch the *Worldling* flies,
And by his *Contemplations*, hovers where
He viewes things mortall, with unbleared eyes.
What Trifles then doe *Villages* and *Townes*
Large *Fields* or *Flockes* of fruitfull *Cattell* seeme?
Nay, what poore things are *Miters*, *Scepters*, *Crownes*,
And all those *Glories* which Men most esteeme?
Though he that hath among them, his Delight,
Brave things imagines them (because they blinde
With some false Lustre his beguiled sight)
He that's above them, their meane-Worth may finde.
Lord, to that *Blessed-Station* me convey
Where I may view the *World*, and view her so,
That I her true Condition may survey;
And all her Imperfections rightly know.
Remember me, that once there was a Day
When thou didst weane me from them with content,
Ev'n when shut up within those *Gates* I lay
Through which the *Plague-inflicting Angel* went.
And, let me still remember, that an Houre
Is hourely comming on, wherein I shall
(Though I had all the *World* within my powre)
Be naked stript, and turned out of all.
But minde me, chiefely, that I never cleave
Too closely to my *Selfe*; and cause thou me,
Not other Earthly things alone to leave,
But to forsake my *Selfe* for love of *Thee*:
That I may say, now *I have all things left*,

Before that I of all things, am bereft.

To him a happy* Lot *befalls
***That hath a* Ship*, and* prosp'rous Gales.**



Illvstr. XIII. *Book.*

O wonder he a prosp'rous *Voyage* findes
That hath both *Sailes* and *Oares* to serve his turne,
And, still, through meanes of some propitious *Winds*
Is to his wished *Harbour*, swiftly borne.
Nor is it much admir'd, if they that lacke
Those aydes (on which the *Common-faith* depends)
Are from their hoped aymes repelled backe,
Or made to labour for unfruitfull ends.
Yet neither in the *Ship*, *Wind*, *Oares*, or *Sailes*,
Nor in the want of *Outward meanes*, alone,
Consists it, that our *Hope* succeedes or failes;
But, most in that, which Men least thinke upon.
For, *some* endeavour, and their Paines are blest
With *Gales* which are so fortunate, that they
Fly safe, and swiftly on, among the best,
Whil'st others labour, and are cast away.
Some others, on this *Worlds* wide *Ocean* floate,
And neither *Wind*, nor *Tide* assistant have,
Nor *Saile*, nor *Oare*, nor *Anchor*, nor sound *Boate*,
Nor take so much as heede themselves to save;
And yet are safe: A third sort, then, there are
Who neither want fit *Meanes*, nor yet neglect,
The painefull-*Industrie*, or honest *Care*,
Which *Need* requires; yet find small good effect.
Therefore, let that which you propose, be *Iust*;
Then, use the fairest *Meanes*, to compasse it:
And, though *Meanes* faile, yet foster no mistrust;
But fearelesly, to *God*, your *Course* commit:
For, *Hee*, to *Faithfull-Hearts*, and *Honest-Mindes*

Turnes *Losse* to *Gaine*; and *Stormes*, to *prosp'rous Windes*.

Though he endeavour all he can,
***An* Ape*, will never be a* Man.**

Illvstr. XIIII. *Book.*

Hat though an *Apish-Pigmie*, in attire,
His Dwarfish Body *Gyant-lyke*, array?
Turne *Brave*, and get him *Stilts* to seem the higher?
What would so doing, handsome him I pray?
Now, surely, such a Mimicke sight as that,
Would with excessive Laughter move your Spleene,
Till you had made the little *Dandiprat*,
To lye within some Auger-hole, unseene.
I must confesse I cannot chuse but smile,
When I perceive, how Men that worthlesse are,
Piece out their *Imperfections*, to beguile,
By making showes, of what they never were.
For, in their *borrow'd-Shapes*, I know those Men,
And (through their *Maskes*) such insight of them have;
That I can oftentimes disclose (ev'n then)
How much they savour of the *Foole* or *Knave*.
A *Pigmey-spirit*, and an *Earthly-Minde*,
Whose looke is onely fixt on Objects vaine;
In my esteeme, so meane a place doth finde,
That ev'ry such a one, I much refraine.
But, when in honour'd *Robes* I see it put,
Betrimm'd, as if some thing of *Worth* it were,
Looke big, and on the *Stilts* of *Greatnesse*, strut;
From scorning it, I cannot then forbeare.
For, when to grosse *Vnworthinesse*, Men adde
Those Dues, which to the *Truest-worth* pertaine;
Tis like an *Ape*, in *Humane-Vestments* clad,
Which, when most fine, deserveth most disdaine:
And, more absurd, those Men appeare to me,

Then this *Fantasticke-Monkey* seemes to thee.

I* pine*, that others may not perish,
And* waste *my* Selfe*, their* Life *to cherish.

Illvstr. XV. *Book.* 1

Bserve I pray you, how the greedy *Flame*
The *Fewell*, on an *Altar* doth consume.
How it destroyeth that which feedes the same,
And how the *Nourisher* away doth fume.
For, so it fares with *Parents* that uphold
Their thriftlesse *Children* in unlawfull *Pleasures*:
With *Cares*, it weares them out, ere they are old;
And ere their Lives consume, consumes their Treasures.
So fares it with such *Wantons* as doe feede
Vnchast Desires; for, ev'ry day they grow
Vntill their *Longings*, their *Supplies* exceede,
And, quite devoure those men that fed them so.
So fares it with all those that spend their *Youth*
In lab'ring to enrich ungratefull Men,
Who, growing *Great*, and *Wealthy*, by their Truth,
Returne them *Smoke* and *Ashes* backe agen.
So fares it with good *States-men*, who to keepe
A thankelesse *Common-wealth* in happy Peace,
Deprive their *Mindes* of Rest, their *Eyes* of Sleepe,
And, waste themselves, that others may encrease.
And, so it fares with Men that passe away
Their time in *Studies*, (and their Healths impaire)
That helps to other men become they may,
And, their defective Knowledges, repaire.
  But, let my *Flesh*, my *Time*, and my *Estate*,
Be so consum'd; so spent; so wasted bee,
That they may nourish *Grace*, and perfit that
For which all these were first bestowd'd on me:
  So when I quite am vanish'd out of seeing,

I shall enjoy my *Now-concealed-Being*.

When to* suppresse *us, Men intend,
***They make us higher to* ascend.**

Illvstr. XVI. *Book.*

Hen we observe the *Ball*, how to and fro
The *Gamesters* force it; we may ponder thus:
That whil'st we live we shall be playd with so,
And that the *World* will make her *Game* of us.
Adversities, one while our hearts constraine
To stoope, and knock the Pavements of *Despaire*;
Hope, like a Whirle-wind mounts us up againe,
Till oft it lose us in the empty ayre.
Sometimes, above the *Battlements* we looke;
Sometimes, we quite below the *Line* are tost:
Another-while, against the *Hazard* strooke,
We, but a little want, of being lost.
Detraction, *Envie*, *Mischief*, and *Despight*,
One Partie make, and watchfully attend
To catch us when we rise to any *Height*;
Lest we above their hatred should ascend.
Good-Fortune, *Praises*, *Hopes*, and *Industries*,
Doe side-together, and make *Play* to please us;
But, when by them we thinke more high to rise,
More great they make our *Fall*, and more disease us.
Yea, they that seeke our *Losse*, advance our *Gaine*;
And to our *Wishes*, bring us oft the nigher:
For, we that else upon the Ground had laine,
Are, by their striking of us lifted higher.
When *Balls* against the Stones are hardest throwne,
Then highest up into the Aire they fly;
So, when men hurle us (with most fury) downe,
Wee hopefull are to be advanc'd thereby:
And, when they smite us quite unto the Ground,

Then, up to Heav'n, we trust, we shall rebound.

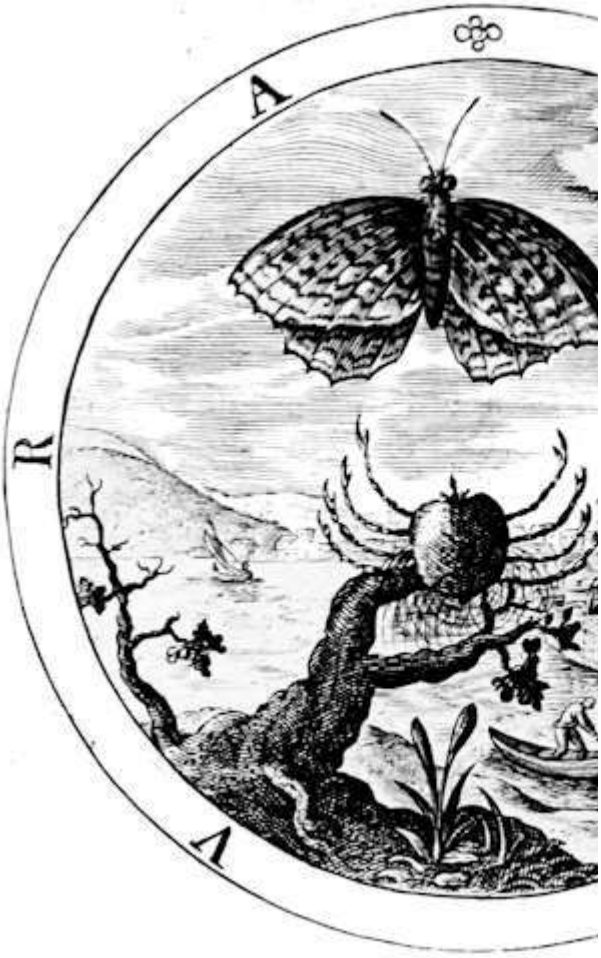
Till* God *hath wrought us to his Will,
The* Hammer *we shall suffer still.

Illvstr. XVII. *Book.*

Hy should the foolish *World* discourage Men,
In just endurances? or bid them shunne
Good *Actions*, 'cause they suffer now and then,
For *Doing well*, as if some *Ill* were done?
Ere *Plates* extended are, they must abide
A thousand hamm'rings; And, then that which fill'd
So little roome, it scarce your Hand could hide,
Will serve a goodly *Monument* to gild.
So, he that hopes to winne an honest *Name*,
Must many blowes of *Fortune* undergoe,
And hazard, oft, the blast of *Evill-Fame*,
Before a *Good-Report* her Trumpe will blow.
A thousand *Worthies* had unworthily
Been raked up in Ashes and in Clay,
Vnknowne and bury'd in *Obscurity*,
If Malice had not fil'd their Rust away.
But, lo; their lasting prayses now are spread,
And rais'd, by *Adverse-Chance*, to such a height,
That they most glorious are, now they are dead;
And live in *Injuries*, and *Deaths*, despight.
For, by *Afflictions*, man refined growes,
And, (as the *Gold* prepared in the *Fire*)
Receiveth such a *Forme* by wrongs and blowes,
That hee becomes the *Iewell* we desire.
To thee therefore, *Oh God*! My Prayers are
Not to be freed from Griefes and Troubles quite:
But, that they may be such as I can beare;
And, serve to make me precious in thy Sight.
This please me shall, though all my Life time, I

Betweene thine *Anvill* and the *Hammer*, lie.

From thence, where* Nets *and* Snares *are layd,
Make-hast*; lest els you be betray'd.*



Illvstr. XVIII. *Book.*

He nimble *Spider* from his Entrailes drawes
A suttle Thread, and curious art doth show
In weaving *Nets*, not much unlike those *Lawes*
Which catch *Small-Thieves*, and let the *Great-ones* goe.
For, as the *Cob-web* takes the lesser *Flyes*,
When those of larger size breake through their *Snares*;
So, *Poore-men* smart for little Injuries,
When *Rich-men* scape, whose Guilt is more then theirs.
The *Spider*, also representeth such
Who very curious are in Trifling-things,
And neither Cost, nor Time, nor Labour grutch,
In that which neither *Gaine* nor *Pleasure* brings.
But those whom here that *Creature* doth implye
Are chiefely such, who under cunning shewes
Of simple-Meanings (or of Curtesie)
Doe silly Men unwarily abuse.
Or else, it meanes those greedy-*Cormorants*
Who without touch, of Conscience or Compassion,
Seeke how to be enricht by others wants,
And bring the *Poore* to utter Desolation.
Avoyd them therefore, though compell'd by need;
Or if a *Storme* inforce, (yee lab'ring *Bees*)
That yee must fall among them; Flie with speed
From their Commerce, when *Calmes* your passage frees.
Much more, let wastfull *Gallants* haste from these;
Else, when those Idling-painted-*Butterflies*,
Have flutter'd-out their *Summer-time*, in ease,
(And spent their Wealth in foolish Vanities)
The Blasts of *Want* may force them to be brought

For shelter thither, where they shall be caught.

When thou a* Dangerous-Way *dost goe,
***Walke* surely*, though thy pace be* slowe.**

Illvstr. XIX. *Book.*

Xperience proves, that Men who trust upon
Their Nat'rall parts, too much, oft lose the *Day*,
And, faile in that which els they might have done,
By vainely trifling pretious *Time* away.
It also shewes, that many Men have sought
With so much *Rashnesse*, those things they desir'd,
That they have brought most likely *Hopes* to nought;
And, in the middle of their *Courses*, tir'd.
And, not a few, are found who so much wrong
Gods *Gratiousnesse*, as if their thinkings were,
That (seeing he deferres his *Iudgements* long)
His *Vengeance*, he, for ever, would forbeare:
But, such as these may see wherein they faile,
And, what would fitter be for them to doe,
If they would contemplate the slow-pac'd *Snaile*;
Or, this our *Hieroglyphicke* looke into:
For, thence we learne, that *Perseverance* brings
Large Workes to end, though slowly they creepe on;
And, that *Continuance* perfects many things,
Which seeme, at first, unlikely to be done.
It warnes, likewise, that some *Affaires* require
More *Heed* then *Haste*: And that the *Course* we take,
Should suite as well our *Strength*, as our *Desire*;
Else (as our *Proverbe* saith) *Haste, Waste may make*.
And, in a *Mysticke-sense*, it seemes to preach
Repentance and *Amendment*, unto those
Who live, as if they liv'd beyond *Gods* reach;
Because, he long deferres deserved Blowes:
For, though *Iust-Vengeance* moveth like a *Snaile*,

And slowly comes; her comming will not faile.

A* Sive*, of shelter maketh show;
But ev'ry* Storme *will through it goe.

Illvstr. XX. *Book. 1*

Ome Men, when for their Actions they procure
A likely colour, (be it nere so vaine)
Proceede as if their *Projects* were as sure,
As when *Sound Reason* did their Course maintayne:
And these not much unlike those *Children* are,
Who through a *Storme* advent'ring desp'rately,
Had rather on their Heads, a *Sive* to beare,
Then *Cov'rings*, that may serve to keepe them drye.
For, at a distance that perchance is thought
A helpfull *Shelter*; and, yet, proves to those
Who neede the same, a *Toy*, which profits nought;
Because, each drop of Raine quite through it, goes.
So, they, whose foolish *Projects*, for a while,
Doe promise their *Projectors* hopefull ends,
Shall finde them, in the *Tryall*, to beguile;
And, that both *Shame* and *Want*, on them attends.
Such like is their estate, who, (to appeare
Rich-men to others) doe, with Inward-payne,
A gladsome out-ward *Port* desire to beare;
Though they at last nor *Wealth* nor *Credit* gaine.
And, such are all those *Hypocrites*, who strive
False *Hearts* beneath *Faire-spoken Words* to hyde:
For, they o'revaile themselves but with a *Sive*,
Through which, their purposes at length are spyde.
And, then, they either woefully-lament
Their *Brutish-folly*, or so hardned grow
In Sinning, that they never can repent,
Nay, jest and scoffe at their owne Overthrow.
But no false *Vaile* can serve (when *God* will smite)

To save a *Scorner*, or an *Hypocrite*.

Death *no* Losse*, but rather,* Gaine*;*
***For wee by* Dying*,* Life *attaine*.**

Illvstr. XXI. *Book.*

Will not blame those grieved Hearts that shed
Becoming-teares, for their departed Friends;
Nor those who sigh out *Passions* for the *Dead*;
Since, on *Good-natures*, this Disease attends.
When *Sorrow* is conceiv'd, it must have Vent
(In Sighes or Moysture) or the Heart will breake;
And, much they aggravate our Discontent,
Who, out of *Season*, *Reason* seeme to speake.
Yet, since our Frailty may require we should
Remembrances admit to keepe us from
Excesse in *Griefe*: this *Emblem* here behold,
And take such *Hope* as may our *Teares* become.
The *Wheat* although a while it lyes in Earth,
(And seemeth lost) consumes not quite away;
But, from that *Wombe* receives another *Birth*,
And, with *Additions*, riseth from the Clay.
Much more shall *Man* revive, whose worth is more:
For, *Death*, who from our Drosse will us refine,
Vnto that other *Life*, becomes the *Doore*,
Where, we in *Immortalitie* shall shine.
When once our *Glasse* is runne, we presently
Give up our *Soules* to *Death*; So *Death* must give
Our *Bodies* backe againe, that we, thereby,
The *Light* of *Life eternall*, may receive.
The Venom'd *Sting* of *Death* is tooke away;
And, now, the *Grave*, that was a Place of *Feare*,
Is made a *Bed of Rest*, wherein we may
Lye downe in *Hope*, and bide in safety, there.
When we are *Borne*, to *Death*-ward straight we runne;

And by our *Death*, our *Life* is new-begnnne.

When* Vice *and* Vertue *Youth shall wooe,
Tis hard to say, which way 'twill goe.

Illvstr. XXII. ***Book.***

Y hopefull *Friends* at thrice five yeares and three,
Without a *Guide* (into the World alone)
To seeke my *Fortune*, did adventure mee;
And, many hazards, I alighted on.
First, *Englands* greatest *Rendevouz* I sought,
Where VICE and VERTVE at the highest sit;
And, thither, both a *Minde* and *Bodie* brought,
For neither of their Services unfit.
Both, woo'd my *Youth*: And, both perswaded so,
That (like the *Young man* in our *Emblem* here)
I stood, and cry'd, *Ah! which way shall I goe?*
To me so pleasing both their Offers were.
VICE, *Pleasures* best Contentments promist mee,
And what the wanton *Flesh* desires to have:
Quoth VERTVE*, I will Wisdome give to thee,*
And those brave things, which noblest Mindes doe crave.
Serve me said VICE*, and thou shalt soone acquire*
All those Atchievements which my Service brings:
Serve me said VERTVE*, and Ile raise thee higher,*
Then VICES *can, and teach thee better things.*
Whil'st thus they strove to gaine me, I espyde
Grim *Death* attending VICE; and, that her Face
Was but a painted *Vizard*, which did hide
The foul'st Deformity that ever was.
LORD*, grant me grace for evermore to view*
Her Vglinesse: And, that I viewing it,
Her Falsehoods and allurements may eschew;
And on faire VERTVE *my Affection set;*
Her Beauties contemplate, her Love embrace,

And by her safe Direction, runne my Race.

By* Paine*, on* Pleasures *we doe seize;
***And, we by* Suff'rance*, purchase* Ease.**

Illvstr. XXIII. *Book.*

He lick'rish *Beare* to rob the *Honey-Bees*
Among their stinging-Swarms thrusts in his pawes;
Adventureth to climbe up hollow Trees,
And from their *Cells*, the well fill'd *Combes* he drawes:
Right so, the *Sensuall-Man* that he may gaine
His bruitish *Lust*, a thousand perills dares;
And, that his *Lawlesse-will* he may attaine,
Nor *Conscience*, *Credit*, *Cost*, nor *Labour* spares.
'Twere shamefull basenesse, therefore, if that he
Who knoweth *Vertue*, and is thought her *Lover*,
Should so by any Perills frighted bee,
To make him such *Affections* to give-over.
For, why should that *Vaine-Crew* whose Valour springs
From beastly *Fury*, or inflamed-*Passion*,
Enabled be to compasse bolder things,
Then *Sober-Wit*, and *Grave Consideration*?
Or, why should lisping-*Wantons*, for their *Lust*
So much adventure as one finger, there,
Where we our Lives in hazard would not thrust
For *Vertues* Glory, if it needfull were?
For, though her *Sweetnesse* fast is closed in
With many *Thornes*, and such a Prickling-guard,
That we must smart, before that *Prize* we winne,
The *Paine* is follow'd, with a *Rich Reward*.
By *Suff'ring*, I have more *Contentment* had,
Then ever I acquir'd by *Slothfull Ease*;
And, I by *Griefe*, so joyfull have beene made,
That I will beare my *Crosse*, while *God* shall please.
For, so at last my *Soule* may *Ioy* procure,

I care not, in my *Flesh* what I endure.

Who by good* Meanes*, good things would gaine,
Shall never* seeke*, nor* aske *in vaine.

Illvstr. XXIIII. *Book.*

N vaine faire *Cynthia* never taketh paines,
Nor faints in foll'wing her desired *Game*;
And, when at any Marke her Bowe she straines,
The winged Arrow surely hits the same.
Her *Picture*, therefore, in this place doth shew
The Nature of their *Mindes* who *Cynthia*-like,
With *Constancie* their *Purposes* pursue,
And faint not till they compasse what they seeke.
For, nought more *God-like* in this World is found,
Then so *Resolv'd a man*, that nothing may
His *Resolution* alter or confound,
When any taske of *Worth*, he doth assay.
Nor, is there greater Basenesse, then those *Mindes*
That from an *Honest-purpose*, can be wrought
By *Threatnings*, *Bribes*, *Smooth-Gales* or *Boyst'rous-Windes*,
What ever colour or excuse be brought.
You then, that would, with *Pleasure*, *Glory* gaine,
Diana like, those modest things require,
Which truely may beseeme you to attaine;
And stoutly follow that which you desire:
For, changing though the *Moone* to us appeare,
She holds a firme Dependence on the *Sunne*;
And, by a *Constant-Motion*, in her *Sphære*
With him, doth in *Conjunction* often runne:
So, *Constant-men*, still move their hopes to winne;
But, never by a *Motion-indirect*;
Nor, will they stop the Course that they are in,
Vntill they bring their purpose to effect.
For, whosoever *Honest-things* requires,

A *Promise* hath of all that he desires.

Oft* Shooting*, doth not* Archers *make;
But, hitting right the* Marke *they take.

Illvstr. XXV. *Book.*

Hen to the Fields we walke to looke upon
Some skilfull *Mark-man*; so much heede we not
How many *Arrowes* from his Bowe are gone,
As we observe how nigh the *Marke* he shot:
And, justly we deride that Man who spends
His *Time* and *Shafts*, but never ayme doth take
To hit the *White*; or foolishly pretends,
The number of the Shots, doth *Archers* make.
So, *God*, who marketh our Endeavours, here,
Doth not by *tale*, account of them receive;
But, heedeth rather how *well meant* they were,
And, at his *Will* how rightly aym'd we have.
It is not mumbling over thrice a day
A Set of *Ave Maries*, or of *Creeds*,
Or many houres formally to *pray*;
When from a dull *Devotion* it proceedes:
Nor is it, up and downe the Land to seeke
To finde those well breath'd *Lecturers*, that can
Preach thrice a *Sabbath*, and sixe times a weeke,
Yet be as fresh, as when they first beganne:
Nor, is it, such like things perform'd by *Number*
Which *God* respects: Nor doth his *Wisdome* crave
Those many *Vanities*, wherewith some cumber
Their *Bodies*, as if those their *Soules* could save.
For, not *Much-doing*, but *Well-doing*, that
Which *God* commands, the *Doer*, justifies.
To pray without *Devotion*, is to *Prate*;
And, *Hearing* is but halfe our *Exercise*.
We ought not, therefore, to regard, alone,

How *often*, but how *Well*, the *Worke* be done.

With* Patience*, I the* Storme *sustaine;
***For,* Sun-shine *still doth follow* Raine.**

Illvstr. XXVI. *Book.*

He little *Squirrell*, hath no other Food
Then that which *Natures* thrifty hand provides;
And, in purveying up and downe the Wood,
She many cold wet Stormes, for that, abides.
She lyes not heartlesse in her Mossie *Dray*,
Nor feareth to adventure through the *Raine*;
But skippeth out, and beares it as she may,
Vntill the Season waxeth calme againe.
Right thus, have I and others, often far'd;
For, when we first into the World were brought,
We found but little, for our Vse prepar'd,
Save that, which by *Hard-Labour*, must be sought.
In many *Stormes*, unheeded, we are faine
To seeke out needfull things; and, smilingly
To jest, at what some others would complaine:
That, none might laugh at our *Necessity*.
Yea, some have liv'd on *Huskes*, whil'st others fed
On that which was their *Labours* due Reward;
And, were pursu'd (till they almost were dead)
Without the Worlds Compassion or Regard.
Yet, by *Enduring*, they out liv'd the Blast
Of *Adverse-Fortune*; and, with good successe,
(Expecting calmer Seasons) at the last,
Arrived at the Port of *Happinesse*.
Their *Suffring-much*, hath made their *Suffrings* none;
And brought forth *Hopes*, by which, perceive they may,
That *Nights* have but their Turnes; and (they once gone)
Their *Darkenesse*, makes much welcomer, the *Day*.
All *Griefe* shall have an ending, I am sure;

And, therefore, I with *Patience*, will *Endure*.

Where* Hellen *is, there, will be* Warre*;
For,* Death *and* Lust*, Companions are.

Illvstr. XXVII. *Book*.

Heir foolish Guise, I never could affect,
Who dare, for any cause, the *Stewes* frequent:
And, thither, where I justly might suspect
A *Strumpet* liv'd, as yet, I never went.
For, when (as *Fooles* pretend) they goe to seeke
Experience, where more *Ill* then *Good*, they see;
They venture for their *Knowledge*, *Adam*-like;
And, such as his, will their *Atchievements* bee.
Let, therefore, those that would loose *Trulls* detest,
Converse with none, but those that modest are;
For, they that can of *Whoredome* make a Iest,
Will entertaine it, ere they be aware.
Chast-Company, and *Chast-Discourse*, doth make
The Minde more pleased with it, ev'ry day;
And, *Frequent viewes of Wantonnesse*, will take
The Sense and Hatred, of the *Vice* away.
Some, I have knowne, by *Harlots* Wiles undone,
Who, but *to see their Fashions* first pretended;
And, they that went *for Company*, alone,
By suddaine Quarrells, there, their Dayes have ended.
For, in the Lodgings of a *Lustfull-Woman*,
Immodest *Impudence* hath still her Being;
There, *Furie*, *Fraud*, and *Cruelties* are common:
And, there, is *Want*, and *Shame*, and *Disagreeing*.
Ev'n *Beauty*, of it selfe, stirres loose Desires,
Occasioning both *Iealousies*, and *Feares*;
It kindleth in the Brest, concealed *Fires*,
Which burne the Heart, before the *Flame* appeares:
And, ev'ry day, experienced are wee;

That, there, where *Hellen* is, *Troyes* Fate will bee.

No Inward* Griefe*, nor outward* Smart*,
***Can overcome a* Patient-Heart.**

Illvstr. XXVIII. *Book.*

Ome *Trees*, when Men oppresse their Aged Heads,
(With waighty Stones) they fructifie the more;
And, when upon some *Herbs*, the *Gard'ner* treads,
They thrive and prosper, better then before:
So, when the Kings of *Ægypt* did oppresse
The Sonnes of *Iacob*, through their Tyrannies;
Their Numbers, every day, did more encrease,
Till they grew greater then their Enemies.
So, when the *Iewes* and *Gentiles*, joyn'd their Powre
The *Lord*, and his *Annoynted*, to withstand;
(With raging *Furie*, lab'ring to devoure
And roote the *Gospel*, out of ev'ry Land)
The more they rag'd, conspired, and envy'd,
The more they slander'd, scorn'd, and murthered;
The more, the *Faithfull*, still, were multiply'd:
And, still, the further, their *Profession* spred.
Yea, so it spred, that quite it overthrew
Ev'n *Tyranny* it selfe; that, at the last,
The *Patience of the Saints*, most pow'rfull grew,
And *Persecutions* force, to ground was cast.
The selfe-same Pow'r, true *Patience*, yet retaines,
And (though a thousand *Suff'rings* wound the same)
She still hath *Hope* enough to ease her paynes;
That *Hope*, which keepeth off, all *Feare* and *Shame*:
For, 'tis not *Hunger*, *Cold*, nor *Fire*, nor *Steele*,
Nor all the *Scornes* or *Slanders*, we can heare,
Nor any *Torment*, which our *Flesh* can feele,
That conquers us; but, our owne Trayt'rous *Feare*.
Where, *Honest Mindes*, and *Patient* Hearts, are Mates

They grow victorious, in their *Hardest-Fates*.

By* many Strokes*, that Worke is done,
***Which cannot be perform'd at* One.**

Illvstr. XXIX. *Book.*

Espaire not *Man*, in what thou oughtst to doe,
Although thou faile when one *Attempt* is made;
But, adde a *New-Endeavour* thereunto,
And, then another, and another, adde:
Yea, till thy Pow'r and Life shall quite be spent,
Persist in seeking what thou shouldst desire;
For, he that falleth from a good *Intent*,
Deserves not that, to which he did aspire.
Rich *Treasures*, are by *Nature*, placed deepe;
And, ere we gaine them, we must pierce the *Rockes*:
Such *Perills*, also, them, as *Guardians* keepe,
That, none can winne them without wounds and knockes.
Moreover, *Glories*, *Thrones* are so sublime,
That, whosoever thinkes their Top to gaine,
Till many thousand weary steps he clime,
Doth foole himselfe, by Musings which are vaine.
And, yet, there is a *Path-way*, which doth leade
Above the highest things that Man can see;
And (though it be not knowne to all who tread
The *Common-Tract*) it may ascended be.
As, therefore, none should greater things presume
Then well becomes their strength; So, none should feare
(Through *Folly*, *Sloth*, or *Basenesse*) to assume
Those things upon them, which beseeming are.
In *Time*, and by *Degrees* may things be wrought,
That seem'd impossible to have beene done,
When they were first conceived in the thought;
And, such as these, we may adventure on.
Mine *Arme*, I know, in time will fell an *Oke*;

But, I will nev'r attempt it, at a *Stroke*.

Afflictions Fire *consumeth* Sinne*;*
But,* Vertue *taketh* Life *therein.

Illvstr. XXX. *Book.*

Hether the *Salamander* be a *Beast*,
Or *Precious-Stone*, which overcomes the *Flame*,
It skills not; Since, by either is exprest
The Meaning which we purpose by the same:
Both brooke the *Fire* unhurt; And (more then so)
The fiercer and the longer *Heats* there are,
The livelyer in the same the *Beast* will grow;
And, much the brighter, will the *Stone* appeare.
This *Crowned-Salamander* in the *Fire*,
May, therefore, not unfitly, signifie
Those, who in *Fiery Charriots*, doe aspire
Elijah-like, to *Immortality*:
Or, those *Heroicke-spirits*, who unharm'd
Have through the *Fires* of *Troubles*, and *Affliction*,
(With *Vertue*, and with *Innocencie* arm'd)
Walkt onward, in the *Path-way*, of *Perfection*.
The *Fiery-Tryall*, which like *Wood* and *Hay*,
Consumes the Workes of ev'ry *Wicked-one*;
(And maketh all their *Hopes* to fume away)
Doth purifie what *Faithfull-men* have done.
They triumph in the *Flames*, and shall obtaine
The glorious *Crowne* of *Endless-Happinesse*,
When all that show of *Blisse* appeareth vaine,
Which *Worldly men* have seemed to possesse.
For, though some *Sinnes* and *Follies*, gilded are,
And shine like purest *Gold*, and *Pretious-Stones*;
This *Test*, will finde of what *Allay* they were,
And, make them knowne but *Counterfeited Ones*:
For, in this *Fornace*, all such *Wormes* expire;

And, none but *Vertue* liveth in this *Fire*.

Hee, over all the* Starres *doth raigne,
That unto* Wisdome *can attaine.

Illvstr. XXXI. *Book.*

Am not of their Minde, who thinke the *Sun*,
The *Moone*, the *Planets*, and those glorious *Lights*
Which trim the *Sphæres*, doe in their *Motions* run
To no more purpose, then to please our *Sights*.
Nor for distinguishment of *Nights*, and *Dayes*,
Or of the *Seasons*, and the *Times*, alone,
Can I suppose the Hand of *God* displayes
Those many *Starres*, we nightly gaze upon:
For, both by *Reason*, and by *Common-sense*
We know (and often feele) that from above
The *Planets* have, on us, an *Influence*;
And, that our *Bodies* varie, as they move.
Moreover, *Holy Writ* inferres, that these
Have some such pow'r; ev'n in those Places, where
It names *Orion*, and the *Pleiades*;
Which, *Starres* of much inferiour Nature are.
Yet, hence conclude not, therefore, that the *Minde*
Is by the *Starres* constrained to obey
Their *Influence*; or, so by them inclin'd,
That, by no meanes resist the same we may.
For, though they forme the *Bodies* temp'rature,
(And though the *Minde* inclineth after that)
By *Grace* another *Temper* we procure,
Which guides the *Motions* of *Supposed Fate*.
The *Soule* of *Man* is nobler then the *Sphæres*;
And, if it gaine the Place which may be had,
Not here alone on Earth, the Rule it beares,
But, is the *Lord*, of all that *God* hath made.
Be *wise in him*; and, if just cause there bee,

The *Sunne* and *Moone*, shall stand and wayt on thee.

A* Princes *most ennobling Parts,
***Are Skill in* Armes*, and Love to* Arts.**

Illvstr. XXXII. *Book.*

Ight blest are they on whom *God* hath bestowne
A *King*, whose *Vertues* have approved him
To be an Ornament unto his *Throne*,
And as a Lustre to his *Diadem*.
Hee seekes not onely how to keepe in awe
His *People*, by those meanes that rightfull are;
But, doth unto himselfe, become a *Law*,
And, by *Example*, Pious *Wayes* declare.
He, loveth *Peace*, and after it pursues;
Yet, if of *Warre* a just occasion come,
Doth nor *Bellona's* Challenges refuse,
Nor feare, to beat *Defyance* on his *Drum*;
He is as ready, also, to advance
The Lib'rall *Arts*, and from his Lands to drive
All false *Religion*, *Schisme*, and *Ignorance*,
As other publike profits to contrive.
And, such a *Prince* is not a *Casuall-thing*,
The Glories of a *Throne*, by *Chance*, possessing;
Nor meerely from his *Parents*, doth he spring,
But, he is rather *Gods* immediate *Blessing*.
If thou desirest such a *Prince* to be,
Or, to acquire that Worth which may allure
Such *Princes* to vouchsafe some *Grace* to thee;
Their Kingly *Vertues*, labour to procure.
In *Military* Practices delight,
Not for a wicked, or vaine-glorious end;
But, to maintaine the Cause that is upright,
Or thy distressed *Countrey* to defend.
And, strive that thou, as excellent mayst bee

In *Knowledge*, as, thou art in thy *Degree*.

True-Lovers *Lives, in one Heart lye,*
***Both* Live*, or both together* Dye**

Illvstr. XXXIII. *Book.*

Ee that shall say he *Loves*, and was againe
So well-belov'd, that neither *Hee* nor *Shee*
Suspects each other, neither needs to gaine
New proofes, that they in all Desires agree;
And, yet, shall coole againe in their *Affection*,
(And leave to Love) or live till they are *Lovers*
The second-time; It some grosse Imperfection
In *One* (if not in *Both*) of them discovers.
It was not *Love* which did between them grow;
But, rather, somewhat like unto the same;
Which (having made a faire deceiving *Show*)
Obtain'd, a while, that honorable Name.
For, *False-Affections* will together play
So lovingly; and, oft, so act those Parts
Which reall seeme; that, for a time, they may
Appeare the *Children* of *Vnfeigned-Hearts*:
Yea, Many-times, true *Turtles* are deceiv'd
By counterfeited *Passions*, till their *Love*
Of her true *Object* findes her selfe bereav'd;
And, after it, is forced to remove:
But, where *True-Love* begetteth, and enjoyes
The proper *Object*, which shee doth desire,
Nor *Time*, nor *Injury* the same destroyes;
But, it continues a *Perpetuall Fire*.
Like am'rous *Thisbe* to her *Pyramus*,
On all occasions, it continues true:
Nor *Night*, nor *Danger*, makes it timorous;
But, through all Perills, it will him pursue.
Thus, both in *Life*, in *Death*, in all estates,

True-*Lovers* will be true-*Associates*.

When* Two *agree in their* Desire*,
***One* Sparke *will set them* both *on* Fire.**

Illvstr. XXXIV. *Book.*

He *Westerne-Indians*, when they want a Fire
To warme their naked limbs, or dresse their Food,
At ev'ry need, accomplish their Desire,
By often rubbing of two *Stickes of Wood*.
From whence, these *Observations* we may take;
First, that in them whose Natures gentlest are,
A long *Contention* such a Change may make,
As did, before, scarce possible appeare.
Next, that when *Two* in *Opposition* bee,
Whose power and strength and Malice is the same,
Their strugling Hearts but seldome doe agree,
Till they beget, a *Selfe-devouring-Flame*.
And, thirdly, it informes, that those chast *Fires*
Which on *Loves Altars* keepe a Lasting-Heat;
Are those, which in two Hearts, two *Like-Desires*
Vpon each other, mutually beget.
Hence, therefore, learne thou, first, not to contemne
Their *Mildnesse*, who to anger are not prone;
Lest, many wrongs doe stirre up *Fires* in them,
And worke thee Mischiefe, when thou look'st for none.
Be wary, next, though thou thy selfe be strong,
How with a pow'rfull Foe thou dost contend;
For, they that wrastle in *Contention*, long,
Will, sure, beshrew their Madnesse, in the end.
And, if to warme thee by *Loves* Fires thou seeke,
Thy *Peere* in *Yeares*, and *Manners*, pray to finde;
Let both your *Aymes*, and *Longings*, be alike;
Be one in *Faith*, and *Will*; and, one in *Minde*:
So, you shall reape the fruits of your Desire,

And warme each other with a kindly *Fire*.

***He that delights to* Plant *and* Set,**
***Makes* After-Ages *in his* Debt.**

Illvstr. XXXV. *Book.*

Hen I behold the Havocke and the Spoyle,
Which (ev'n within the compasse of my Dayes)
Is made through every quarter of this *Ile*,
In *Woods* and *Groves* (which were this Kingdomes praise)
And, when I minde with how much greedinesse,
We seeke the present Gaine, in every thing;
Not caring (so our *Lust* we may possesse)
What Dammage to *Posterity* we bring:
They doe, me-thinkes, as if they did foresee,
That, some of those, whom they have cause to hate,
Should come in *Future-times*, their Heires to be:
Or else, why should they such things perpetrate?
For, if they thinke their *Children* shall succeed;
Or, can believe, that they begot their *Heires*;
They could not, surely, doe so foule a Deed,
As to deface the *Land*, that should be theirs.
What our *Forefathers* planted, we destroy:
Nay, all Mens labours, living heretofore,
And all our owne, we lavishly imploy
To serve our present *Lusts*; and, for no more.
But, let these carelesse *Wasters* learne to know,
That, as *Vaine-Spoyle* is open *Injury*;
So, *Planting* is a *Debt*, they truely owe,
And ought to pay to their *Posterity*.
Selfe-love, for none, but for it selfe, doth care;
And, onely, for the present, taketh paine:
But, *Charity* for others doth prepare;
And, joyes in that, which *Future-Time* shall gaine.
If, *After-Ages* may my *Labours* blesse;

I care not, *much*, how *Litle* I possesse.

To* Have*, and not to* Vse *the same;
***Is not our* Glory*, but our* Shame.**

Illvstr. XXXVI. *Book.*

He *Estridge* (though with many *Feathers* trimm'd,
And deckt with goodly *Plumes* of no meane size)
Is so unwieldy, and so largely limb'd,
That, up into the Aire he cannot rise.
And, though in Wings and Feathers, he appeares
A goodly *Fowle*, and beares his Head so high,
As if he could oretop the lower *Sphæres*;
And, farre above the towring *Eagles* flie;
So uselesse are those *Feathers*, and those *Wings*,
To gaine him *Name* among their aiery Race;
That, he must walke with such Inferiour things,
As in this *Common-Region*, have their place.
Such *Fowles* as these, are that *Gay-plumed-Crew*,
Which (to high place and Fortunes being borne)
Are men of goodly worth, in outward view;
And, in themselves, deserve nought els but scorne.
For, though their *Trappings*, their *high-lifted Eyes*,
Their *Lofty Words*, and their *Much-feared Pow'rs*,
Doe make them seeme *Heroicke*, *Stout*, and *Wise*,
Their Hearts are oft as *fond*, and *faint* as ours.
Such *Animals* as these, are also those
That *Wise*, and *Grave*, and *Learned Men* doe seeme
In *Title*, *Habit*, and all *Formall showes*;
Yet, have nor *Wit*, nor *Knowledge*, worth esteeme.
And, lastly, such are they; that, having got
Wealth, *Knowledge*, and those other *Gifts*, which may
Advance the *Publike-Good*, yet, use them not;
but *Feede*, and *Sleepe*, and *laze their time away*.
He, may be but a *Goose*, which weares the *Quill*;

But, him we praise, that useth it with *Skill*.

He, that his* Course *directly Steeres,
***Nor* Stormes*, nor* Windy-Censures *feares*.**

Illvstr. XXXVII. ***Book***

Ee to the *Sea*, this *World* may well compare;
For, ev'ry Man which liveth in the same,
Is as a *Pilot*, to some *Vessell* there,
Of little size, or else of larger frame.
Some, have the *Boats* of their owne *Life* to guide,
Some, of whole *Families* doe row the *Barge*,
Some, governe *petty Towneships* too, beside,
(To those compar'd, which of small *Barkes* have charge)
Some others, rule great *Provinces*; and, they
Resemble *Captaines* of huge *Argoses*:
But, when of *Kingdomes*, any gayne the Sway,
To *Generalls of Fleets*, we liken these.
Each hath his proper *Course* to him assign'd,
His *Card*, his *Compasse*, his due *Tacklings*, too;
And, if their Businesse, as they ought, they mind,
They may accomplish all they have to doe.
But, most Men leave the Care of their owne *Course*,
To judge or follow others, in their wayes;
And, when their Follies make their Fortunes worse,
They curse the *Destiny*, which they should prayse.
For, *Waves*, and *Windes*, and that oft-changing *Weather*
Which many blame, as cause of all their *Losses*,
(Though they observe it not) helpes bring together
Those *Hopes*, which their owne *Wisedome*, often crosses.
Regard not, therefore much, what those things be,
Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy *Way*;
Nor, how, *Rash-Lookers-on* will censure thee;
But, faithfully, to doe thy part, assay:
For, if thou shalt not from this *Counsell* vary,

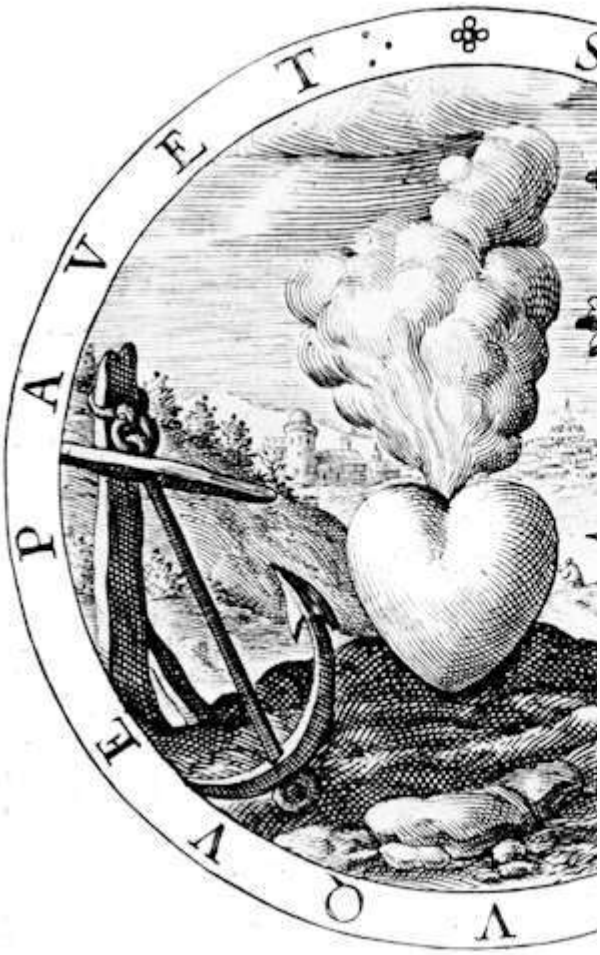
Let my *Hopes* faile me, if thy *Hopes* miscarry.

A sudden* Death*, with* Shame*, is due
***To him, that, sweares* What is untrue.**

Illvstr. XXXVIII. ***Book***

Hen th' *Ancients* made a solemne *League* or *Vow*,
Their Custome was to ratifie it, thus;
Before their *Idoll-God*, they slew a *Sow*,
And sayd aloud; *So be it unto us*.
Implying, that, if otherwise they did
Then had been vow'd; or, if within their Brest
A *Fraudulent-Intention* had beene hid,
They merited such Vsage, as that *Beast*.
For, by the *Swine* that they had slaughtred so,
(Which, during Life, was helpefull unto none)
Of Life deprived by a sudden blow,
And, then, cast out, that none might feed thereon;
They, mystically did inferre; that, he
Who falsify'd that *Oath* which he had sworne,
Deserv'd, by *Sudden-Death*, cut off to be;
And, as a Beast uncleane, to lye forlorne.
That Heathenish *Hieroglyphicke*, doth implye
This *Christian-Doctrine*; that, we should in *Vowes*,
In *Leagues*, and *Oathes*, assume no Liberty,
But, what sincerest *Honesty* allowes.
By *Swine*, the babbling *Sophisters* are meant,
In *Hieroglyphicall* Signification;
Which wee doe *Sacrifice*, when our intent
Is free from *Falsehood*, and *Æquivocation*.
And, this, let ev'ry Man endeavour for,
Who loves the Blessings, for just men prepar'd;
Or, if the Sinne he doe not much abhorre,
At least, the Danger let him well regard:
For, to pursue him, *Vengeance* never leaves,
That *falsely Sweares*, or *willingly Deceives*.

Where strong* Desires *are entertain'd,
The* Heart *'twixt* Hope*, and* Feare*, is pain'd.



Illvstr. XXXIX. *Book.*

Troubled *Minde*, ore-charged with *Desires*,
Betweene great *Hopes*, and no lesse *Feares* opprest,
And payned inwardly with secret *Fires*,
Was thus, by some, in former times exprest.
A *Smoking Heart*, they placed just betwixt
A *Fastned Anchor*, and a *Bended Bow*;
To which a *Barbed-Arrow* seemed fixt,
And, ready from the *Strayned-String* to goe.
The *Smoke* doth *Sighes*, the *Anchor* doth declare
That *Hope*, which keepes us from Despairing quite;
The *Bowe* and *Arrow*, signifie that *Feare*,
Which doth, perpetually, the Soule affright.
And, by this *Emblem*, it appeares to me
That they which are with strong *Desires* opprest,
(Though good or bad the Object of them be)
In seeking *Pleasures*, finde no small unrest:
For, they are not by *Feares*, alone, disturbed,
But, as the *Wiseman* saith, ev'n *Hope-Delayd*
Torments the Heart; and, when *Desire* is curbed,
The Soule becommeth sad, and ill-apayd.
A *Groundlesse-Hope*, makes entrance for *Despaire*,
And with Deceiving-showes the Heart betrayes:
A *Causelesse-Feare*, doth *Reasons* force impaire,
And, terrifies the Soule, in doubtfull wayes.
Yet, quite neglect them not; For, *Hope* repells
That *Griefe* sometimes, which would our Hearts
oppresse.
And, *Feare* is otherwhile the *Sentinell*
Which rouzeth us from dang'rous *Carelesnesse*.
Thus, *Both* are good: but, *Both* are Plagues to such,

Who either *Fondly feare*, or *Hope too much*.

Those* Fooles *whom* Beauties *Flame doth blinde,
Feele* Death*, where* Life *they thought to finde.

Illvstr. XL. *Book. 1*

Hen you doe next behold the wanton *Flyes*
About the shining *Candle*, come to play,
Vntill the *Light* thereof hath dimm'd their Eyes,
Or, till the *Flame* hath sing'd their Wings away:
Remember, then, this *Emblem*; and, beware
You be not playing at such harmefull Games:
Consider, if there sit no *Female*, there,
That overwarmes you, with her *Beauties Flames*,
Take heed, you doe not over dally so
As to inflame the Tinder of *Desire*;
But, shun the Mischiefe, e're too late it grow,
Lest you be scorched in that *Foolish-Fire*.
For, as those *Wandring-Fires* which in the Night,
Doe leade unwary *Trauellers* astray,
Alluring them, by their deceiving *Sight*,
Till they have altogether lost their way:
Right so fantasticke *Beauty* doth amaze
The Lust-full *Eye*, allures the *Heart* aside,
Captives the *Senses* (by a sudden blaze)
And, leaves the *Iudgement* wholly stupify'd.
Nay, if Men play too long about those *Torches*,
Such is the Nature of their wanton *Flame*,
That, from their Bodies (unawares) it scorches
Those *Wings* and *Feet*, on which they thither came.
It wasteth (ev'n to nothing) all their *Wealth*,
Consumes their precious *Time*, destroyes their *Strength*,
Bespots their *Honest-Fame*, impaires their *Health*,
And (when their Fatall Thread is at the length)
That thing, on which their Hope of *Life* is plac't,
Shall bring them to *Destruction*, at the last.

Let him, that at* Gods Altar *stands,
In* Innocencie*, wash his Hands.

Illvstr. XLI. *Book.*

Hen (*Reader*) thou hast first of all survayd
That Reverend *Priest*, which here ingraven stands,
In all his Holy *Vestiments* array'd,
Endeavouring for *Purifyed-Hands*;
Collect from hence, that, when thou dost appeare
To offer Sacrifice of *Prayse* or *Prayer*,
Thou oughtst the *Robes* of *Righteousnesse*, to weare,
And, by *Repentance*, thy defects repaire.
For, thou, that, with polluted *Hands* presum'st
Before *Gods* Altar to present thy Face;
Or, in the *Rags* of thine owne *Merits* com'st,
Shalt reape *Displeasure*, where thou look'st for *Grace*.
Then, if thou be of those that would aspire
A *Priest*, or *Prelate*, in *Gods* Church to be;
Be sure, thou first those *Ornaments* acquire,
Which, may be suting to that *High-Degree*.
Intrude not, as perhaps too many doe,
With *Gifts* unfit, or by an *Evill meane*:
Desire it with a right *Intention* too;
And, seeke to keepe thy *Conversation* cleane.
For, they that have assum'd this *Holy-Calling*,
With *Hands* impure, and *Hearts* unsanctify'd,
Defame the *Truth*; give others cause of Falling,
And, scandalize their *Brethren*, too, beside:
Yea, to themselves, their very *Sacrifice*
Becomes unhallow'd; and, their *Thankes* and *Prayers*,
The *God of Purity*, doth so despise,
That, all their *Hopes*, he turneth to *Despaires*:
And, all their best Endeavours, countermands,

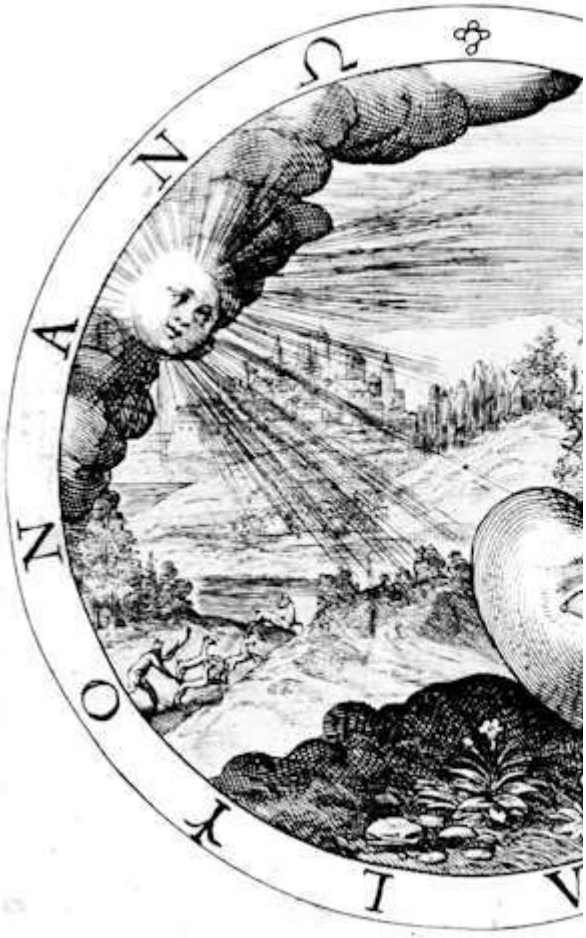
Till they appeare with unpolluted *Hands*.

No* Heart *can thinke, to what strange ends,
The* Tongues *unruely* Motion *tends.

Illvstr. XLII. *Book.*

Ell-worthy of our better Heeding were,
That *Holy Pen-mans* Lesson, who hath sayd,
We should *be slow to Speake, and swift to Heare*;
If, well, the nature of the *Tongue* we waigh'd.
For, if we let it loose, it getteth *Wings*,
And, flies with wanton Carelesnesse, about;
It prateth in all places, of *All things*;
Tells *Truth* and *Lyes*, and babbleth *Secrets* out.
To speake, of things unknowne, it taketh leave,
As if it had all Knowledge in Possession;
And, *Mysteries* (which no Man can conceive)
Are thought fit Objects for the *Tongues* Expression.
With *Truth* it mixeth *Errors*; sayes, unsayes;
And, is the *Preacher* of all *Heresies*.
That Heart, which gives it motion, it betrayes;
And, utters Curses, Oathes, and Blasphemies.
It spreads all Slanders, which base Envie raiseth;
It moveth Anger, and begetteth Hates:
It blameth *Vertue*; filthy Deeds it praiseth;
And, causeth Vproares, Murthers, and Debates.
Yea, tis the chiefest *Factor* for the Devill;
And, yet, with speeches feignedly-sincere,
It otherwhile reproveth what is Evill,
And, will in Lowly-words, a *Saint* appeare.
Now this is knowne; we, next of all, should learne,
How we may shunne the Mischiefe being knowne;
How, we bad *Tongues*, in *Others*, may discerne;
And, how to guide and moderate our *Owne*.
And, reason good; for, none can apprehend,
What Mischiefe doth an Evill *Tongue* attend.

The* Minde *should have a fixed Eye
On Objects, that are plac'd on High.

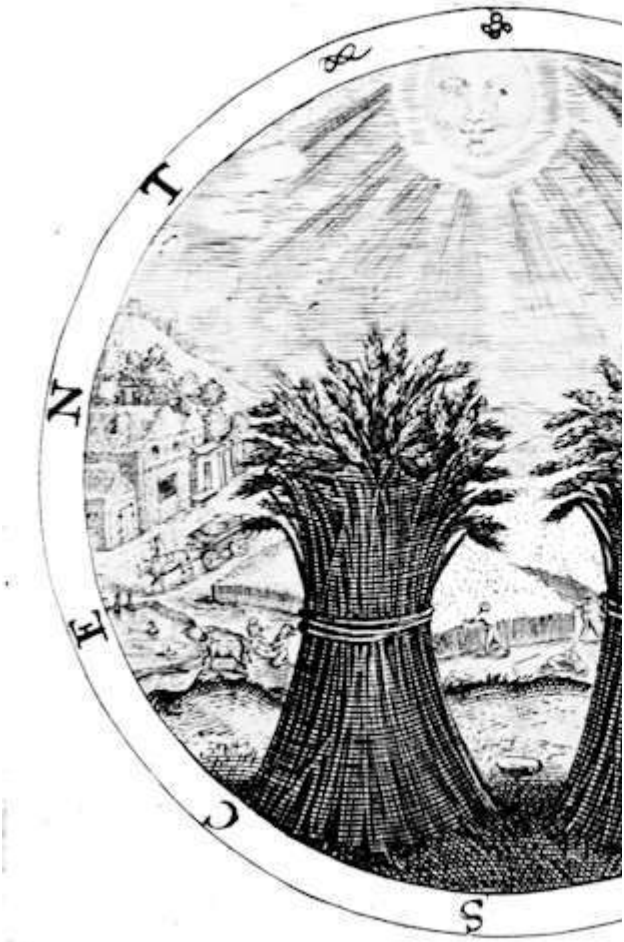


Illvstr. XLIII. *Book.*

Heart, which bore the figure of an *Eye*
Wide open to the *Sunne*; by some, was us'd,
When in an *Emblem*, they would signifie
A *Minde*, which on Celestiall Matters mus'd:
Implying, by the same, that there is nought
Which in this lower *Orbe*, our Eyes can see,
So fit an Object for a manly thought,
As those things, which in Heav'n above us be.
God, gave *Mankinde* (above all other Creatures)
A lovely *Forme*, and upward-looking *Eye*,
(Among the rest of his peculiar *Features*)
That he might lift his *Countenance* on high:
And (having view'd the Beauty, which appeares
Within the outward *Sights* circumference)
That he might elevate above the Sphæres,
The piercing Eye, of his *Intelligence*.
Then, higher, and still higher strive to raise
His *Contemplations* Eyes, till they ascend
To gaine a glimpse of those eternall *Rayes*,
To which all undepraved *Spirits* tend.
For, 'tis the proper nature of the *Minde*
(Till fleshly *Thoughts* corrupt it) to despise
Those Lusts whereto the *Body* stands inclin'd;
And labour alwayes, *upward* to arise.
Some, therefore, thought those *Goblins* which appeare
To haunt old *Graves* and *Tombes*, are *Soules* of such,
Who to these loathsome places doomed were,
Because, they doted on the *Flesh* too much.
But, sure we are, *well-minded Men* shall goe

To live *above*, when others bide *below*.

Those* Fields*, which yet appeare not so,
***When* Harvest *comes, will* yellow *grow*.**



Illvstr. XLIV. *Book.*

Hen, in the sweet and pleasant Month of *May*,
We see both Leaves and Blossomes on the Tree,
And view the *Meadowes* in their best array,
We hopefull are a *Ioyfull-Spring* to see;
Yet, oft, before the following *Night* be past,
It chanceth, that a *Vapor*, or a *Frost*,
Doth all those forward bloomings wholly waste;
And, then, their *Sweetnesse* and their *Beautie's* lost.
Such, is the state of ev'ry mortall Wight:
In *Youth*, our *Glories*, and our *Lusts* we shew;
We fill our selves with ev'ry vaine Delight,
And, will most thinke on that which may insue.
But, let us learne to *heed*, as well as *know*,
That, *Spring* doth passe; that, *Summer* steales away;
And, that the *Flow'r* which makes the fairest show,
E're many Weekes, must wither and decay.
And, from this *Emblem*, let each *Lab'ring-Swaine*
(In whatsoever course of life it be)
Take heart, and hope, amidst his daily paine,
That, of his *Travailes*, he good fruits shall see.
The Plow'd and Harrow'd *Field*, which, to thine eye,
Seemes like to be the *Grave*, in which the Seeds
Shall (without hope of rising) *buryed* lye,
Becomes the fruitfull *Wombe*, where *Plenty* breeds.
There, will be *Corne*, where nought but *Mire* appeares;
The Durty *Seed*, will forme a greenish *blade*;
The *Blade*, will rise to *Stemmes* with fruitfull *Eares*;
Those *Eares*, will ripen, and be *yellow* made:
So, if in honest *Hopes*, thou persevere,

A Ioyfull *Harvest* will at last appeare.

As soone, as wee to* bee*, begunne;
***We did beginne, to be* Vndone.**

Illvstr. XLV. *Book.*

Hen some, in former Ages, had a meaning
An *Emblem*, of *Mortality*, to make,
They form'd an *Infant*, on a *Deaths-head* leaning,
And, round about, encircled with a *Snake*.
The *Childe* so pictur'd, was to signifie,
That, from our very *Birth*, our *Dying* springs:
The *Snake*, her *Taile devouring*, doth implie
The *Revolution*, of all Earthly things.
For, whatsoever hath *beginning*, here,
Beginnes, immediately, to vary from
The same it was; and, doth at last appeare
What very few did thinke it should become.
The solid *Stone*, doth molder into *Earth*,
That *Earth*, e're long, to *Water*, rarifies;
That *Water*, gives an *Airy Vapour* birth,
And, thence, a *Fiery-Comet* doth arise:
That, moves, untill it selfe it so impaire,
That from a *burning-Meteor*, backe againe,
It sinketh downe, and thickens into *Aire*;
That *Aire*, becomes a *Cloud*; then, *Drops of Raine*:
Those *Drops*, descending on a *Rocky-Ground*,
There, settle into *Earth*, which more and more,
Doth harden, still; so, running out the *round*,
It growes to be the *Stone* it was before.
Thus, All things wheele about; and, each *Beginning*,
Made entrance to it owne *Destruction*, hath.
The *Life* of *Nature*, entreth in with *Sinning*;
And, is for ever, wayted on by *Death*:
The *Life* of *Grace*, is form'd by *Death* to *Sinne*;
And, there, doth *Life-eternall*, straight beginne.

Though very* small*, at first, it be,
***A* Sprout*, at length, becomes a* Tree.**

Illvstr. XLVI. *Book*.

Ee finde it common (but not comely thou)
That, when a good *Endeavour* is begot,
Vnlesse, at very first, it equall grow
With our Expectance, we regard it not.
Nor *Wit*, nor *Patience*, have we to conceive,
That ev'ry thing, which may by Man be wrought,
Proportionable *Time*, and *Meanes*, must have;
Before it can be to *Perfection*, brought.
Yet, ev'ry day, in things of ev'ry kinde,
Experience hath informed us, herein;
And, that, in many things, a change we finde,
Which, at the first, would scarce believ'd have bin.
For, though a *Gosling* will not prove a *Swan*,
Vnruely-Colts become *well-trayned Steeds*;
A *Silly-Childe* growes up a *Mighty-Man*,
And, *Lofty-Trees* doe Spring from *Little Seeds*.
Learne, therefore hence, that, nothing you despise,
Because it may, at first, imperfect seeme:
And, know, how all things (in some sort) to prise,
Although, you give them not the best esteeme.
From hence, moreover, learne; not to despaire,
When you have just occasion, to pursue
A toylesome worke, or any great affaire:
Since, *all-things*, at the first, from nothing, grew.
And, I my selfe will, also, learne, from hence,
(Of all my Paines, though little fruits I see)
Nor to repine, nor to receive Offence;
But, rather joy in what befalleth mee.
For, though my *Hopes* appeare but meanely growne,
They will be *Great*, when some shall thinke them

none.

When we above the* Crosse *can rise,
A* Crowne*, for us, prepared lies.

Illvstr. XLVII. *Book.*

Serpent rais'd above the Letter *Tau*,
Aspiring to a *Crowne*, is figur'd here:
From whence, a *Christian-Morall* we may draw,
Which worth our good regarding will appeare.
For, by those *Characters*, in briefe, I see
Which *Way*, we must to Happinesse ascend;
Then, by what *Meanes*, that Path must clymed bee;
And, what *Reward*, shall thereupon attend.
The *Crosse*, doth shew, that *Suffring* is the *Way*;
The *Serpent*, seemes to teach me, that, if I
Will overcome, I must not then, assay
To *force* it; but, my selfe thereto *applye*.
For, by embracing what we shall not shunne,
We winde about the *Crosse*, till wee arise
Above the same; and, then, what *Prize* is wonne,
The *Crowne*, which overtops it, signifies.
Let me, O *God*, obtaine from thee the Grace,
To be partaker of thy Blessed *Passion*;
Let me, with Willingnesse, thy *Crosse* imbrace,
And, share the Comforts of thy *Exaltation*.
To beare that Part, whereto I doomed am,
My Heart, with Strength, and Courage, *Lord*, inspire:
Then, *Crucifie* my *Flesh* upon the same,
As much as my *Corruption* shall require.
And, when by thy Assistance, I am rear'd
Above that *Burthen*, which lyes yet upon me;
And, over all, which (justly may be fear'd)
Shall, during Life-time, be inflicted on me;
Among those *Blessed-Soules*, let me be found,

Which, with eternall *Glory*, shall be *Crown'd*.

In* Death*, no* Difference *is made,
***Betweene the* Scepter*, and the* Spade.**

Illvstr. XLVIII. *Book.*

Et no man be so sottish as to dreame,
Though all Men in their *Death* made equall are,
That, therfore, they may gather by this *Theame*,
That, *Parity*, in Life-time, fitting were.
For, as the *Bodies* Members (which in *Death*
Have all the like esteeme) had their Degrees,
And Honours, differing in time of *breath*;
The same (in *States*) Discretion comely sees.
Nor, should we hence inferre, that it were just
To disesteeme the breathlesse *Carcasses*
Of *Kings* and *Princes*, when they sleepe in Dust;
For, *Civill-Reverence* is due to these.
Nor, ought we, in their Life-time, to apply
The Truth, which by this *Emblem* is declar'd,
The *Dignities* of Men to vilifie;
Or, bring upon their *Persons* lesse regard.
That, which from hence, I rather wish to preach,
Is this; that ev'ry Man of each degree,
Would marke it so, that he, himselfe might teach
What thoughts and deeds, to him most proper be.
If he be great; let him remember, then,
That (since, nor *Wealth*, nor *Title*, can procure him
Exemption from the Doomes of other Men)
He ought to seeke, how *Vertue* may secure him.
If he be *Poore*; let him this *Comfort* take,
That, though, awhile, he be afflicted here,
Yet, *Death* may him as fully happy make,
As he, that doth a *Crowne Imperiall* weare.
For, when his Fatall-blow, *Death* comes to strike,

He, makes the *Beggar*, and the *King*, alike.

What cannot be by* Force *attain'd,
By* Leisure*, and* Degrees*, is gain'd.

Illvstr. XLIX. *Book.*

Ome Foolish-*Boyes* (and such a *Boy* was I)
When they at Schoole have certaine houres to passe,
(To which they are compell'd unwillingly)
Much time they spend in shaking of the *Glasse*:
Thus, what they practise, to make-short their stay,
Prolongs it more; for while they seeke to force
The *Sands*, to runne more speedily away,
They interrupt them; and, they passe the worse.
Right so, in other things, with us it fares;
(And, seeming wise, we act a foolish part)
For, otherwhile, what *Time* alone prepares,
We seeke to make the subject of an *Art*.
Sometimes, by *Rashnesse*, we endeavour what
We ought with *Leisure*, and *Advice*, to doe:
But, if a good *Successe* doth follow, that,
Our *Wit* was nothing helpefull thereunto.
Sometime, againe, we prosecute a thing
By *Violence*; when our desir'd effect,
No other meanes so well to passe can bring,
As *Love* and *Gentlenesse*, which we neglect.
But, let this *Emblem* teach us to regard
What *Way of Working*, to each *Worke* pertaines:
So, though some Portion of our Hopes be barr'd,
We shall not, altogether, lose our paines.
Some things are *strong*, and, othersome are *weake*;
With *Labour*, some; and, some with *Ease* be wrought:
Although the *Reed* will bend, the *Kexe* will breake;
And, what *mends* one thing, makes another *naught*.
Marke this; And, when much *Haste* will marre thy
Speed,

That, then, thou take good *Leisure*; take thou *Heed*.

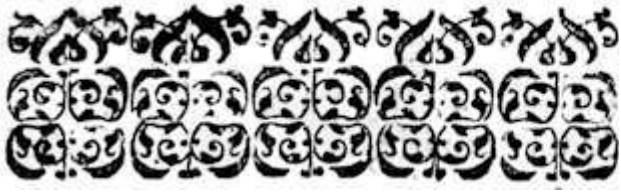
Of* Little-Gaines*, let Care be had;
For, of small* Eares*, great* Mowes *are made.

Illvstr. L. ***Book. 1.***

Mong the many Faylings of the *Time*,
This *Emblem* giveth Cause to mention one,
Which, unto me, doth seeme the greater *Crime*,
Because, to many, it appeareth none.
I finde, that petty things are so neglected
(Well nigh of all) in *Losings* and in *Winnings*,
As if, what ere they thought to have effected,
Subsisted without *Members*, or *Beginnings*.
The Man, that loseth every *Month* a *Penny*,
May salve-up *Twelve-months* Losses, with a *Shilling*.
But, if of other Losses he hath many,
To save a *Pin*, at length, he shall be willing.
For, he that sees his Wine-fill'd *Vessell* drop,
(Although a *Drop*, in value, be but small)
Should, thence, Occasion take, the *Leake* to stop,
Lest many *Droppings* draine him drye of all.
Moreover, they, that will to *Greatnesse* rise,
A Course, not much unlike to this, must keepe:
They ought not *Small-Beginnings* to despise;
Nor, strive to *runne*, before they learne to *creepe*.
By many single *Eares*, together brought,
The *Hand* is fill'd; by *Handfulls*, we may gaine
A *Sheafe*; with many *Sheaves* a Barne is fraught:
Thus, oft, by *Little*, we doe much obtaine.
Consider this; And, though I wish not thee
To take, of *Trifling-things*, too great a care;
Yet, know thus much (for truth) it best will bee,
If all things may be weighed as they are:
By *slender* Losses, *great*-ones are begunne;

By many trifling *Gaines*, much *Wealth* is wonne.

FINIS *Libri primi*.



THE FIRST LOTTERIE.

1

Hou, dost overmuch respect
That, which will thy harme effect;
But, some other things there bee,
Which will more advantage thee:
Search thy heart; and, thou shalt, there,
Soone discover, what they are:
Yea, thine *Emblem* showes thee, too,
What to shunne; and, what to doe.

See, *Emblem* I.

2

It is a little fear'd, that you
Are to your owne Designes, untrue;

And, that, if you more constant were,
You would be richer, then you are,
(It may be, also, wiser, too)
Looke, therefore, what you are to doe:
Then, follow it, and, you will say,
That, well advis'd, you were, to day.
See, *Emb.* II.

3

How rich or poore soe're thou be,
Thou, art a *Prince*, in some degree;
And, o're thy selfe, thou shouldst command,
As doth a *Monarch*, in his Land.
Within thy Heart, therefore, ingrave
The Lawes, that *Grace* and *Nature* gave:
For, thus (to counsell thee) inclines
That *Emblem*, which, thy *Lot* assignes.
See, *Emb.* III.

4

Much Liberty, thou hast assum'd;
And, heretofore, so much presum'd
On *Time*, which, alway rideth poast,
That, for awhile, some *Hopes* are crost.
But, loe, to keepe thee from *Despaire*,
And, thy *Misfortune*, to repaire,
Marke, what to thee, by *Lot*, befell,
And, practise, what is counsell'd, well.
See, *Emb.* IV.

5

Thou seekest *Honour*, to obtaine,
By meanes, which frustrate all thy paine.
Thy Predecessors rich were made,
By using of the *Plough* and *Spade*:
Thou, honourable wouldst be thought,
By taking Courses, that are naught;
But, if, right noble, thou wilt be,
Looke, what thine *Emblem* counsells thee.
See, *Emb.* V.

M 6

This Man, what ever he may seeme,
Is worthy of a high esteeme:
Though *Fortune* may, his person, grinde;
She, cannot harme him, in his *Minde*.
Right blest, this *Company* would be,
If all of them, were such, as *He*.
Reade that *Impresa*, which he drew;
For, that, in part, the same will shew.
See, *Emb.* VI.

M 7

If some, now present, this had got,
They, would have blushed, at their *Lot*;
Since, very fit, the same doth prove
For one, that's either light of *Love*,
Or, troubled with a fickle *Mate*:
If you enjoy a better *Fate*,
Yet, hearken, what your *Lot* doth say;
Lest, you, hereafter, need it may,
See, *Emb.* VII.

8

For ought, that, plainely, doth appeare,
You may out-live the longest, here;
Yet, seeing, now, of all this crew,
The *Lot* of *Death*, you, onely, drew,
See what, your *Emblem* hath injoyn'd;
And, still, that Morall, beare in minde:
So, *Deaths* deform'd and ghastly *Shade*
Shall, *Meanes* of *Life*, to thee, be made.
See, *Emb.* VIII.

9

Though you have *Wit*, and, know it well;
That, rash you are, your *Friends* can tell;
Yea, *Sleepe*, and *Ease*, possesse you so,
That, some doe feare, you'l sottish grow:
But, lo, your hind'rance, to prevent,
This *Lot*, was, peradventure, sent;
For, in the *Moralls*, that, insue,
Are *Counsells*, fit, for such as you.
See, *Emb.* IX.

10

You, have beene wronged, many wayes,
Yet, *patient* are; and, that's your praise:
Your *Actions*, also, seem'd upright;
Yet, some there are, that, beare you spite:
Lest, therefore, you discourag'd grow,
An *Emblem*, you have drawne, to show
What other *Innocents* have borne,

And, how, the worlds despites, to scorne.
See, *Emb.* X.

M 11

Doubtlesse, you are either wooing,
Or, some other *Bus'nesse*, doing;
Which, you shall attempt, in vaine,
Or, much hazzard all your paine:
Yet, if good, your *meanings* are,
Doe not honest *meanes* forbeare;
For, where things are, well, begunne,
God, oft, workes, when Man hath done.
See, *Emb.* XI.

12

Be not angry, if I tell
That, you love the *World*, too well;
For, this *Lot*, perhaps, you drew,
That, such *Faults*, you might eschew.
Marke, to what their Soules aspire,
Who, true *Blessednesse*, desire:
For, if you can doe, like those,
Heav'n you gaine, when *Earth* you lose.
See, *Emb.* XII.

13

You love the *Rich*; and, honour them;
The needy-person, you contemne:
Yet, *Wealth*, nor want of *Wealth*, is that,
Which, *wretched* makes, or *fortunate*:
From other *Causes*, those things flow;

Which, since, you either doe not know,
Or, heede not much, this *Emblem* came,
That, you might learne to minde the same.
See, *Emb.* XIII.

M 14

Thy *Chance* is doubtfull; and, as yet,
I know not, what to say of it;
But, this I know, a foe thou art
To what thine *Emblem* hath, in part,
Expressed by a *Mimicke Shape*;
Or, thou, thy selfe, art such an *Ape*.
Now, which of these, pertaines to thee,
Let them, that know thee, Iudges bee.
See, *Emb.* XIV.

15

Thy Vertues he may wrong, that sayes
Thou spend'st thy selfe, in wanton wayes;
But, some have thought, and sayd of late,
That, those thou lov'st, consume thy state:
Yet, spare nor *Time*, nor Substance, tho,
Where, them, thou oughtest to bestow;
But, to thine *Emblem* turne, and, see
When Life, and Wealth, well ventur'd bee.
See, *Emb.* XV.

16

Though *Troubles*, you may have (or had)
Enough, to make some others mad;

Yet, be content: for, they, that are
As weake, have had as much to beare;
And, that, which *Malice* did contrive,
To make them poore, hath made them thrive.
That *Emblem*, which, by *Lot*, you drew,
Prognosticates, as much, for you.
See, *Emb.* XVI.

17

Though, you suffer blame and paine,
You, at last, may Comfort gaine,
(Sharing *Honours*, truely gotten,
When, your Foes are dead, and rotten)
For, of this, you have a pawne,
In the *Lot*, that you have drawne;
And, by that, it may appeare,
What your paines, and wages, are.
See, *Emb.* XVII.

18

Take you serious heed, I pray,
Whither, you doe goe to day;
Whom you credite; and, for whom
You, ingaged, shall become;
And, unlesse you wish for Sorrow,
Be as provident, to morrow:
For, there are some traps and Snares,
Which, may take you unawares.
See, *Emb.* XVIII.

19

Your *Wit*, so much, you trust upon,
That, weaker *Meanes* hath yours out-gone;
Sometime, you runne, when there is need
Of much more *Warinesse*, then *Speed*.
But, you, to *God*-ward, worse have err'd;
And, yet, *Amendment* is deferr'd.
See, therefore, what your *Chance* doth say,
And, take good *Counsell*, while you may.

See, *Emb.* XIX.

20

Take heed, you doe not quite forget,
That you are dauncing in a *Net*:
More, then a few, your Course doe see,
Though, you, suppose, unseene to be.
Your Fault, we will no nearer touch;
Me-thinkes your *Emblem* blabs too much:
But, if, you minde, what is amisse,
You, shall be nere the worse, for this.

See, *Emb.* XX.

21

Let such, as draw this *Lot*, have care,
For *Death*, and *Sorrow*, to prepare
All times, to come, lest one of these,
Their persons, unexpected, seize:
For, them, or some of theirs, to stay,
Pale *Death*, drawes neerer, ev'ry day.
Yet, let them not, disheartned, bee:
For, in their *Emblem*, they shall see,

Death, may (though, in appearance, grim)
Become, a *blessing*, unto them.
See, *Emb.* XXI.

22

With *Mary*, thou art one of those,
By whom, the better part, is chose;
And, though, thou tempted art, astray,
Continu'st in a lawfull way.
Give *God* the praise, with heart unfaign'd,
That, he, such *Grace* to thee, hath dain'd;
And, view thy *Lot*, where thou shalt see,
What *Hag*, hath layd a *Trap*, for thee.
See, *Emb.* XXII.

23

Although, that, thou demure appeare,
For *Pleasure*, there is no man here
Will venture more: And, some there are,
Who thinke you venture over farre:
Hereof, consider well, therefore,
E're, so, you venture, any more;
And, in your Lotted *Emblem*, see,
For what, your *Suffrings* ought to bee.
See, *Emb.* XXIII.

24

If ought, thou purpose, to assay,
Pursue the same, without delay;
And, if thou meane to gather fruit,

Be constant in thy *Hopes* pursuit:
For, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst finde,
Thy *Starres*, to thee, are well-inclin'd;
Provided, thy *Attempts* be good:
For, that, is ever understood.
See, *Emb.* XXIV.

25

Take heed, thou love not their deceipt,
Who *Number* give, in steed of *Weight*;
Nor, let their Fansies, thee abuse,
Who, such-like foolish *Customes*, use.
Perhaps, it may concerne thee, much,
To know the *Vanities* of such;
And, who they are: Marke, therfore, what
Thine *Emblem*, will, to thee relate.
See, *Emb.* XXV.

26

Thou, to *Impatience*, art inclin'd;
And, hast a discontented Minde;
That, therfore, thou mayst *Patience* learne,
And, thine owne *Over-sights* discerne,
Thy *Lot* (as to a Schoole to day)
Hath sent thee to the *Squirrells* Dray;
For, she instructs thee, to indure,
Till, thou, a better *state*, procure.
See, *Emb.* XXVI.

27

Your *Lot*, is very much to blame,
Or else, your person, or, your Name
Hath injur'd beene, or, may have wrong
By some loose wanton, ere't be long:
Therfore, e're, hence, you passe away,
Marke, what your *Emblem*, now, doth say.
Perhaps, by drawing of this *Lot*,
Some *Harmes* prevention may be got.

See, *Emb.* XXVII.

28

Vpon your head, those weights were laid,
Which, your *Endeavours*, downeward waigh'd;
For, those, who doe your *weale* envie,
Much feare, your top will spring too high;
Nay, yet, some *Burthen*, you sustaine:
But, what their *Malice* will obtaine,
Your *Emblem* prophesies; if you,
With *Patience*, Honest-*wayes*, pursue.

See, *Emb.* XXVIII.

29

This *Lot*, befell thee, for the nonce;
For, if things come not, all at once,
Thou, to despairing, soone, dost runne,
Or, leav'st the Worke, that's well begun:
Which, to prevent, regardfull be
Of what thine *Emblem* counsells thee.

See, *Emb.* XXIX.

30

Afflictions, are thy chiefest *Lot*;
Yea, great ones, too: yet, murmure not.
For, all, must fiery tryalls bide,
And, from their Drosse be purify'd.
Therefore, though this, in sport, be done,
Thy Morall'd *Emblem*, looke upon;
And, learne, those *Vertues* to acquire,
Which, will not perish in the *Fire*.

See, *Emb.* XXX.

31

You seeke a *Lot*, which, proving bad,
Would, peradventure, make you sad;
But, this may please: for, you are taught
To mend a Fortune, that is naught;
And, armed, with such Counsell, here,
That, you, no *Destiny*, need feare.
Now, if you come to Harme, or Shame,
Vpon the *Starres*, lay not the blame.

See, *Emb.* XXXI.

M 32

In *Court*, thou mayst have hope, to clime,
This present, or some other time;
But, something thou dost want, as yet,
Which, for that place, must make thee fit.
Presume not, therefore, on thy *Lot*,
Till, those accomplishments are got,
Which, in thine *Emblem*, are exprest;
And, then, march on, among the best.

See, *Emb.* XXXII.

33

Some thinke, you love; 'tis true, you doe;
And, are as well beloved too:
But, you (if we the truth shall say)
Love not so truely, as you may.
To make a perfect *Love*, there goes
Much more, then ev'ry *Lover* knowes.
Your *Emblem*, therefore heede; and, then,
Beginne, anew, to love agen.

See, *Emb.* XXXIII.

34

Now, some good *Counsell*, thou dost need;
Of what we say, take, therefore, heed.
Beware, lest thou, too much, offend
A meeke, and, gentle-natur'd, *Friend*:
Though pow'r thou hast, be carefull, too,
Thou vexe not, long, thine able *Foe*;
And, e're thou love, be sure to finde
Thy *Match*, in *Manners*, and in *Minde*.
If thou demand a Reason, why,
To thee, thine *Emblem* will replie.

See, *Emb.* XXXIV.

35

Beware, thou share not in their crime,
Who care, but for the present time:

For, by thy *Lot*, wee may suspect,
Or that, or things, to that effect.
If so it be, or if thy Minde,
To such an *Errour*, be inclin'd,
Thy *Chance*, unto an *Emblem*, brings,
Which, will advise to better things.
See, *Emb.* XXXV.

36

You, love to *seeme*; this, all Men see:
But, would you lov'd, as well, to *bee*.
If, also, better use were made
Of those good *Blessings*, you have had;
Your praise were more. Marke, therefore, well,
What *Moralls*, now, your *Emblem*, tell;
And, gather, from it, what you may,
To set you in a better way.
See, *Emb.* XXXVI.

37

To scape a Storme, great thought you take;
But, little heed, what *meanes* you make.
You, love your ease, and, Troubles, feare;
But, carelesse are, what *Course* you steere.
Which *Indiscretions*, to prevent,
You, to an *Emblem*, now, are sent:
Whereof, if you regardfull are,
You, lesse will feare, and better fare.
See, *Emb.* XXXVII.

38

What you have, done, consider, now;
For, this your *Chance*, doth seeme to show
That you have sworne, or vow'd, of late,
Or promised (you best know what)
Which, you have, since, unwilling bin,
To keepe; or, else, did faile, therein.
If it be so; repent, or els,
What will befall, your *Emblem* tells.

See, *Emb.* XXXVIII.

39

Thy *Hopings*, and thy *Feares*, are such,
That, they afflict, and paine thee, much;
Because, thou giv'st too great a scope
Vnto thy *Feare*, or to thy *Hope*:
For, they will paine, or pleasure thee,
As they enlarg'd, or curbed be.
But, lo; thine *Emblem*, if thou please,
Instructs thee, how, to mannage these.

See, *Emb.* XXXIX.

40

Let them, who get this *Chance*, beware,
Lest *Cupid* snarle them in a Snare:
For, by their *Lot*, they should be apt
To be, in such-like Ginnes, intrapt.
Some helpe, is by their *Emblem*, got,
If they, too late, observe it not;
But, then, no profit will be done them:
For, *Counsell* will be lost upon them.

See, *Emb.* XL.

41

Whether, meerely, *Chance*, or no,
Brought this *Lot*, we doe not know:
But, received, let it be,
As, divinely, sent to thee:
For, that, merits thy regard,
Which, thine *Emblem* hath declar'd;
And, the best, that are, have need,
Such *Advisements*, well to heed.

See, *Emb.* XLI.

42

Thou, hast already, or, e're long,
Shalt have some dammage by the *Tongue*:
But, fully, yet, it is not knowne,
Whether the *Tongue* shall be thine owne,
Or else, anothers *tongue*, from whom
This Mischiefe, unto thee, shall come:
But, much the better, thou shalt speed,
If, now, thine *Emblem*, well thou heed.

See, *Emb.* XLII.

43

Vnworthy things, thou dost affect,
With somewhat overmuch respect;
Vnto the *World*, inclining so,
As if thy Hopes were all below:
But, now, to rowse thee from this crime,

Good *Counsell* comes in happy time.
Make use thereof; and, thinke it not
Meere casuall, or a needlesse *Lot*.
See, *Emb.* XLIII.

44

Thou, either, too much love, hast plac't
On things, that will not alway last;
Or else, thou art a little fear'd.
Because thy Hopes are long deferr'd:
Nay, thou art touch'd, in both of these.
Thy Profit, therefore, and thine ease,
It will effect, if well thou minde
What, in thine *Emblem*, thou shalt finde.
See, *Emb.* XLV.

45

When thou hast *Changes*, good, or bad,
Ore-joy'd, thou art, or over-sad;
As if it seemed very strange
To see the *Winde* or *Weather*, change:
Lo, therefore, to remember thee,
How changeable, things Mortall, bee,
Thou, art assisted by this *Lot*;
Now, let it be, no more, forgot.
See, *Emb.* XLV.

46

Of thy just *Aymes*, though meanes be slight,

Thou mayst attaine their wished height;
Vnlesse, thy Folly shall destroy
The Weale, thou seekest to injoy,
By thy Despaire, or by neglect
Of that, which, may thy *Hopes* effect:
For, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst know,
Great things, from small *Beginnings*, grow.
See, *Emb.* XLVI.

47

Thou must have *Crosses*; but they, shall,
To *Blessings*, be converted, all;
And, *Suffrings*, will become, thy Praise,
If, *Wisedome* order, well, thy wayes:
Yea, when thy *Crosses* ended are,
A Crowne of Glory, thou shalt weare.
Yet, note, how this to passe is brought:
For, in thine *Emblem*, it is taught.
See, *Emb.* XLVII.

48

If they, who drew this *Lot*, now be
Of great *Estate*, or high *Degree*,
They shall ere long, become as poore,
As those, that beg from doore to doore.
If poore they be; it plaine appeares,
They shall become great *Princes* Peeres:
And, in their *Emblem*, they may know,
What very day, it will be, so.
See, *Emb.* XLVIII.

49

You, have attempted many a thing,
Which, you, to passe, could never bring;
Not, that, your Worke was hard to doe,
But, 'cause, you us'd wrong *Meanes*, thereto.
Hereafter, therefore, learne, I pray,
The *Times* of Working, and, the *Way*;
And, of thine *Emblem*, take thou heed,
If, better, thou desire to speed.
See, *Emb.* XLIX.

50

If you, to greater *Wealth*, will rise,
You must not, slender *Gaine*, despise;
Nay, if, you minde not, to be poore,
You must regard slight *Losses*, more:
For, *Wealth*, and *Poverty*, doe come,
Not all at once, but, some and some.
If this, concerne you, any wayes,
See, what your *Emblem*, further, sayes.
See, *Emb.* L.

51

Your *Fortune*, hath deserved thank,
That she, on you, bestowes a *Blank*:
For, as you, nothing good, have had;
So, you, have nothing, that is bad.
Yea, she, in this, hath favour showne,
(If, now, your *Freedome* well be knowne)
For, you, by *Lot*, these *Emblems*, mist,

That you, may chuse out, which you list.

52

You, by an *Emblem*, seeke to get
What Counsel your *Affaires* may fit;
But, in particular, there's none,
Which, you, by *Lot*, can light upon:
And, why? because, no *Morall*, there,
Doth, worthy of your Heed, appeare?
No; but because you rather, need,
Of ev'ry *Emblem*, to take heed.

53

The *Starres*, are, now, no friends of your,
Or this is not their lucky houre:
For, at this time, unto your *Lot*,
They, by an *Emblem*, answer not.
If, therefore, you desire to know
What good advice they will allow,
Some further *Meanes*, you must assay,
Or, trye your *Chance*, another day.

54

You, in your secret thoughts, despise
To thinke an *Emblem* should advise,
Or give you cause to minde or heed
Those things, whereof you may have need:
And, therefore, when, the *Lot*, you try'd,
An answer, justly, was deny'd.
Yet (by your leave) there are but few,

Who, need good *Counsell*, more then you.

55

In some extreame, you often are,
And, shoot too short, or else too farre;
Yea, such an errour, you were in,
When, for a *Lot*, you mov'd the *Pin*:
For, one touch more, or lesse, had layd
Our *Index*, where it should have stayd.
But, if you can be warn'd, by this,
To keepe the *Meane*, which oft you misse,
You have obtain'd as good a *Lot*,
As any one, this day, hath got.

56

Among these *Emblems*, none there be,
Which, now by *Lot* will fall to thee;
However, doe not thou repine:
For, this doth seeme to be a signe,
That, thou, thy Portion, shalt advance
By *Vertue*, not by fickle *Chance*.
Yet, nerethelesse, despise thou not
What, by good *Fortune*, may be got.

FINIS.

A COLLECTION OF EMBLEMES, ANCIENT AND MODERNE:

Quickened With Metricall Illvstrations; And, disposed into Lotteries, both *Morall* and *Divine*.

That *Jnstruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered by an Honest and Pleasant *Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The Second Booke.

LONDON,
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEWES.
MDCXXXIV.

TO
THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
Prince, *CHARLES*, Prince *of* Wales, *&c.*

FAir'st *Blossome* of our hopes; and *Morning-starre*
To all these *Ilands*, which inclosed are
By *Neptunes* armes, within our Northern *climes*;
And who (wee trust) shall rise, in future times,
To be the brightest *Light*, that, then will shine,
Betwixt the *Artick-Circle*, and the LINE.
  To YOV (as now you are) that I present
These EMBLEMS, 'tis not so impertinent
As those may thinke it, who have neither seene
What, of your *Cradle-sports*, hath heeded beene;
Nor heard how many serious *Questionings*,
Your *Child-hood* frameth, out of trifling things:
And, if mine aime I have not much mistooke,
I come not oversoone with such a *Booke*.
  So long as in this *Infant-Age* you are,
(Wherein, the speechlesse *Portraitures* appeare
A pleasurefull delight) your HIGHNESSE may
Among our EMBLEMS, finde a *Harmelesse-play*:
And, those mute *Objects* will from time to time,
Still *Riper*, seeme, till you to *ripenesse* clime.
When their dumb *Figures*, no more sport can make,
Their *Illustrations*, will begin to speake;
And, ev'ry day, new matter still disclose,
Vntill your *Iudgement* to perfection growes.

They likewise, who their *Services*, to do
Frequent your *Presence*, may have pleasure too,
From this your *Play-game*: yea, and some perchance,
May cure a *Folly*, or an *Ignorance*
By that, which they shall either heare or view
In these our *Emblems*, when they wait on *You*;
Or, shall be called, by your EXCELLENCE,
To try what LOT, they shall obtaine from thence.
It may, moreover, much increase the sport,
Which is allowed in a vertuous COVRT;
When they whose faults have long suspected bin,
Shall draw forth private Censures of their Sin,
And, heare their EMBLEMS, openly, display,
What, others dare not, but in private, say:
Nor will, to YOV, the MORALS be in vaine,
Ev'n when to manly Knowledge you attaine;
For, though to *Teach*, it will not them become
To be *Remembrancers*, they may presume:
And, that which in their *Child-hood*, men shall heed,
Will soonest come to minde, in time of need.
Incourag'd by these *Hopes*, I thought it meet
To lay this humble *Present* at your feet.
Accept it, now; and, please to favour *me*,
When I growe *old*, and, You a *Man* shall be.

To your Highnesse

most humbly devoted,

GEO: WITHER.

TO
THE MOST HIGH-BORNE
and hopeful Prince *JAMES, Duke of* Yorke*, &c.*

Sweet PRINCE,

YOur hand I kisse; and, thus my *Lines* addresse
Vnto your wise, and vertuous * GOVERNESSE.
* *The Countesse of Dorset.*

For, MADAME*, (as his* PROXY*) it is fit,*
That, YOV *both* Read*, and* answere *for him, yet.*
To YOV *for* HIM*, J therefore tender, here,*
To welcome-in the New-beginning Yeare*,*
This harmelesse PLAY-GAME*; that, it may have place,*
When somewhat riper Daies*, shall Make his* GRACE*,*
Affect such Objects*; which, to looke upon*
May pleasure yeeld him, e're this Yeare *be gone.*
'Tis not the least Discretion*, in great* COVRTS*,*
To know what Recreations*, and what* Sports
Become young PRINCES*; or, to find out those,*
Which may, with harmelesse pleasantnesse, dispose
Their Mindes to VERTVE*: neither in their* Cradles*,*
Should this be heeded lesse, than in their Sadles*:*
Because, when first to know*, we doe begin,*
A small Occasion*, lets much* Evill *in.*
Among those things, which both Instruct *and* please*;*
But few, (for Children*) are surpassing these:*

For, they, to looke on Pictures*, much desire;*
And, not to Looke alone*, but, to enquire*
What things those are, that represented be,
In ev'ry MAP*, or* EMBLEM*, which they see.*
And, that which they shall view*, or shall be* told*,*
(By meanes of any Figure *they behold)*
Experience *breedes; assisteth* Memory*;*
Or, helps to forme a Witty Fantasie*:*
And, if those Formes *to good Instruction tend,*
Oft steads them, also, till their lives have end.
Then, since ev'n all of us, much Good receive
By Vertuous PRINCES*; And should, therefore, strive*
To adde some helpes*, whereby they might acquire*
That Excellence*, which wee in them desire.*
I (being able, to present his GRACE,
With nothing but a Rattle*, or a* Glasse*,*
Or some such Cradle-play-game*) bring, to day,*
This BOOKE, to be as usefull as it may:
And, how*, and* when*, it will most* usefull *grow,*
Without my Teaching*, YOV can fully show.*
For, what is of your Ablenesse *believ'd,*
Through all these famous Ilands*, hath receiv'd,*
A large applause; in that*, from out of those*
Which ablest *were, both* King *and* State *have chose*
Your Faith *and* Wisedome*, to be TREASVRESSE*
Of their chiefe Iewels*; and the GOVERNESSE*
Of our prime Hopes. And, now J this have weigh'd,
Me thinks, there needs no more, by me, be said,
But, (having pray'd your HONOVR to receive
This PRESENT for the DVKE) to take my leave*;*
And Versifie *to* him*, some other day,*
When Hee *can understand mee, what I say.*

Till then, let it please your *Honour*

sometimes to
remember *Him*, that

I am his Graces

daily and humble

Oratour,

GEO: WITHER.

***We best shall quiet clamorous* Throngesſ,**
***When, we our selves, can rule our* Tongues.**

Illvstr. I. ***Book. 2***

Hen I observe the Melanchollie *Owles*,
Considering with what patience, they sustaine
The many clamours, of the greater *Fowles*;
And, how the little *Chirpers*, they disdaine:
When I remember, how, their Injuries
They sleight, (who, causeles give them an offence)
Vouchsafing, scarce to cast aside their eyes
To looke upon that foolish Insolence.
Me thinkes, by their *Example*, I am taught
To sleight the slaunders of Injurious *Tongues*;
To set the scoffes of *Censurers*, at naught,
And, with a brave *neglect*, to beare out *Wrongs*.
Hee, doubtles, whom the *Psalmist*, long agoe,
Vnto a lonely *Desert-Owle* compar'd,
Did practise thus; And, when I can doe so,
I, shall for all affronts, become prepar'd.
And, (though, this Doctrine, Flesh and blood gaine-say)
Yet, sure, to stopp the malice of *Despight*,
There is no better, (nay, no other) way:
Since, *Rage* by Opposition gathers *Might*.
Good God*! vouchsafe, sufficient grace and strength,*
That (though I have not yet, such Patience *gott)*
I may attaine this happy gift, at length;
And, finde the cause, that, yet, I have it not.
Though me, my Neighbours*, and my* Foes *revile;*
Make me of all their words, a Patient-bearer*:*
When er'e I suffer*, let me be, the while,*
As is the silent Lambe *before the* Shearer.
So; though my speakings*, cannot quiet any,*

My Patience *may restraine the Tongues of many.*

When wee by* Hunger*,* Wisdome *gaine,
***Our* Guts*, are wiser then our* Braine.**

Illvstr. II. ***Book. 2***

He *Crowe*, when deepe within a close-mouth'd-*Pot*.
She water finds, her thirstinesse to slake;
(And, knoweth not where else it might be got)
Her *Belly*, teacheth her, this course to take:
She flies, and fetcheth many *Pibbles* thither,
Then, downe into the *Vessell*, lets them *drop*;
Vntill, so many stones are brought together,
As may advance the water to the top.
From whence, we might this *observation* heed;
That, *Hunger*, *Thirst*, and those *necessities*,
(Which from the *Bellies* craving, doe proceed)
May make a *Foole*, grow provident and wise.
And, though (in sport) we say, the *braines* of some,
Not in their *Heads*, but in their *Gutts*, doe lye;
Yet, that, by wants, Men wiser should become,
Dissenteth not from true *Philosophy*:
For, no man labours with much *Willingnesse*,
To compasse, what he nought at all desires;
Nor seeketh so, his longing to possesse,
As, when some urgent neede, the same requires.
Nay, though he might, a *willingnesse*, retaine,
Yet, as the *Belly*, which is ever full,
Breeds fumes, that cause a *sottish-witles-braine*;
So, *plenteous Fortunes*, make the *Spirits* dull.
All, *borne to Riches*, have not *all-times*, witt
To keepe, (much lesse, to better) their degree:
But, men to nothing borne, oft, passage get.
(Through many wants) renown'd, and rich to bee:
Yea, *Povertie* and *Hunger*, did produce,

The best *Inventions*, and, of chiefest use.

Though* Musicke *be of some abhor'd,
She*, is the* Handmaid *of the* Lord.

Illvstr. III. ***Book. 2***

O *Musicke*, and the Muses, many beare
Much hatred; and, to whatsoever ends
Their *Soule-delighting-Raptures* tuned are,
Such peevish dispositions, it offends.
Some others, in a *Morall way*, affect
Their pleasing *Straines* (or, for a sensuall use)
But, in *Gods Worship*, they the same suspect;
(Or, taxe it rather) as a great abuse.
The *First* of these, are full of *Melancholy*;
And, Pitty need, or Comfort, more then blame;
And, soone, may fall into some dangerous *folly*,
Vnlesse they labour, to prevent the same.
The *Last*, are *giddie-things*, that have befool'd
Their Iudgements, with *beguiling-Fantasies*,
Which (if they be not, by discretion, school'd)
Will plunge them into greater *Vanities*.
For, *Musicke*, is the *Handmaid* of the LORD,
And, for his *Worship*, was at first ordayned:
Yea, therewithall she fitly doth accord;
And, where *Devotion* thriveth, is reteyned.
Shee, by a nat'rall power, doth helpe to raise,
The *mind* to God, when joyfull Notes are sounded:
And, *Passions* fierce Distemperatures, alaies;
When, by grave *Tones*, the *Mellody* is bounded.
It, also may in *Mysticke-sense*, imply
What *Musicke*, in *our-selves*, ought still to be;
And, that our *jarring-lives* to certifie,
Wee should in *Voice*, in *Hand*, and *Heart*, agree:
And, sing out, *Faith's* new-songs, with full concent,

Vnto the *Lawes*, ten-stringed *Instrument*.

Marke, what* Rewards*, to* Sinne*, are due,
And, learne,* uprightnesse *to pursue.

Illvstr. IIII. *Book.*

Sword unsheathed, and a *strangling-Snare*,
Is figur'd here; which, in *dumbe-shewes*, doe preach,
Of what the *Malefactor* should beware;
And, they doe *threaten too*, aswell as *Teach*.
For, some there are, (would God, that summe were lesse)
Whom, neither good *Advise*, nor, wholesome *Lawe*,
Can turne from Pathwaies of *Vnrighteousnesse*,
If *Death*, or *Tortures*, keepe them not in awe.
These, are not they, whose *Conscience* for the sake
Of *Goodnesse* onely, *Godlinesse*, pursues;
But, these are they, who never scruple make
What *Guilt*, but, what great *punishment* ensues.
For such as these, this *Emblem* was prepar'd:
And, for their sakes, in places eminent,
Are all our *Gallow-trees*, and *Gibbets*, rear'd;
That, by the sight of them, they might repent.
Let, therefore, those who feele their hearts inclin'd
To any kind of *Death-deserving-Crime*,
(When they behold this *Emblem*) change their mind,
Lest, they (too late) repent, another time.
And, let not those our Counsell, now, contemne,
Who, doome *poore Theeves* to death; yet, guilty be
Of more, then most of those whom they Condemne:
But, let them Learne their perill to foresee.
For, though a little while, they may have hope
To seeme upright, (when they are nothing lesse)
And, scape the *Sword*, the *Gallowes*, and the *Rope*,
There is a *Iudge*, who sees their wickednesse;
And, when grim *Death*, shall summon them, from

hence,
They will be fully plagu'd for their offence.

That* Kingdome *will establish'd bee,
Wherein the* People *well agree.

Illvstr. V. ***Book. 2***

Crowned Scepter, here is fixt upright,
Betwixt foure *Fowles*, whose postures may declare,
They came from *Coasts*, or *Climats* opposite,
And, that, they diffring in their natures are.
In which, (as in some others, that we finde
Amongst these *Emblems*) little care I take
Precisely to unfold our *Authors* minde;
Or, on his meaning, *Comments* here to make.
It is the scope of my Intention, rather
From such perplext *Inventions* (which have nought,
Of Ancient *Hieroglyphick*) *sense*, to gather,
Whereby, some usefull *Morall* may be taught.
And, from these *Figures*, my Collections be,
That, *Kingdomes*, and the *Royall-dignitie*,
Are best upheld, where *Subjects* doe agree,
To keepe upright the state of *Soveraignty*.
When, from each Coast and quarter of the Land,
The *Rich*, the *Poore*, the *Swaine*, the *Gentleman*,
Lends, in all *wants*, and at all *times*, his hand,
To give the best assistance that he can:
Yea, when with *Willing hearts*, and *Winged-speed*,
The men of all Degrees, doe duely carry
Their *Aides* to publike-workes, in time of need,
And, to their *Kings*, be freely tributary:
Then shall the *Kingdome* gayne the gloriest height;
Then shall the *Kingly-Title* be renown'd;
Then shall the *Royall-Scepter* stand upright,
And, with supremest *Honour*, then, be Crown'd.
But, where this Duty long neglect, they shall;

The *King* will suffer, and, the *Kingdome* fall.

From that, by which I* somewhat *am,
The Cause of my* Destruction *came.

Illvstr. VI. ***Book. 2***

He little *Sparkes* which rak'd in *Embers* lie,
Are kindly kindled by a gentle *blast*:
And, *brands* in which the fire begins to die
Revive by blowing; and, flame out at last.
The selfe same *wind*, becomming over strong,
Quite bloweth out againe that very flame;
Or, else, consumes away (ere it be long)
That wasting substance, which maintain'd the same.
Thus fares it, in a Thousand other things,
As soone as they the *golden Meane* exceed;
And, that, which keeping *Measure*, profit brings,
May, (by *excesse*) our losse, and ruine, breed.
Preferments (well and moderately sought)
Have helpt those men, new *Virtues* to acquire,
Who, being to superiour places brought,
Left all their *goodnesse*, as they climed higher.
A little *wealth*, may make us better able
To labour in our Callings: Yet, I see
That they, who being poore, were charitable,
Becomming rich, hard-hearted grow to be.
Love, when they entertaine it with discretion,
More worthy, and more happy, maketh men;
But, when their *Love* is overgrowne with *Passion*,
It overthrowes their happinesse, agen.
Yea, this our *Flesh*, (in which we doe appeare
To have that *being*, which we now enjoy)
If we should overmuch the same endeare,
Would our *Well-being*, totally destroy.
For, that which gives our *Pleasures* nourishment,
Is oft the poyson of our best *Content*.

By* Guiltines, Death *entred in,
***And,* Mischiefe *still pursueth* Sinne.**

Illvstr. VII. *Book.* 2

Xions wheele, and he himselfe thereon
Is figur'd, and (by way of *Emblem*) here,
Set forth, for *Guilty men* to looke upon;
That, they, their wicked Courses might forbeare.
To gaine a lawlesse favour he desired,
And, in his wicked hopes beguiled was:
For, when to claspe with *Iuno*, he aspired,
In stead of her, a *Clowd*, he did embrace.
He, likewise, did incurre a dreadfull *Doome*,
(Which well befitted his presumptuous Crime)
A terror, and, a warning, to become,
For wicked men, through all succeeding time.
As did his longings, and his after *Paine*,
So, theirs affecteth, nor effecteth ought,
But, that, which proveth either false or vaine;
And, their false *Pleasures*, are as dearely, bought:
Yea, that, whereon they build their fairest *Hope*,
May, bring them (in conclusion of the Deed)
To clime the *Gallowes*, and to stretch a *Rope*;
Or, send them thither, where farre worse they speed:
Ev'n thither, where, the *never-standing-Wheele*
Of *everlasting-Tortures*, turneth round,
And, racks the *Conscience*, till the soule doth feele
All Paines, that are in *Sense*, and *Reason* found.
For, neither doth black Night, more swiftly follow,
Declining *Day-light*: Nor, with Nimbler Motion
Can *waves*, each other, downe their Channell follow,
From high-rais'd *Mountaines*, to the bigg-womb'd *Ocean*,
Then, *Iustice* will, when she doth once begin,

To prosecute, an *Vnrepented-Sin*.

When wee have greatest* Griefes *and* Feares*,
Then,* Consolation *sweet'st appeares.

Illvstr. VIII. *Book.*

Hen, all the yeare, our fields are fresh and greene,
And, while sweet *Flowers*, and *Sunshine*, every day,
(As oft, as need requireth) come betweene
The Heav'ns and earth; they heedles passe away.
The fulnes, and continuance, of a blessing,
Doth make us to be senseles of the good:
And, if it sometime flie not our possessing,
The sweetnesse of it, is not understood.
Had wee no *Winter*, *Sommer* would be thought
Not halfe so pleasing: And, if *Tempests* were not,
Such Comforts could not by a *Calme*, be brought:
For, things, save by their *Opposites*, appeare not.
Both *health*, and *wealth*, is tastles unto some;
And, so is *ease*, and every other *pleasure*,
Till *poore*, or *sicke*, or *grieved*, they become:
And, then, they relish these, in ampler measure.
God, therefore (full as *kinde*, as he is *wise*)
So tempreth all the *Favours* he will doe us,
That, wee, his *Bounties*, may the better prize;
And, make his *Chastisements* lesse bitter to us.
One while, a scorching *Indignation* burnes
The Flowers and Blosomes of our HOPES, away;
Which into *Scarsitie*, our *Plentie* turnes,
And, changeth *vnmowne-Grasse* to *parched-Hay*;
Anon, his fruitfull *showres*, and pleasing *dewes*,
Commixt with cheerefull *Rayes*, he sendeth downe;
And then the Barren-earth her cropp renewes,
Which with rich Harvests, Hills, and Vallies Crowne:
For, as to relish *Ioyes*, he sorrow sends,

So, Comfort on *Temptation*, still, attends.

To brawle for* Gaine*, the* Cocke *doth sleight;
But, for his* Females*, he will fight.

Illvstr. IX. ***Book. 2***

Ome, are so *quarrellous*, that they will draw,
And *Brawle*, and *Fight*, for every toy they see;
Grow furious, for the wagging of a straw;
And, (otherwile) for lesse then that may be.
Some, are more staid, a little, and will beare,
Apparent wrongs (which to their face you doe;)
But, when they *Lye*, they cannot brooke to heare
That any should be bold to tell them so.
Another sort, I know, that *blowes* will take,
Put up the *Lye*, and give men leave to say
What words they please; till spoile they seeke to make
Of their estates; And, then, they'le kill and slay.
But, of all *Hacksters*, farre the fiercest are
Our *Cockrills of the game*, (Sir *Cupid's* knights)
Who, (on their foolish *Coxcombes*) often weare
The Scarres they get in their *Venerean-fights*.
Take heede of these; for, you may pacifie
The *first*, by time: The *second*, will be pleas'd
If you submit, or else your words denie;
The *third*, by satisfaction, are appeas'd:
But, he that for his *Female*, takes offence,
Through Iealousy, or madnesse, rageth so;
That, he accepteth of no recompence,
Till he hath wrought his *Rivals* overthrow.
Such Fury, shun; and, shunne their Vulgar minde,
Who for base trash despitefully contend;
But, (when a just occasion, thou shalt finde)
Thy Vertuous *Mistresse*, lawfully defend.
For, he, that in such cases turnes his face,

Is held a *Capon*, of a Dunghill Race.

If* Safely*, thou desire to goe,
***Bee nor too* swift*, nor* overflow.**

Illvstr. X. ***Book. 2***

Vr *Elders*, when their meaning was to shew
A *native-speedinesse* (in Emblem wise)
The picture of a *Dolphin-Fish* they drew;
Which, through the waters, with great swiftnesse, flies.
An *Anchor*, they did figure, to declare
Hope, *stayednesse*, or a *grave-deliberation*:
And therefore when those two, united are,
It giveth us a two-fold Intimation.
For, as the *Dolphin* putteth us in minde,
That in the Courses, which we have to make,
Wee should not be, to *slothfulnesse* enclin'd;
But, swift to follow what we undertake:
So, by an *Anchor* added thereunto,
Inform'd wee are, that, to maintaine our *speed*,
Hope, must bee joyn'd therewith (in all we doe)
If wee will undiscouraged proceed.
It sheweth (also) that, our *speedinesse*,
Must have some *staydnesse*; lest, when wee suppose
To prosecute our aymes with good successe,
Wee may, by *Rashnesse*, good endeavors lose.
They worke, with most securitie, that know
The *Times*, and best *Occasions* of *delay*;
When, likewise, to be neither *swift*, nor *slow*;
And, when to practise all the *speed*, they may.
For, whether calme, or stormie-passages,
(Through this life's *Ocean*) shall their *Bark* attend;
This *double Vertue*, will procure their ease:
And, them, in all necessities, befriend.
By *Speedinesse*, our works are timely wrought;

By *Staydnesse*, they, to passe are, safely, brought.

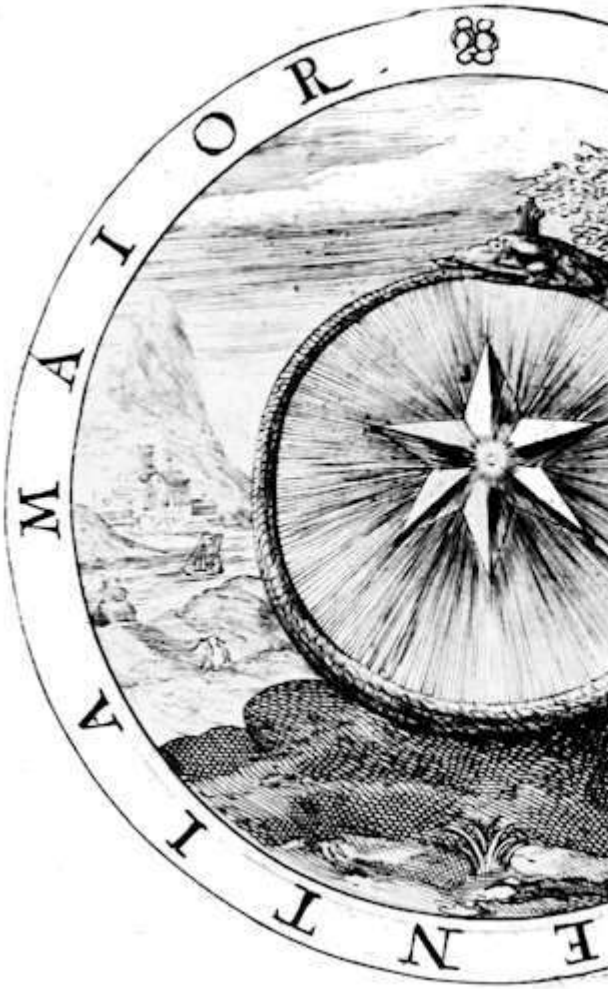
They that in* Hope*, and* Silence*, live,
The best* Contentment*, may atchive.

Illvstr. XI. ***Book. 2***

F thou desire to cherish true *Content*,
And in a troublous time that course to take,
Which may be likely mischieves to prevent,
Some use, of this our *Hieroglyphick*, make.
The *Fryers Habit*, seemeth to import,
That, thou (as ancient *Monkes* and *Fryers* did)
Shouldst live remote, from places of resort,
And, in *retyrednesse*, lye closely hid.
The *clasped-Booke*, doth warne thee, to retaine
Thy *thoughts* within the compasse of thy breast;
And, in a quiet *silence* to remaine,
Vntill, thy minde may safely be exprest.
That *Anchor*, doth informe thee, that thou must
Walke on in *Hope*; and, in thy Pilgrimage,
Beare up (without *despairing* or *distrust*)
Those wrongs, and sufferings, which attend thine *Age*.
For, whensoere *Oppression* groweth rife,
Obscurenesse, is more safe than *Eminence*;
Hee, that then keepes his *Tongue*, may keepe his *Life*,
Till Times will better favour *Innocence*.
Truth spoken where *untruth* is more approved,
Will but enrage the malice of thy foes;
And, otherwhile, a wicked man is moved
To cease from wrong, if no man him oppose.
Let this our *Emblem*, therefore, counsell thee,
Thy life in safe *Retyrednesse*, to spend:
Let, in thy breast, thy thoughts reserved bee,
Till thou art layd, where none can thee offend.
And, whilst most others, give their *Fancie scope*,

Enjoy thy selfe, in *Silence*, and in *Hope*.

Let none despaire of their Estate,
***For,* Prudence*, greater is, than* Fate.**

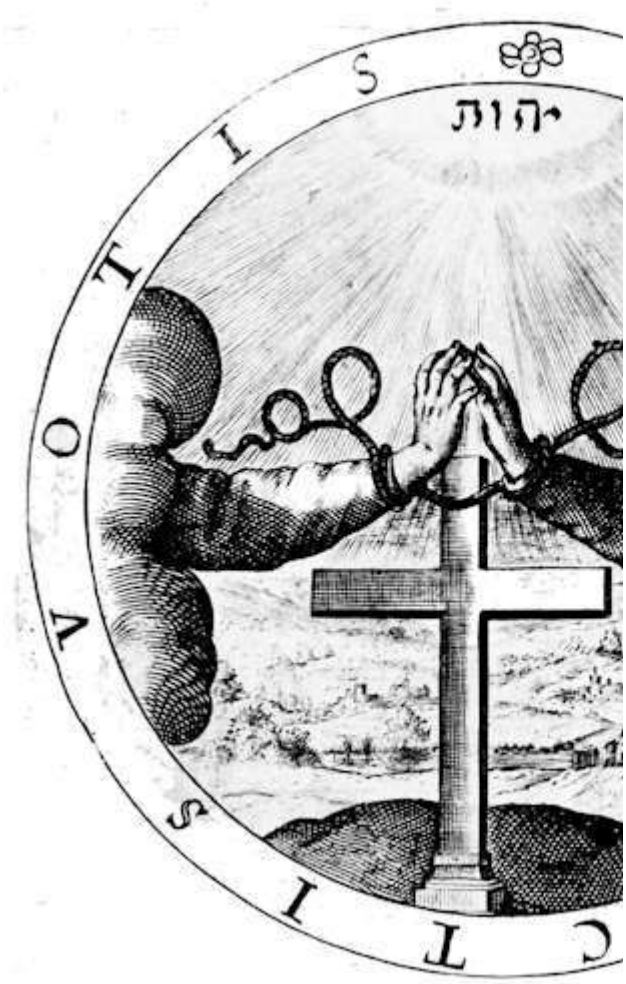


Illvstr. XII. *Book.*

Ee *merry* man, and let no causelesse feare
Of *Constellation*, fatall *Destinie*,
Or of those false *Decrees*, that publish'd are
By foolish braines, thy *Conscience* terrifie.
To thee, these *Figures* better Doctrines teach,
Than those blind *Stoikes*, who necessitate
Contingent things; and, arrogantly teach
(For doubtlesse truths) their dreames of changelesse
Fate.
Though true it bee, that those things which pertaine,
As *Ground-workes*, to *Gods* glorie, and our blisse,
Are fixt, for aye, unchanged to remaine;
All, is not such, that thereon builded is.
God, gives men power, to build on his *Foundation*;
And, if their *workes* bee thereunto agreeing,
No *Power-created*, brings that Variation,
Which can disturbe, the *Workmans* happy being.
Nor, of those *workings*, which required are,
Is any made unpossible, untill
Mans heart begins that *Counsell* to preferre,
Which is derived from a *crooked-will*.
The *Starres*, and many other things, incline
Our nat'rall *Constitutions*, divers wayes;
But, in the Soule, *God* plac'd a *Power-divine*,
Which, all those *Inclinations*, overswayes.
Yea, *God*, that *Prudence*, hath infus'd, by *Grace*,
Which, till *Selfe-will*, and *Lust*, betrayes a man,
Will keepe him firmely, in that happy place,
From whence, no *Constellation* move him can.
And, this is that, whereof I notice take,

From this great *Starre*, enclosed by a *Snake*.

Their* Friendship *firme will ever bide,
Whose hands unto the* Crosse *are tide.



Illvstr. XIII. *Book.*

Hen first I knew the world, (and was untaught
By tryde experience, what true *Friendship* meant)
That I had many *faithfull friends*, I thought;
And, of their Love, was wondrous confident.
For, few so young in yeares, and meane in fortune,
Of their *Familiars*, had such troopes, as I,
Who did their daily fellowship importune;
Or, seeme so pleased in their company.
In all their friendly meetings, I was one;
And, of the *Quorum*, in their honest game:
By day or night, I seldome sate alone;
And, welcome seemed, wheresoere I came.
But, where are now those multitudes of *Friends*?
Alas! they on a sudden flasht away.
Their love begun, but, for some sensuall ends,
Which fayling them, it would no longer stay.
If I to vaine expences, would have mov'd them,
They, nor their *paines*, nor *purses*, would have spared;
But, in a reall need, if I had prov'd them,
Small showes of kindnesse, had bin then declared.
Of thrice three thousands, two, perhaps, or three,
Are left me now, which (yet) as *Friends* I prize;
But, none of them, of that great number be,
With whom I had my youthfull Iollities.
If, therefore, thou desire a *Friend*, on Earth,
Let one *pure-faith* betwixt you bee begot,
And, seeke him not, in *vanities*, or *mirth*,
But, let *Afflictions* tye your *true-love-knot*:
For, they who to the *Crosse*, are firmely tyde,

Will fast, and everlasting *Friends*, abide.

***A* Candle *that affords no* light,**
What profits it, by Day, or Night?

Illvstr. XIIII. *Book.*

Here be of those in every *Common-weale*,
Whom to this *Emblem* we resemble may;
The *Name* of none I purpose to reveale,
But, their *Condition*, heere, I will display.
Some, both by gifts of *Nature*, and of *Grace*,
Are so prepared, that, they might be fit
To stand as *Lights*, in profitable place;
Yet, loose their *Talent*, by neglecting it.
Some, to the *common Grace*, and *nat'rall parts*,
(By helpe of *Nurture*, and good *Discipline*)
Have added an accomplishment of *Arts*,
By which, their *Light* may much the brighter shine.
Some others, have to this, acquired more:
For, to maintaine their *Lampe*, in giving light,
Of *Waxe*, and *Oyle*, and *Fatnesse*, they have store,
Which over-flowes unto them, day and night.
And, ev'n as *Lampes*, or *Candles*, on a Table,
(Or, fixt on golden *Candlesticks*, on high)
To light *Assemblies*, Great and Honourable,
They, oft, have (also) place of *Dignitie*.
By meanes of which, their *Splendor* might become
His praise, who those high favours did bequeath:
They might encrease the *Light* of *Christendome*,
And, make them see, who sit in shades of *Death*.
But, many of them, like those *Candles* bee,
That stand unlighted in a *Branch* of gold:
For, by their helpe wee nothing more can see,
Than wee in grossest darknesse, may behold.
If such there be, (as there bee such, I feare)

The question is, *For what good use they are*.

The* Sacrifice*, God loveth best,
Are* Broken-hearts*, for* Sin*, opprest.

Illvstr. XV. *Book.*

O Age, hath had a people, to professe
Religion, with a shew of holinesse,
Beyond these times; nor, did men *sacrifice*,
According to their foolish fantasies,
More oft than at this present. One, bestowes
On *pious-workes*, the hundreth part, of those
Ill-gotten goods, which from the poore he seazed,
And, thinkes his *God*, in that, is highly pleased.
Another, of her dues, the *Church* bereaves:
And, yet, himselfe a holy man conceives,
(Yea, and right bountifull) if hee can spare
From those his thefts, the tenth, or twentieth share,
To some new *Lecture*; or, a *Chaplaine* keepe,
To please *Himselfe*, or, preach his *Wife* asleepe.
Some others, thinke they bring sincere *Oblations*,
When, fir'd with zeale, they roare out *Imprecations*
Against all those, whom wicked they repute:
And, when to *God*, they tender any sute,
They dreame to merit what they would obtaine,
By *praying-long*, with Repetitions vaine.
With many other such like *Sacrifices*
Men come *to God*: but, he such *gifts* despises:
For, neither *gifts*, nor *workes*, nor *any thing*
(Which we can either *doe*, or *say*, or *bring*,)
Accepted is of *God*; untill he finde
A *Spirit-humbled*, and a *troubled-minde*.
A *contrite Heart*, is that, and, that alone,
Which *God* with love, and pitie, lookes upon.
Such he affects; therefore (*Oh Lord*) to thee;

Such, let my *Heart*, and, such, my *Spirit* bee.

A* King*, that prudently Commands,
***Becomes the glory of his* Lands.**

Illvstr. XVI. *Book.*

He *Royall-Scepter*, Kingly power, implyes;
The *Crowne-Imperiall*, GLORIE, signifies:
And, by *these* joyn'd in one, we understand,
A *King*, that is an honour to his *Land*.
A *Kingdome*, is not alwaies eminent,
By having Confines of a large *extent*;
For, *Povertie*, and *Barbarousnesse*, are found
Ev'n in some large *Dominions*, to abound:
Nor, is it *Wealth*, which gets a *glorious-Name*;
For, then, those *Lands* would spread the widest *Fame*,
From whence we fetch the *Gold* and *Silver-ore*;
And, where we gather *Pearles* upon the shore:
Nor, have those *Countries* highest exaltations,
Which breed the strongest, and the Warlikst *Nations*;
For, proud of their owne powre, they sometimes grow,
And quarrell, till *themselves* they overthrow.
Nor, doe the chiefest *glories*, of a *Land*,
In many *Cities*, or much *People*, stand:
For, then, those *Kingdomes*, most renowned were,
In which *Vnchristian Kings*, and, *Tyrants* are.
It is the *King* by whom a *Realme's* renowne,
Is either builded up, or overthrowne.
By *Solomon*, more fam'd was *Iudah* made,
Then, by the Multitude of men it had:
Great *Alexander*, glorified *Greece*,
Throughout the World, which, else had bene a piece
Perhaps obscure; And, *Cæsar* added more
To *Rome*, then all her greatnesse did before.
Grant, Lord*, these* Iles*, for ever may be blessed,*

With what, in this our Emblem *is expressed.*

By* Studie*, and by* Watchfulnesse*,
The Jemme of* Knowledge*, we possesse.

Illvstr. XVII. *Book.*

Thinke you would be wise; for, most men seeme
To make of *Knowledge* very great esteeme.
If such be your desires, this *Emblem* view;
And, marke how well the *Figures*, counsell you.
Wee by the Bird of *Athens*, doe expresse,
That painefull, and that usefull *watchfulnesse*,
Which ought to bee enjoyned, unto them,
Who seeke a place, in *Wisdomes* Academ.
For, as an *Owle* mewes up her selfe by *Day*,
And watcheth in the *Night*, to get her prey;
Ev'n so, good *Students*, neither must be such,
As *daily* gad; or *nightly* sleepe too much.
That *open-booke*, on which the *Owle* is perch'd,
Affords a *Morall*, worthy to be search'd:
For, it informes, and, darkly doth advise,
Your *Watchings* be not after Vanities;
(Or, like their *Wakings*, who turne dayes to nights,
In following their unlawfull appetites)
And, that, in keeping Home, you doe not spend
Your houres in sloth, or, to some fruitlesse end.
But, rather in good *Studies*; and, in that,
By which, true *Knowledge*, is arrived at.
For, if your *Studies*, and your *Wakings*, bee
To this intent; you shall that *Path-way* see
To *Wisdome*, and to *Honour*, which was found,
Of them, whose *Knowledge* hath been most renownd.
But, if your *Watchings*, and *Retyrednesse*,
Be for your *Lust*, or, out of *Sottishnesse*;
You are not, what th' *Athenian-Owle* implies,

But, what our *English-Owlet* signifies.

When* Mars*, and* Pallas*, doe agree,
Great workes, by them, effected bee.

Illvstr. XVIII. *Book.*

T prospers ever best, in all Estates,
When *Mars* and *Pallas* are continuall Mates.
And, those affaires but seldome luckie be,
In which, these needfull *Powers*, doe not agree.
That *Common-wealth*, in which, good *Arts* are found
Without a *Guard*, will soone receive a wound:
And, *Souldiers*, where *good-order* beares no sway,
Will, very quickly, rout themselves away.
Moreover, in our private Actions too,
There must bee both a *Knowledge*, how to doe
The *worke* propos'd; and *strength* to finish it;
Or, wee shall profit little by our *Wit*.
Discretion takes effect, where *Vigour* failes;
Where *Cunning* speeds not, *outward-force* prevailes;
And, otherwhile, the prize pertaines to neither,
Till they have joyn'd their *Vertues* both together.
Consider this; and, as occasions are,
To both of these your due respects declare.
Delight not so in *Arts*, to purchase harmes
By Negligence, or Ignorance of *Armes*:
If *Martiall-Discipline* thou shalt affect;
Yet, doe not *honest-Policie*, neglect.
Improve thy *Minde*, as much as e're thou may;
But foole thou not thy *Bodies* gifts away.
The *Vertues* both of *Body*, and of *Mind*,
Are, still, to be regarded in their kind.
And, wee should neither of the two disgrace;
Nor, either of them, raise above his place:
For, when these two wee value as wee ought,

Great works, by their *joynt-power*, to passe are
brought.

They, after* suffring*, shall be* crown'd*,
In whom, a* Constant-faith*, is found.

Illvstr. XIX. *Book.*

Arke well this *Emblem*; and, observe you thence
The nature of true *Christian-confidence*.
Her *Foot* is fixed on a *squared-Stone*,
Which, whether side soe're you turne it on,
Stands fast; and, is that *Corner-stone*, which props,
And firmely knits the structure of our *Hopes*.
Shee, alwayes, beares a *Crosse*; to signifie,
That, there was never any *Constancie*
Without her *Tryalls*: and, that, her perfection,
Shall never be attain'd, without *Affliction*.
A *Cup* shee hath, moreover, in her hand;
And, by that *Figure*, thou mayst understand,
That, shee hath draughts of *Comfort*, alwayes neere her,
(At ev'ry brunt) to strengthen, and to cheare her.
And, loe, *her* head is *crown'd*; that, we may see
How great, her *Glories*, and *Rewards*, will be.
Hereby, this *Vertue's* nature may be knowne:
Now, practise, how to make the same thine owne.
Discourag'd be not, though thou art pursu'd
With many wrongs, which cannot be eschew'd;
Nor yeeld thou to *Despairing*, though thou hast
A *Crosse* (which threatens death) to be embrac't;
Or, though thou be compell'd to swallow up,
The very dregs, of *Sorrowes* bitter *Cup*:
For, whensoever griefes, or torments, paine thee,
Thou hast the same *Foundation* to sustaine thee:
The selfe same *Cup* of *Comfort*, is prepared
To give thee strength, when *fainting-fits* are feared:
And, when thy *time of tryall*, is expired,

Thou shalt obtaine the *Crowne*, thou hast desired.

Love*, a* Musician *is profest,*
And, of all* Musicke*, is the best.

Illvstr. XX. ***Book.*** *2*

F to his thoughts my *Comments* have assented,
By whom the following *Emblem* was *invented*,
I'le hereby teach you (*Ladies*) to discover
A true-bred *Cupid*, from a fained *Lover*;
And, shew (if you have Wooers) which be they,
That worth'est are to beare your *Hearts* away.
As is the *Boy*, which, here, you pictured see,
Let them be *young*, or let them, rather, be
Of *suiting-yeares* (which is instead of *youth*)
And, wooe you in the *nakednesse*, of *Truth*;
Not in the common and disguised *Clothes*,
Of *Mimick-gestures*, *Complements*, and *Oathes*.
Let them be *winged* with a swift *Desire*;
And, not with *slow-affections*, that will tyre.
But, looke to this, as to the principall,
That, *Love* doe make them truly *Musicall*:
For, *Love's* a good *Musician*; and, will show
How, every faithfull *Lover* may be so.
Each *word* he speakes, will presently appeare
To be melodious *Raptures* in your eare:
Each *gesture* of his body, when he moves,
Will seeme to *play*, or *sing*, a *Song of Loves*:
The very *lookes*, and *motions* of his eyes,
Will touch your *Heart-strings*, with sweet *Harmonies*;
And, if the *Name* of him, be but exprest,
T'will cause a thousand *quaverings* in your breast.
Nay, ev'n those *Discords*, which occasion'd are,
Will make your *Musicke*, much the sweeter, farre.
And, such a mooving *Diapason* strike,

As none but *Love*, can ever play the like.

Thy* seeming-Lover*, false will bee,
***And, love thy* Money*, more than* Thee.**

Illvstr. XXI. *Book.*

Hat may the reason be, so many wed,
And misse the blessings of a *joyfull-Bed*,
But those ungodly, and improper ends,
For which, this Age most *Marriages* intends?
Some, love *plumpe flesh*; and, those as kinde will be
To any gamesome *Wanton*, as to thee.
Some, doate on *Honours*; and, all such will prize
Thy *Person*, meerely, for thy *Dignities*.
Some, fancy *Pleasures*; and, such *Flirts* as they,
With ev'ry *Hobby-horse*, will runne away.
Some (like this *Couple* in our *Emblem*, here)
Wooe hard for *Wealth*; and, very kind appeare,
Till they have wonne their prize: but, then they show
On what their best *Affections* they bestow.
This *Wealth*, is that sweet *Beautie*, which preferres
So many to their *Executioners*.
This, is that rare *Perfection*, for whose sake,
The *Politician*, doth his *Marriage*, make.
Yea, most of those whom you shall married find,
Were cousned, (or did cousen) in this kind;
And, for some *by-spects*, they came together,
Much more, than for the sakes, of one another.
If this concernes thee, now, in any sense;
For thy instruction, take this warning hence:
If thou hast err'd already, then, lament
Thy passed crime, and, beare thy punishment.
If thou, as yet, but tempted art to erre;
Then, let this *Emblem* be thy *Counsellor*:
For, I have said my mind; which, if thou slight,

Goe, and repent it, on thy *wedding night*.

Give* Credit*; but, first, well beware,
***Before thou* trust *them,* who they are.**

Illvstr. XXII. *Book.*

Rather would (because it seemeth just)
Deceived be, than causelesly distrust:
Yet, *whom* I credited; and, then, how *farre*;
Bee *Cautions*, which I thought worth heeding were:
And, had not this been taught me long agone,
I had been poorer, if not quite undone.
That, others to such warinesse, may come,
This *Emblem*, here, hath filled up a roome;
And, though a vulgar *Figure*, it may seeme,
The *Morall*, of it, meriteth esteeme.
That *Seeing-Palme*, (endowed with an *Eye*,
And handling of a *Heart*) may signifie
What warie *Watchfulnesse*, observe we must,
Before we venter on a weightie *Trust*:
And, that, to keepe our *kindnesse* from abuse,
There is of *double-diligence*, an use.
Mens hearts, are growne so false, that most are loath
To trust each others *Words*, or *Bands*, or *Oath*:
For, though wee had in every part an *Eye*,
We could not search out all *Hypocrisie*;
Nor, by our utmost providence, perceive
How many wayes, are open to deceive.
Now, then (although perhaps thou art so wise,
To know already, what I would advise)
Yet may this *Emblem*, or this *Motto*, bee
Instead of some *Remembrancer*, to thee.
So, take it therefore; And, be sure, if either
This *Warning*, or thy *Wit*, (or both together)
Can, still, secure thee from *deceitfull-hearts*;

Thy *luck* exceedeth all thy other parts.

Hee, that on* Earthly-things*, doth trust,
***Dependeth, upon* Smoake*, and* Dust.**

Illvstr. XXIII. *Book.*

Ord! what a coyle is here! and what a puther,
To save and get? to scratch and scrape together
The Rubbish of the world? and, to acquire
Those vanities, which *Fancie* doth desire?
What *Violence* is used, and what *Cunning*?
What nightly *Watchings*, and what daily *Running*?
What *sorrowes* felt? what *difficulties* entred?
What *losses* hazarded? what *perills* ventred?
And, still, how sottishly, doe wee persever
(By all the power, and meanes wee can endeaver)
To wheele our selves, in a perpetuall *Round*,
In quest of that, which never will be found?
In *Objects*, here on *Earth*, we seeke to finde
That perfect sollidnesse, which is confinde,
To things in *Heaven*, though every day we see,
What emptinesse, and faylings, in them be.
To teach us better; this, our *Emblem*, here,
Assayes to make terrestriall things appeare
The same they be, (both to our eares and eyes)
That, wee may rightly their Condition prize.
The best, which of earths *best things*, wee can say,
Is this; that they are *Grasse*, and will be *Hay*.
The rest, may be resembled to the *Smoke*,
(Which doth but either blind the sight, or choke)
Or else, to that uncleanly *Mushrum-ball*,
Which, in some Countries, wee a *Puff-foyst* call;
Whose *out-side*, is a nastie rotten *skin*,
Containing durt, or smoking-dust, *within*.
This is my *mind*; if wrong you thinke I've done them,

Be *Fooles*; and, at your perils, dote upon them.

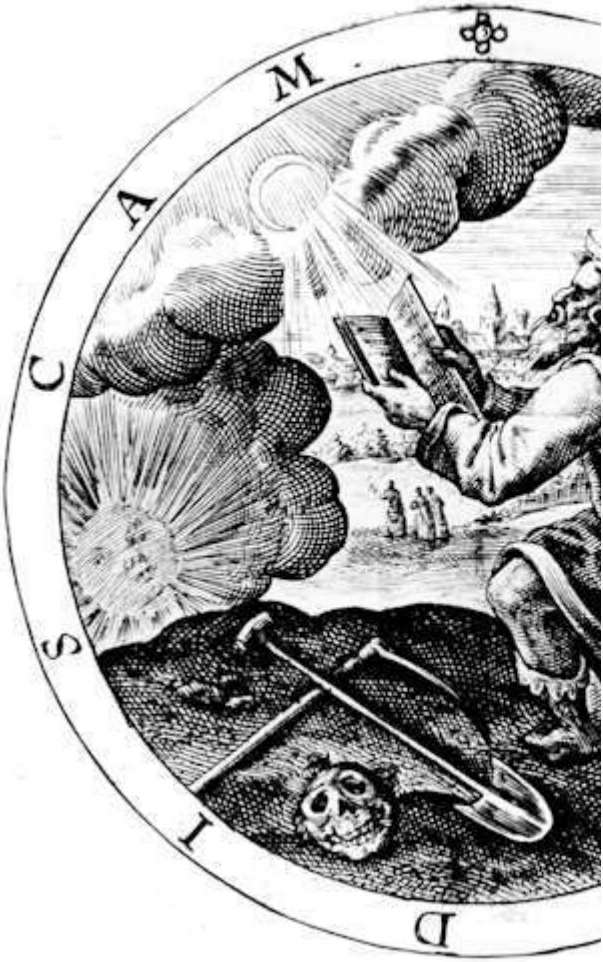
I beare, about mee, all my store;
And, yet, a* King *enjoyes not more.

Illvstr. XXIIII. *Book.*

His *Emblem* is a *Torteise*, whose owne shell
Becomes that *house*, where he doth rent-free dwell;
And, in what place soever hee resides,
His *Arched-Lodging*, on his backe abides.
There is, moreover, found a kind of these,
That live both on the shore, and in the Seas;
For which respects, the *Torteise* represents
That man, who in himselfe, hath full contents;
And (by the *Vertues* lodging in his minde)
Can all things needfull, in all places, finde.
To such a *Man*, what ever doth betide;
From him, his *Treasures*, nothing can divide.
If of his *outward-meanes*, Theeves make a prise;
Hee, more occasion hath to exercise
His *inward-Riches*: and, they prove a *Wealth*,
More usefull, and lesse lyable to stealth.
If, any at his harmelesse person strike;
Himselfe hee streight contracteth, *Torteis-like*,
To make the *Shell* of *Suffrance*, his defence;
And, counts it *Life*, to die with *Innocence*.
If, hee, by hunger, heat, or cold, be payn'd;
If, hee, be slaundred, sleighted, or disdayn'd;
Hee, alwayes keepes and carries, that, within him,
Which may, from those things, *ease* and *comfort*, win him.
When, him uncloathed, or unhous'd, you see;
His *Resolutions*, clothes and houses bee,
That keepe him safer; and, farre warmer too,
Than *Palaces*, and princely *Robes*, can doe.
God give mee wealth*, that hath so little Cumber;*

And, much good doo't the World *with all her Lumber.*

To* Learning*, J a love should have,
***Although one foot were in the* Grave.**



Illvstr. XXV. *Book.*

Ere, we an *Aged-man* described have,
That hath *one foot*, already, in the *Grave*:
And, if you marke it (though the *Sunne* decline,
And horned *Cynthia* doth begin to shine)
With *open-booke*, and, with attentive eyes,
Himselfe, to compasse *Knowledge*, he applyes:
And, though that *Evening*, end his last of dayes,
Yet, I will study, more to learne, he sayes.
From this, we gather, that, while time doth last,
The time of *learning*, never will be past;
And, that, each houre, till we our *life* lay downe,
Still, something, touching *life*, is to be knowne.
When he was old, wise *Cato* learned Greeke:
But, we have *aged-folkes*, that are to seeke
Of that, which they have much more cause to learne;
Yet, no such minde in them, wee shall discerne.
For, that, which they should studie in their *prime*,
Is, oft, deferred, till their *latter-time*:
And, then, *old-age*, unfit for *learning*, makes them,
Or, else, that common *dulnesse* overtakes them,
Which makes ashamed, that it should be thought,
They need, like *little-children*, to be taught.
And, so, out of this world, they doe returne
As wise, as in that weeke, when they were borne.
God, grant me grace, to spend my life-time so,
That I my duety still may seeke to know*;*
And, that, I never, may so farre proceed,
To thinke, that I, more Knowledge*, doe not need:*
But, in Experience*, may continue growing,*

Till I am fill'd with fruits of pious-knowing.

Good-fortune*, will by those abide,*
In whom,* True-vertue *doth reside.

Illvstr. XXVI. *Book.*

Arke, how the *Cornucopias*, here, apply
Their *Plenties*, to the *Rod* of *Mercury*;
And (if it seeme not needlesse) learne, to know
This *Hieroglyphick's* meaning, ere you goe.
The *Sages* old, by this *Mercurian-wand*
(*Caducœus* nam'd) were wont to understand
Art, *Wisedome*, *Vertue*, and what else we finde,
Reputed for endowments of the *Minde*.
The *Cornucopias*, well-knowne *Emblems*, are,
By which, great *wealth*, and *plenties*, figur'd were;
And (if you joyne together, what they spell)
It will, to ev'ry Vnderstanding, tell,
That, where *Internall-Graces* may be found,
Eternall-blessings, ever, will abound.
For, this is *truth*, and (though some thoughts in you
Suggest, that this is, often times, untrue)
This, ever is the *truth*; and, they have got
Few right-form'd *Vertues*, who believe it not.
I will confesse, true *Vertue* hath not ever
All *Common-plenties*, for which most indeavour;
Nor have the *Perfect'st-Vertues*, those high places,
Which *Knowledge*, *Arts* (and, such as have the faces
Of outward *beauty*) many times, attaine;
For, these are things, which (often) those men gaine,
That are more *flesh*, then *spirit*; and, have need
Of *carnall-helpes*, till higher they proceede.
But, they, of whom I speake, are flowne so high,
As, not to want those *Toyes*, for which wee crye:
And, I had showne you somewhat of their store,
But, that, this *Page*, had roome to write no more.

The* Gospel*, thankefully imbrace;
***For,* God*, vouchsafed us, this* Grace.**

Illvstr. XXVII. *Book.*

His moderne *Emblem*, is a mute expressing
Of *Gods* great Mercies, in a *Moderne-blessing*;
And, gives me, now, just cause to sing his praise,
For granting me, my being, in these dayes.
The much-desired *Messages* of Heav'n,
For which, our *Fathers* would their lives have giv'n,
And (in *Groves*, *Caves*, and *Mountaines*, once a yeare)
Were glad, with hazard of their goods, to heare;
Or, in lesse bloudy times, at their owne homes,
To heare, in private, and obscured roomes.
Lo; those, those *Ioyfull-tydings*, we doe live
Divulg'd, in every *Village*, to perceive;
And, that, the sounds of *Gladnesse*, eccho may,
Through all our goodly *Temples*, ev'ry day.
*This was (*Oh God*) thy doing; unto thee,*
Ascrib'd, for ever, let all Prayses bee.
Prolong this Mercie*, and, vouchsafe the* fruit*,*
May to thy Labour*, on this* Vine-yard*, suit:*
Lest, for our fruitlesnesse, thy Light of grace*,*
Thou, from our Golden candlesticke*, displace.*
We doe, me thinkes, already, Lord*, beginne*
To wantonize*, and let that* loathing *in,*
Which makes thy Manna *tastlesse; And, I feare,*
That, of those Christians, who, more often heare,
Then practise, what they know*, we have too many:*
And, I suspect my selfe*, as much as any.*
Oh! mend me *so, that, by amending* mee*,*
Amends in others*, may increased be:*
And, let all Graces*, which thou hast bestow'd,*

Returne thee honour*, from whom, first, they flow'd.*

The* Bees*, will in an* Helmet *breed;
And,* Peace*, doth after* Warre*, succeed.

Illvstr. XXVIII. ***Book***

Hen you have heeded, by your *Eyes* of *sense*,
This *Helmet*, hiving of a Swarme of *Bees*,
Consider, what may gather'd be from thence,
And, what your *Eye* of *Vnderstanding* sees.
That *Helmet*, and, those other *Weapons*, there,
Betoken *Warre*; the Honey-making, *Flyes*,
An *Emblem* of a happy *Kingdome*, are,
Injoying *Peace*, by painfull Industries:
And, when, all these together are exprest,
As in this *Emblem*, where the *Bees*, doe seeme
To make their dwelling, in a *Plumed-Crest*,
A *Morall* is implyed, worth esteeme.
For, these inferre, mysteriously, to me,
That, *Peace*, and *Art*, and *Thrift*, most firme abides,
In those *Re-publikes*, where, *Armes* cherisht bee;
And, where, true *Martiall-discipline*, resides.
When, of their Stings, the *Bees*, disarm'd, become,
They, who, on others Labours, use to prey,
Incourag'd are, with violence, to come,
And, beare their *Honey*, and, their *Waxe*, away.
So when a *People*, meerely, doe affect
To gather Wealth; and (foolishly secure)
Defences necessary, quite neglect;
Their Foes, to spoyle their Land, it will allure.
Long *Peace*, brings *Warre*; and, *Warre*, brings *Peace*, again:
For, when the smart of *Warfare* seizeth on them,
They crye, *Alarme*; and, then, to fight, are faine,
Vntill, their *Warre*, another *Peace*, hath wonne them;
And, out of their old rusty *Helmets*, then,

New *Bees* doe swarme, and, fall to worke agen.

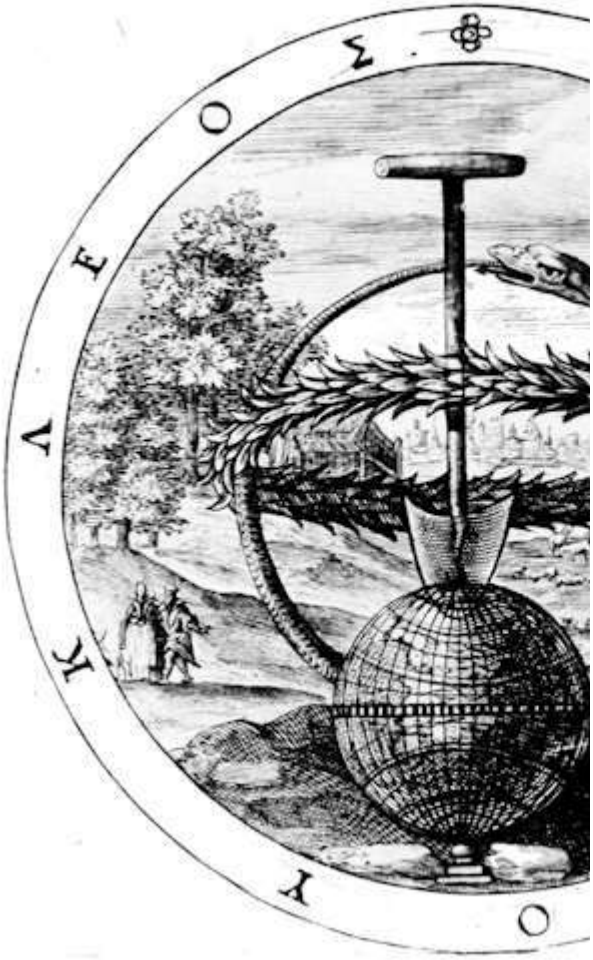
The* Heart *of him, that is* upright*,
In* Heavenly-knowledge*, takes delight.

Illvstr. XXIX. *Book.*

His *Emblem*, with some other of the rest,
Are scarce, with seemly *Properties*, exprest,
Yet, since a vulgar, and a meane *Invention*
May yield some *Fruit*, and shew a good *Intention*;
Ile, hence, as well informe your *Intellects*,
As if these *Figures* had not those defects.
The *Booke*, here shadow'd, may be said, to show
The *Wisdome*, and *Experience*, which we know
By Common meanes, and, by these *Creatures*, here,
Which to be plac'd below us, may appeare.
The *Winged-heart*, betokens those *Desires*,
By which, the *Reasonable-soule*, aspires
Above the *Creature*; and, attempts to clime,
To *Mysteries*, and *Knowledge*, more sublime:
Ev'n to the *Knowledge* of the *Three-in-one*,
Implyed by the *Tetragrammaton*.
The *Smokings* of this *Heart*, may well declare
Those *Perturbations*, which within us are,
Vntill, that Heavenly wisedome, we have gain'd,
Which is not, here, below, to be attain'd;
And, after which, those *Hearts*, that are *upright*,
Enquire with daily studie, and delight.
To me, Oh Lord*, vouchsafe thou, to impart*
The gift of such a Rectifyed-heart.
Grant me the Knowledge *of Inferiour things,*
So farre, alone, as their Experience, brings
The Knowledge*, which, I ought to have of thee,*
And, of those Dueties, thou requir'st of mee:
For, thee, Oh God*, to* know*, and, thee to* feare*,*

Of truest Wisedome*, the Perfections are.*

Where, **Labour*****, wisely, is imploy'd,***
Deserved **Glory*****, is injoy'd.***



Illvstr. XXX. *Book.*

Oe men suppose, when *Gods* free-giving Hand,
Doth by their *Friends*, or, by *Inheritance*,
To *Wealth* or *Titles*, raise them in the Land,
That, those, to *Lasting-glories*, them advance?
Or, can men thinke, such *Goods*, or *Gifts* of Nature,
As *Nimble-apprehensions*, *Memory*,
An *Able-body*, or, a comely *Feature*
(Without improvement) them, shall dignifie?
May Sloth, and Idlenesse, be warrantable,
In us, because our *Fathers* have been rich?
Or, are wee, therefore, truely honourable,
Because our *Predecessours*, have beene such?
When, nor our *Fortunes*, nor our *naturall parts*,
In any measure, are improved by us,
Are others bound (as if we had deserts)
With Attributes of *Honour* to belye us?
No, no; the more our *Predecessours* left,
(Yea, and, the more, by *nature*, we enjoy)
We, of the more esteeme, shall be bereft;
Because, our *Talents*, we doe mis-imploy.
True *Glory*, doth on *Labour*, still attend;
But, without *Labour*, *Glory* we have none.
She, crownes good *Workmen*, when their Works have end;
And, *Shame*, gives payment, where is nothing done.
Laborious, therefore, bee; But, lest the *Spade*
(which, here, doth *Labour* meane) thou use in vaine,
The *Serpent*, thereunto, be sure thou adde;
That is, Let *Prudence* guide thy *taking-paine*.
For, where, a *wise-endeavour*, shall be found,

A *Wreath* of *Glory*, will inclose it round.

Behold, you may, the* Picture*, here,
Of what, keepes* Man*, and* Childe*, in feare.

Illvstr. XXXI. *Book.*

THese, are the great'st *Afflictions*, most men have,
Ev'n from their *Nursing-cradle*, to their *Grave*:
Yet, both so needfull are, I cannot see,
How either of them, may well spared bee.
The *Rod* is that, which, most our *Child-hood* feares;
And, seemes the great'st *Affliction* that it beares:
That, which to *Man-hood*, is a plague, as common
(And, more unsufferable) is a *Woman*.
Yet, blush not *Ladies*; neither frowne, I pray,
That, thus of *Women*, I presume to say;
Nor, number mee, as yet, among your *foes*;
For, I am more your *friend*, then you suppose:
Nor smile ye *Men*, as if, from hence, ye had
An Argument, that *Woman-kinde* were bad.
The *Birch*, is blamelesse (yea, by nature, sweet,
And gentle) till, with stubborne Boyes, it meet:
But, then, it smarts. So, *Women*, will be kinde,
Vntill, with froward *Husbands*, they are joyn'd:
And, then indeed (perhaps) like Birchen boughes,
(Which, else, had beene a trimming, to their House)
They, sometimes prove, sharpe *whips*, and *Rods*, to them,
That *Wisdome*, and *Instruction* doe contemne.
A *Woman*, was not given for *Correction*;
But, rather for a furtherance to *Perfection*:
A precious *Balme of love*, to cure Mans griefe;
And, of his Pleasures, to become the chiefe.
If, therefore, she occasion any smart,
The blame, he merits, wholly, or in part:
For, like sweet *Honey*, she, good *Stomackes*, pleases;

But, paines the *Body*, subject to *Diseases*.

Death's *one* long-Sleepe*; and,* Life's *no more,*
But one* short-Watch*, an houre before.

Illvstr. XXXII. *Book.*

Hen, on this *Child-like-figure*, thou shalt looke,
Which, with his *Light*, his *Houre-glasse*, and his *booke*,
Sits, in a *watching-posture*, formed here;
And, when thou hast perus'd that *Motto*, there,
On which he layes his hand; thy selfe apply
To what it counselleth; and, *learne to die*,
While that *Light* burnes, and, that *short-houre* doth last,
Which, for this *Lesson*, thou obtained hast.
And, in this *bus'nesse*, use thou no delayes;
For, if the bigger *Motto* truely, sayes,
There is not left unto thee, one whole *Watch*,
Thy necessary labours, to dispatch.
It was no more, when first thy *Life* begunne;
And, many *Glasses* of that *Watch* be runne:
Which thou observing, shouldst be put in minde,
To husband well, the *space* that is behind.
Endeavour honestly, whil'st thou hast *light*:
Deferre thou not, thy *Iourney*, till the *night*;
Nor, sleepe away, in Vanities, the *prime*,
And *flowre*, of thy most acceptable *time*.
So watchfull, rather, and, so carefull be,
That, whensoere the *Bridegroome* summons thee;
And, when thy *Lord* returnes, unlookt for, home;
Thou mayst, a *Partner*, in their joyes, become.
And, oh my God! *so warie, and so wise,*
Let me be made; that, this, which I advise
To other men (and really have thought)
May, still, in practice, by my selfe, be brought:
And, helpe, and pardon me, when I transgresse,

Through humane frailtie, or, forgetfulnesse.

***What ever* God *did* fore-decree,**
***Shall, without faile,* fulfilled be.**

Illvstr. XXXIII. ***Book***

E thinkes, that *Fate*, which *God* weighs forth to all,
I, by the *Figure* of this *Even-Skale*,
May partly show; and, let my *Reader*, see
The state, of an *Immutable-decree*;
And, how it differs, from those *Destinies*,
Which carnall understandings, doe devise.
For, this implies, that ev'ry thing, *to-come*,
Was, by a steady, and, by equall *doome*,
Weigh'd out, by *Providence*; and, that, by *Grace*,
Each *thing*, each *person*, ev'ry *time*, and *place*,
Had thereunto, a *powre*, and *portion* given,
So proper to their nature (and, so even
To that just *measure*, which, aright became
The *Workings*, and, the *being*, of the same)
As, best might helpe the furthering of that *end*,
Which, *God's* eternall *wisedome*, doth intend.
And, though, I dare not be so bold, as they,
Who, of *God's* Closet, seeme to keep the *Key*;
(And, things, for absolute *Decrees*, declare,
Which, either *false*, or, but *Contingents* are)
Yet, in his *Will-reveal'd*, my *Reason*, sees
Thus much, of his *Immutable-decrees*:
That, him, a *Doome-eternall*, reprobateth,
Who scorneth *Mercie*; or, *Instruction* hateth,
Without *Repenting*: And, that, whensoever,
A *Sinner*, true *amendment*, shall indeavour;
Bewaile his *Wickednesse*, and, call for *grace*;
There shall be, for *Compassion*, time, and place.
And, this, I hold, a branch of that *Decree*,

Which, Men may say, shall *never changed be*.

My* Fortune*, I had rather beare;
Then come, where greater perills are.

Illvstr. XXXIV. ***Book***

Arke well this *Caged-fowle*; and, thereby, see,
What, thy estate, may, peradventure, be.
She, wants her *freedome*; so, perhaps, dost thou,
Some *freedomes* lacke, which, are desired, now;
And, though, thy *Body* be not so confin'd;
Art straitned, from some liberty of *Minde*.
The *Bird in thrall*, the more contented lyes,
Because, the *Hawke*, so neere her, she espyes;
And, though, the *Cage* were open, more would feare,
To venture out, then to continue there:
So, if thou couldst perceive, what *Birds of prey*,
Are hov'ring round about thee, every day,
To seize thy *Soule* (when she abroad shall goe,
To take the *Freedome*, she desireth so)
Thou, farre more fearefull, wouldst of them, become,
Then thou art, now, of what thou flyest from.
Not *Precepts*, but *Experience*, thus hath taught me;
Which, to such resolutions, now have brought me,
That, whatsoever mischiefes others doe me,
I make them yield some true Contentments to me;
And, seldome struggle from them, till I see,
That, *smother-fortunes* will securer be.
What spight soere my Foes, to me, can doe,
I laugh thereat, within an houre or two;
For, though the World, and I, at first, believe,
My Suffrings, give me cause enough to grieve;
Yet, afterward, I finde (the more to glad me)
That, better *Fortunes*, might farre worse have made me.
By some young *Devills*, though, I scratched am,

Yet, I am hopefull, I shall scape their *Dam*.

The more contrary* Windes *doe blow,
The greater* Vertues *praise will grow.

Illvstr. XXXV. *Book.*

Bserve the nature of that *Fiery-flame*,
Which on the *Mountaines* top so brightly showes;
The *Windes* from every quarter, blow the same,
Yea, and to blow it out, their *fury* blowes;
But, lo; the more they *storme*, the more it *shineth*;
At every Blast, the *Flame* ascendeth higher;
And, till the *Fuells* want, that rage confineth,
It, will be, still, a great, and glorious *Fire*.
Thus fares the man, whom *Vertue*, Beacon-like,
Hath fixt upon the *Hills* of Eminence,
At him, the Tempests of mad *Envie* strike,
And, rage against his Piles of Innocence;
But, still, the more they wrong him, and the more
They seeke to keepe his worth from being knowne,
They, daily, make it greater, then before;
And, cause his *Fame*, the farther to be blowne.
When, therefore, no selfe-doting *Arrogance*,
But, *Vertues*, cover'd with a modest vaile,
Breake through *obscurity*, and, thee advance
To place, where *Envie* shall thy worth assaile;
Discourage not thy selfe: but, stand the shockes
Of wrath, and fury. Let them snarle and bite;
Pursue thee, with *Detraction*, *Slanders*, *Mockes*,
And, all the venom'd Engines of *Despight*,
Thou art above their malice; and, the *blaze*
Of thy *Cœlestiall-fire*, shall shine so cleare,
That, their besotted soules, thou shalt amaze;
And, make thy *Splendours*, to their shame, appeare.
If this be all, that *Envies* rage can doe,

Lord, give me Vertues, *though I suffer too*.

Even as the* Smoke *doth passe away;
So, shall all* Worldly-pompe *decay.

Illvstr. XXXVI. ***Book***

Ome better *Arguments*, then yet I see,
I must perceive; and, better causes, why,
To those gay things, I should addicted bee,
To which, the Vulgar their *Affections* tye.
I have consider'd, *Scepters*, *Miters*, *Crownes*,
With each appurtenance to them belonging;
My *heart*, hath search'd their *Glories*, and *Renownes*;
And, all the pleasant things about them thronging:
My *Soule*, hath truely weigh'd, and, tooke the measure,
Of *Riches* (which the most have so desired)
I have distill'd the Quintessence of *Pleasure*,
And, seene those Objects, that are most admired.
I, likewise feele all *Passions*, and *Affections*,
That helpe to cheat the *Reason*, and perswade
That those poore *Vanities*, have some perfections,
Whereby their Owners, happy might be made.
Yet, when that I have rouz'd my *Vnderstanding*,
And cleans'd my Heart from some of that Corruption,
Which hinders in me *Reasons* free commanding,
And, shewes, things, without vailes, or interruption;
Then, they, me thinkes, as fruitlesse doe appeare,
As *Bubbles* (wherewithall young-children play)
Or, as the *Smoke*, which, in our *Emblem*, here,
Now, makes a show, and, straight, consumes away.
Be pleas'd, Oh God*, my value may be such*
Of every Outward-blessing*, here below,*
That, I may neither love them overmuch,
Nor underprise the Gifts*, thou shalt bestow:*
But, know the use, of all these fading *Smokes*;

And, be refresht, by that, which others chokes.

Death*, is unable to divide*
Their Hearts, whose Hands* True-love *hath tyde.

Illvstr. XXXVII. ***Book***

Pon an *Altar*, in this *Emblem*, stands
A *Burning-heart*; and, therewithall, you see
Beneath *Deaths-head*, a paire of *Loving-hands*,
Which, close, and fast-united, seeme to be.
These moderne *Hieroglyphickes* (vulgarly
Thus bundled up together) may afford
Good-meanings, with as much *Propriety*,
As best, with common *Iudgements*, will accord.
It may imply, that, when both *Hand* and *Heart*,
By sympathizing dearenesse are invited,
To meet each others nat'rall *Counterpart*,
And, are by sacred *Ordinance* united:
They then have entred that strict *Obligation*,
By which they, firmely, ev'ry way are ty'd;
And, without meanes (or thought of separation)
Should in that *Vnion*, till their *Deaths*, abide;
This, therefore, minde thou, whatsoere thou be
(Whose *Marriage-ring*, this *Covenant*, hath sealed)
For, though, thy Faith's infringement, none can see,
Thy secret fault, shall one day, be revealed.
And, thou that art at liberty, take heed,
Lest thou (as over great a number doe)
Of thine owne person, make a *Privy-deed*,
And, afterwards, deny thy doing so.
For, though there be, nor *Church*, nor *Chappell*, nigh thee
(Nor outward witnesses of what is done)
A *Power-invisible* doth alwayes eye thee;
And, thy pretended *Love*, so lookes upon,
That, if thou be not, till thy *dying*, true;

Thy *Falsehood*, till thy *dying*, thou shalt rue.

False* Weights*, with* Measures *false eschew,
***And, give to ev'ry man, their* Due.**

Illvstr. XXXVIII. ***Bool***

Orth of a *Cloud* (with *Scale* and *Rule*) extended
An *Arme* (for this next *Emblem*) doth appeare;
Which hath to us in *silent-showes*, commended,
A *Vertue*, that is often wanting, here.
The World, is very studious of *Deceipts*;
And, he is judged wisest, who deceives.
False-measures, and, *Adulterated-weights*,
Of many dues, the needy-man bereaves.
Ev'n *Weights* to sell, and, other *Weights* to buy
(*Two sorts of weights*) in practice are, with some;
And, both of these, they often falsifie,
That, they to great, and *suddaine wealth*, may come.
But, Conscience make of raysing your estates,
By such a base, and such a wicked way:
For, this Injustice, *God* expressely hates;
And, brings, at last, such *thrivers* to decay.
By *Weight* and *measure*, *He*, on all bestowes
The Portions due; That, *Weight* and *Measure*, then,
Which Man to *God*, or to his *Neighbour* owes,
Should, justly, be returned backe agen.
Give ev'ry one, in ev'ry thing his owne:
Give *honour*, where an *honour* shall be due;
Where you are *loved*, let your *love* be showne;
And, yield them succours, who have succour'd you.
Give to thy *Children*, breeding and *Corrections*;
Thy *Charities*, ev'n to thy *Foes* extend:
Give to thy *wife*, the best of thy *Affections*;
To *God*, thy *selfe*, and, all thou hast, commend:
And, lest thou faile, Remember who hath sayd,

Such measure*, as thou giv'st, shall be repay'd.*

He needs not feare, what spight can doe,
Whom* Vertue *friends, and* Fortune*, too.

Illvstr. XXXIX. ***Book***

Hen, in this *Emblem* here, observe you shall
An *Eaglet*, perched, on a *Winged-ball*
Advanced on an *Altar*; and, have ey'd
The *Snakes*, assayling him, on ev'ry side:
Me thinkes, by that, you straight should apprehend
Their state, whom *Wealth*, and *Vertue*, doe befriend.
My Iudgement, by that *Altar-stone*, conceives
The sollidnesse, which, true *Religion* gives;
And, that fast-grounded *goodnesse*, which, we see;
In grave, and sound *Morality*, to be.
The *Flying-ball*, doth, very well, expresse
All *Outward-blessings*, and, their *ficklenesse*.
Our *Eaglet*, meaneth such *Contemplatives*,
As, in this world, doe passe away their lives,
By so possessing that which they have got,
As if they car'd not, though, they had it not.
The *Snakes*, may well resemble those, among them,
Who, meerely out of *envie*, seeke to wrong them;
And, all these *Figures* (thus together layd)
Doe speake to me, as if these words, they sayd:
That man, who builds upon the best foundation*,*
(And spreads the widest wings of Contemplation*)*
Whil'st, in the flesh*, he bides, will need some props*
of earthly-fortunes*, to support his* hopes*:*
And, other-while, those things, may meanes become,
The stings of Envie*, to secure him from.*
And, hence, I learne; that, such, as will abide,
Against all *Envie*, strongly fortify'd,
Must joyne, great *Vertues*, and great *Wealth*, together.

God helpe us, then, poore-soules*, who scarce have either!*

Time*, is a* Fading-flowre*, that's found Within* Eternities *wide* round.

Illvstr. XL. ***Book.*** **2**

Ive *Termes*, there be, which five, I doe apply
To all, that *was*, and *is*, and, *shall be done*.
The *first*, and *last*, is that ETERNITIE,
Which, neither shall have *End*, nor, was *begunne*.
BEGINNING, is the *next*; which, is a space
(Or moment rather) scarce imaginarie,
Made, when the first *Material*, formed was;
And, then, forbidden, longer time to tarry.
TIME entred, when, BEGINNING had an *Ending*,
And, is a Progresse, all the workes of *Nature*,
Within the circuit of it, comprehending,
Ev'n till the *period*, of the *Outward-creature*.
END, is the *fourth*, of those five *Termes* I meane;
(As briefe, as was *Beginning*) and, ordayned,
To set the last of *moments*, to that *Scœne*,
Which, on this Worlds wide *Stage*, is entertayned.
The *fifth*, we EVERLASTING, fitly, call;
For, though, it once *begunne*, yet, shall it never
Admit, of any *future-end*, at all;
But, be extended onward, still, for ever.
The knowledge of these *Termes*, and of what *actions*,
To each of them belongs, would set an end,
To many Controversies, and Distractions,
Which doe so many trouble, and offend.
TIME'S nature, by the *Fading-flowre*, appeares;
Which, is a *Type*, of Transitory things:
The *Circled-snake*, ETERNITIE declares;
Within whose *Round*, each fading Creature, springs.
Some *Riddles* more, to utter, I intended,

But, lo; a sudden stop, my words have ended.

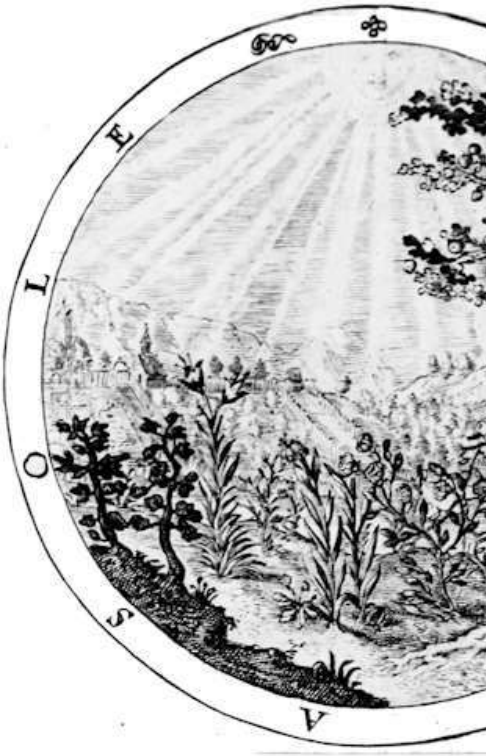
When great Attempts are undergone,
Ioyne* Strength *and* Wisedome*, both in one.

Illvstr. XLI. *Book.*

F (*Reader*) thou desirous be to know
What by the *Centaure*, seemeth here intended;
What, also, by the *Snake*, and, by the *Bowe*,
Which in his hand, he beareth alway bended:
Learne, that this *halfe-a man*, and *halfe-a horse*,
Is ancient *Hieroglyphicke*, teaching thee,
That, *Wisedome* should be joyn'd with outward *force*,
If prosperous, we desire our workes to be.
His *Vpper-part*, the shape of *Man*, doth beare,
To teach, that, *Reason* must become our *guide*.
The *hinder-parts*, a *Horses* Members are;
To shew, that we must, also, *strength* provide:
The *Serpent*, and the *Bowe*, doth signifie
The same (or matter to the same effect)
And, by two *Types*, one *Morall* to implie,
Is doubled a *fore-warning* of *neglect*.
When *Knowledge* wanteth *Power*, despis'd we grow,
And, *know* but how to aggravate our paine:
Great *strength*, will worke it owne sad overthrow,
Vnlesse, it guided be, with *Wisedomes* reine.
Therefore, Oh God*, vouchsafe thou so to marry*
The gifts of Soule *and* Body*, both, in me,*
That, I may still have all things necessary,
To worke, as I commanded am, by thee.
And, let me not possesse them, Lord*,* alone*,*
But, also, know *their vse; and, so well* know *it,*
That, I may doe each duety *to be done;*
And, with upright Intentions, alwayes doe it.
If this be more, then, yet, obtaine I may,

My will accept thou, for the deed*, I pray.*

The* Ground *brings forth all needfull things;
But, from the* Sunne*, this vertue springs.



Illvstr. XLII. *Book.*

E doe acknowledge (as this *Emblem* showes)
That *Fruits* and *Flowres*, and many *pleasant-things*,
From out the *Ground*, in ev'ry season growes;
And, that unto their *being*, helpe it brings.
Yet, of it selfe, the *Ground*, we know is dull,
And, but a *Willing-patient*, whereupon
The *Sunne*, with Beames, and Vertues wonderfull,
Prepareth, and effecteth, what is done.
We, likewise, doe acknowledge, that our *eyes*
Indowed are with faculties of *Seeing*,
And, with some other nat'rall *properties*,
Which are as much our owne, as is our *Being*.
However, till the *Sunne* imparts his light,
We finde, that we in *darkenesse* doe remaine,
Obscured in an everlasting night;
And, boast our *Seeing-faculties*, in vaine.
So, we, by nature, have some nat'rall powers:
But, *Grace*, must those abilities of ours
First move; and, guide them, still, in moving, thus,
To worke with *God*, when *God* shall worke on us:
For, *God* so workes, that, no man he procures
Against his *nature*, ought to chuse, or shun:
But, by his *holy-Spirit*, him allures;
And, with sweet mildnesse, proveth ev'ry one.
The *Sunne* is faultlesse of it, when the birth
Of some bad *Field*, is nothing else but *Weeds*:
For, by the selfe-same *Sun-shine*, fruitfull Earth
Beares pleasant Crops, and plentifully breeds.
Thus, from our *selves*, our *Vices* have increase,
Our *Vertues*, from the *Sunne* of *Righteousnesse*.

***No* passage *can divert the* Course,**
Of* Pegasus*, the* Muses *Horse.

Illvstr. XLIII. *Book.*

His is the *Poets-horse*; a *Palfray*, SIRS,
(That may be ridden, without rod or spurres)
Abroad, more famous then *Bucephalus*,
Though, not so knowne, as *Banks* his horse, with us;
Or some of those *fleet-horses*, which of late,
Have runne their *Masters*, out of their estate.
For, those, and *Hobby-horses*, best befit
The note, and practice of their moderne wit,
Who, what this *Horse* might meane, no knowledge had,
Vntill, a *Taverne-signe*, they saw it made.
Yet, this old *Emblem* (worthy veneration)
Doth figure out, that *winged-contemplation*,
On which the *Learned* mount their best *Invention*,
And, climbe the *Hills* of highest Apprehension.
This is the nimble *Gennet*, which doth carry,
Their *Fancie*, thorow *Worlds* imaginary;
And, by *Idœas* feigned, shewes them there,
The nature of those *Truths*, that reall are.
By meanes of *this*, our *Soules* doe come to know
A thousand secrets, in the *Deeps* below;
Things, here on *Earth*, and, things above the *Skyes*,
On which, we never fixed, yet, our eyes.
No thorny, miery, steepe, nor craggy place,
Can interrupt this *Courser*, in his race:
For, that, which others, in their passage troubles,
Augments his courage, and his vigour doubles.
Thus, fares the Minde*, infus'd with brave desires;*
It flies through Darkenesse, Dangers, Flouds, and Fires:
And, in despight of what her ayme resisteth:

Pursues her hopes*, and takes the* way *she listeth.*

The* Husbandman*, doth sow the Seeds;
And, then, on* Hope*, till* Harvest*, feeds.

Illvstr. XLIV. *Book.*

He painfull *Husbandman*, with sweaty browes,
Consumes in labour many a weary day:
To breake the stubborne earth, he *digs* and *ploughes*,
And, then, the Corne, he scatters on the clay:
When that is done, he *harrowes* in the Seeds,
And, by a well-cleans'd Furrow, layes it drye:
He, frees it from the *Wormes*, the *Moles*, the *Weeds*;
He, on the *Fences*, also hath an eye.
And, though he see the chilling Winter, bring
Snowes, *Flouds*, and *Frosts*, his Labours to annoy;
Though *blasting-windes* doe nip them in the *Spring*,
And, *Summers* Meldewes, threaten to destroy:
Yea, though not onely *Dayes*, but *Weekes*, they are
(Nay, many *Weekes*, and, many *Moneths* beside)
In which he must with payne, prolong his care,
Yet, constant in his hopes he doth abide.
For this respect, HOPE'S *Emblem*, here, you see
Attends the *Plough*, that men beholding it,
May be instructed, or else minded be,
What Hopes, continuing *Labours*, will befit.
Though, long thou toyled hast, and, long attended
About such workings as are necessary;
And, oftentimes, ere fully they are ended,
Shalt finde thy paines in danger to miscarry:
Yet, be not out of *hope*, nor quite dejected:
For, buryed Seeds will sprout when *Winter's* gone;
Vnlikelier things are many times effected;
And, *God* brings helpe, when men their best have done.
Yea, they that in *Good-workes* their life imploy;

Although, *they sowe in teares, shall reape in joy*.

Things, to their best perfection come,
Not all at once; but, **some** ***and*** **some.**

Illvstr. XLV. *Book.*

Hen, thou shalt visit, in the Moneth of *May*,
A costly *Garden*, in her best array;
And, view the well-grown Trees, the wel-trimm'd
Bowers,
The Beds of Herbs, the knots of pleasant flowers,
With all the deckings, and the fine devices,
Perteyning to those earthly *Paradises*,
Thou canst not well suppose, one day, or two,
Did finish all, which had beene, there, to doe.
Nor dost thou, when young Plants, or new-sowne Lands,
Doe thirst for needfull Watrings, from thy hands,
By *Flood-gates*, let whole Ponds amongst them come;
But, them besprinklest, rather, *some* and *some*;
Lest, else, thou marre the *Flowres*, or chill the *Seed*,
Or drowne the *Saplings*, which did moysture need.
Let this experiment, which, to thy thought,
May by this *Emblem*, now perhaps, be brought,
Perswade thee to consider, that, no actions,
Can come, but by *degrees*, to their perfections;
And, teach thee, to allot, for every thing,
That *leisurely-proceeding*, which may bring
The ripenesse, and the fulnesse, thou expectest:
And, though thy *Hopes*, but slowly thou effectest,
Discourage not thy selfe; since, oft they prove
Most prosperous actions, which at leisure move.
By many *drops*, is made a mighty *showre*;
And many *minutes* finish up an *houre*:
By *little*, and by *little*, we possesse
Assurance of the greatest *Happinesse*.
And, oft, by too much *haste*, and, too much *cost*,

Great *Wealth*, great *Honours*, and, great *Hopes*, are *lost*.

Affliction*, doth to many adde*
More* value*, then, before, they had.

Illvstr. XLVI. *Book.*

Hough I am somewhat soberer to day,
I have been (I confesse) as mad as they,
Who think those men, that large Possessions have,
Gay Clothes, fine Furnitures, and Houses brave,
Are those (nay more, that they alone are those)
On whom, the stile of *Rich*, we should impose.
But, having, by experience, understood
His words, who sayd, *his troubles did him good*,
I, now perceive, the *Worldly-rich* are poore,
Vnlesse of *Sorrowes*, also, they have store.
Till from the *Straw*, the *Flaile*, the *Corne* doth beat;
Vntill the *Chaffe*, be purged from the *Wheat*,
Yea, till the *Mill*, the *Graines* in pieces teare,
The richnesse of the *Flowre*, will scarce appeare.
So, till mens persons great *Afflictions* touch
(If *worth* be found) their *worth* is not so much,
Because, like *Wheat*, in *Straw*, they have nor, yet,
That value, which in *threshing*, they may get.
For, till the bruising *Flailes* of GOD'S *Corrections*,
Have threshed out of us our vaine *Affections*;
Till those *Corruptions*, which doe misbecome us,
Are by thy *Sacred-spirit*, winnowed from us;
Vntill, from us, the *straw* of *Worldly-treasures*;
Till all the dusty *Chaffe* of empty *Pleasures*;
Yea, till his *Flaile*, upon us, he doth lay,
To thresh the huske of this our *Flesh* away;
And, leave the *Soule* uncover'd; nay, yet more,
Till *God* shall make, our very *Spirit* poore;
We shall not up to highest *Wealth* aspire:

But, then we shall; and, *that is my desire*.

Though* Fortune*, hath a powerfull* Name*,
Yet,* Vertue *overcomes the same.

Illvstr. XLVII. *Book.*

Snake, (which was by wise *Antiquitie*
Much us'd, the type of *Prudencie* to be)
Hemmes in a *Winged-ball*, which doth imply,
That *Fickle-fortune*, from which, none are free.
Above this *Ball*, the *Snake* advanceth too,
The *Laurell*, and the *Sword*; which, *Emblems* are,
Whereby our *Authour* maketh much adoe,
A *Conquest* over *Fortune*, to declare.
And, well enough this purpose it befits,
If (*Reader*) any one of those thou be,
Whose *Fortunes* must be mended by their *Wits*;
And, it affords instructions fit for thee:
For, hence, thou mayst collect, that, no estate
Can, by *Misfortunes* means, become so bad,
But, *Prudence* (who is *Mistresse* over *Fate*)
May rule it so, that, good it might be made.
Though *Fortunes* outlawes, on thy *Riches* prey,
By *Wisedome*, there is meanes, of getting more;
And, ev'ry rub that's placed in thy way,
Shall make thee walke more safely, then before.
Nor *Poverty*, nor *Paynes*, nor *Spightfulnesse*,
Nor other *Mischiefes*, that *Mischance* can doe thee,
Shall bring thee any sorrow or distresse,
Which will not be, at last, advantage to thee.
Lord*, give me such a* Prudence*: for my* Fortune
Puts many foyles, and cruell thrusts upon me:
Thy helpe, long since, it made me to importune;
And, thou didst grant it, or she had undone me.
Still, daigne me thy assistance, Lord*, and, than,*

Let all Misfortunes*, doe the worst they can.*

A* Life*, with* good-repute*, Jle have,
***Or, winne an honourable* Grave.**

Illvstr. XLVIII. ***Book***

IN this our *Emblem*, you shall finde exprest
A *Man*, incountring with a *Salvage-beast*;
And, he resolveth (as his *Motto* sayes)
To *live* with *honour*; or, to *dye* with *praise*.
I like the *Resolution*, and the *Deed*,
In which, this *Figure* teacheth to proceed.
For, us, me thinkes, it counselleth, to doe,
An act, which all men are oblig'd unto.
That ugly *Bore* (wherewith the man in strife
Here seemes to be) doth meane a *Swinish-life*,
And, all those beastly *Vices*, that assay
To root becomming *Vertues* quite away;
Those *Vices*, which not onely marre our features,
But, also, ruinate our manly natures.
The harmefull fury, of this raging *Bore*,
Oppose couragiously, lest more and more,
It get within you; and, at last, appeare
More prevalent, then your defences are.
It is a large-growne *Pig*, of that wilde *Swine*,
Which, ev'ry day, attempts to undermine
Our *Safeties* Fort: Twas he, which long agoe,
Did seeke the *Holy-Vineyards* overthrow:
And, if we charge him not with all our power,
The *Sire*, or *hee*, will enter and devoure.
But, what's our Strength, O Lord! *or, what are wee*
In such a Combate*, without ayde from thee?*
Oh, come to helpe us, therefore, in this Fight;
And, let us be inabled in thy might:
So, we shall both in life-time*, Conquests have;*

And, be victorious, also, in the Grave.

Shee *shall increase in glory, still,*
Vntill her* light*, the world, doth fill.

Illvstr. XLIX. *Book.*

Hat in this *Emblem*, that mans meanings were,
Who made it first, I neither know nor care;
For, whatsoere, he purposed, or thought,
To serve my *purpose*, now it shall be taught;
Who, many times, before this Taske is ended,
Must picke out *Moralls*, where was none intended.
This knot of *Moones* (or *Crescents*) crowned thus,
Illustrate may a Mystery to us,
Of pious use (and, peradventure, such,
As from old *Hieroglyphicks*, erres not much)
Old-times, upon the *Moone*, three *names* bestow'd;
Because, three diverse wayes, her selfe she show'd:
And, in the *sacred-bookes*, it may be showne,
That *holy-Church*, was figur'd by the *Moone*.
Then, these three *Moones in one*, may intimate
The *holy-Churches* threefold blest estate.
The *Moone*, still, biding in our *Hemisphære*,
May typifie the *Church*, consisting, here,
Of men, yet living: when she shewes her light
Among us here, *in portions of the night*;
The *Church* it figures, as consist she may
Of *them*, whose *bodies* in the *Grave* doe stay;
And, whose blest *spirits*, are ascended thither,
Where *Soule* and *Body* meet, at last, together.
But, when the *Moone* is hidden from our eyes,
The *Church-triumphant*, then, she signifies;
Which, is a *Crescent* yet, that, some, and some,
Must grow, till all her parts together come:
And, then, this *Moone* shall beames, at full, display;

LORD, *hasten this great* Coronation-day.

***True* Vertue *is a* Coat of Maile,**
'Gainst which, no* Weapons *can prevaile.

Illvstr. L. ***Book. 2***

Ord, what a coyle men keepe, and, with what care
Their *Pistolls*, and, their *Swords* doe they prepare,
To be in readinesse? and, how they load
Themselves with Irons, when they ride abroad?
How wise and wary too, can they become,
To fortifie their persons up at home,
With lockes, and barres? and such *domestick-Armes*,
As may secure their bodies, there, from harmes?
However, when all's done, we see, their foes
Breake in, sometimes, and worke their overthrowes.
For, though (about themselves, with Cable-quoiles,
They could inclose a hundred thousand miles)
The *gunshot* of a slanderous *tongue*, may smite,
Their *Fame* quite through it, to the very *White*.
Yea, more (though, there, from others, they were free)
They wounded, by themselves, to death might be,
Except their *Innocence*, more guards them, than
The strength of twenty royall *Armies*, can.
If, therefore, thou thy *Spoylers*, wilt beguile,
Thou must be armed, like this *Crocodile*;
Ev'n with such nat'rall *Armour* (ev'ry day)
As no man can bestowe, or take away:
For, spitefull *Malice*, at one time or other,
Will pierce all borrowed *Armours*, put together.
Without, let *Patience* durifie thy Skin;
Let *Innocencie*, line thy heart *within*;
Let constant *Fortitude*, unite them so,
That, they may breake the force of ev'ry blow:
And, when thou thus art *arm'd*, if ill thou speed;

Let me sustaine the *Mischiefe*, in thy steed.

Finis Libri secundi.

THE SECOND LOTTERIE.

1

Ome friends, and foes, of thine, there be,
That make a *wondring-stocke* of thee;
Some other over-much, of late,
To thy dishonour boldly prate,
And, peradventure, to thy face,
E're long, they'l doe thee some disgrace:
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, doth advise
That thou should'st make them no replies;
And showes that *silent-patience*, than
Shall stead thee more then *Answers* can.

See, *Emblem.* I.

2

By such as know you, it is thought,
That, you are better *fed* then *taught*:
And, that, it might augment your *wit*,
If you were sometimes *hunger-bit*.
That *Emblem*, which by *Lot* you drew,
To this effect doth somewhat shew:
But 'twill goe hard, when you are faine,
To feed your *Bowells*, by your *Braine*.

See, *Emb.* II.

3

Perhaps you may be one of those,
Whom, from the *Church*, an *Organ* blowes;
Or, peradventure, one of them,
Who doth all melody contemne:
Or, one, whose *life* is yet untaught,
How into *tune* it should be brought.
If so, your *Lot*, to you hath sent
An *Emblem*, not impertinent.

See, *Emb.* III.

4

God blesse thee, whosoere thou art,
And, give thee still an honest heart:
For, by the fortune of thy *Lot*,
That *Sword*, and *Halter*, thou hast got,
Which threatens *death*, with much disgrace;
Or, promises the Hang-mans's place.
But, be not griev'd; for, now and than,
The *Gallowes* makes an honest man;
And, some, who scape an outward curse,

Born in their *lives* and *deaths* are worse,
See, *Emb.* IV.

M 5

Thou would'st be loth, we should suspect,
Thou didst not well thy *King* affect;
Or, that, thou should'st be so ingrate,
To sleight the welfare of the *State*:
Yet, thou, perchance, art one of those,
Who *discord* through the *Kingdome* sowes.
We know not, but if such thou be,
Marke, what thine *Emblem* teaches thee.
See, *Emb.* V.

6

In you, a naturall desire
Beginnes to blow *Affection's* fire;
But, by *discretion*, guide the *blast*,
Lest, it consume you, at the last;
Or, by the fury of the same,
Blow out some necessary *Flame*.
Yea, that, which doth your *Profit* breed,
May harme you, if you take not heed.
See, *Emb.* VI.

7

Be carefull, what you goe about;
For, by this *Lot*, there may be doubt,
That you, some wickednesse intend,
Which will undoe you, in the end.

If you have done the *deed*, repent:
If purpos'd ill, the same prevent.
Else, though in *jest*, this *Counsell* came,
In *earnest*, you may rue the same.
See, *Emb.* VII.

8

Thou art afflicted; or, ere long
Shalt sing some lamentable Song:
And, of those troubles, take some share,
Which, thou art very loth to beare.
But, be not overmuch dismayd,
Nor pine, what ere on thee be layd,
For, comfort shall thy joy restore,
And, make thee gladder, then before.
See, *Emb.* VIII.

9

If this thy *Chance* hath done thee right,
Thou art, or hast beene apt to fight;
And, wilt upon occasion small,
Beginne, sometimes, a needlesse *brawle*.
To shew thee, therefore, thy defect;
Or, that thy folly may be check't,
And, fit thy minde for better things,
Thine *Emblem*, some good *counsell* brings.
See, *Emb.* IX.

10

What thing soere thou undertak'st,

Thou seldome good conclusion mak'st;
For, still, when thou hast ought to doe,
Thou art too *hasty*, or too *slow*;
And, from that equall temper stray'st,
By which, thy worke effect thou mayst.
To mend this fault thou counsell'd art,
Be wiser, therefore, then thou wert.

See, *Emb.* X.

11

Thou hast in publicke lived long,
And, over freely us'd thy *tongue*;
But, if thy safety thou desire,
Be *silent*, and, thy selfe *retire*.
And, if thou wilt not be undone,
Possesse thy *joyes*, and *hopes*, alone:
For, they, that will from harmes be free,
Must *silent*, and *obscured*, bee.

See, *Emb.* XI.

12

Thy *Fortune*, thou dost long to heare,
And, what thy *Constellations* are:
But, why should'st thou desire to know,
What things, the *Planets* doe foreshow;
Seeke, rather, *Wisedome* to procure,
And, how, all *Fortunes* to indure:
So, thou shalt gaine a blest estate,
And, be the *Master* of thy *Fate*.

See, *Emb.* XII.

13

Thou, seem'st to have great store of *friends*,
But, they affect thee, for their ends.
There is, in those, but little trust,
Who love, for *profit*, *mirth*, or *lust*.
Learne, therfore, when, thou mayst be sure,
Thy *Friend's* affection will indure;
And, that this *Knowledge* may be got,
Good notice take thou of thy *Lot*.

See, *Emb.* XIII.

14

It is conceiv'd, that meanes thou hast,
Or, might'st have had good meanes, at least,
To bring those matters to effect,
Which thou dost carelesly neglect;
And, good for many might'st have done,
Who, yet, hast pleasur'd few, or none.
If this be true, thy *Lot* peruse,
And, *God's* good gifts, no more abuse.

See, *Emb.* XIV.

15

Religious thou would'st faine be deem'd,
And, such, to many thou hast seem'd:
But, to this matter more there goes,
Then zealous lookes, and formall showes.
Looke, therefore, that thy heart be true,
What e're thou seeme in outward view.
And, if *God's* favour thou would'st have,

Observe what *Off'rings*, he doth crave.
See, *Emb.* XV.

16

That *Emblem*, which this *Lot* will bring,
Concernes the honour of a *King*:
How, therefore, thee it may concerne,
By thy discretion seeke to learne.
Perhaps, the *Royall-powre* hath seem'd
To thee, not so to be esteem'd,
As well it merits, to be priz'd.
If so, now better be advis'd.
See, *Emb.* XVI.

17

Both learn'd, and wise, thou would'st become,
(Else thou hast much deceived some)
But, if thy *hopes* thou will effect,
Thou must not likely *meanes* neglect;
And, what the likelyest *meanes* may bee,
Thine *Emblem* hath advised thee:
For, by a *Fowle*, that's blockish thought,
Good *counsell* may to thee be taught.
See, *Emb.* XVII.

18

If, to *preferment* thou wilt rise,
Thou must not *Arts*, nor *Armes*, despise;
Nor so in *one* of these delight,
That, thou the *other*, wholly sleight.

Nor, to thy *Body* be inclin'd,
So much, as to neglect thy *Minde*.
This, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst learne;
And, much thy good it may concerne.
See, *Emb.* XVIII.

19

Thy *fortunes* have appeared bad;
For, many *suff'rings* thou hast had:
And *tryalls* too, as yet made knowne
To no mans knowledge, but thine owne.
But, let nor losse, nor fame, nor smart,
From constant hopes remove thy heart:
And, as thine *Emblem* doth foreshew,
A good conclusion will insue.
See, *Emb.* XIX.

*W*20

Your *Lot* informeth how to know
Where, best your *Love* you may bestow:
And, by the same it may appeare
What *Musicke* most affects your eare.
Denye it not; for (by your leave)
Wee by your lookes, your heart perceive.
And, this perhaps you'l thinke upon
(To purpose) when you are alone.
See, *Emb.* XX.

21

This *Lot* may make us all suspect,

That some wrong *object* you affect;
And, that, where dearenesse you pretend,
It is not for the noblest end.
What mischiefe from such falshood flowes,
Your *Emblem* very truely showes;
And, may more happy make your *Fate*,
If counsell be not come too late.

See, *Emb.* XXI.

22

To trust on others, thou art apt;
And, hast already beene intrapt;
Or, may'st er'e long be much deceiv'd
By some, whom thou hast well believ'd.
Be heedfull, therfore, of thy *Lot*;
And, let it never be forgot:
So, though some hazzard thou mayst run,
Yet, thou shalt never be undone.

See, *Emb.* XXII.

23

It seemes thou tak'st too great a care
For things, that vaine, and fading are;
Or else, dost overprise them so,
As if all blisse from them did flowe.
That, therefore, thou mayst view their worth,
In *Hieroglyphicke* shaddow'd forth,
Thy *Lot* befriends thee: marke the same,
And, be in this, no more to blame.

See, *Emb.* XXIII.

24

Though some, should thee, for one, mistake,
Whose *wealth* is all upon his backe,
If what thou hast, bee all thine owne,
God, hath enough on thee bestowne.
A *Princes* ransome, wee may beare,
In *Iewells*, which most precious are;
And, yet, to many men may seeme,
To carry nothing worth esteeme.
Therefore, though small thy substance be,
Thine *Emblem*, somewhat comforts thee.

See, *Emb.* XXIV.

25

By this your *Emblem*, wee discerne,
That, you are yet of age to learne;
And, that, when elder you shall grow,
There, will be more for you to *know*:
Presume not, therefore of your *wit*,
But, strive that you may benefit.
For, of your age, we many view,
That, farre more *wisedome* have, then you.

See, *Emb.* XXV.

26

By thy complaints, it hath appear'd,
Thou think'st thy *Vertues* want reward;
And, that, if they their merit had,
Thou *rich*, and *nobler* should'st be made.
To drive thee from that partiall thought,

Thou, by an *Emblem*, shalt be taught,
That, where true *Vertue* may be found,
The truest *wealth* will still abound.
See, *Emb.* XXVI.

27

By this thy *Lot*, thou dost appeare
To be of those, who love to heare
The *Preacher's* voyce; or, else of them,
That undervalue, or contemne
Those dayly *showres* of wholsome *words*,
Which *God*, in these our times, affords.
Now, which soere of these thou bee,
Thine *Emblem*, something, teaches thee.
See, *Emb.* XXVII.

28

Thou deal'st, when thee thy *foe* offends,
As if, you never should be *friends*.
In *peace*, thou so secure doth grow,
As if, thou could'st not have a *foe*.
How, therefore, *Peace* and *Warre* pursues
Each other, this thine *Emblem* shewes,
That, thou mayst learne, in ev'ry tide,
For future chances, to provide.
See, *Emb.* XXVIII.

29

What e're thou are in outward shew,
Thy Heart is ever very true,

And, to those *Knowledges* aspires,
Which every prudent *Soule* desires:
Yet, be not proud that thou hast got
This testimonie, by thy *Lot*.
But, view thine *Emblem*, and endeaver
In search of *Knowledge* to persever.
See, *Emb.* XXIX.

30

If *Glory*, thou desire to get,
Thy *Wits*, thou must on working set;
And, *labour* unto *Prudence* adde,
Before true *Honor* will be had:
For, what thy *Friends*, or *Parents* brought,
To make thee *famous*, profits nought;
But, rather will procure thy *shame*,
Vnlesse, thou shalt improove the same.
See, *Emb.* XXX.

M 31

The time hath beene, that of the *Rod*,
Thou wert more fearefull, then of *God*;
But, now unlesse thou prudent grow,
More cause thou hast to feare a *shrowe*;
For, from the *Rod*, now thou art free,
A *Woman*, shall thy torment be.
At her, yet doe not thou repine,
For, all the fault is onely thine.
See, *Emb.* XXXI.

32

It seemes, thy *Time* thou dost *mispend*:
To warne thee, therefore of thine end;
To shew, how short thy *Life* will be;
And, with what speed it flyes from thee;
This *Lot* was drawne: and, may advize,
That, thou thy time shouldst better prize.
Which, if accordingly thou doe,
This, will be *sport*, and profit too.
See, *Emb.* XXXII.

33

It may be, thou art one of those,
Who, dost not all aright suppose,
Of *Gods Decrees*; or, of the state
Of an inevitable *Fate*.
That, therefore, so thou maist beleeve,
(And, of these Mysteries conceive)
As thou art bound; this *Lot* befell.
Peruse, and minde thine *Embleme* well.
See, *Emb.* XXXIII.

34

Thou, at thy *Fortune*, hast repin'd,
And, seem'st imprisond in thy minde,
Because thou art not straight releast
From those things which have thee opprest.
To thee, a *Lot* is therefore sent,
To qualifie thy *discontent*,
By shewing, that thy present *Fate*
Preserves thee, from a worse estate.
See, *Emb.* XXXIV.

35

Thy *Vertues* and thy *Worth* are such,
That, many doe envie thee much;
And, they that hate thee, take delight
To doe thee mischiefe and despight.
But, heart assume, and follow on
The *course* that thou hast well begunne;
For, all their spight shall doe no more,
But, make thee greater then before.

See, *Emb.* XXXV.

36

In outward pompe, thy pleasures are;
Thy hope of blisse is placed there;
And, thou this *folly* wilt not leave,
Till, all *content*, it shall bereave,
Vnlesse, thou timely come to see
How vaine, all earthly *Glories* bee.
An *Emblem*, therefore, thou hast gain'd,
By which, this *Knowledge* is obtain'd.

See, *Emb.* XXXVI.

37

It may be feared, that thou hast
In publicke, or in private, past
Some *promise*, or else made some *vow*,
That's broke, or else indanger'd, now.
If so; this *Lot* is come, in time,
To mend, or to prevent this crime;
And, shew what should by them be done,

'Twixt whom *Affection* is begunne.
See, *Emb.* XXXVII.

38

Thou art reproved of *deceipt*,
In faulty *Measures*, and in *Weight*;
And, overbackward hast been knowne,
In giving ev'ry one his owne.
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, counsells thee,
That, thou more just, hereafter be.
For, that, which is by *falsehood* got,
Makes likely showes, but prospers not.
See, *Emb.* XXXVII.

39

So highly, thou dost *Vertue* prize,
That, thou dost *Fortunes* helpe despise,
As if, where *Vertues* present are,
Her favours alwayes needlesse were:
But, sometimes there's enough to doe,
For *Fortune*, and for *Vertue* too,
The pow'r of envious tongues to charme,
And, keepe an *Innocent* from harme.
Therfore, make both of *these*, thy friends;
For, thereunto thine *Emblem* tends.
See, *Emb.* XXXIX.

40

Thou mayst be one of those, perchance,
Who *Schisme*, and *Heresies* advance,

Because they *Times* and *Termes* mistake;
And, *diff'rence* know not how to make
'Twixt that, which *temp'rall* doth appeare,
And, those things which *eternall* are.
Thou, by thy *Lot*, art therefore warn'd,
To search what should of these be learn'd.
See, *Emb.* XL.

41

Great workes to doe, thou hast a *minde*;
But, *pow'r* thereto thou canst not finde.
Sometime, thy *pow'r* is not unfit;
But, then thou failest in thy *wit*.
Such *Vndertakings*, therefore, chuse
(If thou wilt not thy time abuse)
As to thy *pow'rs*, and *wits* agree;
And, let them both imployed bee.
See, *Emb.* XLI.

42

When any *Blessing* thou hast gain'd,
Thou mind'st not whence it was obtain'd;
But, bear'st thy selfe, as if the same
By thine owne *pow'r*, or *merit*, came:
That, therefore, thou *mayst* better heed
From whence, all *Graces* doe proceed,
Thou, hast an *Emblem*, by this *Lot*,
From which, good *Cautions* may be got.
See, *Emb.* XLII.

43

By this thy *Lot*, it should appeare,
The *Muses* thy acquaintance are;
Or, that thou art (at least) of those,
Who, of their *Steed* ambitious growes.
If thou hast *wit*, his *Reynes* to guide,
Vpon his backe, mount up and ride;
But, if thou finde thy selfe to weake,
Forbeare him, lest thy necke he breake.

See, *Emb.* XLIII.

44

In many things, the worse thou art,
By thy despayring, fainting heart;
And, oft, thy labour, and thy cost,
For want of *hopefulnesse*, is lost.
This indiscretion to prevent,
Thou, therefore, by thy *Lot*, art sent,
The *Plough-man's* hopefulnesse to see:
Observe it; and, reformed bee.

See, *Emb.* XLIV.

45

As soone as e're thy *Seeds* are sowne,
Thou *fruits* expectest, fully growne.
And, if they ripe not in a day,
Thou, foolest all thy hopes away:
That wiser, therefore, thou mayst grow,
Thy *Lot*, an *Emblem* doth bestow,
To teach, that *workes* both faire and great,
By *small-degrees*, are made compleat.

See, *Emb.* XLV.

46

Thou hadst, or hast, or thou shalt have
Much trouble, ere thou fill thy *Grave*;
And, may'st, when thou expectest rest,
With paine, or sorrowes, be opprest.
But, be content, and waile not much:
For, *Poverty* shall make thee *rich*.
The paine will soone be overpast,
And, thou shalt happy be at last.

See, *Emb.* XLVI.

47

Thy *Fortune*, be it good or bad,
May, by thy *wit*, be better made;
Yea, whatsoere *mischances* fall,
By *prudence*, thou may'st helpe them all.
That, hopefull, therfore, thou mayst bide,
What change soever, shall betide,
Thou, by thy *Lot*, informed art,
What succours, *Wisedome* doth impart.

See, *Emb.* XLVII.

*M*48

A man at *Armes*, thou wouldst be thought,
And, hast the Crowne of *Honour* sought;
But, thou hast much mistooke the *wayes*,
Which tend to well-deserved *praise*.
How, *Honour*, therefore, may be got,
Thou art informed by thy *Lot*;
And, with what *Foes*, and, for what *end*,

Thou shouldst be ready to contend.
See, *Emb.* XLVIII.

49

Perhaps, thou mayst be one of those,
Who doth *God's* holy Church oppose;
For, over many in these dayes,
Disturbe her *Peace*, and sleight her *Praise*:
That her *esteeme*, therefore may bee
Increased, or preserv'd, by thee,
Thine *Emblem*, now, to thee, will show,
To what perfection she will grow.
See, *Emb.* XLIX.

50

Thou *safety* lov'st, and wouldst have *Armes*,
Thy person to secure from harmes:
But, most of those thou hast prepar'd,
Are but a weake uncertaine *Guard*,
And, if thou take not greater heed,
May faile thy trust, in time of need.
Thine *Emblem*, therfore, hath exprest,
What *Armes*, for thy defence are best.
See, *Emb.* L.

51

Of *Planetary-Calculations*,
Of *Superstitious-Observations*,
Of *Lots*, and *Dreames*, and *Accidents*,
Which have but casuall events,

Thou art so fond; and, unto such,
Thou dost adhere, and trust so much,
That, it succeedeth very well,
No *Emblem*, now, to thee befell:
Lest, these, which onely *Counsells* bee,
Might seeme firme *Destinies* to thee.

52

He that by drawing, here, his *Lot*,
Some caveat or advice hath got,
Did, peradventure, need alone
That *Caution*, which he lighted on:
But, unto thee, so needfull are
All *Warnings*, and, all *Counsells* here,
That, *Fortune* will not *one* bestow,
Lest, thou may'st thinke thou need'st no moe.

53

You, may be glad, you drew not that,
Which, in your thought, you guessed at;
For, so it points out that *condition*,
Whereof you give a great suspicion,
That, had it such an *Emblem* nam'd,
As fits you right, you had beene sham'd.
Since, then, your fault is unreveal'd,
Amend, and keep it still conceal'd.

54

The *Muses* Oracle is dumbe,
Because to tempt them you are come;

For, in your *heart*, you much despise,
To follow that, which they advise:
Their admonitions, you doe jeere,
And, scorne to helpe your *Wisedome*, here.
The *Muses*, therefore, leave you, still,
To be as foolish, as you will.

5

It would, perhaps, have made thee proud,
If, now, thy *Lot* had beene allow'd
To let an *Emblem* shadow forth
What is conceived of thy *worth*.
Or, if thy *Vertues* were descry'd,
Perchance, thou wouldst be more envy'd
Then praysed, when they are exprest;
A *Blanke* for thee, was therefore best.

6

No *Emblem*, to this *Lot*, replyes;
Minde, therefore, well (I thee advise)
What from the *Preacher's* voice thou hear'st,
When in the *Church*, thou next appear'st:
Yea, there indeavour thou, to seeke
Thy *Lot* of *Counsell*, ev'ry weeke.
For, at all seasons, there will bee
Such *Prophecies*, concerning thee,
That, if of those, thou takest heed,
These *Emblems*, thou shalt never need.

FINIS.

A COLLECTION OF EMBLEMES, ANCIENT AND MODERNE:

Quickened With Metricall Illvstrations, both *Morall* and *Divine*: And disposed into Lotteries.

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered by an Honest and Pleasant *Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The third Booke.

LONDON,
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEWES.
MDCXXXIV.

TO THE MOST ILLVSTRIOVS
Princesse, *FRANCIS*, Dutchesse Dowager
of Richmond, *and* Lennox, *&c.*

FAME sayes (great PRINCESSE) that the *Pow'rs-above*,
Will soone forgive; which, I desire to prove:
For, I am guiltie of a *Venial-sinne*
Against your GRACE; and, have remain'd therein
Without an *Absolution*, so long time,
That, now, my *Conscience* checks me for the *Crime*;
And, to reprove me for it, will not cease
Till I have, someway, sought to make my *Peace*.
  To palliate my *Fault*, I could produce
Enough, perhaps, to stand for an *Excuse*.
But, when I mind what *Favours*, and what *Fame*
I might have purchased unto my *Name*,
(By taking Courage, to have done my best)
I dare not make *Excuses*; but, request
Your pardon, rather, and, that some *Oblation*
May game my *Person*, future acceptation.
  To that intent, this humble *Offring*, here,
Within your gracious presence, doth appeare.
And, that it may the more content your eye,
Well-graven *Figures*, help to beautifie
My lowly *Gift*: And, vailed are in these,
A *Treasury* of Golden *Sentences*;
By my well-meaning *Muse*, interpreted,

That, with your NAME, their Morals may be spread
And scattred, *Largesse-like*, (at your commanding)
To helpe inrich the *Poore in Vnderstanding*.
  If YOV accept the *Tender*, I shall know,
Your GRACE is pleased with your *Servant*, so,
As, that there may be hope, my future Actions,
Will give the more contenting Satisfactions:
And, your *Encouragements*, my *Pow'rs* may raise,
To make the BEAVTIES of your *Later dayes*,
More glorious, far, than your fresh YOVTH'S perfection,
Though, knowne to be, the *Load-stone* of *Affection*.
  For, like the loving TVRTLE, you have stood
So constant, in your vowed *Widdow-hood*;
So strictly, kept a solitarie state;
So faithfull beene, to your deceased MATE;
So firmly true, and truly kinde, to *them*,
Which are the *Branches* of his *Princely-stemme*;
And, personated in so high a *Straine*,
The parts of HONOVR; that, my rusticke *vaine*,
Must raised be, before it can ascend
To say, how much, your *Fame*, doth you commend.
  Yet, if these *Lines*, (or, *that* they Vsher in)
For me, some *Passage* may, anew, begin
To your *Esteeme*; I, may so happily,
Illustrate forth, the *Golden-History*
Of those *Affections*, which within your Brest,
Have to the world remained unexprest.
That, future times, to your applause may reade,
The matchlesse *Paterne* of a *Widdowed-bed*,
Which you have drawne, for those to *imitate*
Who can; and, for the rest to wonder at.
For, what (thereto) yet wanteth, in my *Muse*,
Your GRACE, as my *Minerva*, may infuse.

Nor, will it be in vaine, to shew the worth
Of those *Perfections*, truly blazed forth,
Which you may personate: Nor, shall it be
To your *Content* unusefull, when you see
The *Best part of your selfe*, (as in a *Glasse*)
Disclosed, and set up, before your GRACE,
To represent those *Beauties*, wherein lurkes,
More sweetnesse, than in *Picture-drawers* Workes;
And shew, how temp'rall *Glories*, and *Affections*,
Have hourely ripened you, for those *Perfections*
That, make *Immortall*; and, which are that *End*,
Whereto, all Earthly *Graces*, ought to tend.
Then, if your EXCELLENCE, desire to heare,
Those MVSES, honour you, whose prayses are
Attending *Vertue*; and, shall please to live
That *Life of Glory*, which my *Verse* can give;
Your GRACES favour, (when you please) hath pow'rs
To make both MEE, and all my *Muses* yours.
And, wee are hopefull, that, so well wee know
Your *Merits*, and those *Duties*, which wee owe,
That, wee shall raise, your HONOVR'S *Trophies* high,
Though, *Wee our selves* upon the pavement lie.
Thus, I have made mine *Offring*; and I stand
Attending, now, to kisse your GRACES hand.

Your GRACES

in all humilitie,

GEO: WITHER.

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
Prince, *JAMES*, Duke
of Lennox, &*c.*

WHen RICHMOND*, your beloved* Vnkle*, liv'd,*
(For whose departure, all this Empire *griev'd,*
And, yet laments) his GRACE did not refuse
To deigne respects, to my obscured MVSE;
Nor scorne, from Highest-worth*, to stoope so low,*
As, mee, in my despisednesse, to know:
And, had not Bashfulnesse *restrain'd my* Wit*,*
From pressing-on, (when he incourag'd it,)
My PEGASVS*, had learn'd, e're now, to rise,*
Which, yet, with lame, and sickly Feathers *flies.*
But, HEE hath left us; and, I thought not on
The losse I had of HIM, till he was gone;
Nor could I dreame, till he did hence ascend,
What t'was to want an Honourable-friend*:*
Nor, what they feele, whom Fate *constraines, to tarry*
On stormy Plaines, without a SANCTVARIE.
Assoone, as from among us, he made wing,
My Hopes *did waine, and, I began to sing*
A Mournfull-song*, not easie to forget;*
Because, I beare the burthen *of it, yet.*
Nor was I silent (though my Epicede
Appear'd not, for the publike eye to reade)
But, griev'd in private, as one wanting Art*,*
To give, the Life of praise*, to his desart:*

Which, if I could have equall'd with his Name,
His Death *had gain'd my* Verse, *a* living-Fame.
And, why expresse I this? except it give
Your GRACE, a fit occasion to perceive,
That, my decayed Hopes *I would renew,*
And, faine derive them downe, from HIM to YOV?
That, as you branched from his Princely Stemme*;*
(Are, honour'd with his Ducall-Diadem*)*
And, imitate his Vertue; So, you might
Be Lord, *in mee, of that, which was his right:*
And, for his Noble sake, vouchsafe to own
A Servant, *which, to you, is yet unknowne.*
As Prologue, *to the service I intend,*
This PRESENT comes; and, without Hope, *or* End,
Of gaining further Grace, *or more* Esteeme,
Than may, with humblest modestie, beseeme
His Love, *and* Honest-meaning, *to expect,*
Whose Merits *have, no visible effect,*
Conducing to your profit; and, from whom
The best of his intents, are yet to come.
I cannot thinke, these Lots, *or* Emblems, *are*
So worthy in themselves, as they'l appeare
In your acceptance; Or, that they can give,
Such Grace to YOV, as they'l from you receive.
Yet, if YOV please, they may be, otherwhile,
A profitable Meanes, to help beguile
A Melancholy thought; And, have the pow'r
To shorten (without losse) a tedious howre.
Sometime (no doubt) content you are to walke
In Artlesse Groves*; Or, to admit the talke*
of Rustick Swaines *(though ev'ry day you might*
Your self in well-trim'd garden-bowr's, *delight,*
Or, heare the learnedst Muses, *when you please;)*

Ev'n so, for change, you may, perhaps, in these
A Recreation *finde; and, in some measure,*
A Profit*, intermixed with your* Pleasure.
I will not make my Promises *too large,*
Lest, my Performances*, they overcharge*
With Expectation*: but, I leave them, SIR,*
To Bee*, and to* be thought*, the same they are.*
And, if your EXCELLENCE, (when you behold
The Ground whereon I first became so bold,
To make this Entrance) shall vouchsafe to daigne
Those Favours*, which, I dare not thinke to gaine*
By Meer-deserving*; you may then, perchance,*
My Willingnesse*, to* Ablenesse *advance:*
And, reap in Mee *(when ripened they are grown)*
Some timely fruits*, of that, which* you *have sown.*
Till then, let it suffice, that I professe
A cheerefull, and a thankfull Readinesse
To honour YOV*; and, openly to show*
The Dutie, which, it may appeare, I owe
To HIM that's gone. And, let your GRACE descend
To take this Pledge*, of what I more intend.*

Who am in all humilitie
Your GRACES to be
commanded,
GEO: WITHER.

If well thou dost, and well intend,
Thou shalt be crowned, in the end.

Illvstr. I. ***Book. 3***

Hen, many, for the chiefest *Garland* runne,
That height of *Glory*, can befall but one;
Yet, *Wreaths* there are, for ev'ry man prepar'd,
According as he meriteth *reward*:
And, though the *Worke* deserveth little meed,
Grace, prints a worth, on ev'ry *willing-deed*,
Which formes it currant; and, doth gratious make
Man's weake endeavors, for GOD'S *promise* sake.
All seeke the selfe-same *prize*; but, doe not seeke,
With *mindes*, and, with *endeavors*, all alike.
Most, wish the *Wreath*; but, few those things will doe,
That may be helpfull to attaine thereto:
And, some (that *will be doing*) more delight
In *doing their owne will*, then *doing right*.
One, thinkes by airie *titles*, to atchieve
The *Palme* he seekes; Another, doth believe
Tis gain'd, by giving to his *Appetite*,
The fulnesse of his *Bodies* vaine delight:
To reach their *aime*, some others nourish hopes,
By scrambling up unto the dunghill-tops
Of temp'rall *Riches*: and, of all the wayes,
Most thinke this *course* deserves the greatest *praise*.
But, this our *Emblem's* Motto, doth implie,
That, nothing Man possesseth outwardly
Can purchase him the *Crowne*, that should be sought,
Like *rightly-doing*, what is *rightly-taught*.
And, that *God* never passed any *doome*,
To barre their *blisse*, who righteous would become:
For, ev'n to *Cain* he said (of sinne detected)

If well thou dost, thou shalt be well respected.

A little* Wit*, may stand in stead,
When* Strength *doth faile, in time of need.

Illvstr. II. ***Book. 3***

He *Squirrell*, when shee must goe seeke her food,
By making passage through some neighb'ring *flood*,
(And feares to be devoured by the Streame)
Thus, helpes her weaknesse, by a *Stratagem*.
On *blocks*, or *chips*, which on the waves doe flote,
She nimbly leaps; and, making them her boate
(By helpe of Windes, of Current, and of Tide)
Is wafted over to the further side.
Thus, that, which for the *Body* proves unfit,
Must often be acquired by the *Wit*.
And, what our outward *Fortunes* shall denye,
Our *providence* must labour to supply.
Those *Casualties*, which may our need befriend,
We should with heedfull diligence attend;
And, watch to seize those *opportunities*,
Which, men of abler fortunes may despise.
Some Birds, when they an *Oyster* would unlock,
Mount up, and let it fall upon a Rock;
And, when the Cockles on the Shores lye gasping,
(At ev'ry Tides approach their Shells unclasping)
Crowes cast in *Pebles*, and so take that meat
By *craft*, which by their *force* they could not get.
Wee, by indeav'ring thus, may gaine, at length,
That, which at first appeares above our strength.
By little *Screwes* an entrance we may make,
Where *Barres of Iron* cannot passage breake.
Small *Engines*, lift huge weights; and, we have heard,
That one *Wise-man* (though poore without regard)
May save a City, when the *Men of Warre*,

And, all their *Captaines*, at a *non plus* are.

To* Kings*, both* Sword *and* Mace *pertaine;
And, these they doe not beare in vaine.

Illvstr. III. *Book.* 3

Hen thou behold'st, upon a *Day of State*,
The *King* (or, some inferiour *Magistrate*)
Walke forth in publicke, and the royall *Mace*,
The *Sword*, or *Scepter* borne before his face:
Suppose thou not, that those are carried, so,
In ostentation, or for idle show.
These vulgar *Emblems*, are significant;
And, that *authority*, which *Princes* grant
To *Bodies-politicke*, was, heretofore
Declared, by those *Ensignes*, which they bore.
The bruzing *Mace* (although, perhaps, with us,
It be not in these times, restrained thus)
That branch of *Royall-power* did signifie,
Which doth by *Fines*, or *losse of liberty*,
Correct Offenders. By the *Sword*, they meant,
That larger branch of *pow'r*, to represent,
Which takes the *Malefactors* life away;
And, armes it selfe, when *Rebells* disobay.
As often, therefore, as thou shalt espie
Such *Hieroglyphickes* of *Authority*;
Be mindefull, and advis'd (how meane soere
The *Persons*, or the *Places* may appeare,
Who get this *pow'r*) that still thou honour them:
Lest, thou in those, the pow'r of *God* contemne.
If not for theirs, yet for thy *Sov'raignes* cause,
Whom these doe personate; Or, for the *Lawes*,
(Which threaten punishment) thy selfe submit;
And, suffer what *Authority* thinkes fit:
For, whatsoere they be that guide the *Reyne*,

He, gave the *pow'r*, who gave it, not, in vaine.

He, that concealed things will finde,
***Must looke* before *him, and* behinde.**

Illvstr. IV. ***Book.*** *3*

Hat *Head*, which in his *Temple*, heretofore,
The well-knowne figure of old *Ianus* bore,
Retain'd the forme, which pictur'd here you finde;
A Face before him, and a Face behinde.
And this old *Hieroglyphicke* doth comprize
A multitude of Heathenish Mysteries;
Which, wee omitting, will insist on what
This *Emblem's* Motto, chiefely poynteth at.
In true *Divinity*, 'tis *God* alone,
To whom, all hidden things are truely knowne.
Hee, onely, is that *ever-present-being*,
Who, by the vertue of his pow'r all-seeing,
Beholds, at one aspect, all things that *are*,
That ever *shall be*, and that ever *were*.
But, in a Morall-sense, we may apply
This *double-face*, that man to signifie,
Who (whatsoere he undertakes to doe)
Lookes, both *before* him, and *behinde* him, too.
For, he shall never fruitfully forecast
Affaires *to come*, who mindes not what is *past*:
And, such as doe not, oft, *before* them looke,
May lose the labour, that's already tooke.
By, sometimes, looking *backward*, we behold
Those things, which have been done in *times of old*;
By looking wisely *forward*, we foresee
Such matters, as in *future-times* will bee:
And, thus, we doe not onely fruits receive,
From that short space of *time*, in which we live;
But, by this meanes, we likewise have a share,

In *times to come*, and, *times that passed are*.

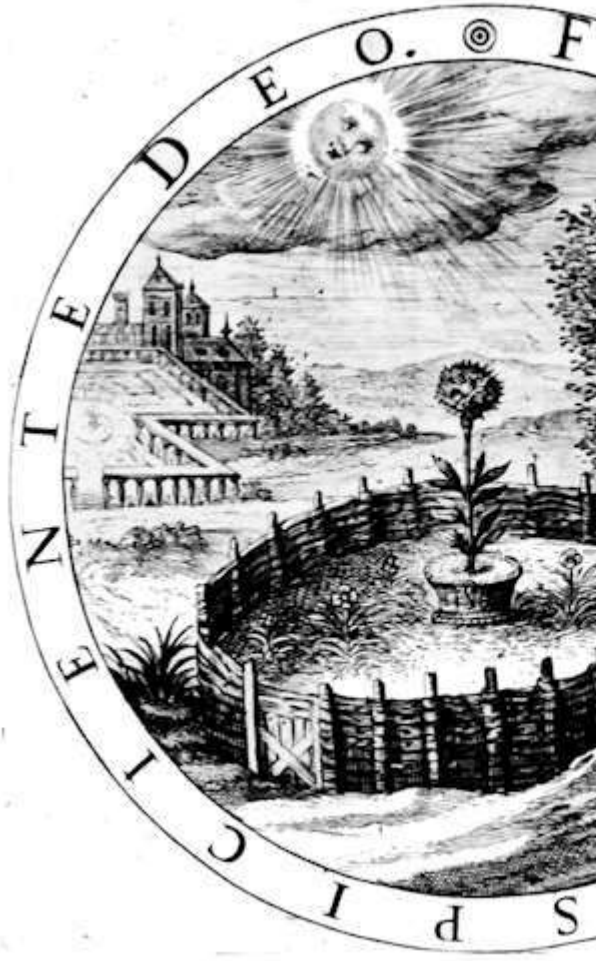
Good* Fortune *will with him abide,
That hath true* Vertue*, for his guide.

Illvstr. V. ***Book. 3***

He *Gryphon*, is the figure of a creature,
Not found within the Catalogues of *Nature*:
But, by those Wits created, who, to shew
Internall things, *externall Figures* drew:
The Shape, in which this *Fiction* they exprest,
Was borrow'd from a *Fowle*, and, from a *Beast*;
Importing (when their parts were thus combin'd)
The *Vertues*, both of *Body*, and of *minde*:
And, Men are sayd on *Gryphons* backes to ride,
When those mixt *Vertues*, them have dignify'd.
The *Stone* (this *Brute* supporting) may expresse
The firme abiding, and the solidnesse
Of all true *Vertues*. That, long-winged *Ball*,
Which doth appeare fast-linked therewithall,
The gifts of changing *Fortune* doth implye:
And, all those things together, signifie,
That, when by such like *Vertues* Men are guided,
Good *Fortune* cannot be from them divided.
If this be true (as true I this believe)
Why should wee murmure, why repine, or grieve,
As if our *Studies*, or our honest paines,
Deprived were of some deserved gaines?
Why should we thinke the world hath done us wrong,
Because wee are not register'd among
Those thriving men, who purse up evr'y day,
For *twelve hours labour* more then *twelve months pay*?
If wee our *paines* rewarded cannot see,
Wee count our *Merits* greater then they be.
But if we bide content, our worth is more;

And rich we are, though others think us poore.

When prosperous our* Affaires *doe growe;
God's* Grace *it is, that makes them so.



Illvstr. VI. ***Book.*** *3*

Vch pleasant *Flowres*, as here are shadow'd out
(Full-grown, well-trim'd, and strongly fenc'd about)
At first, perchance, had planting (where they stand)
And, husbanding, by some good *Gard'ners* hand:
But, when to perfect ripenesse, they are grown,
(And, spread forth leaves, and blossomes, fully blowne)
They draw it from the Vertue of the *Sunne*,
Which worketh, when the *Gard'ners* worke is done:
For, lost were all his Travaile, and his praise,
Vnlesse that *Planet* cheare them with his rayes.
In this our *Pilgrimage*, it fares with us
(In all our *hopes*, and all our *labours*) thus.
For, whatsoever bus'nesse wee intend,
On *God*, our good successes doe depend.
Our Hands may build; but, structures vaine we make,
Till *God*, to be *Chiefe-builder*, undertake.
To wall a *City*, wee may beare the cost;
But, he must *guard* it, or, the *Towne* is lost:
The *Plow-man* useth diligence to sowe;
But, *God* must blesse it, or, no Corne will grow:
Yea, though *Paul* plant, and, though *Apollo* water,
They spend their sweat, upon a fruitlesse matter,
Till *God*, from heaven, their labours please to blesse,
And crowne their travailes, with a good increase.
Let, therefore, those that flourish, like this *Flowre*,
(And, may be wither'd, e're another houre)
Give *God* the praise, for making of their *Seeds*
Bring forth sweet *Flowres*, that, else, had proved Weeds:
And, me despise not, though I thrive not so;

For, *when, God pleaseth, I shall flourish too.*

If thou thy* Duties *truely doe,
Of thy* Reward*, be hopefull too.

Illvstr. VII. *Book.*

Ome *Sects* are found, who so *believing* be,
They thinke themselves from *legall-workings* free;
And, so they live, as if they stood in feare
That, with *Good-works*, their *God* offended were.
Another sort we know, who credit not,
That any hope of *Mercie* can be got,
Till they themselves, by their *externall-deed*,
Have *merited* the favours they shall need:
And, so they prize their *workings*; that, for *Grace*,
They seeme to disallow all usefull place.
Both sorts, their errours may be purged from,
When to the *Fiery-tryall* they shall come.
So, likewise, may another *Faction* too,
That erre more deadly then these former doe.
These doe (forsooth) affirme, that *God's* decree
Before all *Worlds* (what Words can fouler be?)
Debarr'd the greatest part of *humane-race*,
Without respecting sinne, from hope of *Grace*;
And, that, howere this number shall indeaver,
They must continue *Reprobates*, for ever.
The first, are errours of Impiety;
But, this, ascends the top of blasphemy;
Dispoyles *Religion* wholly of her fruits;
And, wrongeth *God* in all his *Attributes*.
These *Errours*, therefore shunne; and, so *believe*,
That wee thy *Faith*, may by thy *Workes* perceive.
So *worke*, that thy *believing* may approve
Thou wrought'st not for thy *Wages*; but, for *love*.
For (whatsoe're thou be) if thus thou doe,

Thou mayst have *hopes*, and, *God* will grant them too.

By* Wisedome*, things which passe away,
Are best preserved from decay.

Illvstr. VIII. *Book.*

He *Laurell*, which is given for a Crowne
(To men deserving Glory, and renowne)
Is figur'd here, those noble deeds to show,
For which, the *Wreaths* of *Honour*, we bestow.
Two *Serpents* (WISDOME'S *Emblems*) twisted are
About this branch of *Lawrell*, to declare,
That, *Wisdome* is the surest meanes to save
Our Names and Actions, from *Oblivion's* Grave.
The *Snakes* are *two*, perhaps, to signifie
That *Morall-wit*, and *Christian-policie*
(Vnited both together) doe contrive
The safest *guard*, and best *preservative*.
Consider this, all yee, that trust your *Names*
To Marble Monuments; or, mount your *Fames*
By those poore meanes, which Fooles and Knaves pursue;
And, may effect as easily as you:
Nay, with more ease; and, overtop you too,
When you have done the best, your wits can doe.
I say, consider this; and, let the *Pen*
Of learned, wise, and understanding men,
Renowne your worths, and register the story
Of your deserved, and, well-gotten glory;
Lest, else, it suffer close-imprisonments,
Within the walls of such poore *Monuments*,
As oft are built, to leave it quite forgotten,
Whose bones they cover'd, e're those bones be rotten.
But, you shall best preserve your *Honest-fame*,
Your *Workes*, your *Hopes*, and *Honours* of your *Name*,
If you your selves be wise; and, so provide

That *Prudence*, all your *Workes*, and *Speeches* guide.

Good* Hopes*, we best accomplish may,
***By* lab'ring *in a* constant-Way.**

Illvstr. IX. *Book.* 3

Ome Folkes there are, (and many men suppose,
That I my selfe, may passe for one of those)
Who many likely Businesses intend,
Yet, bring but very few, unto an end.
Which folly to prevent, this *Emblem*, here,
Did in a luckie houre, perhaps, appeare.
For, as to draw a *Circle*, with our hand,
We cause the brazen *Compasses* to stand
With one foot firmely fixed one the ground;
And move the other in a *Constant-round*:
Right so, when we shall purpose to proceed
In any just, and profitable deed,
We first, should by a *constant-resolution*,
Stand firme, to what we put in execution:
And, then, with *perseverance*, labour out
Those workings, which we are employ'd about.
For, we with *constant-liking*, must elect
Those Businesses, we purpose to effect:
Or els, our *time*, our *labour*, and our *cost*,
Will, oft, be much in vaine, or wholly lost.
With *constant-labour*, we must follow, too,
Those things, which we resolved are to do;
Or, els, our hopes will never be effected,
How warily soe're we have projected.
Long Iourneys I abhorre; yet, otherwhile
I meane a *Furlong*, and performe a *Mile*.
I greatly feare *Long-labours* to begin;
Yet some I finish, when I'me entred in:
And, if in *Labour*, I more *constant* grow,

How I improve, hereafter, you shall know.

Ere thou a* fruitfull-Cropp *shalt see,
Thy ground must* plough'd *and* harro'wd *be.

Illvstr. X. ***Book. 3***

Efore the *Plowman* hopefull can be made,
His untill'd earth good Hay or Corne will yeeld,
He breakes the hillocks downe, with *Plough* or *Spade*;
And, harrowes over, all the cloddie Field.
Then, from the *leaveld-ground*, at last, he mowes
That Cropp of grasse, which he had hope to gaine;
Or, there, doth reape the fruit of what he sowes,
With profit, which contents him for his paine.
Our *craggie-Nature* must be tilled, thus,
Before it will, for *Herbes of Grace*, be fit.
Our *high conceit*, must downe be broke in us;
Our heart is proud, and God must humble it.
Before good *Seed*, in us will rooting take,
Afflictions ploughes and harrowes, must prepare us:
And, that the truer *levell*, he may make,
When we are *sunck* too low, *Gods* hand must reare us.
Then, neither stormings of *Adversitie*,
Shall drowne the *Seedes of Hope*, which we have sowne;
Nor shall the *Sunne-beames* of *Prosperitie*,
Drie up their moisture, ere they ripe are growne.
Oh *Lord*, thou know'st the nature of my *minde*;
Thou know'st my *bodyes* tempers what they are;
And, by what meanes, they shall be best inclin'de
Such *Fruits* to yeeld, as they were made to beare.
My barren *Soule*, therefore, *manure* thou so;
So, *harrow* it; so *emptie*, and so *fill*;
So *raise* it *up*, and bring it *downe*, so *low*
As best may lay it *levell* to thy *Will*.
In *this Desire*, the worke is well begunne;
Say *thou* the *Word*, and all is fully *done*.

***True* Knowledge *is a constant* Friend,**
Whose* Friendship*, never shall have end.

Illvstr. XI. *Book. 3*

BY viewing this *fixt-Head*, enwreath'd with *Bayes*,
(And, what the *Motto* round about it sayes)
Your Apprehension's eye, may partly see
What *constant Vertues*, in true *Knowledge* be.
For, if right plac'd it be, it ever will
Continue in the same condition, still:
And, though it make mens manners to be chang'd;
Yet, never is it, from it selfe, estrang'd:
Nor doth, nor can it, cease to be a *Friend*,
What *Fate* soever, shall on us attend.
When *Wealth* is lost, or faileth to besteed us;
Shee findes out honest meanes to cloath and feede us.
In *farre*, and *forraigne Lands*, shee will become,
As kinde, and as familiar, as at home;
And, *travelleth*, without the costly cumber,
Of Carriages, or Clokebagges full of Lumber.
No *Place* can from our presence, her enclose;
Nor is she frighted from us by our *Foes*.
No *Pickthankes*, of her Favours, can bereave us;
No *Promises*, can woo her to deceive us.
In *Youth*, in *Age*, in *Sickenesse*, and in *Griefe*,
Shee bringeth Consolation and reliefe:
And, is in all estates, a blessing to us,
So constant (and so apt, all helpes to doe us)
That, he for whom, such *Knowledge*, God provideth,
Enjoyes a *Friend*, that alwaies firme abideth.
Lord, I am *friendlesse* left; therefore, to me,
This *Knowledge*, and this *Friend*, vouchsafe to bee:
For, thou that *Wisdome* art, (from heav'n descending)

Which, neither hath *beginning*, *change*, nor *ending*.

By* Studiousnesse*, in* Vertue's *waies
***Men gaine an* universall-praise.**

Illvstr. XII. *Book.*

Hen *Emblems*, of too many parts consist,
Their Author was no choice *Emblematist*:
But, is like those, that wast whole *howres*, to tell
What, in three *minutes*, might be said as well.
Yet, when each member is interpreted,
Out of these vulgar *Figures*, you may read
A *Morall*, (altogether) not unfit
To be remembred, ev'n, by *men of wit*.
And, if the *Kernell* proove to be of worth,
No matter from what shell we drew it forth.
The *Square* whereon the *Globe* is placed, here,
Must *Vertue* be; That *Globe* upon the *Square*,
Must meane the *World*; The *Figure*, in the *Round*,
(Which in appearance doth her *Trumpet* sound)
Was made for *Fame*; The *Booke* she beares, may show,
What *Breath* it is, which makes her *Trumpet* blow:
The *Wreath*, inclosing all, was to intend
A glorious *Praise*, that never shall have end:
And, these, in one summ'd up, doe seeme to say;
That, (if men *study* in a *vertuous-way*)
The *Trumpet* of a never-ceasing *Fame*,
Shall through the *world* proclaime their praisefull *Name*.
Now *Reader*, if large *Fame*, be thy ambition,
This *Emblem* doth informe, on what condition
She may be gain'd. But, (herein, me beleeve)
Thy *studie* for meere-praise, will thee deceive:
And, if thy *Vertues*, be, but onely, those
For which the vulgar *Fame*, her *Trumpet* blowes,
Thy *Fame's* a blast; Thy *Vertues*, Vices be;

Thy *Studie's* vaine; and, *shame* will follow thee.

Above thy* Knowledge*, doe not rise,
But,* with Sobrietie, be wise*,

Illvstr. XIII. *Book.*

Xalt thou not thy selfe, though, plac'd thou be,
Vpon the topp of that old *Olive-tree*,
From whence the nat'rall branches prun'd have bin,
That, thou, the better, mightst be grafted in.
Be not so *over-wise*, as to presume
The *Gard'ner*, for thy goodnesse, did assume
Thy small *Crab-Olive*, to insert it, there,
Where, once, the *sweetest-berries*, growing were:
Nor let thy Pride those few *old-boughes* contemne,
Which, yet, remaine upon their ancient *Stemme*;
Because, thy new-incorporated *Sprayes*,
Doe more enjoy the *Sunnes* refreshing raies:
But, humbled rather, and, more awfull bee;
Lest, *hee* that cut off *them*, doe breake downe *thee*.
Be *wise*, in what may to thy good, belong;
But, seeke not *Knowledge*, to thy neighbours wrong:
Be thankefull for the *Grace* thou hast receiv'd,
But, judge not those, who seeme thereof bereav'd;
Nor into those forbidden *secrets* peepe,
Which *God-Almighty*, to himselfe doth keepe.
Remember what our Father *Adam* found,
When he for *Knowledge*, sought beyond his bound.
For, doubtlesse, ever since, both *good* and *ill*
Are left with *Knowledge*, intermingled still;
And, (if we be not humble, meeke, and warie)
We are in daily danger, to miscary.
Large, proves the fruit which on the *Earth* doth lie;
Windes, breake the twigge, that's grafted *over-high*;
And, he that will, beyond his bounds, be *wise*,

Becomes a very *Foole*, before he dies.

When each man keepes unto his* Trade*,
Then, all things better will be made.

Illvstr. XIV. *Book.*

WE more should thrive, and erre the seldomer,
If we were like this honest *Carpenter*,
Whose *Emblem*, in reproofe of those, is made,
That love to meddle, farther then their *Trade*.
But, most are now exceeding cunning growne
In ev'ry mans affaires, except their owne:
Yea, *Coblers* thinke themselves not onely able,
To censure; but, to mend *Apelles* Table.
Great-Men, sometime, will gravely undertake
To teach, how *Broomes* and *Morter*, we should make.
Their Indiscretions, *Peaants* imitate,
And boldly meddle with affaires of *State*.
Some *Houswives* teach their *Teachers* how to pray,
Some *Clarks*, have shew'd themselves, as wise as they;
And in their Callings, as discreet have bin,
As if they taught their *Grandames* how to *spinne*:
And, if these *Customes*, last a few more Ages,
All Countries will be nothing els, but *Stages*
Of evill-acted, and mistaken parts;
Or, *Gallemaufries*, of imperfect *Arts*.
But, I my selfe (you'l say) have medlings made,
In things, that are improper to my *Trade*.
No; for, the *MVSES* are in all things free;
Fit subject of their *Verse*, all Creatures be;
And, there is nothing nam'd so meane, or great,
Whereof they have not Liberty to treat.
Both *Earth* and *Heav'n*, are open unto these;
And (when to take more libertie they please)
They *Worlds*, and *things*, create, which never were;

And, when they list, they *play*, and *meddle*, there.

A* Shepherd *carefull of the Sheepe,
At all times, faithfull* Watch *doth keepe.

Illvstr. XV. *Book.*

He Figure of a *Storke* in elder dayes,
Was us'd in *Hieroglyphick*, many wayes:
But, when *one Foote*, thus grasp'd a *Peple-stone*,
The other being firmely fixed on
The *Staffe Episcopall*; in that position,
It makes an Emblem, of a late edition:
By some, thought not improper, to expresse
Their painefull, and their serious, *watchfulnesse*,
Who take upon themselves, the *Pastorall care*;
And, in that *Function*, truely *watchfull* are.
The *Shepherds-Crooke*, doth some expression make
Of that regard, which, of their *Flocks*, they take.
The *Peble in the Foote*, doth seeme to showe,
That, these must farther diligence bestowe,
(And, use their utmost pow'r) themselves to keepe
From *slothfull Ease*; and from intemp'rate *sleepe*:
For, he that hath such *Duties* undertooke,
(And, must the lives of others overlooke)
Shall finde himselfe, unto himselfe become
A burthen, and a Charge more troublesome
Then all his *Flocke*, unles, he still provide
His owne, aswell as others *waies*, to guide.
Now, though this *Emblems* Morall doth concerne
The *Clergie* most; yet, hence we all may learne
Strict *watch* to keepe; since, unto all that bee,
A *Watchmans* place belongs, in some degree.
Which, to discharge, if wee endeavour, still,
Our universall *Shepherd* aide us will,
And us from harmes, and error he will keepe,

For, *Hee that guardeth Isr'ell doth not sleepe*.

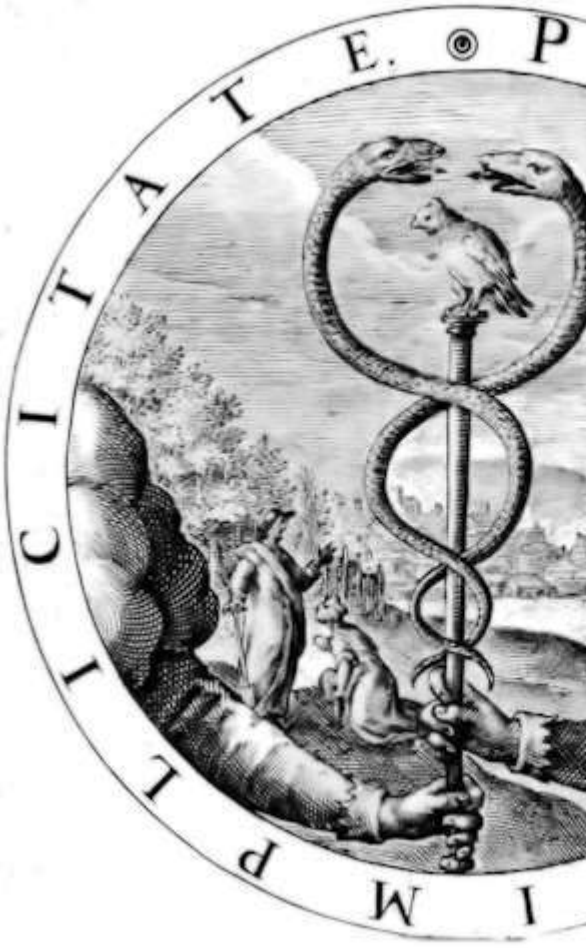
Our Dayes, untill our Life hath end,
In* Labours*, and in* Hopes*, wee spend.

Illvstr. XVI. *Book.*

S soone as our *first Parents* disobey'd,
Forthwith a *Curse*, for their offence, was layd,
Inforcing them, and their succeeding race,
To get their Food, with sweatings of the Face.
But, afterward, this *Doome* to mitigate,
(And ease the miseries of their estate)
God gave them *Hope*, that she might helpe them beare
The burthens of their Travaile, and their care.
A *Woman* with an *Anchor*, and a *Spade*,
An *Emblem* of that *Mystery* is made:
And, this Estate, wee all continue in,
By God's free *Mercie*, and our proper *Sinne*.
By *Sinne*, the *Labour* is on us intail'd;
By *Grace*, it is, that *Hoping* hath not fail'd;
And, if in *Hope*, our Labours wee attend,
That *Curse* will prove a *Blessing*, in the end.
My Lot is *Hope*, and *Labour*; and, betweene
These *Two*, my Life-time hath prolonged beene:
Yet, hitherto, the best of all my *Paine*,
With most of all my *Hopes* have beene in vaine;
And to the World-ward, I am like to wast
My time in fruitlesse *labours*, till the last.
However, I have still my *Hopes* as faire
As hee, that hath no temptings to *Despaire*;
And, change I will not, my *last howres* for theirs,
Whose *Fortune*, more desirable appeares;
Nor cease to *Hope* and *Labour*, though, of most,
My *Hope* and *Labour* be adjudged lost:
For, though I lose the *shaddow* of my *Paines*,

The *stubstance* of it, still, in *God*, remaines.

Man's life, no* Temper*, more doth blesse,
***Then* Simple-prudent-harmelessenesse.**



Illvstr. XVII. *Book.*

Hen from the harmelesse *Turtle*, and the *Snake*,
Their most commended *properties* wee take,
(And, mixe them well) they make a composition,
Which yeelds a *temper* of the best condition.
Yet, *wickednesse*, or *sorrow*, doth abound,
Where, any *one* of these, *alone*, is found:
For, whensoe're the *Serpents-braine* we find,
With which, there is no *Dove-like-meekenesse* joyn'd,
(Without all peradventure) thence proceedes,
All harmefull fraud, and all injurious deedes.
And, where such *meekenesse* as doth seeme to be
In harmelesse *Doves*, divided you shall see
From that *discretion*, and that *policie*,
Which in the *Serpents* head, is thought to lie;
They liable to ev'ry wrong become;
And, to it selfe, make *Vertue* burthensome.
But, where these two are ioyned, they procure
A life so sweet, so rich, and so secure,
That, all the pow'rs of *Malice* cannot shake
Their *out-workes*, nor *within* them, terrors make.
Vouchsafe thou oh my God! vouchsafe, in me,
That these two Vertues *may vnited be.*
Such Prudence *give, as never will disdaine*
The Dove-like Innocencie*, to retaine.*
That meekenesse*, grant me, which delighteth not,*
It selfe, with indiscretion*, to besot:*
But, let these two*, each other so defend,*
And, so, in me continue, till my end,
That, simple-prudence*, I may still possesse,*

Although the World shall count it foolishnesse.

Where er'e we dwell, the **Heav'ns** ***are neere;***
Let us but **fly*****, and wee are there.***

Illvstr. XVIII. *Book.*

Hy, with a trembling faintnesse, should we feare
The face of *Death*? and, fondly linger here,
As if we thought the *Voyage* to be gone
Lay through the shades of *Styx* or *Acheron*?
Or, that we either were to travell downe
To uncouth *Deapthes*, or up some *heights* unknowne?
Or, to some place remote, whose nearest end
Is farther then Earths limits doe extend?
It is not by one halfe that distance, thither
Where *Death* lets in, as it is any whither:
No not by halfe so farre, as to your bed;
Or, to that place, where you should rest your head,
If on the ground you layd your selfe (ev'n there)
Where at this moment you abiding are.
This *Emblem* shewes (if well you looke thereon)
That, from your *Glasse of life*, which is to run,
There's but one step to *Death*; and, that you tread
At once, among the *Living*, and, the *Dead*.
In whatsoever *Land*, we *live* or *die*,
God is the same; And, *Heav'n* is, there, as nigh
As in that *place*, wherein, we most desire
Our *Soules*, with our last breathing, to expire.
Which things, well heeding; let us not delay
Our *Iourney*, when we summon'd are away,
(As those inforced *Pilgrims* use to doe,
That know not whither, nor, how farre they goe)
Nor let us dreame that we in *Time*, or *Place*,
Are farre from ending our uncertaine *Race*.
But, let us fix on *Heav'n*, a faithfull eye,

And, still, be *flying thither*, till wee die.

His* Pace*, must* wary *be, and* slow*,
That hath a* Slippery-way *to goe.

Illvstr. XIX. *Book.*

Travailer, when he must undertake
To seek his passage, o're some *Frozen Lake*,
With *leisure*, and with *care*, he will assay
The glassy smoothnesse of that *Icie-way*,
Lest he may *slip*, by walking over-fast;
Or, breake the crackling *Pavement*, by his hast:
And, so (for want of better taking heed)
Incurre the mischiefes of *Vnwary-speed*.
We are all *Travellers*; and, all of us
Have many passages, as dangerous,
As *Frozen-lakes*; and, *Slippery-wayes*, we tread,
In which our Lives may soone be forfeited,
(With all our hopes of *Life-eternall*, too)
Unlesse, we well consider what we doe.
There is no private *Way*, or publicke *Path*,
But rubs, or holes, or slipp'rinesse it hath,
Whereby, wee shall with *Mischiefes* meet; unlesse,
Wee walke it, with a *stedfast-warinesse*.
The steps to *Honour*, are on *Pinacles*
Compos'd of melting Snow, and Isicles;
And, they who tread not nicely on their tops,
Shall on a suddaine slip from all their *hopes*.
Yea, ev'n that way, which is both sure and holy,
And, leades the Minde from Vanities and Folly,
Is with so many other *Path-wayes* crost,
As, that, by Rashnesse, it may soone be lost;
Vnlesse, we well deliberate, upon
Those *Tracts*, in which our *Ancestours* have gone:
And, they who with more *haste*, then *heed*, will runne,

May lose the way, in which they well begunne.

Our* Pelican*, by bleeding, thus,
***Fulfill'd the* Law*, and cured* Vs.**

Illvstr. XX. *Book.*

Ooke here, and marke (her sickly birds to feed)
How freely this kinde *Pelican* doth bleed.
See, how (when other *Salves* could not be found)
To cure their sorrowes, she, her selfe doth wound;
And, when this holy *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
Lift up thy soule to him, who dy'd for thee.
For, this our *Hieroglyphick* would expresse
That *Pelican*, which in the *Wildernesse*
Of this vast *World*, was left (as all alone)
Our miserable *Nature* to bemone;
And, in whose eyes, the teares of pitty stood,
When he beheld his owne unthankfull *Brood*
His *Favours*, and his *Mercies*, then, contemne,
When with his wings he would have brooded them:
And, sought their endlesse peace to have confirm'd,
Though, to procure his ruine, they were arm'd.
To be their *Food*, himselfe he freely gave;
His *Heart* was pierc'd, that he their *Soules* might save.
Because, they disobey'd the *Sacred-will*,
He, did the *Law of Righteousnesse* fulfill;
And, to that end (though guiltlesse he had bin)
Was offred, for our *Vniversall-sinne*.
Let mee Oh *God*! for ever, fixe mine eyes
Vpon the Merit of that *Sacrifize*:
Let me retaine a due commemoration
Of those deare *Mercies*, *and* that bloudy *Passion*,
Which here is meant; and, by true *Faith*, still, feed
Vpon the drops, this *Pelican* did bleed;
Yea, let me firme unto thy *Law* abide,

And, ever love that *Flocke*, for which he dy'd.

Bee* Iust*; for, neither* Sea *nor* Land*,
***Shall hide thee from the* Royall-hand.**

Illvstr. XXI. *Book.*

Hat, which wee call the *Sea-horse*, is a Creature,
Whereby the Priests of *Ægypt*, wonted were,
To typify an *Ill-disposed nature*;
And, such, as to their *Parents*, cruell are:
Because, this *Monster* (as their *Authors* write)
When strong he growes, becommeth so ingrate,
That he pursues, with violent despight,
His old and weakly *Sire*, which him begate.
Contrariwise, the *Storke*, they figur'd, then,
When they occasion had, to signifie
The good condition, of those honest men,
Who pleasure take, in workes of *Piety*:
Because, the *Storkes*, not onely harmed none,
But, holpe their aged *Parents* in their need;
And, those offensive *Serpents*, prey'd upon,
Which, in the Fennes of *Ægypt*, yearely, breed.
The *Royall-Crowne*, therefore, supporting thus
That pious *Fowle*, and overtopping, here,
The wicked, and the fierce *Hyppotamus*,
May serve to *comfort*, and to keep in *feare*.
For, it informes, that, if we pious grow,
And love our *Princes* (who those *Parents* bee,
To whom all *Subjects*, filiall duties owe)
The blessings of their *Favours*, we shall see.
It shewes us, also, that, if we affect
Vnrighteous-wayes, no *Wit*, or *Strength* of our,
Nor any *Vncouth-place*, shall us protect
From being reached, by the *Sov'raigne-power*.
The way of *Iustice*, therefore, learne thou still,

For love of *Goodnesse*, or for feare of *Ill*.

Take wing, my* Soule*, and mount up higher;
***For,* Earth*, fulfills not my* Desire.**

Illvstr. XXII. *Book.*

Hen *Ganymed*, himselfe was purifying,
Great *Iupiter*, his naked beauty spying,
Sent forth his *Ægle* (from below to take him)
A blest Inhabitant, in Heav'n to make him:
And, there (as Poets feigned) he doth still,
To *Iove*, and other *God-heads*, Nectar fill.
Though this be but a *Fable*, of their feigning,
The *Morall* is a *Reall truth*, pertayning
To ev'ry one (which harbours a desire
Above the Starry *Circles*, to aspire.)
By *Ganymed*, the *Soule* is understood,
That's washed in the *Purifying flood*
Of sacred *Baptisme* (which doth make her seeme
Both pure and beautifull, in *God's* esteeme.)
The *Ægle*, meanes that Heav'nly *Contemplation*,
Which, after Washings of *Regeneration*,
Lifts up the *Minde*, from things that earthly bee,
To view those *Objects*, which *Faith's* Eyes doe see.
The *Nectar*, which is filled out, and given
To all the blest *Inhabitants of Heaven*,
Are those *Delights*, which (*Christ* hath sayd) they have,
When some *Repentant-soule* beginnes to leave
Her foulnesse; by renewing of her *birth*,
And, slighting all the *Pleasures* of the Earth.
I aske not, *Lord*, those Blessings to receive,
Which any Man hath pow'r to take, or give;
Nor, what this World affords; for, I contemne
Her Favours; and have seene the best of them:
Nay, *Heav'n* it selfe, will unsufficient bee,

Vnlesse, *Thou*, also, give *Thy selfe*, to mee.

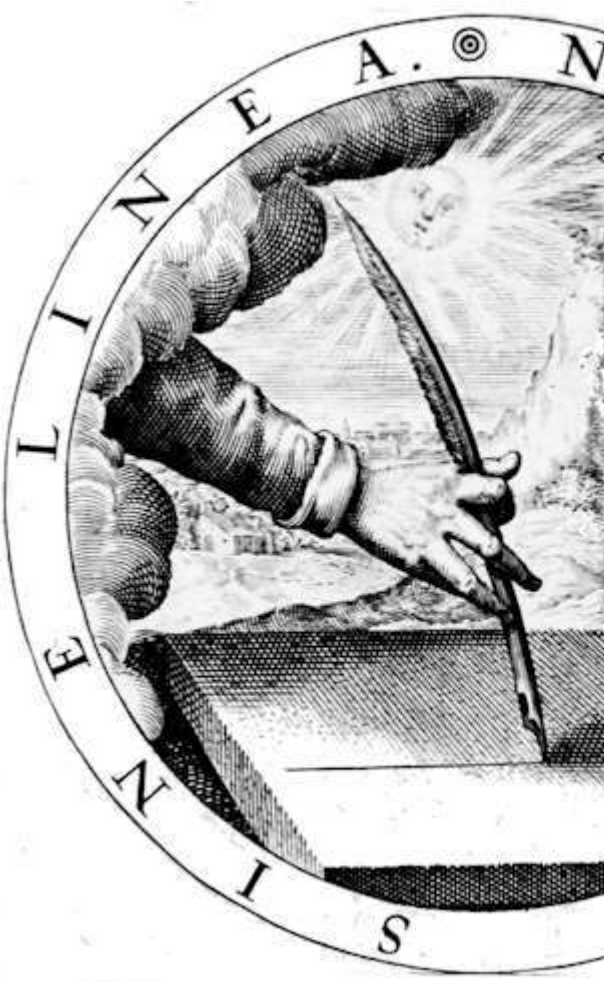
Through many spaces,* Time *doth run,
***And,* endeth*, where it first* begun.**

Illvstr. XXIII. *Book.*

Ld *Sages* by the Figure of the Snake
(Encircled thus) did oft expression make
Of *Annuall-Revolutions*; and of things,
Which wheele about in *everlasting-rings*;
There *ending*, where they first of all *begun*,
And, there *beginning*, where the *Round* was *done*.
Thus, doe the *Planets*; Thus, the *Seasons* doe;
And, thus, doe many other *Creatures*, too.
By minutes, and by houres, the *Spring* steales in,
And, rolleth on, till *Summer* doth begin:
The *Summer* brings on *Autumne*, by degrees;
So ripening, that the eye of no man sees
Her Entrances. That *Season*, likewise, hath
To *Winter-ward*, as leasurely a path:
And, then, cold *Winter* wheeleth on amaine,
Vntill it brings the *Spring* about againe,
With all those *Resurrections*, which appeare,
To wait upon her comming, every yeare.
These *Roundells*, helpe to shew the *Mystery*
Of that immense and blest *Eternitie*,
From whence the CREATURE sprung, and, into *whom*
It shall, againe, with full perfection come,
When those *Additions*, it hath fully had,
Which all the sev'rall *Orbes* of *Time* can add.
It is a full, and fairely written *Scrowle*,
Which up into it selfe, it selfe doth rowle;
And, by *Vnfolding*, and, *Infolding*, showes
A *Round*, which neither *End*, nor *entrance* knowes.
And (by this *Emblem*) you may partly see,

Tis that which *IS*, but, cannot uttred be.

Each* Day *a* Line*, small* tasks *appeares:
Yet, much it makes in threescore Yeares.



Illvstr. XXIV. *Book.*

Ere's but *one Line*; and, but *one Line a Day*,
Is all the *taske* our *Motto*, seemes to lay:
And, that is thought, perhaps, a thing so small,
As if it were as good bee nought at all.
But, be not so deceiv'd; For, oft you see
Small things (in time) *great matters*, rise to be:
Yea, that, which when the same was first begun,
A *Trifle* seem'd, (and easie to be done)
By long nelect of time, will *burthensome*,
And, at the last, *impossible*, become.
Great *Clarkes*, there are, who shall not leave behinde them,
One good *Weekes* worke, for *Future-Times* to minde them,
(In *Callings*, either Humane, or Divine)
Who, by composing but *each Day a Line*,
Might *Authors*, of some famous *Workes* appeare,
In sixtie, seventie, or in eightie yeare;
To which, ten hundred thousands have arrived
Of whom, we see no signe that ev'r they lived.
And, with much pleasure, wee might all effect,
Those needfull *Works*, which often we neglect,
(Vntill too late). If we but, now and then
Did spare one houre to exercise the penn.
For, still, *one-Line*, another draweth on,
And, *Line* by *Line*, great *Workes* at last are done.
Whereas, *dis-use*, and many dayes mispent,
Without their *Lines*, let in *discouragement*,
Or, bring *Despaire*; which doth so sottish make us,
That we, to no endeavour can betake us.

Marke this, and, labour in some honest *Way*,
As much as makes, at least, *One Line a Day*,

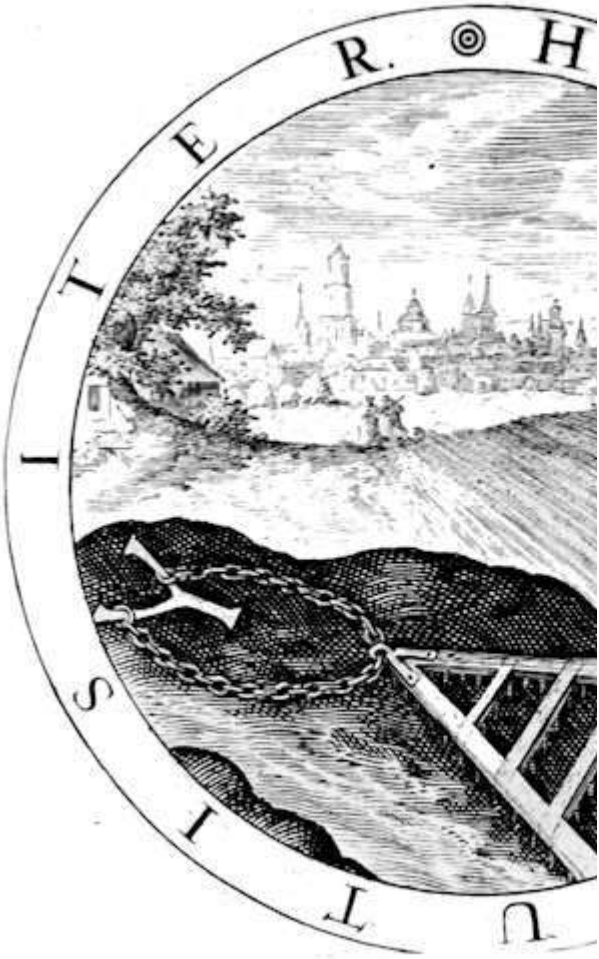
Our outward* Hopes *will take effect,
According to the* King's *aspect.

Illvstr. XXV. *Book.*

Hen *Phœbus* with a cheerefull eye, beholds
The Flow'r-embroydred earth, and freely spreads
His beames abroad; behold, the *Marigolds*
Beginne to reare their low-dejected heads:
The *Tulips*, *Daysies*, and the *Heliotropes*
Of ev'ry kinde, their closed Leaves display;
And (as it were) with new-recover'd hopes,
Attend upon the *Ruler of the Day*.
Againe, when either in the *West* he shrowds
His Rayes below this *Horizon*, or hides
His Face behinde the Curtaines of the *Cloudes*;
They lose their beauties, and abate their prides.
Thus fares it with a *Nation*, and their *King*,
'Twixt whom there is a native Sympathy.
His *Presence*, and his *Favours*, like the *Spring*,
Doe make them sweetly thrive, and fructify:
Yea (like fresh *Groves*, or *Flow'rs* of pleasing hew)
Themselves in all their jollity they showe;
But, they, if with displeasure, them he view,
Soone lose their Glory, and contemned growe.
All, are not *Heliotropes* that favour'd growe,
In *Princes* Courts; nor *Marigolds*, that beare
The golden blossomes; but some spring below,
Like *Daysie flow'rs*, that in the Pathwayes are:
Yet all shall feele it, when their *Sov'raignes* eye
Doth frowne, or smile, regard, or else neglect:
Yea, it will finde them in *Obscurity*,
By some Disheartning, or some sweet *Effect*,
Vouchsafe to shine on Mee, my Gracious *King*,

And then my *Wither'd* Leaves, will freshly spring.

The* Right-hand way*, is* Vertues *Path,
Though rugged Passages it hath.



Illvstr. XXVI. *Book.*

F any covet knowledge of that *Path*,
Which thither tends, where *Peace* her dwelling hath,
This *Emblem* (being well observ'd) will show
On whether side, it will be best to goe.
The *Left-hand-way*, seemes to be walk'd, at ease,
Through Lawnes, and Downes, and green-swath'd Passages;
And, much allures the *Traveller*, to trie
The many Pleasures, which doe that *Way* lye.
The *Right-hand-course*, is through a *Pathlesse-mound*
Of newly ploughed, and deep-furrow'd Ground;
Which, as uneasie seemeth, to be gone,
As, in appearance, rough to looke upon.
Yet, this is *Vertue's Path*: This *Way* uneven,
Is that, which unto ev'ry man is given,
To travaile in; and, hath a safer ending,
Then those, whereon more *Pleasures* are attending:
And (though it leades us thither, where we see
Few promises of outward *Glories* bee)
It brings (us when we passe the common sight)
Through easy *Tracts*, to gaine our *Hearts delight*.
The other *Way* (though seeming streight, it lyes,
To *Pleasure's* Pallaces, before our eyes)
Hath many rubs, and perills, which betweene
Our *Hopes*, and *Vs*, will alwayes lurke unseene;
Till we are drawne so farre, that 'twill be vaine,
To seeke, with safety, to returne againe.
This, let us heed; and, still be carefull, too,
Which *Course* it most concerneth us to goe.
And, though the *Left-hand-way*, more smoothnesse

hath,
Let us goe forward, in the *Right-hand-path*.

I *was erected for a* Bound,
***And I resolve to* stand my ground.**

Illvstr. XXVII. *Book.*

He *Bounder-Stones*, held sacred, heretofore,
Some did so superstitiously adore,
As, that they did not onely rev'rence doe them,
But, have ascrib'd a kinde of *God-head*, to them:
For, *Terminus* had many a *Sacrifize*,
As well as other senslesse *Deities*.
I am not so prophane, as to desire
Such Ethnick zeale should set our hearts on fire:
But, wish I could, Men better did regard
Those *Bounders*, which *Antiquity* hath rear'd;
And, that, they would not, with so much delight,
There, make *incroachments*, where they have no *right*.
That, ev'ry man might keep his owne *Possessions*,
Our Fathers, us'd in reverent *Processions*
(With zealous prayers, and with praisefull cheere)
To walke their *Parish-limits*, once a yeare:
And, well knowne *Markes* (which sacrilegious Hands
Now cut or breake) so bord'red out their Lands,
That, ev'ry one distinctly knew his owne;
And, many brawles, now rife, were then unknowne.
But, since neglected, sacred *Bounders* were,
Most men *Incroachers*, and *Intruders* are:
They grieve each other, and their *Dues* they steale,
From *Prince*, from *Parent*, and from *Common-weale*.
Nay, more; these bold Vsurpers are so rude,
That, they, on *Christ's* Inheritance intrude.
But, that will be aveng'd; and (on his *right*)
Though such incroach, he will not lose it quite:
For, hee's that *Bounder*, and that *Corner-stone*,

Who all *confines*, and is *confin'd*, of none.

Where* Lovers *fitly matched be,
In* mutuall-duties*, they agree.

Illvstr. XXVIII. ***Book***

Ould God, I could as feelingly infuse
A good effect of what this *Emblem* shewes,
As I can tell in words, what *Moralls* bee,
The life of that, which here you pictur'd see.
Most *Lovers*, minde their *Penny*, or their *Pleasure*;
Or, painted *Honors*; and, they all things measure,
Not as they are, but as they helpfull seeme,
In compassing those toyes, they most esteeme.
Though many wish to gaine a faithfull *Friend*,
They seldome seeke one, for the noblest end:
Nor know they (should they finde what they had sought)
How *Friendship* should be manag'd, as it ought.
Such, as good *Husbands* covet, or good *Wives*
(The deare companions of most happy lives)
Wrong Courses take to gaine them; yet, contemne
Their honest love, who rightly counsell them:
And, lest, they unawares the Marke may hit,
They blinde their *judgements*, and befoole their *wit*.
He, that will finde a *Friend*, must seeke out one
To exercise unfeigned *love* upon;
And, *mutuall-duties*, must both yield, and take,
Not for himselfe; but, for his *Friendship* sake.
Such, as doe rightly *marry*, neither be
With *Dowries* caught, nor wooe a *Pedigree*;
Nor, meerely come together, when they wed,
To reape the youthfull pleasures of the Bed:
But, seeke that fitnesse, and, that *Sympathy*,
Which maketh up the perfect'st *Amity*.
A *paire*, so match'd; *like Hands that wash each other*,

As *mutuall-helpes*, will sweetly live together.

When* Law*, and* Armes*, together meet,
The* World *descends, to kisse their feet.

Illvstr. XXIX. *Book.*

He Picture of a *Crowned-king*, here, stands
Upon a *Globe*; and, with outstretched hands,
Holds forth, in view, a *Law-booke*, and a *Sword*:
Which plaine and moderne *Figures*, may afford
This meaning; that, a *King*, who hath regard
To *Courts for pleading*, and *a Court of Guard*,
And, at all times, a due respect will carry,
To pious *Lawes*, and *Actions military*;
Shall not be *Monarch*, onely in those Lands,
That *are*, by *Birth right*, under his commands:
But, also, might (if just occasion were)
Make this whole *Globe* of Earth, his power to feare;
Advance his *Favorites*; and, bring downe all
His *Opposites*, below his pedestall.
His conquering *Sword*, in forraigne Realmes, he drawes,
As oft, as there is just, or needfull cause:
At home, in ev'ry *Province* of his Lands,
At all times, armed are his *Trayned bands*.
His *Royall fleets*, are terrours to the Seas;
At all houres, rigg'd, for usefull Voyages:
And, often, he his *Navy* doth increase,
That *Warres* Provisions, may prolong his *Peace*.
Nor, by the tenure of the *Sword*, alone,
Delighteth he to hold his awfull *Throne*,
But, likewise, labours, Mischiefes to prevent,
By wholsome *Lawes*, and rightfull *Goverment*.
For, where the *Sword* commands, without the *Law*,
A *Tyrant* keepes the Land in slavish awe:
And, where good *Lawes* doe want an *Armed pow'r*,

Rebellious *Knaves*, their *Princes*, will devoure.

Faire-shewes*, we should not so much heed,*
***As the Vprightnesse of the* Deed.**

Illvstr. XXX. *Book.*

Hen wee should use a *Ruler*, or a *Square*,
Or such like *Instruments*, as usefull are,
In forming other things; we prize not so
The carving, or the colourable show
(Which makes them beautifull in outward sight)
As when, for *Vsefulnesse*, we finde them right.
A warped *Bowe*, though strung with silken threads,
And, crooked *Arrowes*, tipt with Golden heads,
Delight not *Archers*; tyet, such uselesse Toyes
Be fit enough for Bunglers, and for Boyes.
A skilfull *Artist* (in what Art soe're,
He seekes, to make his ablenesse appeare)
Will give large Prices, with much more content,
To buy a plaine (if perfect) *Instrument*;
Then, take for nothing (or, for thankes alone)
An uselesse *Toole*, though, gay to looke upon.
From whence, observe; that, if there must be sought,
When meere *Mechanick-workes* are to be wrought,
Such *Instruments*, as rather have esteeme
For their *true-being*, then for what they seeme.
Much more, should all those *Rules* be such, whereby
Wee goe about, our selves to rectify;
And, build up, what in *Body*, or in *minde*,
We may defective, or impaired finde.
Else, peradventure, that we thinke to mend,
More faulty may become, at later end.
But, hence, I chiefly learne, to take a care,
My *Life*, and *Actions*, rather be *sincere*,
Then *seeming* such: And, yet, Ile thinke no shame,

To *seeme*, to be as honest, as *I am*.

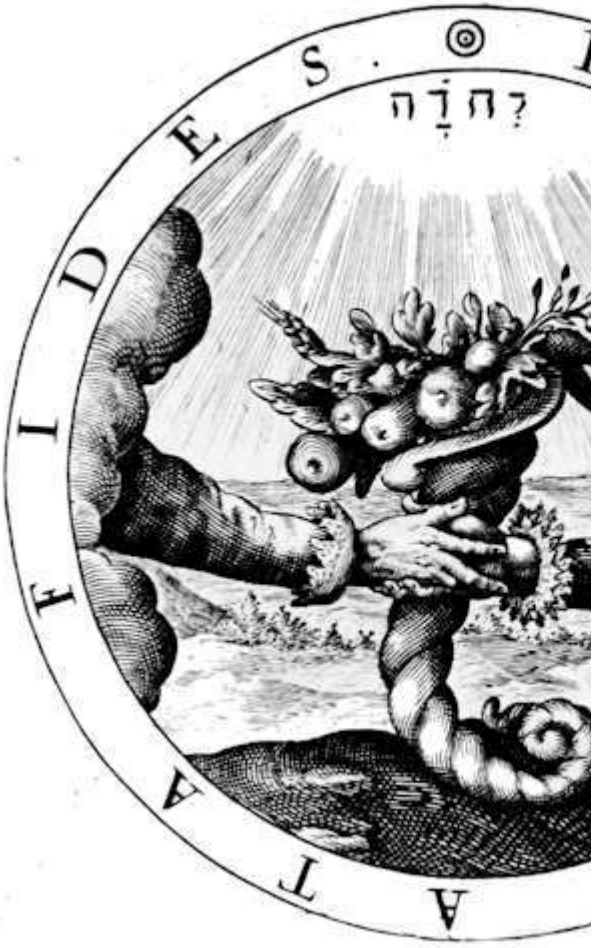
My* Substance*, and my* Light*, are spent,
In seeking other mens content.

Illvstr. XXXI. *Book.*

F this nigh-wasted *Candle*, you shall view,
And, heed it well, it may enlighten you
To looke with more compassion, on their paines,
Who rob themselves, to multiply your gaines.
The *Taper* burnes, to give another light,
Ev'n till it selfe, it hath consumed quite;
And, all the profit, which it thence doth winne,
Is to be snufft, by ev'ry *Commer-in*.
This is the Lot of some, whom I have knowne,
Who, freely, all their life-time, have bestowne
In such industrious labour, as appeares,
To further others profits, more then theirs;
And, all their *Patrimonies*, well nigh spent,
The ruining of others, to prevent.
The *wit*, the *strength*, and all the *pow'r* they had,
(Which might, by probability, have made
Good meanes to raise them, in this world, as high,
As most, who climbe to wealthy dignity)
Ev'n these, they have bestow'd, to better them,
Who their indeavours, for their paines, contemne.
These are those *Lamps*, whose *flames*, from time to time,
Have through each *Age*, and through-out ev'ry *Clime*,
To one another, that true *Light* convey'd,
Which *Ignorance*, had, els, long since betray'd
To utter darknesse. These, despightfull *Pride*
Oft snuffs; and, oft, to put them out, hath try'd.
But, from the brightnesse of such *Lights*, as they,
We got our *Light of knowledge*, at this day.
To *them*, God make us kinder; and to *Him*,

More thankfull, that we gain'd such light by *them*.

The safest* Riches*, hee shall gaine,
Who alwayes* Faithfull *doth remaine.



Illvstr. XXXII. ***Book.***

He *Horne-of-plenty*, which *Wealth* signifies,
The *Hand-in-hand*, which *Plighted-faith* implies,
(Together being painted) seeme to teach,
That, such as will be *honest*, shall be *rich*.
If this be so, why then for *Lucre-sake*,
Doe many breake the *Promises* they make?
Why doe they cheat and couzen, lye, and sweare?
Why practise they all Villanies that are?
To compasse *Wealth*? And, how doe such as they
Inlarge their ill-got *Portions*, ev'ry day?
Or, whence proceedes it, that sometimes we see
Those men grow poore, who *faithfull* seeme to bee?
Thus, oft it proves; and, therefore, *Falshood* can,
In likelihood, much more inrich a man,
Then blamelesse *Faith*; and, then, the *Motto* here
Improper to this *Emblem*, doth appeare.
But, well enough they sute; and, all is true,
Which these things (being thus united) shew.
Should it be then concluded, that all those,
Who poore and honest seeme, have made but showes
Of reall *Faith*? And, therfore, plagu'd have bin
With publicke lashes, for their private sin?
Indeed, sometime it hath succeeded so:
But, know you should, that, most who richest grow,
In *Outward-wealth*, are very poore in that,
Which brings true *Plentie*, and a blest Estate:
And, that, *Good men*, though poore they seeme to bee,
Have *Riches*, which the *Worldling* cannot see.
Now He, who findes himselfe endow'd with such,

(Whate're wee thinke him) is exceeding *rich*.

**Poore-Theeves, in Halters *we behold,*
And, great-Theeves*, in their* Chaines of gold.**

Illvstr. XXXIII. ***Book***

IF you, this *Emblem*, well have look'd upon,
Although you cannot helpe it, yet, bemone
The Worlds blacke Impudence; and, if you can,
Continue (or become) an honest man.
The poore, and petty *Pilferers*, you see
On *Wheeles*, on *Gibbets*, and the *Gallow-tree*
Trust up; when they, that farre more guilty are,
Pearle, Silke, and costly Cloth of Tissue, weare.
Good *God*! how many hath each *Land* of those,
Who, neither limbe, nor life, nor credit lose
(But, rather live befriended, and applauded)
Yet, have of all their livelihoods defrauded
The helplesse *Widowes*, in their great distresse?
And, of their Portions, robd the *Fatherlesse*?
Yet, censur'd others Errours, as if none
Had cause to say, that they amisse have done?
How many, have assisted to condemne
Poore soules, for what was never stolne by them?
And, persecuted others, for that Sin,
Which they themselves, had more transgressed in?
How many worthlesse men, are great become,
By that, which they have stolne, or cheated from
Their *Lords*? or (by some practices unjust)
From those, by whom they had beene put in trust?
How many *Lawyers*, wealthy men are growne,
By taking Fees, for *Causes* overthrowne
By their defaults? How many, without feare,
Doe rob the *King*, and *God*, yet blamelesse are?
God knowes how many! would I did so, too,

So I had pow'r to make them better doe.

Whil'st thou dost, here, injoy thy breath,
***Continue* mindfull *of thy* Death.**

Illvstr. XXXIV. ***Book***

Hen thou beholdest on this *Burying-stone*,
The melancholly *Night-bird*, sitting on
The fleshlesse ruines of a *rotten-Skull*,
(Whose Face, perhaps, hath been more beautifull,
Then thine is now) take up a serious thought;
And, doe as thou art by the *Motto* taught.
Remember Death: and, minde, I thee beseech,
How soone, these *Fowles* may at thy window screech;
Or, call thee (as the common people deeme)
To dwell in *Graves*, and *Sepulchers*, by them,
Where nothing else, but *Bats*, and *Owles*, appeare;
Or, *Goblins*, form'd by *Fancies*, and, by *Feare*.
If thou shalt be advis'd, to meditate
Thy latter end, before it be too late,
(And, whil'st thy *friends*, *thy strength*, and *wits* may bee
In likely case, to help and comfort thee)
There may be courses taken, to divert
Those *Frights*, which, else, would terrifie thy heart,
When *Death* drawes neare; and helpe thee plucke away
That *Sting*, of his, which would thy Soule dismay.
But, if thou madly ramble onward, still,
Till thou art sinking downe that *darkesome-hill*,
Which borders on the *Grave* (and dost beginne
To see the Shades of *Terrour*, and of *Sinne*
To fly acrosse thy *Conscience*) 'twill be hard
To learne this *Lesson*; or, to be prepar'd
For that sad parting; which, will forced bee,
Betweene this much beloved *World*, and *thee*.
Consider this, therefore, while *Time* thou hast,

And, put not off this *Bus'nesse*, till the last.

Doe not the golden* Meane*, exceed,
***In* Word*, in* Passion*, nor in* Deed.**

Illvstr. XXXV. *Book.*

S is the head-strong *Horse*, and blockish *Mule*,
Ev'n such, without the *Bridle*, and the *Rule*,
Our *Nature* growes; and, is as mischievous,
Till *Grace*, and *Reason*, come to governe us.
The *Square*, and *Bridle*, therefore let us heed,
And, thereby learne to know, what *helpes* wee need;
Lest, else, (they fayling, timely, to bee had)
Quite out of *Order*, wee, at length, bee made.
The *Square*, (which is an usefull *Instrument*,
To shape foorth senselesse *Formes*) may represent
The *Law*: Because, *Mankind*, (which is by Nature,
Almost as dull, as is the *senselesse-creature*,)
Is thereby, from the *native-rudenesse*, wrought;
And, in the *Way* of honest-living taught.
The *Bridle*, (which Invention did contrive,
To rule, and guide the *Creature-sensitive*)
May type forth *Discipline*; which, when the *Law*
Hath school'd the *Wit*, must keepe the *Will* in awe.
And, hee that can by these, his *Passions* bound,
This *Emblems* meaning, usefully, hath found.
Lord, let thy sacred *Law*, at all times, bee
A *Rule*, a *Master*, and a *Glasse* to mee;
(A *Bridle*, and a *Light*) that I may, still,
Both know my *Dutie*, and obey thy *Will*.
Direct my *Feet*; my *Hands*, instruct thou so,
That I may neither *wander*, nor *mis-doe*.
My *Lookes*, my *Hearing*, and my *Wordes* confine,
To keepe still firme, to ev'ry *Word* of thine.
On thee, let also my *Desires* attend:

And, let me hold this *temper*, till mine end.

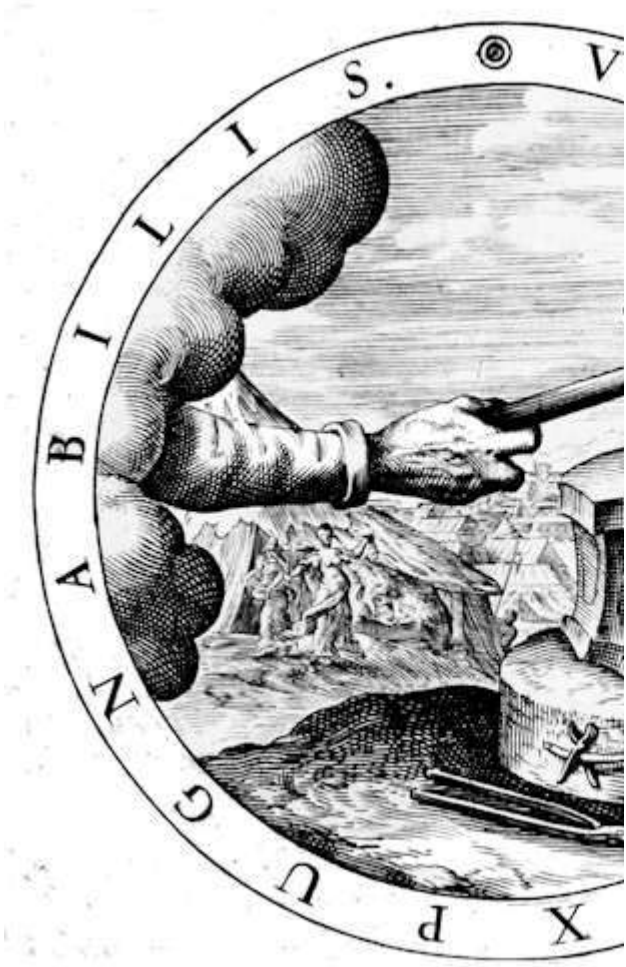
Wee then have got the surest* prop*,
***When* God*, alone, becomes our* Hope.**

Illvstr. XXXVI. ***Book***

Should not care how hard my *Fortunes* were,
Might still my *Hopes* be such, as now they are,
Of helpes divine; nor feare, how poore I bee,
If thoughts, yet, present, still may bide in mee.
For, they have left assurance of such *ayd*,
That, I am of no dangers, now afraid.
Yea, now I see, mee thinkes, what weake and vaine
Supporters I have sought, to helpe sustaine
My fainting heart; when some injurious hand,
Would undermine the Station where I stand.
Me thinks, I see how scurvie, and how base,
It is to scrape for favours, and for grace,
To men of earthly minds; and unto those,
Who may, perhaps, before to morrow lose
Their Wealth, (or their abus'd Authoritie)
And, stand as much in want of helpe as I.
Me thinks, in this *new-rapture*, I doe see
The hand of *God* from heaven supporting me,
Without those *rotten-Ayds*, for which I whinde,
When I was of my tother *vulgar-minde*:
And, if in some one part of me it lay,
I, now, could cut that *Limbe* of mine away.
Still, might I keepe this mind, there were enough
Within my selfe, (beside that cumbring stuffe
Wee seeke *without*) which, husbanded aright,
Would make mee *Rich*, in all the *Worlds* despight.
And, I have hopes, that, had shee quite bereft mee,
Of those few *ragges* and *toyes*, which, yet, are left me;
I should on *God*, alone, so much depend,

That, I should need, nor *Wealth*, nor other *Friend*.

True* Vertue*, firme, will alwayes bide,
By whatsoever* suffrings *tride.



Illvstr. XXXVII. ***Book***

His is a well-knowne *Figure*, signifying,
A man, whose *Vertues* will abide the trying:
For, by the nature of the *Diamond stone*,
(Which *Violence*, can no way worke upon)
That *Patience*, and *long-suffering* is intended,
Which will not bee with *Injuries* offended;
Nor yeeld to any base dejectednesse,
Although some bruising *Pow'r*, the same oppresse;
Or, such hard *streights*, as theirs, that hamm'rings feele,
Betwixt an *Anvile*, and a *Sledge* of Steele.
None ever had a perfect *Vertue*, yet,
But, that most *Pretious-stone*, which God hath set
On his right hand, in *beaming-Majestie*,
Vpon the *Ring* of blest *ETERNITIE*.
And, this, is that impenitrable *Stone*,
The *Serpent* could not leave impression on,
(Nor signe of any *Path-way*) by temptations,
Or, by the pow'r of sly insinuations:
Which wondrous *Mysterie* was of those *five*,
Whose depth King *Solomon* could never dive.
Good *God*! vouchsafe, ev'n for that *Diamond*-sake,
That, I may of his *pretiousnesse*, partake,
In all my *Trialls*; make mee alwayes able
To bide them, with a minde impenitrable,
How hard, or oft so'ere, those *hamm'rings* bee,
Wherewith, *Afflictions* must *new fashion* mee.
And, as the common *Diamonds* polish'd are,
By their owne dust; so, let my *errours* weare
Each other out; And, when that I am pure,

Give mee the *Lustre*, *Lord*, that will endure.

**Truth*, oft* oppressed*, wee may see,*
But, quite **suppress*** it cannot bee.***

Illvstr. XXXVIII. ***Bool***

His is that fruitfull *Plant*, which when it growes,
Where wholesome *Water* in abundance flowes,
Was, by the *Psalmist*, thought a likely *Tree*,
The *Emblem*, of a *blessed-man*, to bee:
For, many wayes, it fitly typifies,
The *Righteous-man*, with his proprieties;
And, those true *Vertues*, which doe helpe increase
His growing, in the state of *Blessednesse*.
The *Palme*, (in this our *Emblem*, figur'd, thus)
Depressed with a *Stone*, doth shew to us
The pow'r of *Truth*: For, as this *Tree* doth spread,
And thrive the more, when weights presse downe the head;
So, *Gods* eternall *Truth* (which all the pow'r
And spight of *Hell*, did labour to devoure)
Sprung high, and flourished the more, thereby,
When *Tyrants* crush'd it, with their crueltie.
And, all inferiour *Truths*, the same will doe,
According as they make approaches to
The best *Perfection*; or, as they conduce
To *God's* due *praise*, or some such pious use.
Lord, still, preserve this *Truth's* integritie,
Although on ev'ry side, the wicked prie,
To spie how they may disadvantage it.
Yea, *Lord*, though *Sinners* in high place doe sit,
(As *David* saith) yet, let them not oppresse
Thy *Veritie*, by their imperiousnesse.
But, make both *Her*, and her *Professors*, bide
The *Test*, like *Silver seven times purifide*.
That, all *Truths* lovers, may with comfort see,

Shee may *deprest*, but, not, *oppressed* bee.

They, who but* slowly-paced *are,
By* plodding *on, may travaile farre.

Illvstr. XXXIX. ***Book***

He big-bon'd *Oxe*, in pace is very slow,
And, in his travaile, *step* by *step*, doth goe,
So leisurely, as if he tir'd had bin,
Before his painfull Iourney did beginne;
Yet, all the day, he stifly ploddeth on,
Vntill the labour of the day be done:
And, seemes as fresh (though he his taske hath
wrought)
As when to worke he first of all was brought.
Meane-while, the *Palfray*, which more swiftnesse had,
Hath lost his breath, or proves a *Resty-jade*.
This *Emblem*, therefore, maketh it appeare,
How much it profiteth, to *persevere*;
And, what a little *Industry* will doe,
If wee continue *constant* thereunto.
For, meanest *Faculties*, discreetly us'd,
May get the start, of nobler *Gifts*, abus'd.
This, may obserued be in many a one:
For (when their course of life was first begunne)
Some, whose refined *wits*, aspi'rd as high,
As if above the *Sphæres*, they were to flie:
By *Sloth*, or *Pride*, or over-trusting to
Their owne Sufficiencies, themselves undoe.
Yea and those *forward-wits*, have liv'd to see
Themselves inferiours, unto those, to be,
Whom, they did in their jollity, contemne,
As blocks, or dunces, in respect of them.
Then, learne, *Great-wits*, this folly to prevent:
Let *Meane-wits*, take from hence, incouragement:
And, let us all, in our *Affaires* proceed,

With timely *leisure*, and with comely *speed*.

Vncertaine,* Fortunes *Favours, bee,
***And, as the* Moone*, so changeth* Shee.**

Illvstr. XL. *Book.* 3

Vr *Author*, peradventure, giveth us
Dame *Fortune* (for these Reasons) pictur'd, thus:
She hath a *Comely-body*, to declare,
How pleasing shee doth usually appeare
To them, that love her Favours. She is *blinde*,
(Or, hath still closed eyes) to put in minde,
How blindly, and how heedlesly, she throwes
Her *Largesse*, where her *Bounty*, she bestowes.
She *stands upon a Ball*; that, wee may learne,
Of outward things, the *tottering*, to discerne:
Her *Ball* hath *wings*; that it may signifie
How apt her *Favours* are, away to *flie*.
A *Skarfe displayed by the wind*, she beares,
(And, on her *naked-Body*, nothing weares)
To shew, that what her *Favorite* injoyes,
Is not so much for *Vsefulnesse*, as *toyes*.
Her *Head is hairelesse, all, except before*;
To teach thee, that thy care should be the more
To hold her *formost kindnesse*, alwayes fast;
Lest, she doe show thee slipp'ry tricks, at last.
And, lastly, that her *changing* may be showne;
She beareth in her Hand a *Wayned-moone*.
By this Description, you may now descry
Her true conditions, full as well as I:
And, if you, still, suppose her, worth such honour,
You have my leave to *wooe*, and *wayt* upon her.
Moreover (to her credit) I confesse,
This *Motto* falsly saith, her *Ficklenesse*
Is like the *Moones*: For, she hath frown'd on mee

Twelve *Moones*, at least; and, yet, no *Change* I see.

Vntill the* Steele*, the* Flint *shall smite,
***It will afford nor* Heat*, nor* Light.**

Illvstr. XLI. *Book.*

Hilst by the High-way-side, the *Flint-stone* lies,
Drie, cold, and hardnesse, are the properties
We then perceive: But, when we prove it nigher,
We finde, that, *Coldnesse* doth inclose a *Fire*;
And, that, though *Raine*, nor *cloudie-skie* appeares,
It will be (many times) bedew'd with *teares*.
From hence, I mind, that many wronged are,
By being judg'd, as they, at first, appeare;
And, that, some should bee prais'd, whom wee despise,
If *inward-Grace*, were seene with *outward-Eyes*.
But, this is not that *Morall* (wee confesse)
Which this our *Emblem*, seemeth to expresse:
For (if the *Motto* speake the meaning right)
It shewes, that, *hard-afflictions* first must smite
Our hardned hearts, before it will bee seene,
That any *light* of *Grace*, in them, hath beene.
Before the Flint *will send forth shining Rayes,*
It must bee strucken, by the Steele*, (it sayes.)*
Another *Morall*, adde we may to this,
(Which, to the *Figure*, sutes not much amisse.)
The *Steele*, and *Flint*, may fitly represent
Hard-hearted men, whose mindes will not relent:
For, when in *opposition*, such become,
The *fire* of *Malice*, flames and sparkles from
Their threatning Eyes; which else, close hidden rests,
Within the closets of their flintie brests:
And, flame out-right it will not, (though it smokes)
Till *Strife* breake passage, for it, by her *strokes*.
If any of these *Moralls* may doe good,

The purpose of my paines is understood.

My Wit got Wings, and, high had flowne;
But, Povertie did keepe mee downe.

Illvstr. XLII. *Book.*

Ou little thinke, what plague it is to bee,
In plight like *him*, whom pictur'd here you see.
His *winged-Arme*, and his *up-lifted-eyes*,
Declare, that hee hath *Wit*, and *Will*, to rise:
The *Stone*, which clogs his other *hand*, may show
That, *Povertie* and *Fortune*, keepe him low:
And, twixt these *two*, the *Bodie* and the *Mind*,
Such labours, and such great vexations finde,
That, if you did not such mens wants contemne,
You could not chuse but helpe, or pitie them.
All Ages had (and, this I know hath some),
Such men, as to this misery, doe come:
And, many of them, at their *Lot*, so grieve,
As if they knew, (or did at least beleeve)
That, had their *Wealth* suffiz'd them to aspire
(To what their *Witts* deserve, and they *desire*).
The present Age, and future Ages too,
Might gaine have had, from what they thought to doe.
Perhaps I dream'd so once: But, God be prais'd,
The *Clog* which kept me downe, from being rais'd,
Was chain'd so fast, that (if such *Dreames* I had)
My *thoughts*, and *longings*, are not now so mad.
For, plaine I see, that, had my *Fortunes* brought
Such *Wealth*, at first, as my small *Wit* hath sought;
I might my selfe, and others, have undone,
Instead of *Courses*, which I thought to runne.
I finde my *Povertie*, for mee was fit;
Yea, and a *Blessing*, greater than my *Wit*:
And, whether, now, I *rich* or *poore* become,
Tis nor much *pleasing*, nor much *troublesome*.

A* Mischiefe*, hardly can be done,
Where* many-pow'rs *are knit in one.

Illvstr. XLIII. *Book.*

Bserve the *Sheafe of Arrowes*, figur'd here;
And, how the pow'r, and fury, of the *Beare*
(Though hee attempt it) no device can finde
To breake one *slender-shaft*, while they are *joyn'd*:
Whereas, were they *divided*, strength but small,
Like rotten Kexes, would soone breake them all.
This *Emblem*, therefore, fitly doth imply
That Safeguard, which is found in *Vnity*;
And, shewes, that, when *Dis-union* is begunne,
It breedeth dangers, where before were none.
The *Psalmist*, numerous *Off-springs*, doth compare
To *Quivers*, that with *Shafts* replenish'd are.
When *Vnity* hath knit them in her *bands*,
They prove like *Arrowes* in a *Gyants* hands.
And, though, for these, their Foes in wayt have layd,
They shall not be supriz'd, nor made afrayd.
Consider this, yee *Children of one Sire*,
'Twixt whom, is kindled some contentious *fire*,
And, reconciled be, lest you, at length,
Consume away the marrow of your *strength*;
Or, by dividing, of your *joyned-pow'r*,
Make way for those, who studie to devoure.
Yea, let us all consider, as we ought,
What *Lesson*, by this *Emblem*, we are taught.
For, wee are *Brethren* all; and (by a *Bloud*
More precious, then our nat'rall *Brother-hood*)
Nor knit, alone, but, mingled, as it were,
Into a *League*; which is, by much, more deare,
And, much more dangerous, to be undone,

Then all the *Bands*, that can be thought upon.

They, best injoy their Hearts desires,
***In whom,* Love*, kindles* mutuall-fires.**

Illvstr. XLIV. *Book.*

Hat may the reason be, that, when Desire
Hath kindled in the brest, a *Loving-fire*,
The *Flame*, which burn'd awhile, both cleere & strong,
Becomes to be extinguished, ere long?
This *Emblem* gives the reason; for, it showes,
That, when *Affection*, to perfection growes,
The *Fire*, which doth inlighten, first, the same,
Is made an *equall*, and a *mutuall-flame*.
These burning *Torches*, are alike in *length*;
To shew, *Love equall*, both in *time*, and *strength*.
They, to each otherward, their *Flames* extend,
To teach us, that, *True-lovers* have no end
Pertayning to *Selfe-love*; and, lo, betweene
These *Two*, one *Flaming-heart*, is to be seene;
To signifie, that, they, but *one*, remaine
In *Minde*; though, in their *Persons*, they are *twaine*.
He, doubtlesse, then, who *Lov'd*, and, giveth over,
Deserveth not the Title of a *Lover*;
Or, else, was unrequited in Affection,
And, was a *Lover*, with some imperfection.
For, *Love*, that loves, and is not lov'd as much,
May perfect grow; but, yet, it is not such,
Nor can be, till it may that *object* have,
Which *gives* a *Heart*, for what it would *receive*:
And, lookes not so much *outward*, as to heed
What seemes *within*, to *want*, or to *exceed*.
Whether our Emblem's *Author*, thought of this,
You need not care; nor, will it be amisse,
If they who perfect *Lovers*, would be thought,

Doe mind, what by this *Morall*, they are taught.

Where* many-Forces *joyned are,
Vnconquerable-pow'r*, is there*

Illvstr. XLV. *Book.*

N *Emblem's* meaning, here, I thought to conster;
And, this doth rather fashion out a *Monster*,
Then forme an *Hieroglyphicke*: but, I had
These *Figures* (as you see them) ready made
By others; and, I meane to *morallize*
Their Fancies; not to mend what they devise.
Yet, peradventure, with some vulgar praise,
This *Picture* (though I like it not) displayes
The *Morall*, which the *Motto* doth imply;
And, thus, it may be sayd to signifie.
He, that hath many *Faculties*, or *Friends*,
To keepe him safe (or to acquire his ends)
And, fits them so; and, keepes them so together,
That, still, as readily, they ayd each other,
As if so many *Hands*, they had been made;
And, in *One-body*, usefull being had:
That man, by their Assistance, may, at length,
Attaine to an *unconquerable-strength*;
And, crowne his honest *Hopes*, with whatsoever
He seekes for, by a warranted Endeavour.
Or, else, it might be sayd; that, when we may
Make our *Affections*, and, our *Sense*, obay
The will of *Reason*, (and, so well agree,
That, we may finde them, still, at peace to be)
They'l guard us, like so many *Armed-hands*;
And, safely keepe us, whatsoere withstands.
If others thinke this *Figure*, here, inferres
A better sense; let those *Interpreters*
Vnriddle it; and, preach it where they please:

Their *Meanings* may be good, and so are these.

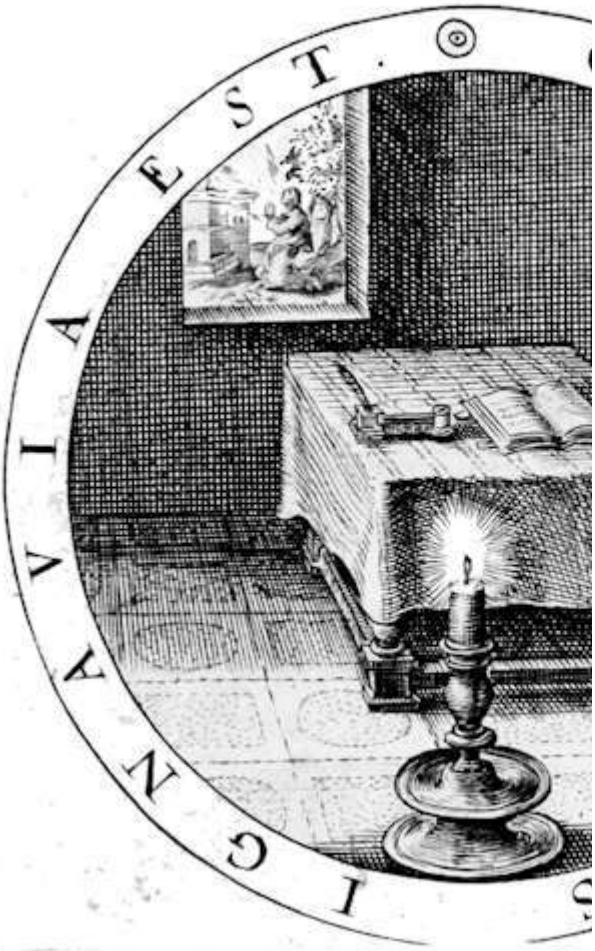
The* Hearts *of* Kings *are in* God's *Hands;
And, as He lists, He Them commands.

Illvstr. XLVI. *Book.*

Hy doe men grudge at those, who raysed be,
By royall Favour, from a low degree?
Know this; *Hee should be honour'd, whom the King,*
To place of Dignity, shall please to bring.
Why should they blame their *Kings*, for fav'ring such,
Whom, they have thought, scarce meriting so much?
God rules their Hearts; and, they, themselves deceive,
Who dreame, that Kings exalt, without Gods leave.
Why murmure they at *God*, for guiding so
The Hearts of *Kings*, as oft they see him doe?
Or, at his *Workes*, why should they take offence,
As if their *Wit*, could teach his *Providence*?
His just, and his all-seeing Wisedome *knowes,*
Both whom*, and* why *he crownes, or overthrowes;*
And, for what cause*, the Hearts of* Princes*, bee*
Inlarg'd*, or* shut*; when we no cause can see;*
We sometime know, what's *well*, and what's *amisse*;
But, of those *Truths*, the root concealed is;
And, False-hoods, and Uncertainties, there are,
In most of those things, which we *speake*, or *heare*.
Then, were not *Kings* directed by *God's* hand,
They, who are best, and wisest in the Land,
Might oft misguide them, either by receiving
A *False report*, or, by some *wrong-believing*.
God's *Grace* it is, that *Good-men* rays'd have bin:
If *Sinners* flourish, we may thanke our *Sin*.
Both *Good* and *Bad*, so like in *out-sides* be,
That, *Kings* may be deceiv'd, in what they see;
And, if *God* had not rul'd their *Hearts* aright,

The *World*, by this time, had been ruin'd quite.

A* Vertue *hidden, or not us'd,
Is either* Sloth*, or* Grace *abus'd.



Illvstr. XLVII. *Book.*

he World hath shamelesse *Boasters*, who pretend,
In sundry matters, to be skill'd so well,
That, were they pleased, so their houres to spend,
They say, they could in many things excell.
But, though they make their hearers to beleeve,
That, out of *Modestie* their *Gifts* they hide,
In them wee very plainely may perceive,
Or *Sloth*, or *Envy*, *Ignorance*, or *Pride*.
When other mens endeavours they peruse,
They either carpe at what they cannot mend;
Or else of Arrogance doe those accuse,
Who, to the publike view, their *Workes* commend.
If these men say, that they can *Poetize*,
But, will not; they are false in saying so:
For, he, whose *Wit* a little that way lies,
Will *doing* bee, though hee himselfe *undoe*.
If they, in other *Faculties* are learned,
And, still, forbeare their *Talents* to imploy;
The truest *Knowledge*, yet, is undiscerned,
And, that, they merit not, which they injoy.
Yea, such as hide the *Gifts* they have received,
(Or use them not, as well as they are able)
Are like *fayre Eyes*, of usefull sight bereaved;
Or, *lighted-Candles*, underneath a *Table*.
Their glorioust part, is but a *Painted-cloath*,
Whose *Figures*, to the wall-ward, still are hung.
Their hidden *Vertues*, are apparant *Sloth*;
And, all their life, is to the publike wrong:
For, they doe reape the *Fruits*, by many sowne,

And, leave to others, nothing of their owne.

The* Moone*, which is* decreasing *now,
***When shee* returnes*, will* fuller*, grow*.**

Illvstr. XLVIII. ***Book***

Never, yet, did murmuringly complaine,
Although those *Moones* have long been in the *Waine*,
Which on their *Silver Shields*, my *Elders* wore,
In *Battels*, and in *Triumphs*, heretofore.
Nor any mention have I ever made,
Of such *Eclipses*, as those *Crescents* had;
Thereby, to move some *Comet*, to reflect
His *fading-light*, or daigne his *good-aspect*.
For, when I tell the *World*, how ill I fare,
I tell her too, how little I doe care,
For her *despights*: yea, and I tell it not,
That, helpe, or pitie, might from her be got;
But, rather, that her *Favourites* may see,
I know my *Waynings*, yet, can pleased bee.
My *Light*, is from the Planet of the *Sunne*;
And, though the *Course*, which I obliquely runne,
Oft brings my outward *Fortunes* to the *Waine*,
My *Light* shall, one day, bee renew'd againe.
Yea, though to some, I quite may seeme to lose
My *Light*; because, my follies interpose
Their shadowes to eclipse it: yet, I know,
My *Crescents*, will increase, and *fuller*, grow.
Assoone as in the *Flesh*, I beeing had,
I mooved on in *Courses retrograde*,
And, thereby lost my *Splendor*: but, I feele
Soft motions, from that great *Eternall-Wheele*,
Which mooveth all things, sweetly mooving mee,
To gaine the *Place*, in which I ought to bee:
And, when to *Him*, I backe *returne*, from *whom*

At first I came, I shall at *Full* become.

Bee warie,* wheresoe're*, thou bee:
For, from deceit, no* place *is free.

Illvstr. XLIX. *Book.*

Ome write (but, on what grounds, I cannot tell)
That they, who neere unto the *Deserts* dwell,
Where *Elephants* are found, doe notice take,
What trees they haunt, their sleeping-stocks to make;
That, when they rest against an halfe-sawne stemme,
It (falling) may betray those Beasts to them.
Now, though the part *Historicall*, may erre,
The *Morall*, which this *Emblem* doth inferre,
Is overtrue; and, seemeth to imply,
The *World* to bee so full of Treacherie,
As, that, no corner of it, found can be,
In which, from Falshoods Engines, wee are free.
I have observ'd the *Citie*; and, I finde
The *Citizens*, are civill, grave and kinde;
Yet, many are deluded by their showes,
And, cheated, when they trust in them repose.
I have been oft at *Court*; where I have spent,
Some idle time, to heare them *Complement*:
But, I have seene in *Courtiers*, such deceit,
That, for their Favours, I could never wait.
I doe frequent the *Church*; and, I have heard
Gods judgements, by the *Preachers*, there, declar'd,
Against mens falshoods; and, I gladly heare
Their zealous *Prayers*, and good *Counsells* there;
But, as I live, I finde some such as they,
Will watch to doe a mischiefe, if they may.
Nay, those poore sneaking *Clownes*, who seeke their living,
As if they knew no manner of deceiving;
Ev'n *those*, their *witts*, can (this way) so apply,

That, they'l soone cousen, wiser men, than I.

This* Day*, my* Houre-glasse*, forth is runne;
Thy* Torch*, to* Morrow*, may bee done.

Illvstr. L. ***Book. 3***

Here is no Day, nor minute of the Day,
In which, there are not many sent away
From *Life* to *Death*; or, many *drawing-on*,
Which, must within a little while, bee gone.
You, often, view the *Grave*; you, often, meet
The *Buriers*, and the *Mourners*, in the street,
Conveying of some Neighbour, to that home,
Which must, e're long, your *dwelling-place* become.
You see the *Race*, of many a youthfull *Sonne*
Is finish'd, e're his *Father's* Course is done;
And, that, the hand of *Death*, regardeth neither
Sexe, Youth, nor Age; but, mingleth all together.
You, many times, in your owne houses, heare
The groanes of *Death*, and, view your *Children*, there,
Your loving *Parents*, or, beloved *Wives*,
To gaspe for breath, and, labour for their *lives*.
Nay, you your selves, do sometime find the paines
Of *Sicknesse*, in your Bowels, and your Vaines.
The *Harbingers* of *Death*, sometime, begin
To take up your whole *Bodie*, for their *Inne*.
You beare their heavie *Aches*, on your back;
You feele their *twinges*, make your heartstrings crack;
And, sometime, lye imprison'd, and halfe dead,
With *Age*, or with *Diseases*, on your bed:
Yet you deferre your ends; and, still contrive,
For temp'rall things; as if you thought to live
Sixe *Ages* longer: or, had quite forgot,
That, you, and others, draw one *common-Lot*.
But, that, you might not, still, the same forget,

This *Emblem*, and this *Motto*, here were set.

Finis Libri tertij.

THE THIRD LOTTERIE.

1

he *Wreathes* of GLORY, you affect,
But, *meanes* to gaine them, you neglect;
And, (though in *doing*, you delight)
You *doe* not, alwayes, what is *right*:
Nor are you growne, as yet, so wise,
To know, to whom the richest *Prize*
Doth appertaine; nor what it is.
But, now, you are inform'd of *This*.

See, *Emblem* I.

2

Though you are *weake*, you much may doe,
If you will set your *Wits* thereto.

For, meaner *Powres*, than you have had,
And, meaner *Wits*, good shift have made,
Both to contrive, and compasse that,
Which abler men have wondred at.
Your *Strength*, and *Wit*, unite, therefore,
And, both shall grow improov'd the more.
See, *Emb.* II.

3

Perhaps, thou mayst be one of them,
Who, Civill *Magistrates* contemne;
And sleighteth, or else, flouteth at
The *Ceremonies* of Estate.
That, thou maist, therefore, learne to get,
Both better *Manners*, and more *Wit*,
The *Sword*, and *Mace*, (by some despiz'd)
Is, for thy sake, now *moralliz'd*.
See, *Emb.* III.

4

By this thy *Lot*, wee may misdoubt,
Thou look'st not warily about;
But, hudlest onward, without heed,
What went *before*, or may *succeed*;
Procuring losse, or discontent,
Which, *Circumspection*, might prevent.
Therefore, with gratefulnesse, receive
Those counsells, which our *Moralls* give.
See, *Emb.* IV.

5

Thou hast, unworthily, repin'd,
Or, been displeased in thy mind,
Because, thy *Fortunes* doe not seeme
To fit thy *Worth* (in thy esteeme:)
And loe, to check thy discontent,
Thy *Lot*, a *Morall*, doth present;
And shewes, that, if thou *vertuous* bee,
Good-Fortune, will attend on thee.

See, *Emb.* V.

6

When thy Desires have good successe,
Thine owne *Endeavors*, thou dost blesse;
But, seldome unto *God* thou giv'st
Due thanks, for that, which thou receiv'st.
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, tells from whom
The fruits of good *Endeavours*, come:
And, shewes (if thou to thrive intend)
On whom, thou, alwayes, must depend.

See, *Emb.* VI.

7

It may bee, thou art one of those,
Whose *Faith*, more *bold*, than *fruitfull* growes;
And (building on some false *Decree*)
Disheartnest those, that *Workers* be
To gaine (with *awfull-joy*) that *PriZe*,
Which, unto no man, *God* denies,
That workes in *Hope*; and, lives by *Faith*.

Marke, therefore, what thine *Emblem* saith.
See, *Emb.* VII.

8

Thou hast been willing, that thy *Name*,
Should live the life of *Honest-Fame*;
And, that, thy *labours* (to thy praise)
Continue might, in future dayes.
Behold; the *Lot*, thou hapnest on,
Hath showne, how this may well bee done.
Pursue the *Course*, which there is taught,
And, thy desires to passe are brought.
See, *Emb.* VIII.

9

Thou, many things, hast well begun;
But, little, to good purpose, done:
Because, thou hast a fickle *braine*,
And, *hands* that love to take no paine.
Therefore, it chanceth not amisse,
That, thou hast such a *Chance*, as this:
For, if thou want not *Grace*, or *Wit*,
Thou maist, in time, have good of it.
See, *Emb.* IX.

10

Whatev'r you seeme to others, now,
It was the *Harrow*, and the *Plough*,
By which, your *Predecessors* got,

The fairest portion of your *Lot*:
And, (that, it may encrease your *Wit*)
They haunt you, in an *Emblem*, yet.
Peruse our *Morall*; and, perchance,
Your *Profit*, it will much advance.
See, *Emb.* X.

11

Much labour, and much time you spend,
To get an able-constant *Friend*:
But, you have ever sought him, there,
Where, no such precious *Iewells* are:
For, you, *without* have searching bin,
To finde, what must be found *within*.
This *Friend*, is mention'd by this *Lot*,
But, *God* knowes where he may be got.
See, *Emb.* XI.

12

Thou seek'st for *Fame*; and, now art showne,
For what, her *Trumpet* shall be blowne.
Thine *Emblem*, also, doth declare,
What *Fame* they get, who *vertuous* are,
For *Praise* alone; and, what *Reward*,
For such like *Studies*, is prepar'd.
Peruse it; And, this *Counsell* take;
Bee vertuous, for meere Vertues sake.
See, *Emb.* XI.

13

This *Lot*, those persons, alwayes finds,
That have high *thoughts*, and loftie *minds*;
Or, such as have an itch to learne,
That, which doth nothing them concerne;
Or, love to peepe, with daring eyes,
Into forbidden *Mysteries*.
If any one of these thou bee,
Thine *Emblem*, lessons hath for thee.

See, *Emb.* XIII.

14

If all be true, these *Lots* doe tell us,
Thou shouldst be of those *Fidling-fellowes*,
Who, better practised are growne,
In *others* matters, than their *owne*:
Or, one, that covets to be thought,
A man, that's ignorant of nought.
If it be so, thy *Morall* showes
Thy *Folly*, and what from it flowes.

See, *Emb.* XIV.

15

Thou hast some *Charge*, (who e're thou be)
Which, *Tendance* may expect from thee.
And, well, perhaps, it may be fear'd,
Tis often left, without regard:
Or, that, thou dost securely sleep,
When, thou should'st watch, more strictly, keep.
Thou knowest best, if it be so:
Take therefore heed, what is to doe.

See, *Emb.* XV.

16

In secret, thou dost oft complaine,
That, thou hast *hop'd*, and *wrought* in vaine;
And, think'st thy *Lot*, is farre more hard,
Than what for others is prepar'd.
An *Emblem*, therefore, thou hast got,
To shew, it is our *common-Lot*,
To *worke* and *hope*; and, that, thou hast
A *Blessing* by it, at the last.

See, *Emb.* XVI.

17

That thou hast *Honestie*, we grant;
But, *Prudence*, thou dost often want:
And, therefore, some have injur'd thee,
Who farre more *Wise*, than *honest* bee.
That, now, *Discretion* thou mayst add,
To those *good-meanings* thou hast had;
The *Morall* of thine *Emblem*, view;
And, what it counsels, that, pursue.

See, *Emb.* XVII.

18

To your *Long-home*, you nearer are,
Than you (it may bee) are aware:
Yea, and more easie is the *Way*,
Than you, perchance, conceive it may.
Lest, therefore, *Death*, should grim appeare,

And, put you in a causelesse feare;
(Or out of minding wholly passe)
This *Chance*, to you allotted was.
See, *Emb.* XVIII.

19

In slippery *Paths*, you are to goe;
Yea, they are full of danger too:
And, if you heedfull should not grow,
They'l hazzard much, your overthrow.
But, you the mischiefe may eschew,
If wholsome Counsell, you pursue.
Looke, therefore, what you may be taught,
By that, which this your *chance* hath brought.
See, *Emb.* XIX.

20

This present *Lot*, concernes full neere,
Not you alone, but all men here;
For, all of us, too little heed
His *love*, who for our sakes, did *bleed*.
Tis true, that *meanes*, hee left behind him,
Which better teacheth how to minde him:
Yet, if wee both by *that*, and *this*,
Remember him, 'tis not amisse.
See, *Emb.* XX.

21

Tis hop'd, you just, and pious are,

More out of *Conscience*, than for feare;
And, that you'l vertuous courses take,
For *Goodnesse*, and for *Vertue-sake*.
Yet, since the best men, sometimes may
Have need of helpes, in *Vertues* way,
Those usefull *Moralls*, sleight you not,
Which are presented by this *Lot*.
See, *Emb.* XXI.

22

This *Lot* pertaineth unto those,
(And who they bee, *God* onely knowes)
Who, to the world, have no desire;
But, up to heav'nly things aspire.
No doubt, but you, in some degree,
Indow'd with such *affections* bee;
And, had this *Emblem*, that you might
Encourag'd bee, in such a *Flight*.
See, *Emb.* XXII.

23

The state of *Temp'rall* things to shew,
Yee have them, still, within your view;
For, ev'ry object that wee see,
An *Emblem*, of them, serves to bee.
But, wee from few things, helps doe finde,
To keepe *Eternitie* in minde.
This *Lot*, an *Emblem* brings, therefore,
To make you thinke upon it more.
See, *Emb.* XXIII.

24

Vnlesse you better looke thereto,
Dis-use, and *Sloth*, will you undoe.
That, which of you despayred was,
With ease, might have bin brought to passe;
Had but so much bin done, as may
Bee equall'd with *One Line a day*.
Consider this; and, to that end,
The *Morall* of your *Lot* attend.

See, *Emb.* XXIV.

M 25

If wee mistake not, thou art one,
Who loves to court the *Rising-Sunne*;
And, if this *Lot*, thy nature finde,
Thou to *Preferment* hast a minde:
If so; learne hence, by whose respect
(Next God) thou mayst thy hopes effect:
Then, seeke to winn his grace to thee,
Of what estate soe're thou bee.

See, *Emb.* XXV.

26

Thou to a *double-path* art come;
And, peradventure, troublesome,
Thou findest it; for thee to know,
On whether hand thou oughtst to goe.
To put thee out of all suspect,
Of *Courses* that are indirect;
Thy *Morall* points thee to a path,

Which *hardship*, but, no perill hath.
See, *Emb.* XXVI.

27

You warned are of taking heede,
That, never, you your *Bounds* exceed;
And, also, that you be not found,
To come within your Neighbours *Bound*.
There may be some concealed Cause,
That, none but you, this *Emblem* drawes.
Examine it; And, If you see
A fault, let it amended be.
See, *Emb.* XXVII.

28

Your *Emblems* morall doth declare,
When, *Lovers* fitly matched are;
And, what the chiefest cause may be,
Why, *Friends* and *Lovers* disagree.
Perhaps, you somewhat thence may learne,
Which your *Affection* doth concerne.
But, if it *Counsell* you too late,
Then, preach it at your *Neighbours* gate.
See, *Emb.* XXVIII.

M 29

Some, vrge their *Princes* on to *Warre*,
And weary of sweet *Peace*, they are.
Some, seeke to make them, dote on *Peace*,
(Till publike Danger more encrease)

As if the World were kept in awe,
By nothing else but preaching *Law*.
Thy *Morall* (if of those thou art)
Doth act a *Moderators* part.

See, *Emb.* XXIX.

30

Tis feared, thou dost lesse esteeme,
Vpright to *bee*, than so to *seeme*;
And, if thine actions, faire *appeare*,
Thou carest not how foule they *are*.
Though this bee not thy fault alone,
Yet have a care of mending *One*:
And, study thou, *Vpright* to grow,
As well in *Essence*, as in *Show*.

See, *Emb.* XXX.

31

Some, all their *time*, and *wealth* have spent,
In giving other men content;
And, would not grudge to waste their *Blood*,
To helpe advance the *Common-good*.
To such as these, you have been thought,
Not halfe so friendly as you ought.
This *Lot* therefore befalls, to shew,
How great *respects*, to such, are due.

See, *Emb.* XXXI.

32

You have been tempted (by your leave)
In hope of *Lucre*, to deceive:
But, much, as yet, you have not swerv'd
From *Faith*, which ought to be observ'd.
If well, hereafter, you would speed,
In *dealing-honestly*, proceed:
For, by your *Emblem*, you shall see,
That, *Honest-men*, the *richest* bee.

See, *Emb.* XXXII.

33

We hope, no person, here, beleeves,
That, you are of those wealthy *Theeves*,
Who, *Chaines* of gold, and pearle doe weare.
And, of those *Theeves*, that, none you are,
Which weares a *Rope*, wee, plainly see;
For, you, as yet *unhanged* bee:
But, unto God, for *Mercie* crie,
Else *hang'd* you may bee, e're you die.

See, *Emb.* XXXIII.

34

You, willing are, to put away,
The thinking on your *latter-day*:
You count the mention of it, *Folly*;
A meanes of breeding *Melancholly*;
And, newes unfit for men to heare,
Before they come to *sixtie-yeare*.
But, minde what Counsels now are sent,
And, mend, lest you too late repent.

See, *Emb.* XXXIV.

35

Your *Wits*, your *Wishes*, and your *Tongue*,
Have run the *Wild goose-chase*, too long;
And (lest all Reason, you exceed)
Of *Rules*, and *Reines*, you now have need.
A *Bridle*, therefore, and a *Square*,
Prime *Figures*, in your *Emblem*, are.
Observe their *Morall*, and I pray,
Be *Wise*, and *Sober*, if you may.

See, *Emb.* XXXV.

36

Because her *Ayd* makes goodly showes,
You, on the *World*, your trust repose;
And, his *dependance*, you despise,
Who, meerly, on *God's* helpe, relies.
That, therefore, you may come to see,
How pleas'd, and safe, those men may bee,
Who have no ayd, but *God*, alone;
This *Emblem*, you have lighted on.

See, *Emb.* XXXVI.

37

Some, thinke your *Vertue* very much;
And, there is cause to thinke it such:
For, many wayes it hath been tride;
And, well the *Triall* doth abide.
Yet, think not, but some *brunts* there are,
Which, your owne *strength* shall never beare.

And, by the *Morall* of your *Lot*,
Learne, where, *Assistance* may bee got.
See, *Emb.* XXXVII.

38

Thou hast been grieved, and complain'd,
Because, the *Truth* hath wrong sustain'd.
But, that, dismayd thou shouldst not be,
Thine *Emblem* will declare to thee,
That, though the *Truth* may suffer spite,
It shall not bee depressed quite;
But, by opposing, spread the more,
And, grow more pow'rfull than before.
See, *Emb.* XXXVIII.

39

By *Rashnesse*, thou hast often err'd,
Or, else, thou hadst been more preferr'd.
But, future errours, to prevent,
Thou to the slow-pac'd *Oxe* art sent,
To learne more *Staydnesse*; and, to doe
Thy *Workes*, with *Perseverance*, too.
Hee that this creatures *Vertue* scornes,
May want it all, except his *Hornes*.
See, *Emb.* XXXIX.

40

Dame *Fortunes* favour seemes to bee
Much lov'd, and longed for, of thee;

As if, in what, her hand bestowes,
Thou mightst thy confidence repose.
But, that, her *manners* may bee knowne,
This *Chance*, upon thee, was bestowne.
Consider well, what thou hast got,
And, on her flattrings, dote thou not.
See, *Emb.* XL.

41

The *Steele* and *Flint*, declare, in part,
The Temper of a *Stony-heart*;
And, shewe, that thence, no *Vertue* flowes,
Till it be forced out, with blowes.
Some other, *Moralls* thou maist learne,
Thereby, which will thy *good*, concerne:
Marke, therefore, what they doe declare,
And, minde it, as occasions are.
See, *Emb.* XLI.

42

Thou thinkst thy *Witt*, had made thee great,
Had *Povertie* not beene some *let*:
But, had thy *Wealth* as ample beene,
As, thou thy *Witt*, didst overweene;
Insteed of thy desired *Height*,
Perhaps, thou hadst beene ruin'd quite.
Hereafter, therefore, be content,
With whatsoever *God* hath sent.
See, *Emb.* XLII.

43

To *Discord*, thou art somewhat prone,
And, thinkst thou mayst subsist alone;
Regarding not how safe they bide,
Who, fast, in *Concords* bands are tide.
But, that thou mayst the better heed,
What *Good*, from *Vnion* doth proceed,
An *Emblem* is become thy *Lot*,
From which, good *Caveats* may be got.

See, *Emb.* XLIII.

44

Thou wouldst be lov'd; and, to that end,
Thou dost both *Time*, and *Labour* spend:
But, thou expect'st (as wee beleeve)
More *Love*, than thou dost meane to give.
If so thou then, art much to blame:
For, *Love* affects a *muturall-flame*;
Which, if it faile on either side,
Will never, long time, true abide.

See, *Emb.* XLIV.

45

If all your *pow'rs*, you should unite,
Prevaile in your Desires, you might:
And, sooner should effect your ends,
If you should muster up your *Friends*.
But, since your *Genius* doth suspect,
That, you such *Policie* neglect,
Your *Lot* presenteth to your view
An *Emblem*, which instructeth you.

See, *Emb.* XLV.

46

Because, thou mayst be one of them,
Who dare the deeds of *Kings* condemne;
(As if such eyes as theirs and yours
Could view the depth of *Sov'raigne pow'rs*;
Or, see, how in each *Time*, and *Place*,
God rules their hearts, in ev'ry case.)
To check thy sawcinesse, in this,
An *Emblem* comes not much amisse.

See, *Emb.* XLVI.

47

Of many goodly parts thou vauntst;
And, much thou hast, though much thou wantst:
But, well it were, that, lesse, thou hadst,
Vnlesse more use thereof thou mad'st.
That, therefore, thou mightst come to see,
How vaine *unpractiz'd-vertues* bee,
Peruse thine *Emblem*; and, from thence,
Take usefull heed of thy *Offence*.

See, *Emb.* XLVII.

48

By this thy *Lot*, it may appeare,
Decayd thy *Hopes*, or *Fortunes* are.
But, that, thou mayst no courage lose,
Thine *Emblem*, by example, showes,
That, as the *Moone* doth from the *Waine*

Returne, and fill her *Orbe* againe:
So, thou thy *Fortunes* mayst renew,
If, honest *Hopes*, thou shalt pursue.
See, *Emb.* XLVIII.

49

Some *Foes*, for thee, doe lie in wait,
Where thou suspectest no *Deceit*;
Yea, many a one, thy harme intends,
Whom thou dost hope will be thy *Friends*:
Be, therefore, heedfull, whom to *trust*;
What *walke* thou tak'st, and what thou *dost*;
For, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
That, *warinesse*, will needfull bee.
See, *Emb.* XLIX.

50

It seemes, by drawing of this *Lot*,
The day of *Death*, is much forgot;
And, that, thou needst a faithfull *Friend*,
To minde thee of thy *latter-end*.
Vnheeded, therefore, passe not by,
What now thine *Emblem* doth imply;
So, thou shalt heare (without affright)
Death's message, though it were to night.
See, *Emb.* L.

51

Thou seek'st by fickle *Chance*, to gaine,

What thou by *Vertue* might'st attaine.
Endeavour well, and, nothing shall
To thee, unfortunately fall:
For, ev'ry variable *Chance*,
Thy firme contentment, shall advance.
But, if thou, yet, remaine in doubt,
Turne *Fortunes-wheele*, once more, about.

52

Thy *Lot*, no Answere will bestow,
To that, which thou desir'st to know;
Nor canst thou, here, an *Emblem* find,
Which to thy purpose is inclinde.
Perhaps, it is too late to crave,
What thou desirest, now, to have:
Or, but in vaine, to mention that,
Which thy *Ambition* aymeth at.
Then, take it not in evill part,
That, with a *Blanck*, thou answer'd art.

53

Although you now refused not,
To trie the *Fortune* of your *Lot*;
Yet, you, perhaps, unwilling are,
This company the same should heare,
Lest, some harsh *Morall* should unfold
Such tricks, as you could wish untold.
But, loe, you need not stand in awe;
For, 'tis a *Blanck*, which now you draw.

54

It proves a *Blanck*; for, to what end,
Should wee a serious *Morall* spend,
Where, *teachings*, *warnings*, and *advise*,
Esteemed are of little price?
Your onely purpose, is to looke
Upon the *Pictures* of this *Booke*;
When, more discretion you have got,
An *Emblem* shall attend your *Lot*.

55

You might have drawne an *Emblem*, here,
In which your *manners* pictur'd were:
But, some will vexe, when they shall see
Themselves, so painted out to bee,
And, blame this *Booke*, as if it had
By some unlawfull *Art* been made:
(Or, was contriv'd, that, to their shame,
Men, on themselves, might *Libels* frame)
And, lest you may bee so unwise,
Your *Lot*, an *Emblem*, now, denies.

56

Because, *Good Chances*, others drew,
To trie these *Lots*, it pleased you.
But, had you such an *Emblem* found,
As fits you rightly, you had froun'd;
Or, *inwardly*, you would have *chast*,
Although you *outwardly* had laugh'd.
You, therefore, very glad may bee,
This proves a *Blanck*; and, so may wee.

FINIS.

A COLLECTION OF EMBLEMES, ANCIENT AND MODERNE:

Quickened With Metricall Illvstrations, both *Morall* and *Divine*: And disposed into Lotteries,

That *Jnstruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered by an Honest and Pleasant *Recreation*.

***By* George Wither.**

The fourth Booke.

LONDON,
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEWES.
MDCXXXIV.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE
PHILLIP, Earle of Pembrooke, and Movntgomerie, &c. *Lord* Chamberlaine *of the Houshould,* Knight *of the most honourable Order of the* Garter*, and one of his* Majesties *most Honourable* Privie-Councell.

My Honourable LORD,

THough, *Worthlesse* in my owne repute I am;
And, (though my *Fortune*, so obscures my Name
Beneath my *Hopes*; that, now, it makes me seeme
As little worth, in other mens esteeme,
As in mine owne;) yet, when my *Merits* were
No better, than, to most, they now appeare,
It pleased some, ev'n some of those that had
The *Noblest Names*, (and, those of whom was made
The best Account) so lowly to descend,
As, my well-meaning *Studies*, to befriend.
  Among those WORTHIES, I may both bemone
(My selfe in HIM) and memorize, for *One*,
Your much renowned BROTHER, as a *Chiefe*
In bringing to my waned *Hopes*, reliefe;
And, in my *Faculties*, were I as able
To honour *Him*, as he was honourable,
I would have showne, how, all this *Emperie*

Hath lost a *Friend*, in HIM, as much as I.
  To MEE, so freely, of his owne accord
It pleased HIM, his *Favours*, to afford;
That, when our learned, and late *Sov'raigne-Prince*,
(By others mis-informed) tooke offence
At my Free *Lines*; HEE, foun'd such *Meanes* and *Place*
To bring, and reconcile mee to his *Grace*;
That, therewithall, his *Majestie* bestow'd
A Gift upon mee, which his *Bountie* show'd:
And, had inrich'd mee; if, what was intended,
Had not, by othersome, beene ill befriended.
  But, as I long time, suffred have by those
Who labour'd much, my thrivings, to oppose:
So, *I my selfe*, (although not out of pride,
As many thinke it) have so much relide
Vpon the *Royall-Gift*, neglecting so
To fortifie the same, as others do
By making Friends; that my estate grew lesse
(By more than twice five hundred Marks decrease)
Through that, which for, my profit was bestowne.
And, I, ere this, had wholly been undone;
But, that the *Wealth*, which I relie on, most,
Consists in things, which never can be lost.
  Yet, by his *Losse*, I have *Occasions* had
To feele, why other men are often sad.
And, I, (who blushed, to be troublesome
To any Friend) therby, almost am come
To such a passe; that, what I wish to have,
I should grow impudent enough to *Crave*,
Had not impartiall *Death*, and wasting *Time*,
Of all my Friends quite worne away the *Prime*;
And, left mee none, to whom I dare present
The meanest suite without encouragement:

Although, the greatest *Boone*, I would implore,
Should cost them, but a *Word*, or little more.
Yet, some there are, no doubt, for whose respect
I might endeavour, with no vaine effect;
Had I but cause, to have as high esteeme,
Of mine owne *Merits*, as I have of them.
And, if your *Honour* should be so inclin'd,
As I desire; I, now am sure to finde
Another *Pembrooke*, by whose ayde sustain'd,
I may preserve, what by the *Last* I gain'd.
  To make adventure, how it will succeed,
I now am come. And lo, my LORD, insteed
Of better *Advocates*, I first begin,
Mine EMBLEMS, by these *Lines*, to Vsher in;
That, *they*, by these admittance may effect
For *Mee*, and for *themselves*, your kinde respect.
  That, which in *them*, best Worthy you shall find,
Is this; that, they are Symptomes of a *Minde*,
Affecting honestie: and of a *Heart*,
So truly honouring a true desert,
That, I am hopefull made, they will acquire
As much respect as I can well desire:
And, SIR, your *Candor*, your knowne *Courtesies*,
With other praisefull *Vertues*, make mee rise
To this Beliefe; that, YOV by fav'ring mee
Hereafter, may as highly honour'd be,
As by some former Bounties; and encrease
My Future *Merit*, by your *Worthinesse*.
  However, what I *am* or shall be knowne
To *Bee*, by *Your Deservings*, or mine *owne*,
You may command it; and, be sure to finde
(Though false my *Fortunes* prove) a Faithfull *Mind*.

Thus, unfainedly, professeth

Your Honours

truest Honourer,

GEO: WITHER.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

HENRIE, Earle of Holland, &c.
Captaine of the Guard; Lord-chiefe-Iustice _in Eyre_
of all his Majesties Forrests, Parkes and Chases
on this side _Trent_; _Knight_ of the most noble Order
of the Garter, and one of his Majesties most Honourable _Privie Counsell_.

Right Noble SIR,

HAving, of late, some Cause*, to overlooke*
That thankfull Register*, wherein I booke*
My noblest Friends*; I found so many* Names
Possessing nothing, but their honour'd Fames*,*
(Whose living Persons*, wee injoyed, here,*
A while agoe;) that, I began to feare,
I might grow Friendlesse*; (having now so few)*
Vnlesse I sought, their Number *to renew.*
By some Disasters*, also, gaining proofe,*
How much this Course *would make for my behoofe;*
I call'd my Wits *to* Counsell*,* Where*, and* HOW
I might, with hopefulnesse, begin to sow
The seeds of such a Blessing*: And, me thought*

Within mee, *something said*: Where should be sought

What thou so gladly wouldst renewed finde,
But, from some BRANCHES of the selfe-same kinde;
Whose faire Aspects may seeme to promise fruit,
According to the Virtues of the *Roote*?

Assoone as Fancie had inform'd me so,
Your Lordship*, came to my remembrance, too,*
With what our Soveraigne's *Favour,* Vulgar Fame*,*
Or, your owne Merits*, addeth to your* Name*.*
Which, having weigh'd, no doubts at all I had
Of Worth *in* Yov*; But, rather, doubtings made*
That, all my Wits *would insufficient be,*
To make that Worth*, become a* Friend *to mee.*
For, I have oft observ'd, that, Favour *shunnes*
The best Desert*, if after* her*, it runnes.*

Yet, who can tell what may befall? thought I:
It is no great *Adventure*, if I try
Without successe: And, if, I gaine my *End*,
I am assured of a *Noble-Friend*.
His honourable FATHER, deem'd mee worth
So much respecting as to seeke me forth,
When, I was more *obscure*: And, MEE, for nought
But, onely to *Befriend mee*, forth HEE sought.
Then, wherefore, of his SONNE, should I suspect
That (feeling Him) hee can my love reject?
Since, *Courtesie* doth alwaies, there, abound,
Where such a lovely *Personage* is found?

My LORD, these were my Fancies*: But I take them*
To be of no more worth, than, you shall make them
By your Acceptance*: Nor, is't my intent*
To Court you, with fruitlesse Complement*:*
But, to attempt your Favour *with a mind,*

As readily, and really, inclinde
To serve *you, when my services may steed;*
As to expect your Favours, in my need.
For, had my Fates *enabled me so much,*
I should more willingly have sought out such
On whom I Courtesies might have bestowne,
Than, seeke to cure Misfortunes *of mine* owne.
No doubt, but, every day, your Lordship *heares*
Inventions*, which may better please your eares*
Than these I now present; And, yet you might
(For ought I knew) finde profit, or delight,
By our plaine EMBLEMS, or, some uses *in them,*
Which from your Honour*, some respects may win them;*
Ev'n for that good Moralitie*, which they*
To Vulgar Vnderstandings will convay.
But, Truth to speake, the chiefest cause which drew
My minde, to make them PRESENTS, for your view,
Was, but to take Occasion *to professe,*
That, I am Servant*, to your WORTHINESSE.*
In which, if YOV are pleased; All is got,
At which I aym'd: And, though you like it not,
It shall but teach Mee (for the time to come)
To take more heed, where I am troublesome.

And, I shall be, neverthelesse,

your Honours to be commanded,

as becommeth your Servant,

GEO: WITHER.

Whil'st I, the* Sunne's *bright Face may view,
I will no meaner* Light *pursue.

Illvstr. I. ***Book. 4***

Hen, with a serious musing, I behold
The gratefull, and obsequious *Marigold*,
How duely, ev'ry morning, she displayes
Her open brest, when *Titan* spreads his Rayes;
How she observes him in his daily walke,
Still bending towards him, her tender stalke;
How, when he downe declines, she droopes and mournes,
Bedew'd (as 'twere) with teares, till he returnes;
And, how she vailes her *Flow'rs*, when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferiour *Eye*; or, did contemne
To wayt upon a meaner *Light*, then *Him*.
When this I meditate, me-thinkes, the *Flowers*
Have *spirits*, farre more generous, then ours;
And, give us faire Examples, to despise
The servile Fawnings, and Idolatries,
Wherewith, we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.
  But, oh my God! though groveling I appeare
Vpon the Ground, (and have a rooting here,
Which hales me downward) yet in my desire,
To that, which is above mee, I aspire:
And, all my best *Affections* I professe
To *Him*, that is the *Sunne of Righteousnesse*.
Oh! keepe the *Morning* of his *Incarnation*,
The burning *Noone-tide* of his bitter *Passion*,
The *Night* of his *Descending*, and the *Height*
Of his *Ascension*, ever in my sight:
  That imitating him, in what I may,

I never follow an inferiour *Way*.

The* Earth *is God's, and in his Hands
Are all the* Corners *of the Lands.

Illvstr. II. ***Book. 4***

Ong since, the sacred *Hebrew Lyrick* sayd,
(A Truth, which never justly was denayd)
That, *All the world is God's*; and that his *hands*
Enclose the limits of the farthest *Lands*.
The selfe same *Truth* affirmes, that likewise, there,
By him, their *clodds*, and *furrowes* warred are,
And, that with *dewes* and *showres*, he doth so blesse
The dwellings of the barren *Wildernesse*,
That, those Inhabitants (whom some conceiv'd,
Of usefull, and all pleasant things bereav'd)
Their labors, with advantage, doe employ,
And, fetch their yearely *Harvests* home, with joy.
Why then should wee, that in God's *Vineyard* live,
Distrust that all things needfull hee will give?
Why should his *Garden* doubt of what it needs,
Since hee oft waters barren *Rocks* and *Weeds*?
Why should his *Children*, live in slavish feare,
Since hee is kind to those that strangers are?
Or, whither from his presence, can we flie,
To whom the furthest *hiding-place* is nigh.
And, if I may, from lower objects clime,
(To questioning, in matters more sublime)
Why should I thinke, the *Soule* shall not bee fed,
Where God affoords, to *Flesh*, her *daily Bread*?
Or, dreame, that hee, for some, provided none,
Because, on us, much *Mercie* is bestowne?
'Tis true enough, that *Hell* devoureth all,
Who shall be found without the *Churches* pale;
But, how farre that extends, no Eye can see,

Since, *in Gods hands, Earth's farthest Corners bee.*

By seeming other than thou art,
Thou dost performe a foolish part.

Illvstr. III. ***Book.*** 4

He World is much for *Shewes*, and few there are
So diligent to *bee*, as to *appeare*;
Although a little travaile more, would make them
Those men, for which, the *lookers-on* mistake them.
Some, have so toyled, and consum'd so much,
To get a false repute of being *Rich*,
That, they have spent farre more, than would have
bought,
The *substance* of the *shadow*, they have sought;
And, caused those, who deem'd them rich before,
To know them, to bee miserably *poore*.
Some others, would so faine be counted *Wise*,
That, they consume in *Curiosities*,
In *Sophistries*, and superficiall *showes*,
More pretious Time, than would have made them those,
They long to seeme, (had halfe that meanes been spent,
In seeking *Wisdome*, with a pure intent)
Whereas, the glorioust purchases of such,
(Though by their Peeres they seeme applauded much)
Are still so vaine, that little they possesse,
But fruitlesse *leaves*, of *learned foolishnesse*:
Yea, by affecting more than is their due,
They lose ev'n both the *substance*, and the *shew*;
And, so, instead of honours *Crowne*, have worne
The *Coxcombes*, of a well-deserved scorne.
But, of all *Fooleries*, the grossest *Folly*
Is theirs, who weare those *garbes* of *seeming-holy*,
Which paine them sore, yet make them still appeare,
To *God* and *Men*, as wicked as they are.
Be, therefore, what, to be thou hast profest;

But, bee not of this last, of all the rest.

Pursue thy* Workes*, without delay,
***For, thy short* houres *runne fast away*.**

Illvstr. IIII. *Book.*

Hough this bee but the picture of that *Glasse*,
By which thou measur'st how thine *houres* doe passe,
Yet, sleight it not; for, much 'twill profit thee,
To ponder what the *Morals* of it bee.
And, 'tis an *Emblem*, whence the *Wise* may learne,
That, which their persons, neerely doth concerne.
The brittle *Glasse*, serves fitly to expresse
The *Bodie's* frailtie, and much crasinesse.
Foure *Pillars*, which the glassie worke empale,
Instruct thee, that the *Vertues* Cardinall,
To guard the *Manhood*, should bee still employ'd,
Lest else the feeble fabrick bee destroy'd.
The *Sand*, still running forth, without delay,
Doth shew, that *Life-time*, passeth fast away,
And, makes no stop: yea, and the *Motto* too,
(Lest thou forgetfull prove) informes thee so.
By viewing this, Occasion, therefore, take,
Of thy fast-flying *Houres*, more use to make;
And, heedfull bee, to shunne their common crime,
Who take much care to trifle out the time;
As if it merited their utmost paine,
To lose the gemme, which most they seeke to gaine.
Time-past is lost already: *Time-to-come*,
Belongs, as yet, thou knowst not unto whom.
The *present-houres* are thine, and, onely those,
Of which thou hast *Commission* to dispose;
And, they from thee, doe flye away so fast,
That, they are scarcely knowne, till they are past.
Lord, give mee grace, to minde, and use Time *so,*

That, I may doe thy worke*, before I goe.*

Repent, or God will breake the thread,
By which, thy* doome *hangs o're thy head.

Illvstr. V. ***Book. 4***

Arke well this *Emblem*; and, (when in a *thread*,
You see the *Globe*, there, hang above their head,
Who in securitie, beneath it sit)
Observe likewise, the *Knife*, that threatens it;
The smallnesse of the *Twine*; and, what a death
Would follow, should it fall on those beneath:
And (having well observ'd it) mind, I pray,
That, which the word about it, there, doth say:
For, it includes a *Caveat*, which wee need
To entertaine, with a continuall heed.
Though few consider it, wee finde it thus
(Throughout our lives) with ev'ry one of us.
Destruction hangeth in a *single thread*,
Directly over every *Sinner's* head.
That *Sentence* is gone forth, by which wee stand
Condemn'd to suffer death. The dreadfull hand,
Of God's impartiall *Iustice*, holds a *Knife*,
Still ready, to cut off our *thread of life*;
And, 'tis his *mercie*, that keepes up the *Ball*
From falling, to the ruine of us all.
Oh! let us minde, how often wee have bin,
Ev'n in the very act of *Deadly-sinne*,
Whilst this hung over us; and, let us praise,
And love him, who hath yet prolong'd our dayes:
Yea, let our thankfulnesse, bring forth such fruit,
As, to the benefit may somewhat suit:
For, though a *sudden-Death* may not ensue,
Yet, (since *Times* Axe, doth every minute hew
The *Root of Life*) the Tree, e're long, must fall;

And, then perhaps, too late, repent wee shall.

When* woe *is in our selves begun,
Then, whither from it, can wee run?

Illvstr. VI. *Book.* 4

Oore *Hart*, why dost thou run so fast? and why,
Behind thee dost thou looke, when thou dost fly?
As if thou seem'dst in thy swift flight, to heare
Those *dangers* following thee, wch thou dost feare?
Alas! thou labour'st, and thou runn'st in vaine,
To shunne, by *flight*, thy *terrors*, or thy *paine*;
For, loe, thy *Death*, which thou hast dreaded so,
Clings fast unto thee, wheresoere thou goe:
And while thou toyl'st, an *outward-ease* to win,
Thou draw'st thine owne *destruction* further *in*;
Making that *Arrow*, which but prickes thy hide,
To pierce thy tender entrailes, through thy side.
And, well I may this wounded *Hart* bemoane;
For, here, me thinkes, I'm taught to looke upon
Mine owne condition; and, in him, to see
Those deadly wounds, my *Sinnes* have made in mee.
I greatly feare the *World*, may unawares
Intangle mee, by her alluring snares:
I am afraid, the *Devill* may inject
Some poys'nous fume, my *Spirit* to infect,
With ghostly *Pestilence*; and, I assay,
To flie from these, with all the pow'rs I may.
But, oh my Flesh! this very *Flesh* I weare,
Is worse to mee, than *Worlds*, and *Devils* are:
For, without this, no pow'r on mee, they had.
This is that *Shirt*, which made *Alcides* mad.
It is a *griefe*, which I shall never cure,
Nor flie from, whilst my life-time doth endure:
From thence, oh *Lord*, my greatest *sorrowes* bee;

And, therefore, from my *Selfe*, I flie to *Thee*.

When* Magistrates *confined are,
They revell, who were kept in feare.

Illvstr. VII. *Book.*

Tyrannous, or wicked *Magistrat*,
Is fitly represented by a *Catt*:
For, though the *Mice* a harmfull vermine bee,
And, *Cats* the remedie; yet, oft wee see,
That, by the *Mice*, far lesse, some house-wives leese,
Then when they set the *Catt* to keepe the *Cheese*.
A ravenous *Cat*, will punish in the *Mouse*,
The very same Offences, in the house,
Which hee himselfe commits; yea, for that *Vice*,
Which was his owne (with praise) he kills the *Mice*;
And, spoyleth not anothers life alone,
Ev'n for that very *fault* which was his *owne*,
But *feeds*, and *fattens*, in the spoyle of them,
Whom hee, without compassion did condemne.
Nay, worse than so; hee cannot bee content,
To slaughter them, who are as innocent,
As hee *himselfe*; but, hee must also play,
And sport his wofull *Pris'ners* lives away;
More torturing them, 'twixt fruitlesse *hopes* and *feares*,
Than when their bowels, with his teeth he teares:
For, by much terrour, and much crueltie,
Hee kills them, ten times over, e're they die.
When, such like *Magistrates* have rule obtain'd,
The best men wish their powre might be restrain'd:
But, they who shun enormities, through *Feare*,
Are glad when *good-men* out of Office are.
Yea, whether *Governours* bee good or bad,
Of their displacings *wicked-men* are glad;
And, when they see them brought into disgraces,

They boldly play the *Knaves* before their faces.

Loe, heere is all, that bee possest,
***Which once was* Victor *of the* East.**

Illvstr. VIII. *Book.*

Hen hee, who by his conquering Arme, possest
The rich, and spacious Empires of the *East*,
Felt his approaching end; he bade them beare
A *Shirt* throughout his *Armie*, on a *Speare*,
Proclaiming, that of all his large estate,
No more was left him, then, but only that:
Perhaps intending, thereby, to expresse,
A sorrow for his wilde *Ambitiousnesse*;
Or, hoping, by that *Spectacle*, to give
Some good *Instructions* unto those that live.
However, let it serve us, to declare,
How vaine their toylings, and ambitions are,
Who rob themselves, and other men of rest,
For things that are so little while possest.
And, if that powerfull King, could nothing have,
That was of use, to carry to his *Grave*,
(Of all his conquered *Kingdomes*) but, one *Shirt*,
Or, *Winding sheet*, to hide his Royall durt;
Why should we pinch, and scrape, and vext become,
To heap up Riches, for we know not whom?
Or, macerate the *Flesh*, by raising strife,
For more, than will bee usefull during life?
Nay, ev'n for that, which sometimes shortens *breath*,
And makes us, also, wretched after *Death*.

Let mee, oh God! my labour so employ,
That, I, a competencie may enjoy.
I aske no more, than may Lifes *want supply,*
And, leave their due to others, when I die.
If this thou grant, (which nothing doubt I can)

None ever liv'd, or dy'd a richer man.

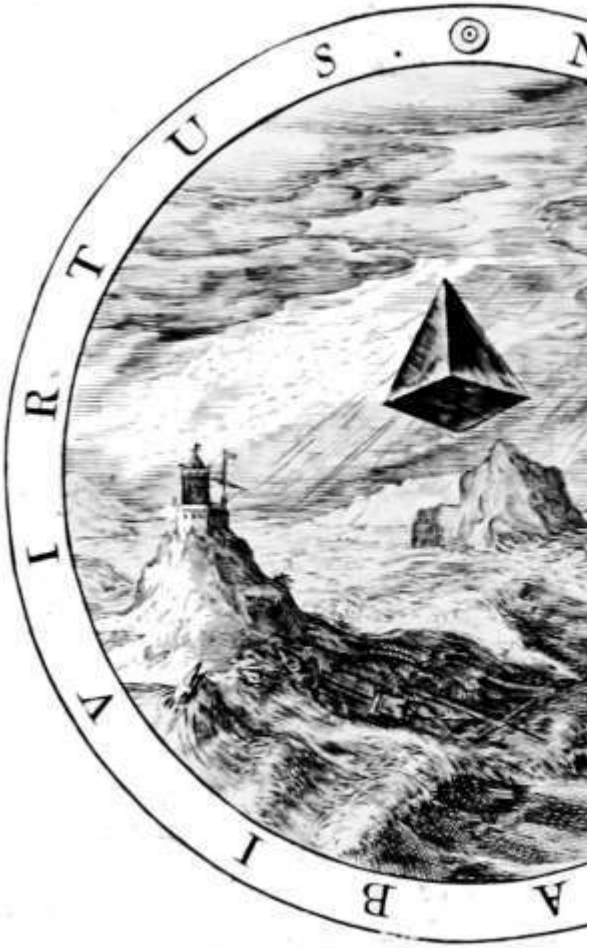
When* Hopes*, quite frustrate were become,
The* Wither'd-branch *did freshly bloome.

Illvstr. IX. ***Book.*** *4*

'is true, a *wither'd-branch* I am, and seeme
To some, as voyd of *Hopes*, as of esteeme;
For, in their judgements, I appeare to be
A saplesse *Bough*, quite broken from the Tree,
(Ev'n such as that, in this our *Emblem*, here)
And, yet, I neither feele *Despaire*, nor *Feare*;
For, I have seene (e're now) a little *Spray*,
(Rent from her *Stemme*) lye trodden by the way,
Three moneths together; which, when *Spring* drew on,
To take an unexpected Root begun;
(Yea, grew to bee a Tree) and, growing, stood,
When those great *Groves*, were fell'd for firing-wood,
Which once had high esteeme; and sprung unhurt,
While that poore *Branch*, lay sleighted in the durt.
Nay, I have seene such *twiggs*, afford them shade,
By whom they were the meanest shrippings made,
Of all the *Wood*; And, you may live to see,
(For ought yet knowne) some such event in mee.
And, what if all who know mee, see me dead,
Before those *hopes* begin to spring and spread?
Have therefore they that hate me, cause to boast,
As if mine expectations I had lost?
No sure: For, I, who by *Faith's* eyes have seene,
Old *Aarons* wither'd *Rod* grow fresh and greene;
And also viewed (by the selfe-same *Eyes*)
Him, whom that *Rod*, most rightly typifies,
Fall by a shamefull *Death*, and *rise*, in spight
Of *Death*, and *Shame*, unto the glorioust *height*.
Ev'n I, beleeve my *Hope* shall bee possest,

And, therefore, (ev'n in *Death*) in *Hope* I'le rest.

True* Vertue*, whatsoere betides,
In all* extreames*, unmoov'd abides.



Illvstr. X. ***Book. 4***

Hen, in this *Emblem*, here, you have espide,
The shape of a triangled *Pyramide*,
And, have observed well, those mightie *Rockes*,
Whose firme foundation bides the dreadfull shockes
Of angry *Neptune*; you may thereby see,
How firmly setled, *Vertues* reall bee.
For, as the raging *Seas*, although they roare,
Can make no breach upon the Rockie shore;
And, as a true triangled *Pyramide*,
Stands fast, and shewes alike, on ev'ry side:
So, howsoever *Fortune*, turnes or winds,
Those men, which are indow'd with vertuous minds,
It is impossible, to drive them from
Those *Formes*, or *Stations*, which those minds become.
And, as the raging *Sea*, with foming threats,
Against the *Rockie-shore*, but vainely beats;
So, *Envie* shall in vaine, loud blustrings make,
When vertuous resolutions they would shake.
For, *Vertue*, which receives an overthrow,
Was *Vertue*, not *indeed*, but in the *show*.
So farre am I, oh *Lord*! from laying claime
To have this *Vertue*, that, I doe but ayme
At such *perfection*; and, can come no nigher
As yet, than to obtaine it in *desire*.
But, fixe thou so, this weake desire of mine,
Vpon the *Vertues* of thy *Rocke* divine,
That *I*, and that invaluable *Stone*,
May bee incorporated into *One*:
And, then, it will bee neither shame, nor pride,

To say, my *Vertues*, will unmov'd abide.

The* motion *of the* World*, this day,
Is mov'd the quite contrarie way.

Illvstr. XI. ***Book.*** *4*

Hat was this *Figures* meaning, but to show,
That, as these kinde of *Shell-fish* backward goe,
So now the *World*, (which here doth seeme to take
An arseward Iourney on the *Cancer's* backe)
Moves counterwise; as if delight it had,
To runne a race, in *Courses retrograde*:
And, that, is very likely to be true,
Which, this our *Emblem*, purposeth to shew.
For, I have now, of late, not onely seene,
What backward motions, in my *Friends* have beene;
And, that my outward *Fortunes* and *Affaires*,
Doe of themselves, come tumbling downe the staires:
But, I have also found, that other things,
Have got a wheeling in contrary *Rings*;
Which *Regresse*, holding on, 'tis like that wee,
To *Iewes*, or *Ethnicks*, backe shall turned bee.
Some punie *Clerkes*, presume that they can teach
The ancient holy *Doctors*, how to preach.
Some *Laicks*, learne their *Pastors* how to pray.
Some *Parents*, are compelled to obay
Their *Sonnes*; and, so their Dignitie to lose,
As to be fed and cloth'd, at their dispose.
Nay, wee have some, who have assay'd to draw,
All backward, to the *Bondage* of the *Law*;
Ev'n to those abrogated *Rites* and *Dayes*,
By which, the wandring *Iew* markes out his wayes.
And, to pursue this *Round*, they are so heady,
That, they have made themselves, and others giddy.

Doe then, these froward Motions*,* LORD*, restraine,*

And, set the World *in her due course againe.*

Invincibilitie *is there,*
Where* Order*,* Strength*, and* Vnion *are.

Illvstr. XII. *Book.*

Rom these well-order'd *Arrowes*, and the *Snake*,
This usefull Observation you may make;
That, where an able *Prudence*, doth combine
Vnited-forces, by good *Discipline*,
It maketh up a pow'r, exempted from
The feare, or perill, to be *overcome*:
And, if you covet *safetie*, you will seeke
To know this *Ward*, and to acquire the like.
For, doubtlesse, neither is it in the force,
Of iron *Charets*, or of armed *Horse*,
In which, the *King*, securitie may finde,
Unlesse the Riders bee well *Disciplinde*.
Nor, lyes it in the Souldiers common *Skill*
In warlike *Postures*; nor in theirs, who drill
The *Rankes* and *Fyles*, to order them aright,
According as *Occasion* makes the *Fight*.
But, men must use a further *Prudence* too,
Or else, those *vulgar-Arts* will all undoe.
For, these, are onely *Sciences* injoynd,
To order well the *Body*, not the *Mind*:
And, men best train'd in these (oft times) we see,
The *Hare-brain'dst-fooles*, in all our *Armies* bee.
To *strength*, and *skill*, unite we must, therefore,
A manly *Prudence*, comprehending more,
Than all these *Powr's*: ev'n such, as when shee please,
To all her ends, can use and mannage these;
And, shew us how to cure, or to prevent
All *HaZards*; or, withall to bee content.
Hee that's thus arm'd, and trusts in *God* alone,

May bee *oppos'd*, but, *conquered* of none.

When thou art shipwrackt in Estate,
***Submit with patience, unto* Fate.**

Illvstr. XIII. *Book.*

Hen I beheld this Picture of a *Boat*,
(Which on the raging *Waves* doth seeme to float)
Forc'd onward, by the current of the Tide,
Without the helpe of *Anchor*, *Oare* or *Guide*,
And, saw the *Motto* there, which doth imply,
That shee commits her selfe to *Destinie*;
Me thinkes, this *Emblem* sets out their estate,
Who have ascribed ev'ry thing to *Fate*;
And dreame, that howsoe're the businesse goe,
Their *Worke*, nor hinders, neither helpes thereto.
The leaking *Ship*, they value as the sound:
Hee that's to hanging borne, shall ne're bee drown'd;
And, men to happinesse ordain'd (say these)
May set their *Ship* to float, as *Fate* shall please.
This *Fancie*, springing from a mis-beleeving
Of God's *Decrees*; and, many men deceiving,
With shewes of *Truth*, both causeth much offence
Against God's *Mercies*, and his *Providence*;
And brings to passe, that some to ruine runne,
By their neglect of what they might have done.
For, *Meanes* is to bee us'd, (if wee desire,
The blessing of our safetie to acquire)
Whose naturall effects, if God deny,
Vpon his *Providence* wee must relye,
Still practising what naturall aydes may bee,
Vntill no likely ayd untride wee see.
And, when this *Non plus* wee are forc'd unto,
Stand still, wee may, and wayt what God will do.
Hee that shall thus to *Fate*, his fortunes leave,

Let mee bee ruin'd, if Shee him deceive.

The best, and fairest* House*, to mee,
Is that, where best I love to bee.

Illvstr. XIV. *Book.*

Hey are not *Houses* builded large and high,
Seel'd all with *Gold*, and pav'd with *Porphyrie*,
Hung round with *Arras*, glaz'd with *Christall-glasse*,
And cover'd o're with plates of shining *Brasse*,
Which are the best; but, rather, those where wee
In *safetie*, *health*, and best *content*, may bee;
And, where wee finde, though in a meane Estate,
That portion, which maintaines a quiet *Fate*.
Here, in a homely *Cottage*, thatcht with reed,
The *Peasant* seemes as pleasedly to feed,
As hee, that in his *Hall* or *Parlour* dines,
Which Fret-worke Roofes, or costly Cedar Lines:
And, with the very same affections too,
Both to, and from it, hee doth come and goe.
The *Tortois*, doubtlesse, doth no house-roome lack,
Although his *House* will cover but his back;
And, of his *Tub*, the *Cynicke* seem'd as glad,
As *Alexander* was of all hee had.
When I am setled in a place I love,
A shrubby *hedge-row*, seemes a goodly *Grove*.
My liking maketh *Palaces* of *Sheds*,
And, of plaine *Couches*, carved Ivory *Beds*:
Yea, ev'ry *path*, and pathlesse *walke*, which lies
Contemn'd, as rude, or wilde, in others eyes,
To mee is pleasant; not alone in show,
But, truly such: For, liking makes them so.
As pleas'd in theirs, the *Snailes*, and *Cocles* dwell,
As doth a *Scallop* in his pearly shell:
For, that commends the *House*, which makes it fit,

To serve their turnes, who should have use of it.

The* King*, his pow'r from God receives:
For, hee alone the* Scepter *gives.

Illvstr. XV. *Book.*

He Gift of *Kingdomes*, *Children*, and *good-Wives*,
Are three of God's most choice *Prerogatives*,
In temp'rall Blessings; and, of all these three,
The gifts of *Kingdomes*, his rar'st Favours bee:
For, in five hundred Millions, there's not one,
Whom this high *Honour* is conferr'd upon;
Nor is there any knowne *Estate* on earth,
(Whereto wee come, by *Merit*, or by *Birth*)
Which can, to any man assurance bring,
That, hee shall either *live*, or *die* a *King*.
The *Morning-Starre*, that's Heire unto a *Crowne*,
Oft sets, before the *shining-Sunne* is downe;
And, some, that once a glorious *Empire* swayd,
Did lose their *Kingdomes*, e're their heads were layd.
The greatest earthly *Monarch* hath no powre,
To keepe his Throne one minute of an houre,
(Vse all the meanes, and policies hee can)
If God will give it to another man.
Hee, when *Belshazzar* was in high'st estate,
His *Kingdome* to the *Persians* did translate.
King *Saul*, and *Rehoboam*, could not stay
The *Royalties*, which God would give away;
And, *Hee* that was the proudest of the rest,
God, changed from a *King*, into a Beast.
Nor is there any man so meane, but hee,
When God shall please, an *Emperour* may bee.
Some, from the *Pot-kilne*, from the *Sheep-cote*, some,
Hee raised hath, great *Princes* to become:
Yea, hee o're heav'n and earth, hath rear'd his *Throne*,

That was on earth, the most *despised-one*.

Her favours,* Fortune*, oft imparts,
To those that are of no deserts.

Illvstr. XVI. *Book.*

Ould you not laugh, and thinke it beastly fine,
To see a durtie, and ill-favour'd *Swine*,
Weare on her snout, a *Diamond*, or a *Pearle*,
That might become the *Ladie* of an *Earle*?
And hold it head, as if it meant to show
It were the *Pigg* of some well-nurtur'd *Sow*?
Perhaps, you thinke there be not any where
Such *Antickes*, but in this our *Emblem* here.
But, if you take these *Charmes*, and then goe forth
Among some troupes, which passe for folkes of worth,
You shall discover, quickly, if you please,
A thousand sights, as mimicall as these.
Here, you shall see a noble *Title* worne,
(That had not mis-beseem'd one better borne)
By him, whose vertues are of little price,
And, whose estate, was gotten by his *Vice*.
You shall behold another *Mushrome*, there,
Walke with our *Lords*, as if hee were their *Peere*,
That was well knowne, to be but tother day,
No fit companion for such men as they;
And, had no other meanes to climbe this height,
But *Gaming*, or to play the *Parasite*.
Yet (though he neither hath his *Trade*, nor *Lands*,
Nor any honest *In-come*, by his *hands*)
Hee, oft consumes at once, in *Games* or *Cheare*,
More than would keepe his *Better* all the yeare.
Yea, many such as these, thou shouldst behold,
Which would bee vext, if I describe them should:
For, thus, unworthily, blind *Fortune* flings,

To *Crowes*, and *Geese*, and *Swine*, her precious things.

The best* good-turnes *that* Fooles *can doe us, Proove disadvantages unto us.

Illvstr. XVII. *Book.*

Foole, sent forth to fetch the *Goslings* home,
When they unto a Rivers brinck were come,
(Through which their passage lay) conceiv'd a feare
His Dames best *Brood*, might have been drowned there;
Which, to avoyd, hee thus did shew his wit,
And his good nature, in preventing it.
Hee, underneath his *girdle*, thrusts their heads,
And, then the Coxcombe through the water wades.
Here learne, that when a *Foole* his helpe intends,
It rather doth a mischiefe, then befriends;
And, thinke, if there be danger in his *love*,
How harmefull his *Maliciousnesse* may prove:
For, from his *kindenesse*, though no profit rise
To doe thee spight, his *Malice* may suffise.
I could not from a *Prince* beseech a boone
By suing to his *Iester* or *Buffoone*:
Nor, any Fooles vaine humor, sooth or serve,
To get my bread, though I were like to starve.
For, to be *poore*, I should not blush so much,
As if a *Foole* should raise me to be *rich*.
Lord, though of such a kinde my faults may be,
That sharpe *Affliction* still must tutor mee,
(And give me due *Correction* in her Schooles)
Yet, oh preserve me from the scorne of *Fooles*.
Those wicked *Fooles*, that in their hearts have sed
There is no God; and, rather give me *Bread*
By *Ravens*, LORD, or in a *Lions* Den,
Then by the Favours of such foolish men:
Lest, if their *dainties* I should swallow downe,
Their smile might more undoe, me, than their *frowne*.

Though* weaknesse *unto me belong,
In my* Supporter*, I am strong.

Illvstr. XVIII. *Book*.

Lthough there bee no Timber in the *Vine*,
Nor strength to raise the climbing *Ivie-twine*,
Yet, when they have a helper by their side,
Or, prop to stay them, like this *Pyramide*,
One roote sometime, so many *Sprayes* will beare,
That, you might thinke, some goodly *Grove* it were:
Their tender stalkes, to climbe aloft, are seene;
Their boughs are cover'd with a pleasant greene;
And, that, which else, had crept upon the ground,
Hath tops of loftie trees, and turrets crown'd.
This *Emblem*, fitly shadowes out the Natures
Of us, that are the *Reasonable-creatures*:
For, wee are truely by our *nat'rall-birth*,
Like *Vines* undrest, and creeping on the earth;
Nor free from spoyling, nor in case to beare
Good *fruits*, or *leaves*, while we are groveling there.
But, if *new-borne* by *Grace*, streight borne are wee,
From earthly creepings, by that *Living-tree*,
Which, here, was planted, meerely to this end,
That, by his *pow'r*, our *weaknesse* might ascend.
And, hee our *frailtie* to himselfe so takes,
So, of his *might*, the partners us hee makes;
That, hee, in us, doth seeme to hide his *pow'rs*,
And, make the *strength* hee gives, appeare as ours.
Continue, *Lord*, this *Grace*, and grant wee may,
Firme hold, on our *Supporter*, alwayes lay:
So climbing, that wee nor neglect, nor hide
His *Love*; nor over-climbe it, by our *Pride*.
Thus, our yet staggering *weaknesse*, shall at length,

Bee fully changed into perfect *Strength*.

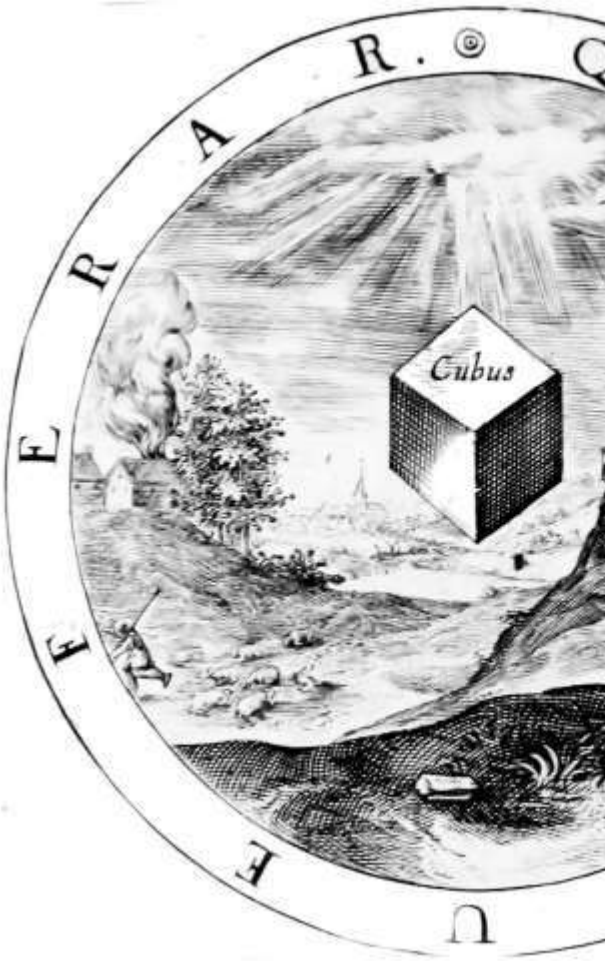
Be wary, whosoe're thou be,
For, from* Loves *arrowes, none are free.

Illvstr. XIX. *Book.*

Ood Folkes, take heede; for, here's a wanton *Wagge*,
Who, having *Bowes* and *Arrowes*, makes his bragg
That, he hath some unhappy trick to play;
And, vowes to shoot at all he meets to day.
Pray be not carelesse; for, the *Boy* is blinde,
And, sometimes strikes, where most he seemeth kinde.
This rambling *Archer* spares nor one, nor other:
Yea, otherwhile, the *Monkey* shoots his Mother.
Though you be little *Children*, come not neere;
For, I remember (though't be many a yeare
Now gone and past,) that, when I was a *Lad*,
My Heart, a pricke, by this young Wanton had,
That, pain'd me seven yeares after: nor had I
The grace (thus warn'd) to scape his waggery;
But many times, ev'n since I was a man,
He shot me, oftner then I tell you can:
And, if I had not bene the stronger-hearted,
I, for my over-daring, might have smarted.
You laugh now, as if this were nothing so;
But, if you meet this *Blinkard* with his Bow,
You may, unlesse you take the better care,
Receive a *wound*, before you be aware.
I feare him not; for, I have learned how
To keepe my heart-strings from his Arrowes now:
And, so might you, and so might ev'ry one
That vaine *Occasions*, truely seekes to shunn.
But, if you sleight my Counsells, you may chance
To blame at last, your willfull ignorance:
For, some, who thought, at first, his wounds but small

Have dyed by them, in an *Hospitall*.

On whether side soe're I am,
I, still, appeare to bee the same.



Illvstr. XX. *Book.*

His *Cube*, which is an equall-sided-square,
Doth very well, in *Emblem*-wise, declare
The temper of that vertuous minded man,
Whose resolutions nothing alter can.
For, as the *Cube*, which way soever plac't,
Stands ever in one *posture*, firmely fast,
And, still, appeares the same in forme and size,
Vpon what side or part soe're it lyes:
So, men well formed by the *Word* divine,
And, truly squar'd by vertuous *Discipline*,
Will keepe (though *changes* them shall turne & wind)
The *forme* and *firmnesse* of an *honest-minde*.
If, digging deepe, his *Fortunes* lay him, there,
Where he his owne, and others weights must beare,
(There, many yeares compelling him to lie,
Opprest with dis-respect or povertie)
Hee keepes the place to which hee stands enjoyn'd,
And brooks his chances with a constant mind.
If shee remoove him thence, and set him up
On temporall *Prosperities* high top,
The *Squarenesse* of *Plaine dealing* hee retaines,
And, in the same integritie remaines:
Nor coveting vaine *Wealth*, or false *esteemes*;
Nor, being any other than he seemes.
Although by Nature, wee are wondrous hard,
Lord, let us into such like *Stones* be squar'd:
Then, place us in thy spirituall *Temple*, so,
That, into one firme *Structure*, we may grow;
And, when we, by thy *Grace*, are fitted thus,

Dwell *Thou thy selfe*, for evermore, in us.

Deformitie*, within may bee,*
Where outward* Beauties *we doe see.

Illvstr. XXI. *Book.*

Ooke well, I pray, upon this *Beldame*, here,
For, in her *habit*, though shee gay appeare,
You, through her youthfull *vizard*, may espy
Shee's of an old *Edition*, by her *Eye*:
And, by her wainscot face, it may bee seene,
Shee might your *Grandams* first *dry nurse* have been.
This is an *Emblem*, fitly shaddowing those,
Who making faire, and honest outward showes,
Are inwardly deform'd; and, nothing such,
As they to bee suppos'd, have strived much.
They chuse their *words*, and play well-acted *parts*,
But, hide most loathsome projects in their hearts;
And, when you think sweet *Friendship* to embrace,
Some ugly *Treason*, meets you in the face.
I hate a painted *Brow*; I much dislike
A Mayden-blush, dawb'd on a furrowed *Cheeke*:
And, I abhorre to see old *Wantons* play,
And, suite themselves, like *Ladies of the May*.
But, more (yea, most of all) my soule despiseth
A *Heart*, that in *Religious formes*, disguiseth
Prophane intentions; and arrayes in white,
The coale-blacke conscience of an *Hypocrite*.
Take heed of such as these; and, (if you may)
Before you trust them, tract them in their way.
Observe their footsteps, in their private *path*:
For, these (as 'tis beleev'd, the *Devill* hath)
Have *cloven feet*; that is, *two wayes* they goe;
One for their *ends*, and tother for a *show*.
Now, you thus warned are, advise embrace;

And, trust nor gawdy *Clothes*, nor painted *Face*.

My* Hand *and* Heart*, in one agree,
What can you more desire of mee?

Illvstr. XXII. *Book.*

Heart with *Hand-in-hand*, united thus,
Makes here an *Emblem* not unknowne to us;
And, 'tis not hard for any Vulgar wit,
Without a *Comment*, to interpret it.
But, though of ev'ry man confest it be,
That *Hand* and *Heart* together should agree;
And, that, what we in *outward-shew* expresse,
Perform'd should be, with *inward-heartinesse*.
(Since, now the World, to such a passe is growne,
That, all is not consider'd, which is knowne)
I cannot thinke it altogether vaine,
To speake of that, which may appeare so plaine.
When thou dost reach thy *hand* unto thy friend,
Take order, that thy *heart* the same intend:
For, otherwise in *Hand*, or *Heart*, thou lyest,
And, cuttest off a *Member*, e're thou dyest.
Some, give their *Hearts* (as many *Lovers* do)
Yet, are afraid, to set their *hands* thereto.
Some give their *Hands*; and, then by many a deed,
To ratifie the *gift*, they dare proceede;
Yet, keep their *tongues* from saying what they meant,
To helpe excuse their *hearts*, when they repent.
Yea, some can very cunningly expresse,
In outward shew, a winning heartinesse,
And, steale the deare *affections* they have sought,
From those, to whom they meant, nor promis'd ought.
Then, will they, if *advantage* come thereby,
Make all their *Deeds*, for want of *Words*, a ly.
Among *Dissemblers*, in things temporall,

These *Raskalls* are the ver'est *Knaves* of all.

No* Emblem*, can at full declare,
How fickle,* Minds-unconstant *are.

Illvstr. XXIII. *Book.*

Ome, thinke this *Emblem* serveth to expresse
No more, but onely *Womens* ficklenesse;
And, they will most desire to have it so,
Who, like those best, that most inconstant grow.
Although my *Fortunes* were, in some things, bad,
I never in my life, experience had
Of an *inconstant woman*: Wherefore, then,
Should I condemne the *Females*, more than men?
I heare some talke, that *Women* fickle be:
And so I thinke; and so I know are wee.
And (being put together) say I dare,
That, they and wee, in equall manner, share
A *giddinesse*, and *ficklenesse* of minde,
More wavering, than a *Feather*, or the *Winde*.
The *Woman*, heere, is plac'd, to typifie
A minde distracted with much levitie:
Not, that the womans *Wav'rings* are the more;
But, for this cause: Most *Vices*, heretofore,
And *Vertues* too, our *Ancestors* did render,
By words declined in the *female-gender*.
The *winged Ball*, (whose tottering Foundation,
Augments the causes of our *variation*)
Meanes, here, those uselesse, and vaine *temp'rall things*,
That come and goe, with never-staying *wings*;
And, which (if thereupon our hearts we set)
Make *Men* and *Women*, the *Vertigo* get.
Hereafter, then, let neither *Sexe* accuse
Each other; but, their best endeavours use,
To cure this *Maladie* in one another,

By living well, and lovingly together.

Hee that enjoyes a* patient Minde*,
Can* Pleasures *in* Afflictions *finde.

Illvstr. XXIV. *Book.*

Hat meanes this *Countrey-peasant*, skipping here
Through prickling *Thistles* wth such gamesom cheere?
And, plucking off their tops, as though for *Posies*,
He gather'd Violets, or toothlesse Roses?
What meaneth it, but onely to expresse
How great a joy, well-grounded *Patientnesse*
Retaines in Suff'rings? and, what sport she makes,
When she her Iourney through *Affliction* takes?
I, oft have sayd (and, have as oft, beene thought
To speake a *Paradox*, that favours nought
Of likely truth) that, some *Afflictions* bring
A *Honey bag*, which cureth ev'ry Sting
(That wounds the *Flesh*) by giving to the *Mind*,
A pleasing taste of *Sweetnesses* refin'd.
Nor can it other be, except in those,
Whose Better part, quite stupifyed growes,
By being Cauterized in the Fires
Of childish *Feares*, or temporall *Desires*.
For, as the *Valiant* (when the *Coward* swounds)
With gladnesse lets the *Surgion* search his Wounds;
And, though they smart, yet cheerefully indures
The Plaisters, and, the Probe, in hope of Cures:
So, Men, assured that *Afflictions* paine
Comes not for vengeance to them, nor in vaine;
But, to prepare, and fit them for the place,
To which, they willingly direct their pace;
In Troubles, are so farre from being sad,
That, of their *Suffring*, they are truely glad.
What ever others thinke, I thus beleeve;

And, therefore, *joy*, when they suppose I *grieve*.

All is not* Gold*, which makes a show;
***But, what the* Touchstone *findeth so*.**

Illvstr. XXV. *Book.*

Hen Silver *Medalls*, or some coynes of *Gold*,
Are by the *Gold-smith* either bought or sold,
Hee doth not only search them with his *Eye*,
But, by the *Scale*, their *weight* will also trie;
Or, by the *Touchstone*, or the *Test*, assay
The truenesse of them, and their just *Alay*.
Now, by their warinesse, who thus proceed,
Wee fairely are admonished, to heed
The faithfulnesse of him wee make our *Friend*;
And, on whose love wee purpose to depend:
Or else, when wee a *Iewell* thinke to get,
Wee may bee cheated by a *Counterfet*.
All is not *Gold* that glisters: Otherwhile,
The *Tincture* is so good, it may beguile
The cunningst eye: But, bring it to the *Touch*,
And, then, you find the value not so much.
Some, keepe the *Tincture*, brooking, likewise, well
An ordinarie *Touch*; but, yeeld a *Smell*,
Which will discover it, if you apply
Vnto your *Nose*, that piece of *Chymistrie*.
Sometime, when there's enough to give content,
In *Colour*, in the *Touch*, and in the *Scent*;
The *Bulke*, is more than answers *Gold* in *weight*,
And, proves it a sophisticall deceit.
Nay, some, is fully that which you desire,
In all these *Properties*; and, till the fire
Hath made *assayes*, you'l thinke you might be bold
To pawne your life, it had been *Ophir-gold*:
But, to bee false, the *Metall's* then descride;

And, such are many *Friends*, when they are tride.

Apollo *shoots not ev'ry day,*
But, sometime on his* Harpe *doth play.

Illvstr. XXVI. *Book.*

Here are a sort of people so severe,
That, *foolish*, and *injurious* too, they are;
And, if the world were to bee rul'd by these,
Nor *Soule*, nor *Bodie*, ever should have ease.
The *Sixe dayes*, (as their wisdomes understand)
Are to bee spent in *Labour*, by command,
With such a strictnesse, that they quite condemne
All *Recreations* which are us'd in them.
That, which is call'd the *Sabbath*, they confine
To *Prayers*, and all *Offices-divine*,
So wholly, that a little *Recreation*,
That *Day*, is made a marke of *Reprobation*:
And, (by this meanes) the reason is to seeke,
When their poore *Servants* labour all the *weeke*,
(Of which, they'l bate them nothing) how it tyes
Them, to observe the sixe-fold *Sacrifice*
By some injoyn'd; and gives them such due *Rest*,
As *God* allowed, both to *Man* and *Beast*.
Hee, gave the *Woods*, the *Fields*, and *Meddowes*, here,
A time to *rest*, as well as times to *beare*.
The *Forrest Beasts*, and *Heards*, have howres for *play*,
As well as time to *graze*, and hunt their prey:
And, ev'ry *Bird* some leasure hath to sing,
Or, in the Aire, to *sport* it on her wing.
And, sure, to *him*, for whom all these were made,
Lesse kindnesse was not meant, then these have had.
The *Flesh* will faint, if pleasure none it knowes;
The Man growes madd, that alway muzing goes.
The *Wisest men*, will *sometimes merry* bee:

And, this is that, this *Emblem* teacheth me.

**Live*, ever mindfull of thy* dying*;*
For,* Time *is alwayes from thee flying.

Illvstr. XXVII. *Book.*

His vulgar *Figure* of a *winged glasse*,
Doth signifie, how swiftly *Time* doth passe.
By that leane *Scull*, which to this *houre-glasse* clings,
We are informed what effect it brings;
And, by the *Words* about it, wee are taught
To keepe our latter ending still in thought.
The common *houre-glasse*, of the *Life* of *Man*,
Exceedeth not the largenesse of a *span*.
The *Sand*-like *Minutes*, flye away so fast,
That, *yeares* are out, e're wee thinke *months* are past:
Yea, many times, our *nat'rall-day* is gone,
Before wee look'd for *twelve a clocke at Noone*;
And, where wee sought for *Beautie, at the Full*,
Wee finde the *Flesh* quite rotted from the *Skull*.
Let these Expressions of *Times* passage, bee
Remembrancers for ever, *Lord*, to mee;
That, I may still bee guiltlesse of their crime,
Who fruitlesly consume their precious *Time*:
And, minde my *Death*; not with a slavish feare,
But, with a thankfull use, of *life-time*, here:
Not grieving, that my *dayes* away doe post;
But, caring rather, that they bee not lost,
And, lab'ring with Discretion, how I may
Redeeme the *Time*, that's vainely slipt away.
So, when that *moment* comes, which others dread,
I, undismay'd, shall climbe my *dying bed*;
With joyfull *Hopes*, my *Flesh* to dust commend;
In *Spirit*, with a stedfast *Faith* ascend;
And, whilst I *living* am, to *sinne* so *dye*,

That *dying*, I may live eternally.

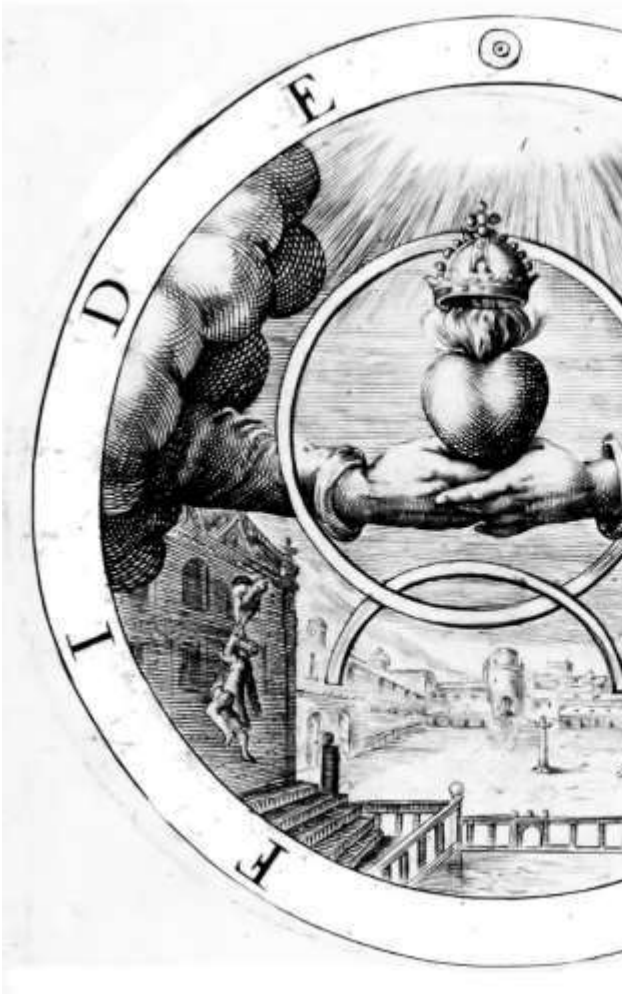
In ev'ry* Storme*, hee standeth fast,
Whose dwelling, on the* Rocke *is plac'd.

Illvstr. XXVIII. ***Book***

Hat thing soever some will have exprest,
As typified by this *Halcyons-nest*,
I shall not thinke this *Emblem* ill-appli'd,
If, by the same, the *Church* bee signifi'd.
For, as it is (by some) affirm'd of these,
That, whilst they breed, the fury of the seas
Is through the world alayd; and, that their *Brood*
Remaines in safetie, then, amidst the flood:
So, when the Christian *Church* was in her birth,
There was a generall *Peace* throughout the earth;
And, those tumultuous *Waves*, which after that
Began to rise, and bee enrag'd thereat,
Were calmed so, that *Hee* was borne in peace,
From whom, the faithfull *Off-spring* did encrease.
They, likewise, on a *Rocke*, their dwellings have,
As here you see; and, though the raging *Wave*,
Of dreadfull *Seas*, hath beaten, ever since,
Against the *Fortresse* of their strong defence,
Yet, still it stands; and, safe, it shall abide,
Ev'n in the midst of all their foming pride.
Vpon this *Rocke* so place me, oh my God!
That, whatsoever *Tempests* bee abroad,
I may not feare the fury of my Foe;
Nor bee in danger of an overthrow.
My life is full of *Stormes*; the *Waters* roule,
As if they meant to swallow up my soule.
The *Tides* oppose; the furious winds doe roare;
My *Cable's* weake, my *tacklings*, Lord, are poore,
And, my fraile *vessell* cannot long endure;

Yet, reach to mee thy hand, and I'm secure.

That's* Friendship*, and* true-love*, indeed,
Which firme abides, in time of need.



Illvstr. XXIX. *Book.*

Hat's *Love in earnest*, which is constant found,
When Friends are in *Affliction*, or in *Bands*;
And, their *Affection* merits to be *crown'd*,
Whose *hearts* are fastned where they joyne their *hands*.
Tis easie to be friendly, where wee see
A *Complement* or two will serve the turne;
Or, where the *kindnesse* may required bee;
Or, when the charge is with a trifle borne.
It is as easie too, for him to spend
At once, the full Revenues of a yeare,
In Cates, for entertainment of his *Friend*,
Who thinkes his *glorie*, is *expensive-cheere*:
For, 'tis his pleasure; and, if none should come
Like *fashionable-Friends*, for him to court,
Hee would with *Rogues*, and *Canters*, fill the Roome,
Or, such as should abuse, and flout him for't.
But, hard it is, to suffer, or to spend
For him (though worthy) that's of meane estate,
Unlikely our occasions to befriend,
Or, one unable to remunerate.
Few men are liberall, whom neither *Lust*,
Vaine glorie, *Prodigalitie*, nor *Pride*,
Doth forward into foolish *Bountie* thrust;
As may, by Observation bee espide.
For, when a slender *Bountie* would relieve
Their vertuous *Friend*, whose wants to them are
knowne,
To their *Buffoone*, a Knights estate they'l give,
And, thinke on t'other trifles ill-bestowne.
Yet, this Ile say; and, give the *Devill* his due;

These *Friends*, are to their *lusts*, and *humours*, true.

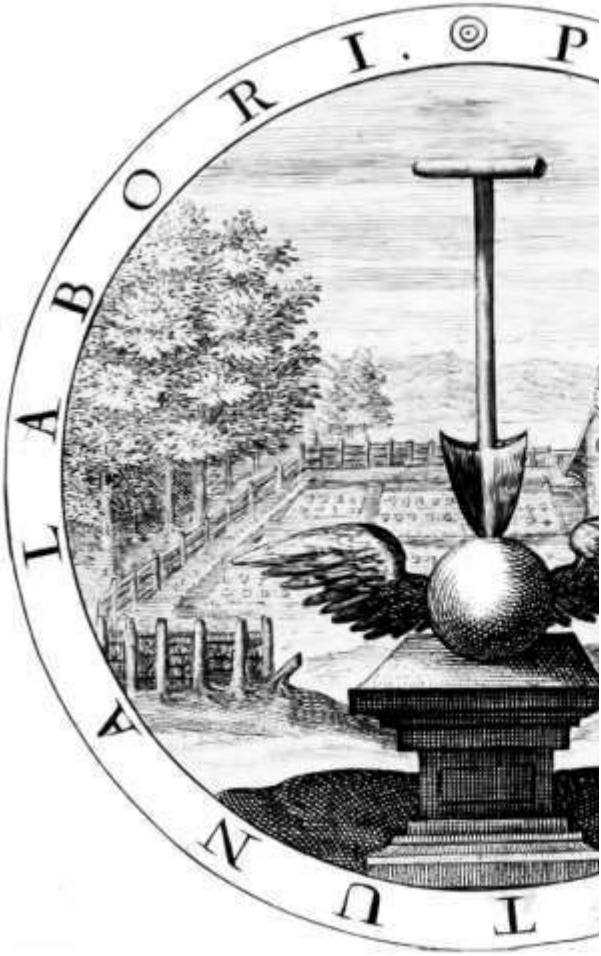
The* Sword *hath place, till* War *doth cease;
***And, usefull is, in time of* Peace.**

Illvstr. XXX. *Book.*

He *Sword*, to bee an *Emblem*, here, we draw,
Of that Authoritie, which keeps in awe
Our *Countries* Enemies; and, those that are
The Foes of *Peace*, as well as those of *Warre*;
That, *Peace* may give the *Law of Armes* her due,
And, *Warre*, to *Civill-pow'rs*, respect may shew.
For, *Kingdomes*, nor in *Warre* nor *Peace*, can stand,
Except the *Sword* have alway some command:
Yea, that, for which our forraine *Spoylers* come,
Domesticke Foes, will else devoure at home;
And, *stranger-drones* the peacefull *Bees* will harme,
Vnlesse with warlike stings, themselves they arme.
Considering this, let none bee so unwise,
The *Swords* well-us'd protection to despise:
Or, thinke the practice of this *double-guard*,
In any place, or age, may well bee spar'd.
Let not the *Sword-man* sleight the pow'rfull *Gowne*;
Nor *Gowne-men* cast the *Sword* out of their Towne,
Because it terrifies, or draweth Blood;
For, otherwhile Phlebotomy is good:
And, though to kill a Lowse, the *Banians* feare;
(Though *Anabaptists* love no *Sword* to weare)
Yet, being drawne, to fright, or cut off *Sinne*,
It may bee brandish'd by a Cherubin.
However, from the *Sword* divide not you
(In any case) the peacefull *Olive-bough*:
That is, let *Peace*, at all times, be that *End*,
For which, to draw the *Sword* you doe intend;
And, for *well-doing*, bee as ready, still,

To give *rewards*, as *blowes*, for *doing-ill*.

A* Fortune *is ordain'd for thee,
According as thy* Labours *bee.



Illvstr. XXXI. *Book.*

He *Spade*, for *Labour* stands. The *Ball with wings*,
Intendeth *flitting-rowling-wordly-things*.
This *Altar-stone*, may serve in setting foorth,
Things firmer, sollid, and of greater worth:
In which, and by the *words* inclosing these,
You, there may read, your *Fortune*, if you please.
If you, your *labour*, on those things bestow,
Which *rowle*, and *flutter*, alwaies, to and fro;
It cannot be, but, that which you obtaine,
Must prove a *wavering*, and unconstant gaine:
For, he that soweth *Vanitie*, shall finde,
At *reaping-time*, no better fruit then *Winde*.
Your houres, in serions matters, if you spend,
Or, such, as to a lasting purpose tend,
The purchase of your paines will ever last;
And, bring you *Pleasure*, when the *Labour's* past.
Yea, though in teares, your *Seed-time*, you imploy,
Your *Harvest* shall be fetched home, with ioy.
If *much* be wrought, much profit will ensue;
If *little*, but a little meede is due.
Of *nothing*, nothing comes: On *evill deedes*
An evill conscience, and, ill fame succeedes:
An *honest-life*, still findes prepared for't,
Sweet *Hopes* in Death; and, after, *good-report*.
Of *Sexe*, or of *Degree*, there's no regard:
But, as the *Labour*, such is the *reward*.
To *worke-aright*, oh *Lord*, instruct thou mee;
And, ground my *Workes*, and *buildings* all on thee:
That, by the fiery *Test*, when they are tride,

My *Worke* may stand, and I may *safe* abide.

Let none in troublous times repine;
For, after* Stormes*, the* Sun *will shine.

Illvstr. XXXII. *Book.*

Iscourage not your selves, although you see
The weather blacke, and *stormes* prolonged be.
What though it fiercely *raines*, and thunders loud?
Behold, there is a *Raine-bow* in the *Cloud*,
Wherein, a trustfull promise may be found,
That, quite, your *little-worlds*, shall not be drown'd.
The *Sun-shine*, through the foggy mists appeare,
The lowring *Skie*, begins againe to cleare;
And, though the *Tempest*, yet, your eyes affright,
Faire weather may befall you, long ere night.
Such comfort speakes our *Emblem*, unto those,
Whom stormie *Persecution* doth enclose;
And, comforts him, that's for the present sad,
With hopes, that better seasons may bee had.
There is nor trouble, sorrow, nor distresse,
But mitigation hath, or some release.
Long *use*, or *time*, the storme away will turne,
Else, *Patience* makes it better to be borne.
Yea, *sorrowes* lowring dayes, will come and goe,
As well as prosp'rous houres of *Sunshine* doe;
And, when 'tis past, the *paine* that went before,
Will make the following pleasure seeme the more.
For, hee, hath promis'd, whom we may beleeve,
His blessing, unto those that *mourne* and *grieve*;
And, that, though sorrow much dejects their head,
In ev'ry need, wee shall be comforted.
This promise I beleeve; in ev'ry griefe,
Performe it, *Lord*, and helpe my unbeliefe:
So, others viewing how thou cheerest mee,

Shall, in all *sorrows*, put their trust in thee.

For whatsoever,* Man *doth strive,
The Conquest,* God *alone, doth give.

Illvstr. XXXIII. ***Book***

Hen on the *Sword*, the *Olive-branch* attends,
(That is, when bloody *Warres*, have peacefull *Ends*)
And, whensoever *Victories* are gained;
This *Emblem* shewes, by whom they are obtained:
For, that all *Victorie*, doth onely from
The pow'rfull hand of *God-Almightie*, come,
The Boughes of *Bayes* and *Olives*, doe declare,
Which round the *Tetragrammaton* appeare.
Nor must we thinke, that God bestowes, alone,
The *Victories* of Warre, on any one;
But, that, when we contend in other things,
From him, th'event that's wisht for, also springs.
This being so, how dare wee, by the *Lawes*,
Or, by the *Sword*, pursue a wicked Cause?
How dare wee bring a matter that's unjust,
Where hee (though few perceive him) judge it must?
Or, prosecute with fury, or despite,
Against the person of his *Favourite*?
What Fooles are they, who seeke the *Conquest*, by
Oppression, Fraud, or hellish Perjurie?
How mad are those, who to the *Warres* prepare,
For nothing, but to spoyle and murther there?
Who, nor ingag'd by Faith to their *Alies*,
Nor urg'd by any private injuries,
(Nor sent, nor tolerated, by their *Prince*,
Nor caring whether side hath giv'n offence)
Run rambling through the World, to kill and slay,
Like needie Butchers, for two groats a day?
These men may side, where *Conquests*, God bestowes;

Yet, when the *Field* is wonne, these men doe lose.

Since overmuch, will over-fill,
***Powre am enough; but* doe not spill.**

Illvstr. XXXIV. ***Book***

T is this *Emblems* meaning, to advance
The love and practise, of true *Temperance*.
For, by this *Figure* (which doth seeme to fill,
Vntill the liquor overflow, and spill)
Wee are, as by example, taught to see
How fruitlesse our *Intemperancies* bee:
Thus by the *Rule of Contrarieties*,
Some *Vertues*, best are showne to vulgar eyes.
To see a nastie *Drunkard*, reele and spew,
More moves to *Sobernesse*, than can the view
Of twentie civill men; and, to behold
One *Prodigall*, (that goodly lands hath sold)
Stand torne and louzie, begging at the dore,
Would make *Intemperance* abhorred more,
(And, manly *Sobernesse*, much better, teach)
Than all that sixe *Philosophers* can preach:
So, by the *Vessels* overflowing, here,
True *Moderation* doth more prais'd appeare,
Than by the *meane* it selfe: And, without sinne,
That's *pictur'd*, which to *doe*, had wicked bin,
For, though to vertuous ends; wee doe deny
The *Doing-ill*, that *Good* may come thereby.
From hence, let us be taught, that carefull heed,
Whereby wee should both *Minde* and *Bodie*, feed.
Let us, of our owne selves, observe the size;
How much wee want, how little will suffize;
And, our owne *longings*, rather leave unfill'd,
Than suffer any portion to bee spill'd:
For, what we *marre*, shall to account be layd,

And, what wee wisely *spend*, shall be repayd.

They passe through many* stormes*, and* streights*,
***Who rise to any glorious* heights.**

Illvstr. XXXV. *Book.*

His *Tree*, which here doth largely seeme to grow,
(And spreads *above*, though streightned in *below*)
Through adverse *Winds*, and many a Winters blast,
Hath gain'd a faire proportion at the last;
And, from a lowly *shrub*, is growne to bee
A well-esteemed, and a goodly *Tree*.
Thus, hath it chanced unto many a man:
And, he that first in misery began,
(So poore and meane, that very few or none
Have judg'd him to be worth the looking on)
Ev'n he, through scornes, through wrongs, and povertie,
Hath crept, and screw'd, and rais'd himselfe so high,
That, he hath placed been among the prime,
Of those, who seem'd the *Worthies* of the time;
Yea, overtopt and aw'd, the best of those,
Who sought to curbe him, when he first arose.
This, I have seene; And, as wee seldome find
A *Tree* grow faire, that cannot brooke the *Wind*,
Or, must be hous'd at Winter; or, on whom
The *Gardners* pruning-knife, did never come:
So, I have rarely knowne those men to rise
To any good, or noble qualities,
Who feele not, first some *hardship*, or some *storme*,
To prune, to discipline, and to reforme
Their wits and manners. For, prosperitie,
Ease, plentie, and too large a libertie,
Doth often blast them; and, somtime bereave them,
Of what their *Predecessors* worth's, did leave them.
Let, therefore, no man, feare when this he knowes,

Although in *tempests*, and through *streights* he goes.

God*, ever will bee present, there,*
Where, of one* Faith*, and* Mind *they are.

Illvstr. XXXVI. ***Book***

Fixed *Palme*, (whose *Fingers* doe appeare,
As if displayed, and advanc'd they were)
Intended by our *Author*, here, wee see,
To shaddow out *agreeing-Minds*, that bee
Establish'd in one *Trust*. And, well it may,
That *Vertue*, of the holy *Church* display.
For, as our *hands*, the better meanes can make,
To *gaine*, as well as to *retaine*, or *take*,
The *benefits* we seeke; when wee intend,
Our differing *Fingers*, all, to worke one end:
So, when the *Church* of *Christ* (wherein wee finde
A diff'rence of *Degrees*) shall with one *minde*,
Pursue a faithfull hope; they'l soone obtaine,
That wished benefit, they seeke to gaine:
For, when but two or three shall in *Gods* name,
Request a *blessing*, he will grant the same.
Let all thy sev'rall *Churches*, LORD (that stand
Like many *Fingers*, members of one *Hand*)
Thy *Will-Essentiall* with joynt love obay,
Though circumstantially, they differ may.
Some have the larger *Circuit*, some are *stronger*,
Some are of short *continuance*, some of longer;
But, though their *Guifts* may differ, yet provide,
That, still, on one *Foundation*, they may bide;
And, that, all those, who in one *Faith* agree,
May, in one *Band* of *Love*, united bee:
Till our confined *Wisdome* comes to know,
That, many things, for which wee wrangle so,
Would further that, whose hindrance wee doe feare,

If more our *Faith*, and lesse our *Discord* were.

Protect *mee, if I worthy bee;*
If I* demerit*, punish mee.

Illvstr. XXXVII. ***Book***

His *Emblem*, forth unto your view hath set,
A *Sword*, together with a *Coronet*;
To shew the prudent *Reader*, what Reward
For *ill*, and for *well doing*, is prepar'd;
That they, who heretofore, amisse have done,
May learne, their threatned punishments to shun:
That they, whose *Actions* warrantable were,
May, in their honest *Courses*, persevere:
And, that those men, who great and pow'rfull bee,
Should punish and reward, as cause they see.
Men are of diff'ring tempers: Some, are wonne
By promises, and gentle meanes alone:
Some, moved are by shame; and, some through dread,
To bee in purse, or bodie punished.
And, some, their duties are allur'd to doe,
No way, but by a mixture of these two.
They, therefore, neither *Wise*, nor *Honest* bee,
Who dandle all Offenders on their knee;
Or, punish onely with a *God-forbid*;
Or, *Doe not so, my sonnes*, as *Ely* did.
Nor wiser ought, are they, nor honester,
Who alwayes fright, and threaten those that erre;
No mercie joyning, to the chastisement
Of them, whose faults are worthy to bee shent.
Nor are they lesse to blame, who carry *Swords*,
To punish errors; but, nor lookes, nor words,
To cherish well deservings: And, in this,
Most men, that punish others, doe amisse.
Sure, if the *Sword misdoing*, may pursue,

For *doing-well*, the *Coronet* is due.

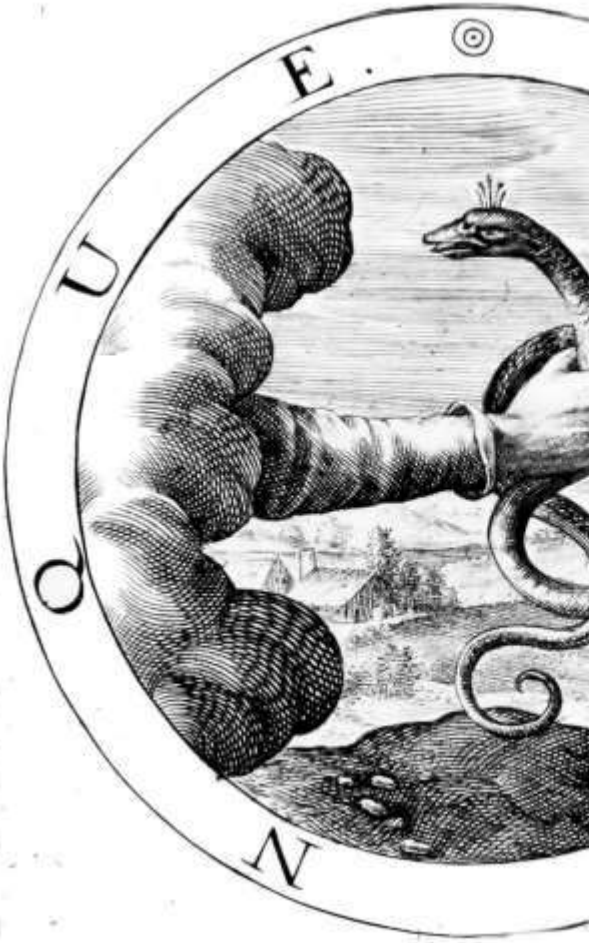
The* Tongue*, which every secret speakes,
Is like a* Barrell *full of leakes.

Illvstr. XXXVIII. *Booi*

He *Barrell*, from whose bottome, sides, and bung,
The liquor (as in this our *Emblem*) flowes,
May fitly typifie the babling *Tongue*,
Of him that utters ev'ry thing hee knowes.
For, such as are their taskes, who strive to fill
An ever-leaking *Vessell*, to the brim;
Ev'n such are his, who laboureth to still
A *tatlers* tougue; for, paines are lost on him.
This *Figure*, also, serveth to expresse,
The trustlesse nature of a *whorish woman*;
For, shee to all displayes her wantonnesse,
And, cares to keepe her secresies, from no man.
Within her bosome, nothing long shee keeps,
But, whatsoever shee conceives or knowes,
Streight, from the heart, up to her tongue, it creeps;
And, round about the *Citie*, then, it goes.
Bee warned therefore, and commit thou not
Thy person, state, or fame, to such as these;
Lest, they thy *Reputation* doe bespot,
Consume thy *Substance*, or thy *Minde* disease.
But, most of all, bee wary, lest the crime,
Which here wee doe reproove, thy mind infect:
For, *Vice*, like *weeds*, will grow in little time,
And, out-grow *Vertues*, if Wee them neglect.
The surest way to keepe such errors out,
And, in our selves true *Vertnes* to maintaine;
Is, to bee *hoopt* with *Temp'rance*, round about,
And, our out-flowing humors to restraine.
If thus we practise, 'twill prevent the wrongs

Of our owne errors, and of others tongues.

How ever thou the* Viper *take,
A dang'rous hazzard thou dost make.



Illvstr. XXXIX. ***Book***

His *Figure* warnes us, that wee meddle not
With matters, whereby nothing may bee got,
Save *harme* or *losse*; and, such as once begun,
Wee may, nor safely *doe*, nor leave *undone*.
I should bee loath to meddle in the strife
Arising 'twixt a *Husband*, and his *Wife*;
For, *Truth* conceal'd, or spoke, on either side,
May one or th'other grieve, or both divide.
I would not with my most familiar *Mate*,
Be *Partner* in the whole of my estate;
Lest I, by others errors, might offend,
Or, wrong my Family, or, lose my *Friend*.
I would not, willingly, in my distresse,
From an unworthy hand, receive redresse;
Nor, when I need a *Suretie*, would I call
An *Vnthrift*, or a roaring *Prodigall*:
For, either these I thanklesly must shun,
Or, humour them, and be perhaps undone.
I would not heare my *Friend* unwisely prate
Those things, of which I must informe the *State*:
And, seeme unfriendly; or, else leave to doe,
That, which a stronger *Band* obligeth to.
Nor would I, for the world, my heart should bee
Enthrald by one, that might not *marry* mee;
Or, such like *passions*, bee perplexed in,
As hang betwixt a *Vertue*, and a *Sinne*;
Or, such, as whether way soe're I went,
Occasion'd guilt, or shame, or discontent:
For, howsoe're wee mannage such like things,

Wee handle winding *Vipers*, that have stings.

The gaining of a rich Estate,
***Seemes, many times, restrain'd by* Fate.**

Illvstr. XL. ***Book.*** 4

Bserve this *Wheele*, and you shall see how *Fate*
Doth limit out to each man, that Estate
Which hee obtaines; Then, how hee doth aspire
To such a height; and, why hee mounts no higher:
For, whatsoere their *Authors* understood,
These *Emblems*, now, shall speake as I thinke good.
The *Cornucopias* fastned to a *Round*,
Thus fixt, may shew, that Riches have their *bound*;
And, can be raised, by mans pow'r or wits,
No higher than *Gods* Providence permits.
The placing of them on that *Wheele*, doth show,
That, some waxe *Poore*, as others *Wealthy* grow:
For, looke how much the higher, one doth rise,
So much the lower, still, the other lies;
And, when the height of one is at an end,
Hee sinkes againe, that others may ascend.
The many stops, which on this *Wheele* you spie,
Those many *obstacles* may typifie,
Which barre all those that unto *Wealth* aspire,
From compassing the *Round* of their desire.
The want of *Wit*, from *Riches*, barreth some;
Some, cannot rich, because of *Sloth*, become.
Some, that are *wise*, and *painefull*, are deny'd
Encrease of wealth, through *Pleasure*, or through *Pride*.
Some, lose much profit, which they else might make,
Because of *Conscience*, or for *Credit* sake.
If none of these did hinder, wee have store,
That might bee *Rich*, who, yet, are very *Poore*.
And, these, indeed, doe come to be those *Fates*,

Which keepe most men, from getting large *Estates*.

In all thine* Actions*, have a care,
***That no* unseemlinesse appeare.**

Illvstr. XLI. *Book.*

He *Virgine*, or the *Wife*, that much desires,
To please her *Lovers*, or her *Husband's* Eyes,
In all her costl'est *Robes*, her selfe attires;
And, seekes the coml'est *Dresse*, shee can devise.
Then, to her trustie *Looking-glasse*, shee goes,
(Where, often, shee her person turnes and winds)
To view, how seemely her attiring showes;
Or, whether ought amisse therein she finds.
Which praisefull *Diligence*, is figur'd thus
In this our *Emblem*; that, it may be made
A documentall signe, remembring us,
What care of all our *Actions*, must bee had.
For, hee that in *God's* presence would appeare
An acceptable *Soule*; or, gracious grow
With men, that of approv'd conditions are,
Must by some faithfull *Glasse*, be trimmed so.
The good Examples of those pious men,
Who liv'd in elder times, may much availe:
Yea, and by others evills, now and then,
Men see how grossely, they themselves, doe faile.
A wise Companion, and, a loving Friend,
Stands nearer, than those ancient glasses doe;
And, serveth well to such an usefull end:
For, hee may bee thy *Glasse*, and *Fountaine* too.
His good *Example*, shewes thee what is fit;
His *Admonition*, checks what is awry;
Hee, by his *Good-advise*, reformeth it;
And, by his *Love*, thou mend'st it pleasedly.
But, if thou doe desire the perfect'st *Glasse*,

Ioyne to the *Morall-Law*, the *Law of Grace*.

Wee, bring the Hony to the Hive;
But, others, by our labours thrive.

Illvstr. XLII. *Book.*

He prettie *Bees*, with daily paines contrive
Their curious *Combes*, and from the flowry Fields,
Doe bring that pleasant sweetnesse to their Hive,
Which *Nectar*, and *Ambrosiack* dainties, yeelds,
Yet, when themselves with labours they have tir'd,
The following Winters famine to prevent,
For their good service, either they are fir'd,
Or, forth into an emptie *Hive* are sent:
And, there, with slender diet they are served,
To leave another *Summers* worke, to those
Who take no care, though all the swarme be starved,
If weake, and quite past labour once it growes.
As with such *Bees*, it fares with many a one,
That, spends his youthfull time in honest thrift;
And, by the *Waspe*, the *Hornet*, or the *Drone*,
Of all their labours, they are soone bereft.
Sometime, the bordring *Flies*, much wrong this *brood*,
Through idle *visitings*; or, them despoyle,
By making friendly shewes of *neighbourhood*;
When, all their Complements, are nought but guile.
Sometime, their powerfull Foes do rob them quite;
Sometime, their *Lords*, or *Landlords*, with pretence,
Of claiming only what is just and right,
Oppresse them without *mercie*, or *defence*.
Thus, by one course or other, daily, some
(That are laborious in an honest way)
The prey of Pride, or Idlenesse become:
And, such as these, may therefore truely say,
That, whatsoever they to passe have brought,

Not for themselves, but others, they have wrought.

**God*, by their Names, the* Stars *doth cal;*
And, hee is Ruler *of them all.***

Illvstr. XLIII. *Book.*

Ome say, (and many men doe these commend)
That, all our *deeds*, and *Fortunes* doe depend
Vpon the motions of celestiall *Spheres*;
And, on the constellations of the *Starres*.
If this were true, the *Starres*, alone, have bin
Prime cause of all that's *good*, and of all *sinne*.
And, 'twere (me thinkes) injustice to *condemne*,
Or, give rewards to any, but to *them*.
For, if they made mee *sinne*, why for that ill,
Should I be damn'd, and they shine brightly, still?
If they inforc'd my *goodnesse*, why should I
Bee glorified for their *Pietie*?
And, If they neither *good* nor *ill* constraine,
Why then, should wee of *Destinie* complaine?
For, if it bee (as tis) absurd to say,
The starres enforce us (since they still obay
Their just *Commander*) 'twere absurder, farre,
To say, or thinke, that God's *Decree* it were,
Which did *necessitate* the very same,
For which, we thinke the *starres* might merit blame.
Hee made the *starres* to bee an ayd unto us,
Not (as is fondly dream'd) to helpe undoe us:
(Much lesse, without our fault, to ruinate,
By doome of irrecoverable *Fate*)
And, if our good Endeavors, use wee will,
Those glorious creatures will be helpfull still
In all our honest wayes: For, they doe stand
To helpe, not hinder us, in God's command;
And, hee not onely rules them by his pow'rs,
But, makes their Glory, servant unto ours.

Who,* Patience *tempts, beyond her strength,
Will make it* Fury*, at the length.

Illvstr. XLIIII. *Book.*

Lthough wee know not a more patient creature,
Than is the *Lambe*, (or, of lesse harmfull nature)
Yet, as this *Emblem* shewes, when childish wrong,
Hath troubled, and provok'd him overlong,
Hee growes enrag'd; and makes the wanton *Boyes*,
Bee glad to leave their sports, and run their wayes.
Thus have I seene it with some Children fare,
Who, when their *Parents* too indulgent were,
Have urg'd them, till their *Doting* grew to *Rage*,
And, shut them wholly from their Heritage.
Thus, many times, a foolish man doth lose
His faithfull Friends, and justly makes them foes.
Thus, froward *Husbands*; and, thus, peevish *Wives*,
Doe foole away the comfort of their lives;
And, by abusing of a *patient-Mate*,
Turne dearest *Love*, into the deadliest *Hate*:
For, any wrong may better bee excused,
Than, *Kindnesse*, long and wilfully abused.
But, as an injur'd *Lambe*, provoked, thus,
Well typifies how much it moveth us,
To finde our *Patience* wrong'd: So, let us make
An *Emblem* of our selves, thereby to take
More heed, how God is moved towards them,
That, his *long suffring*, and his *Love* contemne.
For, as wee somewhat have of every *Creature*,
So, wee in us, have somewhat of his *Nature*:
Or, if it bee not sayd *the same* to bee,
His *Pictures*, and his *Images* are wee.
Let, therefore, his *long-suffring*, well be weigh'd,

And, keepe us, to *provoke him*, still afraid.

Hee that is* blind*, will nothing* see*,
What* light *soe're about him bee.

Illvstr. XLV. *Book.*

T is by some supposed, that our *Owles*,
By Day-time, are no perfect-sighted *Fowles*;
And, that, the more you doe augment the *light*,
The more you shall deprive them of their *sight*.
Nor *Candles*, *Torches*, nor the *Sunne at noone*,
Nor *Spectacles*, nor all of these in one
Can make an *Owlet* in the day-time see,
Though none, by *night*, hath better eyes than shee.
This *Emblem*, therefore, sets their *blindnesse* forth,
Who cannot see, when an apparant *worth*
Illustrates vertuous Men; yet, seeme to spie
Those faults, wherewith ill-willers them belie.
The *blindnesse*, also, well it may declare,
Of *Heretikes*, who Eagle-sighted are,
In *Sophistries*, and in the cloudie-night,
Of those darke *Errors*, which delude the *sight*;
Yet, cannot see the Rayes of *Truth* divine,
Though, brighter than the *Day-light*, shee doth shine.
It, likewise, very fitly typifies,
Those, in our dayes, who spie out mysteries,
Beyond the *Moone*; yet, cannot gain the view
Of that, which common *Reason* proveth true:
And, therefore, onely, crie it (madly) downe,
Because, by *Reasons* light, it may be knowne.
These, when 'twas offred, first, the light refused;
And, they have now the darknesse which they chused.
Till, therefore, God shall offer *Grace* againe,
Man strives to set up *Lights*, to these, in vaine:
For, what are *Lights* to those who *blinded* bee?

Or, who so *blinde*, as they that will not see?

None knowes, untill the* Fight *be past,
Who shall bee* Victor*, at the last.

Illvstr. XLVI. *Book.*

Hile, these two *Champions* for the *Conquest* fight,
Betwixt them both *Victoria* takes her flight,
On doubtfull wings; and, till the *fray* bee past,
None knowe, to whether, shee the *Wreath* will cast.
Which *Emblem* serves, not onely, to expresse
The danger, and the issues doubtfulnesse,
In all *Contentions*; but, may warne us too,
That, wee no strivings rashly undergoe;
Since they, who long with painfull skill have striv'd,
Of likely *Conquests*, are at length depriv'd.
Force, much prevailes; but *Sleight* and *Wit* hath pow'r,
Sometime, to hurle downe *Strength* upon the floore.
Sometimes againe, our *Ingineeres* doe faile;
And, *Blowes*, doe more than *Stratagems*, prevaile.
Though, I, upon mine *honest-Cause* depend,
Another may o'rethrow it, by his *Friend*:
And, hee that boasteth of his *Patrons* grace,
May lose his hopes, if Bribing come in place.
To say the Truth, in whatsoever Cause,
Wee by the *Sword* contend, or by the *Lawes*,
There's no event or issue more assured,
Than this, that, losse to both shall bee procured:
And, that, sometime, as well an *innocent*,
As *guilty-cause*, may finde an ill event.
Let, therefore, our endeavours be, to strive,
Who, shall hereafter, least occasion give
Of those *contentions*, and of those *debates*,
Which hurt our honor, safetie, or estates:
That, we, a *Conquest*, may be sure to gaine,

And, none repine, at that which we obtaine.

Why should I feare the want of* Bread*?
***If* God *so please, I shall bee* fed.**

Illvstr. XLVII. *Book.*

He faithlesse *Iewe's* repining currishnesse,
The blessed *Psalmist*, fitly did expresse,
By *grinning-dogs*, which howling roame by night,
To satisfie their grudging appetite.
Here, therefore, by an *Emblem*, wee are showne,
That, *God*, (who as hee lists, bestowes his owne)
Providing so, that none may bee unfed,
Doth offer to the *Dogges*, the *Childrens* bread.
And, by this *Emblem*, wee advised are,
Of their presumptuous boldnesse to beware,
Who bound God's *Mercie*; and, have shut out some
From hope of *Grace*, before the *Night* is come:
Since, to the *Dogs*, his meat is not denide,
If they *returne*, (though not till *Evening-tide*.)
Moreover, wee, some notice hence may take,
That, if provision, *God*, vouchsafes to make,
For *Lyons*, *Dogs*, and *Ravens*, in their need,
Hee will his *Lambes*, and harmlesse *Turtles* feed:
And, so provide, that they shall alwayes have
Sufficient, to maintaine the *Life* hee gave.
I must confesse, I never merit shall,
The *Crummes*, which from thy *Childrens* table fall:
Yet, thou hast oft, and freely fed mee, *Lord*,
Among thy *Children*, at thy *Holy-board*:
Nor have I, there, been fill'd with *Bread* alone;
But, on the blessed *Bodie* of thy *Sonne*,
My *Soule* hath feasted. And, if thou dost grant
Such favours, *Lord*! what can I feare to want?
For, doubtlesse, if thy *Sonne* thou please to give,

All other things, with him, I shall receive.

All* Flesh*, is like the wither'd* Hay*,
And, so it springs, and fades away.

Illvstr. XLVIII. ***Book***

His *Infant*, and this little Trusse of *Hay*,
When they are moralized, seeme to say,
That, *Flesh* is but a tuft of Morning-*Grasse*,
Both greene, and wither'd, ere the day-light passe.
And, such we truly finde it; for, behold,
Assoone as Man is borne, hee waxeth old,
In Griefes, in Sorrowes, or Necessities;
And, withers ev'ry houre, untill hee dyes:
Now, flourishing, as *Grasse*, when it is growne,
Straight perishing, as *Grasse*, when it is mowne.
If, wee with other things, mans *Age* compare,
His *Life* is but a *Day* (For, equall'd are
His *Yeares* with *Houres*: His *Months*, with *Minutes* bee
Fit parallels; and, ev'ry *breathing*, wee
May tearme a *Day*) yet, some, ev'n at the *Night*
Of that short *Day*, are dead, and witherd quite.
Before the *Morning* of our lives bee done,
The *Flesh* oft fades: Sometime, it growes till *Noone*:
But, there's no mortall *Flesh*, that will abide
Vnparched longer, than till *Evening-tide*.
For, in it selfe, it alwayes carries that,
Which helpeth so, it selfe to ruinate;
That, though it feele, nor *storme*, nor scorching *flame*,
An inbred *Canker*, will consume the same.
Considering well, and well remembring this,
Account the *Flesh* no better than it is:
Wrong not thine everlasting *Soule*, to cherish
A *Gourd*, which in a moments time will perish.
Give it the tendance, fit for fading *Crops*;

But, for *Hay-harvest*, lose not better hopes.

Make use of* Time*, that's* comming on*;
***For, that is perish'd, which is* gone.**

Illvstr. XLIX. ***Book.***

His *Glasse* declares, how *Time* doth passe away;
And, if the *Words*, about it, rightly say,
Thy *Time that's gone, is lost*: and, proofe will shew,
That, many find both *Words*, and *Emblem*, true.
How fast their *Time* departs, they best perceive,
From whom it steales, before they take their leave,
Of what they love; and, whose last *houre* is gone,
Before their chiefest businesses are done.
How fast it slides, ev'n they are also taught,
(Too late, perhaps) who never kept in thought
Their *ending-day*; but, alwayes did presume,
Or, largely hope upon the *Time to come*;
The *present-howres*, nor thankfully enjoying,
Nor, honestly, nor usefully employing.
That, *yeares expir'd, are lost*, they likewise find:
For, when their understanding brings to mind,
How fondly (or, how ill perchance) they spent
Their *passed age*; they see, with discontent,
The *Time*, not onely *lost*, but, worse than so;
Lost, with a thousand other Losses moe:
And, that, when they shall need it, *wealth* nor *pow'r*,
Can purchase them, one *minute* of an *howre*.
Consider this, all ye that spend the *prime*,
The *noone tide*, and the *twilight* of your *Time*,
In childish play-games, or meere worldly things;
As if you could, at pleasure, clip *Times* wings,
Or turne his *Glasse*, or, had a *Life*, or twaine
To live, when you had fool'd out *this* in vaine.
Short is the *present*; lost *Times-passed* bee;

And, *Time to come*, wee may not live to see.

The* Garland*, He alone shall weare,
Who, to the* Goale*, doth persevere.

Illvstr. L. ***Book. 4***

N *Arme* is with a *Garland* here extended;
And, as the *Motto* saith, it is intended,
To all that persevere. This being so;
Let none be faint in heart, though they be *slow*:
For, he that *creepes*, untill his *Race* be done,
Shall gaine a *Wreath*, aswell as they that *runne*.
This being so; let no man walke in doubt,
As if Gods *Arme* of *Grace* were stretched out
To some small number: For, whoe're *begins*
And *perseueres*, the profer'd *Garland* winns:
And, God respects no persons; neither layes
A stumbling blocke in any of our Waies.
This being so, let no man think't enough
To set his hand, a little, to the Plough,
And, then desist; but, let him still pursue,
To doe that *Worke*, to which that *Wreath* is due:
For, nor on *Good-beginners*, nor on those
That, *walke halfe-way*, (much lesse on him, that goes
No stepp at all) will God this *gift* conferre;
But, onely, unto those that *persevere*.
LORD, by thy *Grace*, an entrance I have made
In honest *Pathes*; and, thy assistance had,
To make in them, some slow *proceedings* too.
Oh grant me, full abilitie, to doe
Thy sacred *Will*; and, to *beginn*, and *end*
Such *Workes*, as to thy *glory*, still, may tend.
That (*Walking*, and *continuing* in the *Path*,
Which evermore, thine approbation hath)
I may that *Garland*, by thy *grace*, obtaine,

Which, by mine owne *desert*, I cannot gaine.

Glory be to God.

THE FOVRTH LOTTERIE.

1

Hou, of a noble minde, art thought,
Which, heav'nly things, hath chiefly sought.
And, scorn'st thy vertue to debase,
By loving those of lower place.
If so, thine *Emblom* doth expresse
Thy *Wisdome*, and thy *worthynesse*.
But, if to earthward thou incline;
Thence, learne *Affections* more Divine.
See, *Emb.* I.

2

Some *words* or *thoughts*, perhaps, of your
Have wrong'd Gods *providence*, or *Pow're*:

Els, you (it may be) to some *place*,
Confine his unconfined *Grace*;
Or, thinke, he never taketh care,
Of any *Realme*, but where you are.
Your *Lot*, now, therefore, doth provide,
To have your *Iudgement* rectifide.
See, *Emb.* II.

3

Thou maist be *wise*, but, there is, yet,
Some crack, or, failing in thy *wit*:
For, thou dost *personate* a *part*,
That, showes thee other, then thou *art*.
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, doth declare,
What *Habit*, such deserve to weare;
And, that, he merits *Asses* eares,
Who *is not*, that, which he *appeares*.
See, *Emb.* III.

4

You have, as yet, much *worke* to doe,
But, yoo have *little time* thereto:
That, *little*, flyes away with speed,
And, you the *Losse*, as little heed.
Lest, therefore, all your time be gone,
Before you duely thinke thereon,
A *memorandum* you have got,
By drawing, of this luckie *Lot*.
See, *Emb.* IV.

5

Though you, perhaps, no *perill* dread,
A *mischiefe* hangs above your head;
By which, you (taking little care)
May perish ere you be aware.
To minde you, therefore, to eschew
Such Miseries as may ensue;
Your L*ot*, this warning *Emblem* sent;
Observe it, and your *harmes* prevent.
See, *Emb.* V.

6

Thou *fly'st*, in hope, to shun thy griefe;
Thou *changest place*, to seeke releefe;
And, many blamelesse things are shent
As, causers of thy discontent.
But trouble, now, no more thy minde,
The root of thy disease to finde;
For, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
The *Fountaine*, whence thy torments bee.
See, *Emb.* VI.

M7

Thou art, or els thou wert, of late,
Some great, or petty, *Magistrate*;
Or, *Fortune* thereunto, perchance,
In time to come, will thee advance.
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
That, when restrein'd, thy *pow'r* shall be,
Offenders, thereof will be glad,

And skoffe the pow're which thou hast had;
Observe it; and be so *upright*,
That, thou maist laugh at their *despight*.
See, *Emb.* VII.

8

Promotion thou dost much desire,
And, spacious *Fortunes* to acquire;
As, if thou thoughtst, thou mightst attaine,
True *Blessednesse*, by such a *gaine*:
To shew thee, therefore, what event,
What *happinesse*, and what *content*,
Such things, will bring vs, at the last,
An usefull *Object*, now, thou hast.
See, *Emb.* VIII.

9

Disheartned be not, though thou see,
Thy *Hopes*, quite frustrate seeme to be;
For, many *Hopes*, appearing past,
Have, beene renew'd againe, at last;
And, grew far greater, then before,
When, they seem'd lost, for evermore.
Examples, therefore, now are brought,
That, still, to *Hope*, thou mayst be taught.
See, *Emb.* IX.

M 10

Most men desire to gaine the *Fate*,

Which keepes them safe, in ev'ry state;
And, you, no doubt, would faine provide,
A *Station*, which might firme abide.
If so you meane; your *Lot* hath brought,
Some newes of that, which you have sought:
For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,
What men shall most unmooved be.
See, *Emb.* X.

11

You seeme, to wonder, much of late,
That, some goe *backward* in *Estate*,
Who seeme to thrive; and, why, we finde,
Those *Friends*, who seemed very kinde,
(And, forward good respects to show)
Doe now unkinde, and froward grow.
But, when your *Emblem* you shall see,
No wonder, then, such things will be.
See, *Emb.* XI.

12

Thou seek'st a *Conquest*; or, (at least)
Of such a Pow're to be possest,
As none can conquer; And, bohold,
Thou, in an *Emblem*, shalt be told
The meanes to get thy hearts desire.
Yet, know, that if thou come no nigher,
Then but to *know* the meanes of *blisse*,
The farther off, the *blessing* is.
See, *Emb.* XII.

13

Thou liv'st, as one who thinks, that, *Fate*
All Actions did *nesessitate*;
And, that to *doe*, or leave *undone*,
Thy Businesses, came all to one.
If, thus thou thinke, perhaps, this *Chance*;
May helpe to cure thine *Ignorance*;
And, show, when 'twill be, wholly, fit
To *Fate*, our matters, to commit.

See, *Emb.* XIII.

14

Thy Neighbors *house* when thou dost view,
Welfurnisht, *pleasant*, *large*, or *new*,
Thou thinkst good LARES, alwaies dwell,
In Lodgings that are trimm'd so well.
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou art showne,
That (if thou lov'dst what is thine *owne*)
Thatcht Roofes, as true Contentments yeeld,
As those, that are with *Cedar* seeld.
Vaine *Fancies*, therefore, from thee cast;
And, be content with what thou hast.

See, *Emb.* XIV.

15

Thou seek'st *Preferment*, as a thing,
Which *East*, or *Westerne-winds* might bring;
And, thinkst to gaine a temp'rall *Crowne*,
By *Powres* and *Vertues* of thine owne:
But, now, thy *Lot* informes from whom,

The *Scepter*, and *preferments* come;
Seeke, thence, thy lawfull *hopes* fruition,
And, cherish not a vaine *ambition*.
See, *Emb.* XV.

16

This *Lot*, though rich, or poore, thou bee,
Presents an *Emblem*, fitt for thee.
If *Rich*, it warnes, not to be *proud*;
Since, *Fortunes* favours are allow'd
To *Swinish-men*: If thou be *poore*,
Deject thou not thy selfe, the more;
For, many worthy men, there are,
Who, doe not *Fortunes* Iewels weare.
See, *Emb.* XVI.

17

Thou, dost not greatly care, by whom
Thy *wealth*, or thy *Preferments*, come:
So, thou maist get them, *Foole* or *Knave*,
Thy *prayers*, and thy *praise* may have;
Because, thou dost nor feare, nor dreame,
What disadvantage comes by them:
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
That, *Mischieves*, in their *favours* bee.
See, *Emb.* XVII.

18

You boast, as if it were, unknowne
The power you have were not your owne:

But, had you not an able *Prop*,
You could not beare so high a *Top*;
And, if that *Ayde* forsake you shall,
Downe to the ground, you soone will fall.
Acknowledge this; and, humble grow,
You may be, still, supported so.

See, *Emb.* XVIII.

19

This *Lot* of yours doth plainely show,
That, in some danger now you go.
But, *wounds* by *Steele*, yet, feare you not;
Nor *Pistoling*, nor *Cannon-shot*;
But, rather, dread the *shafts* that fly,
From some deepe-wounding *wantons* eye.
Your greatest perills are from thence;
Get therefore, Armour of defence.

See, *Emb.* XIX.

20

Thy Vertues, often, have beene tride,
To finde what proofes they will abide:
Yet, thinke not all thy *Trialls* past,
Till thou on ev'ry side art cast;
Nor, feare thou, what may chance to thee,
If truely, square, thy dealings be:
For, then, what ever doth befall,
Nor *harme*, nor *shame*, betide thee shall.

See, *Emb.* XX.

21

Fine *Clothes*, faire *Words*, entising *Face*,
With *Maskes* of *Pietie* and *Grace*,
Oft, cheat you, with an outward show,
Of that, which prooveth nothing so.
Therefore, your *Emblems* Morall read;
And, ere too farre you doe proceed,
Thinke, whom you deale withall, to day,
Who, by faire shewes, deceive you may.
See, *Emb.* XXI.

22

You, are accus'd of no man, here,
As, if to any, false, you were
In *word*, or *Deed*; and, wish, we doe,
Your *Conscience* may acquit you too,
But, if your selfe you guilty finde,
(As, unto such a fault inclin'd)
The crime, already *past*, repent;
And, what is yet *undone*, prevent.
See, *Emb.* XXII.

23

You haue delighted much, of late,
Gainst *Womens* ficklenesse, to prate;
As if this frailety you did find,
Entail'd, alone, on *Womankind*:
But, in your selfe, ther's now and then,
Great proofes, of wav'ring minds, in men:
Then, jugde not faults which are unknown;

But, rather learne to mend your owne.
See, *Emb.* XXIII.

24

At your *Afflictions*, you repine,
And, in all troubles, cry, and whine;
As if, to *suffer*, brought no *Ioy*;
But, quite, did all contents destroy.
That, you might, therefore, *patient* grow,
And, learne, that Vertues pow're, to know,
This *Lot*, unto your view, is brought:
Peruse, and practise what is taught.
See, *Emb.* XXIV.

25

On out side *Friends*, thou much reli'st,
And, *trustest*, oft, before thou try'st;
By which, if *Cousnage* thou escape,
Thy *Wit* wee praise not, but thy *Hap*:
But, lest by *trust*, (e're *triall due*)
Thou, overlate, thy *Trusting* rue;
Observe the *Morall* of thy *Lot*,
And, looke that thou forget it not.
See, *Emb.* XXV.

26

By this your *Lot*, it should appeare,
That, you your selfe are too severe;
Or, have, by some, perswaded bin,

That, ev'ry *Pleasure* is a *sinne*.
That, wiser therefore, you may grow,
You have an *Emblem*, now, to show,
That, *Hee*, whose wisdome all men praise,
Sometime, layes downe his *Bow*, and *playes*.

See, *Emb.* XXVI.

27

Thou little heedst how *Time* is lost,
Or, how thine *Howres* away doe post;
Nor art thou mindfull of the day,
In which thy life, will breath away.
To thee this *Lot*, now, therefore, came,
To make thee heedfull of the same.
So, of thy Dutie, let it mind thee,
That, thou maist *live*, when *Death* shall finde thee.

See, *Emb.* XXVII.

28

A safe-abiding, wouldst thou know,
When *Seas* doe rage, and *winds* doe blow?
If so; thine *Emblem* shewes thee, where
Such *Priviledges* gained are.
Observe it well; then, doe thy best,
To bee a *Yongling*, in that nest
There *Moraliz'd*; and, mocke thou not
At what is taught thee, by this *Lot*.

See, *Emb.* XVIII.

29

Beleeve not, alwayes, as thy *Creed*,
That, *Love-profest*, is *Love-indeed*;
But, their *Affections* entertaine,
Who in thy *need*, firme *Friends* remaine.
Perhaps, it much may thee concerne,
This *Lesson*, perfectly, to learne.
Thine *Emblems* morall, therefore, view,
And, get true *Friends*, by being, *true*.
See, *Emb.* XXIX.

30

The *Consciences*, of some, afford
No Lawfull use unto the *Sword*:
Some dreame, that, in the time of peace,
The practise of all *Armes* may cease;
And, you, perhaps, among the rest,
With such like fancies are possest.
However, what your *Morall* sayes
Observe; and, walke in blamelesse *waves*.
See, *Emb.* XXX.

31

A better *Fortune* you might gaine,
If you, could take a little *paine*:
If you have *Wealth*, you should have more,
And, should be Rich, (though you are *poore*)
If to the *longings* you have had,
A true *endevour* you would adde:
For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,
Such, as your *Paines*, your *Gaines* will be.

See, *Emb.* XXXI.

32

When any troublous Time appeares,
Your *Hope* is ouercome, with *feares*,
As, if with every *Floud* of *Raine*,
The *World* would quite be drownd againe.
But, by your *Emblem*, you shall see,
That, *Sunshine*, after *Stormes* may be:
And, you this *Lot*, (it may be) drew,
In times of neede, to comfort *you*.

See, *Emb.* XXXII.

33

When, you to ought, pretend a right,
You thinke to winne it by your *might*.
Yea, by your strength, your purse or friends,
You boast to gaine your wished *Endes*.
But, such *Presumptions* to prevent
You to an *Emblem* now are sent
That, showes, by whom he *Victor* growes,
That winnes, by giving overthrowes.

See, *Emb.* XXXIII.

34

If, truely *temperate*, thou be,
Why should this *Lot*, be drawne by thee?
Perhaps, thou either dost exceed,
In costly Robes; or, drinke, or feede,
Beyond the *meane*. If this thou finde,

Or, know'st, in any other kinde,
How thou offendest by *excesse*,
Now, leave off, that *intemp'ratnesse*.
See, *Emb.* XXXIV.

35

Thou hop'st, to climbe, to honor'd *heights*,
Yet, wouldst not passe through stormes or
streights;
But, shun'st them so, as if there were
No way to *blisse*, where *troubles* are.
Lest, then, thou lose thy hop'd-for praise,
By, seeking wide, and easie wayes;
See what thine *Emblem* doth disclose.
And, feare not ev'ry *winde* that blowes.
See, *Emb.* XXXV.

36

Sometimes, it may be, thou dost finde,
That, God, thy *prayers*, doth not minde,
Nor, heede, of those *Petitions* take,
Which, men and *Congregations* make.
Now, why they take so ill effect,
Thou, by our *Morall*, maist collect:
And, by the same, shalt also see,
When, all thy *suits* will granted be.
See, *Emb.* XXXVI.

37

Thou, hast been very forward, still,
To *punish* those, that merit ill;
But, thou didst never, yet, regard
To give *Desert*, her due *Reward*.
That, therefore, thou maist now have care,
Of such *Injustice*, to beware,
Thine *Emblem*, doth to thee present,
As well *Reward*, as *punishment*.

See, *Emb.* XXXVII.

38

Thou, either hast a *babling tongue*,
Which, cannot keepe a *secret*, long;
Or, shalt, perhaps, indanger'd growe,
By such, as utter all they know.
In one, or other, of the twaine,
Thou maist be harm'd; and, to thy gaine,
It may redound, when thou shalt see,
What, now, thine *Emblem*, counsels thee.

See, *Emb.* XXXVIII.

39

By this, thy *Lot*, we understand,
That, somewhat, thou hast tooke in hand,
Which, (whether, further, thou *Proceed*
Or quite *desist*) will danger breed.
Consider, then, what thou hast done,
And, since the *hazzard* is begun,
Advised be to take the *Course*,
Whrch may not make the danger worse.

See, *Emb.* XXXIX.

40

The *Destinies*, thou blamest, much,
Because, thou canst not be so rich,
As others are: But, blame no more.
The *Destinies*, as heretofore;
For, if it please thee to behold,
What, by thine *Embleme*, shall be told,
Thou, there, shalt find, which be those *Fates*,
That, keepe men low, in their *estates*.

See, *Emb.* XL.

41

Thou thinkst, that thou from *faults* art free;
And, here, unblamed thou shalt be.
But, if to all men, thou wilt seeme
As faire, as in thine owne esteeme,
Presume thou not abroad to passe,
Vntill, by ev'ry *Looking-Glasse*,
Which, in thy *Morall*, is exprest,
Thou hast, both *Minde*, and *Body* drest.

See, *Emb.* XLI.

42

Some, *labour* hardly, all their daies,
In painefull-profitable wayes;
And, others taste the sweetest *gaine*,
Of that, for which these tooke the *paine*:
Yet, these, they not alone undo,
But, having *robd*, they *murther* too.

The wrongs of such, this *Emblem* showes,
That, thou mayst helpe, or pitty those.
See, *Emb.* XLII.

43

Thou, often hast observ'd with feares,
Th'*aspects*, and *motions* of the *Starres*,
As if, they threatned *Fates* to some,
Which, *God* could never save them from.
If this, thy dreaming Error be,
Thine *Emblems* Morall shewes to thee,
That, *God* restraines the *Starry-Fates*,
And, no mans harme, *necessitates*.
See, *Emb.* XLIII.

44

Thou, hast provoked, over long,
Their *patience*, who neglect the wrong;
And, thou dost little seeme to heede,
What *harme* it threats, if thou proceed.
To thee, an *Emblem*, therefore, showes,
To what, *abused-Patience* growes.
Observe it well; and, make thy *Peace*,
Before to *Fury*, *Wrath* increase.
See, *Emb.* XLIV.

45

Thou hast the helps of *Natures* light;
Experience too, doth ayde thy sight:

Nay more, the *Sun* of *Grace-divine*,
Doth round about thee daylie shine;
Yet, *Reasons* eye is blind in thee,
And, clearest *Objects* cannot see.
Now, from what cause, this *Blindnesse* growes
The *Morall* of thine *Emblem* showes.
See, *Emb.* XLV.

46

Thy *cause*, thy *Money*, or thy *Friend*,
May make thee forward to *contend*;
And, give thee Hopes, that thy intents,
Shall bring thee prosperous events.
But view thy *Lot*; then, marke thou there,
That *Victories* uncertaine are;
And rashly venture not on that
Whose End may be, *thou knowest not what*.
See, *Emb.* XLVI.

47

To them who grudgingly repine,
Assoone as their estates decline,
This *Lot* pertaines; or, unto those,
Who, when their neighbour needy growes,
Contemne him; as if he were left,
Of God; and, of all hopes bereft.
If this, or that, be found in thee,
Thou, by thy *Morall*, taught shalt be,
That, there is none so ill besped;
But may have hope, he shall be fed.
See, *Emb.* XLVII.

48

Thy *Flesh* thou lov'st, as if it were,
The chiefest *Object*, of thy *Care*;
And of such value, as may seeme,
Well meriting, thy best esteeme.
But, now, to banish that conceit,
Thy *Lot* an *Emblem* brings to sight,
Which, without flattery, shewes to thee
Of what regard it ought to be.

See, *Emb.* XLVIII.

49

It may suspected be, thou hast,
Mispent the *Time*, that's gone and past;
For, to an *Emblem* thou art sent,
That's made, such folly to prevent:
The *morall* heed; Repent thy *Crime*;
And, Labour, to *Redeeme the Time*.

See, *Emb.* XLIX.

50

With good applause thou hast begunne,
And, well, as yet, proceedest on:
But, e're the *Lawrell*, thou canst weare,
Thou to the End must *persevere*.
And, lest this dutie, be so got,
Thou hast a Caveat, by this *Lot*.

See, *Emb.* L.

51

Although, this time, you drew it not,
Good Fortune, for you, may be got.
Perhaps, the *planets* ruling now,
Have cast no good *Aspects* on you.
For, many say, that, now and then,
The *Starres* looke angerly on men:
Then, try your Chance againe, anon;
For, their displeasure soone is gone.

52

If, by your *Lot* you had beene prais'd
Your minde, perchance, it would have rais'd,
Above the *meane*. Should you receive
Some check, thereby, It would bereave
Your *Patience*: For, but few can beare,
Reproofes, which unexpected are.
But, now prepared you have beene,
To draw your *Lot* once more begin;
And, if another *Blancke* you get,
Attempt your *chance*, no more, as yet.

53

To crosse your hopes, *Misfortune* sought;
And, by your *Lot*, a *Blanck* hath brought:
But, he who knew her ill intent,
Hath made this *Blanke* her spight prevent;
For, if that *Number* you shall take,
Which these two *fignres*, backward, make,
And view the place to which they guide;

An *Emblem*, for you, they provide.

54

These *Lots* are almost *Ten* to *One*
Above the *Blankes*; yet, thou hast none.
If thus thy *Fortune* still proceed,
Tis *Ten* to *One* if well thou speed.
Yet, if thou doe not much neglect,
To doe, as *Wisdome* shall direct,
It is a *Thousand* unto *ten*
But all thy Hopes will prosper, then.

55

It seemes, Dame *Fortune*, doth not know,
What *Lot*, on thee, she should bestow;
Nor, canst thou tell, (if thou mightst have
The choice) what *Fortune*, thou shouldst crave.
For, *one thing*, now, thy minde requires;
Anon, *another* it desires.
When Resolution thou hast got,
Then, come againe, and draw thy *Lot*.

56

The *Chance*, which thou obtained hast,
Of all our *Chances*, is the last;
And, casting up the totall *summes*,
We finde thy *Gaine*, to *Nothing* comes.
Yet if it well be understood,
This *Chance* may chance to doe thee good;

For, it inferres what *Portion* shall,
To ev'ry one, (at last) befall;
And warnes, while *something*, is enjoyd,
That, well it (alwaies) be imployd.

FINIS.

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A *Supersedeas* to all them, whose custome

it is, without any deserving, to importune *Authors* to give unto them their *Bookes*.

IT merits nor your Anger, nor my Blame,
That, thus I have inscrib'd this *Epigram*:
For, they who know me, know, that, *Bookes* thus la
And, fraught with *Emblems*, do augment the Charge
Too much above my *Fortunes*, to afford
A *Gift* so costly, for an *Aierie-word*:
And, I have prov'd, your *Begging-Qualitie*,
So forward, to oppresse my *Modestie*;
That, for my future ease, it seemeth fit,
To take some Order, for preventing it.
And, peradventure, other Authors may,
Find Cause to thanke me for't, another day.
These many years, it hath your *Custom* bin,
That, when in my possession, you have seene
A *Volume*, of mine owne, you did no more,
But, *Aske* and *Take*; As if you thought my store
Encreast, without my Cost; And, that, by *Giving*,
(Both *Paines* and Charges too) I got my living;
Or, that, I find the *Paper* and the *Printing*,
As easie to me, as the *Bookes* Inventing.
If, of my *Studies*, no esteeme you have,
You, then abuse the *Courtesies* you crave;
And, are *Vnthankfull*. If you prize them ought,
Why should my *Labour*, not enough be thought,

Vnlesse, I adde *Expenses* to my paines?
The *Stationer*, affoords for little Gaines,
The *Bookes* you crave: And, He, as well as I
Might give away, what you repine to buy:
For, what hee *Gives*, doth onely *Mony* Cost,
In mine, both *Mony*, *Time*, and *Wit* is lost.
What I shall Give, and what I have bestow'd
On Friends, to whom, I *Love*, or *Service* ow'd,
I grudge not; And, I thinke it is from them,
Sufficient, that such *Gifts* they do esteeme:
Yea, and, it is a *Favour* too, when they
Will take these *Triflles*, my large *Dues* to pay;
(Or, Aske them at my hands, when I forget,
That, I am to their *Love*, so much in debt.)
  But, this inferres not, that, I should bestow
The like on all men, who, my *Name* do know;
Or, have the Face to aske: For, then, I might,
Of *Wit* and *Mony*, soone be begger'd, quite.
  So much, already, hath beene *Beg'd* away,
(For which, I neither had, nor looke for pay)
As being valu'd at the common Rate,
Had rais'd, *Five hundred Crownes*, in my Estate.
Which, (if I may confesse it) signifies,
That, I was farre more *Liberall*, than *Wise*.
  But, for the time to come, resolv'd I am,
That, till without denyall (or just blame)
I may of those, who *Cloth* and *Clothes* do make,
(As oft as I shall need them) *Aske*, and *Take*;
You shall no more befoole me. Therfore, *Pray*
Be Answer'd; And, henceforward, keepe away.

A *Direction*, shewing how they who are so *disposed, shall find out their* Chance*, in the* Lotteries *aforegoing*.

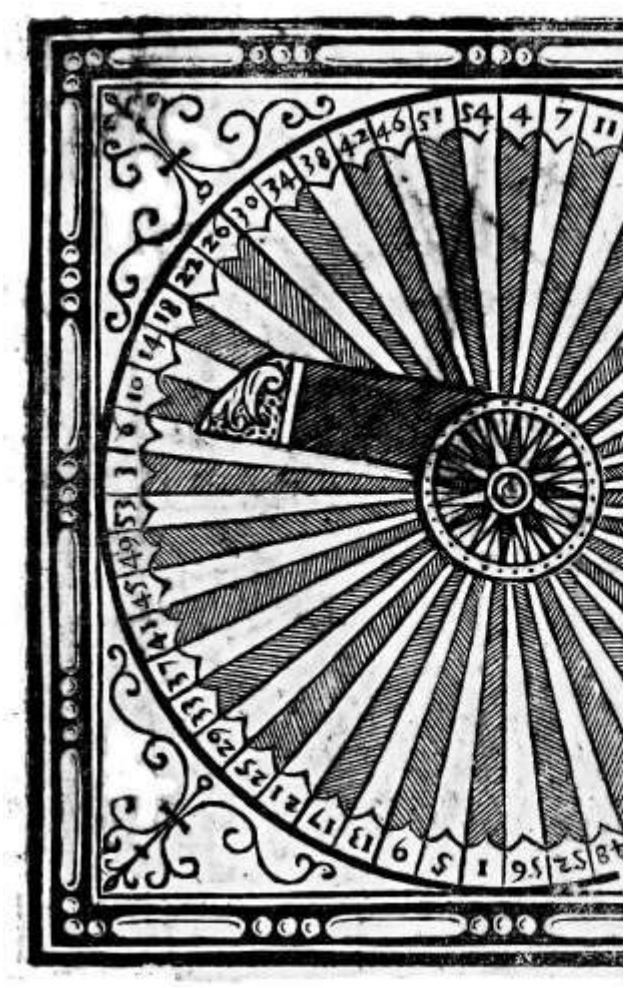
TUrne about one of the *Indexes* in the Figures, which are in the following Page, without casting your eyes thereupon, so observe where it stayeth untill your hand ceaseth to give it motion. If it be the upper *Figure*, whose *Index* you moved; than, that *Number* whereupon it resteth, is the number of your *Lot*, or Blancke.

This being knowne, move the other *Index* in like manner, and that *Quarter* of the said *Figure* whereon the same standeth (when your hand is taken away) sheweth in which of the foure Bookes, or *Lotteries*, that *Chance* is to be expected, whereunto your *Number* doth send you, whether it be *Lot*, or *Blancke*. If it be any Number above Fifty, it is a *Blancke Chance*, and you are to looke no further. If it be any of the other *Numbers*, it sends you to the *Emblem* answering to the same *Number*, in the *Booke* next before the same *Lotterie*.

If the letter *M.* be placed before the alotted *Number*; then, that Lot is proper onely to a *Man*: If *W.* stand before it, it is proper onely to a *Woman*: if there be no letter, it is indifferent to both *Sexes*: And, therefore, when a *Man* or *Woman* happneth on a *Chance* impertinent to their proper *Sexe*, they are then, to take the next *Chance* which pertaineth properly to their *Sexe*, whether it be *Blancke* or *Lot*;

the triall whereof, I have thus contrived, without the use of *Dice*; lest by bringing them into sight, they might, sometimes, occasion worse *Gaming*.

If King*,* Queene*,* Prince*, or any one that springs*
From Persons, knowne to be deriv'd from Kings*,*
Shall seeke, for Sport sake*, hence to draw their* Lot*;*
Our Author *sayes; that, hee provided not*
For such as those*: Because, it were too much*
For him, to find out Fortunes*, fit for such,*
Who, (as hee thinkes) should, rather, Ayde *supply*
For him, to mend his evill Fortunes *by.*
To them*, hee, therefore pleased is to give*
This noble, and this large Prerogative*;*
That, they shall chuse from hence, what Lots *they please,*
And make them better, if they like not these.
All other Personages*, of* High degree*,*
That, will professe our Authors friends to be,
This Freedome*, likewise, have; that till, they find*
A Lot*, which is agreeing to their mind,*
They shall have libertie, anewe, to try
Their fought-for Chance: And, ev'rytime-apply
The Morrals *they disliked, unto those,*
Which are, ill-quallifide, among their Foes.
All others, who this Game*, adventure will,*
Must beare their Fortunes*, be they Good, or Ill.*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Transcriber's notes:

In the text version italics are represented with _underscore_ and small caps with ALL CAPS. Upright text in italic sections, has been marked with =equals=.

As noted at the start of the text, inconsistencies and apparent errors in the text have been left. The only changes that have been made are to unclear or missing punctuation marks (e.g. where a gap in the text is seen). In these cases, consistent punctuation has been used.

A list of inconsistencies and problems found in the text: —

Introduction

Sheet 6 "A Writ of Prevention". STRVCTVRFS should probably read STRVCTVRES.
Sheet 13 "To The Reader". A closing bracket should be added after "Graver"
(whether hee were the Versifier or the Graver.
Sheet 14 "To The Reader". A closing bracket should be added after Hieroglyphicks
(as in the Tetragrammaton; in the Figure of Arîon; and in the Proprieties due to some other Hieroglyphicks.

Book I

In Book 1, The first illustration is labelled "Illvstratio", subsequent ones are labelled "Illvstr."
Embleme 21. "And by our *Death*, our *Life* is new-begnnne", should probably read "new-begunne."
Embleme 27. "Some, I have k*n*owne, by *Harlots* Wiles undone", the italic "n" seems out of place.
Embleme 30. "And shine like purest *Gold*, and *Pretious-Stones*", Pretious and Precious are both found in the text.
Embleme 45. "Made entrance to it owne *Destruction*, hath", it could be its.
The First Lotterie, No. 19. "Of much more *Warinesse*, then *Speed*", "more then" is used throughout the text.

Book 2.

Illvstr. 2. "THe *Crowe*, when deepe within a close-mouth'd-*Pot*.", should end with a comma.
"Illvstr. IIII.", IV is used in Book 1. IIII used in Book 4. XIIII, XXIIII and are used in Books 1 and 2. XLIIII in B4
Illvstr. XLV. "And, view the well-grown Trees, the wel-trimm'd Bowers", perhaps "wel" should be "well".
The Second Lotterie. Verses after 54 are labelled 5 and 6, but should be 55 and 56.
p.120 has been mislabelled as 118 and corrected by hand.
Book 2 ends at page 124, book 3 starts at page 135.

Book 3.

Illvstr XIII. "But, with Sobrietie, be wise," should end with period.
Illvstr. XV. "But, when *one Foote*, thus grasp'd a *Peple-stone*", "Peble-stone" is used a few lines down.
Illvstr. XVI. "The *stubstance* of it, still, in *God*, remaines", "stubstance" should probably be "substance".
Illvstr. XX. "Of those deare *Mercies*, *and* that bloudy *Passion*", "and" may be italicised in error.
Illvstr. XXIV. "By long nelect of time, will *burthensome*", "nelect" should probably be "neglect"
Illvstr. XXIV. "As much as makes, at least, *One Line a Day*," should end with period.
Illvstr. XXVI. "It brings (us when we passe the common sight)", Opening bracket should be placed after "us".
Illvstr. XXX. "Delight not *Archers*; tyet, such uselesse Toyes", "tyet" should probably be "yet".

Book 4.

Book 3 ends with page 196, Book 4 starts with page 109. The next page is 210 so 109 should be 209
Illvstr. XXXI. "Your houres, in serions matters, if you spend", "serions" should probably be "serious"
Illvstr. XXXVIII. "A *tatlers* tougue; for, paines are lost on him", "tougue" should probably be "tongue".
"And, in our selves true *Vertnes* to maintaine;", "Vertnes" should probably be "Vertues".

The Fourth Lotterie. Verse 1. "If so, thine *Emblom* doth expresse", "Emblom" should probably be Emblem".
Verse 12. "As none can conquer; And, bohold", "bohold" should probably be "behold".
Verse 39. "Whrch may not make the danger worse", "Whrch" should probably be "Which".
Verse 53. "Which these two *fignres*, backward, make", "fignres" should probably be "figures".

Index. (Punctuation has been left as printed).

"Christ the true Pellican. 154." is spelt Pelican on p.154.
"Ganimed 156." Ganymed is used on p.156.
"Greefe 26." Griefe is used on p26
"Halter 66, Halcyon, vid. Kings Fisher." Requires a line break between the two entries.
"Mutuall affection 34. 163. 781." p.781 doesn't exist, a link has been made to p.178.
"Rich Theeves 197" p.197 doesn't exist, a link has been made to p.191.

Transcriber's Addendum

Transcriptions and translations of the mottoes engraved around each emblem are provided as a convenience to the reader. Each transcription is shown as written (with any notes), followed by the text normalised to modern standards of punctuation and spelling (u/v, æ/ae, -cunque/-cumque, oe/ae etc.) and its translation.

Portrait	EFFIGIES GEORGII WITHERI POETÆ. Effigies Georgii Witheri poetae Portrait of the poet George Wither

Ill 1 Bk 1	VIVITVR INGENIO CÆTERA MORTIS ERṼT Vivitur ingenio; caetera mortis erunt We live by our genius; the rest will belong to death
Ill 2 Bk 1	SAPIENTIA CONSTANS Sapientia constans Wisdom is constant
Ill 3 Bk 1	LEX REGIT ET ARMA TVENTVR. Lex regit et arma tuentur Law directs and arms protect
Ill 4 Bk 1	NE TENEAR Ne tenear Lest I be held back
Ill 5 Bk 1	LABORE VIRTVS, VIRTVTE GLORIA PARATVR Labore virtus, virtute gloria paratur Virtue is acquired through labour, glory through virtue
Ill 6 Bk 1	NON OBEST VIRTVTI SORS. Non obest virtuti sors Chance is no hindrance to virtue
Ill 7 Bk 1	NON SCEPTRO SED PLECTRO DVCITVR Non sceptro sed plectro ducitur She is led by the plectrum, not by the sceptre
Ill 8 Bk 1	IN HVNC INTVENS PIVS ESTO In hunc intuens pius esto Look on this and be pious
Ill 9 Bk 1	IN NOCTE CONSILIṼ In nocte consilium Deliberation at night
Ill 10 Bk 1	SPERNIT PERICVLA VIRT[VS] Spernit pericula virtus Virtue scorns danger
Ill 11 Bk 1	AD SCOPVM LICET ÆGRE ET FRVSTRA Ad scopum licet aegre et frustra Towards the goal, but painfully and unsuccessfully
Ill 12 Bk 1	ΠΑΝΤΑ ΛΕΛΟΙΠΑ πάντα λέλοιπα I have left all things

Ill 13 Bk 1	REMIGIO VENTISQ[VE] SECVNDIS Remigio ventisque secundis By rowing and favourable winds
Ill 14 Bk 1	QVID SI SIC ⁝· Quid si sic What if so?
Ill 15 Bk 1	DVM NVTRIO CONSVMOR Dum nutrio consumor As I nourish I am consumed
Ill 16 Bk 1	CONCVSSVS SVRGO Concussus surgo When struck I rise
Ill 17 Bk 1	DVM EXTENDAR Dum extendar Until I am stretched
Ill 18 Bk 1	MATVRA Matura Hurry!
Ill 19 Bk 1	LENTE SED ATTENTE Lente sed attente Slowly but carefully
Ill 20 Bk 1	TRANSEAT Transeat Let it pass
Ill 21 Bk 1	MORS VITÆ INITIVM. Mors vitae initium Death is the beginning of life
Ill 22 Bk 1	QVO ME VERTĀ NESCIO Quo me vertam nescio I know not where to turn
Ill 23 Bk 1	PATIOR VT POTIAR Patior ut potiar I suffer to obtain
Ill 24 Bk 1	CONSEQVITVR QVODCVNQ[VE] PETIT Consequitur quodcumque petit She attains whatever she aims at
Ill 25 Bk 1	NON QVAM CREBRO SED QVĀ BĒE ⁝· Non quam crebro sed quam bene Not how often, but how well

Ill 26 Bk 1	DVRABO Durabo I shall endure
Ill 27 Bk 1	VBI HELENA IBI TROIA Ubi Helena, ibi Troia Where Helen is, there is Troy
Ill 28 Bk 1	VICTRIX PATIENTIA DVRI. Victrix patientia duri Patience victorious over hardship
Ill 29 Bk 1	NON VNO STERNITVR ICTV. Non uno sternitur ictu It is not felled with one blow
Ill 30 Bk 1	NVDRISCO IL BVONO ET SPENGO IL REO Nudrisco il buono et spengo il reo I nourish the good and destroy the malefactor
Ill 31 Bk 1	SAPIENS DOMINABITVR ASTRIS. Sapiens dominabitur astris The wise man shall rule over the stars
Ill 32 Bk 1	EX VTROQVE CÆSAR Ex utroque Caesar A Caesar either way
Ill 33 Bk 1	PERSEQVAR EXSTINCTṼ Persequar exstinctum I will follow him into death
Ill 34 Bk 1	FLAMMESCIT VTERQVE Flammescit uterque Each catches fire
Ill 35 Bk 1	POSTERITATI Posteritati For posterity
Ill 36 Bk 1	NIL PENNA, SED VSVS Nil penna, sed usus Not the plume, but its use
Ill 37 Bk 1	DVM CLAVVM RECTAM TENEAM ⁝ Dum clavum rectam teneam As long as I hold the tiller steady
Ill 38 Bk 1	SI SCIENS FALLO. Si sciens fallo If I knowingly deceive

Ill 39 Bk 1	SPEQVE METVQVE PAVET ⁝- Speque metuque pavet It trembles with hope and fear
Ill 40 Bk 1	COSI VIVO PIACER CONDVCE A MORTE Così vivo piacer conduce a morte So lively pleasure leads to death
Ill 41 Bk 1	PVRIS MANIBVS. Puris manibus With clean hands
Ill 42 Bk 1	LINGVA QVO TENDIS Lingua, quo tendis? Tongue, where are you going?
Ill 43 Bk 1	original reads "ΟΥΜΕ ΒΛLΨΟΝ ΑΝΩ" which has been corrected to "ΘΥΜΕ ΒΛΕΨΟΝ ΑΝΩ" θυμὲ, βλέψον ἄνω Look up, my soul
Ill 44 Bk 1	FLAVESCENT Flavescent They shall turn golden
Ill 45 Bk 1	FINIS AB ORIGINE PĒDET Finis ab origine pendet The end depends on the beginning
Ill 46 Bk 1	TANDEM FIT ARBOR Tandem fit arbor At last it becomes a tree
Ill 47 Bk 1	SVPERATA CRVCE CORONOR Superata cruce coronor I rise above the cross and am crowned
Ill 48 Bk 1	MORS SCEPTRA LIGONIB[VS] ÆQVAT Mors sceptra ligonibus aequat Death levels sceptres and spades
Ill 49 Bk 1	PAVLATIM NON IMPETV. Paulatim non impetu Gradually, not by force
Ill 50 Bk 1	DE PARVIS GRANDIS ACERVVS ERIT. De parvis grandis acervus erit From small things a great heap will grow
Ill 1 Bk 2	NEQVEO COMPESCERE MVLTOS Nequeo compescere multos I cannot restrain so many

Ill 2 Bk 2	INGENII LARGITOR VENTER. Ingenii largitor venter The belly is the bestower of genius
Ill 3 Bk 2	MVSICA SERVA DEI Musica serva dei Music is the handmaid of God
Ill 4 Bk 2	DISCITE IVSTICIAM. Discite iusticiam Learn justice
Ill 5 Bk 2	CONSENSV POPVLI REGNṼ SVBSISTIT. Consensu populi regnum subsistit The kingdom is sustained by the consent of the people
Ill 6 Bk 2	QVI ME ALIT ME EXTINGVIT. Qui me alit me extinguit He who feeds me extinguishes me
Ill 7 Bk 2	SEQVITVR SVA PŒNA NOCENTEM Sequitur sua poena nocentem His punishment follows the evildoer
Ill 8 Bk 2	POST TENTATIONEM CONSOLATIO. Post tentationem consolatio After temptation, consolation
Ill 9 Bk 2	PRO GALLINIS Pro gallinis For the hens
Ill 10 Bk 2	TVTIVS VT POSSIT FIGI. Tutius ut possit figi To be fixed more securely
Ill 11 Bk 2	IN SILENTIO ET SPE. In silentio et spe In silence and hope
Ill 12 Bk 2	FATO PRVDENTIA MAIOR. Fato prudentia maior Prudence is greater than fate
Ill 13 Bk 2	CONIVNCTIS VOTIS Coniunctis votis Joined in prayer

Ill 14 Bk 2	CVI BONO? Cui bono? For whose benefit? (This is what the phrase usually means. But our author understands it as: For what benefit?)
Ill 15 Bk 2	SACRIFICIVM DEO COR CONTRIBVLATIM Sacrificium deo cor contribulatum A contrite heart is a sacrifice to God
Ill 16 Bk 2	REGNI CORONA REX Regni corona rex The king is the crown of the kingdom
Ill 17 Bk 2	STVDIO ET VIGILANTIA. Studio et vigilantia By study and watchfulness
Ill 18 Bk 2	ARTE ET MARTE Arte et marte By art and by arms
Ill 19 Bk 2	CONSTANTE FIDVCIA Constante fiducia By art and by arms
Ill 20 Bk 2	AMOR DOCET MVSICAM Amor docet musicam Love teaches music
Ill 21 Bk 2	NON TE SED NVMMOS Non te sed nummos Not you but your money
Ill 22 Bk 2	FIDE SED CVI VIDE Fide sed cui vide Trust, but be careful whom
Ill 23 Bk 2	HVMANA FVMVS Humana fumus All things human are smoke
Ill 24 Bk 2	OMNIA MEA MECVM PORTO Omnia mea mecum porto All that is mine I carry with me
Ill 25 Bk 2	TAMEN DISCAM. Tamen discam Yet I shall learn
Ill 26 Bk 2	VIRTVTI FORTVNA COMES. Virtuti fortuna comes Fortune is the companion of virtue

III 27 Bk 2	DEVS NOBIS HÆC OTIA FECIT. Deus nobis haec otia fecit God has granted us this ease
III 28 Bk 2	EX BELLO PAX Ex bello pax From war, peace
III 29 Bk 2	COR RECTŨ INQVIRIT SCIENTIĀ. Cor rectum inquirit scientiam An upright heart seeks knowledge
III 30 Bk 2	ΕΚ ΠΟΝΟΥ ΚΛΕΟΣ. ἐκ πόνου κλέος From labour, glory
III 31 Bk 2	PVEROS CASTIGO VIROSQ[VE] Pueros castigo virosque I chastise boys and men
III 32 Bk 2	VITA MORTALIVM VIGILIA. Vita mortalium vigilia The life of mortals is watchfulness
III 33 Bk 2	MANET IMMVTABILE FATVM. Manet immutabile fatum Fate remains unalterable
III 34 Bk 2	DETERIVS FORMIDO. Deterius formido I fear something worse
III 35 Bk 2	ADVERSIS CLARIVS ARDET. Adversis clarius ardet It burns brighter in adversity
III 36 Bk 2	SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MVNDI. Sic transit gloria mundi So passes the world's glory
III 37 Bk 2	IVSQVE A LA MORT Jusqu'à la mort Until death
III 38 Bk 2	SVVM CVIQVE TRIBVE Suum cuique tribue Allow each his own
III 39 Bk 2	IN VIRTVTE ET FORTVNA. In virtute et fortuna In virtue and fortune

III 40 Bk 2	ΑΙΩΝΙΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΠΡΟΣΚΑΙΡΟΝ. αἰώνιον καὶ πρόσκαιρον Eternal and temporal
III 41 Bk 2	VIRIBVS IVNGENDA SAPIENTIA. Viribus iungenda sapientia Wisdom should be joined to strength
III 42 Bk 2	SOLVM A SOLE Solum a sole The soil from the sun
III 43 Bk 2	RECTO CVRSV Recto cursu On a steady course
III 44 Bk 2	SPES ALIT AGRICOLAS:· Spes alit agricolas Hope nourishes farmers
III 45 Bk 2	POCO A POCO. Poco a poco Little by little
III 46 Bk 2	TRIBVLATIO DITAT. Tribulatio ditat Affliction enriches
III 47 Bk 2	VICTRIX FORTVNÆ SAPIENTIA. Victrix fortunae sapientia Wisdom victorious over fortune
III 48 Bk 2	AVT MORS AVT VITA DECORA Aut mors aut vita decora Either death or life with honour
III 49 Bk 2	DONEC TOTV̄ IMPLEAT ORBĒ. Donec totum impleat orbem Until it fills the whole world
III 50 Bk 2	VIRTVS LORICA FIDELIS Virtus lorica fidelis Virtue is a trusty coat of mail
III 1 Bk 3	SI RECTE FACIES. Si recte facies If you act rightly
III 2 Bk 3	SUPERAT SOLERTIA VIRES. Superat solertia vires Cleverness outdoes strength

Ill 3 Bk 3	NON SINE CAUSA. Non sine causa Not without cause
Ill 4 Bk 3	PANDO RECONDITA. Pando recondita I disclose what is hidden
Ill 5 Bk 3	VIRTUTE DUCE COMITE FORTUNA Virtute duce comite fortuna With virtue as guide and fortune as companion
Ill 6 Bk 3	FLOREBO PROSPICIENTE DEO. Florebo prospiciente deo Under God's gaze I shall flourish
Ill 7 Bk 3	FAC ET SPERA. Fac et spera Do and hope
Ill 8 Bk 3	RERUM SAPIENTIA CUSTOS. Rerum sapientia custos Wisdom is the guardian of all things
Ill 9 Bk 3	LABORE ET CONSTANTIA. Labore et constantia By labour and constancy
Ill 10 Bk 3	EVERTIT ET AEQUAT. Evertit et aequat He overturns and levels
Ill 11 Bk 3	SCIENTIA IMMUTABILIS. Scientia immutabilis Knowledge is immutable
Ill 12 Bk 3	VIRTUTE AC STUDIO PER ORBEM FAMA PERPETUA COMPARATUR. Virtute ac studio per orbem fama perpetua comparatur By virtue and zeal everlasting worldwide fame is obtained
Ill 13 Bk 3	NOLI ALTUM SAPERE. Noli altum sapere Be not over-wise
Ill 14 Bk 3	TRACTANT FABRILIA FABRI. Tractant fabrilia fabri Workmen wield their own tools

Ill 15 Bk 3	NON DORMIT QUI CUSTODIT. Non dormit qui custodit He who is on guard does not sleep
Ill 16 Bk 3	IN SPE ET LABORE TRANSIGO VITAM. In spe et labore transigo vitam I spend my life in hope and labour
Ill 17 Bk 3	PRUDENTE SIMPLICITATE. Prudente simplicitate In prudent simplicity
Ill 18 Bk 3	TRANSITUS CELER EST ET AVOLAMUS. Transitus celer est et avolamus The passage is swift, then we fly away
Ill 19 Bk 3	PEDETENTIM. Pedetentim Step by step
Ill 20 Bk 3	PRO LEGE ET PRO GREGE. Pro lege et pro grege For the law and for the flock
Ill 21 Bk 3	DISCITE IUSTITIAM. Discite iustitiam Learn justice
Ill 22 Bk 3	NON EST MORTALE QUOD OPTO. Non est mortale quod opto What I choose is no mortal thing
Ill 23 Bk 3	IN SE SUA PER UESTIGIA UOLUITUR. In se sua per vestigia volvitur It rolls round on its own tracks onto itself
Ill 24 Bk 3	NULLA DIES SINE LINEA. Nulla dies sine linea No day without a line
Ill 25 Bk 3	AD REGIS NUTUS. Ad regis nutus At the king's pleasure
Ill 26 Bk 3	HAC VIRTUTIS ITER. Hac virtutis iter This way is the path of virtue
Ill 27 Bk 3	CONCEDO NULLI. Concedo nulli I yield to no-one

Ill 28 Bk 3	MANUS MANUM LAUAT. Manus manum lavat One hand washes another
Ill 29 Bk 3	LEGIBUS ET ARMIS. Legibus et armis By laws and arms
Ill 30 Bk 3	NON QUAM FORMOSA SED QUAM RECTA. Non quam formosa sed quam recta Not how beautiful, but how straight
Ill 31 Bk 3	ALIIS INSERVIENDO CONSUMOR. Aliis inserviendo consumor I am consumed in the service of others
Ill 32 Bk 3	DITAT SERVATA FIDES. Ditat servata fides Keeping faith brings riches
Ill 33 Bk 3	FVRES PRIVATI IN NERVO PVBLICI IN AVRO Fures privati in nervo, publici in auro Private thieves in fetters, public thieves in gold
Ill 34 Bk 3	MEMENTO MORI Memento mori Remember you will die
Ill 35 Bk 3	SERVA MODVM. Serva modum Observe due measure
Ill 36 Bk 3	FVLCRVM TVTISSIMVM Fulcrum tutissimum The safest support
Ill 37 Bk 3	VIRTUS INEXPUGNABILIS. Virtus inexpugnabilis Impregnable virtue
Ill 38 Bk 3	VERITAS PREMITUR NON OPPRIMITUR. Veritas premitur non opprimitur Truth is oppressed but not suppressed
Ill 39 Bk 3	PAS A PAS. Pas a pas Step by step

Ill 40 Bk 3	FORTUNA UT LUNA. Fortuna ut luna Fortune like the moon
Ill 41 Bk 3	ANTÈ FERIT QUÀM FLAMMA MICET. Ante ferit quam flamma micet It strikes before the flame kindles
Ill 42 Bk 3	PAUPERTATE PREMOR SUBLEUOR INGENIO. Paupertate premor sublevor ingenio I am borne down by poverty, and uplifted by genius
Ill 43 Bk 3	VIRTUS UNITA FORTIOR. Virtus unita fortior Virtue is stronger when united
Ill 44 Bk 3	AMORE MUTUO. Amore mutuo By mutual love
Ill 45 Bk 3	CONCORDIA INSUPERABILIS. Concordia insuperabilis Unconquerable harmony
Ill 46 Bk 3	IN MANU DEI COR REGIS. In manu dei cor regis The heart of the king is in God's hand
Ill 47 Bk 3	CELATA VIRTUS IGNAVIA EST. Celata virtus ignavia est Virtue concealed is worthlessness
Ill 48 Bk 3	REDIBO PLENIOR. Redibo plenior I shall return more full
Ill 49 Bk 3	NUSQUAM TUTA FIDES. Nusquam tuta fides Nowhere is trust secure
Ill 50 Bk 3	HODIE MIHI CRAS TIBI: Hodie mihi cras tibi Today for me, tomorrow for you
Ill 1 Bk 4	NON INFERIORA SECUTUS. Non inferiora secutus Following no lesser things

Ill 2 Bk 4	IN MANU DOMINI OMNES SUNT FINES TERRÆ. In manu domini omnes sunt fines terrae All the ends of the earth are in the hand of the Lord
Ill 3 Bk 4	QUOD NON ES NE VIDEARE CAVE. Quod non es ne videare cave Take care lest you seem what you are not
Ill 4 Bk 4	FESTINAT DECURRERE. Festinat decurrere Swiftly it runs through
Ill 5 Bk 4	ABRUMPAM. Abrumpam I will break it off
Ill 6 Bk 4	HINC DOLOR INDE FUGA. Hinc dolor inde fuga Hence my pain; thence my flight
Ill 7 Bk 4	CAPTIVUM IMPUNE LACESSUNT. Captivum impune lacessunt They provoke the prisoner without fear of harm
Ill 8 Bk 4	RESTAT DE VICTORE ORIENTIS. Restat de victore orientis This remains of the conqueror of the east
Ill 9 Bk 4	INSPERATA FLORUIT. Insperata floruit It flourished unhoped-for
Ill 10 Bk 4	NESCIT LABI VIRTUS. Nescit labi virtus Virtue knows no failure
Ill 11 Bk 4	HODIE SIC VERTITVR ORBIS. Hodie sic vertitur orbis So the world turns today
Ill 12 Bk 4	VIS NESCIA VINCI. Vis nescia vinci A power that knows no defeat
Ill 13 Bk 4	QUO FATA TRAHUNT. Quo fata trahunt Where the fates lead

III 14 Bk 4	ΟΙΚΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣ ΟΙΚΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ οἴκος φίλος οἴκος ἄριστος The best house is the house you love
III 15 Bk 4	DEUS DAT CUI VULT. Deus dat cui vult God gives to whom he wishes
III 16 Bk 4	INDIGNUM FORTUNA FOVET. Indignum fortuna fovet Fortune cherishes the unworthy
III 17 Bk 4	STULTORUM ADIUMENTA NOCUMENTA. Stultorum adiumenta nocumenta The assistance of fools is a hindrance
III 18 Bk 4	TE STANTE VIREBO. Te stante virebo While you stand I shall flourish
III 19 Bk 4	FERIO. Ferio I hit
III 20 Bk 4	QUOCUNQUE FERAR. Quocumque ferar Wherever I am carried
III 21 Bk 4	BELLA IN VISTA DENTRO TRISTA. Bella in vista dentro trista Fair without, foul within
III 22 Bk 4	EN DEXTRA FIDESQUE. En dextra fidesque See, the right hand and the pledged faith
III 23 Bk 4	VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER. Varium et mutabile semper Always inconstant and changeable
III 24 Bk 4	GAUDET PATIENTIA DURIS. Gaudet patientia duris Patience rejoices in hardships
III 25 Bk 4	SIC SPECTANDA FIDES. Sic spectanda fides So good faith should be examined
III 26 Bk 4	NON SEMPER ARCUM TENDIT. Non semper arcum tendit He does not always draw the bow

III 27 Bk 4	VIVE MEMOR LETHI FUGIT HORA. Vive memor leti; fugit hora Live mindful of death; time flies
III 28 Bk 4	MEDIIS TRANQUILLUS IN UNDIS. Mediis tranquillus in undis Calm amid the waves
III 29 Bk 4	BONA FIDE. Bona fide In good faith
III 30 Bk 4	PACISQUE BONUS BELLIQUE MINISTER. Pacisque bonus bellique minister A good servant in peace and in war
III 31 Bk 4	PAR SIT FORTUNA LABORI. Par sit fortuna labori Let fortune be a match for labour
III 32 Bk 4	POST NUBILA PHŒBUS. Post nubila Phoebus After clouds, the sun
III 33 Bk 4	OMNIS VICTORIA A DOMINO. Omnis victoria a domino All victory is from the Lord
III 34 Bk 4	NE QUID NIMIS. Ne quid nimis Nothing to excess
III 35 Bk 4	PER ANGUSTA AD AUGUSTA. Per angusta ad augusta Through difficulties to greatness
III 36 Bk 4	FIDUCIA CONCORS. Fiducia concors United in faith
III 37 Bk 4	PRO ME SI MEREOR IN ME. Pro me; si mereor, in me For me, or if I deserve it, against me
III 38 Bk 4	HAC ATQUE ILLAC PERFLUIT. Hac atque illac perfluit It leaks in all directions
III 39 Bk 4	UTCUNQUE. Utcumque However

Ill 40 Bk 4	FATA OBSTANT. Fata obstant The fates oppose
Ill 41 Bk 4	VT NE QUID DEDECEAT. Ut ne quid dedeceat So there may be nothing unseemly
Ill 42 Bk 4	NON NOBIS. Non nobis Not for us
Ill 43 Bk 4	ASTRA DEUS REGIT. Astra deus regit God rules the stars
Ill 44 Bk 4	FUROR FIT LÆSA SÆPIUS PATIENTIA. Furor fit laesa saepius patientia Patience too often offended turns to fury
Ill 45 Bk 4	CŒCUS NIL LUCE IUVATUR. Caecus nil luce iuvatur A blind man is not helped by light
Ill 46 Bk 4	INTER UTRUMQUE VOLAT. Inter utrumque volat She flies between the two
Ill 47 Bk 4	SI DEUS VOLUERIT. Si deus voluerit If God wishes
Ill 48 Bk 4	OMNIS CARO FŒNUM. Omnis caro faenum All flesh is grass
Ill 49 Bk 4	PERIT QUOD ELAPSUM EST. Perit quod elapsum est That which has gone by is lost
Ill 50 Bk 4	PERSEVERANTI DABITUR. Perseveranti dabitur It will be given to the persevering

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