

## On Pembrokes Languishing Disease

Hee is not out but howlds up still one eye  
 One heart one hand against integrity  
 The Church & state & like a Candles wink=  
 ing flame goes in & out soe more doth stinke  
 Had he kept silence when first voyced dead  
 His speeches had noe more 'gainst sence beene read  
 Nor Personages of hon[or] rackt & rent  
 To heere him chatter downe owld govern: "  
 In praise of y<sup>t</sup> wherein noe stampe is seene  
 But Lyberty for Envie, malice, spleene  
 To vent without an oath w:<sup>ch</sup> hee forbears  
 Before y<sup>e</sup> S:<sup>ts</sup> else like a Divell swares  
 As he was wont yet not !in! body well  
 Noe more then witty is not ripe for Hell

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## Upon Gutt A Greate Glutton

Of all y<sup>e</sup> meate doth fatt increace  
 Ther's none like <to> onto beans & peas

The Bacon Hogg weene nothing good  
 For all y<sup>e</sup> graines w:<sup>th</sup>out such foode  
 And Leistersheir of all y<sup>e</sup> rest  
 Of Counties can afford y<sup>e</sup> best  
 Wonder not therefore Gutt dwelt there  
 Where from y<sup>e</sup> [T]ith of double beere  
 And black eyd flatt corne he cast up  
 S:<sup>o</sup> Bellied Round provender tubb  
 Soe as A Mule y<sup>e</sup> Travie[ll]s goes  
 With Laden basket at her nose  
 Hee (but a Kin to her) Comands  
 His strutted bin up w:<sup>th</sup> his hands  
 And broaken winded breaths uneve<r?>  
As he was Atlas & his Loade y<sup>e</sup> heav<i?>er

If w:<sup>th</sup> a Child or such a thing  
 God bless him It must be guttling  
 For ere y<sup>e</sup> Spawne preserves y<sup>e</sup> Kind  
 Of fish & men as piggs doe swine  
 The Gaddarens of him might boast  
 Who Cas't their King out of their coast  
 And he would Know who by this same is meant  
 Heede goe noe further but conclude it--

(out of Christendom

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The Prologue to y<sup>e</sup> Dream

Robd of my vessell by y<sup>e</sup> PR at fate & left but  
 <--- -----> w<sup>th</sup> 2 long boats & a Cock'1, I cast a bout  
 where to be furnished, to set to sea againe, & w<sup>th</sup> by  
 Freinds, w<sup>th</sup> by my owne endeauours, I lit on, a  
 crick, where bottomes Lay yet such as had, great  
 want of yards else were they Ridg'd enough,  
 which to supply whilest I did not despaire, I  
 guest I mought at easy rate have Bought[on] At  
 last this vapour fancy vanished  
 Into a Dream w:<sup>ch</sup> if yo<sup>u</sup> can afford  
 A single smile I'me Laden & aboard.

---

My Dream y<sup>e</sup> 8 [or, Sep<sup>br</sup> 7<sup>br</sup>] 1637

As I passt by y<sup>e</sup> Downes methought I mett w:<sup>th</sup>  
 A fleet consisting of a Pinass called y<sup>e</sup> Royall  
 Fancy & 3 whelps, at first I put forth false  
 Colours at w<sup>ch</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Pinass or rear-Admire-all (for  
 soe it seemd shee had been in her younger time &  
 (might be still by her Comand) bearing a flagg  
 staffe on her misen & y<sup>e</sup> second whelpe calld y<sup>e</sup> safe=

=guard (soe ill built y<sup>t</sup> shee heeld much & therefore it were noe prise to take her) hald me to Larbord of them to know whither I was bound w:<sup>th</sup> soone Resolvd I passt them but I had skearce made a board or two but y<sup>e</sup> wind tackt soe about y<sup>t</sup> I was pforce driuen under their Lee againe soe y<sup>t</sup> Then I had noe other way to auoyd their great & less shott (being all this while suspected) but to discover myselfe by my scarlet Ensigne to be A Merchant aduenturer their Countryman Friend & not an Enemy

:then:

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Then did they all unuale unto me & afford all curtesie saueing to suffer me to com aboard on of them w:<sup>th</sup> for some curiosity I affected yet therein finding difficulty. I made y<sup>e</sup> best use I could of bearing up  
 {w:<sup>th</sup>  
 them .3. Daies soe left them to their course whilst I  
 {tooke  
 mine, The yongest whelp I chrisened y<sup>e</sup> true Paragona



The Admire-all off y<sup>e</sup> whelps as I had it of y<sup>e</sup> pin-ass  
 was calld y<sup>e</sup> Repulse: a proper vessell shee is yet seems  
 as if her Bowsprit Lay too low & forecastle did stoope  
 soe yet shee carries not an euen Keele but yet being

{lancht

Farther for all y<sup>e</sup> sheele proue snugg & draw more at  
 y<sup>e</sup> poope or stearn then at y<sup>e</sup> head she is high caru'd &  
 Therefore would require y<sup>e</sup> larger compass in her sides or  
 Ribbs w:<sup>ch</sup> when I had surueighd Methought I found  
 the timbers not soe due pportioned as I had seene yet  
 warantable enough & like to sayle well soe y<sup>t</sup> she haue

{good

store of stones to ballance her w:<sup>ch</sup> yet she wants

{she was

not guilt at all yet, but in hopes to be soe in

{reuertian

Then how trim'd for y<sup>e</sup> psent I shall !lean! on yo<sup>e</sup>

{to Judge

her clothe be smootty as if weather tride allready  
 surely she is not leaky although noe Sauour <w> ill

{rise

from her pompe her Decks were plaine yet comly & her  
 Lau<->ntorne open to shew t'was darke for light shee  
 bore none the mast was first set in her now was spent  
 & she was Riggd anew to y<sup>e</sup> pinasses forme & bore noe

{Crosse

at all but oth s'top gallant-flag for pennants [XXX]  
streamers, & like galentry she put not forth cause it was  
worke day & soe shee Knew her Taske, her ports were close

{shutt

downe y<sup>t</sup> yo<sup>u</sup> would sware she might ride out w:<sup>th</sup> safty

{& repulse

y<sup>e</sup> highest Sea w:<sup>th</sup>in y<sup>e</sup> bay of Biskey yet some scuttle

{holes

under her decks I judge were open At her first lanching

{Ankers

were put forth to bring her to her moorage but they all

{finding

y<sup>e</sup> ground\* les-sur came home againe yet she w:<sup>th</sup>out them

{hath

a

[ - ]nagra

vessel

obtained her end, her cheifest now's y<sup>e</sup> hope she hath to

{be broak

up<-> at Last & built againe upon some Prinses bottom noe

{ship

else of all y<sup>e</sup> royall Nauie will Content her & soe twere

fit she were for upon triall made I find her good only  
 before y<sup>e</sup> wind now & nothing gave at helm at all: w:<sup>th</sup>  
 under Decks unseene I guesse but ordinary only for feare  
 to lessn & soe spoyle her selfe\_lone Cabbin she would  
 (not admit  
 on any tearms of bearing up .2. My--sons: her sights  
 (or <w>  
 wast-cloths died were by despite into a Jawny & soe  
 suted best to Emblem w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Rage of time might doe upon  
 her beauty for neglect to it.

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She had noe ordinance saud that y<sup>e</sup> Pinass pleasd  
 to afford her who gaue fire to all only for two  
 chaisle peices she had stowd under her peack-head  
 Will a Demy-Can-non & Resolution but a Miglmon  
 she had noe murtherers aboard y<sup>t</sup> I saw she went  
 before such a concepted-wind y<sup>t</sup> Maine sayle top sail  
 & s'top gallant too w:<sup>th</sup> fore sayle spright sayle &  
 y<sup>e</sup> mison were filld to y<sup>e</sup> streach untill y<sup>e</sup>  
 sheets did crack soe she did goe a tripp:  
 Though many tides prou'd contrary shed

ste<e>me stoutly ag![-]ist them till she win a port  
 then though she ride in berth but third to y<sup>e</sup>  
 chaine shes first fro'th Church; w<sup>t</sup> gibing by  
 her boards pcur'd were her owne sayles were y<sup>e</sup> best  
 interrupters If she but hould this play a yeare or  
 two sheele fittest be to coast y<sup>e</sup> narrow seas soe  
 be pclaim'd a Man of warr at least for by y<sup>t</sup>  
 time shee'l beare an antient o'th stearne & soe  
 may well be say'd to ;wayt; too long upon y<sup>e</sup> Pin-asses  
 stere-age. I think if any then shall goe in her  
 they'l find themselves t'th straights: I thought  
 her to haue found y<sup>e</sup> Happie Enterance & Swallow  
 too but it seems they were designd some other coast  
 yet in this fleet besides there Rod a Frigott  
 calld y<sup>e</sup> Baga-cara & two ould gully fagots I  
 neuer examind their Ladings for I saw neuer a  
 Catch amgs: ' them all: twas not y<sup>e</sup> North but an  
 Easter was guide unto their Pilotts soe it wanted  
 Pole !& I did seek to [J]oygn on.\* My fleet consisted  
 (but  
 of .5. in all first for discouery was y<sup>e</sup> Confidence  
 where in I tooke y<sup>e</sup> van & went first on y<sup>e</sup> second  
 w<y>as y<sup>e</sup> Dread naught, 3<sup>rd</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Defiance (both uely  
 stout & Dareing uessels) they did serue to make  
 y<sup>e</sup> fight good & y<sup>e</sup> Conuertin did bring me ofe

but being slow of sayle. I shifted into y<sup>e</sup> swift

--sure:

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And imbarkt in her soone I lost Ken of them & soe  
 awack't finding my selfe not at y<sup>e</sup> Downs in Kent  
 But w<sup>th</sup> my hounds on Stamford heath yet thence  
 I saw deale-faire w<sup>th</sup> from y<sup>e</sup> other Downes by reason of  
 a fogg vapord fro prid & folly skerce appeard.\* They  
 ! (loost ofe)! me as I conceiud to make y<sup>e</sup> Coast of

(Deuonsheir & soe

turne fishers after folly (their owne I mean) yet then  
 methought they mought haue sau'd y<sup>t</sup> Labor for they  
 were soe frighted w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>t</sup> same kind of Merchandise  
 allready as If thei'd tane a huge & mighty draft  
 o'ft)

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Epilogue to the Dream

For an Epigram upon a thrice faire

peace \_\_\_\_\_

When first upon my East-star I did looke  
 I found her fixt yet I was plannet strooke

And wondreing w:<sup>ch</sup> o'th seauen she might bee  
 [M]ethought shee could be non but Hecate  
 For what of beauteous feature nature Lent  
 Was well enricht by arts Imbellishm<sup>t</sup>;  
 Then for to add to both a treble price  
 sh'had learnt for to be fooleish, Coy, & nice,  
 Soe at this marke, I durst noe Longer stick  
 Feare't be transform'd into a Lunatick

[ *monogram?* ]

Me ni[u]le Cadente peti[-] mea Julia, rebar  
 [I]gre carere niuem, nix tamen Igris erat-- Ovid

---

Snow falling Julia Me did press

At w<sup>ch</sup> I'gan admire

The heat in snow, yet found noe less

That snow itself prou'd fier.

---

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42

Unto a Lady: y<sup>t</sup> refus'd her amorous  
 Knight his Approaches for him

Be--vile as is thy Name now I haue sworne  
 To hate as much as I did loue before  
 Thy other name although by blood tho'art half  
 A'rich pclaimes y\* but to be a Calfe &s.  
 For were faith pinnd to fame thy Dāms a Trull  
 Soe was thy Sire for certaine made a Bull  
 Or sithence y\* forrest strecht its bounds [soel] farr  
 As P goe he becam of Antler  
 A goodly stagg, lett him goe change his ground  
 When y\* King comes to Hunt least he be found  
 But for thy selfe Thou needs't not take y' care  
 I'le nere uncoupell wher thy footsteps are  
 Nor break myselfe of sleep more for to seeke  
 A Harts returne from a Deceptfull cheeke

<fronti rara

{fides

upon y\* Scotch business--1638

Without an interposing Sea or wall  
 Y\* Picts doth into disobediance fall  
 Nor will conform w<sup>t</sup> is y\* cause how i't<sup>e</sup>  
 why thus he is become a Separatist  
 yet all His Covenant \_\_\_ Conventicles are

For a defensive not offensive warr  
 Soe were my counsailes heard I should [p'suade]  
 Not w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Drum & Trumpet him t'invade  
 But w:<sup>th</sup> Cape, El-hod Rochet, hood, & all  
 Tippet & Cap, & Robe Cannoñicall  
 And Miter too soe should he not be free  
 But straight submit unto our Litregy  
 Else stand suspended to pforme this may  
 Our Bishops all be sent, our people stay

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Writ at y<sup>e</sup> Campe at Bir<->kes

Two various factions of y<sup>e</sup> psent time  
 shuffle y<sup>e</sup> cards, & soe y<sup>e</sup> King's at Prime  
 And haueing lost by stakes he thinks it best  
 To vie noe more butte set up y<sup>e</sup> rest  
 Now y<sup>e</sup> he may encounter truer spotts  
 Id'e counsaile him for to discharge all Scotts





& w:<sup>th</sup>out marke he can haue none of Rainbow nor Peacock

(in him, yet

for speed (when tried) may equall an arrow & then shew

(his tayle

to traine to w<sup>t</sup> horse soeuer shall ride ag<sup>st</sup> him he

(is too large to

come of a Crickett & I'me assur'd hath noe part of a

(Killdeer

in him (for soe not I him by trayning but he me by

(complaining

might make fine) espetially sithence y<sup>e</sup> Last pclamation[.]

Lastly in hopes he is a Blossome pmising (when matcht)

y<sup>e</sup> fruites of a Conquerer & if for Plate to proue a

(Cup-Carle

if for mony a soop-Stakes

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44

Upon y<sup>e</sup> Rebells assault upon

y<sup>e</sup> Cass of L<sup>d</sup>. Gear

Sithence y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Rebells now are ther

Let my L.B. looke to's lough Gear

For certainly ther'l goe about  
 To win y<sup>e</sup> fort & thrust him out  
 And then y<sup>e</sup> Issue will be clear  
 He handled, but theil occupy his Gear

Nor shall it for a wonder be accounted  
When hee had neer a peice of Canon Mounted

In Eundem sup: manerīa sūa

De want\_\_Cage

That my Lo: B. is yong who can't deny  
 When want--age is his owne (I rod [ilt] by  
 Yet y<sup>t</sup> this L. noe manly courage lack  
 I'de wish he bore, his Manner on his back  
 T'wer point of Gallentry & I'le maintaine  
 Though's rent alls loss [,] t'would proue his wives'

{|c|leer

{|gaine|

Com̄issioners for y<sup>e</sup> Irish affaires

Whilst all those Lords & Com̄ons

heads ere round  
 Intrusted are I'th Irish affairs  
 Let such as list for me uenter for  
                   ground.

My head as dealing's square: I'le  
           to my prayers  
 And thos shall be, y<sup>t</sup> whilst wee  
           conquest muse  
 Wee not forget w<sup>t</sup> Christ prayed  
           for y<sup>e</sup> Jewes

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45

To Capt Fra: Court<sup>r</sup>.

A Huntsman\_\_\_\_

Let us noe Longer now goe on  
 To question transmigration  
 Sithence (Court up) I can find in thee  
 A Treasure of Antiquity  
 And though all Poets silenct were,  
  
 A sleepe each Histrilographer

Thy worth sufficient is to call  
 To mind y<sup>e</sup> Antient worthey's all  
 Neither from greece did thy soule come  
 Nor Room alone but Ilium  
 True Troian (yfaith) & thus  
 O'th famyly of Julius  
 Casarian visag'd & a Nose  
 Puts <n>Naso downe <---->!though! fits't for prose  
 Allmost Heroick I'le Maintaine  
 In <y>!thee! ten Casars' live againe  
 Titus delight of human race  
 Nor yet Augustus speaks thy face  
 The other tyrants thou dos't mock  
 When as y<sup>e</sup> Subiect proues y<sup>e</sup> Smock  
 For like to Agrippinas blood  
 Att Belly ripping thou art good  
 And in plain dealing maist compaire  
 w:<sup>th</sup> his Successor to a haire  
 O thofu'l effemynacy's out gon  
 when as thy Perriwidgens on  
 Caligula seems too controwld  
 By <y>Thee who wallowest more in gould  
 Vespation Claudius & y<sup>e</sup> Other  
 Thou dost Resemble as a Brother  
 And when thou list play y<sup>e</sup> good fellow

Biberious was not halfe soe mellow  
 Thus art thou all one Emperour  
 Sprung fro Queen Didoes Paramours

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Now for thy Loue to hunting game  
 It calls up owld S<sup>r</sup> Tristram  
 S.<sup>t</sup> Hugh Acteon, Robin Hood  
 Or all y<sup>t</sup> ere in Greene wood stood  
 To see how thou those toyles gost through  
 Or hill & daile to Cunny burrough  
 Others y<sup>e</sup> Sticking place is wont  
 To make fleet hounds by inches hunt  
 And y<sup>t</sup> thou loust nor is it harme  
 When y<sup>e</sup> sent's could to find it warme  
 within y<sup>e</sup> hole who of't time tride  
 Makes thee thus Emperour Deifide

---

To S:<sup>r</sup> Abram Williams upon his  
Barge Call'd y<sup>e</sup> unthrift wherin I found  
him fishing

Thrift. how applid I leave to Judge  
Not to Philosophers who Grudg  
At others, happiness, nor prize  
But w<sup>t</sup> themselues Monopolize  
Let such all Laugh or weepe a new  
For w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> world sends to their view  
I shall obey noe other Charge  
But y<sup>t</sup> of Wonder at thy Barge  
Some in th'Olimpique Games Delight  
Some fauor Peace some loue to fight  
The Campe y<sup>e</sup> Trumpet & y<sup>e</sup> Drum.  
The Hawke i y<sup>e</sup> Hound bewitching some  
Thers nothing suits soe w:<sup>th</sup> my wish  
As to betray y<sup>e</sup> Silent fish  
Ther w:<sup>th</sup> noe other thoughts of harme  
But to Inuite them w:<sup>th</sup> a Charme  
First baite y<sup>e</sup> Ground & then y<sup>e</sup> hooke  
Till they scull in & bite are tooke  
Thus w<sup>t</sup> ith open riuer Dwell  
Thou Dost Confine w:<sup>th</sup>in thy well

untill

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47

Untill thy Dinners Ordnance past  
 They'r Sacrifiz'd unto thy fast  
 Heer whilst Contentm: ' Rides a drift  
 what Richer gam' w' greater thrift?  
 Nor is this Carak nam'd a miss  
 By an Inteparistisis \_\_\_\_\_

To my Lady Kat: Scott

Sithence faithless man  
                           is growne  
 Soe y' noe protestation  
 Or coven.' alone  
                           Can tie  
 His wonderings from mutability  
 I shall for Euer hence forth come  
 To loue a Scott, but non but yo'

\_\_\_\_\_  
 That Nations Troth  
                           to this

Must Challenge now noe other oath  
 But w' Negatiue is



& soe

I am Contented to pay w<sup>t</sup> I owe

S were to my power neuer more to be

Blewcap. Behoulding to y<sup>e</sup> Scottish Pedlery

But to aduance / <y<sup>e</sup> Force>

The Force

O'th Selfe denijng ordinance

I doe w:<sup>th</sup>out remorse

Conclude

I haue noe power but w<sup>th</sup> from yo<sup>u</sup> enclude

And in y<sup>e</sup> Posture doe desire to stand

Yo<sup>e</sup> alone approoue of & Comand

To

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To which I'lle Call

for Pledg

Not y<sup>e</sup> Securing Goldsmiths Hall

or any Priviledg

y<sup>e</sup> saith

I may be bowld upon y<sup>e</sup> Publique faith

Noe my assurance by yo<sup>r</sup> Goodness signed  
 Bids wee presume yo<sup>u</sup> will not proue unkind

---

And then w<sup>h</sup> said

or done

Heer in shall neuer mak afraid

but y<sup>t</sup> obliuion <may pass>

: May Pass:

To pardon all <--> !\*! Sin w<sup>t</sup> er'e it was

And by free grace from y<sup>r</sup> Diuiner will  
 Create a Rapture from my rustick guise

---

To Fayre M<sup>r</sup>s Doll Peckam

If I [A]ppelles pencell & could Draw  
 The Liuely traits of fresh yong Helena  
 when glory of y<sup>e</sup> Greeks y<sup>e</sup> Boy  
 First stole her thence to beautifie his Troy  
 Or should I chaffer w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> fragrant Morn  
 For Heauenly Orient Colours to adorn  
 The best of natures workmanship & ther  
 Comprize w<sup>th</sup>in y<sup>e</sup> spring y<sup>e</sup> rest o'th yeare

I might attempt to call <y>!thee! yong & faire  
 But y<sup>e</sup> thou art beyond all this Compare

---

but of Mertiall \_\_\_\_\_

But fllower teeth Elia had w:<sup>th</sup> Coughing shee  
 At twice spat out soe she may now cough free  
 Out all her Daies & most securly too

Sithence thers noe more left for a Third to doe

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49

To Fran: Coortup

Frank

I return thy hounds w:<sup>th</sup> thanks  
 Take too this Line of all their Pranks  
 For intrest, sides a hardle more  
 To add unto thy Kennells store

Luther Confuted Belloer\_min

(for such y<sup>e</sup> staggs in rut time beene)

Nor could the Horned Pompey stand

When Caesar bore y<sup>e</sup> Cheife Comānd  
 Set up at Bay y<sup>t</sup> did employ  
 Awhile Natuers Artillery  
 Till feirce of Conquest this rusht on  
 And wounded made it Rubicon  
 Wher they encountered soe died  
 The streame frō 'th honor marke ofs side  
 If Lucan were againe to write  
 The Art & Strategems of fight  
 Now w:<sup>th</sup> a swifter stile t'enforce  
 The on-sett by th' Couragious hor<e>isie  
 Then sound retreat to winn new breath  
 That might more tirannize ore death  
 His owld straine I should giue way & yeild  
 To blaze this new Pharsalian feild  
 Soe feirce y<sup>e</sup> pass venies were  
 Twix ones teeth tothers anteler  
 And as once Cesers sayd to high  
 Over y<sup>e</sup> Seas for Anthony  
 Soe this w:<sup>th</sup> speed into <y>1th' Pond went  
 To giue his mates encouragem:<sup>t</sup>  
 Tracing y<sup>e</sup> uery places ore  
 Y<sup>t</sup> swām on y<sup>e</sup> Alexandria shore  
 As ther one book y<sup>t</sup> did preserue  
 Wherfore be Proud whilst Cesar his part plays

At Cobham Lett noe trees florish but bayes

Thus

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50

Thus for a Valliant Prince Whilst I

Comend him

A Gunner & a Courtyer must attend him

And when Pride doth my Dutches A

Queene make

I'le begg a straine for Cleopatra's sake

To Mr T.T.

Two Tees may poynt Tintology

Soe Tom of winfred I'le prayse thee

Not Tom of [oldcombe or odd Tom

That wandering Jew of Christendome

Noe Hee of Crudaties did write

But thou dost higher strains indite

Thy storyes only to relate

Would bring one straitte unto surate

Noe part o'th world where Zodiack line

Leads Phebus car is hid to thine  
 But Go a Bantam & Ormus  
 Alike to <y>thee Propitious  
 Thou art as well read in y\* [pleas  
 that grow amongst th'Antypodes  
 And w:<sup>th</sup> noe less of Ease dost pullem  
 As if they grew hard by at Fullum  
 Thou dost noe other fruite Surmise  
 T'haue bene y\* first of Paradise  
 But Kentish Pippin & [-]out votes

A Million of Coriots

This is y\* age & thou dost raine  
 As true & mighty a Souraigne  
 As any those who ere they bee  
 Rais Lies to throw downe Monarchie

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51

The Scoutes not halfe soe diligent  
 To bring new to y\* Parlim.<sup>.'</sup>  
 The Scottish doue Thou dost out flye  
 Teaching y\* Oliue branch to lye  
 The Northerne Post thy tongue out rides  
 And all Diurnalls else besides  
 Yet as a horse y:<sup>''</sup> good may stumble  
 Within thy Chops thy Dictates fumble

Soe y<sup>t</sup> thy speech as much doth vary  
 As if y<sup>t</sup> Minshios Dictionary  
 Had beene thy foode for w.<sup>th</sup> much ease  
 Thou speakst at once nine Languages  
 And Drunke or Sober none can tell  
 Distinction in a Syllable.  
 Prag: Brit. Elenct: & all Deuise  
 From thy greate !art! their mercuries  
 Yet like a fowle whose feathers gon  
 Thou flaggst neath sequestration  
 And art not satisfide at all  
 That truth should bring <y> !thee! to y<sup>e</sup> hall  
 Courage: lett Patience steere & then noe doubt  
 Thoug thou rush in her hand will bring thee  
(out

To Rob: Oliver after his  
 coming ofe from his troubles  
congratulatory

Like streams y<sup>t</sup> blend their currant silver, such  
 Proves mutuall Friendship y<sup>t</sup> endures all touch  
 For as y<sup>e</sup> waters whence somere they run  
 At length into a web of Cristall spun  
 Make one fayre glass: soe may we best descry

The perfect temper of true amety  
 When each for other soe concerned is  
 As to participate in cross or blis  
 Soe Robin [I] who fore times trod y\* way  
 . To troubles now am glad thou'st got y\* day.

---

(manuscript page 52)

52

To Take Time when, Ad P.C.

one may is always best

Lest y' let slippe one Lees ons interest

{ Post est occatio Calva

Prob: Waygh: & lett wind ore Cloth preuaile

Ther'l need noe skeet to stiffe yo' sayle

For Constancies yo' owne make her yo' gaille--

In voyages it ought Deceives

To be too long in taking leaues

Nor doe y\* ships y' Gold bring ore

Leese time in Lingering neer one shore

But w.<sup>th</sup> their Canuas wings stretcht out

Clipp ore y\* maine to fetch[']t about:



To be embay'd when stormes arise  
 May suite some weaker Policies  
 But when y<sup>e</sup> Gust is past well nigh  
 At Anker t'ride would sloth employ  
 And Moores y<sup>e</sup> Bark[.] [Alt ruins Coast  
 Letts opportunity['] be lost.  
 Hoys up yo<sup>r</sup> maine saile then I say  
 Hale taught y<sup>e</sup> sheats when once away  
 Each glassy waue Curld by y<sup>e</sup> Tide  
 As't heaues yo<sup>u</sup> on shall be yo<sup>r</sup> guide  
 Nor needs yo<sup>u</sup> Rock or shelve to feare  
 Whilst Right's yo<sup>r</sup> Pilot y<sup>e</sup> doth steere  
 The Rudder & y<sup>e</sup> Rudders bond  
 Will turne all yare at yo<sup>r</sup> Comand  
 Then (not before) all those yo<sup>r</sup> Iles possess  
 May find good ground i'th hauen of Happiness

---

(manuscript page 53)

53

Upon my reaping Day y<sup>e</sup> 28:<sup>th</sup> of August

164[8]

Hayle to y<sup>e</sup> syluer hand  
 at whose Comand

The orient pearle of Dawne  
 Like lillies sprung up under whitest lawne  
 Appeares t inrich our hopes y<sup>t</sup> soe wee may  
 Put on y<sup>e</sup> assurance of f] a fayer Day  
 And pmise noe more raine to Dash our plenty  
 since tis already august th'eight & twenty

Up then & Ceres bless  
 With full encrease  
 Of goulden eares of fel well filld Corne  
 Till euery sheafe at once bee borne  
 Into y<sup>e</sup> barne & their o[f] Comforts raise  
 Whilst they fill up y<sup>e</sup> empty bayes  
 And tel us y<sup>t</sup> their shall noe more be want  
 in winter whilst wee Imitate y<sup>e</sup> Ant

---

Yet their will more goe to't  
 Words will not do't  
 But hands employd must bee  
 And sickles usd w<sup>th</sup> rakes & furmety  
 And binders too be gott  
 W. <sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> black Jack & flagon pott  
 That whilst w: <sup>th</sup> working each doe sweate  
 Those may allay & temper heate

---

And for to add to thes  
 . . . the bacon peas[e]  
 The sith & pitching forke  
 Must all in season too be sett a worke  
 for y<sup>e</sup> browne Lust o' Lass  
 In her straw hatt must here unmentioned pas  
 But euery one in their Compartm.<sup>th</sup> Come  
 And reape & bende & loade my Hockart home  
  
 Thus

(manuscript page 54)

54

Thus haue I since a streame before  
 [W] all Couerd ore  
 W:<sup>th</sup> swans as now each one  
 His Doublet ofe did seeme y<sup>e</sup> feild upon  
 And Like to poppy in alilly bed  
 White waste Coates mixt w:<sup>th</sup> petty Coates of red  
  
 Soe y<sup>t</sup> to plentyes store it might appeare  
 Beauty had been Contributory heere

---

The Mare & fillyes & y<sup>e</sup> rest  
 That must be drest

As [-]puppet Jack & Gill  
 W:<sup>th</sup> Serimonies mirth to fill  
 And as rewards unto y<sup>e</sup> swaines  
 To mak them sport after their toyle & paines  
 I must alone (by business Calld away)  
 Leaue to y<sup>e</sup> Gierles & children to defray  
 Yet y<sup>e</sup> they better may this task goe through  
 Let them find Gill I'll find them Golds! b!urroug[h]

---

A Letter to L.L. at Co. after  
 A yeares absence from each other

Shall freindship wayn becaus y<sup>e</sup> world goes less  
 As age Creeps on't In shining faithfulness  
 Doe wee not see y<sup>e</sup> Moon decrease & then  
 Though but w:<sup>th</sup> borrowed light fill up againe  
 For still she hath a body Cannot bee  
 Depriud of Created Entety  
 No[el] more may Change<sup>ty</sup> in states in steady sway  
 Unspeare true loue; or make affelcsion<sup>e</sup> stray  
 out of their Course as y<sup>e</sup> good will of tymes  
 Befrend or not their must be waynes & primes  
 Distance to shew our sublynary state  
 Is lyable to Variations fate



Whilst others are feare struck hees at his pleasure  
 And Travilers may lie some say but hee

A M<sup>rs</sup> growne in spelling. O.L.P.

Vita Proba

---

Robin for Polllfly to a wedding ring  
 hath CUPIO

or I desire

Surely y<sup>e</sup> God of loue [blid him inspire  
 w.<sup>th</sup> a Concept y<sup>e</sup> must not be said noe  
 Whilse y<sup>e</sup> but symbol was oth to'ther thing  
 Wishes as thoughts are free  
 Let <->!O! be Alpha & Omega P.

{manuscript page 56}

56

My Dedicatory at y<sup>e</sup> end of Beaumont  
& fletchers playes now sett out 1646

It well becomes y<sup>e</sup> glory of y<sup>e</sup> press  
And poetry their surfrages to dress  
At these two Lawreates shrine whos works despis  
The Thunder boultts of blackmouthd Callumnies  
For whilst they teac[h] y<sup>e</sup> world upon a stage  
To tread true measure & each p<sup>r</sup>sonage  
Either to cast smiles here !or! frowne threats ther  
As vice & virtues sit Diamiter  
This corner of it from y<sup>e</sup> rest by some  
Divided is Apolloes I'le become  
For y<sup>e</sup> nine sisters noe where else doe dwell  
But where such Raptures rais an oracle  
For my poore baine wch: neuer could pduce  
Of y<sup>e</sup> Inspireing fountaines Nectar Juice  
Nor yet entitle to y<sup>e</sup> power or skill  
To Crop a spell branch from p<sup>r</sup>nassus hill  
Is far to meane unless some Reader lookes  
Upon this as y<sup>e</sup> Carrier of their bookes  
After them not in Print but wrot w:<sup>th</sup> quill  
And soe y<sup>e</sup> last Page may not deem them ill





(manuscript page 57)

57

## Invited to exceed Limits

Cupid although a Child's

soe stronge

That neither Craft nor wile

Prison nor Chaine

May him detain

nor thong

Can hould him

Whilst of restraint

I made Complaint

And of some Jealousies &amp; scruples tould him

Hee bad mee not to feare but Come a long

For why

Quoth hee

It Cannot bee

But those affections moues

To trace y<sup>e</sup> sphere of turtle doues

should bee most free

From all y<sup>e</sup> Fetters & y<sup>e</sup> tye

of any other  
 Law, but what nature likes, to die  
 one for & w:<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> other

---

Brooke house bay trees

Noe thunder blasts, Joves planet nor Can  
 Misfortune warpe an honest Man  
 Shaken he may be by some one  
 or other gust unleaud by none  
 but though y<sup>e</sup> winter's sharpe & keen  
 His resolutions keep him green  
 And whilst Integretyes his wall  
 His yeares all spring & hath noe fall

Comp. interm<sup>t</sup> Lon.

Dece .13. 1643

(manuscript page 58)

58

## Loues Negative

Noe tis not beauty must Confine  
 Loues <-> Victaries to venus shrine  
 Nor any specious good  
 of flesh & blood  
 The fairest then would only know  
 The benefitt of Cupid's bow  
 And Natures Courser Clay  
 Is Throne away

---

Noe tis not soules divinely ioynd  
 In sweetest hermony of mind  
 Nor sympathy of Hartes  
 That loue imparts  
 Then equall thoughts would ballance soe  
 The highest Virtues w:<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Loe  
 That who soe doth excell  
 Must not doe Well

---

Noe tis not wealth nor birth nor fame

Nor priuillidge by fortune's Claime

The poore & loe borne men

Would want it then.

Nor fates nor minds nor bodyes giue

Loues Monarch this perogatiue

Only by nature linckt

It is Instinckt:

(manuscript page 59)

59

Loues Affirmative

Yes, wher less Virtue shines

To venerate fond Venus shrines

Ther is y<sup>e</sup> greater neede

Of beauties Charme to doe y<sup>e</sup> deede

Else t'were a geer

As if to loue a thing y<sup>t</sup> were not ther

When faire or good

Or both in all affections Understood

And as a supplem:<sup>t</sup> defects to smother

The one is rais'd by 'th setting of y<sup>e</sup> other

---

Yes, I agree y<sup>t</sup> soules may place  
 Their mutuall simpathizing grace  
 Shot from each hart through eyes  
 Like Influences darted from y<sup>e</sup> skies

yet neither bee  
 guilty of partialitie

But all Contentions bind  
 Within y<sup>e</sup> perfect Circle of y<sup>e</sup> mind

---

Yes, whilst humanity doth steer  
 both wealth & birth, & fame, are neare

To guide y<sup>e</sup> Rudder  
 And make a pudder

Yet ther is none borne meane & Loe  
 But fortune fonde may soone outgoe

the rich or greatest hee  
 What soe ere hee bee

---

Soe y<sup>t</sup> her wheeles aduance  
 Giues Lowest spoakes preheminnence  
 And true Concurrence Finds  
 The Cheifest nutriment<sup>ts</sup> from Conquerd minds  
 And if I would a woeing goe  
 Ide Chuse a Hellen for my bedfellow

Unless Ide leape & winke  
Then nature should prouide me by instinct

{manuscript page 60}

60

T. [hel] L.M.

Horac: Carmi: I hate the vulgar diety[es]  
Lib: 3 Ode 1 With their Ar:Holi Plebeities  
Odi prophanum Let not my muse fall in their  
{wayes  
vulgus et arceo &c: Whose garlands stinke, are not of  
{Bayes

For all y<sup>t</sup> ever such comend  
Bewray the raine foule fingers end  
Smell all of tallowe and of Grease  
No[r] whit of oile the Lamps  
{increase  
Tearme Rapture madnes & a floud  
of Christall layes but Channell mud  
Prophane all by the sisters spun  
Or what Apolloes Preists haue done.  
When I those sacred vestments were

That could enthrone me in that  
   {sphere  
 Whence I might dart a ray of verse  
 Nor tyme before did ere rehearse.  
                   To ad more fire  
                   to yongue desire.

Touching my sweet soft Lesbian lyre  
 Then let noe rustick note wage warre  
 Upon my strings to make them iarre  
 But by the Cliffe the Key the Eights  
 Each one <of> obseruer of there  
   {heights

In Diapason true expresse  
 How concords raysd from differences  
 Soe people set in tune againe  
 May owne there lawfull soueraigne.

{manuscript page 61}

61

Ad Rem Publ: Bell: Civit: reparantem

Hor: ode 2<->	Shall a new tyde of differences
lib:1	Carry againe my bark to seas
Onan[is] referent in	Farre better were it to defray





And though thy Planks and keele may

{boast

They grew on Calidonian coast

Thence raysd thee fame yet these

{may erre

'Lesse fortitude be Passenger

For though highe Carud w<sup>th</sup> decks

{thou be

Beguiled in each gallery

On the maine top a flag, to Call

thee at the least highe admirall.

{anuscript page 62}

62

With antient Pennants streaming farre

from euery yard like man of warre

And on thy boult sprit head a Jack

yet canst thou not be free from wrack

Unlesse through Pilacy to these

thou ad, to shun the Cyclades

Those more then fivety Islands lye

As if conspiring Jeopardy

To any bottome y' doth steere

And yet forgets to cry no!e! neere  
 But grant thou lanch into the deepe  
 And wilt not in a harbour sleep  
 Though faire enuited take aduise  
 Doe not too farre Pracipitise  
 Mark well yo' <f>!F!ins how they are plac't  
 Most aduantageously when chas't  
 Or pursuit as you come after  
 To giue a shot twixt winde and water  
 Then when a broad sides giuen next  
 Dismount y' Cannon call<e>'d Pretext  
 !And! <taken> winning winde proclaime <y\*> th'euent  
 None's like Monarchike gouernm.t.

---

Upon Lamb: \* [rlipa: to be Gen: &c: s. x. before

T'was not in vaine y\* Antients all  
 Usd Rams to batter down a wall  
 Since now our modern warrs doe teach  
 The use of hornes to make a breach  
 And Cuckolds proue y\* only Thinges  
 To rayse Rebellion, put down Kinges.

{manuscript page 63}

63

Hor: [lllib: 1.ode 15° . Nerei

Vaticinium de Ruina Troiae/Melus] Novantis

{manuscript page 64}

64

Rogatus quare Ludiera ut antea non  
preparasset

Hor: L- 1.

ode 37:

{manuscript page 65; gloss}

65

Hor: Lib 1 Quo magis saerit Populis ei magis Deo et

(Pietati

Ode 9 in dulgendum [-larolo. dicato ode

1. Jan

1649

(1) \_\_\_\_\_  
Anglicanū  
(3)y\* rich churles  
purse easd--

(2)Taxes, excise  
free q' & c;  
(4)They break all

- (5) a kind of psuading  
then into Loyalty  
& obedience w<sup>ch</sup>  
God alone must work  
their harts too: &  
then a people return  
to their duty & love  
towards their lawfull  
Soveraign will be more  
prized than all his  
crown & titles to him.
- (7) The souldiers trade  
taking fier or encou=  
ragement fro Envy  
& malice hath layd  
Law flat on its back  
& made y<sup>t</sup> good. Inter  
Arma silent leges.
- (9) Intiger vitae: & c:  
non eget mauri & c:
- (11) Be wise therfore  
yea great lights  
  
or Kings y<sup>t</sup> govern  
y<sup>e</sup> earth - be learned  
yea Judges--  
Serve y<sup>e</sup> Lo: w<sup>th</sup> fear  
reioyce unto him  
w<sup>th</sup> reverence:  
    Psalm 2.
- (13) All entertain=  
ments proper for  
youth are not  
to be let slip til  
gray haires over  
takes one
- covenants & enter  
into any engagement  
rather then sustain  
war longer yet  
therby are neuer  
y<sup>e</sup> better.
- (6) God casteth doun  
& raiseth up
- (8) The levelling  
doctrin & prac=  
tice.
- (10) w<sup>t</sup> is most unlikly  
may as soon come to  
pass as y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup>  
    (Condition  
of a iust man can  
be liable to shaking  
or wavering.
- (12) Then resolutions  
fixt upon y<sup>t</sup> rock  
let noe condition  
debarr fro a conten=  
ted minde w<sup>ch</sup> is  
y<sup>e</sup> only way to improv=  
ones dayes

{manuscript page 65; text}

65

Hor: Lib 1 Quo magis saerit Populis ei magis Deo et

{Pietati

Ode 9

in dulgendum [-larolo. dicato ode

1. Jan

1649

(manuscript page 66; gloss)

66

14. Now let it suffice  
to entertain time  
w<sup>th</sup> discourse at  
howers of leisure w<sup>t</sup>

(15)The torture  
of an evil contience  
lively describd  
by this punishm<sup>t</sup>  
wher their black  
crimes shall ever  
be before them as  
tormenting furies.

bloody battles have  
been fought & how  
much discord hath  
raged over the  
land. Whilst  
y<sup>e</sup> traytor fries  
in Hell.

(17)Then as y<sup>e</sup> drie  
earth reioyceth  
after a shower of  
rain hath lickd up  
y<sup>e</sup> dust & refresht it  
Soe y<sup>e</sup> hopes of our  
future peace built

(16) y<sup>e</sup> wellcom will  
be generall and  
more acceptable for  
y<sup>e</sup> by these distem=  
pers you have been  
as it wer snatcht  
away & kept from  
us soe long

upon y<sup>e</sup> return to drink up y<sup>e</sup> blood [along] y<sup>e</sup> disorderly  
(stubbornnes was cause of  
our late Evils will beget all reioycings in us.

---

Anima in Petu

Non bibor & bibor: & populo sum potus & non sum:

Mandor ab Occideis, non tamen esca fui:  
 Cum bibor ipsa sitis creseit: fum victima vulgi  
 Torqueor, incidor, torreo, uror idem.  
 Consedere viri & conspecto munere Divu.  
 Quaelibet exitio est dextra referta meo:  
 Pars in frustae secant, pars igne humetia torrent  
 viscera, pars ignes admonet atq\* faces:  
 Otia qui fugiunt, in Nobis oia perdunt  
 Et magna peragunt sedulitate nihil  
 Quo capior perdor, quo claudor pellor ab ore  
 Nostraq\* mox difflat fercula quisquis amat:  
 Quae, tu, quae nitidos aperis matrona penates  
 Praemia tam clari sputa laboris habe.

A Riddle upon Tobacco

Not drunk yet Drunk by people taim yet  
(not  
 I was not food yet frō west India got  
 When drunk I increas more thirst: I'm  
(vulgers pre  
  
 Rowld up, thence cutt & dride I'm burnt  
(away  
 Men sat together & each hand did bring  
 As from Heavns bounty to my suffering  
 One part but from y\* Rowle, an other  
(shred  
 And dried by th'fier at last is  
(Mastered  
 Those who shun [illenes] to us resort  
 And w<sup>th</sup> great care small busnes doe  
(in sport  
 I'm lost by w<sup>t</sup> I'm taken & y<sup>t</sup> dore  
 of mouth receivs me whiffs me euer more  
 W<sup>ch</sup> thou who dost y\* Clenlier Chimyns  
(dr[-]  
 Accept in spittle from my sufferances.

(manuscript page 66; text)

{manuscript page 67}

67

Paraphras: Psal: 1 vel

Flaccis Evangelifans

Hor: Epod 2:

{manuscript page 68}

68

Ad Horatium filium . et Hor: ode ll lib: 2

omissis curis

{vivendu

est hilariter.

{manuscript page 69; gloss}

( )

Crew 69

( )

Mall: Tour:[fhel]

They are  
 Divels that  
 will rayse new  
 warr  
 or other tha[-]  
 This Paris is  
 worthy of who

hath apples  
 too to present  
 to Venus &  
 hath mett w<sup>th</sup>  
 one fairer tha[-]  
 Hellena \_\_

Sonnet -- Feb: -- 1659

Though Monks assume w<sup>t</sup> Powers They will

And Monestaries Keep such <f--s--> free

And Parlements their howses fill

Yet ther[']s Souraign Posterety

will not be wiped ofe Their right

Though Monks & Traytors still should fight

---

Courage S<sup>t</sup> George for England yet

And let y<sup>e</sup> Dragons Twisted Tayle

No Mastry, ore Thy Spear beget

Nor gainst thy Loyalty prevaile

But shew Thou canst aswell bear Arms

For lawfull Right as [t]' shend from harms

---

Freedom is chiefly Mans desire

And if he fayle of this He's lost

No more of Thee George I requier



But y<sup>t</sup> this Serpent Rump be Crost  
 Who Pride-inspird assume uponum  
 To level All, turn All to Common

---

From Netherlands Thou didst extract  
 Thy Discepline & feats of warr  
 Let due Obedience Thee contract  
 Into a Subiect Regular  
 And then I'le say no Covant can  
 Produce a better Christian.

---

Epig: on y<sup>e</sup> Rump

A Tumer's raysd in Counsailes Rumps  
 Much like Prides Timpany or Mumps

W<sup>ch</sup> to asswage again, lay flatt  
 Nothing save Monks-hood's good for that

a garden simple

{manuscript page 70}

70

Hor. Car. L: 1                    Ob Cuius Exilio reditum  
ode 36                                gaudio exultat

---

{manuscript page 71}

Ad Car--: filiaē cuius instinctu concitatus  
quaedam carm: Lyrica de Augus: & Patria est dicturus.

Hor L: -3:  
ode: -25.

{manuscript page 72}

72

Alij alias Laudant conditiones  
Hor: L: 1                    aft ego propria qualemcunq\*  
ode - 7                        relinquis omnibus antepono

---



{manuscript page 77}

77

Hor: L. 4:	Ad Car:	Ames La pluie le beau temps
ode - 7	Spes futuri	Post tenebras Lux.

---

{manuscript page 78}

	Ad Augustissim: Car: 2:
	nunquā satis laudandū
Hor: L 4:	& auxilarios suos
ode - 14.	

---

{manuscript page 79}

79

{manuscript page 80}

80

Hor - L - 3

Ad Fontem meum

ode - 13.

{manuscript page 81}

81

Ad P. Pettum

Hor: Epod\_\_11.ode

{manuscript page 82}

82

Hor. Car.L.4

Ad Restituendam Regis authoritatē

ode - 12

{manuscript page 83}

83

Ad reditum Caroli--

---

Hor. Ode - 2:

{manuscript page 84}

84

Hymnus Omnipotenti Deoq\* Optimo maximo  
 Hisse Insulis iam iam magnopere propitio  
 in reditu Caroli. \_\_\_\_\_

Aug 1651

Character quiusdam

{manuscript page 85}

85

Octobr - 25:

Hor. L. 1.

1656

ode 37:

Ad Cognatū meum T Fane Armig:  
 intempestiue Venationem insequens  
 dum Pluvij ab Aquilone & ventorū  
 scena Rabies Nebulosum simul  
 et Frigidum reddidit re Diem.

(manuscript page 86)

86

To welcome home Veronia  
 or to y<sup>e</sup> Spring on May  
 day \_\_ 1650

Welcome faier Season y<sup>e</sup> dost bless  
 Again y<sup>e</sup> fields w<sup>th</sup> newer dress  
 For wher of late Lay flakes of snowe  
 Ther fresh grass springs & flowers growe  
 The fortune-tellers heer appeer  
 Getting y<sup>e</sup> mayden head o'th' year  
 And by some even leaffls discover  
 What shall betide to evry lover  
 Next of y<sup>e</sup> same complex<t>ions die  
 T'enrich more natures tapistry  
 The guilded cowslip shewes its head  
 And soe y<sup>e</sup> Mead's embroydered  
 Corn grounds--w<sup>th</sup> Poppy--rubbye's set  
 Inamed green like Carkanet  
 Beiewel Earth whilst on each hill  
 White fethers grow of Daffadil  
 And every plain deserves its prayes  
 For pregnancy in silver Dazies.

The bottom of a hedg begetts  
 Esteem from Saphir Violetts  
 Whose purple-martelings maintain  
 They of all else are sovereign  
 Ther being none for <fragrant> !sight or! smell  
 That howld w<sup>th</sup> them true paralell

Although y<sup>e</sup> garden would out vie  
 An painted Tulips sophestry  
 Or dappld Gilleflowers produce  
 Faint coulerd Pink, or flower deluce  
 Great Crimson Pionyes or all  
 The wines delight growes stil by wall  
 Grannt it in healing balm be fertil  
 Or houlsom sage or greener Myrtle  
 Blew Lavender & herb of grace  
 Mint, savin y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> some take place  
 Or y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> ore all thinges will come  
 Time, savry, or sweet marierom  
 The charmes most mortall cares controwle  
 (saucy in french) our Marygould  
 Whose radiant leavs their welths display  
 At th'opening of y<sup>e</sup> Orient day  
 Then shant again as sable night  
 Her curtain drawes to bannish light



{manuscript page 87}

87

Kitt [inn by] street \_ or little pancy  
 Party & pole to sute each fancy  
 Crispt Camamil whose worths exprest  
 In thriving best when most it's prest  
 And like a worthy of renown  
 Growes better for being trodden down  
 Yet none of these shall ere reposum  
 Wher Violet may in Her soft bosom.  
 The woodbine to bewitch y<sup>e</sup> sence  
 Of smelling bears preheminnence  
 Yet 'cause its figure under is  
 It cannot claym soe great a bliss  
 Though Nature wills Ther be contest  
 'Mongst these w<sup>ch</sup> look & sent y<sup>e</sup> best  
 Unto w<sup>ch</sup> suffrage she discloses  
 Those w<sup>ch</sup> in both excell y<sup>e</sup> Roses  
 Damask, & white, & red: yet nowe  
 Veronia's lip, her cheek, her browe  
 Drawn to my mind soe farr surpass  
 All those again, as those doe grass!

---

## Epigr:

senes bis pueri

When Infants first into y<sup>e</sup> world doe come  
 Cryng & sucking is their proper doome  
 And w<sup>t</sup> doe men when unto age grown ripe  
 But crye t'is time to suck t'is time to pipe  
Whiffing Dancing away <y<sup>e</sup>> their last howers in bravado  
 Whither <B---> Virginia pleas or Trinidado  
 The diffrence is not much I must confess  
 Children are fooles & aged are noe less.

---

(manuscript page 88)

88

Cogit amare tecur

Lyuor--wort pinreth love

---

As opposite as are y<sup>e</sup> Poles  
 This Liuor is y<sup>t</sup> man controwles  
 For it in Latin doth imply

Malice is Envies infamy  
 When as y<sup>e</sup> English gently moves  
 The breath of sights y<sup>e</sup> [roots] of loves  
 Thus each to others tongues betroth  
 Englisht & Latin'd Liur's both\_\_

---

Upon a course in y<sup>e</sup> padock between  
 swan S<sup>r</sup> Hor. Toun: red pide dog  
 & a Blew Academ: or lamb:  
 dog of will: Spen:

---

As Pricket ore y<sup>e</sup> Course did trip  
 Two Gray-hounds tride their footmanship  
 But neither could y<sup>e</sup> pray ore-take  
 That bargain they forgot to make  
 Yet Swan not swam but seemd to fly  
 And allmost pinchd he came soe nigh  
 The other seen in Morals more  
 Deemd fit y<sup>e</sup> best should goe before  
 Soe <---> reiaid in Logick <----> !strait! defind  
 In forrests Arts should come behind  
 This as a scholler dog he Knew  
 It was his place to come ofe blew

And Heraldry this truth begetts  
 Poets guive place to Barronets  
 Yet if ther had not la<sup>a</sup> been  
 Spencer had raysd his fayry Queen.

---

(manuscript page 89)

89

Upon y<sup>a</sup> Generall y<sup>a</sup> Lo: Fairfaxes  
 resigning up his Comissions to Oliver Cromwell

---

Upon account it's understood  
 When [Thleems fall out one comes by good  
 And w<sup>t</sup> doe all men but be [sh-] t'um  
 When Generalls conclude w<sup>th</sup> [ ]o[m]  
 For soe their reckening but small is  
 If cast up w<sup>th</sup>out suma totalis  
 Pounds, Crownes, & shillings to a farthing  
 In Auditings are worth regarding  
 And though misplac't ther may be reason  
 To iudg it is but for a season  
 To try their skill whose fayths amount

Unto an Exchecker account  
 Wher figures their owne places fill  
 And Cifers remain Cifers stil  
 W<sup>ch</sup> in Arithmaticks schoole fall  
 Or rise but as additionall  
 Set them alone I dare averr  
 'Ts like Rowland changd to Oliver  
 Signefies y<sup>t</sup> ther doth remain  
 Nothing saving y<sup>e</sup> same again  
 When we ought drive a greater skoap  
 On Pounds & Crownes to fix our hoap  
 Whilst swords make plowgh shears, let [Ihemp]\_\_ R\_\_

---

{manuscript page 90}

90

Ad Geo: Fane: in com̄emorationem  
 natalit̄y Reg. Car: 2<sup>da</sup>: in cellula  
 vulgò vocata Le Grotto scriptū  
 vigil: scilicet \_\_ may\_28

1650

---

!When Bottles Leak!

!One writes, it needs!

{manuscript page 91}

91

Englisht thus

---

Under w<sup>t</sup> Planet in w<sup>t</sup> clime  
 Should he y<sup>e</sup> master of his time  
 Improve it better to posess  
 A dowry of true happines  
 Than wher my houshould Gods dispell  
 All cares w<sup>h</sup>in y<sup>e</sup> Grotto sell  
 Wher y<sup>e</sup> free ayre & are as it  
 May by two running fountains sit  
 W<sup>h</sup> are enough to rouse up witt  
 Noe place on earth for merth & iest  
 Can trulier challenge interest  
 Than underground heer wher ther runns  
 Fathers full blessings to his sonns  
 Till gratitude inspiers y<sup>e</sup> mind

To a requiting thankfull kind  
 And this awakes y<sup>e</sup> future morn  
 Wheron our noble Charles was born  
 Wherin loves favour doth appeer  
 T'have blest this land this twentieth year  
 Hence fro y<sup>e</sup> bottles & y<sup>e</sup> hart  
 Soe many ioyous motions start  
 Whilst as in shades security  
 Each one is blest we that enjoy  
 Soe much of light as may return  
 Comfort but neither scorch nor burn  
 Fro y<sup>e</sup> suns goodnes, & such wind  
 As may but coole, n'ere prove unkind  
 By w<sup>th</sup> refresht y<sup>e</sup> active Spel  
 Rousd up awake frō couch or sel  
 Ascends his brittle throne & thence  
 W<sup>th</sup> Couler & tast controwles our sence  
 Heer is noe need of bush of prayse  
 Nor snow nor Ice y<sup>t</sup> heat alayes  
 Noe Mirtle, rose, nor oyntment  
 But t'is King Ralphs wine yeilds content  
 And w<sup>t</sup> had been long bottled up  
 To fill such a reioycing cup  
 Better by far than y<sup>t</sup> imparts  
 Through mixture all y<sup>e</sup> vintners arts

Count twice y<sup>e</sup> time of Troyes distress  
 And then you'l find his years noe less  
 Who now writes man & swears y<sup>e</sup> gown  
 W<sup>h</sup> though his father were put down  
 He as successor to y<sup>e</sup> Crown  
 May w<sup>th</sup> undoubted right increase  
 His peoples good by bringing peace

Then I'le noe more seek to comānd  
 That bottle had layn long in sand  
 Nor think I doe great matters rayse  
 Courting my pallet severall wayes  
 Whilst I neglect not Terrene seas  
 To bring me wine my tast to pleas  
 As y<sup>e</sup> Albano of account  
 And y<sup>e</sup> of Fiascone mount  
 Verdea & w<sup>h</sup> not to be  
 My partners at this Iubile--

For soe great state 'tis properer

!fountaines run y<sup>e</sup> while!  
 !must prove a fluent stile!

Apollo be my vintner  
 And y<sup>e</sup> [Cast--lior] well my wine  
 For whilst Solemnety's divine



W<sup>th</sup> a light hart & w<sup>th</sup>out odds  
 I would drink nectar w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Gods.

{manuscript page 92}

92

Magnae Britanniae transfiguratio

1650: Aug:

{manuscript page 93}

93

Ad Illud quod Parleментū Perpetuū  
 alequi appellare volverunt Nuperrim<sup>d</sup>  
 20<sup>o</sup>: Aprilis An\_\_1653 a Milite  
 dissolutum

---

{manuscript page 94}

94

{manuscript page 95}

95

{hand-sketches illustration dated Aug:--20° 1650.}

{Monarcha resurges}

Introitus Acta Probanit \_\_\_ Maÿ 29°. 1660.

\_\_\_ Et a servitute Iniquissima

Populum Suum Liberavit.

---

{manuscript page 96}

96

C. C.

{manuscript page 97}

97

RELIGIO

Acrostich:

PATIENTIA

Acrostich:

{manuscript page 98}

98

A Ballet \_\_ 3: \_\_ 7<sup>th</sup> 1658.

Owld Olivers Gon Owld Olivers gon

O Hone O Hone

And has left His sonn Richard

That Pretty yong Prick-Eard

To Govern These Nations alone alone=

The Counsail & State

He Commanded of late

O Hone O Hone

But y<sup>e</sup> Tables turnd quite

Those Govern This wight

And turns our reioycing to mone to mone=

Thus w<sup>th</sup> Their Consent

Thers calld Parlement

O Hone O Hone

Soe 'twixt Swede & Spruce

Ther'l be made a Truce

And Wrangle be Generall'y Known=

The Cuntrys are quiet

Fates bless their good Diet

O Hone O Hone

'Tis a pittifull thing

Three Kingdoms noe King

And Estates to be rackt skin & bone=

Yet we live in hope

To Conquer y' Pope.

O Hone O Hone

When souldiers & Clowns

Fall at Odds about Cr'owns

Then True men may come by their Owne=

{manuscript page 99}

99

Of Man to W: Ar:

Noe wonder 'tis y' man loves fights

Since He's composd of Opposites  
 His fleshy parts at once comprise  
 Fowr elemental contraries  
 On w<sup>ch</sup> Affections excess  
 Beget an Issue numberless  
 W<sup>ch</sup> nurced up by Humors brest  
 In Fancies school clayme interest  
 Wher for a lesson They let in  
 The Com̄on-place or Head of sin  
 Whilst Appetite noe Rhet<or>'rick spares  
 To scatter 'mongst y<sup>e</sup> wheat some tares  
 Soe choak y<sup>e</sup> Harvest, & w<sup>th</sup> rain  
 Let loose, sowes Cockle for true Grain  
 Now over these to rule & sway  
 He y<sup>t</sup> created Night & Day  
 Endowes y<sup>e</sup> Mind over y<sup>e</sup> sence  
 With Knowledg for Preheminnence  
 Exalting Reason 'bove y<sup>e</sup> rest  
 As He did Man ore every Beest  
 And thus installd why is't y<sup>e</sup> mind  
 Strives from its Limits unconfind  
 But y<sup>t</sup> in search of a new berth  
 Man would create his Heavn on Earth  
 Fix on y<sup>e</sup> Creatures all content  
 When God who is Omnipotent

Is evermore at hand to be

Philip: -4-5-6.

Protector 'gainst all iniury

Be Patient then, nor care at all

For w<sup>t</sup> in Temprall Things befall

Make him acquainted w<sup>th</sup> thy state

And fear not to be fortunate.

Whither by Prayer thou sendst request

Or giust Him thankes for all y<sup>e</sup> rest

Thou dost inioy; stil let it be

Soe seasond w<sup>th</sup> sincerety

That y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> all thinges goes beyond

His Peace in Christ may be thy frend.

{manuscript page 100}

100

To a frend fro Apthorp

Jan\_\_6.

in a great snow --

1650

How we fare if you would know

That are now Condemnd to Snow

Frozen up in Winters Geaile  
 W<sup>th</sup> out or mainprize or Baile  
     On y<sup>e</sup> Peak high sum̄er 'tis  
     All y<sup>e</sup> year in shew of this  
     And Compard to it alone  
     Scithia's in y<sup>e</sup> Torrid Zone  
 Noe couler seen nor other die  
 But Caucasus white Livery  
 The Grampion or y<sup>e</sup> Lomans Coat  
 Or Night cap of owld Cheveot  
 Wherw<sup>th</sup> invested we advance  
 The Pole starrs Badg & Cognisance  
     And Like his Minstrels doe retire  
     To y<sup>e</sup> good Ale & Tost & fire  
     Whence bannishing all Discontent  
     Each one tunes up his Instrument  
     And playes soe well y<sup>e</sup> we forget  
     The seasons Could amidst such heat.

---

#### The North Wind

The newes fro north blowes very rife  
 They are transporting men to Fife  
     But Charons bottom not yet ther

The Gen<sup>l</sup>. must plye y<sup>t</sup> Fare  
 And to y<sup>t</sup> end a fleet prepares  
 To waft ore thousand passengers  
 Poor silly soules y<sup>t</sup> hud winkt come  
 To find out ther Elizium  
 Wher Scottish mists & vapours fell  
 Deny y<sup>e</sup> Least content to dwell  
 Let this Presumpteous Pylot hast  
 Least Charon ore take him at last  
 And for his pride & other Tricks  
 Ore-set & leav him sunk in Styx'.

---

{manuscript page 101}

101

Upon y<sup>e</sup> rumor of his departure  
 though faigned  
 Epitaph.

---

Heer lies he was dide in Grain  
 Chief murtherer of his soveraign  
 Bane to his Cuntries peace & good



The horse-liech covetor of blood  
 One whose high spirit naught could pleas  
 But fishing in y<sup>e</sup> troubledst seas:  
 Of a Tempesteous mind was tost  
 Ambitiously to rule y<sup>e</sup> rost  
 Til y<sup>e</sup> all-conquering-Fates by doom  
 Causd Atropos cut ofe his Loom  
 And whilst his busnes hee's about

I 'th' northern Clime his fier goes out.

---

Jan: 1659.

Tom C: hath been in Italy & swears  
 He's for y<sup>e</sup> Rumpe, Contemns All other wares:  
 And deems it best of Pleasure y<sup>e</sup> is stole  
 So Day appeers thorough a little Hole  
 For Trading in y<sup>e</sup> Citty's grown so Common  
 Since Adam was a Man & Eve a Woeman  
 That He despises y<sup>e</sup> Owld way to Sinn  
 And must a new pass find to bring it in  
 T'may be for y<sup>e</sup> His fancies All Conspire  
 To let us know a Burnt Child dreads y<sup>e</sup> fire  
 And evry box of ware hath in't some Trick

To Cheat & Cousen Oftentimes Iack P\_\_\_\_\_

When He is Crest faln out of hart & Poore

Drivn from y<sup>e</sup> fore-gate to seek y<sup>e</sup> back Dore

Or Broaken-Snouted needs a Dildo prop

To Reinvest Him Foreman of y<sup>e</sup> Shop

Yet guiu'n to Gaming stil Tom turns up Trump

And Shunns y<sup>e</sup> Belly for to Court y<sup>e</sup> Rump.

(C. for Challoner)

{manuscript page 102}

102

To y<sup>e</sup> Countess of Ex: upon her  
brach Lemons whelping

Lemon has whelpt ô Ioyfull newes

Enough for to create a Muse

Out of y<sup>e</sup> dullest block

That can to hunting sport pretend

Wherefore pray Iove some Nectar lend

Apollo Helicon unlock

-----

Ther is noe hound for nose & speed  
 Although of Creet or Sparta breed  
 Could ever hunt soe well  
 Or drive a Chase wher Pan doth Keep  
 (The huntsmans curse) his flock of sheep  
 Soe she's thout paralell

---

That fancy is but poor & silly  
 To court a whelp y<sup>t</sup> comes of Lilly  
 Her strain's not half soe rare  
 For though she some times well may run  
 She cannot match this Paragon  
 She wants a M<sup>r</sup> care

---

And heer I'm ravisht w:<sup>th</sup> a Spell  
 The Greater happines to tell  
 This Creature soe befrended  
 As I be intititiled & Crownd  
 Not of my Lo<sup>r</sup>: Brach but La<sup>r</sup>: Hound  
 Wherw<sup>th</sup> her Fame's ascended

---

Some doe goe farr & pas y<sup>r</sup> seas

For Lemons, & for Oranges

And ventrous Iorneys take \_\_\_

I wish from hence they'l stay at home

And only to this Kennell come

More proffit sure they'l make

-----

Others

(manuscript page 103)

103

An Ode or Song

Others doe deem't a trick of bliss

If they can Compass but a Kiss

Of w<sup>t</sup> is more precise

W.<sup>ch</sup> makes y<sup>e</sup> Vicker of y<sup>e</sup> toune

Doft Girdle, Cassock, Hose, & Goune

For to Monopolize

-----

Such suer doe howld y<sup>e</sup> Proverb true

That better horse-flesh is their due

Soe clayme it for a fashion

And iudg y<sup>e</sup> crime but Light not hevvy Aug.

Thus to part Tithe: w<sup>th</sup> Tribe of Levy Thies:

To help on Reformation

-----

For 'tis not fit y<sup>e</sup> He alone

From Pulpit-Elevation

Such Canaan should discover

When Bewty bountifull transferrs

Her flames into th' Parishioners

Inspiring each a lover

-----

But heer's enough, nor This nor That

Must Coupled be at any rate

Unto my Lemon heer

Diana & her Nimphs nere knew

Soe S<sup>t</sup>-Like hound for sent & View

Nor like Containes y<sup>e</sup> Spher.

---

{manuscript page 104}

104

A Ballet

upon his pond on witting heath

---

Some to y<sup>e</sup> Lucrine Lake bequeath  
 All prayes for y<sup>e</sup> fishing  
 Guive me y<sup>e</sup> pond upon y<sup>e</sup> heath  
 Might I but have any wishing

---

For ther doe scull in shoales along  
 Dum Creatures armd w<sup>th</sup> skales  
 Whose squadrons of Finns soe strong  
 Over y<sup>e</sup> wave prevailes

---

As Geering Carp & Gyant Pike  
 A stand for hawkes & Bream  
 I think noe poole can shew y<sup>e</sup> like  
 Or guive an apter Theme

---

Yet thers an Ile some wonder claymes

As in y<sup>e</sup> midst it lies

W<sup>ch</sup> sometimes doth abound w<sup>th</sup> flames

from bewties misteries

-----

When y<sup>e</sup> fayer Mistres of y<sup>t</sup> Bower

Graces it w<sup>th</sup> Conscent

Frank--Ly to spend a sumers hower

<W<sup>th</sup>> ;Amidst; y<sup>t</sup> Elament

-----

O how 'tis hard then to discover

W<sup>ch</sup> is of dainger higher

Leander-Like to dround a Lover

Or to consume w<sup>th</sup> fier

-----

Who would not his Abide \_\_ [as] quit

To court soe fayer a queen

Allthough he wrackt in ventring it

By a Hellespont between

-----

But

(manuscript page 105--left)

105

To x.x.x.

& y<sup>e</sup> Iland bower & fish house ther

---

But for to quench y<sup>e</sup> heat again

Ther is a house stands by

Wher y<sup>e</sup> Lo:<sup>d</sup> will you entertain

W<sup>th</sup> all Civilety

---

Ther to his [m]less some Trouts appeer

His neighbour Lo: & frend

The Barronet he loves soe deer

Phil: wood for y<sup>e</sup> bords end

---

These doe retriue a chirping cup

Such as y<sup>e</sup> Gods nere knew

And whilst they doe carouce all up

w<sup>th</sup> snakes their years renew

---

First to y<sup>e</sup> Nimph ptects y<sup>e</sup> place



Then to some other bewty  
Til chapeau boy w<sup>th</sup> cheerfull grace

Each one hath done his duty

-----

Bridgwater & his noble Spouse

Must not heer be forgot

As long as Bacchus frends y<sup>e</sup> house

W<sup>th</sup> bottle, glass or pott

-----

Will any more Peggs lodg frequent

Or skulk in soroes hole

W<sup>ch</sup> only huffcap Ale doe vent

The senses to Controwle

-----

Neckar & Coblins on y<sup>e</sup> Rine

Squeese out their Lustfull Clusters

And Deal to us their Iuice divine

To founnish out our Musters

-----

Then Cap: Glass full to y<sup>e</sup> brimm

Presents a Lusty charge  
 Whilst Bottles frō their sanadrim  
 Awakt appeer & march

-----

nor

(manuscript page 105--right)

Nor is France wanting though denide  
 Our Appetites all meet  
 To iudg y<sup>t</sup> best is done aside  
 And stollen pleasure sweet

-----

In fine w<sup>t</sup> need we travail soe  
 To feed our Observations  
 When heer is more than w<sup>t</sup> we goe  
 To seek in other Nations

-----

Constance & y<sup>t</sup> of Gordo too  
 W<sup>th</sup> Lake Lemman must yeild  
 For though their Citties finely show

This hath a braver field

-----

It were a wittless thing indeed

For to comend y<sup>e</sup> meer\*\_

When all y<sup>e</sup> in those waters breed

Are in more plenty heer

-----

And y<sup>e</sup> wherw<sup>th</sup> I will conclude

Excelling all y<sup>e</sup> rest

The owner w<sup>th</sup> such love indude

As cannot be exprest

-----

His freedom opes y<sup>e</sup> sluice & way

Of Liberty to some

Who otherwayes confined lay

W<sup>th</sup>in 5 miles of home

-----

Wherfore in Tribute to present

Thanks worthy any had I

W<sup>th</sup>out or food or Complement

God bless y<sup>e</sup> Lo: & Lady

---

\*

wittless ile

neer

{manuscript page 106}

106

To Cleveland before y<sup>e</sup> first interview  
at maneby.

---

Though Childing woemen may oft long for this  
Or that nor yeild a reason why it is  
Yet my desiers rank wingd have hither flown  
That I to Cleiveland, He to me were known  
Whose raptures are soe elevate by art  
As y<sup>t</sup> each science in them hath its part  
Ihonson- And yet in Him not got w:<sup>th</sup> anvile pain  
But flowing Like a Torrent after rayne  
W<sup>ch</sup> every one wher fancy credit getts

Strives to procuer inbankt int' Rivelets  
 T'imbellish his discource, & make it thus  
 To relish & come ofe facetious.  
 Ther's <&>ian; owld Tale I did beleev but talk  
 That Soules int' bodies Transmigrated walk  
 On Earth again after they had been dead  
 And from their proper carcass sequestred  
 But since y<sup>t</sup> Eminency of strain I find  
 In Thee I'm grown quite of an other mind  
 For tis not one but all y<sup>t</sup> ere wore bayes  
 Thou dost w<sup>th</sup> thy Syraffick numbers rayse  
 Thou buildst owld Roome again, & dost rehears  
 Her Antient Bards so famous were for verse  
 Nay; thou out bidst them w<sup>th</sup> thy genuine skill  
 And bringst this Ile nearer Parnassus Hill  
 Than Those ere dwelt, whilst y<sup>t</sup> Thy quill may  
(own
  
 To be a Pipe drawn from true Helicon.  
 I will not rack or torture w<sup>th</sup> delay  
 The forward hopes I have put on to day  
 To have my wish but bootes & all put on  
 I'le mount away to Stephen Anderson  
 Whose Hospitable parts, noe other end  
 Clayme but to be belov'd, & love his frend  
 W<sup>ch</sup> doth soe well w<sup>th</sup> Poesy agree

That's house may seem Apolloes nurcery  
 Wher Learning's cherisht & y<sup>e</sup> Arts revive  
 Under his bounteous roofes prerogative  
 For verses evermore delight to dwell  
 With a free hart; yet in retired sell

Carmina cecessum.

---

{manuscript page 107}

107

To Him again in return for a letter  
 he wrot upon y<sup>e</sup> former

---

Not like y<sup>e</sup> bird whose bewteous train  
 Being praised is more displayd again  
 Nor of y<sup>e</sup> academick witt  
 Is raysd by Hum̄s to cherish it  
 When (as it thrives) it must at best  
 Have Scratching store to mak't a Iest  
 Would I appeer: but Favours say  
 They clayme acknowledgment for pay

W<sup>ch</sup> I heer offer to ye skan  
Of all great Arts Leviathan  
For now I shall noe longer looke  
Whence Hobbs intitiled his booke  
Though surreptitious & by stealth  
Since thou'rt above all comonwealth  
Thy Straines Monarkike, nor can bear  
Th'affront of a Competitor  
Wher Science Liberall is who guies  
Not unto All prerogatives  
Over y<sup>e</sup> Tongue & Pen but brings  
Those best deserve to be her Kings  
Yet what are such if left alone  
Nor Honord by Subiection  
Whilst t'is y<sup>e</sup> greats't alay to power  
When ther is noe inferiour  
And nothing soe much Luster Spoyles  
In Diamonds as to want their foyles.

---

{manuscript page 108}

108

An invitation to my Askanius  
a true Troian ifayth

---

My George were not y<sup>e</sup> tie  
Of Consanguinety  
Of greater force than Reason  
Or else y<sup>e</sup> Lawe of Nature would impose  
I should conclude you guilty of more  
(Treason  
Than e're S<sup>r</sup> walter Earles nose  
Could disclose  
For envying us thus long y<sup>e</sup> sight  
Of y<sup>r</sup> fayre Starr y<sup>t</sup> shines soe bright

---

Surely t'is not y<sup>e</sup> west  
You live in but y<sup>e</sup> East  
For soe such Rayes imply  
You raysd to Guild y<sup>t</sup> Climat & to bless  
That side y<sup>e</sup> world whilst we in darknes  
(lie



And under Midnight of distress

Posess

Noe more of Day to guive us ease

Than's guiu'n to y' owne Antipodes

-----

But since y\* world round is

On hopes t'is not amiss

To feed y\* fancies appetite

That certain revolutions heer & ther

May bring about a Day to chase y\* night

And soe illuminate our Sphere

From fear

Of any mist y' may portend

Dainger through th'absence of a frend

-----

Of

{manuscript page 109}

109

Of this I'd<e> have you sure

Each Plaister's not a cure

To evry wolnld, for Paris

Transports to Troy w<sup>t</sup> He makes Gretians

{want

But you unmercifully take w<sup>t</sup> rare is

Not only from our Troy-novant London

But skant

Afford y<sup>r</sup> owne territories

Matter to fill up their stories

-----

Up then away & come

From western Ilium

Bring Hellen safe whose Eyes

Hath warmd suffitiently y<sup>t</sup> watry coast

And let them favour now these Northern

{skies

For want of bewty y<sup>t</sup> allmost

Are lost

For 'twere a Sin too long to stay

And soe deprive us of more Day

Let Thy iulus come along

And burthen w<sup>th</sup> a cry

{this song

-----

{manuscript page 110--left side}

110

A Ballet of Dedication of y<sup>e</sup> new

What various stories men invent

T'amuse y<sup>e</sup> weaker braynes

When Musike ne're had Instrumēt

Like y<sup>t</sup> good wine containes

Some Vialls y<sup>t</sup> de Gambo are

Comend, Others y<sup>e</sup> Lute

The Viall Glass shall be my care

Or else y<sup>e</sup> steeple Flute

Who can beleev y<sup>t</sup> Sacred Layes

Or Ditties y<sup>t</sup> have fier

Apolloes art alone could rayse

And Bachus not inspire

They write how Pan w<sup>th</sup> oaten quill

First did all musike frame

And how y<sup>e</sup> Tritons Trumpets stil

The wild waves into tame

How Dolphins & y\* other tresur  
 Of y\* great Deep advance  
 After Arions Harp in measure  
 As Each had Learnt to dance

Alike of Orpheus we read  
 Vulcan & 's Cyclopes  
 In wine ther's truth to stand insted  
 Of all such lies as these

In ball & Tuball Brothers were  
 As well in Art as blood  
 Imposing Gamuths on y\* Spher  
 Fare Grapes were understood

(manuscript page 110--*right side*)

The Iuicy Grape of purple die  
 Chief Glory of y\* press  
 First parent was to Melody  
 Concept & Iovialnes

How far from comfort due those rove  
 The Toun wayghts would bring in

Or think a bagpipe far above

A curious Violin

There are High bays in merrith doe m[-]

loyned w<sup>th</sup> Sack-butts shugg

And for y<sup>e</sup> Base double Curtell

Guive me a double lugg.

The trebble cornets note soe shrill

Cannot w<sup>th</sup> this Compare

When Ganimed Ioves cup doth fill

That proves y<sup>e</sup> choisest ayre

There is noe magick art or spell

Can work in power like this

It doth all other charmes excell

Turning all Crass to bliss

His fame but flaggs who over beast

Stones, Trees, is sayd had power

When one wins glass well fild at least

Installs one Emperour

Cesar & Alexander too

Had long since been forgot

But y<sup>t</sup> they both knew how to doe  
 In Counsail, Armes & Pott

What were y<sup>e</sup> Labours men ascribe  
 Unto Alcides might

But y<sup>t</sup> His Glass twelve did trie  
 To doe his Mistres right

{manuscript page not enumerated}

Academy or Musike room by y<sup>e</sup> Back Gates \_\_ to Phil: Wood

Could Sampson ere have been soe strong

To pull down Gates & Towrs

But y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> Foxes brought along

The fields too he devowres

O brave deluders of our sense

Controwling every vayne

W<sup>th</sup> w<sup>t</sup> Supernall Influence

Dost act y<sup>e</sup> Soveraign

Soe y<sup>t</sup> of all y<sup>e</sup> Arts y<sup>t</sup> be

None rules y<sup>e</sup> Rost & sitti

W<sup>th</sup> greater state & Maiesty

In y<sup>e</sup> Conclave of witts

Of whom a fury if you call

When verdant they guive up

Their billa vera it will fall

Upon a Chirping Cup

And for a Sessions house to plead

This Legis Latine power

For th' Musick-Room let this you lead

Next to y<sup>e</sup> back gates Tower.

---

{manuscript page 112}

112

Upon Dabbling or Fishing

As many men soe many minds

To w<sup>ch</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Proverb's Mother

Fancy's best pleasd w<sup>th</sup> sevrall kinds

This y<sup>e</sup> sport likes, this t'other

One thinks y<sup>e</sup> Hare

Beyond compare  
 An other deems it trouble  
 Because poor warr  
 Before a squatt  
 Non plusses Dogs w<sup>th</sup> double

---

Others ther be of High degree  
 The Harts chase doe espouse  
 And say thers noe such Melody  
 As when Hounds Eccho rouse  
 Yet thers again  
 That doe maintain  
 Noe pas time to y<sup>e</sup> Cony  
 And love y<sup>e</sup> hole  
 That doth controwle  
 Both Ferret & their mony

---

Some love t'pursue y<sup>e</sup> Boar y<sup>e</sup> Wild  
 Others y<sup>e</sup> Wolf soe fell  
 I would in noe waise Hunting stild  
 A Dainger but a Spell  
 W<sup>ch</sup> by a Charme  
 That bodes noe harme



Might over time prevaile

To Cosen't soe

Noe care or woe

Should <flour> triumph but strike

{sayle

---

More Innocent & harmless more

W<sup>t</sup> can be namd than this

W<sup>ch</sup> can our health & strength restore

When warping both amiss

Wherfore or Brocks

Or wily Fox

W<sup>t</sup> soever we pursue

Ther's none {tlebrace

Soe well y<sup>e</sup> chase

As Phil: wood Lay: 'd Perdue 'sett.

---

{manuscript page 113}

113

The Troian Horse cride up by Fame

If Wood might call him Cosen

For ther Lurkt hidden in y<sup>e</sup> same

Brave Gretians by y<sup>e</sup> Dozen

And who would seek

A merry Greek

Let him accost this shore

Hee'l Pipe & sup

A Chirping Cup

Like any Emperour

---

His then y<sup>e</sup> glory of my wish

Of late times did befall\_us

He may all hunting change to fish

W<sup>ch</sup> Exercise may mall\_us

When ther's noe stint

But w<sup>t</sup> Tom Flint

That Magazeen doth carry

Wherw<sup>th</sup> posest

Noe <Belle> Place for rest

Like Portall Dormitary

---

This was a Bird whose age might well

Anoyd y<sup>e</sup> snare or gin

Had He but thought of Sentinell

To keep his Temper in

But 'sted of chaff

Whilst He did quaff

His Brindases soe soft

He's caught, & torn

Forfets his brain

And soe's captivd at last

---

{manuscript page 114}

114

An Invitation to R.H: to change

y<sup>e</sup> Citty Life for this in y<sup>e</sup> Cuntry Apr\_8. 1651

Robin if thou but kiss or sip

In a good-fellowes fello-ship

Me thinks it might such spirits rayse

Not to be Layd y<sup>e</sup> common wayes

Truth is when Conivring comes in fashion

Figures are usd & Circulation

T'amuse & confidence supplant

Possessing of y<sup>e</sup> ignorant

But w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> times & Age puts on

Ripens to more perfection

Than any Cube or witchcrafts spell

Can alter in a sillable

Citties & fencing walls were good

When Freedom less was understood

And soe again those raysd y<sup>e</sup> cause

Whence first we did derive our Lawes

I shall not sound deeper to reach

At w<sup>th</sup> Antiquety doth teach

Only prescribing by y<sup>e</sup> way

That Aintient Customs ought bear sway

Ther was not known a sute for Rents

In fabals time who dwelt in Tents

Nor ever durst Presumptions Lie

Open 'neath Heavens Canopy

But when our Guilts increasing calls

For vengeance y<sup>e</sup> claymes Sheltring walls

Thus fortetide w<sup>th</sup>out all strife

I'le giuve y\* Ball to th' Cuntry-Life  
 And swear all entertainments less  
 Though th'Citty hath more Venusses  
 For may not y<sup>t</sup> deceive w<sup>th</sup> all?  
 Cuckoos come in w<sup>th</sup> Nightingall  
 And 'tis a Lesson to discover  
 Wher on may meet Ioy in a Lover  
 Some to y<sup>t</sup> Schollar-ship advance  
 But then y<sup>t</sup> Grammer's Ruld by chance  
 Wherw<sup>th</sup> when Governed we be  
 Our helth proves but Infirmetry  
     I should be sorry living ther  
     At rack & manger as it were  
     You should through Pampering despize  
     The Cuntries full Satieties  
 I yeild you may some Guarden call  
 Your bliss to court y\* Spring w<sup>th</sup> all  
 But sure I am Her bounties yeild  
 Thousand times more to evry feild  
 Nor may you Cloyster up y<sup>t</sup> treasure  
 Is Blossomd out heer w<sup>th</sup>out measure

For though w<sup>th</sup> Graces overspred  
 Those seem wher Bewtie's mustered  
 Yet doe y<sup>e</sup> wholsom Mildmayds Arms  
 Stript up assault w<sup>th</sup> noe less charmes  
 Or is not Rapture then begott  
 Under her tuckt up Petticote  
 When She her strait white ancles Shewes  
 Daggled & washt in morning dewes?

You may y<sup>e</sup> chance take course in Park  
 Hide Stollen pleasures in y<sup>e</sup> dark  
 Game not at Ruff but Pickadill  
 And ther Bowle out & Rook y<sup>e</sup> fill  
 I dare avow y<sup>e</sup> none of these  
 Out-vie y<sup>e</sup> yards, y<sup>e</sup> Chase, y<sup>e</sup> Leas  
 Contained w<sup>th</sup>in this Lower Sphere  
 Wher noe Star Seems Irreguler  
 But mutuall Influences ioyn  
 To make y<sup>e</sup> Day of frendship shine  
 You'r but Irradiated half  
 Whilst trading at y<sup>e</sup> sun w<sup>th</sup> Ralph  
 Nor (wert at full) could y<sup>e</sup> half moon  
 Prevaile to make of midnight noon  
 The puer Elixar iuyce divine  
 Needs not y<sup>e</sup> Coment of a signe

But wher its vertue's understood  
 Without a Bush Ile call it good  
 What though you have a River ther  
 To waft y<sup>r</sup> thirst ore to y<sup>e</sup> Bear  
 And a Trade wind whose privildg  
 Constant from Westminster to th' Bridg  
 May fill y<sup>r</sup> Sayles trimd & prepard  
 To take in fresh watr at Still yard  
 You must have care in passing by  
 Of Sirens in this Pilacy  
 For ther's a Tribe Enchantment pumps  
 As you accost wher Dwelt Duke numps  
 Then w<sup>h</sup> befell Ulisses cast  
 Who tide himself unto y<sup>e</sup> Mast  
  
 When heer y<sup>e</sup> Musike of y<sup>e</sup> Groves  
 Tund to y<sup>e</sup> Keyes of birds make Loves  
 To w<sup>h</sup> our whelps seem t'add a grace  
 As they are following their Chase  
 The Ecchoing wood in ho\_mul ho\_  
 All other Gamuths quite out goe  
 And when we are from hunting come  
 Heer's a resounding Musick Room  
 To solace in; wher for content

Hangs this & T'other Instrument

As

{manuscript page 116}

116

As y<sup>e</sup> Theorbo, Viall, Lute  
 W<sup>th</sup> Harpsicon to these a Flute  
 Whose rich Concavety containes  
 The Pretious Treasure for y<sup>e</sup> Vaynes  
 Wher with Sublimd our thoughts aspire  
 And carry us 'bove Ela higher

Then Heer's a Pond too & a Boat  
 A shed therby to wash y<sup>r</sup> throat  
 From any Fish-bones harm or worse  
 Catt-killing-Care, or any curse  
 The hardnes of y<sup>e</sup> Fates or Times  
 Create to Cancell merth & rimes

Ther in a Counsail whilst we sit  
 To propagate noe state but witt  
 Like Court of Iustice we dispence  
 High verdit censures 'th out offence  
 And all Malignant humors drive



Out of Contents prerogative

That noe disasterous bre<a>th impayre

By dialect y<sup>t</sup> wholsom ayre

Wherin we breath & are as free

In mutuall society

Thus w<sup>th</sup> one Frend & two; noe more

Than makes up inst y<sup>e</sup> Count & Skoar

To freedom & to merth belongs

122

You may rest happy out of Throngs.

---

{manuscript page 117}

117

To Phi: Wood upon my La: X X X going

To Lond: & Leaving these parts

Shall we Leese Exiter & w<sup>th</sup> Her all

We can true Ioy or Conversation call

And doth y<sup>e</sup> Fancy sleep? is y<sup>e</sup> pen dry

That should record in Dierge or Elegy

This soe hard hap? wherby our Comforts flight

Leavs all this Lesser Clime heer Ankorite

Secluded from y<sup>e</sup> world & set apart

Alone to feel y<sup>e</sup> rigor & y<sup>e</sup> smart  
 Of y<sup>e</sup> Times hevier tred? did Fates devise  
 This knack to make us all Philosophise?  
 Turn Stoicks? walk Cross-buckleing our armes  
 As if we were a meditating Charmes?  
 Not one word from y<sup>e</sup> Tongue, but from y<sup>e</sup> Eye  
 Or Brow wrinkled into Severety.  
 All objects transmuted seem t'possess  
 The direfull figures of some hideousnes  
 To fright us from our selves, & more to try  
 (us  
 Each Shaddow's like an Evil Aingell by us  
 Now y<sup>e</sup> our Better's going: sot 'begetts  
 A Time of darknes when our day light setts  
 Such will beshade all heer by Her remove  
 (Princes of Frenship, Quintessence of  
 (Love)  
 Wher left as t'wer in Vassellage (noe  
 (less)  
 To Forrest Beasts & to their wildernes  
 W<sup>th</sup> Hob & his Compagnons Puck y<sup>e</sup> Mare  
 Such Goblins as our Sence deluders are  
 And play their Reaks w<sup>th</sup> mortalls whilst  
 (y<sup>e</sup> sky



We not this difference reconcile  
 And Iubelise y\* same  
 Unto affections sacred name  
 Count Fivety years but one  
 And y<sup>t</sup> a month, a week, a Day & none  
 Til you return to leav's noe more alone

-----

For brooks y<sup>t</sup> swell we see  
 Severd by Iles  
 For very many miles  
 Yet met again  
 Maintain  
 The usuall Current Liberty  
 And Circling embrace  
 The frutefull medow w<sup>th</sup> more grace  
 The t'other Element  
 How ever seperated in its ascent  
 Unites & becomes one ith' Firmament

-----

Soe let w<sup>t</sup> will betide us in our course  
 Love's sayd to guather strength by short  
 {divorce

And all I wish our parting prove noe worse

---

{manuscript page 119}

In Obitū & transportationē per wainfford Corporis

Amicissimi mei Gul: Armin Baronetti &c: 119

Ad viatorem

may-8-1651

Englisht thus

---

What ist thou wonderst at soe much? to see

A Triumph clad all in one Livery?

And whilst Dame Flora natures Law obeys

In painting out her bounty sevrall wayes

To add unto y<sup>e</sup> Meade & Guardens prayse

How com'st about

Ther thus should march soe Black a mourning rout?

Tis a true Funerall prepar'd alone

For Greef to set out Sorrowes action

Wher in y<sup>e</sup> last farewell & service due

From Frend to Frend to testefy y<sup>e</sup> true

And former Loves noe Ceremonies have

More waight than those attend thē to y<sup>e</sup> Grave  
 Now who in Frennd ship ever did out vie  
 Our Armin heer? whose great Civility  
 To all he knew, (matcht w<sup>th</sup> a studious care  
 To be his Cuntry's too Advantager  
 For w<sup>th</sup> He's born; til Envious Fates by stelth  
 Would neither spare Him us nor th' Commonwelth  
 Soe dide He: Leavuing this behind y<sup>t</sup> as  
 Th' Example of his frendship did surpass  
 Soe Greefs occation seldom greater was.

---

{manuscript page 120}

120

To Phil: Wood \_\_\_ at London.

Ode:

Time hath its Seasons. Soe hath Love  
 For evry absence or remove  
 Friends from each other make  
 I take  
 To be y<sup>e</sup> winter Tropick wherin Dayes  
 In Frennd-ships Zodiack shortned severall  
 {wayes

These future Comforts raise  
 That by return they'l bring  
 The happy tidings of a ioyfull Spring

-----

The wool-pack Clouds of Fleesy snow  
 That threaten us a Storm below  
 And Blanketings to cover  
 All over  
 The Damask of y<sup>e</sup> meads And fields soe green  
 Til neither pass, nor flour, nor blade be  
 (seen  
 What doe they other mean?  
 Than y<sup>t</sup> when once blown ore  
 The fragrancies by much will seem y<sup>e</sup> more

-----

I cannot tel (my Phill) when we  
 Broak ofe our Late society  
 And Burley emptied was  
 A-Las  
 But y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> months all backward seemd to stray  
 The weather Lowrd & night prevailld ore day  
 Contentment to betray  
 Yet let a word or Letter

Signe a returne we shall be pleased better

-----

Then w<sup>t</sup> remaines of us as yet

Condemnd to winters stormy wet

Under deprivements skoar

Noe more

Of Iune or Iulies summer feel I swear

Than Those w<sup>th</sup>in y<sup>e</sup> Artike Circle, wher--

They'r frended w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Bear

Unless some quick reprove

Huisher us hopes of Heat to make us live

-----

{manuscript page 121}

121

To y<sup>e</sup> same after return upon

receipt of a second token of Toba.

Whilst I desier y<sup>e</sup> frendships

{understood

Phil: I protest I'm in a wood

How all somere



Not in Dodonas grove . though thence

{may be

That might present in Trees a Spher

W<sup>th</sup> interwoven leas

Extracted sylvane sympathy.

Nor in those shades our Forrests yet

{retain

To keep their guests from Being

{slain

For I am soe & more since thy kind hart

Doth stil fresh curtesies impart

Well then as from y<sup>e</sup> root of love

{those spring

Lend me one branch or bough for

{covering.

---

## Rosseus Vaticinus

r-

8: 1659

## Englisht

Fear wayts on those who doe Loves stings approve

Time swallows All things, let's then yeild to

(Love

Shall my Ears tingle stil & n'ere reply

O<ugh>!f't! did y\* chough proclayme my Desteny

Fro 'th' hollow willow y' at Home I had

A father kind but wife was very bad

I married am & doe bemone my Fates

Yet Comfort 'til I 'have some Assotiates.

{manuscript page 122}

122                   Ad Hor: Tonn: & tho: Cre: in Connen: Parl:  
1656.                   asiste: recusantes etsi à Patria Elect?

P\_

R\_

O\_

T\_

E\_

C\_

T\_

O\_

R\_

{manuscript page 123}

123

Praerarcatio quaeda

Quest:°           An Peccatū sit foeminini generis nentrius

Resp:°           Foemini etsi comūniter nentrius habeatur

sic probō

{manuscript page 124}

124

The Ivy - twine

Uinamus mea

Lesbia &c:

Come my Cordelia let's not Leese  
 The frutes of youthfull passages  
 Time is a Theef & steals away  
 The Blessings y<sup>t</sup> befrend each day  
 And Like a rank-wingd hawke in flight  
 Trusses y<sup>e</sup> pastimes of y<sup>e</sup> night  
 Soe y<sup>t</sup> what's past is past recall  
 And what's to come coniecturall  
 It is y<sup>e</sup> present tence alone  
 Guives life to true fruition  
  
 Graunt we may spend y<sup>e</sup> lighter howers  
 And make y<sup>e</sup> day Platonick ours  
 Wee'l find y<sup>e</sup> Night in darkned skies  
 T'sute better w:<sup>th</sup> Loves misteries  
 When in a soft embrace we meet  
 And crown all stollen pleasure sweet  
  
 Then we may sport & toy & play  
 Free from what scandelous censorings

(say

For curtains drawn, y<sup>e</sup> valence will  
 Be silent, nor detect for ill  
 What is well meant: Let's banish fear  
 Since sheets & Blankets have noe ears  
 Nor can y<sup>e</sup> frame or Bed-cords speak  
 Unless by whispering a creak  
 Which can noe other signefy  
 But y<sup>e</sup> those live who theron lie  
 And active bring all parts to ioygne  
 In consort w<sup>th</sup> this Ivy-twine  
 Far sweeter than y<sup>e</sup> Eglantine.

---

(manuscript page 125)

125

Upon y<sup>e</sup> Castle in y<sup>e</sup> Ayer  
 & Bower of Bliss to Phi: Woo<sup>d</sup>:

---

Whilst some delight  
 In warrs to fight  
 And make y<sup>e</sup> Camp their cheefest

{care

Others ther are

Shun Discords Iarr

Soe build their Castles in y<sup>e</sup>

{ayre

-----

Ther be Likewise

Who to devise

More freedom on Contentments

{skoar

A Bowre of Bliss

Create w<sup>ch</sup> is

Severd by waters from y<sup>e</sup> shore

-----

Heer harmless merth

Skearce known on Earth

Is dealt from evry whiter sowle

And mutuall Love

Doth gently move

Without a whirlwind of controwle

-----

Ther freedome true

Like to y<sup>e</sup> view

Or prospect y<sup>e</sup> fayre fields

{discovers

Yeilds noe consent

To Ambushment

Or circumvention of Lovers

-----

Who y<sup>e</sup> had these

Would cross y<sup>e</sup> seas

And seek content in forraign

{parts

Or range & rome

Fro house & home

To practise Marses bloody arts

(\*Flint)

\* -----

Fill me a glass

Then let it pass

Til evry Lip hath done y<sup>e</sup> same

In silent stelth

Of frends & helth

Performd alike & w<sup>th</sup>out name

-----

This done we'l part

Though not in hart

Stil placing hopes above despaier

And will be well

And we may dwell

In Bowres & Castles in y<sup>e</sup> Ayre

---

(manuscript page 126--*left side*)

126

sonnet

Some for their sport

To woods resort

Wher Kenneld lies y<sup>e</sup> wily fox

Others delight

I th' moonshine night

To boult y<sup>e</sup> Cunny, sack y<sup>e</sup> brocks

---

Some say y<sup>e</sup> fields

More pass-time yeilds

In following watt y<sup>e</sup> dies for fear



And ther's again

A stoick train

Place all content in a Carear

-----

But all such err

I dare averr

And doe their minds w<sup>th</sup> froth confound

For ther's noe chase

But must guive place

Unto y<sup>e</sup> Race on Stanford doun

-----

Wher Cripple lies

And Iack-straw flies

And Marigould amongst y<sup>e</sup> rest

W<sup>th</sup> Cooper matcht

Is soon dispatcht

For y<sup>t</sup> horse wins y<sup>t</sup> runs y<sup>e</sup> best

-----

Ther Logger-head

Must not be sayd

To measure out in vayne y<sup>e</sup> course

Since he's to start

W<sup>th</sup> one of Art  
 A Cambridg Academick horse

-----

'Sides a bald steed  
 Ther is indeed  
 Cost half a hundred & more  
 Suted to dance  
 As well as prance  
 Wearing white pumps on his feet 4.

-----

But

(manuscript page 126--*right side*)

But he is yet  
 For training sett  
 And soe but looks upon y<sup>e</sup> game  
 As I suppose  
 Least he should lose  
 Soe rob Pick-pocket of his name

-----

These met together

Wind & weather

Lo<sup>r</sup>: & La<sup>r</sup>: all agreing

Noe recreation

To Conversation

W<sup>ch</sup> crowns y<sup>t</sup> Life elsewere but

(being

-----

Poor sorrel's beat

Soe we retreat

Yet thus our future hopes display

Since Holl's of age

It doth presage

That Westmorland will win his day

-----

Y<sup>e</sup> second part to y<sup>e</sup> same

tune.

-----

This may suffize

But when y<sup>e</sup> prise

Or cup is to be run for then

I'd have none heer

Soe voyd of fear

As not to yeild to Lincoln men

-----

We are but maiors at y<sup>e</sup> sport

But whe those blades to it rise

Each is a Collonell

And hath y<sup>e</sup> speed as I suppose

And heeles in swallow of all those

That cannot drink soe well

-----

Some doe little lap endure

They yeild & pay a forfeiture

Rather than leese their ma[in?]

Nor can y<sup>e</sup> horse however quick

Run out his course when he is fit

Although of Fennick strain

-----

ther

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127

Ther is a Brother of y<sup>e</sup> Nett  
 Were He put in Iiudg would get  
     The plate from any other  
 For He noe sooner starts &'s up  
 But he must have his chirping cup

His cares to drownd & smother

-----

Then rise up Peg & waygh thy Ale  
 Was bread last night soe is not  
                                     {stale

The word S<sup>t</sup> George is guiven  
 They come apowder & amain  
 Now S<sup>t</sup> Ihon has't now Bob. again  
     To make thy Lodg their hevon

-----

Ther Bully Watt swears he will meet  
 And iudg w<sup>ch</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> two's more fleet  
     For He's a locky right  
 Til they have all y<sup>e</sup> Ale\_stoops

(past

And now retir'd to th' Chimny at last

Sit nodding o're a pipe.

---



---

Upon Buck:▪ & his Duchs: Visiting Apth:& stay ther

(fro 9<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> til y<sup>e</sup> 28<sup>th</sup>)

These &lt;ten whol&gt; seven! dayes I last did pass

Appeer a week of wonders

apthorpe

Wherin was left nor Cup nor glass

Of ale or wine for Plunders

-----

Skearce any meat to fill y<sup>e</sup> Mawe

But All was clean devowred

As if by new prescriptions lawe

My spits were to be scowred

-----

A Noble Duke and's Duches bright

En passant came a pransing

Until they turnd y<sup>e</sup> Day to night

And night to day in Dancing

-----

God bless me from such Guests again

Whose Modestie's a pleasure

That house & home I may maintain

In Comfort more & Leisure

-----

That wine & Ale again may fill

My sellers & my Diet

Servd up in proper howers stil

To ratefy my quiet

-----

My wood yard too not disposest

Of w<sup>t</sup> should keep me warme

Fore w<sup>th</sup> new loggs I reinvest

To shend from winters storme

-----

Thus if, my Friends befrend I'll say

Their All most walcome come

Else Charety goes out o'th way

W<sup>ch</sup> ought begin at home -----

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128

Friendships Salamander to x.x.x.

-----

Whilst all y<sup>e</sup> world is on a flame

And each bethinkes him wher to wander

True Friendship should remain y<sup>e</sup> same

Turn Nature into Salamander

And from those fiers of Spleen & hate

Grow fatt & more incorporate

-----

Thus my good Lo: wher Friends once are

Knit in affections bond together



Noe hot alarum from y<sup>e</sup> warr

Should be of power to startle either

But by how much such discords rise

The more t' make Neighbours Sympothise

---

Arrowes soon break when they unquiver

For strength unite is of more force

When smaller streams meet in a river

Then add they glory to their source

And not before whilst bankes of moss

Their liquid Intervenings cross

---

Such lealosies & fears appeer

Stil whispring some disastrous fate

To make a man his shadow t' fear

And deem misfortune at y<sup>e</sup> gate

When nothing can y<sup>e</sup> soule offend

Is constant to himself & frend

---

T' was when y<sup>e</sup> blustering storms awoke

Not blest beneath a sunshine skye

The Travler lapt him in his cloak

For t' other had causd him t' throw it bye

Soe t'is Afflictions prize alone  
 To siment faster Union

---

Then though y\* thundring Canons roar  
 The Trumpetts sound & Coulers fly--  
 I am stil wher I was before  
 Much more in love w<sup>th</sup> amity  
 Whose Trophy I would raise as soon  
 As others horse doe & Dragoon

---

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129

Hor\_ L.3:           In funestū septembris diem tertiū  
 ode\_ 28:           Ubi Scotorum Rex cūsuis were put 1651:  
                     to y\* worster

---

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130

Ad Amiciss Ed: Harl:

Cura facit canos\_\_&c:

Ode:

Levius fit patientia

7°. 7°

1651

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131

In Effigiem Oliverÿ Cromwell

Ducis Plebci Exercitus

Generalis nuqur excusā &:

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132

Ad Protectorem \_\_\_ Ian \_\_ 30 \_\_\_ 1653.

Brave Captain though thine honor gaind increase  
 By war let all concluded be in peace  
 T'is commendable after Pallas spear  
 Had brandisht been Her Olive branch to wear  
 For being Protector & anoynted thence  
 All suppling lenatives He should dispence  
 Unto y<sup>e</sup> People; make y<sup>e</sup> sword to bend  
 Into a sickle, th'Helmet to defend  
 Hive like y<sup>e</sup> laboring Bee; if this He'l doe  
 I'le say He shall be my Protector too.

---

Upon y<sup>e</sup> death of my Good nag: Fox

The Fox is dead, if subtilty w<sup>th</sup> him  
 Interrd t'wer happy & a Sanadrim  
 Of well composd conceptions to apply  
 The Happy fate of this sad desteny  
 Then would ther be noe more Plotts to controwle  
 Our Enterprises whither in bush or hole  
 Launds or their Circumvalls, but all agree  
 The fox is dead, henceforth wee'l sober be

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133

An Epigra upon His Highnes entertainment  
in y<sup>e</sup> Citty translated

Let all rude Triumphs seace of Cesars Roome  
A new Star shines, a better Cesars come  
And Greater too, whilst thus He shuns y<sup>e</sup> same  
<Bid> Leaves Others t'snatch at Crowns, He'l only Fame  
T's enough t'have power: & if presage speaks right  
This other Cesar may Rooms Gods afright  
Heer fall my Lot Thy Capitalls t'Ascend  
And bring Thy neck to Brittish yoak to bend  
That soe't may tame y<sup>e</sup> triple Tirants rod  
And strike a fear into y<sup>e</sup> three-crownd God  
Thou Brittish Queen let thy advance increase  
Now Cromwell favours & guives lawes to th'Seas  
Call out y<sup>e</sup> Blew Gods, Let y<sup>e</sup> Naydes agree  
All heer to bring their Consort Thains to Thee  
And Thou New Troy minting thy Forme a new  
Weave Garlands for soe Great a Princes due  
He who soe many Crowns despisd, seeks you  
The harts of men, nothing of stage or shew

He brings his own bayes, broaken scepters yeild  
That Liberty He guave might take y<sup>e</sup> feild

Now are yea first made Cittizens, time past  
Were servants unto Kings; learn this at last  
To yeild to th'reigne of those whose power who skans  
Shall find them but y<sup>r</sup> fellow Cittizens

The Conquring souldier's deaf but yet He knows  
How to change armes int'Lawes & making showes

And thence puts on y<sup>e</sup> Gowne, soe w<sup>t</sup> of late

A Chaos lay a new world will Create

Forthw<sup>th</sup> all things as at y<sup>e</sup> first you'l see

And Plato shall my Great Apollo be

Let his year bring about y<sup>e</sup> goulden age

Of Saturne's reigne whilst sol treads heavens stage.

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134

Ad Phœbum

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135

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136

De Regulo \_\_\_ Martial \_\_\_ L: 1 . Epig: \_\_\_ &2.

Englisht thus

---

This Tarrace turnd to Rubbedge doth express  
 The Trophies of some great unhappines  
 Yet mark w<sup>th</sup> what safe misteries & Charme  
 It fell y<sup>t</sup> Regulus might take noe harme  
 Who lately had been walking ther whose worth

Ore come by: soon, its weaknes it brings forth  
 And after y<sup>t</sup> its Master was gon in  
 To tumble doun it thinks it then noe sin  
 (Regule) after such a scape who dare  
 Deny but y<sup>t</sup> Thou art to th'Gods a care  
 For whose sake soe Great Ruines harmless wear.

---

William Martin

Anag:

A Mart in mi Wil.

---

Pullin & Tompson spare y<sup>r</sup> paines  
 And goe no more to Frankford Mart for books  
 For heer at home He'l find more gains  
 Who on my Persian Travailer but looks  
 The Vatican & Bodlies leavs  
 Fade & strike sayle when His Voluminous lungs  
 But utter w<sup>t</sup> His hart conceives  
 Out of his study in y<sup>e</sup> Eastern Tongues  
 If Any be more Curious stil  
 Tel them they'l find a Mart heer in mi Wil.



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137

In Natalem Domini \_\_\_\_ Ann° \_\_ 1651  
ad Carnem superbiente

---

In Actum Oblivionis

Sine Gratiae \_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_ (Veritas Odium parit\_\_ Hor: to Nol: Febr: 1654

Since Truth breeds Hate Thou must not tak't amiss  
I love Thee Nol: in whom soe little is  
For should I say I hate Thee, y' revers't  
Might get more Truth than's fit to be reherst  
But whither I Thee love or Hate, 'tis true  
Thy Cake is Dowe & soe thou mayst goe Brew  
For having pleasd all states alike They cry  
Thou art a Villain; y'' noe flattery  
But, w' they think, Fayth confer them & fling

Away thy weapons huisher in y• King.

---

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138

A Dialogue between a Hunting Swayn &  
a Sheparden weeping y• Loss of Pan.

Hunt: Fair Sheparden why dost thou weep

Since ther's an end of winters could

The Season now invites thy sheep

To blanch y• Mountaines, quit their Fould

Shep: O tis too sad for to be tould.

Hunt: Make me acquainted w<sup>th</sup> y• cause

Of this distemper, & I'le Vowe

To tear out of y• fell wolfs iawes

W.' s'ever Lamb h'hath tain from you

Shep: This might proov Iest, wer't not too true.

Hunt: Yet cause thy greef speaks thus in tears

Torture me not w<sup>th</sup> long delay  
 But tel, soe rid me of those Fears  
 O're all affections now bear sway

Shep: Why then in short, thus I obey

Ther was a time when our Great Pan  
 And Flocks Protector kept these plains  
 Making them like th'Arcadian  
 Wher all Security stil reignes

Hunt: Let me partake of what remaines.

Shep: You shall: ther stept out of a wood  
 (As they were Mad) of Giants race  
 Who envjng our Kidds y<sup>t</sup> good  
 Chas't all protection from this place

Hunt: That was a sad & dismall case.

Shep: Thus ever since we open lie  
 To w<sup>t</sup> blast y<sup>e</sup> intemperat wind  
 Can threaten towards our misery  
 Afflicting us in Corps & mind

Hunt: How could y<sup>e</sup> Fates prove soe unkind?

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139

Shep: Only for this, as I suppose

Our offerings did displeas y\* Gods  
 Who in their anger did impose  
 For our Correction these rods

Hunt: T'was soe t'ws soe w<sup>th</sup>out all ods

Then for to dry thy Tear-drownd-eyes  
 I shall advise for time to come  
 We offer better Sacrefize  
 To bring our Pan back to us home

Shep: That should pleas all, but will not some

Wherefore I'le crave thy hunting art  
 To tuft y\* thicks & find those out  
 Who thus have caud my Lambs to smart  
 That they may safer feed about

Hunt: These are but foxes w<sup>th</sup>out doubt

But were they wolv's though clad like Sheep  
 Lions in Lamb-skins to beguile

I'le not dispair, nor think of sleep  
 Til I this diffrence reconcile  
 Provide y<sup>e</sup> Hevns subscribe y<sup>e</sup> while

Shep: Thanks noble Swain my greefs Alay  
 That buried hast in hopes my sorrow  
 All happines attend thy way  
 And cause us t'meet again tomorrow  
 The rest let expectation borrow.

---

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140

A Sonnet Pastorall  
 between Coridon & Phillis.

---

Corid: Phillis fayr, & why soe Coy?  
 Doth y<sup>e</sup> wingd & spightfull Boy  
 Soe contrive His cunning Art  
 To make Thy Comelines, my smart?  
 Or is it thus? must Thou become

Chief Glory of my martirdome?

---

Phill:• Noe (fond youth) be not unkind  
 To thy self, since Cupid's blind  
 And endeavours main & might  
 For to bereav us of our sight

Until we groap as in y• darke  
 Th'out other light 'save from His spark\_

---

Both in If it be soe, then let's be wise  
 Chorus Nor farther prise  
 Those misteries  
 Presented only to y• eyes  
 When 'tis y• hart  
 That must impart  
 Those sacred fires  
 Of chast desires  
 And thus agreed in one  
 Phillis again may like her Coridon.

---

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141

Two Seafaring men invoak y<sup>e</sup> springs return

---

2:           How doe y<sup>e</sup> winds  
               Torment our minds  
               And storms stil rise  
               And Tempests rage  
               The foggy vapours mist y<sup>e</sup> skies  
               Tel me what is't can this asswage?

---

              Arise & bring  
 To us <Again> our Spring  
               Great Phosphorus  
               And assure us  
               That those Damps are soe propostrous  
               Shall guive way to Yong Arturus

---

Both:       Then we again  
               Shall on y<sup>e</sup> main  
               Ride happily

As erst before  
 When as our Polestar we espye  
 To guide our Barkes unto y<sup>e</sup> shore

---

Til when through dout  
 We'l not put out  
 Least evry Tack  
 Should threaten knocks  
 And soe at last we prove a wrack  
 And split upon presumptions Rocks

---

To my Lo: of Portland for a nights Lodging  
 at his house in wittlesey as I past for  
 (Norfolk  
 y<sup>e</sup> 20:<sup>th</sup> of August 1661 in whose  
 (absence  
 I was freely entertained by his  
 (servant Cole.

In Time of Owld when smiling Fate  
 Crownd this or That Day more Fortunate  
 The Custom was to Skoar it on  
 W<sup>th</sup> better marke from whiter ston



Instead of w<sup>ch</sup> Least I pass bye  
 My happy Luck's Conveniency  
 None other than a Cole I'll Use  
 To help my Pen & Prompt my Muse  
 In rendring Thanks & Prayses due  
 Unto y<sup>r</sup> Servant House & You \_\_

W

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142

A Pepper-corn or small rent sent to my Lo:  
 Campden for y<sup>r</sup> Loan of his house at Kensington  
 9 Februar; 1652

Ingratetude's y<sup>r</sup> worst of ill  
 Wherefore I shall not dip my quill  
 In its Black Inke, but timely owne  
 Your fayring Obligation  
 That w<sup>th</sup> such Freedom now have Lent  
 Me this y<sup>r</sup> Princely Tenement:  
 Wherin I may survaigh at ease  
 What Travailleurs by Land & Seas  
 With toyle & trouble seek to gain

Although at home I stil remain.  
 Campden y<sup>t</sup> wrot his Cuntries praise  
 Most worthily deserves y<sup>e</sup> Bayes  
 But Friendship must Intitle you  
 To y<sup>e</sup> true Laurell as y<sup>e</sup> due  
 Who have not only plac't me heer  
 But makes me Emulate y<sup>e</sup> Sphere  
 Become Compagnion w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Sun  
 Soe round about y<sup>e</sup> Gloab to run  
 In sevrall Pictures y<sup>t</sup> declare  
 How it is framed Circular.

Nothing w<sup>th</sup>in its Compass falls  
 But either on y<sup>e</sup> Stayrs or walls  
 Hang Trophe-like to represent  
 The figure of each Continent  
 That one may freely say or swear  
 Drake, Forbisher, All had been ther  
 Who to discovries bent their minds  
 And Courted had, both Seas, & winds  
 Heer larger pleasure on me wayts  
 Than Magelans, found out y<sup>e</sup> strayts  
 Making all Vaine & falce y<sup>e</sup> while  
 I'm reading Sr Ihon Mandevile  
 For These w<sup>th</sup> story more engage  
 Than Purcas in his Pilgrimage

Or what was either sayd or wrot  
 By Sands or by Tom Coriott.

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143

Heer y<sup>e</sup> fowr seasons Mustred are  
 And what's to Each peculiar  
 With evry Nations sevrall dress  
 Suting them to their Provinces  
 Ther Other Land Ships are display  
 Thout Clock y<sup>e</sup> parts of Night & day  
 This Room's defence, are men in Arms  
 That Other's blest w<sup>th</sup> Sybells Charms  
 And y<sup>e</sup> Fam'd Poets did devise  
 Stories of owld now held for lies  
 Adorn y<sup>e</sup> Entry doth invite  
 To th' Place can conquer Appetite  
 And as their Raptures held divine  
 Soe doe they seem to guard y<sup>e</sup> wine  
 That was Ralphs once but now is Mine.  
 Thus evry Corner soe compleat  
 As if each were a Flora's seat  
 Tablets of Potts & Flowers rare  
 Present a Guarden on y<sup>e</sup> Stair

Wher sits Tom Piper whose stil Laves  
 Not to y<sup>e</sup> ear but fancy playes  
 And such a hand & Lute Him by  
 As might y<sup>e</sup> Lesbian out vie  
 Whilst y<sup>e</sup> heads posture speaks as much  
 As keeping time w<sup>th</sup> evry touch  
 Ther for to Netefy y<sup>e</sup> Roome  
 The pretty Mayd Stands w<sup>th</sup> her broome  
 And Sempsteres somewhat above  
 Both shew w<sup>t</sup> postures They approve  
 An Owld nakt Father 'thout a Coole  
 Heer puts Devotian to Schoole  
 Whilst on a Crucefix ther lies  
 Only a Painted Sacrefize  
 A Maudlen too y<sup>t</sup> fain would crye  
 But y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Coulers now are drie  
 Ther farther fetcht soe more admir'd  
 See how a Turkish Bride's attir'd

And

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144

And if it be not held a crime  
 To cherish order in this time  
 Cast but y' eye a little farther  
 And you may see y' of y' Quarter  
 From y' first Infancy & since  
 How it hath come from Prince to Prince  
 ....As Sovrains of It & those Peers  
 Admitted been their Partners\_\_  
 Now ere I have with staircase don  
 A Frier ther doth shrift a( Nunn  
 Or in probation at Least  
 Casts a Sheeps eye & stroaks her brest:  
 Whilst in a ston\_bow One doth shoot  
 The wench houlds up y' he may do't  
 Now y' y' Flesh may not begett  
 A surfet heer's a Fish-market:  
 An Emblem Picture tels you how  
 Owld Age w<sup>th</sup> IB's made a Cow  
 You'd iudg y' Equity's not far  
 Wher's one & t'other Chanceler  
 Yet in a Proverb I was tould  
 Each thing y' Glisters provs not gould:

A Bedchamber 'tis leads from hence  
 T'a Room of State and Audience  
 Wher Roe soe much o'th'world did see  
 Admittance hath & place to be  
 ..... Yet Modestly his Spech forbears  
 (A Vertue Rare in Travailers)  
 So's Embassy's not heard but seen  
 As He presents it 'fore y<sup>e</sup> Queen  
 Yet when my Lo: would silence break  
 Heer is an Organ y<sup>e</sup> can speak  
 Not quite demolisht though some notes  
 Have felt some stops from y<sup>e</sup> red-Coats  
 Whose Drums all Musike else defye  
 Making it silenc't Ministry  
 And such at first began this dance  
 Of Discord & of Variance

A cobby

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145

A Cobby ore This doth express  
 The Labours of Great Hercules

Whilst in an Other Coign a Peece  
 Soe Rarely done to life y<sup>t</sup> Greece  
 Nay all y<sup>e</sup> World, wher Pallas swayes  
 With Art did ne're more Nature rayse  
 Wher two faire Nimphs 'neth sheltring Bowres  
 Seem to delight in picking Flowres  
 And w<sup>th</sup> a smiling Look imply  
 They'd guatherd them for those pass by  
     He would not melt at this fair sight  
     Might worthely turn Ankorite  
     Bury Himself alive, see none  
     But Earth beneath, about Him Ston  
     Which brings me to such Tables as  
     For Curious Marbles all surpass  
     Wherin Art doth y<sup>e</sup> Coulers dress  
     Into Mosaik & Pedri-comess  
     Appropriating to evry ston  
     His wayght of Admiration  
 A Table in y<sup>e</sup> Hall besides  
 That shewes how from one silver glides  
 Ther round about Those Gossips meet  
 Frequent Cheap side & Gratio's street  
 W<sup>th</sup> Cock & Hen, Partridg & Phesant  
 Or other Cates to diet Plesant  
 And though we are not fed therby

These cure y<sup>e</sup> hunger of y<sup>e</sup> eye  
 Whilst All w<sup>th</sup>in dores I comēd  
 I'de not forgett as you ascend  
 Unto this structure to display  
 That Claudian like or Appian way  
 Soe due Proportioned noe Feet  
 That ever Trac't out Wattling-street  
 Of Antient Romans Cost & Pride  
 Fram'd any one more qualefide.  
  
 To shew y<sup>e</sup> Souranty at Gate  
 A Lion & a Lions Mate  
 In silence stand, nor Roar to fear  
 Th'approach of any Passenger  
 Orchards on either side of these  
 Not yeilding to th'Hesperides  
 Gardens & walks y<sup>e</sup> seem to me  
 Bestrewd w<sup>th</sup> Curiosety  
 Whilst Nature's not of Arts help nice  
 But Both conclude it Paradiçe

which



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146

Which y<sup>t</sup> I might soe more beleev  
 Heer's Pictur'd too Adam & eve  
 ...Beasts Birds & Fishes making-one  
 Sampler of y<sup>e</sup> Creation  
 A Wildernes too but in name  
 Less fit for wild things than for tame  
 And for to add to all this Tresure  
 A little Park walld in for pleasure  
 These & a thousand more delights  
 Ravish my sence & Pen y<sup>t</sup> writes  
 And would (as t'wer) bewitch & bring  
 Me 'thin a Circle & a Ring  
 Not to depart but heer to dwell  
 Enchanted through such Magick Spell  
 Such stately Mausolean flore  
 Tarassed & Ballkoned ore  
 W<sup>th</sup> Pergola's claims wonder  
 Whilst to Each Guarden ther lies under  
 Grottos & Pavements y<sup>t</sup> discover  
 Happy Retirements for y<sup>e</sup> Lover  
 His fires in Secret to express  
 Unto his backward Misteress

....All y<sup>ts</sup> ascribd to Fortunes wheel  
 In reference to our weak keele  
 Disciferd is w<sup>th</sup> curious art  
 And y<sup>e</sup> Nine sisters sevrall part  
 Yet ere I can conclude this story  
 A virgin hand adds soe much Glory  
 To all y<sup>e</sup> rest in Liming touch  
 Apelles skearce could doe soe much  
 In my opignion t'doth out goe  
 Rubin & Michel-Angelo  
 These Traits & Lineaments are truer  
 Than Van-Dike drew or Albert-Dure  
 And Gelthrop (alas) is Poorer  
 Fitter to hang than draw before her  
 Only my fears increase in this  
 Least Pallas should take it amiss  
 To see Her self too overcome  
 Soe dam Her to Arachnes doom.  
  
 Now as a Merchant Factor that  
 Trades to Bantam, Ormus, Surat

Such

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147

.....Such Ports as of Greatst Riches are  
 Makes some return to shew his care  
 Soe heer my Lo: think it noe skorn  
 I send you this poor Pepper-corn  
 Leases are held soe & doe bind  
 Cheefly when service rests behind  
 And y<sup>t</sup> you may of this be suer  
 None shall obey & serve you truer  
 Than  
 W.

---

Wrot y<sup>e</sup> 5<sup>t</sup> of November 1657.

Sonnet

---

This fiv't of November  
 As some may remember  
 Our Church & our state  
 Was neer a sad Fate

And should have been blown up w<sup>th</sup> Powder  
 But God did prevent  
 That wicked intent  
     Discoverd y<sup>e</sup> Plot  
     Sent y<sup>e</sup> Traytors to th' Pot  
     Yet since we feel y<sup>t</sup> speaketh Lowder  
 Now by Civil Iarrs  
 Our Peace turnd to wars  
     The Lawes in a word  
     Struck dumb w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> sword  
     What - Misery then is ensuing?  
 The King & his Throne  
 With Kingdome are gon  
     And Common-welth come  
     To rule in their roome  
     And is not this a good brewing?  
 Noll w<sup>th</sup> his frend Pride  
 And others beside  
     The matters soe spun  
     That All are undon  
     But of their Own Occupation  
 For now we have heer  
 Nor Prelate nor Peer  
     Yet Parlement summon  
     To see what will come on



Causd first our ruine, & y<sup>t</sup> Rib to bear  
 Our Cure by whose advice we wounded were  
 Soe for to Close y<sup>e</sup> broaken flesh again  
 Heer was disclosd a medson soverain  
 An Oyle y<sup>t</sup> from a Virgin Taper might  
 Add remedy to th' Scorpions deadly bite  
 Save all but such as wantonly despise  
 The hidden vertue of Fayths Misteries  
 Guided by outward sence, & such w<sup>th</sup> shame  
 For vessells of dishonor I proclaime  
 Incurable; Then y<sup>t</sup> we shun their Fate  
 Let us not scruple to Comemorate  
 Though not Adore y<sup>e</sup> Blessed Mary's womb  
 Opend to shut our everlasting Toomb.

---

(manuscript page 149)

149

Upon an Eclips of y<sup>e</sup> Sun y<sup>e</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> of march--1652  
 Voyced by Prognosticators to turn Day into  
 night almost y<sup>e</sup> moon soe obscuring his  
 beams yet found nothing soe.

---

Mark how each Apprehentions on y<sup>e</sup> rack  
 Looking to see a Sun-Shine Day turn black  
 W<sup>th</sup>out any other inquisitian  
 Than that o'th' moones interpositian  
 Soe Natural as y<sup>t</sup> it iustly falls  
 To Christen such behoulders Naturalls  
 Who 'Cause Lucina's in y<sup>e</sup> story read  
 Would fancy something to be brought a-bed  
 And soe heer t'was for all run out o'th' house  
 To see a Mountain propagate a mouse  
 A wonder in Expectance, shrunk soe small  
 As y<sup>t</sup> it prov'd noe wonderment at all  
 And yet y<sup>e</sup> Timerous Sex noe peace admits  
 Until it on this subiect forfait witts  
 Start out of bed as if mare-rid & then  
 Though fast asleep rise, walk & talk agen  
     Doe not Astrologers mistake & err  
     Or is't stil March, not rather Midsummer?  
     Soe many moon\_led fancies roam & stray  
     After Eclips & to find Night- by Day  
 Thus have I observd a new start Hare to skip  
 Out of her forme devoyd of foot man ship  
 (Through fear at first benumd) but softly goe  
 Yeilding approaches to her yelping foe  
 W<sup>th</sup> one ear up y<sup>e</sup> other closs down layd

Telling y\* furlong how she was afrayd  
 As heer & ther woemen amazed run  
 To view y\* Late irradiated sun  
 Soe they supposd 't'would be but look how farr  
 These were deceived by y\* Kallender  
 Expecting Midnight, when it prov'd noe other  
 Than Cinthias fayer dessigne to kiss her  
 {Brother.

{manuscript page 150}

150

Unus ex Nobilibus Iunioribus  
 A Persei Prologus      a Nobilibus Minoribus  
 Gradu sine Dignitate  
 Nuperrime viz: 25 Mar: 1652  
 privatus sic cecinit.

---

{manuscript page 150--gloss}

(1) ex hientia poetica ut

caballino



- (2) now s[k]lears a Gentlema  
 then strait a Knight  
 or Lord\_\_
- (3) Oxford wher was  
 a comencement of  
 these new honers
- (4) out of anger & spight  
 for loss of mony &  
 degree too.
- (5) The new states:
- (6) He brings in his  
 pattent, strikes sayle
- (7) Vertue true nobility
- (8) The sword comands
- (9) The smock whets wit
- (10) Ther is a wayward  
 uncooth & scurvy  
 Ambition even in  
 our S:<sup>ts</sup> Themselves
- (11) Clowns chang roabs  
 w<sup>th</sup> Princes & Vilains  
 y<sup>t</sup> prevail are noble  
 ones tuning their  
 straines through  
 Hipocresy to y<sup>e</sup>

imitation of Hearty ayres.

---

Upon a blessed shower from he!a!ven  
 after a drowth

---

When y\* eternall hand of love  
 Opens it self above  
 In any showre of temprall good  
 What should be understood  
 But scripture thence  
 Of true Obedience. --  
 And y<sup>t</sup> vild Clay  
 Should Powres Obey  
 And in a thankfullnes for what is guiven  
 Exalt y\* Doners prayse, look up to heaven

---

{manuscript page 151}

151

Corporis Anima Tutela \_\_\_ 1652:

As two great fleets of potent neighbours strive  
 Whither shall win y<sup>e</sup> Seas prerogative  
 Affections move in man & would controwle  
 The active pow<sup>e</sup>'rs of Body & Soule  
 Heer y<sup>e</sup> fond worlds <allu--> allurements doe  
{invite
 To waygh, hoyse sale, & follow appetite  
 Ther w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> glass of promise we descry  
 The various perills of its flattery  
 And fearing shipwrack wher such dainger's layd  
 Conclude y<sup>e</sup> body safe when Soule's imbayd

---

Upon my Sonn Charles return

Mereworth                      fro his first 2.years travailes  
 April 20:                              in Holland Fland: &  
{Brabat.
 1654.

Doe y<sup>e</sup> fresh streams pay tribute to y<sup>e</sup> Seas  
 And glad y<sup>e</sup> green Meads in their passages  
 Doth heavns dew cause y<sup>e</sup> grass & flowrs appeer  
 In thankfullnes to th' season of y<sup>e</sup> year  
 And evry Plant its livery blossoms bring  
 To wayt upon their Shrief this forward Spring  
 And doth y<sup>e</sup> clumsy winter stil remain  
 Over my Inke & fancy Souerain  
 Locking up both; when as my sonns return  
 Should all unfreeze my hart & make it burne  
 In gratitude for incense to y<sup>e</sup> Throne  
 Afforded had soe great protection  
 Thither I'le fly then humble & confess  
 The mercy y<sup>e</sup> vouchsafes this happines  
 And though I have nor Kid nor Lamb to kill  
 Make him my Isack off'r him to God still.

---

{manuscript page 152}

152

1652

Upon Good Friday

at Aston.

Meet we heer w<sup>th</sup> cares & crosses

Tribulations beside  
 Know we not our Saviour dide  
 And y<sup>t</sup> Sea y<sup>e</sup> Merchant tosses  
 To his Proffits port's y<sup>e</sup> guide  
                   Nothing of gain  
                   But's mixt w<sup>th</sup> pain  
                   Whilst heer below  
 We all are placed not to reap, but sowe

---

Doe not Captives when released  
                   Cherish Liberty y<sup>e</sup> more  
                   For th'condition went before  
 Ought not our Ioyes t'be increased  
                   On our blessed Masters skoar  
                                   Who sufferd thus  
                                   To ransome us  
                                   And set us free  
 Who were enchained to sins slavery

---

Mark but a Prisner at y<sup>e</sup> barr  
                   When cast & condemnd to death  
                   He spares noe cost, noe frends noe  
   (breath  
 But doth importune neer & farr

Till a reprove he gotten hath  
 Heer t'was his will  
 All to fullfill  
 And to procure  
 Our Pardon did himself y<sup>e</sup> paynes endure

---

Let us noe more besotted then  
 Cark & beat our braines in vayn  
 Crouching under evry payne  
 W<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> meer worldly sort of men  
 As if Glory all were slain  
 When over Hell --  
 The conquest fell  
 Sin & y<sup>e</sup> grave  
 He vanquished, was lost awhile to save.

---

(manuscript page 153)

153

In Pascam 1652

Englisht thus

Triumphant Passover Divine  
 Wheron y\* Lord of light did shine  
 And being raysd dispelld y\* charms  
 Of Darknes vanquishing deaths armes  
     How foolish was y\* peevish Iew  
     To think he could in Toomb subdue  
     Him to whom toombs obeyd & guave  
     Those up again had lien in grave  
 Yet thus allthough he were unknown  
 And made a stranger by his own  
 He did vouchsafe his glorious ray  
 To light y\* Gentiles into Day  
     And soe (night past) let evry one  
     Cast ofe black deeds, put brighter on.

---

{manuscript page 154}

154

At Dover y\* of Iune \_\_ 1652

Stajng 3 dayes for a Passage for  
my sonn & nephew \_\_

Dj maris &  
coeli

God both of Seas & Land

If't be thy will

Command

The winds be stil

Nor quarrel any Longer

Whither y\* wave or they should seem y\*

{stronger

-----

For Heer we lie embay'd

And full of doubt

Afrayd

To venture out

Whilst y\* fresh Gales maintain

A Tempest to disturb y\* Liquid plain

-----



Lay Thy great power upon  
 What's in thy fist  
 That none  
 Of These resist  
 Thy mandate but appeer  
 Benign to Us & Evry Travailler

---

W<sup>ch</sup> though we cannot sue  
 Nor yet plead for  
 As due  
 Thy Grace is more  
 When it's Layd out to bless  
 With favour Those are in y<sup>e</sup> most distress

---

{manuscript page 155}

155

Ad T.T. post longū Literarum

internallum

Hor\_L\_1: Ode\_31: In Temporis Istius Discordiam

{manuscript page 156}

146

To y<sup>e</sup> Suns accosting our Troppick &  
 huishering in y<sup>e</sup> Spring \_\_ Apri: 19 \_ 1654

Wellcome wellcome Glorious light  
 That not only conquerst night  
 But putst winter now to flight  
 'Tis thy presence w<sup>th</sup> thy rayes  
 That again ad'st howers to dayes  
 Blessing our Climat sevrall wayes  
 For its Thy auspitious hand  
 Stroaks pregnancy all ore y<sup>e</sup> land  
 That Teeming is at thy comand  
 Soe y<sup>e</sup> silver Dazy's seen  
 To enrich y<sup>e</sup> bank of green  
 W<sup>th</sup> guided Cowslips between  
 Such as nere on Tagus shore  
 Glistring 'wittches, nor such ore  
 From Ind's mines digged; but far more  
 Up-start at y<sup>e</sup> approach Primroses

The chief ingredient to Poses  
 And captivate both eyes & noses  
 Then to redeem this Fate again  
 The purple Violet I'll maintain  
 Sits ore y<sup>e</sup> rest as Soverain  
 Who shall now Ptector be  
 Ore such Treasures Soveranty  
 But O\_liver? O y<sup>e</sup> is He.

---

{manuscript page 157}

157

Ne plus æquò dolendum Amici exitum  
 quoniam \_\_\_\_\_ omnes una manet Nox  
 Et calcarda semel via Lethi Hor:  
 & \_\_\_\_\_ Serius, ocius  
 Sors exitura \_\_\_\_\_

{manuscript page 158}

158

In Gulielmum Sharp Carbonarium

Grumulum arenaceum arantem

iuxta Aphorpiantum Pontem

---

{manuscript page 159-- *left side*}

159

Upon William Sharp a Colliers' ploughing y<sup>e</sup>

Moulhill or sandy bank neer Aphorpe bridg.

---

Sharp witted will to occupy some land

Enterd a Tenant to y<sup>e</sup> sand \_\_

[y] moulhil at y<sup>e</sup> bridg

One would have guest it like y<sup>e</sup> shore

But He did make it bring forth more

by's Colliers priviledg

Wherfore since he proves undertaker

Though't measurd be by foot not Aker

Soe much his labour's blest .

As y<sup>e</sup> a Crop it brings him forth

And of pains taking shews y<sup>e</sup> worth

W<sup>th</sup> payes w<sup>th</sup> interest

He is himself both Plough & Share

Smal husbandry's Great manager

'thout yoak & Cattles Iossel

What from an handfull on y<sup>e</sup> ground

Was first bestowd again he found

increast unto a Bushel

Nor had he need of Barn w<sup>th</sup> bayes

When all y<sup>e</sup> Corn he gets he layes

in some smal payle at best

And then to thresh it doth noe more

Than of his shovel make a flore

his famely to feast

W<sup>ch</sup> doth consist of These 'thout strife

One Dog one Cat Himself & wife

barrend through time & age

Noe full bords to invite a Mouse

Nor any riches in y<sup>e</sup> house

a Theef for to engage

But whilst he doth enjoy y<sup>e</sup> ease

Of a safe life w<sup>ch</sup> best doth pleas

his houshold Deities

Free as y<sup>e</sup> ayre he breaths all care

Of Sequestration & warr

he utterly defies

Soe when y<sup>e</sup> Evning shuts up day

He doth his wearied lims display

upon y<sup>e</sup> bed of sleep

Iudging all Cedar of y<sup>e</sup> hill

In vaine when as light-strawe-thatch will

him dry & warmer keep

He careth not for flower of wheat

Cockle & wild oats are his meat

w<sup>ch</sup> boyled in a pan

Or Pipkin rather, not in folio

Least soe his pottage mock an Olio

Well smackt w<sup>th</sup> Onian

For y<sup>e</sup> next meal 't maybe he'l guather

Sharp nettles or smooth mallowes rather

froth 'comon mead therby

To's neighbour River make a dress

For water when he's in distress

through thirst & very dry.

{manuscript page 159--right side}

(Though poor he doth noe Cattle lack  
For some are crawling on his back

Yet such as noe plough

{tugg

W<sup>ch</sup> w<sup>th</sup> their six feet nimbly pass  
Til at y<sup>e</sup> last They'r turnd to grass

W<sup>th</sup> an Italian shugg)

He hath noe heards of's own but free  
Can others as they straggle see

All ore y<sup>e</sup> fields to

{wander

And wondring all men not consent  
(Whilst Nature, is w<sup>th</sup>less content)

to be their own comander

But prostetuting Theirs alone

Not only to each motion

of news y<sup>e</sup> treads y<sup>e</sup>

{streets

Each covets & therin seems wise

Entitled to all avarice

W<sup>ch</sup> he in noe sort meets

In y<sup>e</sup> meantime he'll not resist

Knowing wherin his good consists





But those lodg'd in suffolk did Cambridg

{confute

And guave them a non plus 'ere it was

{night

-----

The Pegasus steed y' bore y' great fame

Soe pittifull poorly & hobling rides

His sides were well guilded for all's

{thundring name

And Northumberland ran short of Silver

{sides

-----

Ther was such confidence y' he would win

As to y' stoop they were leading him

{out

That all y' house of y' Howards & kin

In betting their pockets disperced

{about

-----

The other as He approached y' post

As meaner far & of Mortall race

Had but some five or six frends at y'

{most

To back him and counsail him t'run

{apace

-----

In a plain sheet & blanket as bad

He was accoutred as if doom'd to lose

When Tother a stall soe victorious had

As silver could make bespangled w<sup>th</sup>

{Oes

-----

Besides y<sup>e</sup> fayer hands his ribbons tide

{on

Was enough to discourage y<sup>e</sup> other

{side all

For Bewties charmes we say yeild to none

But win y<sup>e</sup> day wher ere they doe fall

-----

I thought well y<sup>e</sup> wallsingam would not

{have been

'Gainst Norfolk, yet soe it appeered

{he was

And though in such riding he's very well

{seen

They borrowd an other to take y<sup>e</sup>

{disgrace

-----

A fellow cut out for y<sup>e</sup> nonce you would

{say

As if all his gutts into one were spun

Soe lank, had a pudding, but lien in y<sup>e</sup>

{way

Some verely think y<sup>e</sup> that He'd ha won

-----

{manuscript page 161}

161

I will not say to whom he belongs

His Lo: is my frend & soe I forbear

Yet all are acquainted w<sup>th</sup> rimes & w<sup>th</sup>

{songes

Know well they may clinch, not prick

{though come !neer!

-----

One Neighbour I had too y<sup>t</sup> was soe bould  
 Because he had cast a figure or Spell  
 To tel him what's done, he lookt for my  
 {gould

But t'sel out I should prise his  
 {silver aswell

-----

Ther were of Lo:<sup>s</sup> some poor & some Rich  
 Some y<sup>t</sup> drank <ale> !wine! & some  
 {y<sup>t</sup> drank <wine> !Ale!

Yet ere they ran none propheside which  
 Should win before him y<sup>t</sup> came from  
 {Skarsdale

-----

That name raysd a dampe; soe when they  
 {all mett

And making y<sup>e</sup> stakes y<sup>t</sup> bets might  
 {abound

He bravely steps out & guives y<sup>e</sup> onsett

Soe eased his pockets of many a pound

-----

What Care I quoth Iack y<sup>t</sup> Corpulent

{Squier

I never sawe any match but one lost  
And this may perchance draw y<sup>e</sup> Barronet

{higher

Creating him locky to his noe small

{Cost

-----

Soe strikes in a new an other to make

Which is accepted & our side agrees  
To run w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Barb & to double y<sup>e</sup> stake  
And venture two hundred to win or/to

{seese

-----

S<sup>r</sup> Cotten & Soams & y<sup>e</sup> rest y<sup>t</sup> were ther

Our opposites had soe great a defeat  
For wheras they hoped to carry it cleer  
They found those hopes blasted when as

{they were !beat!

-----

The Russels came in their Tounshend to

{back

And ventured for his side to maintain

Besides some of his own name were not

{slack

To throw at y<sup>e</sup> Caster & venture their

{main

-----

Ther was a (Collonell) man of armes

As He himself reported y<sup>e</sup> came

Against us, whose Dice had they had noe

{more charms

Than heer he had luck, his welth had

{been tame

-----

{manuscript page 162}

162

S<sup>r</sup> Ned too y<sup>e</sup> Elder I must not forget

He wanted some Crowns his pockets to

{fill

And soe he came posting from London to

{bet

And yet his pockets were empty stil

-----

Now y<sup>t</sup> record of this course might be

{taken

Honest S<sup>r</sup> Sim: & his Poet were by

But as soon as they found they all were

{mistaken

They quencht their own thirsts but left

{therr quite

----- |dry!

Wherfore least any mistakes by report

Should issue in preiudice of what was

{done

I guave my Pen this freedom to sport

And thus you have all who lost & who

{won

-----

-----

additionall or 2<sup>d</sup> part to y<sup>e</sup>

same tune

Now y<sup>t</sup> I may guive each locky his stile

As they marcht up & doun y<sup>e</sup> toun

Some Reeling out of their ranks into file

When Barly-corn-broth had seised y<sup>e</sup>

(Crown

-----

Owld willson, Owld Soresby, & Owld David

(Heard

Three principall members of y<sup>e</sup>

(cheating raff

Who had rod matches since Adam wore beard

Yet now like yong birdlings were caught

!w<sup>th</sup> chaff!

-----

Whilst Bignall & Desborow aynd at y<sup>e</sup> prise

And started ofe y<sup>e</sup> shoar on a sudden

The first gaind y<sup>e</sup> Dit!c!h in all mens

(eyes

And soe y<sup>e</sup> last came as if post for a

!Pudding!



{manuscript page 163}

163

Tempora mutantur & nos mutamur in illis

{manuscript page 164}

164

In Effigiem Urbani Octavi Papae\_praeteris

Englisht

If Piety to witt be put to schoole

Thou wast y<sup>e</sup> Light wise man & that speaks\_\_\_

---



---

In Effigiem Innocentij Decimi

nunc Papae \_ 1652.

Englisht

Father why Innocent? when most men know

Thy rules at best are th'Churches overthrow  
 For whilst S' Peters Keyes y<sup>e</sup> Heavns unlock  
 Thine shut y<sup>e</sup> passages unto Christs flock  
 Of owld y<sup>e</sup> Tenths were held y<sup>e</sup> Clergies due  
 Soe th'Divel a Clarke may take his Tithe of you.

---

In Rempublicam\_\_1652

Englisht

All's common now since Comonwealths bere sway  
 And warr in Earnest's ;become! Rebels play.

---

{manuscript page 165}

165

In Cardinalem Wol<l>sæum

Englisht

Whilst Laicks glory in descent of Blood  
 Why shoulst not Thou in Titles shine as good  
 Great Clergy Prince? whose Fathers house

{might die

In Crimson grain all His posterety  
 Hence came't about Purple adornd thy head  
 And more to blush Thy Vestments all were red  
 Thus from y<sup>e</sup> Shambles wher much blood doth  
{fall  
 Thou didst become a Tyrant Cardinall.

Turnd to his prayse by a frend

S.D.

In y<sup>e</sup> Popes praise

S.D.

{manuscript page 166}

166

Edwardus quart<sup>s</sup>;

Angliae Rex

Georgius Clarentiae Dux

frater Eduard\_\_4'

Margareta Comitessa

Sarisburiensis

## Regnaldas Polus Cardinalis

{manuscript page 167}

167

In Tho: Cromwellū \_ Card: wolsey primò servus  
 posea Regis Hen: 8. in favorem acceptus ad quam  
 plurimos Honores erectus tandem capite truncatur

{manuscript page 168}

168

In Libellum nuperrimè editum Hagae-comitū  
 cuius titulum Regiÿ sanguinis

1652:

Clamor ad Coelum adversus

Paricidas Anglicanos

-----

(manuscript page 169)

169

In partem Capitis vicesimi primi

8<sup>th</sup>; Mathæi.

Apr: 3<sup>o</sup> - 1653.

When towrds Ierusalem our Saviour went  
 He chose noe state nor Pompous ornament  
 But rather on an Asses coult did ride  
 To cast a more contempt on this worlds pride  
 Yet multitudes their garments spredding Lay  
 And cut doun Palms to streiw them in his way  
 How seasonably was this done when He  
 Dessigned was a speedy Victory  
 The bloody Day approaching w<sup>ch</sup> should tell  
 His <victory> Conquest over Death y<sup>e</sup> Grave  
 (& Hell.

---

Alluded to y<sup>e</sup> K<sup>s</sup>; sufferings by a frend

S.D.

---

{manuscript page 170}

170

In Poemata Maphaei Cardin: Barbarini  
 Postea P.P. sub nomine  
 Urbani Octavi

---

Alluded to C: 1<sup>a</sup> Act: 3<sup>a</sup>

{manuscript page 171}

171

In Diem Passionis Christi: 1654

---

Upon y<sup>t</sup> Noble Owld Captain S<sup>r</sup> Foulk Hunkes  
 his departure this life y<sup>e</sup> 6.<sup>t</sup> of 9<sup>r</sup>--1657.

Epitaph

---

Bred in y<sup>e</sup> schoole of Mars He did appeer  
 As borne too 'neath noe other Star or Sphere  
 Wilding his sword w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> prudentiall care  
 As stil to clayme in Acts of Honer share  
 Yet w<sup>th</sup> reflexion on y<sup>e</sup> Truth & Word  
 As for y<sup>e</sup> Cause alone to drawe y<sup>e</sup> sword  
 Though many wounds receivd He rests content  
 Knowing for Him More pretious blood was spent.

---

{manuscript page 172}

172

Upon suspition of y<sup>e</sup> Gout  
 to Doc<sup>r</sup>: Bowles

---

W<sup>t</sup> pride of humor doth my feet command  
 Y<sup>t</sup> those but now stood, can noe longer  
 (stand.

Soe have I markt some members faile in  
 (drink

But I am free fr<sup>o</sup> Bacchus (as I think)  
 How ere this Comfort stil supports my  
 (shrine

Though all else shrink one member 'Lnot

{decline.

---

br

Upon a Gent: calld F.F. & his Kittling

7-3-1657.

Mark heer w<sup>t</sup> Sympothy is hatcht

She loves to Scratch He to be Scratcht

And 'cause his Fancy to enrich

He would be scratcht wher t'dos not itch

He hath made choyce of this poor best

To signe Reward for evry Iest

Pregnant abroad & in y<sup>e</sup> house

This Kittling (Peace) can catch a Mouse

Soe y<sup>t</sup> Conditions Paralell

Towsing & Mousing both like well

And for to pay a Mistres due

He'l leap & Catch whilst she cries mewe

If a Gib\_cat this Kittling prove

I'le Envy, not upbrayd His love\_\_



{manuscript page 173}

173

Upon y<sup>e</sup> La: Margaret Marchioness of  
Newcastle her Rare Poems new  
come forth\_\_1652.

---

Noe wonder t'wer though Schooles went down  
Now Learning shifts from Goune to Goune  
Whilst Petticoat & Kertle may  
The Banners of y<sup>e</sup> Nine display  
And Atomize w<sup>h</sup> ere y<sup>e</sup> Quill  
Recorded from y<sup>e</sup> Twin\_like Hill  
Make Wit & Fancy soe combine  
In Numbers true & feet to ioygne  
As if all Dance & Musikes art  
Were heer brought in to bear a part  
(For y<sup>e</sup> contrivement I'd averr  
'Twould pussel a Philosopher)  
The Stile, y<sup>e</sup> Method & y<sup>e</sup> Phrase  
Doe haighen soe y<sup>e</sup> Authress prayse  
That I should too Iniurious be  
To cast into such Treasury  
For all y<sup>e</sup> Graces heer are mett

To make a Pearle of Margaret.

---

Upon a Time it did befall  
 Peter was stript to Cloath S<sup>t</sup> Paule  
 And then not many years by gon  
 He's robd again to pay S<sup>t</sup> Ihon  
 The question heer is in a word  
 Whither Opes best y<sup>e</sup> Keys or Sword  
 That whilst it keeps all things in Awe  
 Perforce must guive y<sup>e</sup> Keyes y<sup>e</sup> Lawe  
 Those then as picklocks to our purses  
 Open indulgencies [!m--!] 'gainst Curses  
 If so th'Conclusions pregnant thence  
 Heavn Gates are Opt through Violence.

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174

Qui in Rure venatur Tempora  
 & omnia iure lucratur

Qui in exercitu versatur, Iure vel iniuria  
 (cuncta lucratur.

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175

By a friend in answer to those  
 wrot upon Tho: Cromwell\_\_pag\_\_167.  
 in allusion to O\_ Crom:

---

In Civitā: Lond: <sup>con</sup> ab Illae quae fuerat  
 maximè mutata \_

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176

Die Passionis Christi\_\_1655. \_\_Apri:--14:

Die Resurrectionis\_\_1655. Apr: \_\_ 16.

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177

Palm sund:

Psal: - 91:

Apr: 8\_\_1655

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178

Vida

Anagra:

Diva

Both Creame O'th Poets & of Clergy He

To Whom Cremona was a Bishops See \_\_\_

---

Upon y<sup>e</sup> History of Great Brittan

by Willson \_\_\_

When a great Kings Court doth recorded

{stand

Under a Clark O'th' Kittchens hand

W<sup>h</sup> can y<sup>e</sup> Hungry--Curious think or wish

But for a tast of such a dish

W<sup>h</sup> when they have obtaind & ore it ran

They'L find it tast ill, though

{Welldon

---

But Heer Like to a Second\_\_Courses charme

That guives to Female Appetites Alarme

And Quainter Pallats I'le suppose a mess

Of God witt, Phesant, Quaile, or Partriges

<W<sup>h</sup> when they have obtaind & one>

And though I have not read my Willson ore

The Subject can afford noe less, but more.

---



---

Vida Anag: Diva

---

{manuscript page 179}

179

Responsio

S. D.

---

In Answer

Whilst our Kings Court doth now usurped

{stand

By a Mechanick Bruers hand

What can y<sup>e</sup> Drunken Courtyers better wish

Than stil in Drink to swim like fish

W<sup>ch</sup> whilst they have & Bread, they needs

{must spell

From both their Princes name, Crum\_well.

S. D.

---

Upon y<sup>e</sup> Death of M<sup>r</sup> Ihon Selden

y<sup>e</sup> great Antiquary \_\_\_\_ 1654.

We sayd when Symon Dews subscribd to Fate

Death did some Owld record Obliterate

But w<sup>t</sup> shall we say now y<sup>t</sup> Learned Ihon

The Patron of Antiqueties is gon

We will conclude (noe Age like this) ere

(sent,

A Subiect fitter for a President - - -

in w<sup>t</sup> sence you will

---

{manuscript page 180}

180

Set up under y<sup>e</sup> Gen: Picture at y<sup>e</sup> Chang

as was reported \_\_

Ascend 3 Thrones Great Captain & Divine

By y<sup>e</sup> will of God, O Sion for they'r thine

Come priest of God, bring Oyle, bring Robes, bring

{Gould

Bring Crownes & Scepters, it's high time, unfowld

Your Cloystred Baggs you State\_Cheats least y<sup>e</sup> rod  
 Of Steele & Iron of this King of God  
 Pay ye' all in's wrath w<sup>th</sup> intrest kneel & pray  
 To Oliver y<sup>t</sup> Torch of Sion Starr of day  
 Shout then you Marchants, Citts & Gentry sing  
 And all bare headed Cry God bless y<sup>e</sup> King.

---

An Answer to it.

Skales fower times 3 ascend Arch Traitor Thou  
 By th'will of Satan becom Hellhound now  
 Come Gregory bring Ropes int' snittles tide  
 To fitt this Hamon would be dignifide  
 Let not y<sup>e</sup> Gibbet be to seek, wheron  
 This Princely Peece may hang, not sit on Throne  
 But if a Pardon may in favour be  
 The Axe & Block prove His Catastrophe  
 'T will be retaliation beside  
 That y<sup>e</sup> same Fate should haunt a Regicide  
 Then Merchants Citt: & Gentry all may say  
 W<sup>th</sup> their Capps on y<sup>t</sup> Iustice crownes y<sup>e</sup> Day

---



Shrove Teusday\_\_1654. when Tra: Palmes came  
 veni to visit me at Apthorp was  
 vidi wellcome won mony &c:  
 vici

Englisht

Squier Palms to Apthorp Threshowlds welcome came  
 Might Cesars Palms deserve to crown his name  
 For first He Came, then sawe, then won, all Three  
 Innobling Th'Garland of True Victory  
 He out of frendship came, Sawe y\* Gierle too  
 And won my mony (fortune being my foe.

(manuscript page 181)

181

In Libellum Dom<sup>i</sup>: de Militier  
 dictū Triumpham Magnae  
 (Brittaniae Regi (peruertendi  
 Solumodo gratia) sed in  
 Vanò dedicatum

To y\* Impudency of Mon<sup>r</sup>: de Militiere  
 Who dedicating his book to our

Royall M<sub>r</sub> Thought therby  
 To Triumph indeed in bringing  
 him to y<sup>e</sup> Romish Church  
 but was deceived

---

Why should thy Triumphs flourish w<sup>ch</sup> are  
 {vayn  
 Nor conquest bear over our Sovereign  
 Though sheets of fond allurements might  
 {entice  
 Thy warfare's mean, His is of greater  
 {price  
 For being instructed in y<sup>e</sup> true Church  
 {wayes  
 He cannot daunce unto y<sup>r</sup> Romish Layes  
 But is for Christ whilst w<sup>th</sup> Mass-  
 {magick spell  
 You fight against Christ soe Milier  
 {farewell

---

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182

Ad :Aurelium! Prudentium !Clementem! Poetam  
Antiquam aque ac eximium.

---

To W.W. w<sup>th</sup> a token I had pmised  
but not pformd.

---

At Newmark<sup>t</sup>: horse race wher all  
10<sup>br</sup>\_\_1: y<sup>e</sup> Rookes of y<sup>e</sup> toun were  
1653. guatherd together

---

It's allwayes held a signe of chang in weather  
When as soe many Rooks doe Flock together  
Or y<sup>t</sup> this would howld Influence too ore Fate  
Soe y<sup>t</sup> we might at last have change in state.

---

To Will Martin after a Mischance by a fall

Will \_\_\_ though Mischance hath made thee lambe  
In frendship stil thou shinst y<sup>e</sup> same  
For say uneven ground or stayrs  
By a Misstep thy strength impairs  
Those cannot hurt y<sup>e</sup> feet Divine  
Are consecrated to y<sup>e</sup> Nine  
A Martin is a Bird we knowe  
Will thither fly wher't cannot goe. quomia  
(brevipes.

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Psal: \_\_ 137:

1. 10<sup>r</sup>\_\_1656. Lon:

To M<sup>r</sup> Levite of Ashwell of y<sup>a</sup> Tribe too.

Levite Thou art aswell by Name

As by Profession too y<sup>a</sup> Same

Soe Thou for Ancestur.

Had'st Aron whe H'asisted Hur

To prop up Moses at y<sup>a</sup> fight

T'wixt Israell & th'Amalekite

Thus if y' Tithes at all be due

They doublely belong to You.

---

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188

Anagram

P R O T E C T O R

---

O P O R T E T \_ C . R .

---

Catelinus / It is decreed, nor shall Thy Fate O\_Crom=

redeuiuus / Resist my Vowe\_ C.R. again shall Come

Though Hills were set on Hills & Seas met

{Seas

To guard Thee, He will through all Passages

And plough up Rocks, & Lave y\* British Flood

To expiat & reuenge his Fathers blood

He'l reach Thy head, thy head Prowd

{Conquering Fin



Sent to W. Cope when Monke came into England

w<sup>th</sup> a Scottish Army upon account of y<sup>e</sup> Owld

{cause

Cope loues a Monke, Monke loues a Cope again

Soe Bishops once more England may maintain

When it obtaines its Lawfull Soueraign

Then Tippets Rochets when such shall put on

Be stild no more y<sup>e</sup> Raggs of Babilon

Nor of y<sup>t</sup> whore of Superstition

But deemd a Comely dress to worship in

Confound Scismaticalls Slouenly Sinn

In Seruing Him in Whom all Orders been\_\_\_\_

---

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AN EDITION OF THE *FUGITIVE POETRY* BY MILD MAY FANE,

SECOND EARL OF WESTMORLAND:

MANUSCRIPT *fMS Eng 645*

Volume I

A Dissertation

by

CHRISTOPHER PARIS

Submitted to the Office of Graduate Studies of  
Texas A&M University  
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree  
of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

August 1994

Major Subject: English

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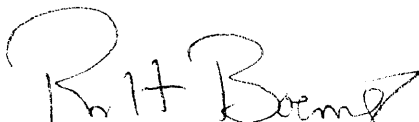
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August 1994

Major Subject: English

## ABSTRACT

An Edition of the *FUGITIVE POETRY* by Mildmay Fane,

Second Earl of Westmorland:

Manuscript *fMS Eng 645*. (August 1994)

Christopher Paris, B.A., SUNY Stony Brook;

M.A., Incarnate Word College

Chair of Advisory Committee: Dr. Harrison T. Meserole

Mildmay Fane, Second Earl of Westmorland (1601-1666), is viewed as a minor seventeenth-century English poet and dramatist. His *corpus* of works, predominantly a collection of verses, and also seven extant dramas, is mostly in manuscript and in his hand. Fane's most recognized collection of published poems, *Otia Sacra* (1648), is traditionally accepted as Cavalier verse. His *FUGITIVE POETRY* manuscript, its content a randomly arranged compendium of verses composed between 1637 and 1660, however, remains largely unrecognized except for occasional references to isolated pieces from its content in modern critical studies.

Fane was of combined lineage from the English nobility and the landed gentry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and also of a staunch Puritan background from his maternal and paternal families. Although modern literary and historical references to Fane

characterize him as a royalist committed to the noble tradition and to the Stuart throne, the content of *FUGITIVE POETRY* more than suggests his probable associations with gentry, Puritan gentry, and parliamentarians, as well. Further, Fane's personal religious and political convictions in numerous verses imply Calvinist moral governance with a strong association of church and state. They demonstrate more a loyalty to morally responsible monarchal government than to Stuart royalism; a realm to be governed by crown and parliament as a unified body politic exercising those Puritan moral ideals of Humility and Temperance in response to God's Law of the First Commandment, and exemplified by the Old and New Testaments.

**DEDICATION**

To my mother and father

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

With deep gratitude, I wish to acknowledge the extraordinary guidance, scholarship, and unremitting mentorship of my dissertation chair, Dr. Harrison T. Meserole--my doctor-father. Also, I am grateful to the dissertation committee members--Dr. Stanley Archer, Dr. Robert Boenig, Dr. John Canup, Dr. William Bedford Clark, Dr. J.J. Denton, and Dr. James Rosenheim for their examinations of the dissertation's content, and their invaluable suggestions and comments.

I extend my heartfelt thanks to faculty and friends of Texas A&M University who made the English department a home for me; to friends and colleagues of Incarnate Word College, San Antonio, for their patience, support, and help.

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CHAPTER I  
INTRODUCTION

The Author

Mildmay Fane, Second Earl of Westmorland (1601-1666), is recognized as a minor figure of seventeenth-century English letters. Fane's *corpus*, still mostly in manuscript and in his hand, is comprised of a substantive collection of verses (some of which have still not been made public by the descendant Fane family), an autobiography composed in Renaissance Latin, and a small collection of seven extant dramas presently available to the public. The bulk of his work has become public over the years through collection sales at auction by the Fane family since 1887 through Sotheby's, and is shared today principally by the Huntington Library, Harvard's Houghton Library, and the British Library. Fane's most recognized collection of verses, *Otia Sacra* (1648), which he published himself and distributed privately, is traditionally accepted as Cavalier verse, and is represented by selections included in contemporary anthologies of that verse. *FUGITIVE POETRY*, the subject of this edition, however, has remained largely

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This dissertation follows a modified MLA style.



unrecognized except for occasional references to isolated selections from its content in modern critical studies.

Fane was of combined lineage from the English nobility and the landed gentry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries--the gentry as an aspiring upper class composed of numerous localized communities and convictions. Revisionist and post-revisionist literature of the past two or three decades has demonstrated that the gentry were variously, Caroline royalist, Elizabethan in conviction, Cromwellian, Presbyterian, Independent, Fifth Monarchist, Catholic, and Calvinist; yet individual families of many communities held unidentifiable convictions particularly during the Civil War and Interregnum periods.<sup>1</sup> Mildmay Fane's dual lineage would have afforded him opportunities to engage with any of these communities of discourse as his inclinations would have dictated, although internal evidence of *FUGITIVE POETRY* too frequently depicts an author motivated by firmly held beliefs rather than by whim. Moreover, the content of *FUGITIVE POETRY*, and this edition's EXPLANATORY NOTES offer sufficient evidence to suggest that he did engage with these communities, even with some that may have found themselves in conflict with others.

The most notable figure of Fane's maternal heritage was his great-grandfather, Sir Walter Mildmay (b. 1520), a staunch Puritan whose apparent diplomatic capabilities

enabled him to survive the reigns of Henry VIII's heirs, and to be appointed as Chancellor of the Exchequer and member of the Privy Council under the reign of Elizabeth I.<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Mildmay's political service was preceded by that of his father Thomas Mildmay, who had found favor with Henry VIII and who had been Auditor of the Court of Augmentations and held the Duchy of Cornwall. Sir Walter's progress, particularly his inclusion as a member of the Privy Council, was apparently underscored by Elizabeth's trust in his honest and valuable counsel, and he was awarded the estate of Apethorpe in Northamptonshire by 1551, which remained the seat of the Mildmay family.

Sir Walter's son, Anthony (1548-1617), Mildmay Fane's grandfather, was regrettably not as talented in his acts of diplomacy. Though a successful soldier throughout his political career<sup>3</sup>, he had fallen into disfavor during ambassadorial appointments serving the English Crown in France during the 1560s to such a point that he was recalled to England by his own father. And although offered another opportunity by Elizabeth to serve as ambassador to the court of Henry IV, King of France, after Anthony had also been knighted by her in 1598, his relations with Henry had degenerated so severely that Anthony elected to decline the position (Morton, 5-7). His graces with the English throne seem

to have been better solidified in the court and reign of King James I, however, although Gerald W. Morton notes that the nature of his relationship with James can only be conjectured, at best. James, however, found the Mildmay estate at Apethorpe a convenient and very pleasant location for refuge from matters of state (Morton, 7).

By 1567, Sir Anthony married Grace Sherington, daughter of Sir Henry Sherington of Lacock Abbey in Wiltshire. Although only fifteen years of age, her marriage to Anthony was accompanied by a considerable dowry including "large tracts of land in Lacock . . . Bewley Court, Bowden Park, and the manors of Queenfield and Sheen." Lady Grace was to become renowned as a woman of extraordinary goodness who dedicated herself to philanthropic causes. She had also received an exceptional education for a woman of her age that paled only to the learning of Elizabeth I who was advanced by her knowledge of other languages. Lady Mildmay put her education to good use, leaving an extensive autobiography and numerous religious meditations, which, as Morton points out in quoting her, were motivated by her intention to communicate with her descendants posthumously and to offer instructional material, as she states, "to follow the good examples of true & faithful subjects" (Morton, 20).

Anthony and Lady Mildmay had an only daughter, Mary, who married Sir Francis Fane of established Tudor Gentry lineage that had grown in importance during Elizabeth's reign and would carry the title of Westmorland. Sir Francis was the son of Thomas Fane who was knighted in 1573, and who had found favor with Elizabeth through his relationship with the Earl of Leicester. Francis inherited most of his father's fortune, and was admitted to Lincoln's Inn by 1594. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, probably having received extensive tutelage in Puritan theology thus making him no doubt "an appropriate suitor" (Morton, 11) for Mary Mildmay. In 1596, they wed, thereby uniting both Tudor families and making Francis heir to the Mildmay fortune and the Apethorpe estate. Francis's own political ambitions were enhanced with the estate as it remained a refuge for the Crown. He was created Knight of the Bath at James I's coronation in 1603, became Baron Burgheresh by 1624, and assumed his title of first Earl of Westmorland. His ambitions were partly motivated, Morton notes, with the intention to nurture a political career for Mildmay, his eldest son. The family seat at the Apethorpe estate in Northamptonshire would remain the primary residence for Mildmay throughout his entire life and it afforded him opportunity for close association with the Stuart throne along with its visiting political and religious

associations (11-12).

Mildmay Fane was born 24 January 1601. He and his parents, Francis and Mary, took up permanent residence at Apethorpe when Mildmay was two years of age (12). There is a regrettable paucity of information about his early childhood years except what Fane offers in his own Latin autobiography which is dedicated primarily to his European travels that followed the completion of his formal education. His father's plans for Mildmay's burgeoning political career were to prove somewhat disappointing, and Fane states in his autobiography that he found a dedication to the Muses from an early age (Leech, 9). He acquired a formal education, receiving an M.A., although by special favor in 1619 from Emmanuel College<sup>4</sup> which among the Mildmays was more than just part of their ongoing Puritan tradition. His attendance there was undoubtedly integral to a family legacy. Emmanuel College had been founded in 1584 by Fane's great-grandfather, Sir Walter, while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The college was noted as a bastion of radical Puritan thinking (Friedman, *Otia Sacra*, n9, xv).

After completing his education, Fane was admitted to Parliament by the following November of 1620 as a member for Peterborough. Upon completing that parliamentary obligation, he travelled extensively through Europe--a tour common for most young English noblemen to round out

their worldly educations. His travels encompassed France, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland although his exposure to the Continent seems to have further rooted his commitment to Puritanism along with stronger anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic sentiments:

And then to Rome, where even Harlotry and trafficking with Jews is allowed, and both for a price receive the favor, as long as they add to his coffers. And as contraries are placed side by side to bring out their distinction, so is the pleasant principality of Switzerland placed near to this retinue abounding in vice and avarice. Here, rejoicing in the vicinity of Calvinistic truth, he escaped both the whores of Rome and the sceptre of France. (Morton, 18)

In 1622 following his return to England, Fane continued in his father's tradition and was admitted to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn to continue his preparation for a political career, although endeavoring to do so was more out of familial obligation than by personal motivation.<sup>5</sup> By 1624 he was titled Lord Burgheresh, then Lord Le Despenser in 1625, and was knighted in the same year. By 1629, he had succeeded his father as Second Earl of Westmorland and established himself as a member of rank among the English nobility.

From 1625 to 1628, he was again a member of Parliament for Peterborough, and during this time, on 1 February 1626, Fane became a Knight of the Bath upon the occasion of Charles I's coronation. That year also marked Fane's marriage to Grace, daughter of Sir William Thornhurst of Herne, Kent. They had six children during their ten-year marriage, one of whom was a boy born in 1634 and who was sponsored at his baptism by the King. The marriage ended tragically, however, with Grace's death in 1636. During the period of his first marriage, from the years 1628 to 1635, Fane was actively engaged in service to Charles I for Northamptonshire by taking an appointment to the Commission of Martial Law in 1628, and in 1630 and 1631 taking the position of commissioner for the commissions for knighthood for Northampton.<sup>6</sup> By 1634, he acted as Deputy Lieutenant for Northamptonshire, and in 1635 was Justice for the East Division of the county.

A year later, Fane married Mary Vere, widow of Sir Roger Townshend, and by her had another eight children in addition to two step-sons, Roger Townshend and Sir Horatio, first Viscount of Townshend, from Mary's previous marriage. His second marriage and Fane's subsequent associations, as a result, may be of importance to the turn of affairs in his relationship with Charles I. Because of his marriage to Mary, Fane

inherited brother-in-law Thomas, Lord Fairfax, who in 1644 would be appointed as commander in chief of Parliament's New Model Army and who had Oliver Cromwell as his Lieutenant General, as well as a close association with the later Commonwealth parliamentarian, Robert Harley, who was Mary's cousin. On the other hand, Fane was dedicated to the maintenance of a parliamentary monarchy with a desire to preserve social and political institutions that would sustain it (Withington, 1957, 63).

Although Fane's political commitments and overt posture supported the king presumably for the sake of maintaining peace and order, he became vocal, however, by 1640. For example, to his cousin, Sir Henry Vane the elder, he wrote:

My house has ever been obedient without dispute to his Majesty's commands and unwilling to contend with him; yet when we have any request to him, we find no more favour than his absolute opposers do. God send that way of his work him no inconvenience. (Leech, 13)

And, publicly loyal to the Crown though he was, Fane was not without criticism of Charles. In 1637, even while holding the appointed position for the King as a Justice of the East Division of Northamptonshire, he complained of the extravagant tithes imposed on the landed nobility



that were enforced by William Laud who held positions in the Star Chamber, Privy Council, and Court of High Commission--courts of absolutist prerogative that were then used to enforce the king's policy of "Thorough," and feudal taxations upon church and state to attain autonomy from Parliament. Revenues to support Charles' wars were virtually extorted from members of the nobility with enactment of the Forest Laws in 1636. Fane was a victim, himself, of an excessive fine imposed on him in the amount of £19,900 as a result of being found guilty "'for numerous offences in Cliffe Bailiwick, mainly the cutting of oaks and underwood previously granted'" (Morton, 26). Of all the tithes raised or fines imposed, Fane's was the heaviest--a fact that may suggest punitive action by Charles beyond his enactment of the Forest Laws to raise revenues. The period between 1637 and 1640 also marks Fane's reservations in Charles's decision-making with regard to matters of state, and bureaucratic abuses directed at the nobility. In 1637 he took the Lords of Admiralty to task when one of the king's purveyors dishonestly failed to give payment for some purchase he made from Fane on behalf of the Crown. Although Officers of the Navy (which could indicate that the purchase may have been lumber cut from the Westmorland forestland holdings) responded positively to satisfy the debt, the Crown's response to Fane's actions can only be

conjectured. It was commonplace for purveyors not to make payments--a tradition which had become accepted among the landed nobility and gentry that they would not be remunerated. Further, in 1640, he articulated his doubts over Charles's poor judgement in a letter to Secretary Vane over the king's decision about a dispute of inheritance that was ultimately granted to Lord Coventry instead. The letter's content also states his dissatisfaction with the king's refusal to give proper consideration to his loyal subjects.<sup>7</sup>

Nonetheless, at the onset of the Civil War, Fane remained actively Royalist in defense of the throne. In his biography of Fane, Morton highlights Fane's active loyalty to Charles during events that preceded and subsequently led to civil war, although prose and verse selections from the Fane canon demonstrate that he could be in disagreement with a number of the king's decisions. Yet, despite any political reservation, personal religious conviction, or even his mother, Lady Fane's own covert criticisms of the king's policies, Mildmay Fane joined Charles in the Bishop's War campaigns against the Scots, and also against Scottish Presbyterians who had reacted so violently to the imposition of Charles's Prayer Book. The Apethorpe estate served as lodging for the king's defeated army during its passage home. Further, in 1640, Fane was party to meeting with the

king's advisors at York in support of Charles's decision to end the monarchy's eleven-year personal rule by recalling Parliament, and he served in the king's Parliament at Oxford. As conflict accelerated to political crisis by 1642, Fane accepted the king's Commission of Array to assist in mustering Charles's army. He was at York when Charles raised his standard; and Morton suggests there is evidence enough in Fane's manuscript autobiography to imply that he was present at "one of the war's bloodiest encounters," the battle of Edgehill.

Further, in 1642, he was appointed, along with two other Lords, as members of the king's Commission of Array to collect monies to suppress the Irish revolt. Yet contradictory to an unquestioning Stuart royalism, possibly motivated at this time by his desire for the king and Commons to come to resolution so as to avoid military conflict, he and his fellow appointees elected to delay the collection due to an order to desist, and they expressed their belief in written correspondence that "peace and good will should be restored by joint consent, and they [heard] further from the King" (Leech, 14). As a result, Fane was arrested and incarcerated in the Tower of London to remain in captivity for approximately ten months.<sup>9</sup> By 1 April 1643, he was paroled by the House of Lords from the Tower to a

residence of his own in London but could not venture beyond a twelve-mile limit. By this time, he had been heavily fined and all of his estates in Kent, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire had been sequestered. As a result of many pleas over the next year--and his commitment to the House of Lords by taking the Oath of Covenant and paying a balance of fines--sequestration was removed and he regained his liberty by 22 April 1645. Upon his release, most of his estate was returned, and his fines were lessened. Morton notes that Fane elected not to return to the king's cause, nor take an active role in Parliament, but preferred to return to the Apethorpe estate to dedicate himself to protecting the well-being of his family and its properties. His reclusive posture proved contrary to those of his brothers', Anthony and Francis, who took up active political roles. Anthony joined the cause of Parliament and died for it; Francis would serve the king's cause as Colonel of Foot for Lincolnshire, was appointed governor of Doncaster, and commander of Lincoln until the city's fall to the Parliamentary Army, May, 1646 (Morton, n. 7, 43).

Morton's biography of Mildmay Fane is highly assertive in portraying Fane as having been demonstratively Royalist and/or a Cavalier<sup>9</sup> in his political actions and social interactions. Further, he

identifies Fane as having been a "moderate" in his political posture, as do other occasional historical and literary references to him.<sup>10</sup> Morton calls upon the unquestionable evidence of Fane's political and military activities during the early conflicts that preceded and led to the eruption of Civil War by 1642. Also, he points to Fane's social and literary involvements with known figures who shared in their Royalist posture. For example, a number of actors who performed in Fane's private productions of his dramas Morton identifies as having later been involved in covert activities of the Sealed Knot. And, Fane's circle of verse-literary associations Morton names also proved to be Royalist and/or members of the royalist nobility: Edmund Waller, John Cleveland, Robert Herrick, and Margaret Cavendish, to name a few. Morton concludes with the assertion that Fane, through his step-son, Horatio Townshend, was later involved in royalist conspiracies with the Sealed Knot, although without any substantiating evidence. Eleanor Withington, on the other hand, characterizes Fane's social and literary associations through her interpretive evidence in *FUGITIVE POETRY* as predominantly Presbyterian--a term that has unfortunately become too generic, and in Withington's articles, without specificity of political position. Martin Butler's *Theatre In Crisis*, however, may offer opportunity for

more fruitful speculation as to the extensiveness of Fane's diverse social and political networks that would suggest associations beyond a peremptory view of a closed circle of Stuart royalists. In his chapter, "The Caroline Audience," Butler identifies Fane's cousin, Sir Humphrey Mildmay (also a product of Emmanuel College), in the 1630s as an active member of a diverse network of London theatregoers and *litterati*.<sup>11</sup> Further, family connections for both cousins offered intimate associations with royalists, gentry, Puritan Gentry, and Parliamentarians. Sir Humphrey's cousin, Henry Mildmay, was a declared Presbyterian and colonel in the parliamentary army who served under Fairfax and was later a member of Cromwell's parliament; Humphrey's brother, Sir Henry Mildmay, was outspoken against Arminianism, associated with radical Puritan divines, and was a member of Charles's judges and gained reputation as a regicide; another brother of Humphrey's, Anthony Mildmay, was a self-declared "opposer of tyranny and Popery" later to fight against the king in 1642 for whom he harbored a great disdain (Butler, 122). The Mildmay family further held an extensive parliamentary record that connected them with the Northamptonshire parliamentary Fitzwilliams family, and the Chicheleys of Cambridgeshire. The Chicheleys were also distantly tied to Mildmay Fane by marriage. And, the cousins were

relations of Sir Henry Vane the elder with whom Mildmay associated, as earlier mentioned, and of Vane's son, Henry, who would later become an Independent leader in Parliament. Evidence of letters by Mildmay Fane's mother to Henry Vane the elder clearly indicates Vane's unflinching support in her son's political activities.

In addition, Sir Humphrey's non-familial associations allude to staunch anti-Cavalier, anti-royalist figures: Sir John Bramston; Dr. Isaac Dorislaus--the Dutch historian who frequently spoke out against tyrannical offenses against the liberties of the people; Sir Edward Dering--the highly controversial MP for Kent 1640-1642 who would introduce the Root and Branch bill. Selections in *FUGITIVE POETRY* clearly suggest that Fane shared common sympathies with Dering's Parliamentary record against bishops and their meddling in secular affairs. And Fane's association with Dering appears to have preceded parliamentary debates of the 1640s. Clifford Leech notes that as early as 1625, Dering had given support to Mildmay Fane's candidacy as a knight of the shire (Leech, 10).

Then, *FUGITIVE POETRY* offers sufficient evidence that Fane continued to communicate with members of the gentry, and, specifically, members of the Puritan gentry through the 1640s and 1650s. A number of his verse epistles are composed to prominent members of that class,

the contents of which share social, political, and religious views that prove contrary to Cavalier or Stuart Royalist dogma.

### The *FUGITIVE POETRY*

*FUGITIVE POETRY* is a bound folio volume of verses that Fane composed from approximately 1637 until 1660. The volume is presently held by the Harvard College Library, where it has been since 1932. Its content is a randomly arranged compendium of poems with one set of prose pieces entitled "A Dream" (the set of "A Dream" includes "The Prologue to y<sup>e</sup> Dream," "My Dream ye 8 [or, Sep<sup>br</sup> 7<sup>br</sup>] 1637," and "Epilogue to the Dream [or an Epigram upon a thrice faire Peace"]), ms. pages 38 to 41. The entirety of the text is in Fane's hand. Numerous pieces Fane wrote in Renaissance Latin, however, are of a contrasting scribal character from those verses in English. Yet there is a sufficiently distinguishable commonality in many letter-forms between the Latin and English to indicate that they were all written by the same person. A table of contents--ms. pages 183 to 186--was included by Fane, and labelled "Index Libelli." Although a distinguishable chronology in the content is at best discernible only in series of dated and titled



pieces, "Index Libelli" reflects the physical arrangement of the manuscript's content without error. Hence, a presumption can be made that the volume's original foliation was not disturbed by some figure of the nineteenth century who had rebound the collection. The frequent violations upon any consistent chronology from 1637 to 1660 in conjunction with a notable lack of corrections, deletions, or additions probably points to Fane's having copied the content, as it comes to us, from other working drafts and exemplars.

Eleanor Withington's first in a series of two articles about *FUGITIVE POETRY*, the most significant to date, offers a thorough description of the text, and is worthy of quotation in full:

The manuscript, measuring 11 1/2 by 7 1/2 inches, preserved in a contemporary vellum binding, contains 98 leaves of uniform paper, collating as follows: A<sup>16</sup>(-A1)B-C<sup>16</sup>D<sup>18</sup>E<sup>16</sup>F<sup>16</sup>(-F16). There are no signature marks. The first extant leaf is pasted down on the verso of the front cover as an end paper. The second and third leaves are lettered in pencil A and B; leaves 4-98 are numbered accurately in ink as pages 1-189. The verso of fol. 98 is not numbered; this page and the pages numbered 2 and 189 are without text.

There are no ex-libris or other marks of ownership. The spine of the vellum binding bears a 'D.' in ink at the top and lower down a nineteenth-century leather label printed 'Fugitive Poetry.' in capitals. The inside of the front cover has various modern pencilings, partially erased, descriptive of the collection or referring to the Westmorland sale of 1887. The volume is catalogued as Harvard fMS Eng 645.

A single hand appears to have written the entire manuscript (including the numbering of pages 1-189 and an index on pages 183-186), though in a variety of styles reflecting the long stretch of time covered by the volume. This hand may confidently be identified as that of Fane. (Withington, 1955, 63)

A genealogy of *FUGITIVE POETRY*, however, is not particularly exacting. In his introduction to an edition entitled *Mildmay Fane's Raguaillo D'Oceano 1640 and Candy Restored 1641*, Clifford Leech commented that the *FUGITIVE POETRY* manuscript, though described in the Historical Manuscripts Commission report for the Westmorland Library (1885), could not be traced (Leech, 20-21). Eleanor Withington adds that J. & J. Leighton had purchased the manuscript as it was sold from the Westmorland family

collection at Sotheby's, 15 July 1887. And, though no inception date for ownership can be established for the manuscript's possession by George Thorn-Drury--the probable owner after J. & J Leighton--he published two poems from its content in 1921. The volume finally came to rest at the Harvard Library, where it has since remained after its purchase from Thorn-Drury at Sotheby's by Edgar H. Wells, "one of the largest buyers at the first of Sotheby's Thorn-Drury sales "acting almost exclusively for the library at Harvard. . . ." Wells amassed a collection "for the Lionel de Jersey Harvard memorial during 1931-32, even though there is no record of it [*FUGITIVE POETRY*] in the sale catalogues" (Withington, 1955, 62). Withington credited herself as having reidentified the manuscript as Fane's after it had lost its author through a lengthy fall into oblivion in the library from 1932 to 1955.

In her 1955 and 1957 topical articles of *FUGITIVE POETRY*, Withington characterized the manuscript's contents as a "collection of occasional poems, largely political, written during the period of strife, not after it" (1955, 62), and more specifically as "political satire" (1957, 40). Her appraisal has validity given Fane's persistent focus on subjects--topical figures and events, and a combination, thereof, too frequently--of contemporary issues that are history in the making.

Hence, Withington's final statement in her conclusion to "The 'Fugitive Poetry' of Mildmay Fane," (1955)--that the manuscript has merit as "a document of some importance in the history of English political satire"--has credence when examining for the topical matter of the collection's verses. Her concluding evaluation led her, logically, then, to *FUGITIVE POETRY*'s examination as political satire in her publication of 1957, "Mildmay Fane's Political Satire." Even a cursory reading of the manuscript's verse titles listed in the "Index Libelli" (manuscript pages 183-186) further supports those contentions.

Yet, Fane's use of historical and contemporary *genres* of versification in *FUGITIVE POETRY* may have functioned to carry many of the pieces beyond political satire. Three *genres* and their metrical forms predominate: ballads--sometimes scurrilous, verse epistles, and verse sermons or prayers. Their contents are very frequently played with irony usually to articulate Fane's perceptions of violating hypocrisies he witnesses in history as it unfolds before him. Of course, given, at times, the very personal character of Fane's critical voice in numerous selections, his writing for actual audience recipients is even questionable; a hypothesis should not be ignored that many selections have a diary-like quality where style, voice, *genre*, and

content may have served Fane personally, but as verses conceived and executed, nonetheless, with imagined audiences as communities he may have felt intimate with. The span of years from 1637 to 1660 were precarious times for written communication of one's religious, political, and cultural convictions--no matter what they may have been.<sup>12</sup> In many instances, Fane may have simply elected to write, but not necessarily to communicate. On the other hand, pieces to Puritan gentry, Parliamentarians, and Royalists are overtly addressed with tone and language that suggests they were received (or were intended to be received) by those they were addressed to. Avenues for anonymous publication of political commentary such as pamphlets and broadsides, both pro-Royalist and pro-Commonwealth (as well as the formal newsletters and newsbooks of the Crown and Parliamentians such as the court's *Mercurius Aulicus* and the Parliamentary newsbook *Mercurius Britanicus*) during the Civil Wars and Interregnum may also be worthy of speculation. Fane's frequent use of iambic foot ballads throughout *FUGITIVE POETRY*, for example, emulate the ballad *genre* that was frequently used in numerous *Mercurius* publications,<sup>13</sup> whether he attempted publication in any of them, or not. Fane's ballad style also parallels the *genre* of many Rounds sung in local taverns throughout the realm.

*FUGITIVE POETRY*, however, is not necessarily just a

"collection of occasional poems, largely political" (Withington, 1955, 62). Many pieces in the collection are more religious than political. Although religion was a dominant issue at the forefront of the nation's political strife, expressions of personal theological conviction raise much of the work above the level of politics almost with Miltonic breadth, with epic dichotomies between Good and Evil (see "Upon New-Lights," manuscript page 17). Some pieces are Miltonic, and some are homiletic which carry verses beyond political exhortations. They articulate a moral approach to observations of current affairs in the context of moral conduct, or violations thereof. Fane's verse epistle addressed to Hugh Peter ("To Hugh Peters," manuscript page 25), for example, asserts and pleads for the distinction between murderous politics and religion (see my note, EXPLANATORY NOTES). The verse epistle is appropriate as a personal plea to Peter considering that Fane is both appealing against and censuring actions of the Parliamentarian chaplain. The subject and content of this epistle as a moral commentary upon a contemporary event becoming history functions expressively in the same manner as Clarendon's *History*. They both depict accelerating inhumanities of a nation in the throes of internal conflict, and the loss of decency and moral dignity--which is the great unfolding tragedy of

Clarendon's work. Clarendon and Fane write from subjective points of view, but every chronicle or history is to some extent, not only from the chronicler's viewpoint, but also by virtue of influential narrative modes extant at the time of their composition.

Hence, perhaps Fane's evident veneration for John Donne played a deciding role in his use of running heroic couplet verse of four and five foot variants to express his moral and ethical beliefs over unfolding events.<sup>14</sup> But given his poetics' resemblance to subjectively interpretive chronicling, it is more likely that Fane initiated a style that shared metrical character with Donne's longer works, but worked within the verse form of another poetic *genre* from the English Renaissance that would suit his chronicling--i.e., the *genre* of Historical Poetry.<sup>15</sup> The following extract from "Epistle to the Queenes most Excellent Majesty" (author anonymous), may speak for Fane's poetic purpose:

Historicall Chronicles, well penn'd by the

(learn'd (as aforesaid)

Doth manifest represent (as comedy shewes, on a

(stage plaid)

Mens vice and vertues; as a trew glasse visibly

(doth shew

Mens face and favor, their faults in visnomy to

(viewe.

(Nearing, *HISTORICAL POETRY*, 9)

"[A]s a trew glasse visibly doth shew" expresses the crux of the historical *genre*. It was intended to have moral value for those succeeding the time of its content by mirroring its figures involved in its events and what they came to demonstrate. The *genre* was intended to offer moral, patriotic, and aesthetic value. And, for Fane, his own "trew glasse" may not only be what the historical aesthetic may demonstrate for present and future, but what the Calvinist ideal of Scripture has to offer: "[t]he truest glass & best in-terpreter" ("Upon New-Lights," manuscript page 17). Hence, his demonstrations over current affairs are interpreted through a Puritan socio-religious lens, and are further supported by the intentions of the *genre*. "To Hugh Peters" falls neatly into this interpretive format. Not only does Hugh Peter in his real-life dramatic scenario become an object of censure from the community that shares in Fane's values, but he also becomes an archetype of evil in an unfolding moral and religious drama as he feigns behind the veils of the church: "Thou married hast y<sup>e</sup> Pulpit to y<sup>e</sup> sword/This to maintaine y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>t</sup> hath been thy skill/To Draw out this to murther and Kill" (manuscript page 25). It is difficult to apprise, however, which audience Fane may be addressing, here. A hasty assumption would be that he is writing within a royalist



community; on the other hand, he speaks out against moral indignities committed from within his own Puritan community. Or, he holds no sway but to the definitions of his own moral rectitude. Other selections of *FUGITIVE POETRY* that are flagrant attacks upon Laud's bishops, Arminianism, and coercive tyrannies upon the churches (see "Decembr\_\_\_\_\_1641," manuscript page 19) demonstrate his objectively moral approach neither necessarily in favor of the king's political dictates, or Commons'. His beliefs are morally linked to a steadfast commitment to religion which he unremittingly places against the upheavals of the realm. Therefore, history in the making is equally as important for its moralizing demonstrations as any previous history.<sup>16</sup> Hence, Fane's use of Biblical allusions becomes essential. They offer his audience opportunities to understand and share his moral perspectives as "[t]he truest glass & best in-terpreter." His religiously oriented moral perspective is even integrally linked to his retiring pastoral verses of *Otia Sacra*, even to the divine right of kingship (or queenship, given his occasional pleas for the return of Elizabeth's golden age). Monarchal reign is equally subject to his morality:

Though styled Gods, yet must ye die like men,  
 Saith God the Lord: Hear what he speaks agen,  
 Whose Children if you'd all accounted be,

(O Israels Princes) leave off cruelty:  
 And let your judgements, Justice so put on,  
 That there be no room for Oppression:  
 Neither exact from those who call you Lord,  
 More than your needs require, their powers  
 (afford.

(*Otia Sacra*, "From God to all Princes for  
 moderation in taxing their Subjects[,]" 60)

The poem's left margin is glossed with Biblical references: "Psalm 82./6,7; Ezek. 45.9." And returning to *FUGITIVE POETRY* with "Upon y<sup>e</sup> Babes of Grace or y<sup>e</sup> S<sup>t</sup>  
 y<sup>e</sup> Seeke for their Portions in this world" (manuscript page 30) as an example, his poetics reflects a conscious clarity about his function in the historical *genre*. His incorporation of religious morality, the Bible and its figures as history and their moral purpose, and a contrast against contemporary events become one incorporated moral, patriotic, and aesthetic effort. The poem opens with a generalized statement of observation about the present condition: "Why ist wee seeke from Room to roau soe farr/Ast wipe all S<sup>t</sup> out of our Kalendar/Apostles too. . . ." The state of affairs has somehow negated a religious history that, as Fane saw it, was integral to their own historical heritage. And the greatest loss is established by mid-poem:

Those Glorious Martirs first were fishermen

And y<sup>t</sup> their calling was to seeke & trye  
 How they could catch men w<sup>th</sup> humillitie  
 But this was time of ould, & weer at losse  
 Unless Gods Book admitt another gloss

The Christian virtue of Humility--the first Puritan ideal--positioned against the sin of Pride becomes an illustrative moralizing paradigm to contrast the actions of current affairs and what they elicit. Fane functions, here, as the historical chronicler: he records what had been so as to re-affirm what somehow was deconstructed and lost--but with the intention of establishing a position to mark against what is:

The milk & hony of our Canaan  
 Belongs to non but those who by their power  
 Themselves can Canonise & all Deuoure  
 Inuerting quite our Sauicours mandate Thence  
 And compasing this Crowne throug uiolence  
 W<sup>th</sup> how they err in this !ts! not hard to Trace  
 When they seeke glory first then after Grace

Those who canonize, of course, who invert God's mandate which for Fane is an eternal truth, are relegated to sin in their ambitions of wealth and power through their self-devised definitions. It is only appropriate, then, that this poem should be followed by his invective against Scottish pedlers turned merchants (manuscript

page 30). But Fane may not have necessarily planned this arrangement of verse pieces--which is the point. They have been arranged by his composition in response to the occurrence of topical events on or about 1648 and how he has come to interpret them as an immoral breakdown of order, constancy, and the definitions of goodness as he, and others like Fane, had always known them to be.

Topical events and their interchange with history then translated into chronicled texts for the value of scrutiny become even more pronounced in "A Summons to Frank Beumonts Gost/upon resuming one of his owld playes" (see my note, EXPLANATORY NOTES, manuscript page 32). Fane establishes the verse drama of a Beaumont play as the imagined means to demonstrate current affairs. Prior dramatic genres and highly dramatic topical occurrences that rock the nation are conflated into one:

Yet in this Dream he (Patience tryd) snores out  
 In hopes (spectators weary) t'bring about  
 An other scene wher in y<sup>e</sup> world to show  
 His Kingdoms loss is his own ouerthrow  
 And therefore to maintaine himself & them  
 Resolu'd is against all streams to stem  
 Aduise y<sup>e</sup> contrary & giues consent  
 To's minds concurrence w<sup>th</sup> his Parle<sup>tt</sup>  
 Things once thus brought to pass (if [I] but  
 (durst)

I would conclude Exit K. Charles y<sup>e</sup> first

All of Fane's world has become a dramatic stage, and he is a spectator to history as it is performed as drama before him. As much as one can become involved as a participating audience member sitting in a theater, a curious sense of detachment is implied in Fane's scenario. Possibly, we witness his own personal withdrawal and self-imposed relegation to an audience member who relinquishes himself to what happens simply for the sake of personal relief. As a member of the real world, his commitments and responsibilities to an ethic have been overwhelmed to a point of inaction by the opposing forces. The audience, i.e., the nation of people, look on in anticipation of the final dramatic act. And based on what he witnesses as the drama unfolds, Fane projects the close. There is an apparent sense of resignation about this piece that becomes evident in the concluding lines of its coda-like addendum on manuscript page 33 that even precedes the sweep to disillusionment sensed in later pieces (such as "Upon Prince Charles riding in y<sup>e</sup> Downes," manuscript page 34):

The scope thereof both sets apart  
 And sequesters y<sup>e</sup> Cream of art  
 Soe y<sup>t</sup> all expectations tend  
 To nothing now but t'<sup>e</sup>marke ye end

W<sup>th</sup> if !good! her'l be noe cause  
 For Epilogue to beg applause  
 (Worth will reward it selfe) but base  
 Will after quite y\* Skoals but case  
 Whilst Baldnesse needs a Perrewigg  
 Clownes will not laugh w<sup>th</sup>out a Jigg

(manuscript page 33)

The coda captures his resignation and leaves all judgement over the quality of the drama up to what future history will tell. "Gods Book admitt another gloss" of "Upon y\* Babes of Grace . . ." (manuscript page 30) would then offer opportunity for moral interpretation by virtue of God's demonstration of the realm's destiny; and the realm's history would function in the same manner as Scripture in its demonstration of God's Will as a chronicle of humanity's religious evolution toward an eschaton.

Demonstration of morality, or its violations, then, becomes a Puritan theological sub-text that runs often clearly, sometimes less so, through all of *FUGITIVE POETRY*'s deceptively "political" verses; and if they are merely left to be studied as having "some importance in the history of English political satire" (Withington, 1955, 69), they become enigmatic and deceiving with any attempt to place Fane and the manuscript's contents in some prior traditionally dichotomous paradigm such as

"Cavalier vs. Roundhead," or "Court vs. Country." It would seem that Fane's moral Puritan commitments to composing about current affairs as homiletic endeavors offer him an opportunity to be objective from a removed scrutinizing position over all happenstance. And, *FUGITIVE POETRY* gives indication of his ability to be removed and objective--though, of course, through a Puritan lens. As scurrilous, sarcastic, and vehement Fane can frequently be about Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate, he is willing in his personal plea to Cromwell in "Ad Protectorem \_\_\_ Ian \_\_ 30 \_\_\_ 1653 (manuscript page 132) to accept him as Protector as long as his conduct is for the well-being of all, i.e., for the body politic:

For being Protector & anoynted thence  
 All suppling lenatives He should dispence  
 Unto y<sup>e</sup> People; make y<sup>e</sup> sword to bend  
 Into a sickle, th'Helmet to defend  
 Hive like y<sup>e</sup> laboring Bee; if this He'l doe  
 I'le say He shall be my Protector too.

In contrast, all versified invectives over Cromwell are not presented by Fane the royalist adversary, necessarily, but illustrate Cromwell's self-serving and ambitious designs and machinations that even lead to regicide. Cromwell emerges as hypocritical in his opportunites for ambition--as does Thomas Fairfax in the

very first piece of *FUGITIVE POETRY*, "Upon [ ] Strange  
 adventure and/[ ] Voyage of Prince [ ] ali: Black  
 Tom. . . ." Cromwell and Fairfax contradict the First  
 Commandment of the Puritan First Table with their conduct  
 by placing themselves in their egocentric will to power  
 and self-aggrandizement before God, and also before all  
 of God's demonstrating history. If Scripture is Fane's  
 homiletic lens as God's Witness, the Old Testament's  
 Books of Kings, for example, are redolent of sinful and  
 fallen leadership like Cromwell's, and their subsequent  
 punishment. Hence, Cromwell's sinful hypocrisy, his loss  
 of "Loyalty through Pride" in "Anagram/Protector/Oportet  
 \_ C.R." (manuscript page 188) is punishable by  
 Revelation-like images whereby the exiled heir of  
 England's interrupted line of monarchy has an opportunity  
 to be an instrument of God's apocalyptic wrath.  
 "Loyalty," then, is not only loyalty to all members of  
 the realm, but according to what should have been  
 Cromwell's Puritan ideal--a loyalty to God first, as  
 exemplified by his moral conduct, for the well-being of  
 the realm.

Further, those Puritan ideals of Humility and  
 Temperance as conduct of the "godly man" in defense of  
 the First Commandment<sup>17</sup> that would naturally bring the  
 individual to desire for moderation are thematic virtues  
 not limited to Fane's critical scrutiny of Cromwell.



They underscore numerous selections that address a broad spectrum of religious, social-cultural, and political issues. Theologically, the First Commandment's intention to defeat the Sin of Pride is precisely how he characterizes, for example, the ironic purpose of Christ's crucifixion but subsequent victory:

When towrds Ierusalem our Saviour went  
 He chose noe state nor Pompous ornament  
 But rather on an Asses coult did ride  
 To cast a more contempt on this worlds pride  
 . . . . .  
 Designed was a speedy Victory  
 The bloody Day approaching w<sup>th</sup> should tell  
 His <victory> Conquest over Death y<sup>e</sup> Grave &  
 (Hell.

(manuscript page 169)

And, just as Scripture's theological history demonstrates models against the sins of Pride and Ambition, or illustrating violations and their ramifications, Fane resurrects even England's historical violations as edifying discourse in the same spritually thematic context--for example, bringing forward Cardinal Wolsey: "Thus from y<sup>e</sup> Shambles wher much blood doth fall/Thou didst become a Tyrant Cardinall" ("In Cardinalem Wol<1>saeum," manuscript page 165). The act of Tyranny is pride with its accomplices--material ambition and

power--at the cost of the well-being of others for personal gratification. Nor can Wolsey's relationship with Henry VIII--his usurping the political liberties bestowed upon him--be ignored as a parallel to William Laud's relationship with Charles I and Laud's usurpation of religious-political power with the assistance of his appointed Bishops; or even Fane's personal victimization as a result of it. Tyranny, Pride, and Ambition become the religious-political backdrop for idolatrous changes ordered by Bishops through Laud in "Decemb' \_\_\_\_\_ 1641":

the menicke guarb & gestures speake noe less

When uppeside then Hocus Pocusses

And y\* superfluous sarke more one y\* gone

In penance for y\* whoredome of the' <one> !whol!

{tonne

W<sup>t</sup> needs y\* hood & capp to shew degree

Y\* mas is mas w<sup>th</sup>out such sophestry

Was not y<sup>t</sup> plott a poore & sillye one

To call a table made of oake a stone

(manuscript page 19)

The tyrannies, of course, are not Laud's or the Bishops', alone. They are an extension and evolution of Charles I's tyrannical abuses of monarchical prerogative and his vindicating machinery of "Thorough." Charles's sins

against the First Commandment need no mention in *FUGITIVE POETRY*, nor are they mentioned. In effect, they do not have to be. Puritan nobility, gentry, and commoners had become a community unto themselves as religious victims of Laudian Arminianism; all its members knew from where the tyranny came. And its Pride became manifest, further, in the debacle of Arminianism's empowerment in the formal scholarly communities of Oxford and Cambridge where Calvinism once reigned and had the opportunity to nurture future statesmen and professionals of the body politic<sup>19</sup> (see "Cambridge & Oxford," manuscript page 36). Fane would have sensed these violations and their social-cultural implications intimately (as did, probably, Puritan Gentry Parliamentarian Symons D'Ewes<sup>19</sup>), given Fane's familial and personal allegiances to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and its staunch commitment to Puritan ideals.

But Fane's Puritan commitment may have further dictated posture as a moderate; may even have driven him to his elected removal to the estate at Apethorpe to extricate himself from the rabble of political extremism England had divisively fallen to as a plurality of conflicting communities. Fane saw them as malignant and anarchical, even those of religious Independents' Puritan extremism (see "An Independents Coate Blazond," and "Upon New-Lights," manuscript page 17). Given his demonstrated

disdain for personal conduct that would contradict his moral beliefs and personal commitment to them, his elected retirement to the country may have been more inspired by his insistence not to be involved in a political arena that would have demanded compromising religious convictions that were an integral part of his Puritan cosmology (and that also embraced a loyalty to balance between monarchy and Parliament<sup>29</sup>), rather than a desire to protect his wealth and estate. His removal for such purpose is clearly evidenced in a verse epistle to his active Parliamentarian and Puritan Gentry associate, Robert Harley, as a personal plea for Harley to extricate himself from political action, its seductive sirens and connivings, its sacrifice of personal freedom, and its conflicts:

Thus fortetide w<sup>th</sup>out all strife  
I'lle guive y<sup>e</sup> Ball to th' Cuntry-Life

. . . . .

What though you have a River ther  
To waft y<sup>e</sup> thirst ore to y<sup>e</sup> Bear  
And a Trade wind whose privildg  
Constant from Westminster to th'Bridg  
May fill y<sup>e</sup> Sayles trimd & prepard  
To take in fresh watr at Still yard  
You must have care in passing by  
Of Sirens in this Pilacy

Then Heer's a Pond too & a Boat  
 A shed therby to wash y<sup>r</sup> throat  
 From any Fish-bones harm or worse  
 Catt-killing-Care, or any curse  
 The hardnes of y<sup>e</sup> Fates or Times  
 Create to Cancell merth & rimes  
 Ther in a Counsail whilst we sit  
 To propagate noe sttate but witt  
 Like Court of Iustice we dispence  
 High verdit censures 'th out offence  
 And all Malignant humors drive  
 Out of Contents prerogative  
 That noe disasterous bre<a>th impayre  
 By dialect y<sup>t</sup> wholsom ayre  
 Wherin we breath & are as free  
 In mutuall society

Thus w<sup>th</sup> one Frend & two; noe more  
 Than makes up inst y<sup>e</sup> Count & Skoar  
 To freedom & to merth belongs  
 You may rest happy out of Throngs.

("An Invitation to R.H.: to change/  
 y<sup>e</sup> Citty Life for this in y<sup>e</sup> Cuntry  
 Apr\_8. 1651," manuscript pages 114-116)

Considering what Jacqueline Eales has illustrated about  
 Sir Robert, the Harley family, and Puritanism in the

period "as a style of piety, a mode of behaviour, a set of priorities" (Eales, 46),<sup>21</sup> Fane's plea may be possessive of a shared localized Puritan community's moderately positioned priorities toward "piety" in a community of discourse. "That noe disasterous bre<a>th impayre/By dialect y' wholsom ayre/Wherin we breath & are as free/In mutuall society" (manuscript page 116) may be highly significant for Fane, Harley, and their shared community of "mutuall" two, or more. "Dialect" suggests a common lexicon of discourse and its meaningful codes. And "freedom" as a codified word in the Puritan lexicon signifies spiritual freedom to realize the Puritan's indwelling Godly spirit. Once spiritual imminence should be conceived, the "Godly" Puritan individual has freedom of choice to conduct himself or herself with Puritan moral conscience. In that sense, Fane's plea may be one posed to Harley not to forget or violate their mutually shared definitions. "An Invitation to R.H. . . ." may not simply be country verse, or a poem of Cavalier country retirement, but whose content beseeches the opportunity for personal conduct that removes the individual from pernicious ambitions that politics' involvement with the "bear" of the period (Cromwell) had fallen to.

Yet *FUGITIVE POETRY* is not a manuscript collection filled only with invective and harangues of frustration,

or pleas to take heed--although they are vented, certainly. The content is also interspersed with Fane's attempts at an ideology for resolution that is noble and not self-conciliatory. And, here, he is separated from frustrated Cavaliers and Stuart Royalists. His Puritan theological ideals beg for practical moral conduct to be exercised by all for attaining resolution by means of balance and moderation. Moral virtues and reason become the call for a reactionary desire to re-acquire a balance between Church and State:

O did wee thoroughly see  
 How many artless soules reformers bee  
 If State & Churches wheles wee might mainetaine  
 They'd broken y<sup>t</sup> they ne[e]re can set againe  
 For whilst they make Religion pretence  
 And order Law those both are driuen hence  
 Wich when wee would restore I think't first  
{good  
 The one were truly knowne\_\_t'other understood

("My Lottery," manuscript page 15)

Moreover, the balance between Church and State is further reliant upon the need for moral and ethical interaction between king and parliament, i.e., not one without the other, but together for the good of all:

If y<sup>e</sup> King more or Parlim<sup>t</sup> have lesse  
 To say, who is't y<sup>t</sup> is y<sup>e</sup> misteris

That Gouverns all (but freedom) to y<sup>t</sup> still  
 Example Led is fostered by will  
 For wher y<sup>e</sup> Prince obeyes y<sup>e</sup> People sway  
 Soe Subiects of't times Soueranties betray  
 Yet wher noughts sought but w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lawes require  
 Hees tyrant & y<sup>t</sup> no King doth more desire

("For a Treaty," manuscript page 26)

The poem's title is illuminating; it pleads for co-existence between king and parliament, and both in response to Law, as the content suggests. But kingship, according to Fane, is neither individualized, autonomous, or acceptably tyrannical; it is dictated by God's Laws, as demonstrated previously:

(O Israels Princes) leave off cruelty:  
 And let your judgements, Justice so put on,  
 That there be no room for Oppression:  
 Neither exact from those who call you Lord,  
 More than your needs require, their powers  
 (afford.

(*Otia Sacra*, "From God to all Princes . . . "

60)

What emerges from Fane, then, is an intimating vision that the body politic should be an organic unification of state disseminated from God and God's Laws whose head and organs do not individually overpower or suffer from unlawful illness; they are naturally intended to co-



exist, rightfully, and function interactively for utility of the commonwealth.

Attempting to assess Mildmay Fane as a Stuart Royalist, or Cavalier--either by virtue of the label's political definition, or its literary definition--is a rather risky endeavor. Although of noble parentage, he was subject to Charles I's abuses, and Fane was critical of them--socially, politically, theologically. He very infrequently refers to Charles, but too frequently refers to "king," "sovereign," and even "golden age"--which suggests his desires to resurrect the monarchical age of Elizabeth I. Fane may have been committed to monarchical government, but not necessarily to Charles Stuart. And though, at times, Fane offers content in the *genre* of Cavalier verse, it is frequently underscored with country retirement that affords him opportunity to pursue the life of a Puritan "godly man" without hypocrisy, or contradiction to moral selfhood as defined by his religious persuasion. Hence, Fane's *vita bona* is a highly qualified one, and his distinction would remove him from other Royalist authors of the *genre* he has previously been associated with. So, too, attempts to characterize him as Presbyterian--either in its religious context or its political one as the term "Presbyterian" had become by 1646--all for the sake of literary interpretation are equally treacherous. Fane certainly

does not suggest in *FUGITIVE POETRY* that a monarch submit to Christ's Kingdom, or that members of the Kingdom should be sole governors to whom the monarch would be accountable. And contrary, at least, to a portion of John of Salisbury's *The Statesman's Book*, nowhere does Fane defend tyrannicide. Nor do Fane's demonstrated Puritan beliefs in *FUGITIVE POETRY* allude to Presbyterianism's doctrine that the church be independent of the Crown.

However, Mildmay Fane need not be as dichotomous or enigmatic as he has been previously considered. His moderate public posture may have been an expression of his moral moderation. His moral moderation was undoubtedly inspired by his Puritan commitment to humility in response to the First Commandment and the First Table, as *FUGITIVE POETRY* has illustrated. Fane's retirement to Apethorpe may have been his only consoling Grace in a personally perceived natural Puritan landscape of a Puritan cosmology to remove himself from social, political, and religious conflicts that would have threatened his personal theological convictions; convictions that Fane probably believed all members of the realm should have been accountable to. From these perspectives, *FUGITIVE POETRY* opens an opportunity to reevaluate Fane's *corpus*--primarily the second half of *Otia Sacra*'s poetry that has been traditionally labelled

as "secular"; his dramas; and other selections of verse  
as they are made available to us.

## Endnotes to the Introduction

1. See Richard Cust's and Ann Hughes' Introduction "after Revisionism," pp. 1-46, in *Conflict In Early Stuart England* (London: Longman, 1989) for an overview of revisionist and post-revisionist studies of the period; also J.T. Cliffe's *The Puritan Gentry* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1984), and *Puritans In Conflict, The Puritan Gentry During and After The Civil Wars* (London: Routledge, 1988) for the array of convictions among regional members of the gentry.
2. Information herein offered in the Introduction for Mildmay Fane's family history and heritage has mostly been taken from Gerald W. Morton's *A Biography Of Mildmay Fane, Second Earl Of Westmorland 1601-1666* (Lewiston/Queenston/Lampeter: Edwin Mellen, 1990, *passim*), the only formal biography of Mildmay Fane to date; also, from Donald M. Friedman's introduction to a facsimile reproduction of Fane's *Otia Sacra* (1648) (Delmar, New York: Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints, 1975, *passim*); and biographical information offered in Clifford Leech's introduction to his edition *Mildmay Fane's Raguaillo D'Oceano, 1640 and Candy Restored, 1641* [sic] (Vaduz: Kraus Reprint, 1963).
3. Morton notes that Sir Anthony assisted Admiral Clinton in "the rebellion which the Earls Westmorland and Northumberland had launched on behalf of Mary Stuart"; he was called upon as a military advisor in 1574 against the French threat in the Netherlands; and, in 1607, he mustered volunteers against the Midlands Rising at Newton.
4. Morton comments that Fane offers no explanation in his autobiography for not completing the curriculum except that he felt compelled "prematurely to give up a youth devoted to laughter and merriment in exchange for the sobriety and gravity of a Cato" which Morton takes to be an allusion to his election to serve as MP for Peterborough (17).
5. "In order that he may make his life happier, since what he possesses is by inheritance and not acquired by labor, he works to compose his mind in equanimity and make it alien to quarrels and factions. Nevertheless, loyal countrymen cannot avoid the

forum of the Parliament" (Fane *Autobiography*, Morton, 18).

6. But it is significant to note Morton's comment that Fane sold this commission "very probably [to reject] the king's efforts at increasing revenues" (24).
7. For the content of this correspondence, see Morton, p. 27.
8. The cause of Fane's incarceration in the Tower drawn from available sources of biographical material is conflicting and enigmatic. Friedman contends that Fane was captured and imprisoned because Parliament (Commons?) was able to forestall the implementation of the king's Commission of array (Friedman, *Otia Sacra*, vi); yet, Friedman's presentation would contradict Fane's declaration to desist along with his colleagues. Withington's interpretation undoubtedly parallels Friedman's, that Fane was confined "for attempting to put the King's Commission of Array into effect" (Withington, 1955, 61); Clifford Leech indicates that Fane was brought before the *Lords* along with Lord Montagu and Sir Christopher Hatton for having abided by the order to desist in executing the Commission at which time Fane was arrested and confined (Leech, 14); but Morton contends that Fane was arrested along with thirty others in the field following the Battle of Edgehill when, "'pursuant to the orders of that Parliament which remained, he (was) handed over to the guard and custody of the Tower'" (Morton, from Fane's *Autobiography*, 36). Morton's interpretation does not address conflicts over the Commission of Array.

I lean toward Leech's explanation, at present, because of its greater detail among all the sources: Charles's instructions to Fane and the other commissioners are dated July 4), and on August 8 Fane, Lord Montagu and Sir Christopher Hatton wrote to the High Sheriff of Northamptonshire to tell him that they would put the Commission into execution on August 15). But on that day the Commissioners are found writing to Sir Gilbert Pickering (who was Knight of the Shire for Northamptonshire) and his colleagues, avowing that they have not put the Commission into execution since they received the order to desist. They suggest that peace and good will should be restored by joint consent, and

they will not execute the Commission until they hear further from the King). On the 24<sup>th</sup> of the month, all the Commissioners were sent for by the Lords). Fane was then arrested and lodged in the Tower). (14)

9. A regrettable point of confusion in Morton's biography lies in his frequent use of the two terms as synonymous, although--in all fairness to Morton--the interchangeability of "Cavalier" and "Royalist" may only reflect a pejoration in the distinctions of both terms due to a conventional approach in viewing the Civil War and Interregnum periods of seventeenth-century England's conflicts as dichotomous in epic proportions between Cavaliers and Roundheads. Yet, a poetizer and dramatist of the period, as Fane was, of what Earl Miner came to define as Cavalier verse and Harbage identified as Cavalier drama may not necessarily have shared in all the convictions of Cavaliers. Nor would that versifier or dramatist have been totally committed to Stuart Royalism which substantive internal evidence in *FUGITIVE POETRY* may strongly suggest. As will be seen in the transcription and EXPLANATORY NOTES of this edition, even Fane's political royalism as Morton identifies it, may not have been Stuart Royalism *per se*, but rather a loyal commitment to the concept of monarchy that reflected ideals of the Elizabethan period and the noble tradition of knighthood that preceded it.
10. It should be noted, however, that a moderate position in the political arena of the 1630s and 1640s in England was not looked upon favorably by Charles and the Court. Any political commitment other than archly royalist that could generate political dissension or debate in and out of Parliament was viewed as cause for distrust, especially on the part of the flourishing independent gentry who were a growing social-cultural entity in London. The London theatres and their social-political *milieu* for the aspiring gentry became a great cause of concern for the Court. See Martin Butler's *Theatre And Crisis 1632-1642*, (p. 118; also, p. 123) for Butler's comments on Fane's moderate opinions that "Charles and his followers" readily alienated themselves from.
11. Butler comments that "[t]he two cousins dined together in 1639" (115)--curiously about or after Fane's active engagement in the Bishops' Wars with

Charles I. Although Fane's association with Sir Humphrey may not offer clear and concise evidence as to Fane's political convictions, it does suggest that Fane did not limit his social interactions to members of nobility loyal only to Charles Stuart.

But such associations may not have been limited only to the years preceding the onset of the Civil War. Friedman points out that by the 1650s, "Fane's associations with his [second] wife's family and his visits to Fairfax's estate at Nunappleton in Yorkshire later served to acquaint him with Andrew Marvell, the tutor of Fairfax's daughter Mary between 1651 and 1653" (*Otia Sacra*, vi). Although Marvell is generally viewed as having been a political chameleon during the Civil War period, he was suspected of having authored satirical works critical of the king, was friendly with John Milton, and held a strong allegiance with Cromwell (Ricks, 216).

12. The years of *FUGITIVE POETRY* were marked by persistent threats and abuses of intercepted and confiscated written communications between parties by adversarial and warring factions; *communiqués* through the use of ciphers, codes, and emblems were commonplace. Royalists and Parliamentarians employed the services of informants and cryptographers; and, too frequently, confiscated communications led to punitive action. See David Underdown's *Royalist Conspiracy In England 1649-1660* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1960), *passim*; also, Lois Potter's *Secret Rites And Secret Writing, Royalist Literature, 1641-1660* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1989), *passim*.
13. See Chapter I, "'Secrecie's now publish'd': royalists and the press, 1641-1660," pp. 1-37, in Lois Potter's *Secret Rites And Secret Writing* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1989), for discussion of anonymous adversarial newsprints and publications.
14. Fane's use of the Verse Epistle as a frequently recurring *genre* in couplets in *FUGITIVE POETRY* might suggest Donne's influence for a vehicle of expression in a moral context; and, external evidence indicates that Fane had a substantive example in his personal possession. The John Donne *Westmorland Manuscript* was a coveted possession of Mildmay Fane and remained in the Westmorland family until its sale to Edmund Gosse in 1856. Among the three sections that comprise the manuscript are a

large group of Verse Letters that were addressed to many of Donne's friends at the Inns of Court. Also, Donne's Satires and Elegies follow the same metrical format. Fane could have treated Donne as a mentor of sorts, and an emulation of Donne's style where appropriate to Fane's expressive needs seems reasonable (my personal correspondence, The Berg Collection, New York Public Library).

15. For a comprehensive analysis of the Renaissance Historical Verse genre, see Homer Nearing, Jr., *English Historical Poetry* (Philadelphia: Folcroft Library Editions, 1972), *passim*.
16. Gerald M. Maclean in his examination of historical poetry in *Time's Witness, Historical Representation In English Poetry, 1603-1660* establishes the same thesis for Abraham Cowley's epic, "The Civil War," which Cowley executed in iambic pentameter heroic couplet verse: "The battles and sociopolitical crisis of 1642-43 are given generalized import as particular instances of more enduring moral conflicts" (180). Cowley's works are listed in the catalog of Fane's library at Apethorpe (see APPENDIX, manuscript page 5).
17. See J. Sears McGee's *The Godly Man In Stuart England* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1976, pp. 68-94), for his discussion of the significant difference between Puritans and Anglicans in their ideological approaches to the Ten Commandments. Puritans were wholly committed to the First Commandment and the First Table as the essential practicing methodology in the evolution to godliness: the "'rise of all sin against man is . . . sinning against God first. . . The breach of the First Commandment is the ground of the breach of all the rest'" (71).
18. See Hugh Trevor-Roper's extensive discussion of William Laud's Arminian abuses as "The battle for the universities" in Chapter 2, "Laudianism and Political Power" in *Catholics, Anglicans And Puritans Seventeenth Century Essays* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1988, pp. 40-119).
19. For further discussion on Symons D'Ewes, his association with Cambridge University, and his witness to Arminian abuses there, see "Swallows it rather than heed . . ." etc] in EXPLANATORY NOTES, manuscript page 31.



20. . . . that also embraced loyalty to a balance between monarchy and Parliament and, hence, all members of the realm as the body politic. There is evidence in the Fane *canon* to suggest the influence of John of Salisbury's *The Statesman's Book*, and that the prince's responsibility is to the affairs of the commonwealth but guided by the dictates of God's Law; also, the tyranny of princes is an act of treason against the well-being of the "body," and is punishable; but more so, tyranny for personal gain is an act of sin by placing oneself first before God, and a violation against the First Commandment.
21. See Jacqueline Eales, *Puritans And Roundheads: The Harleys Of Brampton Bryan And The Outbreak Of The English Civil War* (Cambridge and New York: Cambridge UP, 1990). It is interesting to note that, like Fane, Harley and his family opposed Charles I's execution.

## CHAPTER II

THE *FUGITIVE POETRY*: A NOTE ON THE TEXT

This edition of *FUGITIVE POETRY* has been prepared from its original in manuscript form held by the Houghton Library at Harvard University, Harvard Manuscript *fMS Eng* 645. The diplomatic transcription herein presented has been executed from and relies on a quality photocopy that was supplied by the Houghton; hence, any work to be conducted beyond the scope of this dissertation should command a final examination of the original manuscript to confirm and further supplant textual interpretation beyond what the photocopy has offered.

Approximately thirty percent of the manuscript was composed by Mildmay Fane in Renaissance Latin. This Latin portion is not included due to the voluminousness of the manuscript's English content; however, Fane's titles to his Latin verses have been included in their appropriate places in the transcription. Much of the Latin relies on Fane's references and allusions to Horatian Odes, and those references are listed with the titles as Fane noted them in the manuscript. The Latin content should rightfully be conducted as a study in and of itself, and will be completed following conclusion of the dissertation.

The following Legend will assist the reader in

transcription markings:

< >, or <abc>, or <--->:	Cancel
ae, and oe:	Latin diphthongs
̄m, ̄n, ̄u, ̄o, etc.:	Macron for doubling the consonant or adding an "m" consonant to a word following the vowel indicated
[---], or [th], or [a?]:	Not decipherable, or questionable
!the!:	An addition by Fane, or a caretted addition positioned interlinearly above or below the line of text as noted in the TEXTUAL NOTES

Given the paucity of additions, deletions, and corrections the manuscript has demonstrated, it is highly probable that the contents of *FUGITIVE POETRY* are a compendium taken from previously worked drafts and exemplars. This observation is further supported by occasional disruption of the chronology of dates Fane

presents in the titles of his verses.

In addition, the following are a list of Fane's punctuation marks as they are presented in the transcription:

- : Fane denotes an abbreviation
- = Fane denotes hyphenation for separating a single word by a line-break; not all words are separated at a syllable
- W:<sup>h</sup>, w:<sup>h</sup>, S:<sup>r</sup>, S:<sup>t</sup> (or S.<sup>r</sup>, s.<sup>t</sup>), y.<sup>h</sup> a colon or period positioned under superscription in the manuscript when noted

All s's in the manuscript have been normalized for the sake of clarity.

Notation for the Textual Notes is derived from method demonstrated by Fredson Bowers in "Transcription of Manuscripts: The Record of Variants," *Studies in Bibliography* 1976: 212-264).

## CHAPTER III

THE *FUGITIVE POETRY*: THE TEXT

(manuscript page not enumerated)

Upon [ ] Strange adventure and  
 [ ] Voyage of Prince -A-  
 [ ] ali: Black Tom  
 [ ] wansford bridg  
 [ ] London y\*  
 [ ] of 8<sup>br</sup>\_\_53.

---

I'le bring noe fol [ ] Voyage on this stage  
 From mandevill or purcas Pilgrimage  
 Nor will I rake Tom Coriats ashes ore  
 To coast y\* Lybian or Atlantike shore  
 My pen a subiect homebred cannot want  
 Whilst a braue sq!uier goes up to Troy no[ ]ant  
 And for to guive both purce & body ease  
 Makes choice o'th fower-wheeld\_\_comon passages[.]  
 When now mounted stately the exceeds  
 The Fiery Pallfries w<sup>th</sup> his eight good steeds  
 At length drawn out whose euery step they tread

<In well tun'd bells>  
 To y\* next comming wayne is registred  
 In well tun'd bells squerrells [ineag'd] sometimes  
 I've herd present their Patrons w<sup>th</sup> like chimes:  
 To consort w<sup>th</sup> y\* thirsty Axel creaks  
 And faignes as if for licker more it speaks  
 Such harmony seems plaintife making more  
 As swine when their nose iewells they put on:  
     Though these goe slow they'r sure a pace preferd  
     In state espetially which musik's heard  
     For all y\* triumphs Potentates are in  
     Ought not to vanish quickly, but be seen  
     Soe in a grave solemnity requier  
     Noe swifter march than y<sup>t</sup> o'th'Pismier  
 Thus then entron'd this worthy wight appeers  
 As Prince to all y\* other Passengers  
 Comands & all obey: whom for to help  
 One straines ambitiously to serue his whelp  
 As a dry[el]purce; yet y<sup>t</sup> she may guiue milk  
 Before they part, [H]e shews he is not Bilk  
 Hath some cards worth y\* owning, Hers turnd up  
 The game goes on they play their Tricks & sup  
 You'ld iudg as in y<sup>t</sup> Leather shell they sate  
 T'had been y\* Lobster Lady & her mate  
 By sun-burnt-russet-Packs y\* hue's expresst

Of y<sup>t</sup> same crawling monster e're't be drest[:]

Though

{manuscript page not enumerated}

Though like y<sup>e</sup> horses time draw[ ]forth in length  
 The fate secure & fortifide w<sup>th</sup> strength  
 Of double Packs like Gobions on a wall  
 To damp a shott or any harme might fall  
 Him or his Puppy, & soe stowd for worth  
 The curtaines drawn He noe wayes peepeth forth  
 For fear of a discou'<->ry [ ( ) ] Gould y<sup>s</sup> fine  
 Lies deepest in y<sup>e</sup> cauerns of y<sup>e</sup> mine  
 And soe to se upon him self more price  
 He thus incoacht shu-s all discoueries.

I hau not bought an amblin nag to ride  
 To Paris could Ile'hu' been thus coachside  
 T'had saued Lepton horse-flesh, paynes, & work  
 For once w<sup>th</sup>in his week he had seen York  
 But those were silly travailers of owld  
 Could not reach this Invention, saue their Gould  
 And in more state & ease contriue to be  
 Transported w<sup>th</sup> like great solemnity

Now when one Prince unto an other sends  
 Embassadors attended by their frends  
 Accoast his court wher met w<sup>th</sup> Lords & Gentry  
 That this w<sup>th</sup> His she frend as he draws nigh  
 The suburbs may not want Civility  
 And due respects but met w<sup>th</sup> a like train  
 I doe proclaime their Entry Carter Lane.

Basta

---

Upon a mischance or fall

As dark as pitch  
 The night in which  
 Noe moon nor star appears  
 A Doctor Bowld  
 His steps mistowld  
 Soe tumbled downe y<sup>e</sup> steers

---

{manuscript page B}

Twas in October



And he was sober  
 For as if thirsty he fell  
 And brused his head  
 That he lay for dead  
 At y<sup>e</sup> dore of y<sup>e</sup> Fresco sell

-----  
 Soe He neuer spoak  
 Though his pipe it was broak  
 His box of Tobacco & all  
 His browe & his eyes  
 Did suffer likewise  
 Was not this a terrible fall?

-----  
 Yet at y<sup>e</sup> length  
 He gatherd some strength  
 And came to himself again  
 Complaines his director  
 And Liantl-horn protector  
 Had plotted to beat out his braine

-----  
 Why should we th<sup>e</sup>uls skorn

The Light or y• horne  
 When those of such use may be  
 To saue & defend  
 As y• day light doth end  
 And conduct in security

---

I will noe more wonder  
 Though't lighten & thunder  
 We uppermost Fates must endure  
 And yeild to all's don  
 Heer under y• sun  
 Soe Phisitian thyself thou mayst cure

---

(manuscript page not enumerated)

To H.T. into Nor:

My Noble Holl

Nor Kate nor Doll

Nor Gibb, nor Hodges Mary

Nor Ruth nor Bess

I shall express

Nor Ione looks to y<sup>e</sup> Dairy

-----

But my desire

Is set on fire

To tell Thee some good story

Yet it shall not

Speak Coriot

Nor Ambeling Ihon Dory

-----

Ther is a Knight

Whose Spurrs shine bright

And thus I doe Embrace him

When thither I goe

Though't be noe snow

You redely may Trace him

-----

T'is not Ban Bon

Nor watt, but Ihon

Though Cunny oft' awaks him

He seldom Knocks

Until y<sup>e</sup> Fox

Catch him & speachles makes him

---

Then out He's led

Unto some bed

Or couch neer to y\* same

Where again up start

He cries sweet hart

I fayth I am very Lame

---

He came t'afford

His owld Land Lord

His Company not Rent ho

Til as I [sayd]

He was well payd

And a good Lodging [stlent to

---

Whence I next day

He slips away

As silent as y\* swimmers

For being soe kind

He had utterd's mind

Before, after some Brimers

---

His dry soule up

    Calls for a Cup

Then mounts his steed noe Trotter

And Gallops home

    Wher fittly come

He may teach Docter Potter

---

{manuscript page 1}

Dialog: inter [Fluoir: & Ration

    December\_\_1642

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{manuscript page 3}

(manuscript page not enumerated (left))

De mirandis Britanæ ad I: Dousam

(manuscript page not enumerated (right))

Hug Gross: Epig: to I. Douse of y<sup>e</sup> Wood<sup>er</sup>:

of Holland taught English

That I some Miracles may rowse  
 To tempt ye Strangers Faith my Dowse  
 Know yt, allthough noe flocks heer stray  
 Minerva's Spinsters seldom play  
 We dwell in Touns are very good  
 Though in a Cuntry bears no wood  
 All's Pasture Ceres field we lack  
 W<sup>th</sup> heaps of Grain yet barnes do crack  
 Our Sellers full w<sup>th</sup> Vessells stand  
 Yet heer no vines forth th'Pruners hand  
 Heer Flaxen stalks are very rare  
 Yet tel me wher more Hollands are?  
 Our Dwellings to y<sup>e</sup> water loygn

Yet Douse our <-> thirsts we quench w<sup>th</sup> Wine

W.

{manuscript page 5}

5

Temporis Mutatio

{manuscript page 6}

6

Song or Ode

Upon y<sup>e</sup> speakers of either houses Leueing their  
 <leaeing their> charges & ruining away to y<sup>e</sup> Army

The Parlim<sup>t</sup> sat soe long w<sup>th</sup>out head  
 Till neuer a speaker was left in each house  
 Jack Presbiter made his will & was dead  
 And all was ordaind, prov'd not worth a louse  
 sing round about euery one to's trade againe  
 Let shoemakers noe more exceed their Last  
 Nor Princes obey y<sup>t</sup> subjects might raigne  
 Lest thes become all long Letters at Last

How comes it about there war found of Late  
 A trick to put all authority downe  
 But y<sup>t</sup> some would change a Monarch to state  
 And w<sup>th</sup> their mis breath & Last y<sup>e</sup> [H]onors of y<sup>e</sup> Crowne

Sing round about let us forget to [speake] Duch

And let our Mother tongue beare Comānd

Let Insolence want necessities Crutch

And true English speak y<sup>e</sup> all mis understood

Wherefore God bless y<sup>e</sup> King & his Peeres

And all Loyall Comons w<sup>t</sup> soeuer they be

That whilst Citty and army are goeing by & heares

The Subject againe may haue's Liberty

Sing Round about Babilon tw'ill be thy fall

W<sup>th</sup> Multitudes thou both houses lost awe

Till now thy great army and Generall

Doe seek to giue thee & y<sup>e</sup> Kingdom y<sup>e</sup> Law

What proffits it now magna charta foresad

What of Forests or y<sup>e</sup> Petition of Right

Wher time Deuoures all thing [up]on ther [lo]e bread

And y<sup>e</sup> best understanding is how to fight

Sing Round about looke to thy owne & be wise

Leaue ofe to sollicite thy cause in a forme

Bell---]t there bill be neither [s]lessions nor size

But all will be under confusions storme



Unless by a timely returne from our sinn  
 Wee be able ore the [nu---] soe much to preuaile  
 That as Members goe out our King may come in  
 Cutting o[] perpetuity in ye intayle  
 Sing Round about let y\* Just sphers & y\* skies  
 That ouerlooke all <----> below heere prouide  
 For y\* time y\* to come wee become y\* more wise  
 And Let y\* known Lawes alone be our guide

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7

[--]sus

Sapiendiam

Iesi

memoria

Abusus Regans

&

genue]runt

Iunea 1641

plebeia pictoria

Eanc fabulam

Fabula

To Sr A.W. Cler<sup>k</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> Kitt  
 to K.J. Upon his well cookt  
 Dish\_\_now in print calld y<sup>e</sup> Art  
 of K. Iames.

Reader behould w<sup>t</sup> past times did afford  
 Heer sett before y<sup>e</sup> on this dresser-bord  
 Where thou mayst find both Cook & Bacon w<sup>ch</sup>: in  
 Good Diets Clerkship would comēnd y<sup>e</sup> Kittch  
 Then tell me ever if Thou Knewst a Man

Write stronger from y<sup>e</sup> spitt or dripping pann

---

{manuscript page 8}

8

Character, acrostichis\_\_

Grace before meat & after

gratis data

Gratia

To my L: Ch:

gratum faciens

W<sup>th</sup> Thankfull cap in hand you'l bring Grace under  
 But if Grace make you thankfull 'tis a wonder:

3. Graces

Fayth \_\_\_ Hope \_\_\_ Charety

Fayth I beleeve, & tis noe sin at all.

To Hope y<sup>t</sup> pride at length may have a fall.

Yet Charitably I'le dispose my wish

That soe much Grace may never coole y<sup>r</sup> Dish\_\_

{manuscript page 9}

9

Saegri: Gazetao[tlicon-- inter Mil: & Robert: suum

Upon my falling Lame

under suspition of y<sup>e</sup> Govt

only in Decemb <sup>re</sup> 1650.

Excuses all but bootless are

When Payn becomes a Conquerer

Since then I cannot put on boot

I forced am to goe on foot

And y<sup>t</sup> denide too by y<sup>e</sup> same



{manuscript page 11}

Quaeda videntur & non sunt

Quaeda sunt & non videntur

{manuscript page 12}

12

To my Frend Mun: gon to Lon: to play

at Tennice

---

Mun

I y' am Thine, & Thine all

Wish myself now a Tennice B\_\_\_

Or else some wanton Losses P\_\_\_

For ther thou loust to Keep thy racket

But seing distance wo'nt afford

These let me be y' grill or Bord

That whilst thou cutst y<sup>e</sup> line w<sup>th</sup> grace  
 Thou Hazard hitst or nickst a Chase  
 Equivoilent to cause dispaire  
 Be th' service guiven nere so fayre  
 And if all this yet will not doe  
 Ile covet t' be some Madams trou  
 Soe slightly guarded y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> ease  
 Thy B\_\_\_<sup>e</sup> may find their passages  
 Thus when thou winst & guivst me set  
 I cannot Leese whilst thee I get.

---

In

Rem publica \_\_\_ Epig:  
 y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> is publike  
 is Co<sup>m</sup>on

---

Res is a harlot <wealth's grown> !Publique's! Co<sup>m</sup>on  
 Yet they'r overcome by noe man  
 Whilst Fayth is Drawne in to be  
 Of y<sup>e</sup> same Sesternity  
 Beleef henceforth I shall averr  
 To be an Adulterer  
 Whilst of Truth it doth begett

No thing ;now; but what's Counterfett.

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13

My Lottery

Cast crosse or Pile draw cutts y<sup>t</sup> wee may see  
 Once more w<sup>t</sup> Lawes & w<sup>t</sup> Religions bee  
 Sithence Coupling time y<sup>t</sup> Jealousies & feares  
 Doe Valentize <all> all mirease to payers  
 As if y<sup>t</sup> euery star gouernd this skie  
 Borrowed its influence of Geminie  
 Why Plunder I y<sup>e</sup> spheres when our state falls  
 Within a Packe for Gleeikes & Mornifalls  
 Of Toms & Ases tother coates Lay beare  
 Out of o<'>ur hands Rust out and Tidied are  
 For y<sup>e</sup> Least Trumpe soe Dualitide may giue  
 A heaue to y<sup>e</sup> best[e] Cards Prerogatiue  
 And warrant it whilst y<sup>e</sup> Groom Porters mess  
 Proues Autho[r] Ephe to all passages  
 Remarkeable; whither Diarnall ones  
 Or else noe Iurnall Lucubrations  
 Tis for election Generally <y> ;they; fight  
 And sitt in Counsaile to turne Day to night

To say they floct or Colrlide might mainetaine  
 They would submit to birdes of pray againe  
 Or/hearded (like y\* Gad-trens poine) were worse  
 For y\* in titles to y\* Divells curse  
 What if I make them Being [---] !so! akinn  
 Unto y\* Dwarfy Eluish Gobbeline  
 I shall not be mistaken whilst one Round  
 Greene headless Traits both their Contri!u!ments found  
 But be they more or fewer to Conclude  
 Their Powers from y\* Giddie Multitude

(manuscript page 14)

14

Confusions Taskemasters like Pharos Press  
 For truth & Peace yet Court nothing Lesse  
 Wh[en] <-> 'tis impossible whilst loue <y> !they! smother  
 Y\* Righteousnesse & peace should Kiss each other  
 Disorders Fauorites y\* faine would find  
 A means to Calme y\* Sea by raiseing wind  
 [S]ell snow for fuell make New castles <--> Fine  
 Send Coales (tho'ut Barkleyes leaue) to coole their rime  
 Seven up impossibillities & then  
 Replant y\* Oliue branch by raiseing Mekun  
 Or not by Laying downe armes !again! of those



So raisd, though enemie thers none t'oppose  
 Bring y<sup>e</sup> King Home by weeping X & thus  
 In stall him prisoner soe more Glorious  
 Than on his Throne where nothing he could awe  
 But trauers by ascent Ordinance to Law  
 Canonick y<sup>t</sup> would w<sup>th</sup> its owne waight fall  
 And Create Scripture of Apocrifall  
 Stampe Ma<sup>st</sup>r upon their Idoll Bell  
 And Dragon too in spight of Daniell  
 Thes be deuouring beasts & must [pvide]l  
 [Thloo<sup>e</sup> Preists & wiues & Children beside]s  
 W<sup>t</sup><-> euer Law & contience assayle  
 Blinde Tobits fawning Dog will wag his Tayle  
 In hopes by some new Lenit to be read  
 And Text his first endowm<sup>t</sup> maydehead  
 If one be guifted still by women soe  
 There is noe neede such goe to Jerico  
 Smoth face suits best unto a butterd tongue  
 And tis noe matter w<sup>t</sup> soe he be yongue  
 Thus runs y<sup>e</sup> female verdict, neighbours say  
 Wast not a rare yong man stood up to Day

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15

In sooth methought his Teaching Did eclips  
 Suzannas story with her Elderships  
 O for a salique Law y<sup>t</sup> might deny  
 y<sup>e</sup> Petticoate & smocke supremicie  
 Judg if there were not Righteous Doings ment  
 when two together met w<sup>th</sup> one intent  
 T<->' assault her chastity w<sup>th</sup> Lust to'th Brim  
 And soe [S]et Antelers on Joachim  
 Yet this noe ins[ult]!ult! here our Mother is  
 Most shamefully polluted by y<sup>e</sup> miss--  
 Created Independence alone  
 Whose Fancies Law & will Riligion  
 And thus free quarter & y<sup>e</sup> Pulpit bring  
 A kind of Matrimony thout a Ring  
 Despise<sup>d</sup> cause Concords Emblem & y<sup>e</sup> Gowne  
 By Butterd Preists & swords in belts put downe  
 A watch or Locke Growne fowle through age & rust  
 Condemed to a slower Turning must  
 Guiue way to time but here y<sup>e</sup> Wheelles smoth worne  
 Precipitate y<sup>e</sup> motion & scorne  
 To Stay for Time yet each alike comes under  
 The artists hand againe to take & asunder  
 None other must: O did wee thoroughly see

How many artless soules reformers bee  
 If State & Churches wheles wee might mainetaine  
 They'd broken y' they nefelre can set againe  
 For whilst they make Religion pretence  
 And order Law those both are driuen hence  
 Wich when wee would restore I think't first good  
 The one were truly knowne\_\_t'other understood

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16

A game at Tables

Whilst wee play Rebels all at Leuelcoyle  
 Who ist y' Laughs ins sleeve y' while  
 But Deuill Pope & Turke  
 And is not this mad worke  
 Weed seeme to fight not Liberty to loose  
 Till I thinke Hells broake Loose  
 And all Conditions sexes & Degrees  
 Contend for Pedegres  
 To Blazon out in argent feild  
 A Dart Gules y'" w<sup>th</sup> malice steeld  
 Of y' first house from Caine & of noe other

Soe's thoug' distinction from an Elder Brother  
 Only y<sup>t</sup> he his Brother, wee our King  
 Must sacrifice helpe out in offering  
 And Call God & wittnesse too: pray Fates  
 Wee find not Cains reward proue runnegates

---

Honos alit Artes

Arts all will pine now honours must goe downe  
 Though one once changed A sheepe hooke for a Crowne  
 Had I as many Crownes as ere were borne  
 I'de pawne them all for one small barley Corne  
 Three Letters of y<sup>e</sup> Alphabet y<sup>e</sup> [M]ine  
 Recond forth first y<sup>e</sup> twelve & y<sup>e</sup> fifteen  
 Which Like a powerfull spell should straight untie  
 The Scepters mistick Knott of Monarchy  
 And Leaue y<sup>e</sup> Co<sup>m</sup>on Wealth un[fo]lc't to ease  
 Her dropsie & Anarchicall disease  
 Untill each humor did breath out & then  
 The State being Cur'd I'de be myselfe again

{manuscript page 17}

An Independents Coate

17

Blazond

Hee beares partly per pale Atheisme & Turcisme chargd w<sup>th</sup>  
Liberty of Contience for Croysant or new Light soe

{[s]} of y<sup>e</sup> yonger house

to Lucifer: his Hypocrety in devotion intitles him

{Enemy to the

Crosse in Generall as well Salter as other though otherwise

{his avari

=tious dispositian makes him y<sup>e</sup> greatest Idolater in y<sup>e</sup>

{world Where

they backe y<sup>e</sup> Kings Image he w<sup>th</sup>stands all Gouver<sup>nt</sup> & soe

{carries noe

Bend or cheuern in his escuttchion a Dexter would doe him

{too much

right & though indeed he may seeme to deserue a sinister

{for

Base yet his Intentions for truth y<sup>e</sup> wrong way discharge y<sup>e</sup>

too his Supporters are Popery & scisme w<sup>ch</sup> divide his

{senclesse

coate & soe would rend y<sup>e</sup> seamless one--His mantle y<sup>e</sup>

{inspiration



By those who seeke some newer Lights for guid  
 And though y<sup>e</sup> Scripture to it selfe preferr  
 The truest glass & best in-terpreter  
 Yet there are some soe in all inspird y<sup>t</sup> will  
 Question y<sup>e</sup> dictates of y<sup>t</sup> sacred quill  
 Brand it Humane tradition & y<sup>t</sup> those  
 Prophets or Patriarks in verse and Prose  
 Noe more then y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Egyptians schooles has gott  
 Or Jesses fruitfull Lawrel soe much wrote

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18

Wonder of ages when y<sup>e</sup> lie is giuen  
 To truth it selfe how seeke wee after Heauen  
 And to shun Hell [ / ] where all y<sup>e</sup> misteries  
 Tend to promote y<sup>e</sup> Father of all Lies  
 But this methinks like as each motion sent  
 To seeke its center proues more uiolent  
 By how much it approaches so'tt appears  
 The Diuells Raing is in beckineing yeares  
 And there upon he beres more rageing skill  
 To Bring more pselites in sak's to's mill  
 Wher he may Grind all good in Tonle free &c

Seuer y<sup>e</sup> Apostle Peter's flower from Bran  
 Syms-sonn Confute & call his Prophets nye  
 With Coale man to make parme his Forgery  
 Corne well may here be ground & Brighter made  
 By grinding too a Cousning shefeld Blade  
 Blacke well befits this story & y<sup>e</sup> night  
 A fauorer to euey newer Light  
 Where Wills-sonn w<sup>th</sup> a wispe Jennys Burnt arce  
 Seduce into y<sup>t</sup> Dick or y<sup>t</sup> Salt March  
 From such unholdsome moory grownds alone  
 those Meters haue Brought-on confusion  
 And Lest this Sacrament or tother should  
 Keepe faith & Charitie from waxing Could  
 These respit either as notorious crimes  
 That seeke to falsefie thes Later times  
 Whilst Disputations flow truths matters ebb  
 And thus our Church hath spun a faith webb  
 For Questions are raysd many none see thurroughe  
 More like to Combs of Bees then Cunny Burroughs  
 Notorious Rogues whither elsewhere or Kent  
 That Dare deny y<sup>e</sup> Blessed Sacrament  
 In either Kind whereby wee must put on  
 Y<sup>e</sup> fertile Hopes of our Redemption  
 B't ye are all one graine & soe become  
 One Batch of Leuen to sower Christendome



And if yo' Master y' setts yo' a worke  
 Had don [w'] yea heere I'de wish yea s<sup>th</sup> y' [Tulrke  
 Or Caniball to preach 'em Tame & Ciuell  
 For like to lik saith Collier to y' Diuell

(manuscript page 19)

19

Decemb' \_\_\_\_\_ 1641

Bishop for up goes soe y' game is done  
 And all must be reformd to Henderson  
 The church was sick oth collect now receiues  
 More comfort from wt praire each brest conceiues  
 And then of windy Instrum<sup>ts</sup> sett free  
 Admitts noe anthemes in her Lithregy  
 But Rubrickes Letany and compos'd prayer all  
 Contem'd & condem'd Apocrifall  
 And second seruice (out upont) it's worse  
 Then Brawne & mustard serud for second course  
 the menicke guarb & gestures speake noe less  
 When uppeside then Hocus Pocusses  
 And ye superfluous sarke more one ye gonne  
 In penance for y' whoredome of th' <one> |whol| tonne  
 Wish y' of Babell need noe more be knowne

Sithence [y'] wer'e purgd of superstition  
 W<sup>t</sup> needs y<sup>e</sup> hood & capp to shew degree  
 Y<sup>e</sup> mas is mas w<sup>th</sup>out such sophestry  
 Was not y<sup>t</sup> plott a poore & sillye one  
 To call a table made of oake a stone  
 For such were alters & to make a pownd  
 As if't had trespast in some neighbours grownd  
 When railleing better doth y<sup>e</sup> pulpit suit  
 Where other waye some Teacher would be mute  
 And [clolake fo want of-Matter to be spun  
 W<sup>th</sup> hawkes & hum'uis untill y<sup>e</sup> glasse be run  
 This Emblem of humanity ere I passe  
 I must acquaint theirs scandall soo in glass  
 But tis y<sup>e</sup> britler sex would thee expell  
 It may be cause in palli'nt they them excell

{manuscript page 20}

And crave more adoration from y<sup>e</sup> eye  
 Sithence by y<sup>t</sup> crosse wee liue by theirs wee die  
 Or is it thus such windowes call on night  
 And then themselues they'd haue y<sup>e</sup> Church more light  
 Or Thinke they not they can be of renowne  
 Though they be up unlesse y<sup>e</sup> glasse goe downe

Fond undertakers if yo' feares & Joyes  
 Were rightly plact yea need not straine at toyes  
 But yo' delights unsteady & yo' feare  
 Least her being allwayes drest yea come Late there

Epigram In Idem

My neighbour though to satisfie desire  
 Would of y' steepel ring y' Bells ith quire  
 And being offended much w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>t</sup> was wont  
 Of owld, ordaines y' Belfrey for y' font  
 Thus giueing innouation noe ease  
 We'er halfe transformed into Antipodes

---

Upon Mas Alexander Henderson's Death  
 & y' Preaching Coachman

Greate Henderson y' Scot is gon  
 Who Knockes downe now Roomes Babilon  
 If in such Boughs perch tus diuine  
 How ist y' Trunck should thus decline  
 Unlesse preuention heere had end

To saue y<sup>e</sup> weight if such a freind  
 And Nature to deny this Clay  
 Desert, quits it y<sup>e</sup> Comon way  
 Soe he lies silenced & dead  
 Who would haue Bishops Silenced

{manuscript page 21}

21

Where are wee now who strikes y<sup>e</sup> stroake  
 To resett Gouerment y<sup>e</sup> broake  
 A Clock y<sup>e</sup> is in sunder tain  
 May goe a gaine if Pinns remaine  
 To sett y<sup>e</sup> wheeles together butt  
 Those lost it canot moue one ibt  
 Forme was before reforming skill  
 As accon's still succeed y<sup>e</sup> will  
 But y<sup>e</sup> wee might more Passions know  
 Heere wee'd run first then Learne to goe  
 Lay downe all gouer<sup>ment</sup> before  
 To take up one on a new scoare  
 Religion Bankerouted I feare  
 Ther's few can tell th'account to cleere  
 But in arithmatick goe on  
 Noe further can then fraction

Or if they Multeply at all  
 Tis mischeife how t'make others fall  
 Diuisions easy & y\* high--  
 May, unto cheife authoritie  
 Not as our Sauours rules aduise  
 By going Less to seeke to rise  
 But skiping up at once & there  
 As greate as John y\* Presbiter  
 Why was y\* buildings corner stone  
 Joynd w<sup>th</sup> a Rock foundation  
 Of greatest prooffe gainst wind & storme  
 If vertue was not raisd by Forme  
 Or did y\* seamlesse garment once  
 Christ chose to put on for y\* nonce  
 Emblem diuision I should bee  
 Conuinc't wee ought not to agree  
 But as y\* twisted cords define  
 The truest seale of discepline  
 Soe let y\* Gospell changers all  
 Whose Doues haue more then others gall  
 Expect whilst they exceed their last  
 Presumpcion chase them out as fast  
 For I beleue that many Knocks  
 May beate a Coach man of His Box

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22

To Northampton

A Garison? w<sup>t</sup> else dost thou not heere  
 The sufering drum awake y<sup>e</sup> shoemaker  
 To March beyond his Last, & chang his worke  
 To fight against y<sup>e</sup> dauy: worse than Turke  
 And though there neuer were more Hides then now  
 Tis not y<sup>e</sup> weell tann'd skinn of Horse or Cow  
 Hee seeke to purchase naught stands him instead  
 Saue Cauileeres skinns soundly Carried  
 Of such he couets to gett many a Dicker  
 For winter were because theile take their Licker  
 Calues-skins is his owne cushion & y<sup>e</sup> fells  
 Of y<sup>e</sup> flockes bleaters he at market sells  
 All but w<sup>t</sup> heeds y<sup>e</sup> Drum & those hee keeps,  
 Quiets disturbers enemies to sleepe  
 With y<sup>e</sup> reuelia March & y<sup>e</sup> tatoo  
 Wich by Instinct he learnt from boots or shooe  
 Why are there scooles for Artists to Comence  
 When here a bylke hath such intellegence  
 Nay to Diuide y<sup>e</sup> tex of discipline  
 And measure out y<sup>e</sup> flanker<sup>s</sup> curtaine line  
 Wth such Dexteritie as one might swere

That Mars had spannd these meteors from his shere  
 Let all their trade from Etna can deriue  
 Looke to their Venusses Lest those they\_\_\_\_\_

For tis most sure where inspirations been  
 Concupiscence is but a veniall sin  
 Like good Arithmatitions here they trie  
 How to Substract y<sup>t</sup> they may multyply.  
 And by Diuisions Logerisme show  
 Those were but siphers now for figures goe  
 Counting from one to hundreds y<sup>e</sup> while  
 Tis hundreds to one but they beguile  
 Both state & Church and as y<sup>e</sup> Prouerbe say  
 Chuse in the sunshine Daies to make their  
 [Hay

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The Cosmography of this County

23

It alwaies in former times stood distinguished by  
 Longetude of east & West & yet held paralell y<sup>e</sup>  
 Hundreds to all seruices but now it is Lancht wounded  
 & cut through by somany miridian Lines hott fiery  
 Zealots or rather bonte feuex firebrands of Cisme &

seeds men of all seditions y<sup>t</sup> it accknowledges noe bou  
 =nding. Tropicks but striues to Lay Leuell in y<sup>e</sup>  
 Equator both Day & night a like. Pesant & Peer  
 noe difference twixt thrones & coblers Bulkes  
 nor is it girt thin other then y<sup>e</sup> Torrid Zone &  
 Soe spitts Flames--fire & Sward gainst Crowns  
 & Scepters, all authority but w<sup>t</sup> such Preach  
 would Deeme their Pulpits Poles soe make Charles  
 Wayne y<sup>e</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> w<sup>thout</sup> preuention, y<sup>t</sup> timely too will  
 set al<soe>!soe! on fire by y<sup>e</sup> rash attempts of these  
(state  
 --Phaetons y<sup>t</sup> wee shall becom moores soe blacke through  
 Guilt of Fond conceipt & all Disloyaltie y<sup>t</sup> now strea  
 =ms of our M<sup>e</sup> grace & mercy (who is an ocean of  
 such) shall wash us white soe make us innocent to God,  
 to Him, our selues but whilst thus vayne wee may  
 proclaime our Labour & endeaucours to bee noe lesse  
 & rest at y<sup>e</sup> unprofitable ridiculus signe.

---

An inuectiue against Gould

y<sup>e</sup> corrupter of all

Why doe wee Lay y<sup>e</sup> blame to y<sup>t</sup> or this

Of any thing is acted heere a miss



And y<sup>e</sup> true cause !pass! by why all states moue  
 To cherish hatred & to banish Loue  
 The Mortals God is nothing else but Gould  
 Where w<sup>th</sup> all happinesse was bought & sowld  
 Can reach noe higher then this world prefers  
 Unto its sence beguilled[.] Pasengers  
 This hath a Place in other would it guet  
 Brothers of Tindarus one star must set  
 To eleuate y<sup>e</sup> others Pole & here  
 Enuy y<sup>e</sup> orbe Contention fills y<sup>e</sup> sphere

---- And

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24

And all this from below earth but refin'd  
 By influence soe workes upon mans mind  
 That without difficulty Ide mainetaine  
 Affections captiud in a goulden chaine  
 Lawes & Religions are but traines to draw  
 Weaker capasities under this Awe  
 When neither truly meant becom once skand  
 Youl find them only steps to rayse comand  
 Increase Possessions highten Pride untill  
 All Soueranties comprised Thin y<sup>e</sup> will

Of Him y<sup>t</sup> to such riches can attaine  
 And Powre as t' make this world his Soueraigne  
 But though pretence w<sup>th</sup> a faire Light may shine  
 Whilst not etheriall't shall not be/mine  
 Nor will I from my first foundation err  
 But Keepe a Rowland for an Oliuer.

---

Epigram on y<sup>e</sup> times--

A-Peace A-Peace whilst euery one doth seeke  
 It spells noe peace, if wee but turn't to Greeke  
 Wherefore A-Warr A-Warr I would mainetaine  
 W<sup>ch</sup> is noe Warr. Then't would be peace againe

---

On King Cromwell

It doth comend y<sup>e</sup> stampe of euery coyne  
 When't beares resemblance w<sup>th</sup> its Sou'aigne  
 I wish y<sup>t</sup> wee awaken not y<sup>t</sup> old  
 Base Romish mettalle Tinkers trash for Gold  
 For if o<sup>r</sup> Charles not fill up but still waine  
 Leaueing not C.R. but <C> K.C. to raigne

His Brazen face & Copper Nose will runn--  
 For Currant better then a Harrington  
 Those were but Tokens but for these wer'e sure  
 They'l turne a Plague y' will admitt no cure  
 Then Lord haue mercy on us who alone  
 By speedy Power can worke preuention

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To Hugh Peters

25

Hugh t'was a grosse mistake when men did call  
 The Peter's, for thou more belongst to Paule  
 And strius't to make y\* scripture good fro~ hence\_\_  
 Heauens Kingdome is attained by uiolence  
 Tis force not Keyes must y\* strait gate unbarr  
 And soe thou art becom a sonne of warr:  
 Canon-Bonerges if there doe not want  
 Faith to beleeeue their's few soe Valiant  
 As thou hast beene, cutting of men 'thout feare  
 As each had been but Malchus'es right eare  
 This thy owne Armotts speake & in a word  
 Thou married hast y\* Pulpit to y\* sword  
 This to maintaine y' y' hath been thy skill

To Draw out this to murther slay & kill  
 But if thou wilt Pauls masters will mainetaine  
 Thou must leaue striking & Put up againe.

---

To Sr Thomas Fairfax

Though thy pretences may for fair stand  
 Black Tom y<sup>e</sup> rest in Latine's fire brand  
 And soe I feare thou <---> art who prict w:<sup>th</sup> fame  
 Embroylst thy natiue country in a flame  
 In vertues schoole those doe not more excell  
 Who conquer; than who manedg Conquest well  
 non minor est virtus &c

---

Upon Jack, Tom, Will, & Dick

Jack would liue Batchelour yet neds must wiue  
 Tom goes although hee;l neither Lead nor driue  
 Will from his charge roaus & Condem'ne'd is  
 Dick stayer at worke & y<sup>t</sup> is iudg'd a miss  
 Will Tom Dick Jack may well examples bee  
 To point out this worlds mutability

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26

## For A Treaty

Shall's treat w<sup>t</sup> else for there in may be found  
 Means to In-treat y<sup>e</sup> King to be uncrown'd  
 Soe ordinances to doe may haue noe-more  
 When S<sup>t</sup> John's Will, & Mar<e>tin hath his whore  
 W<sup>th</sup>out controwle each member else (uppright\_\_  
 As reformation) may speake or write  
 What witt or Fancy dictates, & therein  
 Though, it crosse disposition & is no sinn  
 for y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Breach of Law imployes when here  
 Noe for[filt of a Cabb: or Couenanteer  
 Soe much imports as may y<sup>e</sup> Kingdomes Jarr  
 Reiteraete & imbroyle in second warr  
 If y<sup>e</sup> King more or Parlim<sup>t</sup> haue lesse  
 To say, who is't y<sup>t</sup> is y<sup>e</sup> misteris  
 That Gouverns all (but freedom) to y<sup>t</sup> still  
 Example Led is fostered by will  
 For wher y<sup>e</sup> Prince obeyes y<sup>e</sup> People sway  
 Soe Subjects of't times Soueranties betray  
 Yet wher noughts sought but w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Lawes require  
 Hees tyrant <&>y<sup>t</sup> no King doth more desire

---

## Upon Mada Seuera

I shall not spare when I seuera praise  
 For I then write of Rosemary & Bayes  
 Nor must y<sup>e</sup> Sun shine but y<sup>e</sup> Heauens call vow  
 To Sympathise her sullen Lowry brow  
 Smiles all cav'd in noe cheerefull ness once dare--  
 In such ore shadowed night-peice-to haue share  
 But when thick clowdes oker too much of Sight  
 Ide borrow for my Inke y<sup>e</sup> darkest night  
 Where Batts & Skreech owles from their wings shall  
 {le[nd]

Me velom & a Pencell to Comēd  
 Her rare endowm<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> are inward spent  
 Upon her selfe in fostering Discontent  
 Yet Like t'a bird new scapt !out! of a cage  
 They'r fledg And breake sometimes int' open rage

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27

Bring her a child to Tyrannise upon  
 And then y<sup>e</sup> Rods her recreation  
 W<sup>ch</sup> on y<sup>e</sup> suffering buttocke she employes  
 Untill they blush to see her cruelties

Then if a Seruant man or maid doe err  
 She proues both Diuell & y<sup>e</sup> cungerer  
 And w<sup>t</sup> her wand or fist cannot effect  
 Their sure to haue it from her Dialect  
 For y<sup>t</sup> small weapon females armd w:<sup>th</sup>all  
 W<sup>ch</sup> was y<sup>e</sup> caus of Tantaluses fall  
 She wilds soe nymbly & soe sharply whets  
 That all mens valours seeme but counterfetts  
 To her high Prowes; thus she conquest brings  
 By hooke to hand, by tongue as snakes by stings

---

Upon y<sup>e</sup> Country of Kent <-->on it's condition  
 at present\_\_\_June y<sup>e</sup>---1--1644

Unconquered coast whilst all thy neighbours bee  
 Nor Plunder Bille[t], nor Free [-u]art free  
 That labourst not, when those can take no rest  
 How aboue such is thy condition blest  
 But by a prouidential care put on  
 Cherishest warr abroad w<sup>ch</sup> is weell don  
 For soe thy peace at home more fixed lies  
 Foundationd on thy freinds not enemies  
 [As so---ads], allwayes seemed & w<sup>t</sup> excise  
 Thy Purse & raines tis thy neighbours compremise

Not Kent to them who alwayes hungry presse  
 To be th'r owne caruers of thy Substances  
 Here in thy care excells & thought remaine  
 Some iudge it hard the eye should shrink y<sup>e</sup> maine--  
 Yet be assur'd y<sup>e</sup> maine & all relie  
 Soe much in this Securing Policy  
 That should but priuate discontent ore flow  
 The bankes of reason it might ouerthrow  
 The & thy force y<sup>e</sup> et sith hence for ground thoust layd  
 To Conquer first thyself be not afraid  
 For't speakes more power nor can Plot rise T'unbride  
 Thy Riuers pass People ot'h Priuillidge  
 Of free borne subjects armd w<sup>th</sup> this intent  
 To stand for God y<sup>e</sup> King &'s Parlim<sup>t</sup>  
 As y<sup>e</sup> renown'd yeomandry of Kent

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28

Upon y<sup>e</sup> Sodaine rise of my Country men & their  
 defeat by Co<sup>m</sup> Mannering & Browne y<sup>e</sup> woodmonger

{Juli-24-1643

at Tunbridge

How tyme turnes upside downe & fortune sayles



in fauouring y<sup>e</sup> Round-Heads gainst Long tayles  
 for he y<sup>e</sup> would a skoare of years a goe

Plact here y<sup>e</sup> history there y<sup>e</sup> ouerthrow  
 Might haue growne rich through waging; how ere  
 The Prouerbe sets out Kent & Darby-shire  
 Famous both at one end y<sup>e</sup> [la]tter tries  
 W<sup>th</sup> his Round-headed skills to Kiss y<sup>e</sup> skies  
 Whilst thothers woods & hedges muster thus  
 Imbattele under General Orpheus  
 Else had not conquest now been new, t's a thing  
 Worth noting how their foes in Mannering  
 Tho' affaires proceed & Countermine their Plott  
 w:<sup>ch</sup> formerly preuaild; soe strait wayes gott  
 One verc'd in coale & wood & him they sent  
 To ouerthrow y<sup>e</sup> sturdy oakes of Kent  
 I doubt they were but Sapling <s> undertakers  
 Soe the</>r remaine enow to make wise-Akers  
 Thus whilst twixt head & tayle there are such  
 Thers left skeares head or Tayle in all proceedings  
 ((Bleedings

---

Upon Mada Seuera & her

Gierle Friskin

Like medlers Lockt for sale w'hien they are gotten  
 Not to proue only ripe for foode, but rotten  
 Soe did Seuera to her girdle tye  
 Her Darling friskin for securitie  
 And hatcht this chicken still under her wing  
 Till y<sup>e</sup> wingd God found means to cast his sting  
 Through her feathers & y<sup>e</sup> gierle mans meate  
 Resents y<sup>e</sup> Operation of his heate  
 And become Gamester strait on payes her box  
 Then Like a Rotten Peare she is ripe w:<sup>th</sup> pox

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29

Upon y<sup>e</sup> Petitionall rising in Kent June--1648

& their defeate by Fairfax

Is Kent ouercome? their enterprize dispatch?  
 Twas cause they'd count their Chickens fore their !hatcht!  
 And Build on fruit abundant ere they knew  
 Whither or noe there should arise mill dew  
 Might Blast their hopes & nip such budding skill

Of coupling to humillitie free will  
 First thei'd Petition or at Least pretend  
 In humble sort[s] their sutes to recomend  
 To higher powers then of armes possest  
 Theid turne y<sup>t</sup> to awarrant was request

And mustering up y<sup>e</sup> glory of their power  
 That had w<sup>th</sup>stood y<sup>e</sup> first Kent[King] Conquerour  
 Monopolize y<sup>t</sup> tytle as not meant  
 Of any County saue (unconquered) Kent  
 But mark the Issues those before did err  
 Being uanquished by Browne y<sup>e</sup> wood monger  
 Thought noe dishonour now nor sham at all  
 To take a Route from y<sup>e</sup> Lord Generall  
 And thus retireing each unto his home  
 Some to their Long, some to their short are come

---

To Captaine Minou<r>s after his returne y<sup>e</sup> 9<sup>th</sup>

(time

from y<sup>e</sup> East Indies

Minor!us! thy name alone goes lesse  
 Thy actions more of worth express

For though th'whole gloabe it self hath been

Trauild by thy Countrymen-- Drake

Candish

Let [--] times to pass y<sup>e</sup> Line

Could be non others act but thine

Wherefore let those thrice Sisters Three

Record y<sup>e</sup> to Posterity

Who nine tymes hast obserud y<sup>e</sup> Tide

Where Ganges waues & Indus slide

That whilst thou Heauen & Seas found Kind

Letter Befreind may w<sup>th</sup> faire Wind

To giue encouragem:<sup>t</sup> whereby

Maiors may Minors fortunes trye

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Upon y<sup>e</sup> Babes of Grace or y<sup>e</sup> S:<sup>ts</sup> y<sup>e</sup>

Seeke for their Portians in this world

30

Why ist wee seeke from Room to roau soe farr

Ast wipe all S:<sup>ts</sup> out of our Kalender

Apostles too, but y<sup>e</sup> as I suppose

For this wee haue can wear them in their nose  
 And make y<sup>e</sup> memory of their Liues shine Better  
 Than any Rubrick or Dommick Letter  
 For such referrd to scriptur & tould when  
 Those Glorious Martirs first were fishermen  
 And y<sup>t</sup> their calling was to seeke & trye  
 How they could catch men w<sup>th</sup> humillitie  
 But this was time of ould, & weer at losse  
 Unless Gods Book admitt another gloss  
 The Cream o'th Earth all fatt things of y<sup>e</sup> Land  
 The milk & hony of our Canaan  
 Belongs to non but those who by their power  
 Themselues can Canonise & all Deuoure  
 Inuerting quite our Sauours mandate Thence  
 And compasing this Crowne throug uiolence  
 W:<sup>ch</sup> how they err in this !ts! not hard to Trace  
 When they seeke glory first then after Grace

---

#### The Scottish Pedlers turnd Merchants

Sithence all endeuours to aduancem<sup>t</sup> moue  
 Why seems it strang Pedlers should Merchants proue  
 And triffle out noe more w<sup>th</sup> Beads & Rings  
 But deale in whole!sale! now twix states & Kings

Or y<sup>t</sup> their Gamsters growne and com y<sup>e</sup> caster  
 At In & In Fling out, & loose their Master  
 The Prime of Traytors if wee call to mind  
 Was but a Petty--Chapman in his Kind  
 Compar'd to these one Potters feild alone's  
 Too small to Lay out such a som upon  
 And y<sup>e</sup> too greate to be return'd this Nation  
 Would please me to fullfill all imitation

Had Judas Known y<sup>e</sup> Stapeling of these  
 Neither y<sup>e</sup> Scribes nor y<sup>e</sup>'et y<sup>e</sup> Pharises

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31

Should haue ore reacht him: or did he remaine  
 A liue, hee'd Hang himself for spight againe  
 Hee sett soe low a balew on his Lord  
 When here y<sup>e</sup> Marketts better rates afford  
 Wee hang for witches People poore & owld  
 Forgetting thers noe sorcery to gowld.

---

Upon Beale a Minister y<sup>t</sup> took y<sup>e</sup> Couenant  
 Thinking thereby to saue & hold his Liuing but  
 (being  
 discovered Lost it & soe was deceiud

Beale coming where y<sup>t</sup> Couenant was a giuing  
 Swallowes it rather than heed Loose his Liuing  
 But when t'was known upon w<sup>t</sup> terms he took it  
 They bid him for his liuing then goe looke at  
 Whosoe playes fast & loose w<sup>th</sup> God's not fit  
 T'Partake of Benefice or Benefit

---

Upon Breaking y<sup>e</sup> Seals  
 because of y<sup>e</sup> Kings Image  
 on them or y<sup>e</sup> states Polecy

Ego frangam te ne tie frangas me[e]

Whilst policy doth thus prouide  
 Better Destroy than't be Destroy'd  
 More pittty I than wonder Lacke  
 For Seals & all y<sup>t</sup> goe to wracke  
 But how will thos hence forward driue\_\_\_\_  
 On their design'd prerogatiue  
 Unless they doe a new one gett  
 May be their owne, noe Counterfett

Which should I proffer Ile not seek  
 To other character then Greeke  
 That alphabet hath some one Letter  
 May for their pardons graunt serue better  
 Than any now our King is gon  
 Bears Longer Superscription  
 Than when they doe for mercy call  
 A Letter Long may conclude all

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32

A Sumons to Frank Beumonts Gost  
 upon resuming one of his owld playes

Beaumont arise slumber no more in Clay  
 It's Lawfull to reuiue a good owld play  
 Heere such a one from thy Prophetick Vaine  
 A King & no King's acted ore againe  
 Whilst Cap & knees cheap loyalty doe poynt  
 A Soueraigne whose power out of ioynt's  
 Bereft of strength, yet Like legg or arme  
 Which are noe less y<sup>e</sup> same for angl|harme  
 Through mischance this Ma:<sup>ty</sup> still bears  
 The stampe of his renown'd Ancestrers



For Trumpets sound then enter King w' ease  
 And Ranke tie w' ere thy Subjects pleas  
 By a great suit greatness is understood  
 Then here wee may conclude noe ebb, but flood  
 A full high sea w: "h from ye Deeps belch forth  
 Soe many Pebbles stones & shells of worth  
 As craue his stooping to whilst they begett  
 The Priuate strictness of 'a Cabbinet  
 Opend for wonder sake then shut againe  
 Not as himselfe pleases but as his Train  
 Where nothing can distinguish him a hayre  
 From them but as y\* stage allowes a chayre  
 And guards afore & after w: "h relate  
 To Price<-> & match captiuitie to state  
 Yet in this Dream he (Patience tryd) snores out  
 In hopes (spectators weary) t'bring about  
 An other scene wher in y\* world to show  
 His Kingdoms loss is his own ouerthrow  
 And therefore to maintaine himselfe & them  
 Resolu'd is against all streams to stem  
 Aduise y\* contrary & giues consent  
 To's minds concurrence w: "h his Parle: "h  
 Things once thus brought to pass (if I but durst)  
 I would conclude Exit K. Charles y\* first

---

Some playes like La<sup>a</sup> would implore  
 A Prologue usher them before  
 To speak y<sup>e</sup> greatness of y<sup>e</sup> Plott  
 Here such pretention needs not

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33

This is of y<sup>e</sup> transcendant skill

---

It goes from good though acted ill  
 Nor Reuel Masters place nor those

Call'd y<sup>e</sup> Townes witts once dare t'oppos  
 It doth in Bishops posture sitt  
 And silence euery Coÿttrick witt  
 The scoape thereof both sets apart  
 And sequesters y<sup>e</sup> Cream of art  
 Soe y<sup>e</sup> all expectations tend  
 To nothing now but t'marke y<sup>e</sup> end  
 W:<sup>ch</sup> if !good! her'l be noe cause  
 For Epilogue to beg applause  
 (Worth will reward it selfe) but base  
 Will after quite y<sup>e</sup> skoals and case  
 Whilst Baldnesse needs a Perrewigg

Clownes will not laugh w:<sup>th</sup>out A Jigg

---

Epigra<sup>m</sup>

The Jealous state w:<sup>th</sup> more then Argus eyes  
 Mustering up it's wakfull misteries  
 Finds it not safe y<sup>t</sup> either fort or towne  
 Ship or y<sup>e</sup> Like be trusted more ith Crowne  
 But Kept for it by them because say they  
 Wee'l not confide but ith' Militia  
 Yet mark how their deceiv'd upon this skoar

The Crowne hath stil on new--Castle's worth more

---

To inuite my Lord to walke in the  
 Tower

A Crop of honor tis he reaps  
 Who walketh in his fathers steps  
 Wherefore my Lo: if pray think'st fitt  
 To act something may merit it



When as y<sup>e</sup> stormy Gusts of discord cease  
 And stile our Ile againe y<sup>e</sup> Bay of Peace

---

On y<sup>e</sup> Maior of Eusham

Hee is him selfe a beast or worse  
 That calls y<sup>e</sup> Maior of Eusham horse  
 For those can only prance & Kick  
 But he had lernt an other trick  
 To strayne y<sup>e</sup> saddle make it wider  
 And soe at last to cast his Rider  
 For thus y<sup>e</sup> staffe & mace mainetaine  
 Vice gerent ship to soueraigne  
 And hee to'th haight of Justice bent  
 May chance become a President  
 Now Gentle S:<sup>r</sup> w<sup>h</sup> ere men call y<sup>e</sup>  
 In shop on bulke where ere they install y<sup>e</sup>  
 That word when meant of <y>|thee| at least  
 Soe tis a controuersy whither  
 The Maior a greater beast be on y<sup>e</sup> other

---

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35

Upon y<sup>e</sup> Perfume Pembroke Left when  
he was sent to bit this war to good night

The Second of May

1649 /Fama mendax for

he outliues y<sup>e</sup> day not

(y<sup>e</sup> Perfume

Haue yo<sup>u</sup> obserud y<sup>e</sup> poysoning breath  
Of a Corps sequester'd by Death  
Or beene made happie w:<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> sent  
Of a Draught full of excremen:<sup>t</sup>[?]  
& mett yo<sup>u</sup> ere saucry fumes arise  
from y<sup>e</sup> gold finding miseries  
Or Candles snufte after y<sup>e</sup> flame  
Was spent euen such is Pembrokes fame  
Now he is out who liuing tride  
To pawne his honor e're he died  
But y<sup>e</sup> had blasted beene before  
Soe sweld to nought but chancelour  
Of a great schoole who cannot passe  
Censure for chusing such an \_\_\_\_\_  
Whos parts & learning bound in one

Make but a Gotam [Allkeron  
 Now though y<sup>e</sup> fates decreed his set  
 He could not die in uertues debt  
 For he soe little had of her  
 W:<sup>th</sup> eas he turnd a Comoner  
 And therein displaid his Jewel's Banner  
 Whilst his contention was wth'tanner  
 Soe as S:<sup>t</sup> George the Dragon slew  
 Hee becam Knight & foyld this few  
 Then for his hatt band he Kept it  
 To compass in his little witt  
 Yet he houlds worth to be employd  
 In y<sup>e</sup> successfull conquering side  
 And would each fellow peere inuite  
 To be a State Hermophrodite  
 W:<sup>th</sup> through liberties pretext  
 Might chirish most y<sup>e</sup> thriueing sex  
 And those y<sup>e</sup> thus yeild way to fall  
 May gaine at length ye Deuill & all

Cause Oxford's sif It this Jewel Right  
 To prayse its Chacelour Bark Theirs Knight

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How com'st about when Sisters are coheirs  
 Ours hath but one but theirs hath Chancelers  
 Or why did fate make different in y<sup>e</sup> power  
 Send one both feild y<sup>e</sup> others to y<sup>e</sup> Tower  
 Unless y<sup>e</sup> plot this double sense affords  
 Minervas th'one th'others for th'records  
 were sent to search t'Apollo did belong  
 Soe y<sup>e</sup> sought fame those others but a song  
 Yet doe I find there was in this some skill  
 To make th'one sister like th'two headed hill  
 And ceast y<sup>e</sup> others bridg should pass y<sup>e</sup> broke  
 Or ford y<sup>e</sup> Parliment an order tooke  
 To keepe them safe y<sup>e</sup> if y<sup>e</sup> bill should bee  
 Passing to give y<sup>e</sup> King a subsedy  
 Neither might suffer but [p]ferr:<sup>st</sup> find  
 One voated first before y<sup>e</sup> last behind  
 Now whilst both houses to Keepe fast y<sup>e</sup> praise  
 Belong to th'one let to'ther weare y<sup>e</sup> Baies.

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