

# Renascence Editions

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**Skialetheia. 1598.**

**Everard Guilpin.**

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SKIALETHEIA.

OR,

A shadowe of Truth, in cer-  
taine Epigrams and  
Satyres.

[image]

At London,  
Printed by I.R. for Nicholas Ling, and are  
to bee solde at the little West doore of  
Poules. 1598,

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To the Reader.

*Insteede of Ingling termes for thy good will.*

*Reader fall to, reade, iest, and carpe thy fill.*

## EPIGRAMS.

### *Proœmium. I.*

AS in the greatest of societies,  
 The first beginners, like good natur'd soules,  
 Beare with their neighbors poore infirmities:  
 But after, when ambition controules  
 Theyr calme proceedings, they imperiously  
 "(As great things still orewhelme the[m]selues with weight)  
 Enuy their countrimens prosperity,  
 And in contempt of poorer fates delight.  
 So *Englands* wits (now mounted the full height,)  
 Hauing confounded monstrous barbarismes,  
 Puft vp by conquest, with selfe-wounding spight,  
 Engrauē themselues in ciuill warres *Abismes*,  
 Seeking by all meanes to destroy each other,  
 The vnhappy children of so deere a mother.

### *To the Reader. 2.*

Whose hap shall be to reade these pedler rimes,  
 Let them expect no elaborat foolery,  
 Such as Hermaphroditize these poore times,  
 With wicked scald iests, extreame gullerie:  
 Bunglers stande long in tinck'ring their trim Say,  
 Ile onlely spit my venome, and away.

### *Of Titus. 3.*

*Titus* oft vaunts his gentry euery where,  
 Blazoning his coate, deriuings pedegree;  
 What needest thou daily *Titus* iade mine eare?  
 I will beleue thy houses auncestry;  
 If that be auncient which we doe forget,  
 Thy gentry is so; none can remember it.

### *To Liuia. 4.*

*Liuia*, I kon thee thanke, when thou doost kisse  
 Thou turn'st thy cheeke: see what good nature is!

For well thou knowest thy breaths infection,  
 Able to turne my stomacke vpside downe.  
 Which when I thinke on, but for manners sake,  
 I'd pray thee thy cheeke too away to take.

*Of Matho. 5.*

*Matho* in credite bound to pay a debt,  
 His word engagde him for, doth still replie,  
 That he will aunswere it with sophistrie,  
 And so deferres daily to aunswere it:  
 Experience now hath taught me sophistrie,  
 He gaue me his word; that is, he coussend me.

*Of Faber. 6.*

Since marriage, *Faber's* prouder then before,  
 Yfayth his wife must take him a hole lower.  
*Of a railing humour. 7.*

(Good Lord) that men should haue such kennel wits  
 To thinke so well of a scald railing vaine,  
 Which soone is vented in beslauered writs.  
 As when the cholicke in the gutts doth straine,  
 With ciuill conflicts in the same embrac't,  
 But let a fart, and then the worst is past.

*To Deloney. 8.*

*Like to the fatall ominous Rauens which tolls,*  
*The sicke mans dirge within his hollw beake,*  
 So euery paper-clothed post in Poules,  
 To thee (*Deloney*) mourningly doth speake,  
 And tells thee of thy hempen tragedie,  
 The wracks of hungry Tyburne naught to thine.  
 Such massacre's made of thy balladry,  
 And thou in grieffe, for woe thereof maist pine:  
 At euery streets end *Fuscus* rimes are read,  
 And thine in silence must be buried.

*Of Paule. 9.*

*Paule* daily wrongs me, yet he daily sweares  
 He wisheth me as well as to his soule:

I know his drift, to damne that he naught cares  
 To please his body: therefore (good friend *Paule*)  
 If thy kind nature will affoord me grace,  
 Heereafter loue me in thy bodies place.

*Of Syluio . 10.*

*Syluio* the Lawyer, hunting for the fame  
 Of a wise man, studies Phylosophie,  
 And odly in his singularitie,  
 From being odde, thinks wisdome hath her name.  
 So long hath he turnde ouer *Scaliger*,  
 Old *Cardan* and the other chimick wits,  
 Which haue to after-times demisde their writs,  
 That a fift Element he doth auerre:  
 Deserues not he to make the wise men euen,  
 Who odly thus makes odd the *Nerues* of heauen?

*To Gue. 11.*

*Gue*, hang thy selfe for woe, since gentlemen  
 Are now growne cunning in thy apishnes:  
 Nay, for they labour with their foolishnes  
 Thee to vndoe, procure to hang them then:  
 It is a strange seeld seene vncharitie,  
 To make fooles of themselues to hinder thee.

*Of Cotta. 12.*

Behold a wonder, neuer seene before,  
 Yonder's *Cotta's* picture, dauncing trenchmore.

*Of the same. 13.*

I saw not *Cotta* thys halfe yeere before,  
 When he was angry that I spoke not to him,  
 He hath no reason to take it so sore,  
 Being so painted that I did not know him.

*To Licus. 14.*

*Licus*, thou often tell'st me iestingly,  
 I am a fine man, and so tyrannously  
 Hast thou now tired that phrase, that euery one

Is a fine man in thine opinion:  
 In thine opinion? no it's but thy word,  
 Which doth that fine addition affoord:  
 And yet I see no cause but many may,  
 Be euen as fine as *Licus* euery way;  
 In dauncing, vaulting, and in riming too,  
 In theyr conceits there are as good as you.  
 Then wherein is't that you so farre surpasse  
 Other plaine iades, like *Lucius* golden Asse?  
 I heare thee say the foulest day that is,  
 Thou art shodde in Veluet, and in Naples bisse:  
 Nay then I yeeld, for who will striue in it,  
 May haue fine clothes, but a most filthy wit.

*Of Zeno. 15.*

*Zeno* desirous of the idle fame  
 Of Stoicke resolution, recklesly  
 Seemes to esteeme of good report or blame;  
 So prouing himselfe dull, most foolishly,  
     To euery thing he heares, he saith he cares not:  
     He cares not for his booke, nor yet for wit,  
     For pleasant catch-fooles in like sort he spares not  
     To sweare hee's carelesse, carelesse to forget  
 Or thinke vpon his dutie, soules comfort;  
 Carelesse to thriue, or liue in decencie;  
 Carelesse of vertuous, and a good consort,  
 Carelesse of wisdom, and of honestie;  
     To all this carelesnes, should one declare  
     His fathers death, I am sure he would not care.

*Of Riuus. 16.*

Once *Riuus* saw a pretty lasse,  
 And liquorous tooth'd desir'd to tast,  
 But knowing not how to bring't to passe,  
 He vow'd to hange himselfe in hast:  
     I feard him not, the wench was gone,  
     And he was loth to hang alone.

*Of Clodius. 17.*

*Clodius* oft sayth he hath challeng'd beene by many,  
 But neuer tells me he hath answered any.

*Of Curio. 18.*

*Curio* threatens my death in an Epigrame,  
 Yfayth hee'le eate his word, he is too blame,  
 And yet I think hee'le write; then ware of bleeding,  
 Nay feare not, he writes nothing worth the reading.

*Of Faustus. 19.*

*Faustus* in steede of grace, saith *Fuscus* rimes,  
 Oh gracelesse manners! oh vnhalloved times!

*To Candidus. 20.*

Friend *Candidus*, thou often doost demaund,  
 What humours men by gulling vnderstand:  
 Our *English Martiall* hath full pleasantly,  
 In his close nips describde a gull to thee:  
 I'le follow him, and set downe my conceit  
 VVhat a Gull is: oh word of much receipt!  
 He is a gull, whose indiscretion,  
 Cracks his purse strings to be in fashion;  
 He is a gull, who is long in taking roote  
 In barraine soyle, where can be but small fruite:  
 He is a gull, who runnes himselfe in debt,  
 For twelue dayes wonder, hoping so to get;  
 He is a gull, whose conscience is a block,  
 Not to take interest, but wastes his stock:  
 He is a gull, who cannot haue a whore,  
 But brags how much he spends vpon her score:  
 He is a gull, that for commoditie  
 Payes tenne tmes ten, and sells the same for three:  
 He is a gull, who passing finicall,  
 Peiseth each word to be thetoricall:  
 And to conclude, who selfe conceitedly,  
 Thinkes al men guls, ther's none more gull then he.

*Of Procus. 21.*

*Procus* insteede of more fitting discourse  
 To entertaine his Mistris eares withall,  
 Tells her a long tale of a rosted horse,  
 Of a great brabble did to him befall;

When she demaunds the occasion of the braule,  
 He in gallant brauery, gull-like swore,  
 The reason that he foorth with him did fall,  
 Was, for the other grutcht him of his whore:  
 (Ye who doe loue your loues better conceit,)

Iudge if this gull deserued his mistris fauour,  
 Who thus his goatish humours did relate:  
 Or what paine wish you for this rude behaiour?  
 Whomsoe're he marries may she a whore proue,  
 For this speech shewes that he a whore doth loue.

*To Clodius. 22.*

I prethee *Clodius*, tell me what's the reason,  
 Thou doost expect I should salute thee first,  
 I haue sized in Cambridge, and my friends a season  
 Some exhibition for me there disburst:  
 Since that, I haue beene in Goad his weekly role,  
 And beene acquaint with *Mounsieur Littleton*.  
 I haue walkt in Poules, and duly din'd at noone,  
 And sometimes visited the dauncing schoole:  
 Then how art thou my better, that I should  
 Speake alwaies first, as I incroch faine would?  
 But in a whore-house thou canst swagger too,  
*Clodius* good day; tis more then I can doo.

*Of Sextilius. 23.*

*Sextilius* sigh'd, for *Leuca* let a fart,  
 Hath not the youth a meruailous kind hart?

*Of Fuscus. 24.*

When *Fuscus* first had taught his Muse to scold,  
 He gloried in her rugged vaine so much,  
 That euery one came to him, heare her should,  
 First *Victor*, then *Cinna*, nor did he grutch  
 To let both players, and artificers,  
 Deale with his darlings, as if confident,  
 None of all these he did repute for Lechers,  
 Or thought her face would all such lusts preuent:  
 But how can he a bawdes surname refuse,  
 Who to all sorts thus prostitutes his Muse?

*Of Gnatho. 25.*

My lord most court-like lyes in bed till noone,  
 Then, all high stomackt riseth to his dinner,  
 Falls straight to Dice, before his meate be downe,  
 Or to digest, walks to some femall sinner.  
 Perhaps fore-tyrde he gets him to a play,  
 Comes home to supper, and then falls to dice,  
 There his deuotion wakes till it be day,  
 And so to bed, where vntill noone he lies.  
 This is a Lords life, simple folke will sing.  
 A Lords life? what to trot so foule a ring?  
 Yet thus he liues, and what's the greatest griefe,  
*Gnatho* still swears he leads true vertues life.

*To Pollio. 26.*

Th'art a fine fellow trust me *Pollio*,  
 And euery one reputes thee so to be,  
 Both for thy ingles face, and goodly show,  
 Of thyne apparraile and thy naperie:  
 Then, for thou pertly knowes to wagge thy head,  
 Like some old palfrey-strucken vsurer,  
 Chiefely, for that this Christmas thou hast led  
 An vnthrifths life, (gramercy Creditor,)  
 But for this last thou must be faine to goe,  
 Into the country for a yeere or two.

*Of the same. 27.*

*Pollio* at length's fallne in my good conceit,  
 Not for his wanton face and curled haire,  
 Nor his fatte buttocke, nor that I delight  
 In his french Galliard, which is nothing rare,  
 Nor for that others thinke him to be so,  
 (For others credits cannot better me,)  
 But for he thinks himselfe a fine fellow,  
 For his owne state who better knowes then hee?

*Of Zeno. 28.*

*Zeno* would faine th'old widdow *Ægle* haue,  
 Trust me hee's wise, for shee is rich and braue:  
 But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, shee will none of you,



In my mind shee's the wiser of the two.

*Of Arion. 29.*

*Arions* thoughts are growne so musicall,  
 That all his talke's of crochets, and of quauers,  
 His very words to sembrieffe time doe fall,  
 And blowing of his nose of musicke sauours:  
 Hee'le tell you of well fretting of a Lute,  
 Euen til you fret, and of the harmonie,  
 Is either in a still Cornet or Flute,  
 Of rests, and stops, and such like trumperie,  
 Yet loues he more, for all sweet musick sence,  
 His mistris belly, then these instruments.

*Of Chrysogonus. 30.*

*Chrysogonus* each morning by his glasse,  
 Teacheth a wrinckled action to his face,  
 And with the same he runnes into the street,  
 Each one to put in feare that he doth meet:  
 I prythee tell me (gentle *Chrysogone*)  
 What needs a borrowed bad face to thine owne?

*Of Torques. 31.*

*Torques* a Knight, and of indifferent liuing,  
 Is neyther free of house-keeping, nor giuing:  
 Yet stands he in the *Debet* booke vncrost:  
 Wonder not man, he keepes a whore to his cost.

*Of Lais. 32.*

Wanton young *Lais* hath a pretty note,  
 Whose burthen is, pinch not my petticoate:  
 Not that she feares close nips, for by the rood,  
 A priuy pleasing nip will cheare her blood:  
 But she which longs to tast of pleasures cup,  
 In nipping would her petticoate weare vp.

*Of Fidens. 33.*

*Fidens* instructs young Gentlemen to play,  
 Who teach his wife, they get true fingring:

But she learns to play false; no mervaile, they  
Of a Maister, she of Schollers got her learning.

*Of Orpheus. 34.*

*Orpheus* hath wed a young lusty wife,  
And all day long vpon his Lute doth play:  
Doth not this fellow lead a merry life,  
Who plays continually both night and day?

*Of Cotta. 35.*

I wonder (*Cotta*) Paynters Art can like thee,  
Who drew thy picture being nothing like thee.

*Of Metius. 36.*

*Metius* of late hath greatly cosend me,  
I tooke him for an earnest Catholike,  
He talk'd so much of almes and charity;  
But I vvas mightily deceau'd belike.  
    He praiseth charity and almes, because  
    He was made Barrister for almes, not lawes.

*Of the same. 37.*

With what conscience can *Metius* sell law deare,  
When of meere almes he was made Barrister?

*To Licus. 38.*

*Licus*, thou art deceau'd in saying, that  
I'me a fine man: thou saist thou knowest not what.  
He's a fine fellow vvho is neate and fine,  
Whose locks are kem'd, & neuer a tangled twine,  
Who smels of Musk, Ciuet, and Pomander,  
Who spends, and out-spends many a pound a yeare,  
Who piertly iets, can caper, daunce, and sing,  
Play with his Mistris fingers, her hand vvring,  
Who companying vvith vvenches nere is still:  
But either skips or mowes or prates his fill,  
VVho is at euery play, and euery night  
Supps with his *Ingles*, vvho can vvell recite,  
Whatsoeuer rimes are gracious (*Licus*) leaue,

Iniure not my content then, to bereaue  
 My fortune of her quiet: I am I,  
 But a fine fellow in my fantasie  
 Is a great trouble, trouble me not then,  
 For a fine fellow, is a fine foole mongst men.

*Of Chrestina. 39.*

I told *Chrestina* I vvould lie vvith her,  
 When she with al old phrase doth me aduise,  
 To keepe my selfe from water and from fier,  
 And she would keepe me from betwixt her thighs,  
 That there is vvater I doe make no doubt,  
 But Il'e be loth (vvench) to be fired out.

*Of Næuia. 40.*

*Næuia* is one vvhile of the Innes of Court,  
 Toyling in *Brooke*, *Fitzherbert*, and in *Dyer*:  
 Another vvhile th'Exchange he doth resort,  
 Moyling as fast, a seller, and a buyer:  
 Will not he thriue (think yee) who can deuise,  
 Thus to vnite the lavv and merchandise?  
 Doubtlesse he vvill, or cosen out of doubt;  
 What matter's that? his law will beare him out.

*Of the same. 41.*

*Næuia's* a Merchant, and a Gentleman:  
 That is, scarce honest, liue how he can.

*Of the same. 42.*

Pardon me (Reader) I will not bewray  
 Who *Næuia* is, not that I feare to say,  
 But that he should be punishd I am loth,  
 For engrossing occupations as he doth.  
 He is a Lawyer, and a Merchant to,  
 And shortly will I doubt haue more to do:  
 He is a busie fellow, and may be  
 A knaue Promoter for his honesty.

*Of Clodius. 43.*

*Clodius* me thinks lookes passing big of late,  
 With *Dunstons* browes, and *Allens Cutlacks* gate:  
 What humours haue possest him so, I wonder,  
 His eyes are lightning, and his words are thunder:  
 What meanes the Bragart by his alteration?  
 He knows he's known too wel, for this fond fashion:  
 To cause him to be feard: what meanes he than?  
 Belike, because he cannot play the man.  
 Yet would be awde, he keepes this filthy reuell,  
 Stalking and roaring like to *Iobs* great deuill.

*Of Phrix. 44.*

*Phrix* hath a nose; who doubts what ech man knows  
 But what hath *Phrix* know-worth besides his nose?

*In Zelotypum. 45.*

Thy wife so nimph-like sitting at the board,  
 Why frown'st thou that I look on her? good Lord.  
 What sinne is't to looke on a pretty lasse!  
 We look on heauen, the Sun & Moons bright face.  
 Would'st haue me turne away, as I did see  
 Some filthy slut, or lewd deformity?  
 Why Iealousie her selfe may suffer sight;  
 Sight cannot cuckold thee, nor do thee spight:  
 If thou'lt not haue her look'd on by thy guests,  
 Bid none but Harpers hence-forth to thy feasts.

*Of Gellia. 46.*

The world finds fault with *Gellia*, for she loues  
 A skip-iack fidler, I hold her excus'd,  
 For louing him, sith she her selfe so proues:  
 What, she a fidler? tut she is abus'd?  
 No in good faith; what fidle hath she vs'd?  
     The *Viole Digambo* is her best content,  
     For twixt her legs she holds her instrument.

*To the Reader. 47.*

Excuse me (Reader) though I now and than,  
 In some light lines doe shew my selfe a man,  
 Nor be so sowre, some wanton words to blame,

They are the language of an Epigrame.

*To Lydia. 48.*

(*Lydia*) so mote I thee thou art not faire,  
 A plaine brownetta when thou art at best:  
 Yet darst not thou come forth into the ayre,  
 When no wind stirres, and Sunne's hid in the vvest.  
     But mask'd forsooth, I prethy what's thy reason,  
     That hauing (God he knowes) no faire to loose,  
     Thou hid'st that pitteous *None* so out of season?  
 Oh th'art a mummer, and perhaps dost choose,  
 A faire calme euen as fittest for thy gaine:  
 Sayest thou me so? nay, then we'le haue about,  
 Come, trip the dice, haue at your box(*Madame*)  
 Ile cast at all, for sure I goe not out.  
     Nothing but mum? nay then we are agreed,  
     Be I well chanc'd, my chance may be to speed.

*To Cotta. 49.*

Be not wrath, *Cotta*, that I not salute thee,  
 I vs'd it whilst I worthy did repute thee:  
 Now thou art made a painted Saint, and I  
*Cotta* will not commit idolatry.

*To Women. 50.*

Yee that haue beauty and withall no pittie,  
 Are like a prick-song-lesson without ditty.

*Of Chrestina. 51.*

Talke bawdery and *Chrestina* spets and spals,  
 So much her chast thoughts hate it, tut that's false,  
 She loues it well, wherefore then should she spet?  
 Her teeth doe water but to heare of it.

*Of Pansa. 52.*

Fine spruce young *Pansa's* growne a malcontent,  
 A mighty malcontent thought young and spruce,  
 As hersie he shuns all merriment,  
 And turn'd good husband, puts forth sighs to vse,

Like hate-man *Timon* in his cell, he sits  
 Misted with darknes like a smoaky roome,  
 And if he be so mad to walke the streetes,  
 To his sights life, his hat becomes a toombe.  
 What is the cause of this melancholly,  
 His father's dead: no, such newes reuiues him,  
 Wants he a whore? nor that, loues he? that's folly,  
 Mount his high thoughts? oh no, then what grieues him?  
 Last night which did our *Ins* of court men call  
 In silken sutes like gawdy Butterflies,  
 To paint the Torch-light sommer of the hall,  
 And shew good legs, spite of slops-smothering thies  
     He passing from his chamber through the Court,  
     Did spoile a paire of new white pumps with durt[.]

*Of Cornelius. 53.*

See you him yonder, who sits o're the stage,  
 With the Tobacco-pipe now at his mouth?  
 It is *Cornelius* that braue gallant youth,  
 Who is new printed to this fangled age:  
     He weares a Ierkin cudgeld with gold lace,  
     A profound slop, a hat scarce pipkin high,  
     For boots, a paire of dagge cases; his face,  
     Furr'd with *Cads*-beard: his poynard on his thigh.  
 He wallows in his walk his slop to grace,  
 Swears *by the Lord*, daines no salutation  
 But to some iade that's sick of his owne fashion,  
 As *farewell sweet Captaine*, or (*boy*) *come apace*:  
     Yet this Sir *Beuis*, or the fayery Knight,  
     Put vp the lie because he durst not fight.

*Of Issa. 54.*

*Issa* from me to a player tooke her way,  
 No meruaile, for she alwaies lou'd to play.

*To Mira. 55.*

Many aske *Mira*, why I nam'd thee so:  
 Let them aske Nature why she fram'd thee so.

*De Ignoto. 56.*

There's an odd fellow, (ile not tell his name,  
 Because from my lines he shal get no fame:)  
 Reading mine Epigrams bathes euery limb,  
 In angry sweat swearing that I meane him:  
 Content thy selfe I write of better men,  
 Thou art no worthy subiect for my pen.

*Of Nigrina. 57.*

Why should *Nigrina* weare her mask so much?  
 Her skins lawn's not so fine, so soone to staine,  
 Her tendrest poultry may endure the touch,  
 Her face, face and out-face the wind againe:  
     The cherry of her lip's a vvinter Cherry,  
     Then weather-proof, & needs no masks defence:  
     Her cheeks best fruit's a black, no Mulberry,  
     But fearelesse of sharp gustes impouerishments:  
 And to be briefe, she being all plaine *Ione*,  
 Why is she mask'd to keepe that where is none?  
     O sir, she's painted, and you know the guise,  
     Pictures are curtained from the vulgar eyes.

*Of Drus. 58.*

*Drus* for a cuckold, and miserable's fam'd,  
 May not he well a hard-head then be nam'd?

*To Mira. 59.*

Thou fearst I loue thee, for I prayse thee so:  
 Should I dispraise thee, what wouldst feare I trow?

*De Ignoto. 60.*

Yon fellow thinks mine Epigrams him meane,  
 Then let me write of euery bawd and queane.

*Of Nigrina. 61.*

Painted *Nigrina* vnmask'd comes ne're in sight,  
 Because light vvenches care not for the light.

*Of the same. 62.*

Painted *Nigrina* with the picture face,  
 Haying no maske thinks she's without grace,  
 So with one case she doth another case,  
 Doth not her maske become her then apace?

*Of Bassus. 63.*

Eloquent *Bassus* speakes all with a grace,  
 Not so much but good morrow, and good night:  
 I wonder when the Somner did him cite,  
 For his sweet sinne, how he spake in that case:  
     I am sure he could with no grace well refuse it  
     And worse I doubt with any grace excuse it.

*To Mira. 64.*

Thou fear'st I am in loue with thee (my Deare)  
 I prethy feare not, *it comes with a feare.*

*Of Nigrina. 65.*

Because *Nigrina* hath a painted face,  
 Many suspect her to be light and base:  
 I see no reason to repute her such,  
 For out of doubt she will abide the tuch.

*Of Gellia. 66.*

*Gellia* intic'd her good-man to the Citty,  
 And often threatneth to giue him the lurch,  
 See how this sweet sinne makes the simplest witty:  
 She (*too prophane*) whilst he is at the church,  
     Ringing the first peale at the greatest bells  
     At home will ring all in with some one els.

*Ad Crocum. 67.*

*Crocus*, thou sai'st that thou do'st know more queans  
 Then many a poore man ears in Autum gleans?  
 But *Crocus*, *Crocus*, if they all know you,  
 I feare I-faith you haue too much to do.

*Of Caius. 68.*



As *Caius* walks the streets, if he but heare  
 A blackman grunt his note, he cries *oh rare!*  
 He cries *oh rare*, to heare the *Irishmen*  
 Cry pippe, fine pippe, with a shrill accent, when  
 He comes at Mercers chappell; and, *oh rare*,  
 At *Ludgate* at the prisoners plaine-song there:  
*Oh rare* sings he to heare a Cobler sing,  
 Or a wassaile on twelfe night, or the ring  
 At cold S. *Pancras* church; or any thing:  
 He'le cry, *Oh rare*, and scratch the elbow too  
 To see two Butchers cures fight; the Cuckoo,  
 Will cry *oh rare*, to see the champion bull,  
 Or the victorious mastife with crown'd scull:  
 And garlanded with flowers, passing along  
 From *Paris*-garden he renewes his song,  
 To see my L. Maiors Henchmen; or to see,  
 (*At an old Aldermans blest obsequie*)  
 The Hospitall boyes in their blew æquipage,  
 Or at a carted bawde, or whore in cage:  
 He'le cry, *oh rare*, at a Gongfarmers cart,  
*Oh rare* to heare a ballad or a fart:  
 Briefely so long he hath vsde to cry, *oh rare*,  
 That now that phrase is growne thin & thred-bare,  
 But sure his wit will be more rare and thin,  
 If he continue as he doth begin.

*To the Reader. 69.*

Some dainte eare, like a wax-rubd Citty roome,  
 Wil haply blame my *Muse* for this salt rhume,  
 Thinking her lewd and too vnmaidenly,  
 For dauncing this Iigge so lasciuiously:  
 But better thoughts, more discreet, will excuse  
 This quick *Couranto* of my merry *Muse*;  
 And say she keeps *Decorum* to the times,  
 To womens loose gownes suting her loose rimes:  
 But I, who best her humourous pleasance know,  
 Say, that this mad wench when she iesteth so  
 Is honester then many a sullen one,  
 Which being more silent thinks worse being alone:  
 Then my quick-sprighted lasse can speake: for who  
 Knowes not the old said saw of the *Still Sow*.

*Conclusion to the Reader. 70.*

(*Reader*) when thou hast read this mad-cap stuffe,  
 Wherein my *Muse* swaggers as in her ruffe:  
 I know these Orphants shal be soone renounced,  
 Of euery one, and vnto death denounced:  
 I know thow'lt doome them to th'*Apotheta*,  
 To wrap Sope in, and *Assifætida*:  
 And iustly to: for thou canst not misuse,  
 More then I will, these bastards of my *Muse*:  
 I know they are passing filthy, scuruey lines,  
 I know they are rude, harsh, and vnsauory rimes:  
 Fit to wrap playsters, and odd vnguents in,  
 Reedifiers of the wracks of *Synne*.  
 Viewing this sin-drownd vworld, I purposely,  
 Phisick'd my *Muse*, that thus vnmannerly,  
 She might beray our folly-soyled age,  
 And keepe *Decorum* on a comick stage,  
 Bringing a foule-mouth Iester vvho might sing  
 To rogues, the story of the lousie King.  
 I care not vvhat the vworld doth think, or say,  
 There lies a morral vnder my leane play:  
 And like a resolute Epigrammatist,  
 Holding my pen, my Rapier in my fist:  
 I know I shall vvide-gaping *Momes* conuince.  
 My *Muse* so armed is a carelesse Prince.

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## S A T Y R E   P R E - ludium.

Fie on these *Lydian* tunes which blunt our sprights  
 And turne our gallants to *Hermaphrodites*:  
 Giue me a *Doricke* touch, whose *Somphony*,  
 And dauncing aire may with affinity  
 Moue our light vaulting spirits and capering.  
 Woo *Alexander* from lewd banquetting  
 To armes. Bid *Haniball* remember *Cannas*,  
 And leaue *Salapian Tamyras* embrace.  
 Hence with these fiddlers, whose oyle-buttred lines,  
 Are Panders vnto lusts, and food to sinnes,  
 Their whimpring Sonnets, puling Elegies

Slauder the Muses; make the world despise,  
 Admired poesie, marre *Resolutions* ruffe,  
 And melt true valour with lewd ballad stufte.

Heere one's Elegiack pen patheticall,  
 His parting from his Mistris doth bewaile:  
 Which when young gallant *Mutio* hath perus'd,  
 His valour's crestfalne, his resolues abusd,  
 For vvhatsoe're his courage erst did moue,  
 He'le goe no voyage nevv to leaue his Loue.

Another vvith his supple passion  
 Meaning to moue his Pigsney to compassion,  
 Makes puisne *Lucius* in a simpathy  
 In loue vvith's pibald Laundres by and by.

A third that falls more roundly to his vvorke,  
 Meaning to moue her vvere she Ievv or Turke:  
 Writes perfect *Cat and fiddle*, vvantonly,  
 Tickling her thoughts vvith masking bavvdry:  
 Which read to Captaine *Tucca*, he doth svveare,  
 And scratch, and svveare, and scratch to heare  
 His ovvne discourse discours'd: and *by the Lord*,  
*It's passing good: oh good!* at euery vvord:  
 When his Cock-sparrovv thoughts to itch begin,  
 He vvith a shrug svvearest *a most sweet sinne*.

Some others Lady Muse is comicall,  
*Thalia* to the back, nay back and all,  
 And she vvith many a salt *La volto* iest  
 Edgeth some blunted teeth, and fires the brest  
 Of many an old cold gray-beard Cittizen,  
*Medea* like making him young againe;  
 Who comming from the Curtaine sneaketh in,  
 To some odde garden no[t]ed house of sinn[e].

But oh vvorse yet! for some Capriticious humor  
 Making an issue of his vlcerous tumor.  
 Some prophane Clodian pen daring display  
 (Like connicatching) bawdries Orgia,  
 With the prouost Martiall, ransacks euery roome  
 Of a vaulting house, and ribbald doth presume,  
 VVith Midwife *Albert*, or the womans booke  
 To anatomize each corner, and fond nooke.

Let *Rablais* with his durtie mouth discourse  
 No longer blush, for they'le write ten times worse:  
 And *Aretines* great wit be blam'd no more,  
 They'le storie forth the errant arrant whore:  
 And speaking painters excuse *Titian*,

For his *Ioues* loues; and *Elephanticke* vaine.

Thus all our Poets as they had carousde  
 A health to *Circes*, are in hogsties housde,  
 Or els transformd to Goates lasciuiously,  
 Filching chast eares with theyr pens *Gonorrhey*,  
 For euen the staliest and most generous,  
 The heroicke Poeme is lasciuious,  
 Which midst of *Mars* his field, & hote alarmes,  
 VVill sing of *Cupids* chiuallrie and armes.

The Satyre onely and Epigramatist,  
 (Concisde Epigrame, and sharpe Satyrist)  
 Keepe diet from this surfet of excesse,  
 Tempring themselues from such licenciousnes.  
 The bitter censures of their Critticke spleenes,  
 Are Antidotes to pestilentiaall sinnes,  
 They heale with lashing, feare luxuriousnes,  
 They are Philosophicke true *Cantharides*  
 To vanities dead flesh. An Epigrame  
 Is poopish displing, rebell flesh to tame:  
 A plaine dealing lad, that is not afraid  
 To speake the truth, but calls a iade, a iade.  
 And *Mounsieur Gulard* was not much too blame,  
 VVhen he for meat mistooke an Epigrame,  
 For though it be no cates, sharpe sauce it is,  
 To lickerous vanitie, youths sweet amisse.  
 But oh the Satyre hath a nobler vaine,  
 He's the Strappado, rack, and some such paine  
 To base lewd vice; the Epigram's Bridewell,  
 Some whipping cheere: but this is follies hell.  
 The Epigram's like dwarf Kings scurril grace,  
 A Satyre's Chester to a painted face;  
 It is the bone-ach vnto lechery,  
 To Acolastus it is beggery:  
 It is the scourge, the *Tamberlaine* of vice,  
 The three square Tyborne of impieties.

But to come neere the verses of our time,  
 It is (oh scuruey) to a Lenten rime;  
 It is the grand hisse to a filthy play,  
 T[']is peoples howts and showts at a pot fray.  
 Itch farther yet, yet nerer to them, fie  
 Their wits haue got my Muse with Tympanie:  
 And with their loose tayld pennis to let it loose,  
 It's like a Syring to a Hampshire Goose.  
 These critique wits which nettle vanitie,

Are better farre then foode to foppery:  
 And I dare warrant that the hangingst brow,  
 The sowrest Stoicke that will scarce allow  
 A riming stone vpon his fathers graue,  
 (Though he no reason haue no rime to haue:)  
 The strickest (*Plato*) that for vertues health:  
 Will banish Poets forth his common-wealth  
 VVill of the two affoord the Satye grace,  
 Before the whyning loue-song shall haue place:  
 And by so much his night-cap's ouer awde,  
 As a Beadle's better states-man then a Bawde.

*Explicit* the Satyres flourish before  
 his fencing.

*Alterius qui fert vitia ferendo  
 facit sua.*

## Satyra prima.

SHall I still mych in silence and giue ayme,  
 To other wits which make court to bright fame?  
 A schoole boy still, shall I lend eare to other,  
 And myne owne priuate Muses musick smother?  
 Especially in this sinne leapered age,  
 VVhere euery Player vice comes on the stage:  
 Maskt in a vertuous robe? and fooles doe sit  
 More honored then the *Prester Iohn* of wit?  
 VVhere vertue, like a common gossop shieldes  
 Vice with her name, and her defects ore-guilds:  
 No no, my Muse, be valiant to controule,  
 Play the scold brauely, feare no cucking-stoole,  
 Begall thy spirit, like shrill trumpets clangor,  
 Vent forth th'impatience, and allarme thine anger:  
 Gainst sines inuasions, rende the foggie clowde,  
 whose al black wombe far blacker vice doth shrowd  
 Tell Gyant greatnes a more great did frame,  
 Th'imaginary Colosse of the same;  
 And then expostulate why *Titus* should  
 Make shewe of *Ætnas* heat, yet be as cold  
 As snow-drownd *Athos* in his frozen zeale,  
 Both to Religion and his Common-weale?

Or why should *Cælius* iniure thrift so much,  
As to entitle his extortion such?

Or desperat *Drus* cloke the confusion,  
Of heady rage with resolution,

Pale trembling *Matho* dies his milke-staind liuer  
In colour of a discreet counsell-giuer:  
And coole aduisement: yet the world doth know,  
Hee's a rancke coward: but who dares tell him so?

The world's so bad that vertue's ouer-awde,  
And forst poore soule to become vices bawde:  
Like the old morrall of the comedie,  
Where Conscience fauours Lucars harlotry.  
In spight of valour martial *Anthony*,  
Doth sacrifice himselfe to lecherie:  
Wasting to skin & bones (true map of ruth,)  
Yet termes it solace, and a trick of youth.

Oh world, oh time, that euer men should be  
So blinde besotted with hipocrisie:  
Poyson to call an wholesome *Antidote*,  
And made carouse the same, although they know't.

How now my *Muse*, this is right womans fashion,  
To fall from brawling to a blubbering passion?  
Haue done haue done, and to a nimble key,  
Set thy winde instrument, and sprightly play.  
Thys leaden-heeled passion is to dull,  
To keepe pace with this Satyre-footed gull:  
This mad-cap world, this whirlygigging age:  
Thou must haue words compact of fire & rage:  
Tearms of quick Camphire & Salt-peeter phrases,  
As in a myne to blow vp the worlds graces,  
And blast her anticke apish complements.  
Her iugling tricks and mists which mock the sence,  
Make *Catiline* or *Alcibiades*,  
To seeme a *Cato*, or a *Socrates*.

This vizar-fac't pole-head dissimulation,  
This parrasite, this guide to reprobation,  
Thys squynt-eyde slaue, which lookes two wayes at once,  
This forkt Dilemma, oyle of passions,  
Hath so bereyde the world with his foule myre,  
That naked truth may be suspect a lyer.

For when great *Fælix* passing through the street,  
Vayleth his cap to each one he doth meet,  
And when no broome-man that will pray for him,  
Shall haue lesse truage then his bonnets brim,

VWho would not thinke him perfect curtesie?  
 Or the honny-suckle of humilitie?  
 The deuill he is as soone: he is the deuill,  
 Brightly accoustred to bemist his euill:  
 Like a Swartrutters hose his puffe thoughts swell,  
 With yeastie ambition: *Signior Machiauel*  
 Taught him this mumming trick, with curtesie  
 T'entrench himselfe in popularitie,  
 And for a writhen face, and bodies moue,  
 Be Barricadode in the peoples loue.

Yonder comes *Clodius*, giue him the salute,  
 An oylie slaue: he angling for repute,  
 VWill gently entertaine thee, and preuent  
 Thy worse conceit with many a complement:  
 But turne thy backe, and then he turnes the word,  
 The foul-mouthd knaue wil call thee goodma[n] *Tord*.

Nothing but cossenage doth the world possesse,  
 And stuffes the large armes of his emptines.

Make sute to *Fabius* for his fauour, he  
 Will straight protest of his loues treasurie:  
 Beleeu'st thou him, then weare a motly coate,  
 He'le be the first man which shall cut thy throat.

Come to the Court, and *Balthazer* affords  
 Fountaines of holy and rose-water words:  
 Hast thou need of him? & wouldst find him kind?  
 Nay then goe by, the gentleman is blind.

Thus all our actions in a simpathy,  
 Doe daunce an anticke with hypocrisie,  
 And motley fac'd Dissimulation,  
 Is crept into our euery fashion,  
 VWhose very titles to are dissembled:  
 The'now all-buttockt, and no-bellied  
 Doublet and hose which I doe reuell in,  
 VWas my great grandsires when he did begin  
 To wooe my grandame, when hee first bespake her,  
 And wisse to the ioynture he did make her:  
 (VVitnes some auntient painted history  
 Of *Assueras*, *Haman*, *Mardoche*.  
 For though some gulls me to beleeue are loth,  
 I know thei'le credite print, and painted cloth)  
 Yet, like th'olde Ballad of the Lord of *Lorne*,  
 VWhose last line in King *Harries* dayes was borne,  
 It still retaines the title of as new,  
 And proper a fashion, as you euer knew.

All things are different from their outward show,  
 The very poet, whose standish doth flow  
 VVith Nectar of *Parnassus*, and his braine  
 Melts to *Castalian* dew, and showres wits raine,  
 Yet by his outward countenance doth appeare  
 To haue borne in wits dearths deerest yeere.  
 So that *Zopirus* iudging by his face,  
 VVill pronounce *Socrates* for dull and base.

This habite hath false larumd-seeming wonne  
 In our affections, that whatsoere is done  
 Must be newe coynd with slie dissemblance stamp,  
 And giue a sunne-shine title to a lampe.

This makes the foisting trauailer to sweare,  
 And face out many a lie within the yeere.  
 And if he haue beene an howre or two aboarde,  
 To spew a little gall: then, by the Lord,  
 He hath beene in both the *Indias*, East and West,  
 Talkes of *Guiana*, *China*, and the rest:  
 The straights of *Gibraltare*, and *Ænian*,  
 Are but hard by, no nor the *Magellane*,  
*Mandeuile*, *Candish*, , sea-experienst *Drake*  
 Came neuer neere him, if he truly crake;  
 Nor euer durst come where he layd his head,  
 For out of doubt he hath discovered  
 Some halfe a dozen of th'infinity  
 Of *Anaxarchus* worlds. Like foppery  
 The Antiquary would perswade vs to:  
 He shewes a peece of blacke-iack for the shooe,  
 Which old *Ægeus* bequeathd his valiant sonne:  
 A peece of pollisht mother of pearle's the spoone  
*Cupid* eate pape with; and he hath a dagger  
 Made of the sword wherewith great *Charles* did swagger.  
 Oh that the whip of fooles, great *Aretine*,  
 Whose words were squibs, and crackers euey line,  
 Liu'd in our dayes, to scourge these hypocrites,  
 VVhose taunts may be like goblins and sprights.  
 To haunt these wretches forth that little left them  
 Of ayery wit; (for all the rest's bereft them.)  
 Oh how the varges from his black pen wrung,  
 VVould sauce the *Idiome* of the English tongue,  
 Giue it a new touch, liuelier Dialect  
 To heare this two-nect goose, this falshood checkt.  
 Me thinks I see the pie-bald whoresone tremble  
 To heare of *Aretine*: he doth dissemble,



There is no trust to be had to his quaking,  
 To him once more, and rouse him from his shaking  
 Feauer of fained feare, hold whip and cord,  
*Muse*, play the Beadle, a lash at euey word:  
 No, no, let be, he's a true cosoner still,  
 And like the Cramp-fish darts, euen throgh my qui[ll]  
 His slie insinuating poysonous iuice,  
 And doth the same into my Spirit infuse:  
 Me thinks already I applaud my selfe,  
 For nettle-stinging thus this fayery elfe:  
 And though my conscience sayes I merit not  
 Such deere reward, dissembling yet (God wot)  
 I hunt for praise, and doe the same expect:  
 Hence (crafty enchaunter) welcome base neglect,  
 Scoffes make me know my selfe, I must not erre,  
*Better a wretch then a dissembler.*

## Satyra secunda.

HERE comes a Coach (my Lads) let's make a stand,  
 And take a view of blazing starres at hand:  
 Who's here? woho's here? now trust me passing faire,  
 Thai're most sweet Ladies: mary and so they are.  
 Why thou young puisne art thou yet to learne,  
 A harper from a shilling to discerne?  
 I had thought the last mask which thou caperedst in  
 Had catechiz'd thee from this errors sinne,  
 Taught thee *S. Martins* stufte from true gold lace,  
 And know a perfect from a painted face:  
 Why they are Idols, Puppets, Exchange babies,  
 And yet (thou foole) tak'st them for goodly Ladies:  
 Where are thine eyes? But now I call to mind,  
 These can bewitch, and so haue made thee blind;  
 A[ ]compound mist of May deaw and Beane flowre,  
 Doe these *Acrasias* on thy eye lids powre:  
 Thou art enchaunted (*Publius*) and hast neede  
 Of *Hercules*, thy reason, to be freede.

Consider what a rough worme-eaten table,  
 By well-mix'd colours is made saleable:  
 Or how toad-housing sculs, and old swart bones,  
 Are grac'd with painted toombs, and plated stones:  
 And think withall how scoffe-inspiring faces  
 From dawbing pencils doe deriue their graces:

Their beauties are most antient Gentlemen,  
 Fetch'd from the deaw-figs, hens dung, & the beane.  
 Nay, this doth rather prooue them bastard faires.  
 For to so many fathers they are heires,  
 Yet their effronted thoughts adulterate,  
 Think the blind world holds them legitimate.  
 (Madame) you gull your selfe, thinking to gull  
 Young puisnes eyes with your ore-varnish'd scull:  
 For now our Gallants are so cunning growne,  
 That painted faces are like pippins knowne:  
 They know your spirits, & your distillations,  
 which make your eies turn diamo[n]ds, to charm passions,  
 Your cerusse now growne stale, your skaine of silke,  
 Your philtered waters, and your asses milke,  
 They were plaine asses if they did not know,  
 Quicksiluer, iuyce of Lemmons, Boras too,  
 Allom, olye Tartar, whites of egges, & gaules  
 Are made the bawdes to morphew, scurffs & scaus  
 Then whats a wench but a quirke, quidlit case,  
 VVhich makes a Painters pallat of her face?  
 Or would not *Chester* sweare her downe that shee  
 Lookt like an Elench, logicke sophistrie?  
 Or like a new sherifes gate-posts, whose old faces  
 Are furbisht ouer to smoothe times disgraces?  
 Then how is man turnd all *Pygmalion*,  
 That knowing these pictures, yet we doate vpon  
 The painted statues, or what fooles are we  
 So grosly to commit idolatry?  
 VVhat, are we Ethnicks that we honour beasts?  
 (They are beasts which paint themselues) or els papists  
 Whose ouer-fleeting brittle memories  
 Right worshipfull intitle Images?  
 But be we any thing; these wenches know  
 VVe are but fooles to be deluded so:  
 Who for deluding vs, to plague their sinne,  
 Are turnd to counterfairs, which their vncasde skin,  
 Quickly discourers, and to shadowes too,  
 For making louers shadowes as they doo.  
 Is not he fond then which a slip receaues  
 For currant money? she which thee deceaues  
 With copper guilt is but a slip, and she  
 will one day shew thee a touch as slippery:  
 She's counterfait now, and it will goe hard,  
 If e'ere thou find her currant afterward:

A painted vvench is like a whore-house signe,  
 The old new slurred ouer: or mix'd wine,  
 Sophisticate, to giue it hew and tast;  
 A dudgin dagger that's new scowr'd and glast:  
 Or I could sute her were she not prophane,  
 To a new painted, and churchwarden'd fane.  
 Or generall pardons, which speake gloriously,  
 Yet keepe not touch: or a Popish *Iubily*.  
 Thus altering natures stamp, they're altered,  
 From their first purity, innate maydenhead:  
 Of simple naked honesty, and truth,  
 And giuen o're to seducing lust and youth:  
 Whose stings when they are blunted, & these freedde  
 Then shall they see the horror of this deede:  
 And leauing it their lothsome playstered skins,  
 Shall shew the furrowed riuels of their sins:  
 And now their box complexions are depos'd,  
 Their iaundise looks, and raine-bow like disclos'd,  
 Shall slander them with sicknes e're their time,  
 For pocket-healths, vaine vsage in their prime.  
 Then shall their owly consciences shun light,  
 And thus like Bats shall flutter in the night,  
 Asham'd that any eye should testifie,  
 Their now impouerish'd beauties beggary,  
 Nay, they so far shall be asham'd thereof,  
 That from themselues they shal feare cannon scoffe,  
 And hate to see themselues: *all glasses breake,*  
*By which before they taught their lookes to speake:*  
*And parly with their lusts.* But I'me a foole,  
 Which talke to deafe eares, & dull stocks do schoole:  
 Me thinks the painted Pageant's out of sight,  
 It's time to end my lecture then: good night.

## Satyra tertia.

MARY and gup! haue I then lost my cap?  
 It shall be a warning for an after-clap,  
 Not that I weigh the tributary due,  
 Of cap and courtship complements, and new  
 Antike salutes, I care not for th'embrace,  
 The Spanish shrug, kiss'd-hand, nor cheuerell face,  
*God saue you sir,* and such like phrases,  
 Pronounc'd with lipping, and affected graces,

Moue me no more then t'heare a Parrat cry  
Her by-roate lesson of like curtesie:

But this I wonder, that th'art so estrang'd,  
And thy old English looks to outlandish chang'd,  
Howsoe're thy selfe by English birth art freed,  
Thou hast neede to haue thy looks endenized:  
With thee I haue beene long time well acquainted:  
But those beyond-sea looks haue now disioynted  
Our well knit friendship, for whose sake I doubt  
Th'art quite turn'd Dutch, or some outlandish lowt,  
Thou hast cleane forgot thine English tong, & then  
Art in no state to salute Englishmen:  
Or else th'hast had some great sicnes of late,  
Whose tyranny doth so extenuate  
Thy fraile remembrance, that thou canst not claime  
Thine old acquaintance, mothers tong, nor name  
Given thee in thy baptisme: for I cannot, I,  
Impute it vnto pride, Philosophy  
Hauing so well fore-season'd thy minds caske.

Of gulls and fooles I will no question aske,  
Wherefore they looke so strange, because I know  
They are but poore in wit, though rich in show.  
Looke on *Panduris*, with whom in th'infancy  
Of my then greene, now riper iudgment, I  
Was well acquainted: he sir will not speake,  
Thinking himselfe the better man belike  
Because his father with bartring, and trucke  
Of bad greene-sicknes wines hath heapt vp muck,  
And for his mother with her greedy gripes,  
Hath out of neats-feet, chitterlings, and tripes,  
Scrap't many a durty pound: this is he,  
That looks like *Gnazzo*, or pedant grautie,  
Spits controuersies, prates of *Bellarmino*,  
And yet perhaps nere saw of his a line.

Then there is *Cynops*, whose grand-mother sold  
Good ale and wigs, in curtesey growne cold,  
Because his father with a cossening fetch,  
Purchasd land for him, which his conscience stretch  
Hath almost sworne the whole world, thar the man  
Is damnd, to make his sonne a gentleman.

With them in ranck *La volto Publius*,  
VWho's growne a reueller ridiculous:  
And for his dad with *Chimicke* vsurie,  
Turnd yron to sterling, drosse to land and fee,

And got so by old horse-shooes, that the foole  
 Enterd himselfe into the dauncing schoole;  
 Thinks scorne to speake: especially now since  
 H'ath beene a player to a Christmas prince.  
 When these, & such like doe themselues estrange,  
 I neuer muse at theyr fantasticke change:  
 Because they are Phantasmas butterflies,  
 Inconstant, but yet witlesse *Mercuries*.  
 I know some of their humorous neere of kin,  
 Which scorne to speake to one which hath not bin  
 In one of these last voyages: or to one  
 Which hauing bin there yet (though he haue none)  
 Hath not a *Cades*-beard: though I dare sweare  
 That many a beardlesse chin hath marched where  
 They durst not for their berds come, thogh they dare  
 Come where they will not leaue theyr beardes one haire  
 But I doe wonder what estrangeth thee,  
 New cast in mold of deepe philosophy:  
 Thee whom that Queene hath taught to moderate,  
 Thy mounting thought, nor to be eleuate  
 With puffingst fortunes? though (for ought I know)  
 Thy fortunes are none such to puffe thee so.

How like a *Musherom* art thou quickly growne,  
 I knew thee when thou war'dst a thred-bare gowne:  
 Siz'd eighteene pence a weeke, and so did I,  
 As then thou wert faine of my company,  
 Of mine acquaintance glad; how art thou altered?  
 Or wherein's thine estate so bettered?  
 Thou art growne a silken dauncer, and in that  
 Turn'd to a caper, skipst from loue to hate,  
 To daunce *Ma piu*, French-galliard, or a measure,  
 Doost thou esteeme this cunning such a treasure?  
 Neuer be proud of that for dost thou know,  
 That *Laureat* Batchelor *Del Phrygio*?  
 He with a spade-beard can full mannerly,  
 Leade the olde measures to a company  
 Of bare chind-boyes, and with his nimble feete,  
 Make our fore-wearied Counsellours to sweat:  
 For enuie at his strange actiuitie,  
 Because they cannot do't as well as he.  
 But then a simple reueller, thou art more,  
 Thou hast had som doings with the prince *d'Amore*  
 And playd a noble mans part in a play:  
 Now out vpon thee *Fabian*, I dare say,

If *Florus* should alledge that cause of pride,  
 Hisse him thou wouldst to death for't: and beside,  
 thou mightst haue had som doings with that prince  
 which wold haue made thee lesse proude euer since.

Yet art thou stately, and so stately, to,  
 That thou forget'st thy state, and wilt not know  
 Them which knowe thee and it: so long thou hast  
 True follower beene of fashions, that at last  
 Thou art growne thy selfe a fashion: for to day  
 Thou art common, popular, in vse euey way  
 Fitting the various world, but by and by  
 Thou art disusde, growst stale, and too proudly  
 Wringst thy selfe fro[m] the humorous world conceit,  
 Now art thou like the wide breech, doublet strait,  
 But er't be long, thou wilt estranged be,  
 Like the French quarter slop, or the gorbelly,  
 The long stockt hose, or close Venetian.  
 Now fie vpon this pride, which makes wise men  
 Looke like expired lease; out of doubt  
 Thou wert wise, but thy lease of wit is out:  
 For such fond toyes thou hast estrangde thy selfe  
 For vaine braue Bragardisme, and durtie pelfe,  
 And yet I thinke, thy pelfe with thee'le dispence  
 To kisse the Counter, ere twill bale thee thence.

These foolish toyes haue quite disparaged  
 Philosophy thy Mistris, and tis said,  
 Thou art like to *Damasippus*, for thy hayre  
 Precisely cut, makes thee Philosopher,  
 And nothing (God wot) else. But what care I?  
 Why should I reason with thy surquedry?  
 I smile at thy Attorneys silken pride,  
 Tufttaffeta state, and make my Muse deride,  
 In these her scoffing rimes thy beeing strange,  
 And haue good pastimes at thy motley change.  
 Prethee be proude still, strange still, stately still,  
 And with thy winde my Muses organs fill,  
 To sound an Antheme of thy folly foorth,  
 It wil be merry musicke, richly worth  
 The laughing at, for I will play a ligge,  
 And thou shalt daunce, my Muse shall play the rig  
 Once in her dayes, but shee shall quittance thee,  
 For thy contemptible inconstancie.

VWell, if thou wilt speake so, and so farewell,  
 If not, I thinke thee worse foole then I'le tell.

## Satyra Quarta.

WHat a scald humour is this ialous care,  
 Which turnes a man to a familiare?  
 See how *Trebatio* yonder haunts his wife,  
 And dares not loose sight of her for his life:  
 And now there's one speakes to her, mark his grace,  
 See how he basts himselfe in his owne greace:  
 Note what a squint askew he casts, as he  
 Already saw his heads hornd-armory.  
*Foule weather ielousie to a forward spring,*  
*Makes weeds grow ranke, but spoyles a better thing:*  
*Sowes tares (gainst haruest) in the fields of loue,*  
*And dogged humor Dog-dayes-like doth proue:*  
*Scorching loues glorious world with glowing tong;*  
*A serpent by which loue to death is flung,*  
*A fire to wast his pleasant sommer bowres,*  
*Ruine his mansions, and deface his towres.*

Yonder goes *Cæius* playing fast and loose  
 With his wiues arme[,] but not for loue God knowes,  
 Suspition is the cause she well doth know,  
 Can she then loue him that doth wrong her so?  
 If she refuse to walke vvith him he'ele frowne,  
 Fore-vvearied both, they rest, he on her gowne  
 Sits for his ease she saith, afrayd in hart,  
 Least sodainly she should giue him the start:  
 Thus doth he make her prisoner to his feare,  
 And himselfe thrall to selfe-consuming care.  
 A male-kind sparrow once mistooke his nest,  
 And fled for harbour to faire *Liuias* breast:  
 Her husband caught him with a ieaious rage,  
 Swearing to keepe him prisoner in a Cage:

Then a poore flye dreading no netty snare,  
 Was caught in curled meshes of her haire,  
 Humming a sad note for's imprisonment;  
 When the mad beast, with ruder hands doth rent  
 That golden fleece, for hast to take the flie,  
 And straight-wayes at a vvindow gins to prie,  
 Busie, sharp-sighted blind-man-hob, to know  
 Whether t'were male or female taken so,

Marke how *Seuerus* frigs from roome to roome,  
 To see, and not to see his martirdome:

*Peeuish disease which doth all foode distast,  
But what kils health, and that's a pleasing feast:  
Like Weauers shuttles which runne to and fro,  
Rau'ling their owne guts with their running so.*

He which infects these with this lunacy,  
Is an odd figgent iack called *Iealousie*,  
His head is like a vvindmils trunk so bigge.  
Wherein ten thousand thoughts runne whirligigge,  
Play at barly-breake, and daunce the Irish hay  
Ciuill and peacefull like the *Centaures* fray  
His body is so fallen away and leane,  
That scarce it can his logger-head sustaine.  
He hath as many hundred thousand eyes  
As *Argus* had, like starres plac't in the skies,  
Though to no purpose, for blinde loue can see  
Hauing no eyes, farther then *Iealousie*.  
Gulfe-brested is he, silent, and profound,  
Cat-footed for slie pace, and without sound,  
Porpentine-backed, for he lies on thornes,  
*Is it not pittie such a beast wants hornes?*  
Is it not pittie such a beast should so,  
Possesse mens thoughts, and timpanize with woe  
Their bigge swlone harts? for let *Seuerus* heare,  
A Cuckow sing in *Iune*, he sweats for feare:  
And Com[m]ing home, he whurries through the house,  
Each hole that makes an inmate of a mouse  
Is ransackt by him for the cuckold-maker,  
He beates his wife, & mongst his makes doth swagger  
T'extort confession from the[m] who hath been  
Familiar with his wife, wreaking his teene  
Vpon her ruffes and iewels, burning, tearing,  
Flinging and hurling, scolding, staring, swearing.  
Hee's as discreet, ciuill a gentleman,  
As *Harry Peascod*, or a *Bedlam* man,  
A drunken captaine, or a ramping whore,  
Or swaggering blew-coate at an ale-house doore.

VVhat an infection's this, which thus doth fire  
Mens most discreetest tempers, and doth tire  
Their soules with furie? and doth make them thirst  
To carouse bolles of poyson till they burst?  
Oh this it is to be too wise in sin.  
Too well experienst, and skilld therein:  
*"For false suspition of another, is,  
"A sure condemning of our owne amisse.*



Vnlesse a man haue into practise brought  
 The *Theoricke* art of loue which *Ouid* wrote,  
 Vnlesse his owne lewd life haue taught him more  
 Then *Aretines* aduenturous wandring whore,  
 Vnlesse he haue an antient souldiour beene,  
 Brags of the markes, and shewes the scarres of sinne,  
 How could he be so gorgde with louing hate,  
 As to thinke women so insaciate?  
 How could he know their strategems and shifts,  
 Their politicke delayes and wilie drifts?  
 No no tis true, he hath beene naught himselfe,  
 And lewdnes fathereth this wayward elfe,  
     Then take this for a Maxim generall rule,  
     No iealous man, but is or knaue, or foole.

## Satyra Quinta.

LEt me alone I prethee in thys Cell,  
 Entice me not into the Citties hell;  
 Tempt me not forth this *Eden* of content,  
 To tast of that vvhich I shall soone repent:  
 Prethy excuse me, I am not alone  
 Accompanied with meditation,  
 And calme content, vvwhose tast more pleaseth me  
 Then all the Citties lushious vanity.  
 I had rather be encoffin'd in this chest  
 Amongst these bookes and papers I protest,  
 Then free-booting abroad purchase offence,  
 And scandale my calme thoughts with discontents.  
 Heere I conuerse with those diuiner spirits,  
 Whose knowledge, and admire the world inherits:  
 Heere doth the famous profound *Stagarite*,  
 With Natures mistick harmony delight  
 My rauish'd contemplation: I heere see  
 The now-old worlds youth in an history:  
 Heere may I be graue *Platos* auditor;  
 And learning of that morrall Lecturer,  
 To temper mine affections, gallantly  
 Get of my selfe a glorious victory:  
 And then for change, as we delight in change.  
 (For this my study is indeede m'Exchange)  
 Heere may I sit, yet walke to *Westminster*  
 And heare *Fitzherbert*, *Plowden*, *Brooke*, and *Dier*

Canuas a law-case: or if my dispose  
 Perswade me to a play, I'le to the *Rose*,  
 Or *Curtaine*, one of *Plautus* Comedies,  
 Or the *Patheticke Spaniards* Tragedies:  
 If my desire doth rather wish the fields,  
 Some speaking Painter, some Poet straitway yeelds  
 A flower bespangled walk, where I may heare  
 Some amorous Swaine his passions declare  
 To his sun-burnt Loue. Thus my books little case,  
 My study, is mine All, mine euery place.

What more variety of pleasures can  
 An idle Citty-walke affoord a man?  
 More troublesome and tedious will I now  
 T'will be, into the peopled streets to goe,  
 Witnes that hotch-potch of so many noyses,  
 Black-saunts of so many seuerall voyces,  
 That Chaons of rude sounds, that harmo[n]y,  
 And *Dyapason* of harsh *Barbary*.  
 Compos'd of seuerall mouthes, and seuerall cries,  
 Which to mens eares turne both their tongs & eies.  
 There squeaks a cart-wheele, here a tumbrel rumbles  
 Heere scolds an old Bawd, there a Porter grumbles.  
 Heere two tough Car-men combat for the way,  
 There two for looks begin a coward fray,  
 Two swaggering knaues heere brable for a whore,  
 There brauls an Ale-knight for his fat-grown score.

But oh purgation! yon rotten-throated slaues  
 Engarlanded with coney-catching knaues,  
 Whores, Bedles, bawdes and Sergeants filthily  
 Chaunt *Kemps* Iigge, or the *Burgonians* tragedy:  
 But in good time, there's one hath nipt a bong,  
 Farewell my harts, for he hath marrd the song.

Yet might all this, this too bad be excusd,  
 Were not an Ethicke soule much more abusd,  
 And her still patience choaked by vanitie,  
 VVith vnsufferable inhumanitie:  
 For whose gall is't that would not ouerflow,  
 To meete in euery streete where he shall goe,  
 With folly maskt in diuers semblances?  
 The Citty is the mappe of vanities,  
 The marte of fooles, the *Magazin* of gulles,  
 The painters shop of Antickes: walke in Poules,  
 And but obserue the sundry kindes of shapes,  
 Th'wilt sweare that London is as rich in apes

As *Affricke Tabraca*: One wries his face.  
 This fellow wrie necke is his better grace.  
 He coynd in newer mint of fashion,  
 With the right Spanish shrugge shewes passion.  
 There comes one in a muffler of Cad[i]z-beard,  
 Frowning as he would make the world afeard,  
 VVith him a troupe all in gold-dawbed sutes,  
 Looking like *Talbots, Percies, Montacutes*,  
 As if their very countenaunces would sweare,  
 The Spanyard should conclude a peace for feare:  
 But bring them to a charge, then see the luck,  
 Though but a false fire, theyr plumes wil duck  
 What maruell, since life's sweete? But see yonder,  
 One like the vnfrequented Theater  
 Walkes in darke silence, and vast solitude,  
 Suited to those blacke fancies which intrude,  
 Vpon possession of his troubled breast:  
 But for blacks sake he would looke like a ieast,  
 For hee's cleane out of fashion: what he?  
 I thinke the *Genius* of antiquitie,  
 Come to complaine of our varietie,  
 Of tickle fashions: then you iest I see.  
 Would you needs know? he is a malecontent:  
 A Paipst? no, nor yet a Protestant,  
 But a discarded intelligencer,  
 Here's one lookes like to a king *Arthurs* fencer,  
 VVith his case of rapiers, and suted in buffe,  
 Is he not a Sargeant? then say's a muffle  
 For his furrd sattin cloake; but let him goe,  
 Meddle not with him, he's a shrewd fellow.

Oh what a pageant's this? what foole was I  
 To leaue my studie to see vanitie?  
 But who's in yonder coach? my lord and foole,  
 One that for ape tricks can put *Gue* to schoole:  
 Heroick spirits, true nobilitie  
 Which can make choyce of such societie.  
 He more perfections hath than y'would suppose,  
 He hath a wit of waxe, fresh as a rose,  
 He playes well on the trebleViolin,  
 He soothes his Lord vp in his grosest sin,  
 At any rimes sprung from his Lordships head,  
 Such as *Elderton* would not haue fathered:  
 He cries, *Oh rare my Lord*, he can discourse  
 The story of *Don Pacolet* and his horse,

(To make my Lord laugh) sweares and iest.  
 And with *Simile non plus* the best,  
 (Vnlesse like *Pace* his wit be ouer-awde)  
 But his best part is he's a perfect Bawde,  
 Rare vertues; farewell they. But who's yonder  
 Deep mouth'd Hound, that bellows rimes like thunder  
 He maks an earthquake throughout *Paules* churchyard,  
 Well fare his hart, his larum shall be heard:  
 Oh he's a puisne of the Innes of Court,  
 Come from th'Vniuersity to make sport  
 With his friends money heere: but see, see,  
 Heere comes *Don Fashion*, spruce formality,  
 Neat as a Merchants ruffe, that's set in print,  
 New halfe-penny, skip'd forth his Laundres mint;  
 Oh braue! what, with a feather in his hat?  
 He is a dauncer you may see by that;  
 Light heeles, light head, light feather well agree.  
 Salute him, with th'embrace beneath the knee?  
 I thinke twere better let him passe along,  
 He will so dawbe vs with his oyly tongue,  
 For thinking on some of his Mistresses,  
 We shall be curried with the briske phrases,  
 And prick-song termes he hath premeditate,  
 Speake to him woe to vs, for we shall ha'te,  
 Then farewell he. But soft, whom haue we heare?  
 What braue Saint *George*, what mounted Caualiere?  
 He is all court-like, Spanish in's attyre,  
 He hath the right ducke, pray God he be no Frier:  
 Thys is the Dictionary of complements,  
 The Barbers mouth of new-scrapt eloquence,  
*Synomicke Tully* for variete,  
 And Madame Conceits gorgeous gallerie,  
 The exact patterne which *Castilio*  
 Tooke for's accomplish Courtier: but soft ho,  
 What needs that bownd, or that curuet (good sir)  
 There's some sweet Lady, and tis done to her,  
 That she may see his Iennets nimble force:  
 VVhy, would he haue her in loue with his horse?  
 Or aymes he at popish merrit, to make  
 Her in loue with him, for his horses sake?  
 The further that we walke, more vanitie  
 Presents it selfe to prospect of mine eye,  
 Here sweares some Seller, though a known vntruth,  
 Here his wife's bated by some quick-chapt youth.

There in that window mistres minkes doth stand,  
 And to some copesmate beckneth her hand,  
 In is he gone, Saint *Venus* be his speede,  
 For some great thing must be aduentured:  
 There comes a troupe of puisnes from the play,  
 Laughing like wanton schoole-boyes all the way.  
 Yon goe a knot to *Bloome* is Ordinary,  
 Friends and good fellowes all now, by and by  
 Thei[']le be by the eares, vie stabs, exchange disgraces,  
 And bandie daggers at each others faces.

Enough of these then, and enough of all,  
 I may thanke you for this time spent; but call  
 Henceforth, I'le keepe my studie, and eschew,  
 The scandall of my thoughts, my follies view:  
 Now let vs home, I'me sure tis supper time,  
 The horne hath blowne, haue done my merry rime.

## Satyra sexta.

OH that mens thoughts should so degenerate,  
 Being free borne, t'admit a slauish state:  
 They disclaime Natures manumission,  
 Making themselues bond to opinion:  
 VVhose gally-slaues they are, tost on the sea  
 Of vulgar humors, which doth rage and play,  
 According as the various breath of change  
 Calmes or perturbs her smooth brow. Is't not strang  
 That heau'n bred soules, discended from aboue  
 Should brooke such base subiection? Feare reproofe  
 from her cold northern gales, or els be merry  
 When her *Fanonian* praise breathes a sweet perry?

(Rason) thou art the soules bright *Genius*,  
 Sent downe from *Ioues* throne to fate conduct us  
 In this lifes intricate *Dædalian* maze:  
 How art thou buffuld? how comes this disgrace,  
 That by opinion thou art bearded so,  
 Thy slaue, thy shadow: nay, out-bearded too?  
 She earth-worme doth deriue her pedegree  
 From bodies durt, and sensualitie,  
 And marshald in degree fitting her birth  
 Is but a dwarffe, or iester to make mirth.  
 Thou the soules bidies Queenes allie most neere,  
 The first Prince of her blood, and chiefest peere,

Nay, her protector in nonage, whilst she  
 Liues in this bodies weake minoritie,  
 Art yet kept vnder by that vnderling,  
 That dreame, that breath, nay that indeed *Nothing*.  
 The ale-house *Ethicks*, the worlds vpside downe  
 Is veriefied: the prince now serues the clowne.

*If reason bandy with opinion,  
 Opinion winnes in the conclusion:  
 For if a man be once opinionate,  
 Millions of reasons nill extenuate  
 His fore-ceited mallice: conference  
 Cannot asswage opinions insolence.  
 But let opinion once lay battery  
 To reasons fort, she will turne heresie,  
 Or superstition, wily politist,  
 But she will winne those rampires which resist.*  
 Then sith such innate discord is maintain'd  
 Twixt reason and opinion; what staid-brain'd,  
 True resolute, and philosophick head  
 Would by opinion be distempered?

*Opinion is as various as light change,  
 Now speaking Court-like friendly, strait-wayes strange;  
 She's any humours perfect parasite,  
 Displeas'd with her, and pleas'd with her delight,  
 She is the Eccho of inconstancie,  
 Soothing her no with nay, her I with yea.*

Then who would weigh this feather, or respect  
 The fickle censure of shallow neglect?  
 Shall graue *Lycurgus* strait repeale his lawes,  
 Because some Cobler finds fault with this clawse,  
 Some Ale-konner with that? or shall the state  
 Be subiect to each base-groomes arbitrate?  
 No, let's esteeme Opinion as she is,  
*Fooles bawble, innouations Mistris,  
 The Proteus Robin-good-fellow of change,  
 Smithfield of iaded fancies, and th'Exchange  
 Of fleeting censures, nurse of heresi[e],  
 Begot by Malice on Inconstancie:  
 It's but the hisse of Geese, the peoples noyse,  
 The tongue of humours, and phantasticke voyce  
 Of haire-brain'd Apprehension: it respects  
 With all due titles, and that due neglects  
 Euen in one instant.* For in these our times  
 Some of Opinions gulls carpe at the rimes

Of reuerend *Chawcer*: other-some do praise them,  
 And vnto heau'n with wonders wings do raise them[.]

Some say the mark is out of *Gowers* mouth,  
 Others, he's better then a trick of youth.

Some blame deep *Spencer* for his grandam words,  
 Others protest that, in them he records  
 His maister-peece of cunning giuing praise,  
 And grauity to his profound-prickt layes.

*Daniel* (as some holds) might mount if he list  
 But others say that he's a Lucanist.

*Markham* is censur'd for his want of plot,  
 Yet others thinke that no deepe stayning blot;  
 As *Homer* writ his Frogs-fray learnedly,  
 And *Virgil* his Gnats vnkind Tragedy:  
 So though his plot be poore, his Subiect's rich,  
 And his Muse soares a Falcons gallant pitch.

*Drayton's* condemn'd of some for imitation,  
 But others say t'was the best Poets fashion,  
 In spite of sicke Opinions crooked doome,  
 Traytor to kingdome mind, true iudgments toomb,  
 Like to a worthy *Romaine* he hath wonne  
 A three-fold name affined to the *Sunne*,  
 When he is mounted in the glorious South,  
 And *Drayton's* iustly surnam'd *Golden-mouth*.

The double volum'd *Satyre* praised is,  
 And lik'd of diuers for his Rods in pisse,  
 Yet other-some, who would his credite crack  
 Haue clap'd *Reactioes* Action on his back.

Nay, euen wits *Cæsar*, *Sidney*, for whose death  
 The Fates themselues lamented *Englands* scath,  
 And Muses-wept, till of their teares did spring  
 Admiredly a second *Castral* spring,  
 Is not exempt from prophanation,  
 But censur'd for affectation.

Thus doth Opinion play the two edg'd sword,  
 And vulgar iudgments both-hand playes afford,  
 Then who but fooles, and empty caske like minds,  
 Would be engross'd with such phantastique winds?  
 Let Players, Minstrels, silken Reuellers,  
 Light minded as their parts[,] their aires, their fethers,  
 Be slaues t'Opinion, when the people shoute  
 At a quaint iest, crosse-poynt, or well touch'd Lute,  
 Let their sleight frothy minds be bubled vp,  
 And breake againe at a hisse, or howt, or hup.

Let *Caius* when his horse hath wone the bell,  
 Conceiue more ioy than his dull tongue can tell:  
 Or let *Lycanor* feare a tennis set  
 More than his soules losse, and for it more fret.

*Pollio* me thinks is going into the Towne,  
 Boy, set your Maisters ruffe, and brush his gowne,  
 Least some spruce Taylor sitting on his stall,  
 Say, there goes a slouen, careless of all,  
 Heere comes young *Pansa*: whether away so fast?  
 Why, going to the Barbers in all hast,  
 Thy haire's all short enough: but I must craue  
*A little labour to be smug'd and haue*  
*A blessing of Rose-water, ere I goe*  
*To see such and such Ladies, for you know*  
*Thei'le flowt a man behind his backe, if he*  
*Be not trim furbish'd and in decencie.*

Oh what a slauerie's this? shall a free mind  
 Sicke of a Cockneys Ague, feare the wind?  
 No, let's be Stoicks, resolute, and spare not  
 To tell the proudest Criticke that we care not  
 For his wooden censure, nor to mittigate  
 The sharp tart veriuiice of his snap-haunce hate  
 Would change a line, a word, no not a poynt  
 For his deepe mouthed scoffes, as soone disioynt  
 His grind-iest chaps as hurt our credites, who  
 Are carelesse of what he can say or do.

Oh *Epictetus*, perfect libertine,  
 Who thought a slaue, tyr'd daily in the mine,  
 Yet hadst as free a soule, as free a powre  
 To calme content as any Emperour,  
 Thou wert no busie *Polypragmons* thrall,  
 No slaue to censures, caring not at all  
 Which way the vulgar wind stood, negligent  
 Whether the world were angry or content.  
 Thy vertue-purged soule, thy *Genius*  
 Made all thine inclinations vertuous:  
 Which thou didst follow, carelesse of th'euent,  
 Of of the worlds applause, or discontent.  
 True patterne of a philosophick soule,  
 Not subiect to Mechanick mates controule,  
 Nor puff'd vp with the praises of each hind  
 Which gaue a froathy battery to thy mind.

With such resolute, such perfect temperature  
 Should a Socraticue mind her thoughts assure:



And as he taught young *Alcibiades*  
 Audacity to pleade, and to despise  
 The popular scarcrow estimation;  
 For that such bodies composition  
 Consisted but of Brokers, Coblers, slaues,  
 Black-men, trap-makers, and such kind of knaues,  
 Whose many headed doomes he neuer weighd,  
 Nor of their giddy vnion was afraid:  
 So let all others care for vulgar breath,  
 Which neither can preseue, nor plague with death,  
 (Vnlesse their sent of Garlike poyson vs.)  
 Should I take it at hart, or for hainous,  
 To heare some Prentize, or some Players boy  
 Hath iested at my Muse, and scoff'd my ioy?  
 Or that some Chaundler slopt a mustard pot,  
 Or wrap't Sope in some leaues, her petticoate?  
 Or perfum'd Courtiour in a peeuish scorne,  
 Some pages thereof, tyrant-like hath torne,  
 To scauenger his backe dore from the durt?  
 Which if he do (though me it shall not hurt)  
 May my harsh stile (the Muses I beseech)  
 Be but as arse-smart to his tickled breech:  
 Or shall I thinke my selfe t'haue better hap,  
 If that some weeuil, mault-worme, barly-cap,  
 Hearing my lines halfe-snorting ore his kanne,  
 Swears them for good, and me a proper man?  
 Or shall I waxe proud if some Pedant daigne  
 The Epethite of Pretty for my paine?  
 The pox I will as soone: let others care,  
 Ile play the Gallant, I, the Caueleire;  
 Once in my dayes Ile weene, and ouer-weene,  
 And cry, a *Fico* for the *Critike* spleene:  
 For let them praise them, or their praise deny,  
 My lines are still themselues, and so am I.

*FINIS.*



**Renaissance Editions**

